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GEN

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

The only English newspaper for R.A.F. personnel in the Province of Manitoba.

VOL. 1

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10 CENTS

No. 2

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

A CHALLENGE

"WHY ever did I join?" How many times has it been said in those moments of distress or disillusion? But I wonder why we did join. Apart from the particular motives of each individual, the fundamental motive in us all was that of self-preservation and a hatred of all the inhumanity, cruelty, bestiality and murder committed by the Nazi regime.

Most of us joined to fly with the R.A.F.; we felt we had some ability, we hoped we had the physical attributes; little did we know that the chances were nine to one against us; that only one in every ten would fly; so we settled down to a job on the ground.

With many of us, the chance to get to grips with the thing we hated fast receded, and we are now serving overseas away from the battle areas, enjoying good food and peace-time amenities, while our mothers, wives and children face the dangers of air-raids and the trials of daily life in a war-weary Britain.

We have done our best in our particular jobs, but perhaps we are not entirely satisfied. We wanted to have a crack at that evil thing; we were prepared to make sacrifices to that end, and yet so far our task has been too easy. Not that the work we do here should be considered unimportant; on the contrary it is of vital importance, and however remote we feel from the field of operation, we must remember that our work is the foundation for those spear-head attacks on the enemy now being delivered with so much power and success.

What is our alternative? We remember those who have given their lives, who have given all those future years of peace and plenty to which they looked forward. Therefore, in our obligation to them, and to satisfy our desire to strike a blow, cannot we who survive, spare a few of our future years to ensure that their sacrifice was worth while?

Following the cessation of hostilities there will arise the problems of demobilization. Maybe some of us will have civvy jobs to go back to, jobs that must be filled immediately. In that case we will be demobilized, but we should not think that our part in the fight is over just because we have discarded our uniforms. We can do more than fill a job; we must do more than that if we are to win the peace. The great attraction of "civvy street" is the freedom that it brings, freedom to do things of our own free will. In the years following the 1914-1918 war there was an outburst of irresponsible freedom that carried its bad effects right through the years until September 1939 when we were jolted out of it. This time we must take our freedom more seriously—we must become responsible citizens—enjoying our freedom, but at the same time recognizing and fulfilling our responsibilities to the community. The first step in adjusting ourselves to this new life must be to examine our own circumstances and ask ourselves what contributions we are making to citizenship. Questions such as:

1. Do I make a conscious effort to find out facts about current political and economic problems?
2. Do I make a point of discussing such matters with my fellow citizens?
3. Do I educate my children in citizenship and can I answer their questions?
4. Do I understand that it is my duty to sacrifice personal interests to the needs of national or international interests when these interests conflict?
5. Can I make a larger contribution to citizenship than I do at present?

Not all of us will be demobilized immediately. Some of us will stay in the service during the armistice years, fulfilling the function of policemen while the Peace Conferences are in session. That will be an important contribution, and it has its attractions to many of us; maybe a chance to see the world at the expense of the community.

But whatever we may do, we must make a conscious effort to make alive that freedom for which we are fighting. This is a subject that is of great interest to us all, and in the January issue of the Royal Air Force Journal the Editor invited us to send in essays on the subject, offering a prize of £1 for the best. These essays had to reach the Journal editor by 10th February, 1944, but our copies of the January issue have only just arrived so it is too late to send our entries—one of the disadvantages of overseas service. However, we think we should run our own competition, and we have persuaded the P.S.I. to put up a prize of \$5 for the best essay on the subject, "What I Want After The War," the entries to be judged by the education officer, F/Lt. Jones.

Think about this carefully and ask yourself, "If I had my way, what kind of ideal State, what kind of ideal job, what kind of ideal home and living conditions would I create?" When you have reached an answer, put it down on paper and send it to: The Editor of "Gen," c/o Flying Training Wing Orderly Room, by 25th April, 1944.

Don't be modest, get going and take courage from the example of your colleagues, in the Royal Society of Arts Essay Competition, on Industrial Design. The first, second and third prizes were won by members of the R.A.F.!!

COMPETITORS' GUIDE

We asked the following Station folk what they wanted, here are their replies:

The Garbage Man said, "As long as I've got a dozen bins, a horse and cart, an R.A.F. Station and the peculiar kind of swill you find on R.A.F. Stations, that's all I want."

The C.T.O. said, "I want plenty of unserviceable aircraft so that I can keep the percentage of serviceable aircraft up to 90 per cent by working three shifts."

Cpl. Elliott wants: "I want plenty of female underclothes so that I can do my impersonations. With the R.A.F. underclothing, it's a

(Continued on page 2, column 2)

GEN

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Editorial

The second issue of "Gen" has presented even greater difficulties, but here we are with an even greater assortment of news, together with photographs. It is by no means an easy thing, to produce and distribute a magazine for a station such as ours, because the means, the news, and the sales are of necessity curtailed to the numbers of personnel on this station. We are a small community, so small in fact that when the Sergeants' Mess, mistakenly misinterrupted good sound policy for dictatorial motivations, the staff felt, in conjunction with many others, how necessary it is to remind certain people of their responsibilities. Certain of us are prone to criticize the work of our superiors and inferiors, which is a perfectly natural thing to do, in a proper manner, but the man who by his personal sense of frustration and lack of good taste attempts to undermine the ultimate success of a plan, designed to benefit the mass as a whole, does not, as he so foolishly imagines, glorify himself, but rather, does he play falsely to his comrades. A man who cannot find himself speaking favourably of others, or of the actions of others, or of the policies of others, needs to examine himself closely, if he wishes in all honesty to fulfill his duties. The higher the position one occupies, the greater the temptation to speak out of turn, and with ill grace.

A certain S/Ldr. on this station once remarked in our presence, that he never dwelt on an unpleasant thing for more than 24 hours. This is sound advice and something well worthwhile adopting ourselves, if we are keen to do our part. Is it unpleasant to spend 10c on a copy of our station magazine, so that it might be our own copy, or is it better to read another man's copy and say "I've read the magazine and saved 10c"? It all seems so petty and small, against the larger issues at stake, and the happiness and welfare of all of us on this prairie station. Come then, let us close our ranks, and do our part, much is required to be done before we can join hands with our comrades on the battle fronts.

"DANGEROUS MISSION"

'Heavy is the head that wears the crown,' said F/O Meredith to his admiring companion, when on weekend in Winnipeg. "Heavy is my heart for your safety, dear," wrote the lovely girl, to F/O Meredith, a few days later; just before his departure to Oak Lake. We extend to the lady our sincere congratulations on his safe return, and to F/O Meredith, "Gen" staff humbly prostrate themselves in admiration.

