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GEN

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THE TALE OF TWO VILLAGES

There were two villages, almost within hailing distance of each other. The inhabitants were easy going, happy and carefree. Every now and again the folk of Sodsbig went over to Sodslittle and Sodslittle to all intents and purposes became Sodsbig. There was another village 35 miles away where nothing seemed ever to grow, it is called Sodsmedium.

The people of Sodsmedium recount that, some time ago, they were visited by a most

Sodslittle's contractor, called on Mr. Green Egar, the mayor of Sodsbig, acting for some big interests I gather, and they agreed that the two villages should co-operate in the assisting of their nearby unfortunate sister town. There were hints—quite broadly—that "Something may be in it," so the God fearing gentlemen planned a hurried survey and agreed that the first thing was to make Sodsmedium a pretty place to live in.

Now everyone knows that grass is essen-

supervision of the town clerk, Mr. Chie-Ritch-Mack, whose family motto reads, "We do NO wrong, but for Beauty Sake—(admirable, no doubt, but wasteful).

And so in the hours, and days, and weeks of their tribulation (all given free) they strove—straining under the leash and muttering aloud in their discontent, even in the hot sun and occasional torrid downfall of rain.

In all the best organizations something goes wrong; it seems like the hand of fate, or at least that's what the organizers tell us, as it is never their fault, and so it was in this case. The arrangements were that Sodsbig should provide small turf for revettments, to be used particularly for running lawnmowers up and down little gulleys and banks. It was agreed that the Sodsbig turf would bend and curve, whilst the Sodslittle—being bigger sods—would lie straight, acting as hole-coverers and drain camouflage. When the folk of Sodslittle realized that they were to be the producers of curved sods, and the folk of Sodsbig, the little sods, they rebelled. It was an insult no self-respecting "Villageship" could endure. They accordingly laid down their tools whilst the powers went around giving patriotic speeches like Mr. Churchill's, "Do it or else." So the folk did it.

Along the new and twisted road, caused through the transplantation of the turfs they had cut, dug and carried, till the village of Sodsmedium became full of turf-stacks. The people awaited their times, as all peoples do and then they struck. It was subtle, so natural, so simple—just like this. They laid the bent and curved turfs where they should have placed straight—the straight where the curved should have been—in the gulleys and drainage holes, on the banks and mounds.

So, on the lawns you saw bumps, lumps and knobs—and on the curved banks, straight slabs, giving the appearance of roof-slates laid in such a way that the ends protruded, and despite weight or pressure, they refused to bend into place.

The authorities, realizing they were being taken for a ride, waited for the rain to solve their problems. The rains never came and the drought went on—week after week. Slowly the new turf withered and died, and was completely DEAD, as surely all things die.

And amidst all this desolation eventually stood the Big City Interests, the mayor and his corporation, the surveyors, the town clerk, and they knew then what their subjects knew all along—when the summer really came—the damned stuff would wither away.

(Any reference to any Admin Type in this story is amazingly intentional, but no reference or shady suggestion is made or attached to the English Village of Little Sodsbury).



awful blight. It settled, and destroyed almost every living thing on the soil. Even the village folk were leaving, some whose connections were of long standing—but strange enough, others came in their places.

But in Sodsbig and Sodslittle, the rains came—the golden harvest ripened and was gathered in. The seasons came and went and the folk of Sodsbig continued to visit Sodslittle frequently.

One day the villagers shook themselves and prepared to form a leisurely opposition—it occurred this way. Mr. Wilson Oswald,

tial for beauty; every popular actress lies on the grass sometime or other. Every lean and tender sirloin owes its beginning to grass; every airfield must have grass so that the airmen can belly-land—or try to—(A.C. P.'s permitting). Even grass loin-cloths are popular in the South Sea Islands, and in Manitoba with some of the folk—and so the dignitaries arranged transportation of some of their finest turfs.

Messrs. McGow and Nicholson, the surveyors, marked out the spots and all the villagers were pressed into service; under the

GEN

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Editorial

It is always a pleasurable thing to say "Well done" and being no exception to the rule, must say, "well done, chaps." The standard of conduct at the recent Station Concert was a marked improvement, and believe this, many people from the lowest to the highest have made comment on this. Once again, well done, and thanks for your co-operation and good sportsmanship.

We should like to convey to F/O Illingworth on your behalf, our deep sympathy in his loss. Also to the parents of LAC's King and Weightman we extend our sympathy.

By the time this issue is ready the summer will be here. It can be a happy one if we make it so. Let's put all we have into this our last summer in Canada. So till next month, cheerio.

STRENGTH . . . DECREASE
(Without permission of GEN.)

Marriages

LAC Large, R., to Miss Phyllis Mary Lockhart, of Winnipeg, on May 19, 1944, at St. Alban's Church, Winnipeg.

STRENGTH . . . INCREASE

Births

Born to the wife of F/O Woodward, W., a daughter, Christine Ann, on April 5, 1944.

Born to the wife of LAC Bridger, a son, Ian John, on May 13, 1944.

Born to wife of F/Lt. McRitchie, a son, Robin, June 8th, 1944.

In Memoriam

ALAN ERNEST KING

A quiet and steady lad was Alan Ernest King. It is sad when we lose a person who has given his life for the cause for which we are all striving, as really as if he had been on was night flying early in the morning of operations. The end came suddenly, while he Saturday, May 20. He must have been killed instantly when the aircraft struck the ground.

The funeral service was held at St. Matthew's Cathedral, Brandon, at which one of his colleagues on the course, LAC Miller, played the organ. The hymns 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul' and 'Youth of the World, Arise' were sung, in addition to the Twenty-Third Psalm and the Nunc Dimittis. After the service, at which the Station Padre, the Rev. Donald Foster, officiated, assisted by the Rector of the Cathedral, the funeral party proceeded to the Airmen's Section of the Service Plot in Brandon Cemetery, where the committal took place. This was followed by the firing of a salute, and the sounding of The Last Post and Reveille. The Commanding Officer was represented at the funeral by Squadron Leader R. L. Amor, A.F.C., whilst the bearers and escort party were fellow pupils of the Course.

Our very sincere sympathy goes out to his mother and father in London, and to all his friends. Such a young life as this—Alan was

only nineteen—has not ended. The service is a reminder to us that we pass from life here to the fullness of life hereafter, in the nearer presence of God, to whose care and keeping we reverently commend him. May his soul rest in peace.

GONGS . . .

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

F/Lt. McRitchie—For welfare work.

Group Captain J. S. T. Fall—For his personal care and interest, unpublicised, in the welfare of each and every one of us.

F/Lt. Lanchester—For the maintenance of the high purpose and ideal he upholds in the sphere of medicine. For his untiring efforts and care of our station personnel when sick.

(To this member we award the "Gong" & Bar.)

The Telephone Operators, Cpl. Tattam, LAC Rees, LAC Allen, AC Barber and AC Streeton—For their continuous good humour and the tactful way they do a most difficult job.

Cpl. Chapman—For his work in maintaining the morale of the Staff of the Airmen's Dining Hall.

P/O Ringland—For additional work in training diagrammatically.

By A. G. JOYCE

I would like to express my appreciation of the many fine gestures which were offered on the occasion of the death of my friend LAC King.

