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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.

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10 CENTS

No. 3

## INVASION-Our Part in Its Success

MANY times we have speculated on the date, the place and the method we the Allied Nations will invade the Nazi Fortress Europe. We have looked at each other, and silently wondered if our room-mates desired as much to be amongst the invading forces as we do. Assuredly they do, intensely, passionately, with all our hearts do they want to be there. It is understandable to we British folk, we know the bitter nearness of disaster; of Dunkirk, of Blitz, of unrelenting continuous failure, retreats and retreats. We know the meaning of "sit down and take it," or what Mr. Churchill meant in those memorable days when he said, "Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that, if the British Commonwealth lasts for a thousand years, men will still say, "This was their finest hour." Over these long hard years, occasioned of late by successes in North Africa and Italy, and the increasing power of Air Bombardment, there has grown the conviction within us; the desire to return, to join hands with those comrades now standing awaiting the Day and the Hour. We have had no glory, or no action to brighten our Service lives, we can only go on in our tasks, with quiet purpose. Those millions now standing on English shores, well trained, well equipped, are dependent on Air Power to safeguard and prepare their way. Without the Bombers carrying loads of destruction miles in front of the ground troops, destroying defences, transport and enemy troops, they would not be able to proceed without a great loss of life, nor without the fighters ranging high and low, protecting the forces from enemy bombardment, these invasion forces could not hope for success. The unsung heroes of the war, the very foundation upon which the forces of liberation have been built, have worked and prepared for this day for four years. We may be humbly proud to count ourselves among them. This is our Invasion, the very fact made possible by us. Through our hands over these years have gone the air power of today. We knew where the force would be striking, we have watched for a long time. Our Hour is now going into history and there are thousands of others waiting their Day on the shores of England, silently paying homage to our work. We shall continue a while longer, to make certain the supply of trained pilots, and to see them sweep the skies, Lords of High Heavens. Yes, we along with our Canadian and American cousins, on this side of the Atlantic, have made it possible.

Some of us will soon be in combat areas, we ask this, we beg it, we have personal reasons for wanting it: Dunkirk, Crete, Tobruk, Coventry, London, and Plymouth are incidents we can't forget, we shall never forget either; but only once, and rarely, does it come to a few like us, to be able to plan and help arrange the World's Greatest Invasion and then to join in it later. We of the Royal Air Force in Canada are grateful for this appointment. It is going to be difficult, mighty difficult for those of us who have to stay behind here in comparative safety and security when our fathers and brothers, yes, and still in many places, our mothers, sisters, wives and children, are facing with quiet determination and an unrelenting will to victory, the death which many of them must inevitably face. We shall need all our courage and grit to keep on with the ordinary job here when our hearts and minds are so far away, and that thrice-cursed ever-elusive Boat still far from us. Stick to it, brother—it isn't going to be easy.

**WANTED.** Have you got something to say, can you tell a story? If so, then we should like to publish your story, and start you on the road to literary fame. It is our intention to encourage this ambition, thus we extend this invitation to you to write a short story on any subject you care. If it is true to life, so much the better, but in any case, write your efforts and address them to the Editor, c/o The Officers' Mess, to be in his hands not later than June 1st, 1944. The best of those received will be published in the Magazine, and \$5 will be awarded to those entries published.

### You Lucky People!

So you've got all you want, have you? Even so much money in your pocket that a \$5 prize is not worth writing for. One solitary entry! That was the result of our Essay competition.

Thanks for your entry, LAC Dougan, and congratulations on scooping the prize.

After reviewing the ineffectiveness of the government machine to conquer economic ills and to prevent international conflict in the nineteen-thirties, Dougan goes on to examine the electoral machinery and to recommend the adoption of proportional representation as an improvement on the present method, and as a means of creating an effective democracy.

He recognizes that in terms of production we have reached the age of plenty, and he states with considerable emphasis that he will not be satisfied so long as there is one unemployed man or any similarly distressed person in the country.

For himself, Dougan requires the facilities to continue his education from the point at which it was interrupted by the war, and the opportunity to fill a job as soon as he is qualified to do so. He remembers those who walked the streets in a vain attempt to find employment and who developed a bitter attitude towards what he calls the controlling interests in the country, as the result of their experiences.

Looking further ahead to family life he suggests a government subsidy for children, where the parents have insufficient income for their support, and he demands good educational opportunities for them.

Finally, he desires the security of his country against the would-be aggressor but he does not suggest a solution of the problem.

Do you agree with what he says and would you have said the same?

Do you think there should be a change in the method of electing your political representative?

Have you any ideas for providing jobs for all?

Is our present education system a good one or can it be improved, and if so, how?

If you were the number one statesman in your country, how would you set about the problem of international security?

Send your ideas to the Editor; and if you, as a potential responsible citizen, can make the time, come along to the Current Affairs Discussion Group which meets on Thursday evenings at 7.30 p.m., in the G.I.S. Block.

## GEN

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## Editorial

"GEN" is becoming a medium of real purpose on this station, and most of the personnel are making it so. A few points here and there need our immediate attention, one being the question of sending the magazine overseas. "GEN" can be sent home for the cost of ONE CENT extra postage, and all we require to know, is the name and address; we do the rest, so let Warrant Officer Horner have these details.

Another point which must be stressed and that is our conduct at the Station Concerts. There are amongst us, fortunately in the minority, a few very tactless, badly behaved fellows. Their ambition seems to be in making the loudest and most unpleasant noises at the artists. We are referring to the "Wolf Call." If certain irresponsible people want to "Wolf Call" we suggest they do so where the majority of us cannot hear them. Frankly chaps, we are ashamed of you, and would gladly show our disapproval in more effective ways, but we hope this request will serve its purpose.

However, to assure ourselves of your good behaviour at further shows, with the co-operation of the majority we shall have no hesitation in taking severe action against you loud-mouthed people. This is the wish of most of us, that you be punished and forbidden to attend further shows.

Remember we are Royal Air Force personnel and a large percentage of Canadian people respect our good manners and behaviour. If you wish to show appreciation, do so in the usual approved manner, and not in the unfunny way some folk think is clever and funny. Again, some acts do not appeal to some of us, and we resent the types who try to spoil our enjoyment in the type of act we like, by unrestrained talking. The foolish fellow who shouted out "Play Boogie Woogie" to an artist must have realized how awful his remarks were when he discovered the pianist just couldn't play Boogie Woogie with her unfortunate disability.

In conclusion, we appeal to those who are prone to these indiscretions and say KEEP QUIET, YOU DISGRACE US, and IF YOU CAN NOT DO SO, go out on to the prairies and talk to the gophers, we would appreciate it.

Whilst on holiday in our younger days we often wired home for more cash, the fun being fast and furious, but boy oh boy, what a whale of a time three N.C.O.'s must have been having in the States recently which caused them to wire "home" for "spares." The Yanks are great souvenir hunters.

## 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 unselfness towards the entertaining of their comrades, or the maintenance of the high standard of morale on this station.

P/O Bennett—For Red Cross collection, and in the earning for this station, Command Headquarters commendations.