ETHER'S ERNEST EDEN

Love is a strange thing; it makes the strongest men quail and dither, the weakest it makes to go forth and tame a lion. But Corporal Eden's local squaw asked for a song over the telephone, which he performed admirably. He sang "O'er Iceland's Greasy Mountains," and finished with "They're Either Too Hot or Too Cold."

COMPETITORS' GUIDE

(Continued from page 1)

bit red flannelish, so I don't appear so alluring. Oh dear!"

S/Ldr. Fridjohn wants—A little sick quarters in Alaska, with three ice rinks, one for the morning, afternoon and evening. The rinks are to be fitted with dancing girls, also he wants to wear airmen's trousers.

24 Airmen from Servicing want—To work for the C.T.O. on permanent night shifts in Carberry, after the war.

LAC Hodges wants to be a civilian.

The Editor wants to forget the magazine "Gen."

F/O Johnson wants to run a ferry service without interference.

S-B-A-BIE'S IRISH ROSE

Has't heard of Paddy's famed "side-kick"?
A "two-stripe" named Ma-Caw-Caw-Mick.
Is't true, how outer marker browned?
He drags our poor pupes round and round,
Proclaiming loud against their sins, "A
Good five miles out at the Inn-A!!"
"For Pete's sake check that wand'ring gyro
'ere I 'inject' the 'propriate pyro!"
'Tis most unlike the passive John
To shake pupes thus at Oberon,
But one, the other day, did seem
To 'rouse deep rage within the beam,
And while on test broke forty rules,
'Till on return John said, "He drools
'In explanation of his capers."
"Well, yam see Sorrr, t'beam she tayporrrs."

Poor Mrs. Mac, why does she wonder?
When at night 'oor John he thunders
'Round about the hour of nine,
"Put pitch to fine, man, pitch to fine!"

True, this is no real Greek iambic
'Tis merely tribute to the fame,
Of one, none other than the same,
Our "city-slick"—Ma-Caw-Caw-Mick.

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 are maintaining the high standard of morale on this station.

Mr. Stan Smith, Y.M.C.A., for welfare work.

S/Ldr. Foster, the Padre, for self-sacrifice and hard work.

S/Ldr. Ellis-Green, for entertainment work.

LAC Anderson, for entertainment work.

LAC Groves, for Y.M.C.A. work.

F/L Jones, for work on post-war problems.

F/O Johnson, for his work and talks on photography.

The Ladies of Hostess House, for their work.

THIS IS IT

The copy number chosen for the file is 558. Will the person holding this copy please take it to S/Ldr. Ellis-Green, S.H.Q., and receive \$5 for the copy.

THE BATCHELORS' BURP

The early March clamps gave the instructors of "H" flight time to organize their affairs; "gen" talks to the pupils being numerous. By far the best was "The History of the Luft-Waffe," contributed by P/O Johnnie "One of the Masses" Willet. Johnnie is quite willing to expound for the benefit of other flights if suitably rewarded. The history is complete with comic sketches and risqué (French for tell it to the Popsy stories).

We are pleased to have with us again, returning from a short stay at Estevan, the one and only P/O Len Mooney (definitely proletariat). His smile would be an asset to any rogues' gallery, in fact it is hanging in the C.O.'s office.

New York has been the main topic in the flight, next to flying of course, for P/O "Nobby" Clark and Sgt. Jeff Staines (workers both) have recently visited there. Jeff (out of the mouths of fools and babes—he being both) investigated the Victory Girls and found them flat out for victory . . . or something. In keeping with the R.A.F. tradition of not shooting a line, he swears that he did not use, "There I was over Berlin . . ." more than two hundred times. Even this at one whisky per time is a powerful lot of liquor.

The battle of the times books still progresses: the rabble of the lower order being pitted against the bourgeoisie (umbrella carrying types to you). The latter, F/O Ron Meredith . . . up the LMS . . . and F/O Jack Atkins . . . S.R., (Clapham Junction all change for Tooting Bec) . . . blame all the errors and omissions on the Daily Worker types. The adjudicator is the flight commander, F/O "Olee" Legg (may his 48's be ever successful), whose origin being doubtful, is thought to have no favourites. However if he continues to insist that his office is not the tea room, his blood will flow.

No, F/O "Moose" Baker's pipe is not for sale, but anybody stealing same will be awarded the Order of the Red Square. To take "Moose" and leave the pipe rates a bar to the award.

Are we the only batchelor flight on the unit? Surely a record! But . . . with Bossleg engaged to a girl up on 25th West Vancouver; with Sgt. "Lofty" Swift smartly and swiftly alternating between Brandon and the 'Peg; with Jack learning the Carman terrain very well; and with Len planning his next leave, it looks as if the Canadian girls have us on the run.

EASTER MESSAGE

The time is coming when, after the rather long even if mild winter, we shall begin to see some green on the trees again, and so much that looks dead will show us that there is still lots of life in it. Just as that is true of nature, so is it true of Christ. On the first Good Friday he was nailed to the cross, and it looked as though he was dead, and all for which he stood had come to an end. But "on the third day he rose again," and Easter is the assurance that Christ is not a dead Christ, but a living one, and that this same Christ is alive in our hearts and lives today. Let us remember this as we approach Easter, and come and worship Him. This living Christ will guide and strengthen us in our everyday life.—The Padre.

Navigation Section, G-I-S

"Clamps may come,
Clamps may go,
But we go on for ever."

F/O (When I was rearming Defiants) Coleman has of late been very conspicuous by his absence and a quick perusal of the Line Book will immediately prove this. It was seen that he nipped smartly across the border like the proverbial lion and it is the general opinion here that he will return like the proverbial lamb. Das obercommander der vermacht Page was seen to leap with joy when the entry concerning No. 12 appeared in D.R.O's and a little bird (this one's got feathers) told us that he was seen to partake of the beverage of Shea's when celebrating the fact that at last the burden was being removed from his shoulders. Upon being interviewed all that he could say was "Nay, Nay, laad." By the way what is an Air Cadet Pilot?

We believe that our Fuhrer has placed a contract with the Telephone Exchange that he is not to be called between 10.00 hrs. to 10.15 hrs. and 15.00 hrs. to 15.15 hrs. Pity there are not enough cups to go round or else we would all place a contract. Are you trying to find a projection on which the curve of equal bearing is a straight line during those 48's Chief?