In addition I would like to record my gratitude to my colleagues in Co. 102 for their kind expressions of sympathy which I shall convey to the deceased's mother. I do think that all these kind actions are indicative of the way in which my late friend endeared himself to us all.

On behalf of Mrs. King, I would like to thank everyone concerned with the funeral arrangements and also those friends of the deceased who formed the guard of honour, etc.

LADIES ADASTRAL CLUB

The above club was formed in 1942, for Air Force wives to get together and chatter away some of the time of their husbands' two years tour. However, this admirable club functions, for a worthy cause, in that the members assist one another and the Red Cross: in the latter case by funds or kind.

The president, Mrs. J. S. T. Fall; vice-president, Mrs. Foster; and secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Warren, combine to furnish entertainment at each weekly meeting, held in the Hostess Club. The Committee have asked GEN to extend a cordial invitation to anyone on the Station to go along and give a talk on any subject, or to entertain them in any way, at one of their meetings.

So, chaps, if you can assist them, we are sure it will be greatly appreciated. Speak to your Section Commander and send your names to the Editor, and help in the good work of our ladies, Bless 'em.

PADRE WRITES . . .

We British people pride ourselves on knowing the meaning of the words 'play the game' as well as anyone else, and better than most people. We watch a football match on our 'Wembley' ground, and, if we see any play that we don't like, we shout out 'Dirty! Play the game.' The chap who refuses to play

So it is at our work. We may say that it's an awful bind, and persist that we are browned off, or maybe, cheesed, but, if we get down to brass tacks, most of us admit that we take a very dim view of the chap who is persistently lazy, gets out of everything he can, and doesn't do his job properly. He isn't playing the game, and we don't like such people.

Now this business of playing the game may also be looked at in another way. Everyone of us has someone—mother, wife, girl friend—who loves us and cares for us, and wants us to do our best here, and then to return home with an even better idea of playing the game than when we came out here. If we get into bad habits, easier to develop than to drop, and have too much to drink, or become intimate with undesirable women, we are spoiling ourselves for the future and we are not loyal to the love of our dear ones—in short, we are failing to play the game. Most despicable and disgusting, there is the chap who breaks the rules of the game so much that he is not even above stealing a wallet or purse, with its contents from someone else on the camp. To 'win' a broom, because you have three on your inventory but can only find two, is not exactly in the highest class or category of ethics, and I doubt whether it's really playing the game, even though it seems to be part of the game we sometimes play. But deliberately to steal the pay of a fellow erk is one of the most despicable and damnable things and is utterly and absolutely against all the rules of the game of life.

Chaps, we are all in the team. God is the captain, and we are all fellow-players with Him. For His sake, for the sake of those who care for us and for our own sakes, let's play clean!

PROMOTIONS

The thanks of the undermentioned are acknowledged. Due to the sponsoring and our 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 Dear" F/O Samuel, Petrel.

To Temporary Sergeant, Swanson, W. C., April 21, 1944.

To Temporary Corporal, Roberts, H., April 7, 1944.

To F/O, Jordan, A. L. R., April 28, 1944.

To F/L, Edwards, A. R., April 14, 1944.

To P/O, Kemp, E. A., Aus. 9408, May 5, 1944.

To P/O, Masters, A. S., Aus. 2484, May 5, 1944.

To F/L, Coleman, S. H., May 12, 1944.

F/L, Newman, E. W., May 12, 1944.

F/S, Sparkes, W. R., May 5, 1944.

F/O, Marsh, L., May 19, 1944.

This month's winner of \$5 is 1892032, LAC Horne, Hut 10B. Further contributions are required, and \$5 offered for those printed.

EQUIPMENT SECTION NEWS

One or two inter-departmental postings have livened up the routine chaos of the stores during the last few days. Charlie Mellors, new publication king, put in his application for a straight-jacket exactly one minute 25 seconds before Carl Alexander, new deputy manager for L.P.O.'s Unlimited.

However, both are confident of mastering their new job within the course of the next six months and we wish them the best of luck in their struggles. The best "swop" seems to be that of "Timber" Wood and Bill Butler, posted to Stock Control Group and Technical Group respectively, for they seem to have settled down pretty well.

Cpl. Jones (N.C.O. i/c Gardening) has now been delegated to the post of "sleeping" partner in this matter. F/Lt. Rocks and F/Sgt. Castle have discovered that gardening promotes a ready thirst and provides a perfectly legitimate excuse for a "sesh" as and when required!

We understand that "Choir-practice-to-night-lads" Elson is forming his own Mission Band and has paid his first instalment on a euphonium to show he means business. We thought you'd "snaked" a cuspidor from the Nelson when we first saw it, Jim. However, it is not advisable to play "When we come to the end of a perfect day" at 5.15 p.m., daily!

WANTED: Young virile men (not liable for call up) with a view to forming a Chess Club—five moves a night guaranteed! Seriously though, anyone interested in this game should contact either Bill Butler or Carl Alexander both of the Stores, for further information.

As we go to press, we can hear Sid Cogger of R. & I. singing an old favourite of Peter Dawson's—"Boots, Boots, Boots"—Yep, an extra pair for one and all, a couple of thousand of 'em. We think maybe we should order three straight-jackets while we're at it.

AMBLING WITH 'A' FLIGHT

At last the veil of mystery is lifted, and the Station is permitted to glimpse into the Doings of "The Flight" (in accordance with Wartime Prices and Trade Board Regulations), and we may add that the Doings of "The Flight" are done twenty-six hours per day (the extra two hours being due to Double Summer Time at home).

On the occasion of "Clamp Periods," which have been evoked by Gremlins in the guise of Met. Men, and other odd moments, the Instructors (and what Instructors!) have nobly suffered defeat at the hands of their Pupils in such frivolities as Table Tennis (Ping-Pong to you), Rugger and Soccer Revenge was sweet, however, and the Pupe met their respective Dooms at the ancient game of Bowls. Little did they know that concealed within our midst, we possessed Sir Walter Smith, fresh out from Plymouth. What Ho!

The fact that the Pupils won on a replay is purely accidental and should be ignored. It is probably attributable to senility among our revered and ancient Staff: indeed, there be one who casually mentions that he purchased his first uniform from the Hudson's Bay Company when it was still a trading post!

Those who learn, too, are surfeiting on the Fruits of Knowledge: who said, "My flying is so good that my Instructor really enjoys going up with me!"?

We hesitate to question P/O B's integrity, but why does he refuse to leave the Nelson and live on Camp?

Our very own LAC Bridger has answered the call for increased production on the Home Front: congratulations to him, and may his future troubles also be little ones.

Our Crew Rooms appear to be very attractive to certain Nav. Types. But, Mr. Sharpe, please leave your aeroplane outside next time.

Two tours of Ops. are no unquestionable proof that one is a possessor of considerable courageous qualities: we know of a type who aren't show his nasal appendage in the "Cave." What was it the Bard sang? "When You and I Were Young, Maggie."

It is a mis-nomer to call our dear Feuhrer "Tyrer, the Tyrant." When have we had a more pleasant or efficient Sports Officer?

Talking of Sports—how energetic!—we are indeed pleased to note that Cpl. Styzaker, ably aided and abetted by the stalwart Atkinson, led the redoubtable Station Soccer Team to victory against Souris. Good show, both of you.