LAC Davies, LAC Simons, LAC Strang, LAC Ash and LAC Jones—For their work backstage, cheerfully given, to make possible the success of our concerts.

LAC Dougan—For the only entrant in the Essay Competition "What Do You Want."

F/O Samuels—For work in connection with bar and canteen supplies.

## SERVICING SQUADRON

Who was the unfortunate instructor who suddenly discovered that his aircrews wood not change pitch? ?

Is it true that a certain instructor was the manager of a sausage factory prior to joining the mob? ?

Since F/Lt. Morris (our ex Commander) has gone on the boat, it is rumoured that a certain W/O is bobbing on his rings.

In Servicing Squadron there dwells a certain Snag wallah who when he discovered he was 'on the boat' suddenly felt sick. Maybe it was because he couldn't get up enough courage to ask for a special 48 so that he could get married.

But he is not quite so bad as another fellow in charge of petrol issue sheets who on receipt of a letter on Friday morning was so anxious to get to Winnipeg that he forgot to come back to work.

Then there is the corporal in 3 Group who came back off leave 7 days early. Perhaps it was the beer, Mac? ?

Who is this Corporal Fraser who created such chaos when on leave in Atlantic City? Maybe it is a good job he is due for the boat.

Cpl. Flatt i/c Parachute Section wishes to make it known that his goods are perfect and if any fail to please, they will gladly be exchanged. For your sinking feeling consult the 'EZE-Let-Down' specialists.

Will any person who has any information about aircraft cleaning report to Murphey & Campbell, c/o Aircraft Cleaners' Association.

Can anyone tell me why the I.T.I.'s lost by Sgt. Mills were found in the Flight Commander's Office? ? It is rumoured that he has now placed Cpl. Sparrow on guard over them with a Cooley .22.

The personnel of No. 1 Hangar Group seem to be organized in three different places for 48's. What is all the attraction at Minto Street, Carlton Street and The Lake of the Woods Hotel? Then there is the lone wolf who visits Rossmere Avenue. . . Why? ?

Judging from our loan book, LAC Oldacre seems to be holding the torch but it not yet established who for. . . Sgt. Gee also seems to be a permanent torch bearer.

Note to Sgt. Cutbill: The parachute section has been working so hard that they have worn their packing strips down and are now using them as razor blades. Maybe a couple of oak trees will be better next time.

## "H" FLIGHT NEWS

Forever will April live in our memory as the month we all worked hard; even F/O Jack Atkins—I couldn't care less—was occasionally dragged from his beloved flying times book in order to aviate. Although we have been working like horses we must deny immediately the rumors that we are to be issued with halters or make any other modification in our dress to appear like the aforesaid animals.

A subscription has been started among instructors to present Flight Commander, F/L Legg, with a gold-plated whip for use at the commencement of Course 105. This is necessary because his horse-hide one is now frayed at the thin end. This is the end usually applied to instructors (as in wedge).

Lots of promotion around the Flight; congratulations to F/L Legg, F/O's Mooney and Clarke, and to F/Sgts. Staines.

An order, highly coveted, has been recently instituted by the flight. It is the Highly Decorated Order of the Deviated Bender (with oak leaf according to season). The first award is to P/O Johnny Willett for imagining the position of La Riviere on two successive night. Does F/O Price, observer type of G.I.S. realize now why he was taken on a long night trip.

The last two weeks of April was spent in the desert at Petrel fending for ourselves. We all managed to keep the renowned "H" Flight smile well to the fore, aided by various famous names at 18 cents per bottle.

To augment the rations, and to prove that Sgt. "Lofty" Swift can shoot other things besides lines, Jack and "Lofty" organized a dual hunting expedition—Petrel, Gregg, Petrel. They returned with a rabbit weighing 101 lbs., 91 lbs. of which were bullets. The cook refused to look at it.

We would seriously suggest that the beginning of each course be at Petrel, where instructors really get to know their pupils. We will be sorry to lose the boys of 96 Course, and wish them the very best in their future flying.

The best line of the month was from Johnny Willett, he says, "I was doing such tight circuits that the A.C.P. thought I was ground looping."

## STRENGTH . . . INCREASE

## Births

Born to the wife of 638284 LAC Wood, a son, on March 31st, 1944.

Born to the wife of 1478716 LAC Cooper, a son, on February 25th, 1944.

Born to the wife of F/L Sutton, a son, on March 15th, 1944.

Born to the wife of Sgt. Gee, a daughter, on March 10th, 1944.

Born to the wife of LAC Fullick, a son, on March 20th, 1944.

## STRENGTH . . . DECREASE

(And without permission of Gen)

## Marriages

To Pauline Siebel on March 18th, 1043686 Cpl. Robinson.

To Staff Sgt. Evelyn Grace Parsons at St. Patrick's Church, Winnipeg, on March 18th, 1438934 Sgt. E. G. Bell.

To Evelyn Carminthia Parker at Knox United Church, Winnipeg, on March 4th, 1407912 AC1 Agar, T. H.

## Ode to R.A.F. Carberry

(After "Hiawatha")

With Apologies to Longfellow

On the plains of Manitoba  
 'Mid the prairie's verdant pasture,  
 (Almost on the bounds of Brandon)  
 Lies the fair and rustic Carberry,  
 Fair as lilies in the valley  
 When the sun doth shine upon them,  
 As stately as the arch that gathers  
 Over the porch at Summer's Even.

In the long and spacious wigwam  
 On the outskirts of the village,  
 (Right bang opposite The Fire Hall)  
 Dwells the Chief—(we call him "Groupie")  
 With his braves, the Wing Commanders  
 And his stooge the Squadron Leader,  
 Pilot Officers and sundry  
 Other ranks, damn near twelve hundred  
 Taking due consideration  
 Of the "Chiefs" and the Sergeants  
 Gathered round to make obeisance.

"33" and rampant Bison  
 Is the sign of this proud Station,  
 Proud as Lucifer and never  
 Bow the knee to any other  
 Whilst the sun shines o'er the waters  
 Or the moon her face uplifteth,  
 Warriors (and warrioresses)  
 Sworn to vengeance o'er the German  
 'Ere the golden leaves have fallen  
 Or the wampum shell be broken.

In their wigwams 'mid the hangars,  
 Dwell the doughty Flight Commanders  
 With their Chieftains, the Instructors  
 And their papooses (the pupils);  
 Dashing round in fiery Ansons  
 Or the Tigerschmitt (flown solo),  
 All the day and half the night time  
 All the way from here to Petrel  
 Or to Oberon far distant  
 When the beam steals o'er the ether.

Roaring round in mighty circles  
 Passing "gen" to the papooses,  
 "Gen" which never seems to loiter  
 In the place for which intended,  
 Striving mightily the meantime  
 Just to please the Chief Instructor  
 In his wigwam 'neath the Watch Tower  
 Sitting there with both arms folded  
 Eagle-eyed and heavy handed—  
 If you haven't done the programme.

Smiling braves with greasy faces  
 Haul upon the B—y aircraft  
 As they come in for inspection  
 After doing one cross-country,  
 When each one is torn to pieces  
 Just to make it all the harder,  
 Or perchance they wrench a tail off  
 (Just to show there's no ill-feeling)  
 As they taxi o'er the tarmac  
 On their journey to the markers.