The welcome mat was once more spread out, this time for Course 104 and we hope that they do not tire of waiting for the instruction to commence. We might remind them that now they have their publications (Get weaving on those amendments) there is no time like the present (as the Bishop said to the actress—Yes, we know that's corny, but it fills up a bit of space) to read, learn and inwardly digest the contents of same.

APPLE JUICE FOR APPLE SAUCE

Many heads were bowed in conference the other day as members of the Hospital Staff sought means of playing a practical joke on the popular Corporal Roth. Eventually the conspirators emerged with "a wine glass of yellow liquid, bearing the instructions, "Test for Sugar." The industrious corporal promptly proceeded with his tests and found heavy quantities of sugar therein; so promptly he dashed off to confer with the Medical Officer on his discovery. The M.O. looked at him in amazement, and remarked that he hadn't given instructions for such a test on any of the hospital patients. Back went a bewildered Corporal Roth, who was so befogged that he decided to throw away the remaining sample in disgust. Something registered in his brain, he bent over the table and smelt the liquid. A very strong odour of apple juice smote his nostrils, and then he knew the answer. What happened to the other parties of this hoax is rather interesting too—but that is another story.

BODIES WANTED

As soon as F/Sgt. Dickinson obtains the bodies he has been asking for, he will be going to Winnipeg on 48 hours' pass.

From **Bodies to Bodice**, F/Sgt. Dickinson?

WINE, WOMEN, AND DUTCH AUCTIONS



Reference to the Station Dance was made in the March issue, but at that time the Photography Section had not been able to print some of their "Flash" photos, but thanks to this hardworking and efficient section, we are now able to give you two first-class "shots." The one above shows a section of the hangar with its gay decorations and happy dancing partners. One look at the faces will tell us immediately, the music was just right, and the partners, superb.

The photograph below was taken whilst the "Dutch Auction" was in progress. The bottle of what-have-you was being suitably disposed of in aid of the Canadian Red Cross fund. In the bottom right hand corner the little Scottish chap was making a bid of \$12.50 for what he thought was a bottle of whisky, it wasn't of course, but still the plucky chap went with his bidding up to \$25; and was only outbid at the very end.

The idea of "Dutch Auction" is that the

bidder pays the difference between the previous bid and his own, therefore you may be lucky enough to get the "lot" at, say 10 cents, if that was the difference between the last bid and your bid. F/O Berry can be seen with his hat in his hand, waiting to collect the bidders' money. He was one of the six officers who took part in the Auction. The Auctioneer was S/Ldr. Ellis-Green, who ably collected about \$30 for the Red Cross. It is pleasing to record that over \$700 has been contributed by this Station up to date, and already exceeds the last total raised.

Kay Francis and her show were unfortunately recalled to Hollywood, which was quite a blow to us, but the lucky were the R.C.A.F. Stations in the Command who received this distinguished crowd of artists. Cheer up, we shall be soon lining up for the boat, so; 'till next month's issue, your reporter says—Roll on, December.



Notified in Heavenly Command Orders, 1st January, 44 B.S.

11/66631

SECURITY

ADVANCE COPY

SPIRITUAL AID DETACHMENT - Type "A"
R. A. Ch. D.

This establishment is designed to deal with 200 sinners per diem

WAR ESTABLISHMENT

(i) Personnel

Detail	Officers	W.O.s	Sgts.	R. & F.	Total
Chief Priest	1	1
Samaritan, Grade 1	1	1
Artisans (inc. 1 Cpl. and 1 L/Cpl.)	1	12	13
Interpreters, Writing, Wall..... 1 (Sgt.)
Riveters, soul
Fitters, wing	1
Fitters, halo	1
Acclytes	1
Shepherds	1
Whiteners, sepulchre	1
Galvanizers, activity	1
Virgins, foolish	1
Virgins, wise	3
	1	1	1	12	15

Attached personnel

Mobile Font Unit

Watermen	2
Holders, infant	1
Godfathers	1
Godmothers	1
Godmothers, fairy	1
Relations, lachrymatory (as required)	1
Sanitary dutymen	1
	7

(ii) Transport

Hearse, one-seater	(1 spare) 2
Chariots, fiery	1
Clouds, ascending	1
Lorry, 3-ton, 7-wheeled, uplift	1
Arks, collapsible, waterproof	1

PROVISIONAL WAR EQUIPMENT FOR
S.A.D., Type "A"

Pearls, castable	gross 2
Pearls, grade 1	gross 1
Paths, straight	yards 11
Paths, narrow (in lieu of paths, primrose)	yards 10,000
Ladders, scaling	Lengths as required
Boxes, manna	1
Gauges, depth, sin	7
Panoplies	22
Halo	22
Halo, nets, camouflage	22
Crooks, shepherd	1
Lamps, virgin, wise, full	3
Lamps, virgin, foolish, empty	1
Vices, assorted	7
Chains, retaining, body and soul	364,567
Chains, retaining, body and soul, tools, detaching	5
Bottles, wine, old (for new wine)	5
Harps, harping, G.S.	200

Gates, pearly, left	1
Gates, pearly, right	1
Walls, collapsible, Jericho pattern	sets 1
Locators, water, rod	2
Dividers, sea, red	1
Cymbals, loud	pairs 1
Cymbals, tinkling	pairs 1
Baskets, rush, infant	1
Rushes, bull	fathoms 3
Rivets, wing, 1/2"	lbs. 47
Trumpets, archangel, brazen	1
Slings, David pattern	1
Slings, fortune, outrageous	1
Arrows	gross 1
Jaws, ass	pairs 1

R.A.S.C. Supply

Loaves (or stones in lieu)	2
Fishes, small	5
Wine, new (for bottles, old)	qts. 2
Oil, foolish	qts. 45,682
Oil, wise	gills 1
Branches, olive	1
Locusts, dried	plagues 1
Honey, wild	lbs. 10

Provisional A.F.L., 1398

Articles, 1-39	sets 1
Commandments, assorted, pkts. of 10	1
Pens, recording, gold	1
Glasses, dark	1
Signs, directional, upward	1
Signs, directional, downward, asbestos	gross 47,745
Chisels, tablets, inscribing	7
Chisels, tablets, inscribing, mallets	7
Tracts, uplift	reams 143
Fingers, moving, writing	5
Charts, celestial	200

We Who Sit and Wait!