Another of our stars, this time in the sphere of Rugger, one LAC Francis, ex-captain of Worksop, was unfortunate enough to get crooked in his first game. Four Group was banking on Porky's amazing ability to help bring the Cup home where it belongs. There is no doubt, however, that we will still be able to raise the odd dollar at Uncle's.

Three of our Instructors went hunting with six shells: net result, one rabbit! If only Bob Morgan could shoot as good a rabbit as he does a line!

We wish to intimate that 'A' Flight, whilst not unique in this respect, provides some of the finest facilities for horticultural training to be found on the Station. Gardening Courses are offered at moderate terms.

In answer to Training Command's most immediate message we are dispatching Len Field to Pearce to give them the Gen on Armaments.

Ken Lacey is looking very fit these days: his is probably due to the fact that he has been spending his 48's on Camp. Roy Colebrook goes to Winnipeg every fortnight: he is not so fit.

Non-flying conditions have existed since Ian McCombie returned from leave: it would appear that he even brought his hang-over back with him.

There is only one Instructor who has not been mentioned in dispatches, Ron Atkinson. Anyone with information which might enable us to see this dark horse in his true colour (black) please communicate with our London Office, Telephone number, Whitehall 1212.

In closing we wish to request that anyone possessing a copy of the Penal Code to forward same to the Duty Pilot, with special reference to the sections on Blackmail.

So don't forget, if you want the Pukka Gen just ring up or call on 'A' Flight.

LINE OF THE MONTH

Around the playing field stood the disgusted spectators. They were watching the defending backs continuously kicking the ball over the deadline. On this occasion the full back went over the line with the ball. Suddenly one of the spectators yelled, "Say, Chum, where do you think you're going with the ball, on a 48."

'C' FLIGHT NEWS

After 11 weeks on the Course (15 on the Station) we are to be allowed an opportunity to bring some of the many and varied accomplishments of our pupes to your notice.

One of our brighter lights, so sure of success, has been heard to murmur in his sleep the now famous slogan, "What! Me Sir? Flight Lieutenant, Sir? Oh! Thank you!" We are assured by those who remember him at Paddington that he will look well in officers' garb.

Generally we are all feeling very fit, thanks to the work of Flight Sergeant Mosop and our Group Commander (unknowingly we fear). The latter cannot quite make up his mind where he wants the hole which is to drain our well manicured garden. The digging we have done! We are never quite as happy as we used to be when the chequered flag wafted in the breeze. Our chief mower of lawns, "Skid" Braka, has been working on himself of late, we note, for he now appears clean shaven (without his moustache we mean). We are proud of our Cockney kid, "Vic" Skerratt, who, when caught aloft in a recent clamp, wangled for himself a 48 in Rivers where, we are led to believe, they "employ" W.D.'s. We have adjusted our procedure notes accordingly. However, we decline to accept the ideas of a pupe in a neighboring flight who believes in allowing for drift on a Course. We respectfully suggest he brushes up his lost procedure.

"Cess" Jones has done much work in organizing, captaining and leading our still unbeaten football team and hopes to collect any "pots" which are for competition. Our hangar crew seem to doubt our abilities, but we'll set their minds at rest just as soon as we can arrange a fixture. Meanwhile we hope to teach our outside right, "Cab" Humphrey, the basic rules of the game, for these are apparently not on the syllabus of Goldsmith's College.

Of the serving airmen types, "Paddy" (could he be Irish?) Harper lays claim to having two years' service at an English station, without dating a W.A.A.F. To see him in Winnipeg, however, one would believe he had realized, and is correcting his error.

Dickey Honey is the boy who, though only possessing one G.C. stripe, claims to have worn out several. To those who have lost themselves on Navigation trips we would say "Finger." We like the line of one officer type who says he took signals at Cranwell before the days of Loop D/F. Maybe he is getting on in years.

A rumor is abroad that we are to have a marriage in the Flight and, if true, we say, "Good luck and a happy future, Sir." May your betrothed, like ourselves, soon see the shores of Old England (we'll accept Scotland).

"ENGLISH LESSONS FOR SERVICE POLICE"

The following extract from a recent Service Police Report suggests the French Lessons such a success that lessons in English will have to be started: "Cpl. Roper of duty from 1200 hrs. to 1500 hrs. to go to his Onkel's funeral."

BOMBERS "RAID" CARBERRY CAMP Big Fires Started But Little Damage.

The Royal Air Force Camp at Carberry was in great danger from fire Wednesday night. At approximately 20.00 hours a C.P.R. train blew its whistle when passing by the camp and with great presence of mind Messrs. Lowe, Innes and Reed nipped smartly out of with a towel wrapped around his torso in bed. Curley Innes dashed out of the billett place of a shirt, followed by Yorky Reed (minus trousers) and Tubby Lowe. As Curley said afterwards, "What price clothes when the camp is in danger."

A report was received in the Met. Office of a cyclone between 14B and the Fire-Hall but it was later found to be the three heroes on their way to try and locate the fire. On arrival at the Fire-Hall the wonders of Servicing Squadron turfed Chiefy Dunnett out of the showers to inform him that the Japs were bombing the camp and that several fires had been started in various parts of the camp. (F/Sgt. Dunnett is now believed to be recovering).

Stirrup pumps, booster pumps, petrol pumps and any other pumps available were at once brought into action by these valiant firemen. But fate as usual played one of her tricks and the very billett where these brave airmen rest in the arms of Morpheus was now hit by an incendiary bomb. Away to the rescue of his own room-mates went Curley Innes. Dashing into the room with a fire extinguisher in his hand he was relieved to find that it was only Blondy East having a smoke. Within half an hour they had all fires under control and the raiders had passed.

Two weary but triumphant airmen staggered into the billett about 20.30 hours. The third man, Yorky Reed, was missing. Rumours had it that he had been killed in action. Others said that he had been severely injured (but inquiries at the hospital proved this to be incorrect). It was decided to send a search party out for him early next morning but everyone was very happy and relieved to find Yorky stepping back in his old flea-pit at 06.00 hours the following day. It is suggested that these three brave heroes be given the F.M.A. and (beer) bar.

OH, TO BE A FLIGHT SERGEANT

In the Airmen's Mess there is a tall, handsome Flight Sergeant. His beautiful smile and manner has caused amongst his mess-mates an envy of his angelic look. Particularly has the Flight Sergeant S.P. been seen to cast looks we wouldn't like to classify. Our reporter, Mr. Spit Toon, states that the cause is undoubtedly Section Officer MacMurdo, and goes on to recite:

Little Miss Mac, she sat on a tack,
Whilst pruning her figure so slight.
'Tis sad to relate the Flights sought to fight
And Mac got an eye that is black.
They drooled and they crooned,
Turned pink with the moon
Whilst our damsel awaiting did state,
They MAY or they MYATT,
Who cares, all I want is a steak.

Bless my soul Spit, give them both a extended 48, didn't know they felt like that, poor dears. (Ed.)

'D' FLIGHT PUPILS

"Hello Gunboat." This is 'D' Flight. My position is 2 Group, 1 o'clock perimeter.

'D' Flight at present shares the elated view prevalent on the camp, where pupes are concerned, brought about by the announcement of the prolongation of the course by many many weeks. There will doubtless be an issue of G.C.'s and long service ribbons before graduation date.

Although it is well known that many of his tongues are false, Ru Moore says that we are due for fourteen days' leave. He does not supply the dates, though!