When a lull comes o'er the fighting  
 And the week is nearly ended,  
 When Authority stops binding  
 And the braves put up the shutters,  
 Then the merry men and maidens  
 Up in Winnipeg foregather  
 For their feast of story-telling,  
 And the sound of love and laughter  
 Gathered round in many circles  
 (At the Alex or the Marlboro'),  
 By the campfires brightly gleaming  
 Drinking Black Horse by the dozen,  
 Necking whiskey by the gallon,  
 Taking sherry from the Tankard

(Gurking merrily the meantime),  
 Singing songs both good and bawdy  
 Making love upon the sofa.

Later joined by Minnehaha  
 With her troubadour Sinatra,  
 And perhaps a dozen Chieftains  
 All to dance attendance on her,  
 Songs they sing both hot and ropey—  
 "Mairzey doats" and "Oh, that Tiger,"  
 Whilst Iago the Accounter  
 He, the Prince of storytellers  
 In his collar, pants and nightshirt  
 Dances wildly round the wigwams  
 In a frenzy of excitement.

When the firewater is finished  
 And the flames become an ember,  
 Then they gather up their blankets  
 Treading lightly, wending homeward  
 Some in two's or four's or six's,  
 Some in solitary splendour  
 Down the trail through Main and Portage  
 Through the village to the Station,  
 Where they mount the fiery chariot  
 On their lonely trek to Carberry,  
 To the comfort of the wigwam  
 (Or the bedsteads (barrack) airmen)  
 Winding slowly like the serpent  
 As they vanish in the distance . . .

### NOT GOODBYE MR. CHIPS!

When F/O Chpiz leaves this station, we shall miss a great character. Our Polish comrade has endeared himself to all of us, and it was with some considerable interest that we listened to his story the other night, as we sipped at our 'Tom Collins' in the Mess.

He is one of twins, and nothing eventful happened until they reached the age of 21 years; except that he and his twin brother loved travelling. At the age of 16 years they built a canoe and travelled 800 miles. At the age of 18 years, they built a sailing boat and spent every holiday at sea.

F/O Chpiz graduated at Vilna University, whilst his brother joined the Polish Officers Cadet Corp. "Chips" then studied law, and English, and in 1937 he earned a 12 month scholarship in England, but his money soon went, so several jobs were tried whilst he studied in the evenings.

Nineteen thirty-eight saw "Chips" at sea as a steward seaman and interpreter, visiting France, Portugal, Les Palmas and West Africa; and when war broke out he was in Brazil as a bookkeeper for a banana loading station. On making for Poland to join the army, he could only get as far as England before Poland was over-run by the Huns; so promptly joined the R.A.F. as WOP/AG. Very soon this talented man was made interpreter on a Polish Fighter Squadron, and in June, 1942, was called for aircrew training.

We asked "Chips" what he wanted after the war, and discovered he has no set political or economical plans, but several worthy theories came to light; one was to see every living person free to live his own life in decent economical conditions. He believes English policy and economical systems superior because we do not allow people to assume economical power and commercial dictatorship.

It is men like F/O Chpiz, whose knowledge of the world and its people that will bring Poland forth once more as a leading continental nation. It will never be "Goodbye to Mr. Chips."

### OLD CLOTHES FOR NEW LAMPS

From our roll call this month, we find missing the names of "They-call-me-Flight-you-know" Ovens, "Dinky" Davis and "Nick" Nicholson, all of whom sailed for a "far countree" recently. All the best to you and keep a place warm for us—we'll soon be on your heels.

To our ranks, we welcome Sgt. Ward, new Shylock of the Clothing Store. Incidentally, we see that after casting longing eyes on "new blues" and greatcoats all the winter, we are now up to our "you know where" in khaki—somehow, you always get what you don't want in this outfit! Also welcome to LAC's Shaw, McHugh, James, Miller and tucked away in Maintenance Wing, Hart and Cox. Which one of 'em was it who, on first sight of Carberry, said to his mates, "Ain't war Hell, chaps?"

We hear Joe Slapper is making his first trip to the States—his address—c/o Y.M.C.A.—Is this for the benefit of the girl friend who may get a copy of "Gen," Joe?

Cpl. "Adam" Jones, O.C. the Stores Gardens, has now to prove the old saying "The desert shall bloom as the rose."

Airmen's mess please note: Our deputy runner, "Pop" Hart, claims that he broke his top set on a piece of bread the other day. Oh!—say it isn't so, say it isn't so!

We hear the Textiles Division of the Department of Munitions & Supply cried "Pax" when we sent orders in for a greatcoat, suit of blue and khaki drill for our "skeleton in the closet"—"Tiny" Lawrence.

Well, chaps, I think this is all the slander this column will stand for one month. Before this goes to press, we shall have said "Goodbye" to yet another "A.E.O." To F/Lt Lauder go our best wishes and the hope that his premonition of a posting to 16 M.U. does not materialize.

### ELECTRICAL SECTION GEN

Who was the Corporal who thought that a broken earthing chain caused the under-carriage indicator to go for a 'burton'? Possibly the Corporal cannot swim either, but then these BROOKS are sometimes deep!

A hearty welcome is extended to the following new-comers: LAC Frapell, AC's Palmer and Dibsdel. It is hoped that these highly technical and skilled tradesmen will enjoy their stay at Carberry.

Congrats to "Duke" Whittingham, "Muscles" Larman, George Davies, Harry Lauder and "Porky" Hunt on reaching the dizzy heights of LAC. Will the above-mentioned please remember that the NELSON is open from 2 p.m. until 10 p.m. and the Sergeant i/c often visits the place.

It has been noticed (from a distance of two feet!) that Bert King has grown a moustache. Sgt. Hancox was beefing about the loss of his sash brush too.

"Muscles" Larman regrets to announce the loss of his No. 1 stooge, Jim Howard, and is at a loss as to whom he can try out, with his corny gags. At the moment of going to press, he is trying to get laughs from the 'Duke.' The latter, by the way, has just announced his engagement to a so-called Duchess of Yorkshire, residing in Chicago, the heiress of a bootlegging magnate.

Jeff Brooks seems to have some difficulty in convicting a W & B F/Sgt. that he was over here in '31, driving a tractor combine. He

(Continued on page 6)

## CORPORAL BARBARA L. BROPHY

Barbara is 21, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Brophy of Montreal.

Prior to her enlistment as an equipment assistant in June, 1942, she had been entertaining the troops as a member of the T.N.T. Troupe, after her office hours as a secretary. She danced sang, was dramatic, and still found time to study fashion designing seriously. In 1939, a talent scout from Warner Brothers tried to interest her in a movie career, and she laughed at him! She still feels the same way about it!

She was posted first to Rockcliffe. No one noticed her particularly there, although the smart civilian suit which she had designed

for herself, and had worn on reporting to the station, attracted so much attention it was used in a recruiting movie. But the suit was filled full of somebody else. If you saw the movie, you'll probably remember the suit.