In the second month of the first tour of the Second High Priest of the RAFF in Canada he did visit the land of Kar Beri.

There he did find the multitudes of uncertain mind, for that they did not know whether they were going out or coming in. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

Then did the High Priest, bearing upon his garments the marks of a Winco yet being unpaid, and the marks commonly looked upon by the multitudes as "phoney," betake himself from the land of Kar Beri to the Land of Viriden, seated between the wings of a kite.

This did he by the loving-kindness and the tender mercy of the Lord of the Kites, commonly called Sea Eph Eye (which, being interpreted, is: See all, hear all, say nowt . . . not 'arf).

And the High Priest did return from Viriden to the land of Kar Beri by the way that he came and was feasted by the exalted among the multitudes, commonly called the Officers' Mess (and unofficially called—but never mind).

Thereafter for the space of some hours he did speak with the mighty one of the tribes of RAFF about this and that, after which they did hie themselves to the abode of the Mighty One where the feasting continued.

Nevertheless was the countenance of the High Priest sad for that the evening and the morning were the third day and he had not ministered unto the less exalted among the multitudes commonly called Enseehos, and Oh! Ah's and more commonly Erks.

Therefore did the High Priest take pen and parchment and record the story now before the reader to the intent that he might convey therein his prayers that blessing might rest upon the multitudes of the tribe of RAFF in the land of Kar Beri, both small and great; moreover, he prays that such blessings may be those of the Most High God as the blessings of the gods of R.A.F.F. are without certainty.

Also the hope of the High Priest must be recorded that before many days have passed he may again visit the multitudes of the RAFF in the land of Kar Bari and minister to all, both small and great, of the things both great and small, that all may rejoice and bestow one upon another the kiss of peace (wot cher!).

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

After reading "Gen," Mr. Sam Goldwyn sent an invitation to our "Station Beauty" to go to Hollywood for a screen test. We are given to understand the title of the film will be "Blood and Passion."

This outstanding play portrays the life of a nearly young English doctor who when war broke out left his practise and joined the Royal Air Force. His manifold duties and sufferings under war conditions in Canada sent him into the throes of despair. He took up skating, and after much effort was able to remain on his feet for considerable periods. The final triumph reveals the hero, thrusting aside all thoughts of "Blood," rushing madly along the hotel floor in Winnipeg, saying aloud, "To be or not to be, that is the Burning question."

Rather reffridjohnating we feel.

Holiday Impressions of Pre-War Germany

(Continued from last month's issue.)

By VIATOR DOKLANK

In 1934 the writer again motored through Switzerland to Austria, visited Salzburg with its fascinating underground salt mines and stayed for a week at the famous Hotel Weisses Rössel (the original White Horse Inn) on the edge of an incredibly blue lake surrounded by towering peaks. The return journey was made through Southern Germany, passing Berchtesgarden already famous as the favourite holiday resort of Hitler who now was in supreme power and liked to be called Fuehrer. The young Nazi party in Austria was already well established in secret and was remarkably active in public. One's conversation now had to be carefully guarded. Strange and often fantastically childish things would happen overnight, but were regarded with all seriousness by the people of Austria as signs of the times.

One morning a huge swastika 50 feet across would be found carved high up on the snow on a mountain slope or a flag would be found flying from an apparently inaccessible rock pinnacle in full view of the nearby town or village. Immediately a rival party of police or local patriots would set out to scale the height to remove the offending symbol—arrests would follow and reprisal became the rule. Homes were broken into at night and "spies" would disappear or be found dead or mutilated in remote places next day. The police retaliated with equally drastic measures, the innocent often suffering as well as the guilty and the atmosphere was tense with suspense. Many thousands of promising young Austrian Nazis fled across the frontier to Germany where they became incorporated with the local Brown House whence they planned revenge and poured forth virulent propaganda which was smuggled back over the mountain paths and distributed secretly in the towns and villages of the Austrian valleys. Frontier guards often intercepted these emissaries in the snow of the high hill tops and bloody little battles followed which never were described in the papers.

However to the casual visitor and to the large number of sight-seeing Americans then thronging Salzburg for the great music festival, little of this political unrest would be observed and the Austrians appeared a friendly happy-go-lucky people with no thought for the morrow. The shadow of the Anschluss was still so far away to let it overcloud their lives. It was only when one listened to smaller groups in the village pubs or talked to one's hotel porter in the seclusion of one's room that a hint of the unseen terror could be appreciated.

In southern Germany a change had taken place. Where before there was apathy was now feverish activity. Huge labour camps had sprung up and gangs of cheerful singing youths were busy roadmaking, building and cutting down trees. The new labour laws made it compulsory for all German boys, rich or poor, to do six month's work with these labour gangs in the open country. This did much to improve the health of the young men and also reduced unemployment to a new low figure.

Huge Autobahns — double-tracked motor roads spanned the country in straight lines

from the Rhine to the Austrian and Czechoslovakian borders—ominously ideal for the event of war. Motor traffic on these roads rapid transit of troops and supplies in the hardly existed in 1934 and one could travel at high speeds for 20 or 30 miles without meeting another vehicle. Then suddenly there would be a crescendo blare from behind and a huge open Mercedes with officers in the black storm trooper uniform of the S.S. guard would scream past the little M.G. at a speed in the neighbourhood of 100 m.p.h.

In the Black Forest one came across other gangs felling timber and preparing sites for huge encampments, the purpose of which one could only guess. One was not encouraged to stop by the wayside and watch, and cameras were kept well out of sight.

Friendliness towards visitors was not so marked and on several occasions we were stopped and questioned and our papers were investigated. At the frontiers the customs authorities were politely courteous but nothing escaped their search for forbidden literature or arms and even the floor boards and seat cushions of the car had to be raised in case they revealed contraband. We had the feeling of being watched from the time we entered the country to the time we went out and this would not have been difficult owing to the elaborate system of registration in the hotels which occurred every day, the registers being inspected by the police each night. Apart from this we were fortunate in never being in closer contact with the gestapo, either on this or in subsequent visits.

