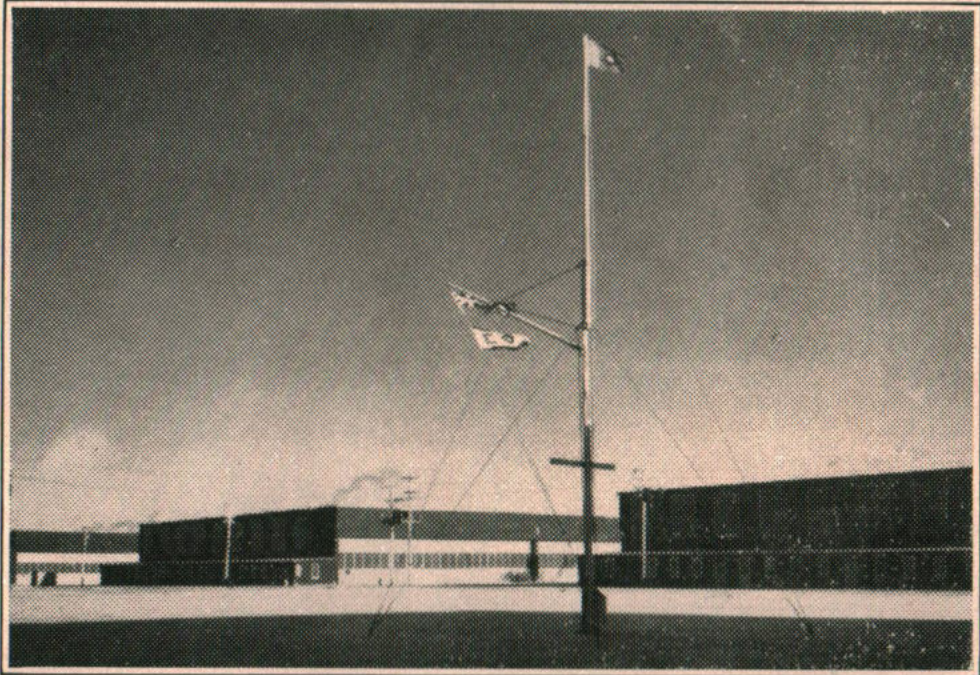


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WINNIPEG CANADA

The Paulson Post

By Kind Permission of Group Captain W. E. Dipple

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**Air Commodore T. A. Lawrence presenting
Air Minister's Pennant to Group Captain W. E. Dipple**

Editorial



A Challenge

The Air Minister's Pennant flying from our mast carries with it certain responsibilities. The personnel of Number Seven B. & G. won this Pennant while carrying out their routine duties.

Although this Pennant was won during the ordinary course of work, to keep it, we must not only keep up our previous standards of efficiency, but, must increase the tempo of our work and improve its quality.

Two factors which were instrumental in our winning of the Pennant were the confidence and esteem we have for our senior officers. Although the station as a whole participated in the actual winning of the Pennant, one must realize that thorough organization and persistently good instruction were two important factors.

One can not overlook the role played by Maintenance and the teamwork between the Armament, Equipment and all other Sections. The co-operation between the pupils and instructors was another one of these factors.

To be satisfied with the record we have set for B. & G. Schools for the last three months is in itself not sufficient. The record, no doubt, will be beaten if not by us, then by one of the other B. & G. Schools. We are not going to mark time, and be satisfied with our past performance.

It is a challenge to us, as a station, to keep the Pennant flying from our mast.

I. S.



I wish all Officers, Warrant Officers, NCO's, Airmen and Airwomen a Very Happy Christmas and good fortune in the New Year. I hope a large percentage of you will be able to spend Christmas or New Year's with your home folks.

Christmas brings to a close a year of good endeavour and achievement and one we of this School can look back upon with modest pride and satisfaction. It is not sufficient, however, for anyone of us to sit back and rest on our laurels. If we are to retain the Minister's Pennant it means that each individual at this School must double his energy and efficiency and each day strive to do a little better than the previous day. If this thought is kept foremost in our minds I feel confident the good name of this School will be retained. A Happy New Year to you all.

Group Captain W. E. Dipple

Flight Lieutenant E. W. CAMPBELL



The stern looking gentleman you see looking out at you is none other than our warm hearted friend, the adjutant.

He was born of Highland Scotch parents in Cape Breton Island which probably explains his love for the bag pipes, even in the wee small hours of the morning.

His education was obtained in Nova Scotia and the University of Saskatchewan and with typical Scotch love of learning and persistency he is talking of taking another University course.

As a private and NCO in the last war he saw three years service in France, Belgium, and Germany and even now he grumbles about not getting overseas for this war. The Lewis gun was his specialty and it's not likely the Gerries were any too fussy about meeting up with a Camp-

bell and a Lewis gun at one and the same time.

However, fate caught up with him and in 1918 he was gassed at the Canal du Nord.

Before the present war, F. L. Campbell taught High School at Melville, Saskatchewan, and he took an active part in the Saskatchewan Teachers' Federation of which he was Provincial Vice-President.

As adjutant he deals with problems ranging from aeroplane crashes to cut thumbs and from looking tougher than the Sergeant Major to granting an extra forty-eight to some airman with a hard luck story.

And lets not forget his family life. His wife resides in Melville and he boasts a family of six. One son is now about to graduate from an S.F. T. S. and another in the R.C.A. (Reserve).

His chief hobbies are — fighting for teachers' rights—coaching track and field meets and proving to the Sergeants he can take it.

CHIN UP

When you've had a trying day
When you're run down a bit
Don't be too sorry for yourself
Because you're badly hit.

Don't say "I can't try any more"
Don't lose your faith and curse
But look up bravely, smile and say
"Things might've been much worse."

Of course they might so take the hint
Don't fear what each day brings
Take up your task, begin again
And make the best of things.

Jas. McCheyne

NORWEGIAN AIRMEN IN CANADA



I have been asked, on behalf of myself and the small group of Norwegian lads now at Number Seven, to write a little piece for the Paulson Post and I do this in the hope that the reader will be satisfied with some general accounts. More definite or personal accounts can not be given for reasons which the reader will understand better after having read this.

We have been here for some weeks, a small group of Norwegians, studying at this Bombing and Gunnery School as part of the training of Navigator-Bombers. Besides the partial training we receive at R.N. A.F. stations we are sent out to R.C.A.F. Stations, and we consider ourselves happy to have come to this school on our way.

These boys all come from their homeland after having taken part in its defence when the Germans invaded Norway in April, 1940. Some

were at that time too young for conscription but joined up as volunteers. How long they stayed in Norway after the occupation (the invasion finally was successful after two months of fighting) varies. Some left at once, taking no chance of German mercy. The wisdom of their action is evident as in the case of a couple of Jewish boys who, knowing what their fate would be after witnessing the treatment the Germans had inflicted on the Jewish population in Germany and the occupied countries, left their homes ahead of the arrival of the oncoming Germans. Time has proved their decision was the right one. Others stayed longer but finally learned from what they saw and heard that the only thing to do was to get out of Norway and help from the outside.

Life at home after the occupation grew worse and worse. Everything

(Continued on page 12)

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Now that a certain Aussie has left we notice one of the W.D.'s in the Admin. Office is back on the home front.

_____V_____

It is a pleasure to see one of our F.L. breathing normally again — I guess there is some justice, eh? B—x.

_____V_____

Why is it one of the NCO's in Drogue Flight is walking sideways — it wouldn't be to show off his brand new crown.

_____V_____

Our singing Scotch P.O. is down with the flu. Could it be the night life of Dauphin is too much for him?

_____V_____

We thought spring time was romance time but there seems to be one budding in the W.D. Officer's Quarters.

_____V_____

Why is the Plotting Office so popular with an R.A.F. Sgt. M—?

_____V_____

The Clothing Stores seem to have an attraction for a young P.O.

_____V_____

First he went on leave and didn't write—then he came back she smiled again—now he's gone overseas — she's down again. Look around M— we'd much rather see you smile.

_____V_____

It must be quite a strain for a certain Corporal to be a good influence on an airwoman posted to Number Ten.

We see a certain P.O. is keeping up his reputation as being No. 100.

_____V_____

We hope the time soon comes when an airman in the parachute section can walk around without that worried look. Da! Da!

_____V_____

Why does a Sgt. in the Admin. Office always brag to a P.O. about being the best looking man on the station — Is he afraid of competition?

_____V_____

A few of the NCO's from the Admin. Office were rather (more than usual) sleepy looking one morning, they say it was tire trouble — we wonder?

_____V_____

Our "Ace" Sgt. seems to be watching one of the W.D.'s rather closely. Is it because she won the jack pot?

_____V_____

Some people are unbearably smart. A P.O. is planning on getting married in December and has been winning rather well at Black Jack. Pulls a fast one and reclines in the hospital to save money. My! My!

_____V_____

Why all the fire drill lately. Could it be a certain F.L. always wanted to be a fireman.

_____V_____

Well. Well. Bill "Ace-me" Esson has left us. We were all very sorry to see "Ace-me" go but if he can make "five under twenty-one" in the new game he is playing now, we will be only too glad to pay him double.

My Most Unforgettable Experience!

(Told by "Eskimo" Abbott, 18 years a trapper in the Arctic, now a Sergeant at No. 7)



From Moose Hide to White Sheets in Twenty Years, not bad. Just about twenty years ago around this time of the year I was just waiting for Christmas Holidays to come as I could go North with my Dog-Team. An old chum of mine, George Pies asked me up to spend a couple of weeks at his fishing camp, and boy, was I raring to go. It was about 90 miles to go North-West of Big River, Saskatchewan Trout-Lake. It's called Prince Albert National Park now. It was just a Ueryon Country at the time, not many white trappers.