Next posting was to St. Thomas. Here she was selected to be photographed at a field day by the St. Thomas Times-Journal. But the aura of glamor was still missing. In her first service photographs for the press, she was half-smothered by a potato sack.

Then came a posting to No. 13 S.F.T.S., where she was quickly spotted by the P.R.O. from No. 3 T.C.H.Q., while covering a wings parade. In a short time, he was back with

his photographer, Barbara was slipping into a flying suit, and climbing into the cockpit of a Harvard. That picture became almost institutional, and is often used whenever a picture of "a typical W.D." is requested. It was taken more than a year ago, and there are still requests for it.

She was the first airwoman in Canada to wear the new W.D. uniform . . . and HOW she wore it. Dozens of photographs were taken, and appeared in newspapers from Hailybury to Hawaii. Wearing the uniform, she appeared at swank nighteries, luncheons, dinners, R. C. A. F. schools, and was introduced to such notables as Air Marshall William Avery Bishop, V.C., D.S.O. and Bar, M.C., D.F.C., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Croix de Guerre with Palm.

Since then her picture has stared at you from recruiting posters and signboards. She was elected "Miss Victory, R.C.A.F." in the last Victory Loan campaign. She was featured nationally in a roto feature on "How W.D.'s Keep Fit." She has spoken in factories. She represented the

Women's Division at the recent official opening of the C.N.R. station at Montreal. Another national roto spread showed her enjoying a weekend in the Laurentians skiing.

Although she is one of the most publicized girls in the Women's Division, you'd never suspect it if you were to storm the equipment section, and talk to her at work. The subject of Brophy never comes up in her conversation. She takes her work seriously, but not herself, and the aura of glamor which surrounds her.

She has deep blue eyes, long black eyelashes, honey-colored hair, and altogether a most lovely creature.



### LINE OF THE MONTH

Sergeant Bartlam was heard to remark after frequent and impossible requests for transport, "We do the impossible immediately, we regret that miracles take a little longer."

The above is awarded the order of "The Most Noble Order of Flannel Tearers," for this 'Line of the month.'

### NEEDLE, BALL AND AIRSPEED

We breathe again! The C.F.S. Visiting Flight have taken their tortures elsewhere and have left us with a good report and two higher categories—congratulations F/Sgts. Krieger and Longmuir (and on the promotions, too!).

Since our last epistle to the house of "Gen," two more of the old-timers, to wit F/Sgts. Bill Horne and Bill Rees have left us to join our late skipper at No. 1 I.F.S., and we hear that Scotty is packing his bags in anticipation.

Newcomers have been Sgts. Crewson, Laxdal and Bell, from the Ling School, and Sgt. Swanson from Brandon, and wonder of wonders we are up to establishment!

Our new i/c, F/O Cushing, divides his time between binding the Flight Commanders for pupils, spending crafty 48's in the big city, and taking the needle from the S.M.O. We are glad to see that his health (and figure) is improving—is it the treatment or the Deer Lodge Nursing Sister that does the trick?

The Editor's note on co-operation between Sections prompts us to make a public statement of our appreciation of the co-operation we get from all sections of Training Wing. We do feel (heard that phrase elsewhere?) that this has been achieved mainly by personal contact with our fellow Instructors, and in the light of our experience would say that although the 'blower' has its uses there is nothing like a tete-a-tete to produce the goods—try our idea out on the papsie chaps!

Flying Instructors please note—we would like to get, and the C.F.S. insist that we must get, the more dual, so if ever the second sea is likely to be empty please ring 47 for a Link type to fill it. We know that it is difficult even for the all-high to get an aircraft despite to which point of the compass he may look, owing to alleged unserviceability—our very junior Link Officer was shaken on a recent trip by the Control Column comin' away in 'is 'ands'!

### RIPCHORDS IN THE LIMELIGHT AGAIN

Well there was no carbon arc, it wasn't a classy theatre and it was only a scratch performance but the Ripchords showed they were still alive on Easter Monday when they staged a show in the Austin Community Hall.

It needed plenty of ingenuity to pack all the band instruments and men into Bill's Bus but the blokes piled in prepared to do their duty or suffocate in the attempt. On arrival, we stood for a moment and pondered on the legend over the door of the Hall "Egg Packing Station." It looked suspicious but the Ripchords unflinchingly carried on. . . . We dumped our chattels on the stage, hauled down the curtain and the kids in the front rows cheered. Then we hauled up the curtain and prepared to compete against the eggs. . . . Frank Isherwood, Bill Taylor and 'Three Graces' held the audience with their songs, Harry and Jimmy fooled, and Dick Davey magically mystified. Ianto Morris caused great hilarity with his washerwoman sketch. Great credit was due to the boogie woogie kings, Sgts. Geo. Ryckman and Jimmy Brohn. The end came. We sang the Boat Song. Then . . . Holy Smoke . . . our last line of defence . . . nobody thought of hauling down the curtain . . . a very embarrassed Ripchords company crept stealthily off the stage.

About 150 attended the concert, and dancing followed, to Ripchords Dance Band.

# Further Impressions of Pre-War Europe

By DOKLANK

THE Channel was distinctly choppy on that summer's afternoon of 1938, and though well fortified with excellent "Scotch" sea-sickness remedy from the bar, we were glad when the three hour crossing was over and we saw the white lighthouses that guard the entrance to the harbour at Ostend, and shortly after we set unsteady feet upon the land which was soon to be called the Fortress of Europe.

"A quick check through the customs and we were on the road again, this time with a brand new T model M.G., not yet fully run in, and with which a certain amount of restraint was still required when a long straight stretch of continental road presented itself. But we made good time and the heavier car was steadier on the rough cobbled "pave" roads of Belgium, than its lighter and noisier predecessor. The picturesque Flemish towns of Ghent, Brussels, Louvain and Liege were soon past and we crossed the frontier over the fine Maas bridge, destined to be destroyed by those desperate Fairey Battles two years later when the German hordes were pouring into Belgium.

Here we had our first reminder that Europe was already on the brink of war: Armed sentries, with steel helmets, patrolled the bridge, and concrete pill boxes had recently been erected to guard its approaches from either side. Then we were in Germany. No casual check at the customs this time, but our baggage was unceremoniously searched, we were asked countless questions as to the why and wherefore of our visit to the Reich and we were warned to be extremely discrete in the use of our cameras. Evidently we were regarded with some disfavour though without actual discourtesy. Germany did not want visitors from England in July, 1938, but she needed the money they might spend. It was dusk when we reached Aachen and there we spent the first night. Immediately we were impressed with the prosperity of the new Germany. The shops were full of expensive wares, particularly the toy shops and the jewellers, and expensive looking cars were to be seen everywhere on the streets.

Next morning after an early start we headed for the Rhineland through Cologne, Coblenz and Mainz, where vast factories lined the river banks for mile after mile and the lovely vine-covered hill slopes reminded us of Niersteiner and Moselle. As we sped further into Germany we were more and more conscious of the deep throbbing of her great industrial heart pouring out the steel blood which gave life to her great growing war machine.