In Munich, whilst sipping our lager at the famous Beer House, surrounded by elderly citizens whose vast paunches were silent witnesses to the enormous quantities of this popular fluid they were capable of absorbing daily, a young man approached our table and asked if he might join us. Dressed in the now familiar khaki shirt and breeches with swastika armband, he introduced himself politely in English and said that he had noticed with much interest our car parked outside, and had quickly picked us out from the throng as the probable owners. He too had a beloved M.G. car which he had imported from England at considerable cost with which he had competed successfully against local products at various hill climbs and speed events. He asked if he might see under the bonnet as he had observed the suggestive bulge on the cowl which hid the Centric blower. One thing led to another and we had soon transferred our drinking activities to his flat. He proved to be a rising young solicitor with a large city practice, and he devoted the following day to being our self-appointed guide in Munich. He took us over the famous Brown House headquarters—the cradle of the Nazi party, and showed us the room which Hitler occupied when he paid one of his frequent visits. Comically enough, in the centre of this impressive building was a stall where souvenirs in the shape of Nazi flags and emblems and the ubiquitous swastikas formed the principle exhibits. These were sold, together with the usual propaganda postcards depict-

ing the Fuehrer kissing babies, inspecting homes and factories, to all and sundry for the purpose of swelling party funds.

Curiously enough, in the privacy of his flat, our guide admitted he was not an overenthusiastic Nazi. He spoke frankly about some of the faults of the system and certain methods adopted, such as the persecution of the Jews with which he disagreed on general principles! He evidently admired Hitler as an organizing genius but had none of the dog-like fanatical devotion for him shared by most of the masses of the party. He indicated that membership of the Nazi party was essential to him for success in his profession, as it was in all businesses and professions, and we left it at that. He declared further that in his opinion war between Germany and Britain was inconceivable and that the Fuehrer had said that friendship with Britain was essential for the full development of the New Germany. We got on to the subject of colonies and immediately the ominous word "lebensraum" (living space) cropped up and he hinted at the urgent future need for expansion and foreign trade, which he said they all felt was becoming a vital necessity.

Next day he left in his little car to visit his girls friend in Prague—or so he said—I have often wondered about that young man. Whether he might not have been a Nazi agent sent especially to watch our activities and report to his leaders on the purpose of the visit of these inquisitive foreigners. We left too, shaking off dust of Germany when we crossed the fine bridge over the Rhine at Strassbourg and feeling a new freedom in the pleasant open country of Northern France.

In 1936 Hitler occupied the Rhineland, and later took over the territory of the Saar after a so-called plebiscite. On March 12th, 1938, his troops entered Austria and another country has been "absorbed" into the greater Reich. By the middle of 1938 events in Europe were moving rapidly towards a climax and in July the writer, armed with a brand new M.G. car and a school friend whose liking for adventure, beer and rapid travel made him an ideal companion, decided to pay another visit to as much of Europe as was possible in three weeks. But that is another story!

(This last trip which included Belgium, Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Switzerland and France, may be described in our next issue—if you like!)

FIGHTING TALK

The Station Adjutant wanted to know what the English have that the Scots haven't got, so our genial reporter Mr. Spit Toon went along with the following list:

1. Scotland.
2. Pretty Girls.
3. Money.
4. Scotch Whiskey.
5. Trousers.
6. Hair on their heads.

We regret to state that after the interview, Mr. Spit Toon hurriedly departed for the hospital. His condition is much improved.

KWITYERBELIAKIN !

FAIRY STORY

Once upon a time (as all good fairy stories should begin), there lived a King who was a very rich King, but nevertheless a most unhappy one. He was not contented, and did not know how to become contented; so he consulted a Very Wise Man who lived in a Cave, crossing his palm with a few hundred-weights of silver, in the approved fashion, and asking his goodly counsel in the matter of contentment.

"Find a contented man," said the Sage, "and wear his shirt for a day." "Right-o, me lad," says His Nibs, and off he went. His first suspect was a huge, jolly-looking man of extreme girth who was just stepping out of his Rolls Royce, attended by three footmen and a pretty maid, in the portals of an ancestral mansion. "Excuse me," said the King, "but would you mind telling me if you are contented—you look happy enough." "Contented?!" roared the Fat Man—"With the bottom falling out of the stock market and prices going to hell—? I'm ruined—ruined! I shall never smile again." "Oh—sorry, sorry, I'm sure," murmured the King as he backed away and continued his quest. Later, walking through a village, he thought he had quickly come to the end of his journeyings as he saw a farm hand open the garden gate leading to an ivy-covered cottage; two smiling children dashing towards him with outstretched arms, and a pretty young wife waiting on the doorstep to greet him. The King followed the man to the door, where the delightful odour of freshly-baked bread assailed his nostrils, and knocked gently.

"Pardon the intrusion," said the King, as the labourer answered the knock, "but you look so happy and cosy here that I thought I would like a word with you. Tell me, are you a contented man?" and he beamed as

he asked the question, which was certain to bring the required answer (and, with it, the coveted shirt). The man's lip curled in a sneer as he replied, "Contented, mister—on ten bucks (fifty bob) a week and two kids to keep?—it isn't a living wage, man! Contented by Aunt Fanny!!" and he slammed the door in the King's face.

"Hmmm!" said the King to himself as he trudged slowly down the path—"Tain't so easy!" and, deep in thought, he wandered down the lane. He had covered barely half a mile when he overtook a tramp; a ragged, dirty, dusty Knight of the Road swinging along with a jaunty air, whistling a snappy tune, and with a mongrel dog at his heels.

"Top o' the mornin' to ye, Sir," said the tramp as the King came abreast, "it's a grand day." "Well, I wouldn't altogether say that," said the King as he joined formation, "I'm finding it rather trying. One would think it fairly easy to find a contented man in the country, but everybody here seems so disgruntled. I'm trying to find a contented man—just one—that's all."

"Contented?" said the tramp, "Well (and a smile lit up his face), that's easy—I'm your man—I'm contented enough—I have the air, the sunshine, the birds, the trees, flowers and everything—including my little pal Rover here," and as he spoke he patted the shaggy bundle of old bones which trotted along happily in his wake.

"Do you really mean that?" queried the King, delighted. "Sure I do," said the tramp, "contented as anything, I am."

"Well, then," said the King (with a gulp as he realized what he would have to wear), "I'll give you a hundred bucks for your shirt."

"Haven't got one," grinned the other.

Moral:—KWITYERBELIAKIN!!

BATMEN TELL ALL

When the news of the less restricted beer supply was broken (very gently), to Bob Rogers, the resultant fit of hysterics disorganized the whole dining room for the lunch hour, even the hotplate in the Officers Mess, well known for its reliability, was stricken cold in contrast to the corporal's ardour. Rumour has it that he immediately rushed to the P.M.C. asking that a three-day holiday should be granted the staff, in order to fittingly celebrate this landmark of Canadian history. The P.M.C.'s reply has not yet been decoded by our experts.