George had a bunch of Husky Pups he wanted me to break into harness, he was getting old and they were a wild bunch of half Collie and half timber-wolf, but they were shore nice one's.

Well, at last the School closed and away George and I went with my dogs early one morning, it only took us a couple of days for it was cold and the travelling was good. We didn't have much of a load so we could travel fast.

We slept out one night with just a bunch of Spruce bows and made a lean-to for shelter and had a big tamarac fire and a couple of Rabbit robes, boy, I thought that was the life for me, eating and sleeping outside

George was crankie like all Northern men are on the trail, everything just had to be taken down one way or he'd get a long face and I'd try to please him as much as I could.

We got to his Camp on the open narrows. It stayed open all winter for the water was fast and steep. His cabin was along side of a hill and sheltered in by big Spruce. It was a long low building. He hung his nets in it, that's what they call "Putting the Side Line Flots and Sinkers On."

Boy, it was swell, Mr. Pies was expecting his wife and daughter up on the Freight-teams. They freight with horses in those days, they bring supplies up and haul back fish.

Well, the day after we got there we cooked up a bunch of bannack, this Bannack is a bread you make

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE!

out of flour and baking powder, and that afternoon he was telling me that there was a lot of Moose close to the camp. George said if I wanted to go with him and we would get some fresh meat. I'd never killed a Moose and I was all excited wondering if he would let me shoot his rifle. It was an old German Mouser No. 8 M.M., I think.

Well, away we went on Snowshoes, back of the camp, George had a trail he hauled wood on and then there was no trail. Boy, there was lots of tracks.

George had the gun and was ahead of me, we walked about a mile or two and he said, "Not a very good day for hunting, not enough wind." So he sat down on a windfall for a smoke. So I said, "How about letting me go ahead and see if I can get one." He says, "Shore, but be careful, if you see one and get him right behind the front shoulder and watch that old gun for she kills at both ends."

So away I went, it was about three o'clock in the afternoon and I'd only gone a little ways when boy, there was a big "Bull" looking me right in the eye. Gosh, I didn't know whether to let him have it or not or go back and tell George, but I lifted the old Mouser and put a cartridge into the chamber and took good aim, and pulled the trigger. Well, after I got steaded and looked again there was my old Moose going for the timber, but he turned, fell, got up again and then looked straight at me, he took a couple of steps and fell over dead. I let out a yell for George and there he was coming at a dog-trot and a big smile on his face. I was yelling, "I got him, I

got him." George went up and cut his throat and told me he had been trying to get the old fellow for years. Boy, was I happy. I wanted to go back and get the Dog-team and haul him to camp, but George said, "No it would take too long," we would skin him and quarter it up and come back the next day. We worked about a quarter of an hour and George said that he was going back to camp, the teams might be there and he wanted to make supper for the bunch. He told me what to do and away he went.

Well, I got the hide off the Moose and cut him up Indian style and thought I had done a pretty good job, it was getting dusk and I started to get afraid, I don't know of what but it was so quiet. So I built a fire and turned the Moose hide with the hair up and it was dark by that time, so I thought I'd just stay there for the night. After a while I laid down and rolled the Moose hide around me and rolled over and over in it, and went to sleep and never heard a thing until I heard voices. It was George and his Daughter, he said, "I don't think he's lost for he could of followed the snow-shoe tracks back to the cabin." I tried to get out of the hide but it was frozen too stiff for me to get out and then they were right up the hill laughing and kidding me. So George took his axe and pride me out of the skin and out I came. Boy, I didn't know what to say, I felt cheap and he said, "Why didn't you come back to the camp?" I said, "Well, I was afraid to." I sure got kidded the rest of my holidays for getting locked in the Moose hide.

Sgt. Abbott.

NORWEGIAN AIRMEN IN CANADA — Continued

(Continued from page 8)

was upset — officers discharged from their posts at the disarmament of the army and navy, lawyers deprived of their commissions, Jewish merchants completely robbed of every means of existence and whose living conditions we better not think of, engineers forced to build houses, bridges, railways, airfields for the Germans (however the amount of sand in the concrete is more than it should be to make good buildings!) Universities were deprived of their most outstanding intellectual leaders, schools were made into barracks for German soldiers and police. Haughty officers moved into the private homes when they could not find other suitable accommodations. Concentration camps were established all over the country into which the outstanding leaders of the Norwegian opposition were put under living conditions which are indescribable.

Here you will find, if they have not been sent to Germany to be "forgotten" professors, ministers, teachers, officers, engineers, writers, sport front leaders, labour leaders, farmers, representatives of every occupation — all there because they will not "co-operate." The Germans take the most cultured of the people thus thinking they can crush the opposition, not realizing that the best man can longest resist oppression and that the people outside the fence take their example and continue.

All this while food became more and more scarce. It takes a lot to feed a half a million soldiers (we have to pay for it too, they are our "protectors" you know) clothing also disappeared — southbound. This particularly for a small nation of hardly three millions is hard. Eleven months after the occupation sometimes two or three weeks elapsed between a meal with meat and fish is not very easy to catch when the fishermen do not get oil for their boats.

Besides the physical pressure of undernourishment, came the psychic strain of never being sure of the safety of one's life. Law and justice has become an old and nice fairy tale, nothing remains of the thousand year old legal system built on a democratic sense of justice which we had developed. Instead a Gestapo has taken over, doing its work of terror; imprisoning and torturing people because they are patriots and "non-co-operative," or just because the Gestapo hopes to press out of them information about hidden arms or about underground organizations. Yes, torture, too! It goes on at this very moment to such an extent that, if a victim is allowed to live, his wife or mother will have difficulties in recognizing him after the "treatment." What a sigh of relief must have gone through Oslo that day in September this year when some British Mosquitoes swept over the Gestapo Headquarters and blasted the whole thing to pieces killing seventy Germans. Seventy is too little, there are seventy millions of them!

This, Canadians, is what an occupation of a country means. These are the reasons why the best of the Norwegian youth decided to get out and help destroy this evil. In spite of the death, punishment which awaited them if caught or to have plans of escape. In spite of the reprisals which might be taken against their families, they managed to make their way out, many without even informing their nearest family about their intentions, because these should not be forced to lie if cross-examined by the Germans.

How many did not manage to succeed we shall not know. But those who came through and among them these boys, did so by means of all kinds of tricks and by the help of persons whose identity shall be a

(Continued on page 27)

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JACK BALL, Manager

PHONE 4

Eire

Ireland is a very small island, not as large as any of the Canadian provinces with a population of roughly 3,000,000 people. It is situated on the very edge of the European continental shelf, jutting out into the grey Atlantic. It is a land of soft green valleys, purple hills, and wide rolling plains, a land of faeries and leprechauns (gremlins), a land with a magic air that captivates and enchants the visitor. It's people are intensely patriotic, very proud and with a passionate love of freedom. They are a people of artistic and intellectual temperament, deeply religious, fiery tempered and intensely jealous of outside interference.

Ireland is numbered among the lands of ancient civilization — museums in Dublin and Cork are replete with ancient gold ornaments, etc., such as the Ardagh chalice, the cross of Cong, and the Tara Brooch; with old parchments and books beautifully illuminated and inscribed like the famous Book of Kells; with wonderfully embroidered vestments and clothes that were worn by the priests of the by-gone ages — all comparing favourable and indeed rivalling, the products of the Aztec and Egyptian civilization. This ancient civilization of theirs has also handed to posterity a wonderful collection of music, poetry and literature in the Old Irish tongue.

The history of Ireland is a sad one. As we scan through the pages we note war after war, desperate battles and mad revolutions. In the early days, the nation repelled such dangerous enemies as the Firbolgs and the Thuata De Danaans and until the 11th century maintained more or less their freedom. But in the 11th century the Anglo Saxons arrived, led by Strongbow. They

landed at Waterford in the South of the country, and with the aid of a fifth column Irish Prince proceeded to conquer the country. From that period onward the pages of Irish History run red with blood. Right down through the centuries the Irish people struggled against the domination of the Anglo Saxons and the English. They fought on, stubbornly and valiantly, determined to preserve their independence at all times. They suffered privations of all kind, starvation and religious persecution. They saw their towns sacked and burned, but still kept on with an undying belief in the right of their cause.

This determined struggle can be traced right down through the ages to 1922. It is only to be expected that a long period of struggle against oppression such as this should have a profound psychological effect on the temperament of the people. While they have maintained their individual outlook, their culture and their religion yet they have become ingrained with the feeling of always being "agin the government," and with a certain feeling of inferiority. And it is these factors which are causing the difficult problems that arise at present in the government of the Irish state.

In the first quarter of this century, the Irish people saw the end of their struggle for freedom and independence. Promised Home Rule by the British Government in 1914, the postponment of its enactment due to the Great War, the rejection of John Redmond's offer to help in the struggle against the Hun, and then the later threat of conscription, brought matters to a head. In 1916, at Eastertide, rebellion broke out again. It flared up fiercely for a brief moment and then dragged on till the signing of the Treaty in 1922. Dominion independence was granted to 26 of the southern Irish counties, six counties in the North remained under Direct British rule. Those six years were six years of misery, of horrid crimes and appal-

EIRE — Continued

ling outrages, both sides vieing with each other. Old women and men were shot, their homes were burned to the ground; men grew careless of human life, they ignored its value. It was a period which bred a fierce hatred in the hearts of men on both sides. The Treaty met with a hostile reception from a certain section of the Irish people, who desired the complete independence of the entire nation, and internal revolution occurred, led by De Valera, the present Premier. It was soon squashed and then the Irish Free State, as the new state was called, settled down to a period of reconstruction both political and economic. For 15 years Ireland lived peacefully and happily—the country prospered, trade flourished and relations with Britain were of a cordial nature. Unfortunately during this period the defeated De Valera proceeded to organize a powerful political machine and by 1932 was able to challenge the Government to a General Election, proclaiming his parties policy to be a United Ireland outside the framework of the British Commonwealth of Nations. On attaining power he proceeded to put this plan into force. Unfortunately much of the old bitterness was aroused and controversy raged fiendly between the Irish and British again.