It has been rumoured amongst members of the course soccer team that the corporal who refereed the Officers vs. Course 102 match is to receive his third. Should this be the case, LAC M—— would wish to blow a whistle and call "Foul!"

It has been noted that another issue of A.P. 1234 has been made. More amendments to take up another portion of our spare time. For how long will we keep them after the jobs are completed?

We notice with great relief a general improvement in the flight. With the exception of Tommy very few try to enter the Anson on the port side.

'D' Flight finds much amusement in its 'rousers' in the morning. One in particular, who summons enough energy to raise his head from the pillow and bawl out the time.

The Flight was unfortunate enough to lose one of its number in a night flying accident. Two of his own section and many others were permitted to leave camp for the ceremony at Brandon.

The Boat Is Here and Gone!!

The boat arrived for a few personnel of Servicing Squadron. At least Sgt. Gee and Cpl.'s McGregro, Nixon and Weller have said farewell to all the other happy people of this Squadron. But there is the Law of Equality which states that for every happy man there must also be an unhappy man. That is how some of the remaining fellows think.

Take for instance, Cpl. McKechnie of No. 3 Hangar. He was so annoyed and heartbroken at not being on the boat that he was actually seen in the Nelson. More than that he was participating in that glorious vice of beer drinking.

Then there is the sad tale of Cpl. Fraser, chief boozier of S.B.A. Flight. This poor man, once sparkling with vim and vigor, the ideal man, the answer to a maiden's prayer, is now suffering from hallucinations and not only has he been dreaming of getting his 'ticket' but has actually applied for it.

Another, is the case of LAC (had your time) Mapes, (glamour boy of Carberry) who when the boat list was published dashed around inquiring if he was 'on it.' "After all," he said, "I've been out here for a whole six months now." On being told the news he broke out in tears and sobbed his eyes out on his 'oppo's shoulder, (LAC Sutcliffe). Since that fatal event he is not the same man. He lies in his bed with a vacant look in his eyes. He hears no one, speaks to no one, as a matter of fact he is in a daze.

On questioning his bed-mate, Sutcliffe, we are informed "Not only is the look in his eyes vacant but his whole mind is vacant. As for him being in a daze, well, all these things are natural to a guy like him."

MODEL AERO CLUB

In case a lot of you new fellows don't know it, there is several hobby clubs on the camp. One of these is for those would-be aviators more commonly known as the Model Aero Club. The club-room is situated in No. 1 Hangar and meetings are held twice each week; Tuesdays and Thursdays at 19.30 hours. Anyone desirous of becoming a member should contact S/Ldr. Howard, F/Lt. Jones or Cpl. Roberts.

S/Ldr. Amor is working quite feverishly on a large chunk of wood which is now beginning to look like a boat. The things this country does to these Englishmen!! Maybe there have been too many rumours about boats so he decided to make his own. It's a good idea, though.

LAC Logsdon has been trying a few test flights with his super stratosphere plane but so far has only met with failure. He said, "I'm getting tired of digging this thing out of the earth. Perhaps I should try building a submarine."

Miracles do happen. Well! Cpl. Roberts actually did some fabric work on his everlasting standby. Perhaps he was shamed into it.

W/O Pettitt had an unfortunate prang just prior to going home. He started out by making a Tiger Moth and after the modifications he carried out it looked more like a B17.

LAC Messenger is going around talking of his secret weapon. From information received it is a new type glider that doesn't. Who knows, it may shake the world when he takes it out on test.

P/O Simpson has the honour of making the best solid model of a spitfire but F/Lt. Jones is trying to outdo him by producing a solid model of a Mosquito.

LAC Lally is still trying to get enough time off to straighten his airframe. He tells us that the flies have been walking over it.

That's all for now. Come along and don't forget all those weird and wonderful ideas you would like to try out.

"PER ARDUA AD ASPRO"

Don't worry chum, we are at war, don't moan about your grub,

Don't swear and rave at fork and spade, get on and plant that shrub.

Don't think of avoirdupois lad, forget your swelling girth,

Grab trowel, shears, rake and hoe and turn the virgin earth.

The arms of war will not avail against the cunning Hun,

'Tis horticultural instruments that will see the job is done.

'Twas the playing fields of Eton that won at Waterloo,

Now we are told that gardening will win these battles too.

So when the war is past and won and we print a Valedictory,

'Twas Carberry where they turned the sod that brought the final victory.

—Ludovican.

F/LT. McRITCHIE SAID:

I hope when we land on the Invasion Coast they don't expect me to re-sod that.

FOR PETE'S SAKE

By LAC HORNE, A. P.

Me and Pete is like twins, although our mothers ain't never had the pleasure of each other's acquaintance. We sorta understand each other like twins, I mean. So when I waltz back into the billet after my bi-daily wireless trip to the Camp Post Office and sees Pete sitting on his bunk groaning, with his head in his hands, I reckons something must be wrong with him; but I ain't one to blunder in like a bull and tread on a bloke's corns by being tactless; I knows my psychology, and I understands Pete like a brother.

You ain't got liver trouble, pal, I sez quietly, 'ave you? He just shakes his head and goes on groaning. Nor spots on your stummick? I sez. Nor spots, he sez, very quietly. The 'ome mail ain't so good? I sez, sorta coaxingly. No mail, he whispers. Maybe it's the food in the Mess, I tries: me, I suffer somethink terrible at times with wind. No, 'e vouchsafes, not that; my stummick's got 'ardened. I ain't got no more questions at the moment, so we lights up a couple of Pete's fags and I squats on his bunk. I ain't getting nowhere, but I figure Pete's not feeling too good at something.

Wings check, 'e sez suddenly. Yea, I sez, Wings check. Hey, you ain't gone all nervy again over a blinking exam, 'ave you? Pete's like that; 'e's constitutionally highly bred, as yer might say, like a race 'orse; only it don't lead to peace to tell 'im 'e's like a horse. He can rattle through an exam or a check like a freight train and pass easy—but just before the fatal day 'e's all washed up and 'is nerves twitter like a cageful of canaries.

You ain't worrying again? I prompts 'im. Pete groans, right up from 'is guts. And I think that maybe 'e is worrying again after all. Now look, pal, I tells 'im, you ain't got nothing to worry over. Take a hold of yourself, man; you're a good flier and you ain't going to tell me you've got the willies over a stinking little check, are you? Pete goes on groaning; something tells me he don't like stinking little checks. Remember your first solo check, I reminds 'im; you sweated for a week afore you made it—and wot a waste of sweat it was. You got diffidence, pal, that's your trouble, too much diffidence. Pete goes on 'olding his head in his hands and coughing over the cigarette smoke in his eyes and muttering, Wings Check, in a hollow voice. Let's 'ave a coffee in the Tank, I wheedles 'im, cheer you up. Pete shakes his head and swallows noisily, so I reckons he don't like the thought of coffee.

I gets my coffee and a Revel after half an hour's wait in the queue and bags a seat. I think that Pete has got 'em bad this time, and although he is usually depressed before an exam, he's more depressed than somewhat this time. And that ain't good; one time he's going to be so washed up with 'is blinking nerves that he'll be given the bowler hat and washed out. And me and Pete's like brothers and I ain't one for losing relations.