Everybody was busy and in a hurry. There were no loiterers. Even the traffic lights would hardly wait for one to cross before they changed colour. The roads were filled with an endless procession of monstrous diesel trucks with trailers, whose hidden contents we could but guess. Every other person we saw was in uniform. There was hardly a moment when there was not at least one aircraft in the sky overhead and troops and army lorries and tanks were met with at almost every bend of the road.

As we entered a small country town 20 miles east of Nuremberg, something even bigger was in progress, and we were immediately halted and ordered to "take cover."

For the next hour we were treated to a most realistic demonstration of the Nazi idea of a dive bombing attack. Upwards of 50 large twin-engined aircraft—probably J.U. 88's, in the light of later knowledge—screamed down to about 500 feet over the town, dropping smoke canisters and powder "bombs." Hundreds of light flak and heavy machineguns on roof tops, open squares and even bridges, opened up with (presumably) blank ammo., creating what in those days seemed to be a terrific racket. Smoke filled the air whilst fire-engines and ambulances raced one another through the streets which had been cleared of pedestrians. An apparently efficient A.R.P. system was working under most realistic conditions, artificially created. It was a most impressive show, particularly when it is remembered that there were still two more months to come before "Munich."

Next day we crossed into Czecho-Slovakia, again arousing considerable interest and consequent delay with our enemies, the customs officials, and we soon noticed a marked deterioration and lack of tarmac on the roads as compared with the magnificent highways of the Reich, so the going was slower. Here again, in the Sudetenland particularly, the restless state of the country was most obvious. Forts and blockhouses guarding the mountain passes were fully manned; there were numerous motorcycle patrols on the roads and an inordinate number of police in all the villages en route. Here German and Czech still lived side by side, like the bilingual notices on the walls, in apparent harmony, but there was plenty of evidence that disturbances between them were becoming only too common and were soon to culminate in the further exhaustion of a Fueher's patience, a futile "Munich" and a further annexation of a free people.

Prague, however, was a happy, gay city on the surface. The great Sokol games were in progress and the streets were thronged with the colourful youth of a dozen countries who had come to watch and compete in the great athletic contests of the Slav races. The languages were impossible! In fact, it was in Prague (most cosmopolitan of cities) that we were really up against the language difficulty and realized the trouble which Babel brought upon the world! No one spoke English and with our mixture of school-boy French and German, it was impossible to determine the true facts about the trend of affairs from people who only spoke Czech. After three delightful days in the grand old mediaeval city, we set forth again and in four hours had covered the straight flat 200-mile run to Vienna. Distances are small in Europe and one crosses from one country to the next far more quickly than across the provinces of Canada—a fact to be remembered when our troops are marching those same roads. As we crossed the frontier again into Austria, unconcealed preparations for imminent invasion were in evidence on every side. Troops on "manoeuvres"—all kinds of military vehicles and machines and, most curious of all, countless piles of duckboards every 50 yards or more along 20 odd miles of road, together with dumps of significant

green wooden cases with rope handles—for all the world to see and more probably to impress and dishearten the near-by Czechs.

Vienna was a pitiful sight—like a great lady who had fallen on evil time and whose tired face betrayed her sickness of mind and body, though her worn clothes showed evidence of her former glory.

Many shops were boarded up, cafe's were close and the houses and the street cars badly needed new paint. It was not uncommon to see an old man on his hands and knees cleaning the gutters presided over by a swaggering bully of "brownshirt" or stormtrooper. Gone was the gay cafe life, the fine clothes, the music and the dancing and the opera: the swastika flag flew on the Imperial palace and government buildings and armed Black Guards were at every gate. The people went about looking depressed and undernourished, and smiles were seldom seen. The great block of modern workers' flats which had put up such a gallant defence in the short Dolfuss revolution two years previously were still gutted and pock marked with shell holes, and no attempt had been made to rebuild them though they still appeared to house numerous families of workers, now under the New Order.

Yes, Vienna was a sad city and showed none of the wealth and prosperity of the flourishing Rhineland Towns we had seen a few days earlier, and we decided after a short stay to turn west and head for the happier atmosphere of the distant mountains.

## HUDSON BAY BEAVER CONCERT PARTY

(By Dramatic Critic)

On April 30th we were treated to a splendid concert in the Station Concert Hall by the Beaver Club. The show opened briskly, with the pretty little lassies, Rose Gallagher, Betty Kupchuk and Selma Robinson on the piano accordions. Doreen Mitson with her 64-dollar question could have got higher bid from many of us. Her charm and gaiety, combined with "The Stooze" George Stokes, obviously acted dim wittedness, provided laughter galore during the show. Then for the homes-sick Irish, came "Danny Boy" and shades of Old Ireland. One trick with a whistle, brought out a pleasant combination—tenor voice and a female whistler. Herbert Tollington went well—he sang with great expression. The face of the "Old One" in the Country Bumpkin Trio, brought the hall into roars of laughter. The lads were good.

Margaret Pollard sang well—and "we couldn't sleep a wink that night," and so we went, from sonatas to Russian songs, all of which we loved; particularly when we discovered she could speak English as well. Rose and Babs Darling in Nautical and Naughty Dancing. Babs got us with the timed moves. It would have been successful without the anxiety we suffered, when a slip would have meant an injury. All the artists deserve the highest praise, particularly the producers and actor Camille Ste. Marie; to him for his calm, polished acting and clear directing much of the credit of the concert party is due. Come again, Beavers, or shall we come to you?

## YE PARABLES OF A PILOT

1. My sons, hear the advice of my Great Grandfather and foresake not the laws of those who fly safely.
2. For the days of my life are legion, and I have instructed much youth of the land in the ways of the aeroplane in the air.
3. Verily, man do foolish things thoughtlessly, knowing not why; but an aeroplane doeth nought without reason.
4. Let not thy familiarity with the aeroplane breed contempt, less thou become exceedingly careless at a time when great care is necessary to thy well-being.
5. A wise pilot scenteth trouble afar off and avoideth a forced landing in waste spaces.
6. My sons, obey the law and observe prudence. Spin thou not lower than 1,500 cubics nor stunt above thine own domicile; for the hand of the Lord is heavy and reacheth far and wide throughout the land.
7. Incur not the wrath of those in authority by breaking their rules; for he who maketh the wrong circuit shall be cast into outer darkness, and who so flyeth low over football games shall be forever damned.
8. As the telephone operator who giveth the wrong number, so is he who extolleth his exploits in the air.
9. For I have watched him do his stuff on the ground, lo, for an hour I have heard him talk of himself, till he thinketh he is the best pilot ever.
10. He is like unto a woman who knoweth not how to say good bye on the telephone and the truth is not in him.
11. Though he be as honest as the day in all else, yet will he lie about his aerial adventures. His chest protrudeth and he maketh other men weary.
12. He doth enlarge upon the dangers of his adventures but in my sleeve shall be heard the tinkling of silvery laughter.
13. Let not thy prowess in air persuade thee that others cannot do even as thyself; for he that showeth off in public places is an abomination unto his fellow pilots.
14. More praiseworthy is he who can touch tailwheel and wheels on the ground together when landing than he who taxieth into another machine whilst watching the damsel who hath observed his prowess in the air.
15. Beware of the man who taketh off without looking behind him for there is no health in him. Verily I say unto you, his days are numbered.
16. My son, another student pilot shall come unto thee saying: "Hearkest not to the words of thy grandfather, for he doteth; list to me whilst I tell thee how thou should do so and so."
17. But a little knowledge is of times of great danger and thou knowest full well that my teachings are founded on great experience.
18. Clever men take the reproofs of their instructors in the same wise, one like unto the other with jest, confessing their dumbness and regarding themselves with humour.
19. Yet they try again, profiting by his wise counsel and taking offence at nought that he said. For whose hearkeneth unto his precepts shall fly safely and shall be quite free from fear of trouble.
20. A reproof entereth more into a pilot of sense than one hundred compliments unto a fool.
21. Knoweth thou the pilot who criticizeth NOT another's flying? I say unto that there is not one who cannot point out another's faults and advise him what he should do.
22. Better is a dancing partner with two left feet than he who laggeth behind in a formation and keepeth not his appointed place; for the leader breedeth wild thoughts.
23. As a wet dog who shaketh himself beside you, so also is a pilot who usurpeth thy rightful place when landing in formation.
24. Though thy leader taketh thee over the city at low altitudes, having no regard for thy personal safety, yet will thou follow him closely, but on the ground wilt thou revile him after.
25. As a plate of soup that is cold, yea, even as a kiss from one's sister so also is a flight without objective, it lacketh kick.
26. As a postage stamp which lacketh its glue, so are the words of caution to a fool.
27. Beware that thou leave not the switches "ON" when leaving the cockpit lest the mark of Cain be upon you.