It must be admitted that De Valera is a clever if unscrupulous politician. He foresaw that an international war involving Britain was likely and accordingly took steps to see that the Irish Free State would be entirely free of any British ties that might involve them. Accordingly he abolished the Oath of Allegiance to the King taken by members of the Dail (Parliament); persuaded the British Government to hand over their naval bases in Southern Ireland; and he enacted a new constitution proclaim-

ing Eire (Irish Free State) to be a free independent self governing republic, externally associated to the British Commonwealth of Nations. Next on his calendar was the uniting of Ireland and to further this object he inaugurated a political propagan-da machine and turned it on full pressure.

The economic side of affairs was also radically altered and the country gradually became more and more self sufficient. These moves were undoubtedly supported by the majority of the people and in some cases enthusiastically approved.

De Valera's immediate action when war was declared was to proclaim Eire's complete neutrality. Once again relations became strained between Britain and Eire. Many essential supplies were cut off. Because of their determination to keep outside, to remain aloof, in fact, for ignoring the world's struggle against tyranny and oppression they are paying heavily. Gasoline, coal and wheat are no longer available; except in very small quantities; food-stuffs, tea, coffee, etc., clothes and newsprint are severely rationed, travel is practically impossible. Unofficially, however, there is to be found a strong feeling of support for the Allied cause — nearly 200,000 young Irishmen have joined the British forces since the outbreak of war, many have paid the supreme sacrifice, many have gained high honours and distinction. Let us not be too hasty therefore in our passing judgement on neutral Ireland. Remember its long period of suffering, remember who was its old enemy and remember most of all that fighting side by side with us all, are a huge body of fervent Irishmen enthusiastic and daring.

Irvin Munay.

OFFICERS' MESS



And so F.L. Esson has taken unto himself a wife. Congratulations, Esson — and we wish you and Mrs. Esson many, many years of happy married life, and may your only troubles be little ones.

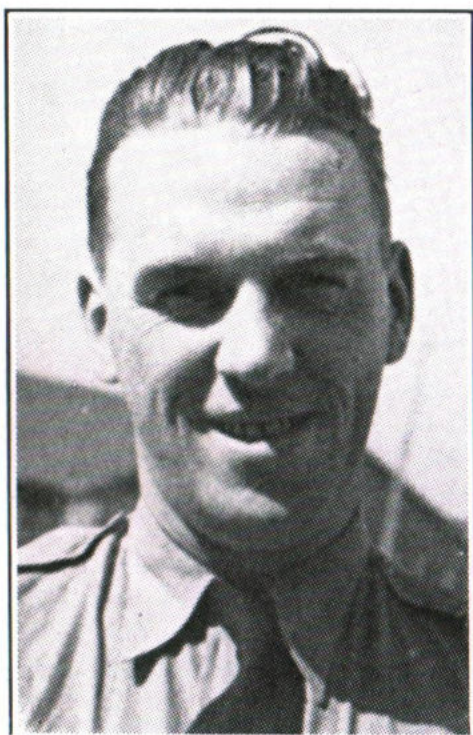
Tough luck S.L. Walton, but you know the old saying "Where there's smoke there's fire." Your "Circle" of friends wish you a speedy recovery.

No doubt congratulations are in order. What say S.L. Bazett, S.L. Taylor, F.O. Bales and F.O. Cunningham?

What officer at the pennant presentation supper was seen eating turkey "a la fist?" tut, tut. The P.O.'s could have had their innings, n'est ce pas? They need better examples than that set before them.

The welcome mat is out to all new officers at our station, but, boy, oh boy, are the quarters getting crowded. Be careful when you come in at night, gentlemen. Don't wake up anybody sleeping in the corridors.

Did we see you at the formal dance or at the Pennant Celebration? Good times are reported. Everybody seemed happy.



Squadron Leader K. W. WALTON

The winning of the Pennant by Number Seven B. & G. School is indeed an outstanding achievement. It is a glowing tribute to the patience, skill and devotion of all personnel who have laboured to make this station what it is today.

Co-operation and perseverance are two of the main factors which will win this war and no matter how small your job may seem it is all a part of the organization. Let us keep up the good work as it shall not be in vain.

Wing Commander R. J. GIBB



During the past year, many changes have taken place at Number Seven B. & G. School. To those who have been stationed here during this period, the many changes are ac-

cepted as routine but whenever an ex Number Seven B. & G'er returns here, they are amazed at the changes in personnel and the many improvements to the station.

The function of a B. & G. School is to train future members of aircraft crews in the art of bombing and gunnery. During the past year, many hundreds of pupils have been trained here and the majority of these graduates are now engaged in destroying our enemies and their equipment.

How well Number Seven B. & G. School has performed their job in the past year can best be judged by the recent award of the "Minister's Pennant" for the period July 1st to September 30th, 1942. This award reflects great credit on all ranks of this School. It is hoped the same splendid co-operation and effort will be displayed by all ranks during the coming year as displayed in the past. If it is, the "Minister's Pennant" will find a permanent home at Number Seven B. & G. School.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Xmas Eve, 1940, we heard that we would not go off over the holidays unless the Hun blitzed first. This called for a Party, so the Officers went to a local Dance, where great fun was had.

We returned to our Mess, and after helping several of our Brothers to bed, four remained upright, so with one accord we started for the Kitchen in search of food and coffee.

Neither was available, but the Cpl. (wise in the ways of young men, having catered to one of Cam-

bridge's many Colleges for years) procured three glasses and 3 eggs, and then produced a bottle of Heinz Worcester Sauce. One Officer, gazing with displeasure, and bitterness, at the "Heinz," said plaintively, "not Heinz's Cpl., please." After one sharp look, the Cpl. whisked the offending bottle away, and returned with a bottle of Lea and Perrins saying, "This is my last bottle of Lea and Perrins, I was saving it for a special occasion; You are not as drunk as I thought, Sir!" I wasn't either.



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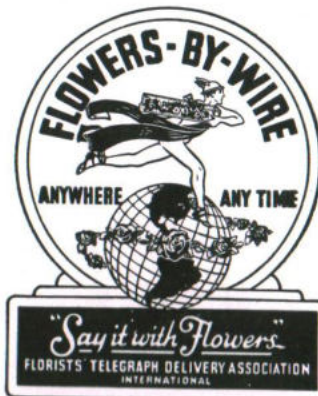
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Greetings
To All



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Personnel of No. 7 B. & G.



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Dauphin, Man.

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Dauphin, Man.



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Friends Meet*

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DRUGGIST

Dauphin, Man.

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

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STATIONERY

Flight Lieutenant **WILLIAM G. BOYLE**



Flight Lieutenant William G. Boyle, most commonly known as "Doc" Boyle, has been posted to No. 4 S.F.T.S., Saskatoon. He is leaving us on the fourteenth of December. The expression "Doc" is very often applied as a term of affection but is usually considered as a sign of lack of respect for a doctor of medicine. In the case of Flight Lieutenant Boyle the word "Doc" is certainly not indicative of lack of respect, since he is liked by everyone at our station.

There are few men at Number Seven B. & G. who are more popular or as popular as Flight Lieutenant Boyle; few who have made more friends and have done so with so little effort on their part.

"Doc" Boyle has been here since August, 1941, and has found a spot in our collective hearts. He is just

a part of Number Seven B. & G. (and a substantial one at that).

Once outside the station hospital "Bill" Boyle rolls up his sleeves and does a considerable amount to help the station as a whole in the way of entertainment and sports. He is no slouch at anything in the sport line from boxing to hockey — (he even plays badminton). His ambitions in the theatrical field have almost met with success when he produced the stage show "Paulson on Parade".

At the station hospital Flight Lieutenant Boyle will be missed to a greater extent than anywhere else. His cheery disposition has done much to brighten the atmosphere at the station hospital.

From the Commanding Officer to the youngest AC2 we all wish him the very best. He carries away with him our kindest sentiments.

NORWEGIAN AIRMEN IN CANADA — Continued

(Continued from page 12)

well-kept secret as long as there is a war on. Some "loaned" small fishing crafts, often mere nut shells in which they made their way out in the dead of night so the German patrol ships or planes couldn't see them, hoping to be well clear of the coast when morning came. Some had fishing nets, which they threw out when a plane or a ship neared, pretending to be fishing. Some made a coup, with revolver in hand forcing a coastal steamer to change course for England. There were some German soldiers on board too. Those were a few lucky ones whom we have managed to send to their ultimate destination.

The "westbound" traffic mostly landed on the Shetlands and Faeroy and Orkney Islands, some even came to Iceland.