I sees that it's temperament that'll be Pete's downfall if he ain't careful; he gets himself all strung up over nothing and persuades himself he ain't good enough to do the job in hand. And then afterwards, when he had a couple of Canadian beers and been up sick all night, 'e perks up and 'e's as right as rain for a while. Trouble is, his emotion-graph ain't a steady straight line

like mine—it oscillates like the dynamo was falling to bits and goes up and down like a steeplejack. This time I reckons that it's gone right down and off the paper and I'm worried. For me and Pete is like brothers and I know Pete; 'e's got guts and he ain't no shirker—just temperamental, that's all.

I sucks my Revel stick and ain't feeling so good myself, when Bluecord Bertie, my section Sergeant, taps me harshly on the shoulder and sez, wot about your 295? Yes, I sez, wot about it? Then I gets an idea. Holy smoke, I yells, sweeping the empty coke-bottles to the floor, holy smoke! Leave and Winnipeg. Winnipeg and leave!

Bluecord Bertie ain't properly picked himself off the canteen floor before I reaches the billet. Pete, I yells, 295's; we're on 48 this weekend. Buck up, pal; we're going to town in a couplea days. Snap out of it; think of the beer and the dance and the pretty lights. Think of the night-life and the U.S.C. Pete's still sitting forlorn-like on his bed. He sez, beer, and groans again. I reckon his dinner must have turned on him.

Now, Pete and me's been generally broke in Camp and 48's 'as meant nothing more than a couplea mornings extra kip and half a day's washing to keep down the laundry bills; for we've left Camp with the rest of the lads and ridden into Carberry, but by the time we've waited for the train for an hour in the Nelson, we've realized we ain't had enough cash left to pay for the fare. So we've hoofed it back to Camp and given the guardroom an outsize in laughs and spent the weekends off between the sheets. But now I reckons old Pete needs a bit of city stimulus and I raises a couple of dollars from some of the blokes who've just arrived on the Camp and gets Pete to sign 'is 295 and give it to Bluecord Bertie.

Friday comes round at last, as Fridays do, and I can see Pete's feeling better. He's still a week off Wings check, but he don't seem to be paying much attention to it these days. He even washes in the mornings, and I take this as a good sign; Pete ain't usually so particular.

We ain't no friends in Winnipeg, so we tries the Airmen's Club and they say to come back in an hour and we'll have you fixed up, and I sez to Pete as we eyes the girls in Eaton's, well, our hostess ain't going to see much of us this trip, eh, pal? We're going places and doing things in style for a change, and Pete sez, the one over there with the Ginger Rogers curls, and sighs. And I can see the city is beginning to do him good already.

Eventually we makes for Pretzel Avenue, like the Airmen's Club said we should, and the avenue looks classy and promises well. Pete sez he feels shy meeting strangers like this and he won't know what to say, and I sez, shucks, we ain't the first these people have had in their house and they know what to talk about and how to make us feel comfortable, and Pete sighs and sez, a hot bath and tablecloths at mealtimes, O boy!

Well, we catch the missus in just as she's back from shopping and she sez, make yourselves at home, boys, this is your room and there are magazines and a piano downstairs and just act like you was at home. I warns

Pete that that ain't an invitation to walk about with no collar on and put his big feet on the chairs, and he sez, right, let's act proper and you can start off by giving us a tune on the old Joanna. So whilst the good lady is creating some luscious smells in the kitchen, like what make my mouth water so as I can hardly see straight, Pete sinks into an armchair and I plays "Annie Laurie" with one finger. I am just working up to "Christians Awake" with a soulful bass in octaves, when the front door opens.

Now, me and Pete is like two brothers and when anything knocks him for a six, I hit the sawdust too; so I stops saluting the happy morn with an indifferent bass and looks up. And I sees a piece of feminine loveliness such as would make Mona Lisa shoot herself with envy. This dame has a smile that Macleans must have worked overtime on, and I collars Pete afore he has scrambled onto the picture-rail and p presents ourselves for an intro. I'm Mary, she murmurs, and I hear Pete swallow like his adenoids hurt him and shuffle his feet like his shoes is being unkind to his corns.

Me, I'm married and am trying to keep my nose clean, so I puts on my blinkers and keeps my eyes half closed. But that doesn't prevent me from seeing that as Pete savours his evening stew his eyes ain't on his plate. I reckons he must have a crush of sorts and thinks it is a good thing, as now maybe his graph will rocket sky-high and he'll be O.K. for the rest of the Course. So when this dame Mary suggests her and her pal like dancing, I kicks Pete on his gammy shin and sez, well, Pete and me ain't so bad at this jive-racket and what about we take you out? Mary sez, Oh, Pete, that's a great idea, and Pete colors up and shows he's got the same idea and a too-tight collar.

Well, Ermytrude ain't a bad dancer, but she looks like she smelled a tram driver's glove on a wet Sunday morning and so I am not relieved of her as a partner all evening. Which is O.K. by me, being married and thinking my wife's not well-disposed to rumours she may hear of me taking up with flash dames in a strange part of the world. Not that there is much flash, but I finds that Ermytrude has a passion for ice creams and sodas and though it hits the pocket, it saves me having to make conversation, which I ain't good at. She obviously ain't out to kill and I ain't out to be slaughtered. So we chum along and I makes up for the grins of the lads at my partner's face by treading on her toes every time we does a double-chassis. And we does a lot of double-chassis.

Pete ain't so lucky. Some oaf or other keeps barging in and trying to date Mary up and I can see Pete's getting fighting ideas, until Mary sez, well, just one dance, then we'll try the next one together again, eh, Pete? And you can see him shimmy all over and curl up like a puppie wot's been patted on the head, and if he had a tail it would be working overtime. And then when Mary comes back and smiles all Odol, he fairly dithers on his seat and I wonder if his heat-rash is worrying him again.

By and large, it was a swell dance, and afterwards I drags Ermytrude away early from her seventh R.A.F. Special and beats it ahead of the other two, reckoning maybe they'd like a little privacy. It's hard going on the tramp back since my blisters have come on again and I nearly suggests a taxi—only I remembers my wife at home in time and saves half a dollar at the expense of my blisters.

(Continued next month)

BLOODED)

How many, midst the binding and grinding of learning to be a pilot, have stopped to think for a moment of future crews who may be testing their training too, during the "first time over" or the first brief "do" with the enemy? Here is the story of an event which occurred in December '40—the experience of an Air-Gunner who was "browned off" with incessant training. It is told as related for ease of transcription and may convey possible reactions to the first time under fire.

"This story of my first encounter with Jerry is not intended simply to relate personal experiences or to get my name in the Line Book, rather is it intended to reveal the efficiency of present day methods of mental and physical training as given to the many hundreds of Air-Gunners who passed through the schools in the British Isles up to June 1940. My squadron at the time, belonging as it did to Army Co-op Command, used Lysanders for its work. In this type of aircraft the gunner sits immediately behind the pilot, facing the tail, and has twin Brownings for defense or offense, according to circumstance. The gunner's job is to search the sky continually, except when using the camera fitted in the fuselage, or assessing damage after a bombing attack or convoy beat up.