all. We have given it its right place, as one of the finest poems in the whole of literature, with religious truths which are as true today as when the poem was written—and its date was probably during the fifth century before Christ, the author attempting to give us his idea of the way the universe came into being. "In the beginning, God"; "God saw that it was good." So, getting our religious truths from that chapter, and our scientific and historical truths from those who have, in more recent years, been led by God's Spirit to give them to us, we find that religion and science walk hand in hand, and together enable use to see far more of the truth than either can do alone.

Christianity often goes beyond reason, but is never contrary to reason. I once heard it described as "reason grown courageous," and that, I feel, is a very good definition. When I say "I believe in God," I do not mean that I can prove God by putting Him under a microscope, in the sense that I can prove that there are many scales in the wings of a butterfly. I mean that, after considering the pros and cons, I believe that God exists, that love is greater than hatred, that life is greater than death, and that I am prepared to back everything on the fact that God is, and that He is the kind of God that Jesus Christ has shown Him to be. In fact, as a Christian, I believe that God is in Jesus Christ, and that in Christ we see exactly what God is like. Of course, a few of the phrases in the Christian Creed could do with revision in order to bring out their true meaning. The Canadian Prayer Book does explain that "he descended into hell" means "he went into the place of departed spirits." When I use the expression "the resurrection of the body," or, as in the baptismal service, the more unfortunate phrase "the resurrection of the flesh," I must interpret that differently from the way those who compiled the creed interpreted it. No longer do we mean that our physical bodies live on; we know that they are finished with at what we call death. But we mean that we retain our own identity in the fuller life beyond—and this is, after all, truly Scriptural, and the meaning given by St. Paul in Chapter 15 of his first epistle to the Corinthians.

Yes, a certain amount of restatement may be necessary, not in order to change the faith of Christ, but rather to interpret the Christian faith in accordance with the faith of Christ. But the greatest change is needed in ourselves, as we should be living nearer to Christ than we are, and making this faith a living force in our lives.

The Padre.

### ELECTRICAL SECTION

(Continued from page 3)

should have mentioned about the time he was under contract to wire-up the DANGER lights in Montreal.

"Porky" (get some in) Hunt has requested to be taken off night shift work, his wife is beginning to suspect the dark shadows under his eyes. Could it be night starvation, Porky?

It has been noticed that Sgt. Hancox has demanded a new whip, Mk.II, for "Topper" Knowles, whose old one is now u/s through fair wear and tear.

This month's Oscar is awarded to LAC ——— for his marvelous drawing of a cut-out. All that is needed is a good imagination of things to come and it might work.

### DOES CHRISTIANITY NEED TO BE RESTATED?

Time and again we hear it said the Church has had its day, that it's out of touch with life, that those who go to church are no better and sometimes worse than those who don't, and, in any case, that the Christian faith is not reasonable in view of modern scientific discoveries and developments. Now it's not my aim to attempt to answer all these criticisms, and many others which might also be mentioned, in one short article. Let's confine ourselves to the last, and put it in the form of the question, "Does Christianity need to be restated?"

Religion and Science have often been regarded as deadly enemies, whereas, when rightly understood, they are very good friends. One is the complement of the other. The Christian Religion, at all events, when understood by the standards of Christ, is in search of Truth at all costs, and this is also the quest of Science. Of course, different

churches and sects at various times have interpreted Christianity as something which is static rather than dynamic, something which is not prepared to admit that God's Spirit can lead us to new truths. But if we are true to Christ we must admit that the Spirit of God does go on leading us nearer the truth.

This is so, for example, with the first chapter of the Bible, the first chapter of Genesis. That is one of the creation stories, formerly thought of as a literal account of how the universe was created in six days. But those who wrote that account had little or no scientific knowledge. Later, science showed that the creative process has been going on for millions of years, and that God's Spirit is still working in and through this creative process. Science has shown us that this is even more wonderful than the account given in Chapter 1 of Genesis. What of that chapter, then? Have we cast it out and overthrown it as out of date? Not at

# DAILY ROUTINE HOR D'OEUVRES...

Serial No. : Official Secret.  
 Page No. : Who cares.  
 Date : No thanks, old boy.

Station Duty	31st March, 1944
1. Orderly Binder .....	F/O Browned-Off.
Orderly Dog .....	Sgt. Sweating (B.O.)
Duty Pilot (Cheesed) .....	P/O Pilemup.
N.C.O. I/C Fire Piquet .....	Cpl. Hotcha.
Canteen Cowboy .....	Cpl. Brassed, S.W.E.T.
Duty Firkin .....	LAC Penne-Pusher.
Duty Accounts Twister .....	LAC Bobbin Fortapes
Runners Union Dodges .....	AC2 Scrounger (Missing).
Duty Store Basher .....	LAC Youve-Hadit.

- Airmen Reporting**—Station Dental Clinic.  
Any airman with experience in dental surgery, labouring (pneumatic drill experience) or **PLUMBING** (preferably Local Government Plumbing) to report to Cpl. Pullet.
- Discipline**—**Airmen's Mess**.  
Any airman caught making rude noises in the Mess, sharpening knives on soles of boots, leaving dentures to soak in the next man's tea, using forks for manicure purposes or throwing articles at the Cookhouse Staff will be immediately escorted to the Guardroom.
- Awards of Medals, Clasps, etc.**  
Any airman with more than six years service to report to the Orderly Room to collect his Booby Prize.
- Discipline**—**Laundry**.  
Anyone caught washing "SMALLS" during duty hours will be severely dealt with.
- Found**.  
At the back of the TRAPPERS' ARMS. One ring with R.A.F. Crest.
- Lost**.  
Between the Sergeants' Mess and Quarters: One girdle numbered 52116, F/Sgt.