Others and among them those who had reason for getting away quickly, sought their way over to Sweden, sneaking through the vast woods on ski, or on foot, and crossing the border on a dark night when the German border patrols had passed. In Sweden they were interned as political refugees, but soon released when their papers were arranged from the Royal Norwegian Legation in Stockholm. From here they proceeded by all kinds of transportation mostly through Russia, Siberia or China. One of these lads visited most honorable Nippon, but wouldn't stay long, please! He got a ship up to the Aleutians, down via Alaska to the West Coast. Others took the way through Russia, Turkey, Middle East, India and from there by Norwegian ships either over the Pacific or around Capetown to England, or to South America and Canada. It usually took four to six months to travel the route from Norway to England. The adventures many had

while proceeding through all the strange parts of the world and over war-torn oceans are numerous.

And, here, we are now hoping that the completion of the training won't take too long. Don't misunderstand this, even if we are having a fine time here, we have a task to perform, and those who are remaining at home are expecting every man to do his duty quickly.

I would not be doing my duty if I did not use this opportunity to express the feelings we all have towards the Canadian people and particularly to the R.C.A.F. We have, at all stations, been received with the most friendly hospitality, and the good will we have been shown has been stimulating. We have been guests in private homes as well as at public gatherings and we appreciate the opportunity to attend your training schools. We hope that the training we have received here will prove successful by the results in the common cause.

Don't mind us not giving any names here and don't bother whether the names you have heard are the true or not. If anyone has taken a temporary name, he will have reasons for so doing.

Finally, there is no doubt in any man's mind either of those who are abroad or of the Norwegian people at home, that the good forces shall win this war; we have seen too much of the evil forces to know that they can not win, nor maintain a peace. In that respect we join in the R.C.A.F. motto: "Per Ardua Ad Astra."

NORSEMAN.

(Editor's Note: This article was written by one of the members of the Norwegian Air Force stationed at Number Seven B. & G. School, Paulson.)

AIRMEN'S WIVES' CLUB

Recognition should be given to a club formed by the wives of the airmen living in Dauphin. It was organized in May, 1942. Its double purpose is to bring together service wives in a social way and to unite their efforts in various war service projects. The club's record indicates great energy and initiative. A considerable sum of money is raised each year by means of teas and dances. During the first year \$25.00 was given to the Queen's Canadian Fund. \$50.00 was sent Overseas for cigarettes. \$20.00 worth of wool was purchased and converted into socks, etc., for men overseas. Members had a bee and covered all the chesterfield and chairs in the Airmen's Lounge Room at Number Ten S.F.T.S.

Activities of the second year have even surpassed those of the first. The club now has a monthly standing order for \$10.00 worth of wool for its knitting projects. \$50.00 has already gone Overseas for cigarettes. Wool has been donated to the Dauphin I.O.D.E. to be used for the Navy. Each member has one day a week to work at the Hostess Club. Of particular interest to the Station Hospital is the fact that the club has invested a considerable sum of money in Book-of-the-Month Club and in magazine subscriptions for the patients. Every three months parcels valued at \$15.00 are being sent to prisoners in Hong Kong who have no next of kin. During October a Pot Luck supper for members and their husbands was held. The Padres from both Stations were present.

The Editors of the Paulson Post, wish to congratulate this active and useful club on the real service it is rendering. The wives of airmen newly come to Dauphin are urged to affiliate themselves with it. It is

understood that the members are anxious for airwomen to attend the meetings held each Thursday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock in the basement of St. Pauls Anglican Church, Dauphin, Man. There is no intimation that airmen without wives will be welcome.

The executive of the club is as follows:

President, Mrs. H. Smith; Treasurer, Mrs. K. Drinkle; Secretary, Mrs. Brydges.

MISTAKES

When a plumber makes a mistake he charges twice for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake, he can ask for a retrial.

When a carpenter makes a mistake, its just what he expects.

When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake it becomes the law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake, nobody knows the difference.

But when an OFFICER makes a mistake, GOOD NITE!

—V—

THEN AND NOW

Before they wed, he thought it grand,
If he could only hold her hand,
But now he feels that he was stung,
And wishes she would hold her
tongue.

—V—

DARN IT

Said the needle to the stocking,
"I'll stick you thru and thru"
Said the stocking to the needle,
"I'll be darned if you do."

Cpl. G.S.

"WE DOOD IT AND WE'LL DO IT AGAIN"

So said LAC Campbell when asked what his reaction was concerning Number Seven's winning the pennant. Our travelling reporter made it his business to get the impression of many more of the station personnel, and here are a few of the impressions gathered:

"Very proud to be a member of Number Seven B. & G. Hope we can keep up the good work." F.S. Williams.

"It's an honour and a privilege." AW1 Dwick.

"It's a pleasure to be one of the personnel." Cpl. Cantor.

"The excellent efforts put forward by every person on the station have been justly rewarded." F.O. Church.

"'V' for Victory; 'E' for efficiency — I'm proud to be connected with Number Seven B. & G. when efficiency means a quicker victory." LAC Garcia.

"It's swell—Let's keep it up." AW-Gill.

"It's a nice feeling to be a member of the winning team." LAC Williams.

"It is nice to be a part of an efficient station, but I feel it should not be necessary to provide a prize as an incentive to be efficient. Efficiency is every Canadian's duty."

W.O.-1 Sanders.

"If our station is now considered

the most efficient B. & G. School in Canada, may we strive to make it even more efficient." AW1 Noon.

"Pleased to be with lucky Number Seven." F.S. Niven.

"I was indeed very surprised and proud to hear that we had won the pennant. Here's to you, Number Seven. Keep it up. Many, many more happy landings." AW1 Anderson.

"See the editorial." Editor of Paulson Post.

"When anyone asks me where I'm stationed, I proudly say: Number Seven B. & G. School, winner of the Pennant."

"It's a grand feeling to know that we're all part of a school that's right in there pitching."

"I think that all the credit for efficiency on this station must go to the close co-operation amongst the Officers and men." LAC Jacob.

"It's swell to be on the station that has won the pennant. It makes a fellow feel mighty good to say he is from Number Seven B. & G." Corporal Morris.

"What's been done can be done again. It only requires the whole-hearted support and co-operation of each and every one of the station." F.L. Doucet.

"Co-operation got it, — let's co-operate to keep it." Cpl. Segal.

Distinctive Uniforms, Expressly Designed to Fill Your Needs. They are Practical. Tailored by Tip Top Tailors for Long, Comfortable Wear with the Assurance of Complete Correctness.

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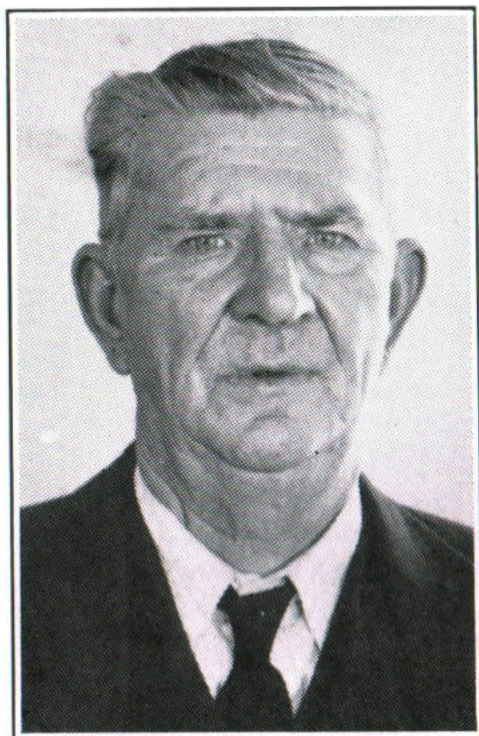
PHONE 92

Next Door to Woolworth's

Dauphin, Man.

"WITH SIGNS OF WAR AROUND HIS AGED NECK OH, FULL OF CAREFUL BUSINESS ARE HIS LOOKS"

-- Richard 11



Admitted—these lines from Shakespeare were intended for another warrior, but how much better could one summarize the past and present of JOE TAVENDER.

To be sure "I am a part of all that I have met," might be his philosophy, for this old soldier has certainly woven experiences of three campaigns of active service into his being — and has become so saturated with military life that he couldn't let

this scrap go by with being as closely associated with it as possible.

Events of the Boer War 1898-1902 are just as much with him today as they were when he was in the midst of them — and the men that he was personally acquainted with — Earl Kitchener and Winston Churchill — have him tell you about them.

Now the scene changes — India this time — and Tibet, 1903 to 1909 — a period, as he says, of activity, education and vast experiences.

Then comes the war of 1914-1918, and Joe was right there in 1914. Look at his ribbons — Sgt. Tavender to the Tommies then — wounded nine times he tells me, but he wouldn't leave the service until 1920.

Believing that to be "The war to end wars" Joe decided that he would have to settle down and what better location than Canada. North Battleford to be more explicit, then Ethelbert in 1936.

And now we have Joe with us as head batman and as the opening quotation states, he is a man "full of careful business." We are very pleased indeed to have you with us, Joe.

YOUR LITTLE WIFE

Who plans to make your future bright?
Your little wife.
Who cooks to tempt your appetite?
Your little wife.
Who tells her women friends that you are the one grand husband, through and through?
Who's the best girl you ever knew?

Your little wife.
Who pats your cheek when you go home?
Your little wife.
Who looks at you her brown eyes clear and smuggling to you extra near,
Says, "This is pay-day, ain't it dear?
Your little wife, and mine.

Elsie.