"I had been on the squadron about six months, during which period the working routine of the Flight had become very familiar and at times monotonous. I was 'browned off' in no uncertain manner. Our share in operations then was not so much co-operation with the Army, but rather it consisted of patrols over different coastal areas, at dawn and dusk. How I longed to test seemingly endless training in real earnest. It was not only theoretical skill with guns I wanted to try out but also mental training—a new sideline at the time. I had been taught to train the mind to control that 'fear' every human being experiences in moments of real danger. I did not believe it at the time, but my instructors claimed this 'fear' could be turned from tendency to flight to desire to fight. Little did I realize one cold December morning that the test I had been awaiting was close at hand; I was going to get a chance to prove my success or failure as an Air-Gunner.

After receiving our orders from the Flight Commander's office (a trailer in an adjacent field) and as it was not the turn for our flight to do the dawn patrol the other gunners and myself busied ourselves by lighting a fire outside the tent in which we kept our tools and equipment. This tent was known as 'Lysander Lodge'—according to the notice outside—though we had another name for it. The sky was overcast and the grey-white fog of low stratus was creeping up, slowly, relentlessly enveloping the trees and animals in nearby fields. At about ten o'clock we heard the sirens at the other side of aerodrome, where already the hangars were but vague outlines against a background of misty grey. The plaintive wail of 'Moaning Minnie' had but little effect on us as her wavering warble had been all too common throughout the previous week or so; however, from sheer habit we donned tin hats.

"It was eleven thirty, when, without warning from the Ack-Ack boys, Jerry appeared through the haze of low cloud which had conveniently lifted a little. It was a Dornier 215 bearing French markings and heading

straight for us. Our 'Air-raid shelters' consisted of a series of scattered and phenomenally muddy trenches situated some 200 yards away: someone shouted 'Jerry, run like hell.' We ran and in the manner suggested! That is, all but myself. Excitement got the better of me for perhaps a fraction of a second, then I too started running 'full bore'; but not to the trenches, a fact which astounded me afterwards—perhaps it was my training!! The other gunners saw my objective and each ran for a 'plane—jumped into the cockpit—had the guns unstowed and ready to open fire in record time.

"In far shorter space of time than it takes to tell, the Dornier, flying at about a 100 feet and 200 miles per-hour was upon us, all its guns blazing—pin points of flame leaped and bounced all around us, I knew not how close; tracer bullets zipped past and thudded into the ground. I sighted him and pressed the trigger—thrilled at the response, the judder of the guns roaring a reply to those of the enemy aircraft. Then the worst happened; he dropped six bombs. The noise must have been terrifying but I was blind to everything except that Dornier in my sights, deaf to all noise except the comforting cough of twin Brownings; unconscious to all reason, responding only to instinct induced by training. Something jolted my knee, the 'plane rocked—fuselage panels flew out—and I think I laughed, for Jerry was on fire. He crashed two small fields away and blew up. Parts of the 'plane were littered for yards around, and I did hear a terrible agonized scream as one of the crew had his limbs torn from his body when the fuel tanks blew up. So there was the Jerry, a burnt and mangled mass of metal, fabric, human flesh and blood, a ghastly sight, though curiously I did not see it that way. I found myself thinking 'Who got him? Was it I? Hope there's another—serves 'em right. God, my knee hurts.'

"I awoke from my mental wanderings to realize the jolt on my knee had been caused by a bomb splinter which, after spending its force in shearing right through some armour plating by my side, had dropped edgewise across my knee, now bleeding freely. I looked around; the other gunners had inspected damage to their own planes and were coming across to me. My aircraft was peppered all over with bullet holes and the jagged tears of bomb splinters. I thought of what might have been and felt slightly sick in the middle. The boys helped me out and as they did so I noticed one used only his left arm—the other was covered with blood from a seared gash in the muscle.

"After having our wounds dressed and pronounced non-fatal by the M.O., we returned to the mess as the 'all clear' sounded. The grey mist descended again—all was quiet.

"I fell to analyzing my thoughts during the action. Had I done the right thing... had I shown initiative... had I controlled my 'fear' instinctively or otherwise? Most serious of all to me; had I at 19 killed my first human being. In the end I decided that though there had been faults largely due to inexperience, training had been tried and tested—satisfactorily. At last, I had seen action and even now nearly three-and-a-half years later I can not forget the experience of finding months of monotonous training had not been useless as at times I thought it was. That night I slept."

—Anthony Delahaize.

CUCKOO IN THE NEST

The other evening, we saw F/Lt. Rock and a lady in company with two other officers, proceeding along the pathway towards the refuge dump, where in the past has been dumped various items of equipment called U/S. They spent some considerable time looking over and turning over the bits and pieces.

The very next day we overheard a conversation, and this is the gist. F/Lt. Rock had been spending his days trying to trace some lost equipment, and the lady had discovered only two eggs in her larder, with eggs on the menu for breakfast the following day.

What we want to know is did they find what they were looking for, and did the Air-men's Mess get their eggs for breakfast. (Note: Chaps, the suckers at home get one a month.)

OUR CHIEF INSTRUCTOR

During the month of May we noticed the absence of our popular C.I. On hearing that he was sojourned in hospital, we became apprehensive lest the S.M.O.'s usual two days would run into two months. (Note: Chaps, if ever you have the misfortune to go to hospital in Winnipeg, the S.M.O. will definitely state it's only for two days, and that's the laugh, it's usually two months, sort of 'abandon hope all ye who enter there'.)

However, the Chief Instructor was the exception to the rule, and back he came to his flock under the two months. We welcome his return and sincerely hope that he has fully recovered.

It is worthy of record that we have one of the best liked Chief Instructors in the service. Whilst serving in India, the C.I. became so popular that his name was known throughout the service in that continent. His kindly charm on this station to everyone of us has already endeared him to Officers and men alike. Thus his return is especially welcomed.

BATMEN'S COMMUNIQUE

With the recent shuffling of N.C.O.'s we feel that we are continually running into tapes and things. "Chiefy" F/Sgt. Gary Gare came and really seemed to be here to stay, with his great effort to clean up the walls and surrounds of the kitchen. He then left for the great one of G.I.S. His successor was Sgt. (Band Master) Brohn, who became so popular with fellow Senior N.C.O.'s that he was immediately made Mess caterer. Cpl. Bubbles Elliot has at last left us and no longer do we hear his fine voice flowing through the Mess. His place has been filled by Cpl. Binnie from S.H.Q. Of course Cpl. (Trappers Arms) Dodds and Cpl. (Good Thing) Rogers carry on.

As Arthur Winter recently returned from Winnipeg with a new style of Ducks Disease. All that could be heard from him was "C.W.A.C., C.W.A.C." Be crafty, Arthur, these girls are really tough.

Do uniforms make all the difference? Our Popular Barman Harry Howard and (Two G.C.) Jenkins, having donned their new brown uniforms, resent the imposition of extra duties.

Our clerk, LAC Les Yates, was seen recently to rush from his office in tears and convulsions when a certain senior officer used his own pen by mistake for Leslie's, as from

(Continued on page 8, Column 3)

POSTED

"Posted!"

"ME Posted!" That magic word hits my ear and strikes a "Kostalanity" chord trembling through my whole world. It turns into a rhythmic pounding of the old pump as the full meaning of the word dawns on me.

How often have I dreamed of this moment, wished for it, expected it, asked for it, done everything but get it—and now the glorious moment has come. Little does the bearer of such tidings know what an historic moment this is. Even on this ecstatic occasion he fails to realize the glorious import of what he is saying.