- Bloater, A., and endorsed, "All my love, Ermintrude."
- Training Personnel**—**Photographs**.  
Will the Sergeant Pilot who broke the camera the last time his picture was taken kindly make his own private arrangements to have a photograph taken.
  - Postings**.  
CPL. CAN-CARRIER, B. A.  
To report to the Station disOrderly Room at 12.00 hours on the 1st April, prior to posting to Alaska effective the 2nd. He will draw his undesired portion of rations from the Swill Bin at 09.00 hours, and report to the Store Basher's Union (with Union Card) at 10.00 hours to collect super-duper woolies and sweating machine, and oblige.
  - Discipline**. (last one).  
Anyone found spreading duff gen about the Boat will be bunged right on the Fizzer.

Horace Thistlewhistle, sprog P/O.

for: Officer Commanding,  
R.A.F. Station,  
Prairie Madness.

## Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor:  
 You were late with the magazine last month. We don't like being kept waiting for our "Gen," so hurry up with the next one.  
 The Lads of Services Hangar.

**Ed. Reply**  
 Dear Readers: I am sorry for the delay, but due to absences and changes of staff, we suffered some considerable disorganization. Owing to pressure of other work and possible changes, I am compelled to resign my position as Editor. However, to my successor I extend a hearty welcome and the hope that you will continue to support him and the magazine as you have done. Good luck chaps, it was nice "Gening" for you.

### LAUGHTER IN'T COURT

- Since Joe got his AC1 he's had no time for me—it's gone to his head all these birds chasing after him.
- When I married I was a widow and my husband a second-hand dealer.

- I never accused my husband of lying—I just called him a ruddy liar.
- When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I would live till I were married.
- My husband's idea of happiness is a chair before the fire, a gallon of beer, his feet on the mantelpiece and me out at my mother's.
- My mother is an investment and an asset—in other words she supports me.
- Seldon was right when he said about a wife, "He that will keep a monkey, 'tis fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks."
- Woman is an evil, but a necessary evil, blast 'em.
- When my husband, Joe, came home smelling of perfume he excused himself by saying he had been standing for a long time in a line of women.
- That's the last time I shall ever marry a red nosed man—even the cats are afraid of him.
- My wife called me a 'public convenience' except that she didn't exactly use the same word.

### PROMOTIONS

The thanks of the undermentioned are acknowledged. Due to the sponsoring and out tuition they made the grade. We offer special promotion courses at cut rates to anyone requiring promotion. Apply Editor, "Gen, Pukka Genises Building, or "The Dean," F/O Samuel (same joint).

### PROMOTIONS

- To F/O, R.A.F. 148061 P/O Collier, F. G., R.A.F.V.R., A. & S.D. (LTI).
- To F/O, R.A.F. 153098 P/O Clarke, W. M., R.A.F.V.R. (GD).
- To F/O, R.A.F. 153140 P/O Spence, D., R.A.F.V.R. (GD).
- To F/O, R.A.F. 153142 P/O Corness, D. R., R.A.F.V.R. (GD).
- To F/O, R.A.F. 153552 P/O Clarke, D. J., R.A.F.V.R. (GD).
- To F/O, R.A.F. 153150 P/O Nolan, P. E., R.A.F.V.R. (GD).
- To F/L, R.A.F. 146438 F/O Longhurst.
- To F/L, R.A.F. 128473 F/O Douglas.
- To F/O, R.A.F. 153153 P/O Chalmers.
- To F/O, R.A.F. 153150 P/O Fussey
- To F/O, R.A.F. 153151 P/O Quay.
- To F/O, R.A.F. 153157 P/O Sprick.
- To F/O, R.A.F. 153328 P/O Barlow, L. A.
- To F/L, R.A.F. 117698 F/O Lynch-Blosse.
- To F/O, R.A.F. 153114 P/O Brook.
- To F/L R.A.F. 128473 F/O Doughton, A. T.
- To F/O R.A.F. 153138 P/O Hall, A. E.
- To F/O, R.A.F. 152518 P/O Smith, M. W.
- To F/L, R.A.F. 125442 F/O McBoy.
- To F/Sgt., G.B. 1541974 Sgt. Staines.
- To Cpl., LAC G.B. 1258396 Blake, C.

33 S.F.T.S., Carberry  
5-5-44

Dear Mother:

Well, it's just about over now, and we are busy getting packed in the hopes of getting a boat. We are passing out today (as Pilots) and tonight (in the Canteen).  
 It's been a good course, though long; but we have survived the rigors of a Canadian winter pretty well.  
 We've lost a few pals through mishap or C.T.—one of them was the small Irish airman I told you about, who did an I/F circuit with a fat girl at one of our station dances. We still can't find Grimshaw's little black socks.  
 One of our Kinis has become a proud father. He's got some useful promotion too.  
 Do Aussie's girl friends throw bottles out of hotel windows in the middle of the night, at home? They do here!  
 "Crasher" Durbin has graduated with us and is contemplating going on an aircraft demolition course after the war. Jo Hagerty's insect is graduating with him, much to his mortification. Filthy Luker still lives in hopes of getting a job with Paramount News (test pilot) hi hi ha, etc. Temple Smith woke up for his wings test the other day, but went to sleep again afterwards. One of our instructors lost a lot of pants on stony ground while playing rugger the other day. He didn't mind and just put them on back to front! Another finds rugger expensive on the pocket, others find their beer ration growing smaller. Our instructors have been a grand lot and we shall be sorry to leave them.  
 Well, that's all for now Dearie, and hope to see you soon.  
 Your loving "G."

## ... SPORTS ...

### BOXING

On Wednesday, 19th April, Cpl. Hall, who holds the heavyweight championship of Manitoba, LAC Robinson and LAC Phillips represented the Station in the Brandon Area eliminating contests for the No. 2 Training Command championships. In the heavyweight bout, Cpl. Hall had an easy victory over LAC St. Dennis of No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon, knocking out his opponent in the second round. LAC Robinson fought well in the welterweight contest against LAC McCann of No. 17 S.F.T.S., Souris, and only just lost on points. In the featherweight bout, LAC Phillips met LAC Calvert of No. 2 "M" Depot, Brandon, the eventual winner of the No. 2 Training Command championship. He fought well against a good opponent but was out-pointed. Unfortunately, owing to the short notice of the contests, both LAC Robinson and LAC Phillips were short of training, but they both gave a good account of themselves.