STAFF PILOT

A POEM IN THREE ACTS

In the chill of the morning at seven
 forty-five,
 You make for the hangar more dead
 than alive.
 The warmth of your bed you have
 early forsaken,
 And now you are feeling considerably
 shaken,
 For due to the fact that the clock
 didn't chime,
 You haven't had breakfast — you
 didn't have time,
 So cursing the fate that made you
 miss it
 You stump to the crew-room in
 search of your kit
 Sweater and gloves, helmet and
 'chute —
 "What perishing so-and-so's pinched
 my left boot?"
 The timekeeper's grinning, the
 son-of-a-gun,
 How can he be cheerful at seven-
 fifty-one?
 "Morning, Sarge, you're flying
 thirteen,
 The students are waiting, all set to
 begin."
 You scribble your signature, make
 for the door,
 The bomb-aimers hope for a
 record score,
 The air is keen but your tired and
 yawning
 Who wants to fly at this hour of
 the morning?
 Your fingers are numb, your feet
 lumps of lead
 Your ears are half frozen, you long
 for your bed
 As over the apron to your ship you
 meander
 Your room-mate is climbing into his
 Lysander
 He sees you and gives you a wave
 of his hand

And with it a sign that you both
 understand.
 His shivering too in the raw morning
 air;
 He's blue with the cold to the
 roots of his hair
 His drogue operator's wrapped up
 to the eyes
 His breath makes a fog all around
 as he sighs
 You can see he is thinking as he
 checks all his gear
 "Am not I the gosh-darndest fool
 to be here?"
 As you run up your engines, away
 to the right,
 A gunnery pilot climbs into his kite;
 In spite of the heat from his battered
 Merlin
 The icicles hang from his eyebrows
 and chin,
 The Lizzie takes off, and climbs to
 the skies,
 The Battle takes off — and the
 engine near dies;
 And now your old Anson is off
 with a roar,
 She's airborne, and up towards the
 heavens you roar,
 You climb to two thousand — low
 level today —
 And hope the darned Drogue ships
 keep out of the way,
 You drop your load over target one,
 Heave a sigh of relief when, the
 exercise done,
 You turn the ship round and you
 head for your base,
 Though by now you've no feeling
 at all in your face,
 And your legs feel as though they're
 cut off at the knees,
 And you know now what people
 feel like when they freeze
 You set the ship down and you
 taxi in fast

(Continued on page 40)

DROGUE GOSSIP

There's a drogue operator who can nowadays be heard singing, "I must go back to the Stage Door Canteen." Not for a while though, eh, Joe?"

_____V_____

And there's the pilot who's favourite song at the moment is "South of the Border."

_____V_____

Conversation whilst searching for a lost drogue—

Pilot:—"There it is, in the field on the left."

D.O.:—"Sorry to disappoint you, Sarge, it's a cow!"

_____V_____

Note to new drogue pilots. If the visibility is zero in a snowstorm and you've less than 6" of ice on the leading edge — don't wash out flying — after all the gunners can fire from memory!

_____V_____

It is rumoured that certain Sergeant Pilot is to write a book on etiquette over the radio. Sort of "R.R. on R.T."

_____V_____

Prize for the month goes to a Sergeant Pilot who was heard to remark quite seriously, "I bought a round of cakes last month!"

_____V_____

The new drogue numbers are causing trouble over the air.

"Our drogue number is D.8."

"No! "D".

What? NO!! D for David."

"No! DAVID D-A-V-I-D "D" for Donald."

"A" for Apple, "V" for — for — (Tell him, somebody!)

Then there's the unfounded story of the D.O. who, as the aircraft was taxiing onto the line at the end of an exercise, was heard to shout to the pilot — "O.K. cable all in Sarge!"

_____V_____

Willie's here at Number Seven,
But Willie's in B.C.,
It's really very simple, 'cos,
He's Willie — so is she!

_____V_____

The following conversation is rumoured to have been heard in the drogue operator's room at a certain B. & G. School (Not Number Seven I hope).

"Going on leave, Bill?"

"Yes — tomorrow — I just sent a cable home."

"What in the world will they use it for — a clothes line?"

_____V_____

Finally, a word of explanation to Sergeant P. No, Sergeant, a 48 is not a new kind of sporting rifle.

We may live without poetry and art
We may live without conscience
and live without heart
We may live without friends and
live without books
But civilized man cannot live
without cooks.

We may live without books — what
is knowledge but grieving?

We may live without hope — what
is hope but deceiving?

We may live without love — what
is passion but pining?

But where is the man who can
live without dining.

"A Cook,"

AW1 Dendy, A. E.

WITH THE ACCOUNTS SECTION

Greetings everybody — Nothing to report very much this time, except we now have greatcoats hanging up and glamour boots (galoshes to the uninformed) parked in a row beneath them. In other words, winter is here, at least that is how it looks to the Westerners. We have been told that the worst is yet to come, it is unbelievable.

We are anxious to find out who the two airmen are who sat through F.L. Bazett's lecture on Non-public Funds the other night, and then found out it wasn't their first aid lecture after all. By the way, where DO they hold those first aid lectures?

Please save all your scrap paper! Reason, confetti for F.L. Esson's wedding this month. Great excitement, and our best wishes to you both, Sir.

Sgt. Jones, did you ever find out who put that tack on your chair? You know that saying "If in this world you wish to rise —."

Somebody suggested that you might like to know a little about our girls up here. Now that all the fellows have practically gone, I knew I would have to start on them sometime. You probably know most of them by sight, anyway, especially from attending pay parades.

AW1 Hembroff and AW2 Heavenor are our two representatives from Powell River, B.C. You know this war does some funny things, if it hadn't been for that most people would never have heard of the place (Ouch!). Snow is quite a novelty for them, but give them lots of rain and fog, and they will be right at home. And Heavenor, I've been told the snow gets a little deeper than two inches, so don't worry about it all melting away.

AW1 Anderson is another Westerner, from New Westminster, B.C. You must have all heard of the Royal City, but I think for any further information you had better consult the Fire Department.

Fort William, Ontario gives us another member, AW1 Jackson. She says this weather makes her feel right at home. Jackson is representing us in "Paulson on Parade," so just look for the pair of legs, second from the right, that will be her.

AW1 Davis and AW1 Doak always go together, so it seems a shame to separate them now. Davis hails from Toronto, and Doak is one of those lucky girls who only lives 30 miles from here, in Grandview. After every 48, she comes back telling us of the most wonderful meals she had. If she is not careful, the whole Account's Section will be landing up there "en masse" for meals.

That's all of us W.D.'s, but I musn't forget to mention Miss Lee, our civilian stenographer. She looks after our "coke" money now, and if it wasn't for Sgt. Jones buying so many drinks, I'm sure we would have no profits.

Be seeing you all in the next issue.

—A.D.A.

MEATS

Shop 200 PHONES Res. 206

DAUPHIN MEAT MARKET

H. W. SCRASE, Prop.

Choice Fresh and Cured Hams

121 Main Street, South

Clear Lake and Dauphin

Flight Lieutenant L. J. DOUCET



Our present Station Administrative Officer, Lawrence James Doucet ("Larry" to his friends) was born and raised in Western Canada. He took his High School training in Vancouver.

Larry is a permanent force man who joined the R.C.A.F. in 1931 long

before the present conflict. He was attached to R.C.A.F. Station at Jericho Beach until the declaration of war in 1939. His R.C.A.F. Career took him to the Recruiting Centre, Edmonton, No. 3 Repair Depot, Vancouver, R.C.A.F. Station Pat Bay, No. 11 Equipment Depot, Calgary, No. 4 S.F.T.S., Saskatoon, No. 7 S.F.T.S., McLeod and No. 2A Manning Depot, Penhold, Alberta.

Larry came to Paulson shortly after being commissioned. He helped with the organization of Number Seven B. & G. School, Paulson and has grown up with it, receiving his well earned promotion on June 1st, 1942.

Photography is one of his hobbies (Paulson being his pet hobby) but he also likes to play with his little daughter, Sue.

Two other Doucet brothers are in the permanent force of the R.C.A.F. — one at A.F.H.G., and the other at Moose Jaw, Sask. Larry Doucet knows his stuff — is an expression heard frequently. He is well liked by Number Seven B. & G. School, personnel and is an asset to our School.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD UP-TO-DATE

Little Red Riding Hood, sleek as
a mouse,

Tramped thru the woods to her
grandmother's house,

She found there a wolf in her
grandmother's gown,

And grabbing a mashie, she knocked
the wolf down.

Said little Red Riding Hood, sizzling
with spunk,

"We chickens today are not easy
to bunk."

If you think I would fall for your
line of hot air,

You're dumb as the barber, who
bobs my black hair!

The poor wolf got up and wobbled
away,

And the bump on his bean lasted
many a day.

Bad wolves and bad men, used to
raise quite a row.

But they can't fool Little Red
Riding Hood's now!

Hon. Flight Lieutenant B. D. DAVIS

Poignancy, — nostalgia — loneliness — what can we call the almost universal anxiety to preserve the spirit of Christmas at all costs? We pretend that it is "for the sake of the children," and we let it go at that, not giving one another away. And all the time, deep down in our hearts we know perfectly well that we always have been, and always will be, children at heart as far as Christmas is concerned. We have already been doing our "Christmas shopping," — getting the little gifts for our dear ones, that are a symbol of the gifts that Christ gave to us all.

Yet, Christmas can be the most lonely season of the year, for those of us who are far from home; and there are many of us who are. It can be, I say — yet it need not be. Today, more than ever, we need to learn the **true** meaning of Christmas. In past times it may have meant only a family reunion, with the Christmas tree, and the gayety surrounding it. Isn't that rather a false spirit? Can that be why we use so much tinsel then? What deep and lasting meaning can all this have, unless it is centered round the One in whose honor this day is kept — the Christ Child? Look over all the



gifts you have ever received, and see if there is one that can be compared to the gift that the Infant came on earth to bring — "Peace on earth."