I seize the tremendous piece of paper and bubble away from him like a gizzly magnum of champagne. Slowly and deliberately I repeat:

It's gen, pukka gen. I'm happy. I look, re-read the precious white form . . . Posted. about me, everything looks much the same except the sun is brighter. The Ansons look older, smaller, dirtier, scruffy machines, slow, no good at all. How much bigger will a "Mossy" look? Must get some 'gen' on it. The paper burns in my pocket, I go to the mess. The bar is open, we have Scotch, more Scotch, all the types are here. They look at me with just the expression I have so often felt—envy, faint resentment, wistfulness. I shoot lines about the "Mossy." Already to them I am a thing apart, separate from my fellow men who tomorrow and an infinity of tomorrows will live in this gopher hole, tramp these roads, fly these crates. They visualize my future, seeing it in terms of themselves. A train heading East (towards England, a decent kite, new skies, leave, the boat, home, home—the other end of the mail! I am apart, I love it.

I return to my room, the batman greets me—You, sir, posted, incredulous. We pack. Tropical kit at the bottom, they say its colder in the East, won't use those in England, wonder when I'll use them again. India? Italy? Africa? Oh well, not before a spell at home. They shall have mothballs, ah! lovely thought. Next, silk stockings, unmentionables, cosmetics—wonder if that little blonde is still unattached in Bristol? Trinkets, socks and shirts for Pop, cigarettes, all sorts of odds and ends picked up in the last few years (no line!) for 'when I go home.' Now they're no longer at the bottom of the trunk, they're at the top.

Overshoes, earmuffs, fur hat, woollens; away with them, they bring visions of fifty below, icy winds, frozen ears, mud, Pepsi Cola!

G.B. and the green circle go on the trunk, conspicuously, wizard. Amazing collection of junk still left over, knick knacks, souvenirs, pin-ups—must take some of these with me, menus, matches, ash trays from America's most memorable 'spots'. Mosquito Chaser, sun burn lotion—won't be needing that junk.

I have finished packing so I return to the mess. I drink more Scotch, we all drink more Scotch. I drink for joy, some for sympathy, others on principle. I hear how deadly 'Mosquitoes' are, P.P jobs they are getting these days, dozens killed on circuits. Nothing doing at home, too many Yanks there, black-out, no steaks, no sun. The boys are genuinely sorry for me, why don't I stay in Training Command, can't beat it.

They fail to convince me, this is the routine I used to go through as each one of the boys was posted—if I'd have been interested in

TWO OF THE TRAPPERS

W/O Horner and F/Sgt. May complete with the necessary equipment, off on a hunting expedition. The tales that these gallant hunters can tell are only equalled by Romeo, the great lover. Of course, it cannot be said that Romeo required the assistance of alcoholic refreshments, but then our trappers have to return for work once a fortnight and cannot give their full time to the job of hunting.

(Mr. Spit Toon's comment on this candid photograph is, "Oh, the beautiful things!")



THE ROBIN'S SONG

The robin's song is very scanty. Shorter than a "Fairy's" panty. He spends his time gaily trilling Asking if the lady's willing. His offers are in finest terms— He promises to give her worms, And though this sounds most catastrophic The female bird is philosophic, And though the diet would give us fits To them it's better than the Ritz.

—Ludovican.

another pair of ears or another right arm anyone of these types now would trade me for my posting. . . . We get around the piano and sing. Must remember these words for the boys at home, the singing gets lustier, must forget these words or I'll be putting up blacks someplace! The evening follows the well worn course.

Next day I do everything for the last time, glorious feeling; Oh Boy! Hand shakes, farewells, dates for do's in London, invitations from chaps I shall probably never see again, messages for types, promises to write. The transport, one last drink, always the wit and humour, laughter, same jokes. Out of the camp and the irresistible urge for one final 'salute' to the whole place—which I do allow myself. A contented sigh.

Where am I posted to?

ME Posted? . . . Oh! Well a guy can dream, can't he?

CANADIAN CORNER

A check has been made of the Works and Buildings (24 Hour Service Guaranteed) Section and the following observations were made:

Benny "Want-A-Coke" Hatklin has opened his new Shack Bar and hopes that everything will run in the double or nothing basis. So far he claims there is too much opposition from other sources.

F/Sgt. Bishop had to give up the struggle against the elements the other day, the Scotch mist coming down in such quantities that it made a very thin mix. Frank has quite a number of worries (all civilian) and they create quite a task during bad weather.

A new sidewalk along the front of the Section, which has added much to the landscape, appears to be a favorite promenade for all personnel and it is understood that traffic lights are to be installed. Cyclists, please note: This sidewalk is not a Speedway.

Corporal Boobyer and LAC McMillan left on a long trek to the west and as a result of their sudden departure F/Sgt. "Hot Wire" Smith and F/Sgt. "Why Use Two Nails When One Will Do" Ryckman are endeavoring to reorganize their respective departments in the face of overwhelming odds.

The Plumbing Department received a shot in the arm the other day by the return of F/Sgt. Hesketh. It is rumored that he is being placed in charge of gardening after his six weeks refresher course at R.R. 1, Cupar, Sask.

Warrant Officer "Sod Buster" Wilson (Victory Gardens a Speciality) is very busy these days trying to satisfy the multitude who think they can have sod (I mean Green not Old) just by ringing Works and Bricks. His favorite expression these days is "Give me the Men and We will do the job."

F/Sgt. "Pop" Egan has mustered his men into a general overhaul and up to date has the organization well in hand. A fly in the ointment made its appearance (or disappearance) the other day on roll call, but this corner is informed that the matter is being handled in a most proper and efficient manner.

Sgt. "Any Bonds Today" Swyers has now settled down and is endeavoring to keep his ledgers balanced and is quite hopeful that they will at some near date.

F/Sgt. "You Call It and We Haul It" Webb is afraid that some day soon he will find all his vehicles under the Transfer Order procedure. If this turns out to be true, he is not sure of his future and is very much afraid he would have to close up shop.

NEW TERMINOLOGY BY THE SERGEANT DISCIP.

What words are used to express our lady friends; some say Popsy, bits of fluff, skirts. The married ones use such descriptions as, old hags, old dragons, old woman, old dutch, and less polite words, but we confess Sergeant T—— went original some time ago.

It's like this, a couple of times a week he goes all geey, spits and polishes, and bids farewell to his Sergeant friends in such a thin small voice, that they are compelled to ask "Whither goest thou little red face man." In an equally thin and smallish voice he answers, "I'm going down to the farm to put the TRACTOR in order." And thereupon slinks away into the night like smoke disappearing in the air.

We are given to understand that the TRACTOR is still requiring some considerable modification.

... SPORTS ...

FOOTBALL

Football is now in full swing on the Station. Twelve teams have entered for the Inter-Hut League but as yet it is too early to forecast the eventual winners. However it seems fairly safe to say that the Sergeants Mess will grace the bottom of the League.

The Station XI has played one match in the Brandon League and ran out winners, beating No. 17 S.F.T.S. by two goals to none. McQueen and Hillen were the scorers.

Movement is afoot to play off the postponed game from last year against Penhold for the Championship of Western Canada, and our Secretary, F/Sgt. Smith (S.H.Q.), is confident of the result.