On Friday and Saturday, 28th and 29th April, the No. 2 Training Command championships were held at the Arena, Saskatoon. Cpl. Hall represented Carberry in the heavyweight class but he suffered from a very bad head cold throughout the weekend. In the semi-finals on the Friday night, he was much below his usual form but he managed to gain a points decision over LAC "Battling" Kerr of No. 11 S.F.T.S., Yorkton. He attacked throughout the three rounds and knocked down his opponent for a count of nine in the first round. The finals were held on Saturday night when Cpl. Hall met LAC Caesar Grant of No. 3 Wireless School, Winnipeg, who had defeated AC Art Lynn of No. 7 I.T.S., Saskatoon, a professional with experience of over 200 contests, in the semi-final. The bout between Cpl. Hall and LAC Grant proved to be the best of the evening. LAC Grant, a negro from Jamaica, had a magnificent physique and had the advantage over Cpl. Hall in height, weight and reach. Cpl. Hall rose to the occasion, however, and skillfully avoiding Grant's lovely left, attacked his opponent at close quarters whenever possible. He established a lead on points during the first two rounds and in the third round he very wisely kept out of trouble. Both men gave a fine exhibition of fast, hard-hitting, clean and clever boxing, and at the end the two judges disagreed. The referee, however, gave his casting vote to Cpl. Hall.

### FOOTBALL

As a result of the light snowfall during the winter and the late spring rain, the three soccer pitches are only just beginning to grow grass. This has delayed the opening of the season although there is evidence of much enthusiasm. A number of trial matches have been played and the Inter-Hut League will commence on Monday, 31st May. Twelve teams have entered the League, giving six matches each week.

A Station Team has been entered in the Brandon District Services Athletic Association League, and will have a match each Wednesday, commencing on 31st May against No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers, until 20th September.

The Station Committee comprises the following members: F/O Illingworth, F/O Samuel, F/O Wilding, Mr. S. Smith, W/O Vines, F/Sgt. Smith, Sgt. Cutbill, Cpl. Alder-

son and LAC Innes, and any enquiry concerning football should be made to them or to the Hut representatives.

### RUGBY

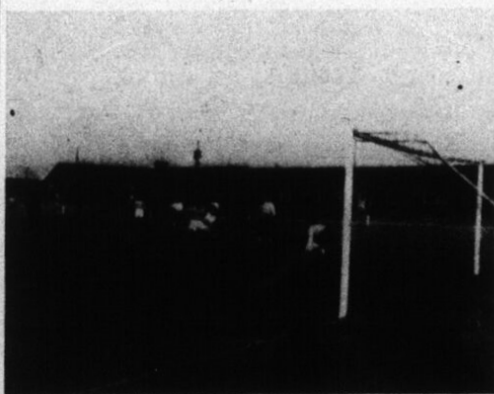
There is considerable enthusiasm for Rugby this season and a good start has been made. The following committee has been elected: F/Lt. Longhurst (Officer i/c), F/O Illingworth (Sports Officer), Mr. S. Smith, F/Sgt. Webber, Cpl. Patten, and a representative from each course of pupils. The following practice matches have been played:

- No. 3 Group, 3 vs. No. 4 Group, 6.
- No. 2 Group, 6 vs. Rest of the Station, 0.
- No. 96 Course, 3 vs. Rest of the Station, 0.

### SOFTBALL

A team has been entered in the Brandon District Services League from this Station, but there is little evidence of any enthusiasm. Two meetings have been held but were poorly attended although they were well advertised. It will be impossible to field a team unless considerably more men express a desire to play. Those interested should get in touch with Mr. DesRoches of the Meteorological Section.

### THIS SEASON'S FIRST



### Carried Over From April Issue

#### COMPLETE RESULTS OF THE SEASON'S MATCHES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

OPPONENTS	VENUE	GOALS For	GOALS Against	RESULT
A.15 Camp Shilo .....	Home	6	12	Lost
A.15 Camp Shilo .....	Away	3	13	Lost
26 E.F.T.S., Neepawa	Away	5	8	Lost
26 E.F.T.S., Neepawa	Home	6	12	Lost
26 E.F.T.S., Neepawa	Home	9	12	Lost
26 E.F.T.S., Neepawa	Away	2	8	Lost

### INTER SECTION LEAGUE

Four teams, representing the Officers' Mess, Station Headquarters, Maintenance Wing "A" and Maintenance Wing "B", entered the above League, which has been confined to R.A.F. personnel only. Because of repatriation however, Maintenance Wing were unable to continue to field two teams. Complete results of the season's matches are as follows: Maintenance Wing "A", 14—S.H.Q., 4. Maintenance Wing "A", 14—Officers' Mess, 4. Officers' Mess, 4—S.H.Q., 3. Maintenance Wing "A", 5—Maintenance Wing "B", 3.

### THE COOKS ARE CROWING!

Man moons have passed since the last issue of cookhouse "Gen" appeared, and from now on until the day of our long boat trip, we will endeavour to "cook" up some "seconds" on Who's-Who and What's What from the Airmen's Mess.

Welcome S/O MacMurdoc to our ranks. This fair lady will do her best (providing the "wolves" stop coming for afternoon tea) to carry on the duty of messing Officer. Welcome F/Sgt. May who, although purged from all sections, is doing a good job of playing Daddy to all the staff, and keeping the standard of food good. "Chiefy" May is one of the Big Four, not mentioning names (one WO and two F/Sgts.), who have been holding secret "Sessions in Brandon." Anyone wishing to be included in a "Sesh," please apply to Stores for Crown and 3.

Our next piece of station furniture (sorry, time-expired) is Cpl. Syd "Slap Happy" Chapman. This fair youth has for the past few months been living in a dream, complete with starry eyes and wistful looks, for next month Syd is due at the altar. At the mention of the name Mary he goes weak at the knees, but we wish both Mary and Syd all the very best for their forthcoming marriage, to take place in Winnipeg.

If one should enter the Mess and hear voices talking about wheat, horses, etc., it will be the U/T Farmers Association, Messrs. Cpl. Wolstenholme and LAC Williams. The Corporal is full of pride because the wheat he has sown (whilst on 48's) is now two inches high, although during the early part of windy May, he was heard to cry out in his sleep, "I'm ruined, this G— darn wind will finish the crop."

Last week LAC and Mrs. Wood had christened their baby, in Winnipeg. Nice going, Jack. Amongst the guests was Cpl. Geordie "No seconds" Carter, who lately has been seen frequenting the Wet Bar. Take it easy, Geordie, remember your operation. LAC "Taff" Hanford returned from holidaying at Vancouver, and for the past week Taff has been rather quiet. Perhaps it was the Pacific air, who knows? Recently we have had welcome reliefs in the form of LAC's Jack Hogben and Charlie Tacer from 37 S.T.F.S. and LAC Taff Hagg from Swift Current.

Another old friend, LAC "Dixie" Dean, has been rather quiet since his "Hoppon." LAC Lofty Wheeler went home. Never mind Dixie, the boat will soon be here. Congratulations to AC Len Ravenscroft (new LAC) for good work on the recent trade board. "Killer" Ayres has just finished his annual leave, but he still says roll on my 48's. Surprising what stamina this boy really has.

"Baker" Churchill still does a crafty 48 in St. Boniface. I guess these French girls really have something.

Last but not least are the camp butchers, LAC's Charlie Kirby and Joe "Toad Man" Bunting. Anyone wishing to purchase "T-Bones," please forward the usual 60 cents to the butcher shop. We must tell you that Joe will now be able to resume to outside 48's, instead of in the pit, for he has now finished paying for his war bond.

I guess that's all for now, so I'll say Cheerio, fellow woofers.—Hamburger.