In the midst of this war, we are praying for a lasting peace. May God grant that this Christmas may see in mankind a return to the only spirit that will accomplish this; the spirit of charity, brotherhood, love.

FRIENDSHIP

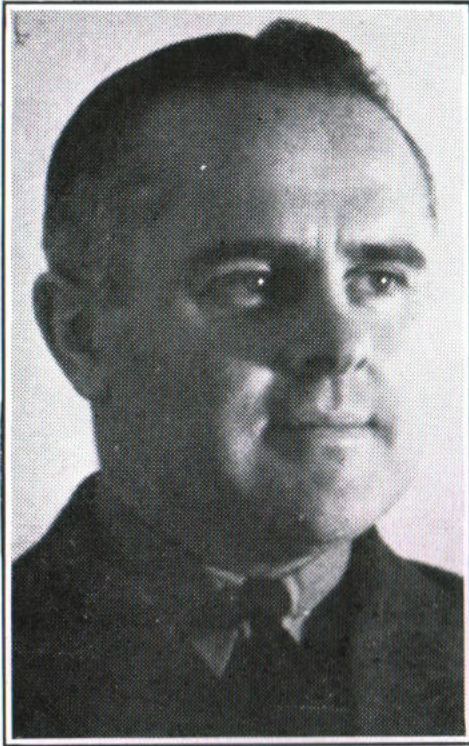
I want to be a friend like you;
I'd count my life worth while
If only I could learn to do
So much to bring a smile;
I wish that I could grow to be
In all I say and do
Less like the one
Folks know as me
And more and more like you.
(Edgar A. Guest.)

OUR MOTHER TONGUE!

A young American Eaglet, training for the Eagle squadron, was at an O.T.U. in England. At a Mess dance, he was dancing with the Group Captain's wife, and started conversation with this opening line. "Say honey, you sure stink lovely!"

History records that this expression became common use. And they say the English have no sense of humour, "Oh, Yeah?"

Flight Sergeant E. JONES



A Welshman — and proud of it — one of the few, apparently, that have escaped the accidents of the coal mines.

Probably thought Canada was safer, and settled in Edmonton, then

Calgary, then Drumheller — I wonder why Drumheller? — must have been getting homesick. He was employed by the Province of Alberta and later branched out on accounting business of his own. On July 6, 1940, the R.C.A.F. got him, then loaned him to Paulson — “for the duration, apparently” he says.

Flight Jones has always been very keenly interested in sports — particularly rugby and hockey. In the former field of endeavour, he brags having played for the Edmonton Eskimos — both Junior and Senior. He also officiated in both Junior and Senior league hockey in Western Canada — (let’s file this information for the coming winter).

So far, the female species has not even put a dint in his armour — not even, as he calls them, “the Pride of Paulson.”

But the men find him quite congenial — probably he’s just a “man’s man.”

INGRATITUDE

She took my hand in sheltered nooks,
 She took my candy and my books,
 She took the lustrous wrap of fur.
 She took those gloves I bought for her.
 She took my words of love and care,
 She took my flowers, rich and rare,
 She took my ring with tender smile,
 She took my time for quite awhile,
 She took my ardor, maid so shy,
 She took, I must confess, my eye,
 She took whatever I could buy,
 And then she took another guy.

ACCORDING TO ADVERTISEMENTS

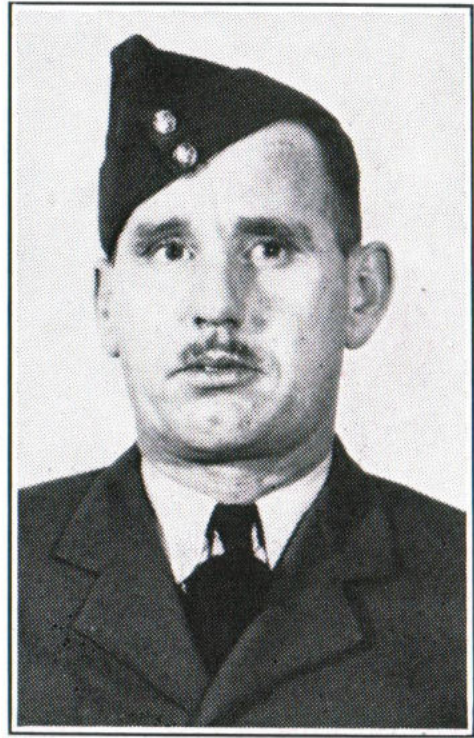
I’ve kept that school girl complexion,
 I’ve walked a mile for a smoke,
 I’ve asked the man who owns one,
 And he tells me it keeps him broke.
 I know that child can play it,
 To guard the danger line I try
 I know when its time to retire,
 And I’ve heard that they satisfy,
 But there’s one thing that baffles me,
 Even for a lifetime I strive,
 I’d live to know just whether or not,
 I’m one of the four out of five.

W.O.1 A. L. SANDERS

Our congenial Station Sergeant Major has not been with us long, but already has a host of friends on the Station. Much credit for his ability to make friends quickly and easily is probably due to a varied experience in handling men.

This varied experience in the R.C. A.F. began in November, 1939. He was sent to Toronto on a "discip" course, and passed 7th out of 129 airmen. He then worked with Squadron Leader Dyte as a Drill Instructor on the Exhibition Squadron. Squadron Leader Dyte recognized his ability, and took Sanders with him to St. Thomas to set up detention barracks for 485 prisoners. No. 6 S.F. T.S. then had him until he was posted to Trenton as the Station Sergeant Major.

Upon asking for a posting overseas, W.O.1 Sanders was transferred to "Y" Depot at Halifax where he was W.O. in charge of embarkation for fourteen months. (See other pages in this issue). Now we are fortunate to have him with us at Paulson.



"What do you think of Paulson, Sir?" — "I find it a very nice Station and an exceptionally fine personnel to work with."

Thank you, W.O.1 Sanders.

LIFEBUOY FOLLIES

Featuring a pot-pourri of material with original and sometimes impromptu humour, clowning, high jinks, dancing, wild capers and assorted faces and figures, the New Lifebuoy Follies played November 17th at Paulson to a capacity audience of service personnel. For two solid hours, the eighteen variety turns on the program followed each other in streamlined sequence without so much as a curtain pause, while the

men laughed, applauded, whistled and cheered themselves hoarse.

The team-work of the cast was perfect, the professional competence heart-warming. Immediately the members introduced themselves you knew that they knew what they were doing and that the result was going to be amusing.

Thank you, Lever Brother, for your most enjoyable show. We are looking forward to having you with us again.

Inside Dope on HQ. "Fems"

W.D. and CIVILIANS



O.K., O.K., folks keep your seats please. Now don't get excited, just sit back and relax and we will introduce you to our gay? glamorous?? girls? from headquarters orderly room. Ready? Now take a deep breath and here we go.

Cpl. McGilchrist, "Linn" — A blue nose and proud of it. Hails from River Herbert, N.S. Quite an artist in Central Registry Work. Has agreed to take the "Rap" for any errors (made by anyone) in C.R. Warned by a certain Sgt. that the Ax may fall for some of the queerest reasons. Recently back from Leave, she still shows signs of a "Glow." Come clean Linn; ordinary stimulants don't last that long. Actually (or should I have said "Physically") she's very touchy so we'll quit the **Ribbing**. Keep up the good work Lynn — You're moving fast.

LAW Mulligan, "Mully", — hails from Port Perry, Ont. She was posted here in June of this year. She is very much at home in either the Orderly Room or Central Registry, but has one big difficulty, a certain Sgt. We may be mistaken but Mully seems to have a rather gone expres-

sion in her eyes, since a certain airman from, "Down Under" got posted to Winnipeg. A very energetic person, her favorite past time is skating and we can't name a sport that is not her favorite. That Badminton cup looks very nice on your shelf, Mully.

AWI Munro, "Nancy" hails from Winnipeg. She was posted to this Station in June of this year. She is somewhat of an expert on DRO's. If you are ever around headquarters you may suddenly hear in fierce tones from the Orderly Room, "Well
(Continued on next page)

THE TAXICAB DRIVER

The taxicab driver sits in his car,
Waiting for calls from near and
afar,

He knows all the crooks, and he
knows all the rooks.

He knows all the bad roads, AND
all the nooks!

He knows all our sorrows, he knows
all our joys,

He knows all the girls who are
chasing the boys,

He knows all our troubles, he knows
all our strife,

He knows every man who ducks
out from his wife.

If the taxicab driver told half what
he knows,

He would turn all our Friends
into bitterest foes,

He would blow a small wind that
would soon be a gale,

Engulf us in trouble, land us in jail
He would start up a story which,
gaining in force,

Would cause half our wives to
sue for divorce

W. D. and CIVILIANS — Continued

what's wrong with it? You can't make an entry like that. I'm past that part I can't go back now." But don't get alarmed it's only Nancy and she really knows what she's talking about. Her favorite past time is entertaining a certain F/Sgt. Pilot and her favorite sport is P.T.??? (Hi ya slugger.)

AW1 McMann, "Mickey", hails from Sarnia, Ont. She was posted here in October, 1942. She seems to be settling down quite comfortably in Central Registry. After a very confusing week she finally discovered why all those copies are made up of every telegram. Wonder what Ma would say if she knew what happened to Mickey's parcels from home. Her favorite past time is sleeping and her favorite sport is tall, dark and handsome and I believe he's from No. 10.

AW1 Britton, Porky the 2nd, hails from Snowflake, Man. She was posted here in July, as runner for Station Hq. she is known to every section on the station and can be seen almost any hour of the day gliding gracefully by on two wheels. Britton's chief grievance of life is that she has to dress for dinner. Her favorite past time is scrounging and not content with riding a wheel all day, her favorite sport, lately, is learning to skate. Do you get the connection?