COURSE 102 FOOTBALL

So far, in the Inter-Hut League we have played two matches. We won the first, 5-1, and drew the second with the Officers' Mess with a score of two goals each. Unfortunately, our match versus the Sergeants' Mess was cancelled, but we are looking forward to meeting the min the near future.

There are one or two players on the team who claim they feel fresher after the game. I wonder if it is Flight Sergeant Mossop's P.T.?—or are they shooting a line? At any rate, we guarantee a good match to all our opponents.—C.S.J.

'B' FLIGHT BURPS

'B' Flight now being under the new management of F/O Ridgeway has the desire to share in the glory of GEN, and spread our misdeeds to the world at large.

We are happy to welcome to the dens down here in 4 Group our new instructor, P/O Graham Chapman (no blacks put up yet). Der Fuehrer is at present in the Big City, we won't say where or what he is doing (but we guess he is).

As for our most esteemed(?) Deputy Fuehrer, tis rumoured that he finds Winnipeg not so Dusty these days (or should it be Rusty? Moose).

Our gen merchant, none other than P/O U/S Hobart, finds Brandon has more interest, much more, than the old Pit (What's her name? we wonder).

Sgt. Jimmy Smith, having just returned from a tour of duty (with all fair damsels) in New York, is slowly coming out of his trance; better take protection with you next time, Jimmy.

We have the pleasure, for part of this month and next, to do weather tests. Flights desiring mornings in bed are requested to send in a demand voucher in triplicate, accompanied by any sum (not less than a buck) for that pleasure. We will strive our utmost not to get temporarily misplaced (with no maps) in future.

ANY COMPASSES TODAY

Within our midst there has appeared this last month a small group of industrious people—a sub-section of the home of all Gen, Nav. Flight. This happy band of little known personalities is known to the favoured few as the "Union" (Compass—Swingers of). Each morning there is to be heard over the blower a plaintive voice "Any compasses today"; a reply in the affirmative will cause a

frontal attack on the Flight concerned, no matter the hour.

Who are these elusive "personalities" who fit from Anson to Anson ever waging a winning war on the Deviation Diddlers (Compass Gremlins, to you); who are they? Maybe you know some of them. There is Frank Ringland who draws thunderstorms and things so realistically even the Nav. Types return to base after seeing them. Frankie also draws in three dimensions and shortly will devise and perfect a method of illustrating the fourth ditto, provided sufficient alcohol is forthcoming.

Then we have Joe Horrocks who deals with accuracy. Whilst waiting in the Officers' Mess the Gremlins by sheer willpower and deadly thought he dozed off—now he dreams of to carry out A.C.P. duties, one night, Joe cigars—Ave Maria—and trousers. Stan "Any Time" Waterton is always available to deal with any type of compass or difficulty. The "curves" he gets are magnificent. There are others too—Peter Jacobs—who once went to Deer Lodge Hospital—and came out with a cardiac murmur and a succession of forty-eights. (Who was she, Peter?)

Then there is Alan Masters, the Aussie, who swings compasses with such ease, grace and perfection that his Deviation Curves are all straight lines. One of the most elusive personalities is Lloyd Grimshaw, familiarly known as "Dim" to his closest friends. "Dim" may be seen any day (excluding break times—meal times—"clamp" times—almost any times) giving orders to the Nav. Flight gardening squad, of which he is the only member.

Lastly, as always trailing in the rear, is the Dead Loss—listed in the annals as Lynch-Blosse, who is so keen on his job he takes keys, screwdrivers (brass), and magnets on forty-eights with him; he also insists that on being charged for Lynch and Blosse at the Marlborough, there really was only one of him in the room.

This, then, is the elusive group, always ready, always willing to offer suggestions as to what to do with Gremlin-ridden compasses; wear wings—none fly—seven graduates of or any other similar instruments. They all 96 Course.

Any compasses today!

'H' FLIGHT NEWS

Most of the instructors recovered from the Course 96 celebrations to welcome, without scaring to death, the keen faces of 106 Co. . . the little dears. Arriving on the same train, more or less, were P/O's Quick and Orton, who, having completed the 'H' Flight questionnaire and passed the essential tests, were admitted to the staff as good smoking, drinking, non-married, and etc. types.

A sudden gap was left in the ranks by the hasty posting of the deputy fuehrer, F/O Jack Atkins, who in the rush to shake off the dust of No. 1 Hangar, departed with the five star badge of office. We are now chewing Bubbly gum frantically in an effort to save fifteen wrappers to exchange at the nearest radio station for a new super-doooper six-starred badge. No, let's chew for another week and get the coveted seven-starred badge with "Flat-tops" gold-plated finger print on the back. We also read the funnies.

Best of luck, Jack. All is forgiven, and you may buy us a beer anytime.

We welcome the new holder of the coveted seven-star etc. (see above)—"Blue-eyed" F/O Dick Taylor (no relation to Robert), the canteen Casanova from 'C' Flight. We approve, subject to him starting to smoke forthwith.

F/O Men Looney—er sorry, Len Mooney—just returned from a tour of "ops" in Southern Alberta, on the famous Crane medium bomber, no longer talks in a rational manner using totally inexplicable terms which only Pearce Bomber Command types can comprehend. What we want to know is if the weaving from the Sgts. Mess after the dance last Saturday was evasive action practice or just plain alcohol effect.

F/O Meredith, F/Sgt. Staines and Sgt. Swift continue their missionary work in Brandon, although the N.C.O. types brought the native girls to see civilization at its highest . . . a Sgts. Mess "do." An attack from the male population is expected daily and our mighty bombers sweep out daily to report the position. For latest see Stop Press.

The Highly Decorated Order of the Deviated Bender (Mit luggage tags) is this month awarded to our fuehrer, F/Lt. "Carter Paterson" Legg, for conspicuous gallantry and initiative in the field of freight transport. The flight is only too pleased to deliver stuff en route but cannot manage that grand piano to Siberia, left in the crew room. Will the owner please remove it as the thing is out of tune, anyway.

F/O Clarke, W. M., of course, our little gremlin, is not speaking to the lesser types now that he has moved into the main Officers' Quarters from the outcasts of 6A. This, coupled with his recent visit to Hollywood and consequent fan mail from the stars, has inflated his ego so much that he is now studying economics probably with a view to remustering to a corporal cook and butcher.

The small mountain wandering the mess asking, "Can you spare any F/O braid, chum," is the redoubtable Willett. Congratulations, Johnnie.

NOTICE

Several contributions have been retained for publication next month. Do not cease sending articles, as the prize of \$5 will be awarded each month until further notice.

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observations, officers appear to prefer the clerk's pen (fountain) to their own. Air Min. H.Q. papers please copy.

We learn from the Post Office that a complaint was recently submitted by our AC Henry (Good Health) Jacobs. He complained that he had only received four letters that day. Henry is a great believer in air power. If Henry was right, Germany was to have been bombed to surrender a week last Wednesday. Never mind, Henry, they will never bomb Blackpool tower.

Rumours of the boat were recently spread. Tubby Minor was seen at regular intervals doing war dances in expectation. Hunting out Bill Bowles and Cpl. Bob Rogers we found them not so happy. Yarmouth Billy seems in fear of something on the other side, and was singing "Here Comes the Bride," while the corporal beside him was holding a photograph in one hand and singing "Hail Canada."