Sundry shufflings have affected our ranks recently; Jimmy Newton has departed to a less remote part of the camp, in the same offensive sweep that cut off Goreham's promising career as the only living left-handed waiter. We welcome Bob Clough back to the centre of the fold after a long spell in the Siberia of Hut 6A and B. Certain Officers have requested that the duty batman who was so peremptory in switching off the ante-room lights be restrained, as it is feared that this may lead to an epidemic of apple-pie beds and booby traps over the doors.

A subscription list has now been opened to save AC Rock's constant repetition of "pushin' 'em."

In spite of a recent attack of lameness,

Harry Minor was seen making good progress while chasing something attractive in Winnipeg.

At a recent discussion by members of this staff it was decided that the process of evolution would inevitably create seventeen-armed monsters as our great-great-grandchildren, we are known for our modesty.

It is said that among the many superstitions that have grown around the Air Force, the one most favoured by our batmen is that it is unlucky to sleep on the P.M.C.'s bed for more than eight hours at a stretch.

The kitchen does not seem the same without the Dundee accents of Jimmie Keddie cutting through the clatter of plates, sorry to lose you, Jim.

The other morning, a slight altercation with Cpl. Elliott so affected Jock Paterson, that in the end he . . . swept out the room, in a huff.

In view of the number of charges floating around here recently, an estimated saving of ninety dollars per week will be made, if, as we expect, a brand new courtroom with a permanent judge is erected adjoining the mess. This represents the amount of time, boot-leather, and "bull" used.

We leave you now, counting the days.

STATION HEADQUARTERS

The month of March has seen many changes in S.H.Q. personnel, and many of our

most popular colleagues have gone on the 'proverbial BOAT.' Not only will we in S.H.Q. miss them, but no doubt, their custom will also be missed in the Trappers Arms, especially as we are allowed one case of beer per day now. However, we said farewell to Warrant Officer Gash and Flight Sergeant Gooderick—two of the chief TRAPPERS down here, and popularly known as "I'll be back in a flash with the cash, Mr. Gash," and "Mr. Middleton." Sgt. Freddy Hylton, also passed on to the 'other side;' he was to be found in the 'Trappers' Arms' any evening with his boots off.

In their places we welcome Sergeants Aberly and Upton for whom we haven't yet found a suitable *nomme de plume*.

Latest scandal creeping around is that the S.W.O.'s henchman and private secretary the Hon. "Nightingale" Alderson, visited Minneapolis this month, and associated himself with a R.A.F. corporal medico from another camp. Needless to say they shot a typical line as Wing Commander (that's what these DOGS stand for) and Squadron Leader Alderson.

"Digit Extractum" Walker still loves Miss Joan Leslie, his "shining hour" girl, and another Accounts bloke has fallen in love with Katherine Grayson.

Congratulations and best wishes to "Frost Lugs" Robinson on his marriage. There is a rumour going around that another Accounts member is sweating.

Last month's issue of "Gen" mentioned "Duck" Dunnell's sheeprot, and at considerable expense, Dr. "Battleaxe" Stanley was commissioned to investigate this amazing complaint which appears to be so prevalent in Hut 31A. "Kindly note: This is the cleanest billet in the camp."

His report reads thus: "The complaint SHEEPROT, is common to married men only, and although most sufferers state that it is the Manitoba Beer that rots their boots and causes sheeprot, I advise a more frequent change of socks as I have observed that too many socks are sticking to the ceiling when thrown up into the air."

Then there are senior N.C.O.'s who die for several hours when they go to bed. Of course, this isn't a reference to Sgt. Johnny Hickman, although it is embarrassing, when, to open a bedroom in the Marlborough they have to send for the carpenter and use a screwdriver. You want to change your Brewer, Johnny. Corporal Thorpe, whose main occupation appears to be i/c the tea swindle, has reminded Accounts that he is going on leave shortly. No doubt, doing a little more CWAC-Cwacking.

F/Sgt. "LSHGL" Smith ran the Red Cross racket efficiently; approaching Joe Cohen he said, "Oh, base and absurd study, for a man to study his money, and please himself with handling and counting same; for that's the way whereby covetousness maketh her approaches." "Ten cents in the box for using my telephone," to which the Balloon Barrage replied, "In this day of prosperity I shall be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider." Who has change for five cents?

The Accounts Section thank the U/T Pilot who pleaded "He that have pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord," and reply, "A fool and his money are soon parted." "Get your hair cut before next pay parade," and "Dispise not the discourse of the wise, but acquaint thyself with their proverbs: for of them thou shalt learn instruction."

Letters To The Editor

Sir,—We should like to know if the bottle of initiative taken by one of M.T. drivers has produced the necessary result. Also, whether Sergeant Bartlam has shares in the paint industry. (Signed) M.T. Section.

Answer—Your bottle of "initiative" stumped the staff completely, so we decided that it must be some special brand of beer. Therefore we all dashed off the other day to Winnipeg, leaving "Joe," our office boy, to hold the "fort," and endeavoured to put to test our impression of your "Bottle of initiative." We were most successful in the tests, but they produced a most heady and spiritual after-effect.

It became necessary to approach the Medical Officer for certain quantity of other "bottles of initiative," only to find that the stuff the Medicals give you to drink, goes to the other extreme, as for some hours after, we lacked any resemblance of initiative and control; and only by the utmost effort on the part of our will-power, were we able to maintain upright positions. After this we lost all interest in the second part of your letter, so would refer you to P/O Bennett, who we believe may have had something to do with the Sergeant's interest in paint. In case you don't know, the C.O.'s inspection may have caused P/O Bennett's interest in paint, in the very first instance.—Editor.

Will(ett) matter if we say that landing down wind seems quite popular amongst certain instructors.

A certain instructor has gone on leave to New York, we wonder if he will come back without a stain on his character.

The flying of pupils seems to have improved these days, they only bounce four times when landing now.

M-POST-ULATING MURMURS

From the Post Office came news of one from Saskatoon, so short was the news that the "Puir wee bairn" whose birthday comes once in four years (could it be April 1st) will be following his daddy overseas. Anyway, the father was heard to comment, "Who said Ottawa was not bad as overseas. Anyway, further comment seems unnecessary, but any R.A.F. man will supply a truthful answer, if asked. The mad rush daily from the Post Office to the Hostess House at 10.00 hours, is for the sole purpose of bagging seats, before the denizens of S.H.Q. get in. Despite all the rush, no one has yet got there before Eddie Edwards.