AW1 Anderson, Porky the 4th, hails from Selkirk, Man. She was posted to this station in September of this year. As second runner for Station H.Q. she too is known to most sections of the station. In spite of the fact that the wind blows cold, you can still hear her say "I won't wear coveralls." How about a party for H.Q. on that money you won Andy? Her favorite past time is getting acquainted with the boys and her favorite sport is, O.K. Andy we won't tell, they might make you go to P.T. some night.

Miss Ruth Bowman, "Comfy" — The "old original" — the first civilian steno. to step foot in the H.Q. O.R., arriving on May 29, 1941. First employed in the Orderly Room, she is now personal steno. to the Admin. Officer. Immediately prior to this, however, she was employed at the station Hospital, where blossomed a sweet romance (Hi Sarge!) Miss Bowman handles all civilian documentation, and is sometimes called "Queen of the Civilians." So fellas, if you want a line on a female civilian, contact Miss Bowman, office hours 0900 - 1800 hours daily.

Mrs. Strickland (Gerry) — a virtual new-commer, Gerry left business college in April to brighten the interior of Station H.Q. A "whiz" when it comes to work, Gerry has been employed on all types of clerical and stenographic work. Coming here as Miss Dorman, Gerry had already been smitten and on July 1st finally floated into the throes of matrimony with Ralph Strickland of Dauphin. Cheerful and good natured, Gerry can always be depended upon to dispel any gloomy atmosphere that may exist.

Miss Beyette (Bunny) — Another old timer, Bunny started her career at Number Seven B. & G. as the G.I.S. Orderly Room before transferring to the Records Office at the H.Q. Building. This stately bit of femininity sitting at the "Reporting In" wicket of Records Office has been the cause of some such complimentary remarks — "Not a bad Station after all" "Wowee — So this is Paulson". Chief extra curricular interest — a F/Sgt. Pilot (Donnez moi une baiser, si'l vouz plait) who of course like herself, is a tap-dancing fiend, always cheerful (but sometimes sleepy) Bunny can be

(Continued on page 40)

That Frosty Friday Morning

We won't be there on church Parade, no duty watch, for us
 And no more walks for blocks and blocks, (we'll ride there in a bus).
 We'll give them back our blankets and our suit of airforce blue
 And never ever will we wear a tie of sombre hue
 No more rising at reveille, no more polishing of brass
 We will tell the Sergeant Major then, that we don't need a pass.
 We'll strangle all the buglers if they dare to blow a note
 And we'll pour a barrel of cold weak tea down the mess committee's throat
 We'll tear up Daily Routine Orders, burn sections 4 to 44
 There won't be a "barrack detail" we won't have to polish floors
 We'll go without a haircut for a month or more at will
 On paydays we will have far more than just a twenty-dollar bill
 We'll give them back our kit bags and get suit cases and trunk
 And we'll buy ourselves a feather bed, (no more blasted upper bunks).
 We'll sleep alone, without the groans of seventy men or more
 Although we never will forget the sound of seventy different snores
 There'll be no more guards and no more gates and no more fence to climb
 When we go out on a heavy date we can take our blooming time
 So cheer up lads, its coming, just as sure as we were born
 And we'll carry on as usual till that frosty Friday Morn.

STAFF PILOT

(Continued from page 31)

And get back to the warmth of the
 crew-room at last
 To learn that the brakes of the
 Lysander froze
 And so when it landed it went on
 its nose
 And a glycol leak caused the old
 Merlin to shake,
 So the Gunnery Battle came down in
 the lakes,
 But still in spite of the ache and
 the pain,
 You're longing to take to the air
 again
 For somehow this flying gets under
 your skin
 It's the best darn job in the world
 to be in.

—J. W.

W. D. and CIVILIANS

(Continued from page 39)

found busily engaged in checking personal documents of Station Personnel, ensuring all records are up to par.

Miss Lee Gosskie (The Medical Mind) — A "new comer" at this School last April, Lee has worked on almost every job and at almost every orderly room on the station. An old hand now at all routine stenography, she can handle the biggest Victory Loan, but she is really an expert at translations of Russian Medical Thesis. (Hi Lee — How's your "vascular system") A common expression uttered by Lee — "Where the H— are they sending me now!"

Note: It is expected that pictures of these beautiful W.D. and civilian steno's will adorne the pages of the next issue of the Post.

"The Three Stooges"

SEAT TO BERLIN

Once upon a time, in days of yore there lived a guy, a good up-standing sort of a guy too. This guy by the way came from a town called England, situated in the South of the Scottish Country. His name was John Drinkwater (I said, he came from England). He was educated at a University of some reputation. This university, namely **FORDOXE** was on the outskirts of the aforesaid town of England, actually a place called Ampstead Eath. J. D. being a youth of some integrity, more or less, begot himself a degree at the aforementioned University, a degree of a high and mighty profession, therefore instead of being just plain John Drinkwater, he was now John Drinkwater, F.I.C.R.S.U. — Fellow of the Institute of Cross Road Sweeper Uppers.

It so happened one fine day on the completion of his learned professional duties, he was taking himself past the local, when he espied a somewhat gruesome and colorful looking notice attached to the window of the local. This notice read. "Book your seat for Berlin — Free." "Oh me!" quoth he, "a new show to see and free" (O.K. mutts this isn't a poem). He looked again (after all he was in England) and read "Apply around the corner, first door on left." He straight forthwith and without more ado nipped himself smartly around the corner and under the tree — sorry, the first door on the left (anyway trees are scarce in England) and betook himself a seat.

He was a very patient guy, he had only been waiting two hours or so, when out of the darkness crept something in blue with stripes, two horns growing out of his ears on sumpin' and stared at J.D. J.D. by way of conversation asked "Am I

on the right seat for Berlin" "you're that," replied this something, licking his lips and rubbing his hands, Ho! ho! ho! He then crept craftily to a hidden switch, hidden in a hidden door. (he also attempted to have his actions hidden as some things wearing stripes are apt to do). Pressing the aforementioned hidden switch, he shouted, "A Customer oh have I."

Another two hours or thereabouts elapsed before this aforesaid something, beckoned J.D. to follow. He followed — down dimly lit stairs, and along dimly lit corridors he tripped and trapped. They eventually stopped at a door marked "Sanctum." The something put his finger to his lips and said, ssh! The something knocked gently on the door and a sound not unlike "enter" was heard. He entered and slammed, leaving J.D. in the darkened passage way. An hour or more went by and J.D. was still standing in the above mentioned passageway. He was a patient sort of a guy. However, in another hour or so the something dis-entered and pulled J.D. into the room by the scruff of the neck. The something dis-entered again leaving J.D. standing facing those more visions in blue with rings, something like smoke-rings on their arms. One vision in blue had a hole in his left chest with feathers or something growing therefrom. Another had on his chest all feathers but no cavity. The remaining one had no marks of infliction.

"So" quoth No. 1 "You want to book a seat for Berlin."

"I do," quoth J.D.

"But why" quoth No. 2.

"I have never seen it" quoth J.D.

"Nor have I" quoth No. 3 the inflictionless vision.

(Continued on page 44)

Training Wing



PLOTTING OFFICE



LOADING BOMBS ON ANSON



LOADING AMMUNITION ARMORERS GUNS.



SGT. McNEIL - LINK



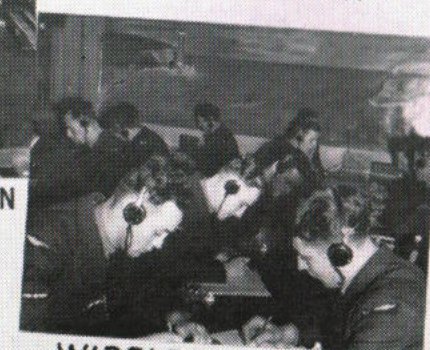
P.O. McCALL-A.J. BOMB RACKS



INSTRUCTION IN GUNNERY
FLIGHT SGT. MAVIS



G.Q.S. STORES



WIRELESS ROOM



L.A.C. CAMPBELL, PHOTO DEPT.

SEAT TO BERLIN — Continued

(Continued from page 41)

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 huddled themselves into conference. Sounds like "Yesse" "Yoop" "Airrsgunnerr," "Pillott" and "Oobserrvenntt" were overheard.

No. 1 broke away from the huddle formation and came towards J.D. with a ferocious look on his face. He stared at J.D. and at the same time asked him the size of his boots, his name and address and where he stayed, etc., etc. He then noted the answers to those valuable questions on a piece of parchment or something. He then continued to ask such unimportant questions as to standard of living, occupation of duty, sports, pastimes, etc., etc. J.D. proudly quoted that he was an F.I.C.R.S.U. "Bad, tut, tut, bad" goon from his questionnaire. J.D. continued to inform him that he was a pastmaster in the soul destroying sports of tiddly winks, darts — "Oh, good, good, ha" quoted this on the aforementioned parchment and hummed back to the huddled formation position, have sounds of "Yess" "Pillott," "Pielott."

The visions in blue unhoodled themselves — it looked like the finish up of a crap game — time wore on and J.D. was seen to emerge from the door on the left around the corner, with blue clothes on but no stripes, a cumbersome looking bag, white in colour, under each arm and a funny look on his face. People stared at him. Kids laughed at him and followed in his staggering wake, until he disappeared into the station.