The new L.O.P. man, LAC Pitts, has arranged for his mail to be retained in the Post Office. Afraid someone might read things they shouldn't, Mr. Pitts?

A variety of magazines are regularly subscribed to by members of the M.P.O. (excluding "Gen"), ranging from the Christian Science Monitor to a Ukrainian weekly. As Paddy the Irishman remarked, "the advantage of the latter is that it can be read equally well upside down." (Various uses of "Gen" have been advocated and successfully achieved, but no one as yet told us it can compete with the Ukrainian weekly paper.)

COMBINED OPERATIONS

The title of this article is in very common use these days, whether talking of the combining of separate forces for the purpose of winning of the present conflict, or, of bettering the world when such conflict is over, or of pooling liquor permits to provide enough wallop for the "do." This spirit of co-operation, however, doesn't commence at the point where the Armed Forces of several nations decide to pool their efforts. It commences in each of those separate Forces. In fact, it goes further back—to each integral part of each Force.

It has been suggested that through the medium of "Gen" that various sections of the station who rely on the co-operation of others to perform satisfactorily their own functions, should submit a short article indicating in what manner such co-operation can be of greatest assistance. The idea is a good one and should produce suggestions which if pooled and given effect to, should promote a better spirit and greater co-operation between section, and also bring us nearer to our common objective—on the station—the production of pilots, and in the world, peace again.

The writer of this article is probably regarded by those few sections with whom he deals as, inter-alia, a ruddy nuisance. When you lift your telephone receiver and you hear the voice of "Duty Pilot" speaking, don't say to yourself "it's that menace again" or words to that effect, for two very good reasons—(a) he doesn't do it to you, and (b) he may be requiring your assistance urgently for some reason not apparent to you.

The sole purpose of having a Duty Pilot, and for that matter also A.C.P. is to abolish, so far as possible the loss of aircraft, and more important still the loss of life, during the taking off and landing of aircraft. If you are a fitter, a rigger, an instrument repairer, or similar trade, you are also primarily concerned with the lives of your colleagues, and you do or should, take all necessary precaution to see that the aircraft are serviceable and fit to fly. If you are an instructor at G.I.S., or a pilot instructor, you teach your pupils all they are required to know to fly that serviceable aircraft with safety, and before handing over an aircraft you satisfy yourself that the pupil is qualified to handle the aircraft by himself. But then comes the snag. That old bogey, the HUMAN ELEMENT, decides that he too must have a

finger in the pie, but unlike the fitters, riggers, instrument repairers, instructors, etc., who work for the common good he decides to play a lone hand and do his utmost to undo all the good work so far put into the making of a pilot. So we find pupils—and instructors and experienced pilots too—doing all manner of things which are not only contrary to instructions but bad for their own health and that of others. That is where the D.P. and his stooge, the A.C.P. get together—not forgetting of course their immobile assistance, the Signal Area. Their function can be said to be an endeavour in the last resort to convey to the pilot of an aircraft about to land or take off that he is doing something he shouldn't be doing, and that it is dangerous to pursue that landing or take off.

If therefore this visual assistance is to be readily at hand to pilots, the equipment used by the D.P. must be at all times available and serviceable. It generally is—remember, this is not a moan. The D.P. may be required to act immediately. It would be just as useless to have a verrey pistol and no cartridges as it would be to fire a red verrey after a aircraft had crashed with under carriage retracted. The D.P. is required too to keep records of flights—not pure!—as a record, but just in case of trouble. Yes, he must pin point that crash, if possible, he must arrange for medical assistance to be sent and arrange for a guard to be placed on the machine. BUT, before he can do this he wants to know the route the machine is taking. He wants to know when the aircraft leaves the station. He wants all sorts of things (yes, granted), but he can't do without your co-operation in his work. He's not "binding" when he asks for that kite to be removed from the runway—it may be an obstruction to other aircraft, or he may want to change the runway and is unable to do so as there's an obstruction there. If he asks for the Signals Area to be painted it's not because it looks drab from the watch office but probably because pilots tell him the signals are indistinguishable from the air.

So, if your phone rings and you hear "Duty Pilot," he is asking for your co-operation. That co-operation may be necessary to save life. Remember also that one day YOU may be in that "plane requiring assistance!"

OUR AMAZING ADJUTANT

On the Adjutant's discharge from the Station Hospital he sent a cable to his wife in Scotland telling her that he was now fit and well again. He used the well known E.F.M. cable numbers system. When the cable reached his wife, it read, "Have given birth to daughter, both well—much love." Across the ether came inquires and offers to lend prams, safety pins, and napkins, towels, but the crowning of it all came with a letter from Mrs. McGowan, saying, "Dear Mac,—I knew that you had been in hospital—but why didn't you tell me you had given birth to a baby girl, you Superman."

WE WERE HEARD TO SAY—

One of the medical officers on this Station was questioning an airman on the results of a special Occult Muscle Balance Course. (For the benefit of those who do not know what the O.M.B.C. means, it's a course of muscle exercises for the eyes.) Well, the M.O. said, "You must have found this six week course a terrific bind." "Oh, no sir," said the airman, "there was a good looking girl giving us the exercises."

ALCOHOLIC CONSTIPATION!

Medical Officer to Airman: "Well what are you suffering from this morning?"

Airman: "Alcoholic constipation, Sir."

M.O.: "What?"

Airman: "Yes, Sir, inability to pass a Pub."

... SPORTS ...

ICE HOCKEY

No. 33 S.F.T.S. vs. No. 26 E.F.T.S., Neepawa

On Wednesday, 15th March, the Station Team played Neepawa at Carberry Indoor Rink. Although we were only able to muster eight players, the team, as usual, made a good start and led 2-1 at the end of the first period.

When play was resumed, Carberry continued to have most of the play for the first half of the second period and held a lead of three goals at one stage of the game. Neepawa then attacked strongly, as the Carberry players began to tire, and gradually drew level. Just before the end of the period Neepawa went ahead for the first time in the game and led 6-5 at the interval. The third period provided an exciting struggle with Carberry reducing the deficit to one goal on three occasions only to see Neepawa draw further ahead again each time. The score was 9-10 a few minutes from the end, but Neepawa then added two more goals to win the game, 12-9.

Scorers for Carberry were F/Sgt. Scott (3), Mr. DesRoches (3), F/Lt. Carter (2) and Cpl. Fewer. It was obvious that the Station team lacked practice, not having played a match for three weeks. Even "Oddy" DesRoches lacked his usual dash, but F/Sgt. Rees played an excellent game in goal.

No. 33 S.F.T.S. vs. No. 26 E.F.T.S., Neepawa

The following night, Carberry visited Neepawa for the return match but were again short of players. As in all this season's games, Carberry were the better team in the first period and led 1-0 at the interval. During the second period, the Station team quickly increased their lead to 2-0, but they could not maintain their advantage. Neepawa scored five goals in quick succession to lead 5-2 at the end of the period. Carberry could not penetrate the strong Neepawa defence during the last period, but Neepawa scored three more goals to make the final score, 8-2. Mr. DesRoches scored both goals for Carberry.

TALLY CARDS TALK

In this hive of activity we have had our fair share of change recently. F/O Hardy has departed for Moncton, but not for the boat, for he was posted to a staff job there. It must be hard to be so near, yet so far! Another loss is Sgt. Sartin, but he's not gone thousands of miles away—only to the other side of the station to the maintenance wing stores where he is replacing Sgt. Kipling, another of our recent 'repats.'

We are able to welcome a new assistant officer, F/L Lauder, who comes to us from Estevan and a new barrack warden, Sgt. Charlton, who has come from North Battleford. By the time this gets into print we are hoping (especially those of us with 48s in arrear) that many more of our staff replacements will be here, so we say "Welcome to Carberry, chaps. The old camp's changed a lot during the past year—but it's still only two hours from Winnipeg, and you'll soon find that means something!"

A major catastrophe has overtaken us: we have lost our voucher box! The new regulations just won't hear of it, so it had to go. We now have a new department which calls itself the Stock Control Group. At first we

didn't like the new procedure which it entailed, but it works, and lots of the lads say it's a great improvement on the old method.

Our latest acquisition is the old station workshops. This building is now being used for the storage of aerofoils and barrack furniture. It gives a lot more turning-round space in the No. 5 hangar lean-to and also an excuse to get a spot of air once in a while!

Talking of No. 5 hangar, did you notice that wall of snow that blew up along our side during early March? For height and depth it held the record for the station and we were proud of it. Last winter we had a similar experience, but when the thaw came we were flooded and had to paddle round the racks in gum boots, ('Sno line-shoot!) This year we demand dinghies in advance.

Congratulations to you, Cpl. Fred Jones, on your tapes. If ever a bloke deserved them, you did—and besides, it makes one more willing to have a go at the old Canteen Cowboy job.

Finally, we've had to say goodbye to Buck Ryan (of Nelson fame), Charlie Richardson (Wing-stores gen-man), Siggie Hall and Frank Welsh. It's been darned nice knowing you and may we meet again soon.

HEARD ON THE AIR

Signals report that some VERY irregular transmissions have lately been received in their Ground Station, located in the Control Tower. These are, of course, attributable directly to the Oravue Gremlins, who twist the pilot's words so grotesquely that what the ground operator hears sometimes sounds ALMOST rude.

A record of some of these quaint phrases is kept by the Signals Snoopers, who suggest the following alphabet for those flying-talking types who are occasionally stuck for a word in the air. When requiring to spell out a word over the R.T., the following phonetic alphabet should result in a report being sent to the Chief Instructor in quintuplicate at the very least.

- A for 'ORSES
- B for MUTTON
- C for TH HIGHLANDERS
- D for ENTIAL
- E for ADAM
- F for VESCENT
- G for PERLICE
- H for EXPERIENCE
- I for NOVELLO
- J for ORANGES
- K for ANCIS
- L for LEATHER
- M for SIS
- N for DURATION
- O for THE GARDEN WALL
- P for PENNY
- Q for LIQUOR
- R for MO'
- S for ENCH SPOKEN HERE
- T for TWO
- U for ME
- V for LA FRANCE
- W for A BOB (Sorry, TWO BITS)
- X for BREAKFAST
- Y for SECRETARY
- Z for BREEZES

No prize is offered for tumbling to more than five of the above, but requests for

'explanation may NOT—repeat NOT—be telephoned to SIGNALS; they must be written in invisible ink and forwarded by carrier pigeon via Mr. Stanley Smith, the friendly Y.M.C.A. supervisor, who does most of Signals' REALLY important work, anyway. (Copies of the latest parody, Stan, Stan, The Cable Man, are available from The Lounge.)

TALES FROM M.T. (Still the Wood)

It "Greaves" us very much to come "Forth" with this story, but this is the gen as we got it from "Duff. It happened one night at the "Nelson"—Munday," to be exact—and there were many old hands having a "Beer." The close "Friend and "Neighbour," the inseparables "Cook" and "Bone" all had a "Carton" of "Country Club," which in a very short time went for a "Boyton." They then retired to The Rex for a "Woof," which the waitress told me "Coster" a new uniform as it was spoilt with "Brown" stains.

"Farmer" came in and said how he had seen a "Fox" as he came over the "Dale," which he said had been prowling around there for "Weeks." It was a very black outlook for "Darkey" when he had to push his cigarettes, but he was saved by the "Bishop" giving a sermon on the evils of liquor. When everyone was finished they had to employ a "Carter" to fetch them home, but everyone agreed that it was a "Starmar" of an evening. (The author wishes to thank William Shakespeare for the inspiration he obtained from the immortal play "Much To Do About Nothing.")

BOTTOMS UP

It is rumoured that for the benefit of two very senior officers special non-skid surfaces are being laid on all hangar aprons during wintry weather.

A PLACE LIKE HOME

The Airmen's Lounge is a very popular place, with a large number of the Station personnel, but there is still room for many more to make use of it.

Under its roof one may sit comfortably and read or write in a quiet homely atmosphere, or if preferred, join in a game of Snooker, table tennis, darts, checkers, chess, dominoes, Chinese checkers or whist.

Tournaments of various kinds are held here frequently.

A splendid radio complete with turntable is there for your use.

Current newspapers and magazines are provided free, and books may be borrowed free from the Station Library which is under the same roof.

Leading from the Library is the Y.M.C.A. Office, from which telegrams and cables may be despatched, information on various subjects obtained, and if you wish to send a parcel away, brown wrapping paper and string may be obtained from this Office, free.

When you have a few minutes to spare, drop in and have a chat with Mr. Stan Smith, the Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, he will be delighted to see you.

An M.T. Driver was seen to be studying his Income Tax forms very closely. When asked the reason he immediately replied—"Well, I have so much overtime to my credit."