J.D. was next seen again ten weeks or so later being herded from a train with lots more blue bags, and being herded on board a cattle boat or sumpin'. The funny look had not been replaced by a look of pain and weariness, but at the same time an occasional look of expectancy would lend to brighten up his features par-

ticularly when he glanced out to sea.

Ten days or so of h— had elapsed when J.D. was again seen gazing out to sea, he peevied, he looked, he gazed, he did the same thing again three times anyway, ah, ah! quote he, "Berlin I see," but little did he know it was just the "Lone Prairee."

Jame McCheyne

Three men — a Canadian, Englishman and a Scotsman — went out one evening to celebrate. They had a very hectic time, and when all was over the Canadian counted his money and reckoned he had spent 14 dollars. The Englishman reckoned he had spent 12 dollars; and the Scotsman reckoned he had spent a very pleasant evening.

R. C. A. F. UNIFORMS

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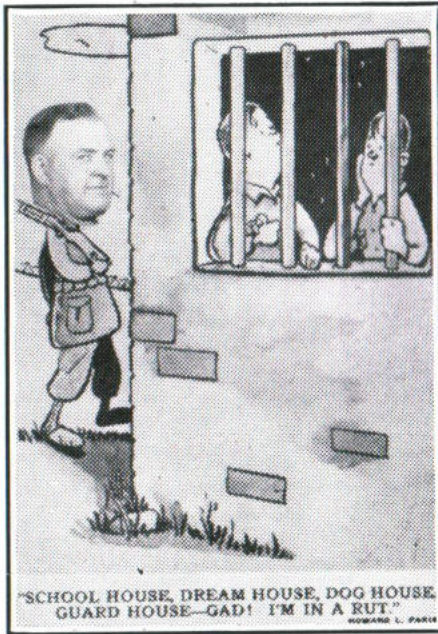
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FURNISHINGS

We Do Everything in
Tailoring

JOHN GARDNER

Tailor and Men's Furnishing
Dauphin Manitoba

ECHOES FROM THE GUARD HOUSE



Oh, yes, we have been here before, perhaps not in this form, but we have managed to make the print once in awhile. We will be good and try to keep a steady run of events from now on; just to let you know what is in the wind. We hope none of our remarks may be taken personally for we feel most of them at least are universally applied to all of us.

It did seem strange at first with the new use of the Identification Card. But, frankly speaking, it is not such a bad idea now, is it? We have had a little time to see how it works and as long as there is cooperation on all sides everything should move quite smoothly. How about having that card ready for presentation and there will be no hold up whatever.

Rather tough on that Date, when the darn S.P. turn me back for a hair cut. Just when I think I am all decked out to knock her for a row. There must be something wrong with that mirror. Better not take any

more chances for I nearly lost out that time. How I do love those flowing locks and hate to see them go. They do help to create an impression. A la Musician. You know.

How we do love our battle dress. Must be because it is new and comfy. Wonder what we can find now to torment the S.P. with. They have us cornered on that score.

Well, folks we are away this time, but hope to be with you again next month. We might try to give you the low down on the personnel if we can pick up enough info. They are a clanish crowd and just like clams. However we can at least try.

S. P.

HOTEL PRUD'HOMME

B.C.A.T. PLAN

Branches From Coast to Coast

Numerous affiliated hotels in the U.S.A. and all parts of the British Empire.

Special Features:

Free Spiritual Advice.

Free Medical Treatment: Doctors in attendance daily.

Courses in Physical Training and Domestic Science. (No extra charge).

Ten Seconds from Regular Bus Line.

Fifteen Minute Walk from Beach and Golf Links.

Regular Features:

Very Personal Service.

Hot and Cold Running Water.

Cleanliness our Watchword —

Rooms Inspected twice Daily.

We supply lounging garments.

(Continued on page 50)



●

THE GREMLINS AT PAULSON

●

It is a tragic fact that we now have the Gremlins at Paulson, and they are be-devilling the life out of the sections. It is believed that they overheard the rude laughter of the Canadian Pilots down at the Flights, when the R.A.F. Boys were telling about them, and that they came with the Bolingbroke. Laughter is the one thing they will not stand for, and they have shown their annoyance in a variety of ways.

They first of all made the Armament Section tear its hair out in handfulls, when the brand new beautiful Bolingbroke Turret started playing up, and caused anguish among the Gunners with many trick stoppages in also new guns.

They have been stretching the ammunition belt links, pushing rounds out of alignment in the belts, switching the Mech. switch to Electric for Camera Gun, and back to Mech. for the Guns themselves. It was reported by one anguished Student that they playfully undid his safety belt, causing much harm to the turret pipes it tangled with under the seat. The Widget (Young Gremlins) have been hiding in the link chute's and holding the links back, causing more stoppages, with many an incomplete exercise as a result. Tools disappear,

or are placed in a new place where they have never been before. In one case they caused a notable Pilot intense anguish by pulling on the cables to the Guns at a most inopportune moment, so that the interruptor did not work, and the bullets plowed beautiful holes in the aircrafts tail-plane, this not only hurt the War effort, it also hurt the Pilot's and his Brother Officer's—Pocket books — because it took sundry strong drinks to calm said Pilot's overwrought nerves.

Probably their biggest offense is against the O.C. Flying, and the Maintenance Boys, when they stick their fingers in the jets of the Bolingbroke engines just as they are taking off, any Pilot will tell you that something will happen in a hurry when that is done, and twice now the O.C. Flying has had to ground all his planes, which has caused him to — well, the less said about that part of it the better!!! However we can say that he has promised to personally commit to purgatory any of his Pilot's heard laughing at the Gremlins, and they have been pleased with his action, because so far they have refrained from attacking him personally.

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".....AND ON THIS ONE YOU'LL FIND THE LONG HAND GIVES YOU THE MINUTES, AND THE SHORT ONE THE HOURS."

THE GREMLINS AT PAULSON

(Continued from page 46)

That they have really infested the place is very apparent, as their activities are to be found everywhere, in the Cookhouse they pour cold water into pots of boiling potatoes, so that when the potatoes are dished up they are only half cooked, and they have also — so it is reported whispered in the ears of the "W.D.'s" look out, you mustn't give him a second helping, or you'll lose that 48 you've been looking forward to," and though this may not be true, the poor girl appears to believe it.

I think that is all there is room for this issue, but be warned in advance, and take great care not to laugh at them, and also to double check on all work. In the case of Students, they should listen very

carefully to their Instructors, and not let the words of wisdom go in one ear, and out the other, just because a Germlin whispers, "He's talking tripe Lad, don't mind him, think of that Blond you met last night," when on practical work, watch carefully and practice as taught, and learn how to repair the stoppages that they in their mischief prepare for the bedevilment.

It is reported by a recent arrival, that some Newfoundland "Hopschniders" stowed away in his luggage, and that while they play tricks on the Gremlins, such as pushing them off the wings of planes, they also bedevil the Flying personnel in many nasty ways. We cannot find out yet where they originate from, but are hoping shortly to get our recent arrival to give us the "Gen."

WORKS and BUILDINGS

Busy as our section is these days we just can't let the Paulson Post be printed without a few highlights from the nerve centre of this fine airport, and when I say nerve centre, I'm really not kidding. As we look in upon F.S. Press at the telephone we find him just tearing his hair and groaning, trying to keep the various sections such as plumbers, electricians, carpenters, painters, etc. posted to the various "Want Ads" phoned in. Alongside him works Clerk Accountant LAC O'Brien and without bragging I think it could be truthfully said when he is present that this section is not only the nerve centre but the brain centre as well.

Now we can take a look in to Sgt. McGaffin's plumbing shop and just at a glance one can tell of the fine ship shape manner in which he looks after his business.

And then onto the Electrician's shop so capably handled by Sgt. Andrews whom the boys have nick named "Barbed Wire Bill" for some unknown reason — or its probably for reasons better not mentioned, but for the enormous amount of electrical equipment that is spread around this station. I think we can take our hats off to Sgt. Andrews and his helper Mr. Winters.

And now to F.S. Mullins we will go, and find him sitting at his little corner desk or probably in an old pair of coveralls cleaning out the flues in one of the large stokers somewhere, — for he is in charge of all heating of buildings on the station and as you come shivering in from your work you must thank F.S. Mullins and his very capable staff in the persons of Cpl. Root, Cpl. Gwin, Cpl. Sutherland, Cpl. Andres, etc. for being on their job and seeing

to it that no one must suffer from the cold.

I will now present Doug. Gourley who is in charge of the Carpenter Shop and as one just takes and looks around at the great job he is doing one just can't help admiring him. If anyone doubts this, just come into the carpenter shop here and watch this Sgt. Danielson perform some amazing feats with his fine array of carpenter tools. Then there is Veteran Sgt. Kitching the Construction carpenter who just seems to love working outside on a cold day and feels right at home erecting some new structure such as addition to a building, etc.

Now as we journey out to the garage, I want you to meet the tractor operators sometimes known as the "Joe Boys" and real bunch of lads they are to so capably managed by Cpl. Snart. Yes, this same Cpl. who was away this past summer on T.D. with No. 2 Command and had not less than 26 moves from station to stations throughout the Command.

The fine upstanding performance of these T.O.s in the past year certainly prove the grand way they so willingly go out in all kinds of weather plowing snow, clearing runways, etc. giving everything they have to keep 'em flying and living up to there own little home made slogan "Let it never be said with a shameful sob, that a T. O. ever laid down on the job."

And now, last but by no means least, our fine Works Foreman. Joe Shand — yes everybody knows Joe and when you get to know him you will always get to want to know

(Continued on page 50)

READ THIS -- AND WEEP

And it came to pass that a certain young man took up his bed and journeyed forth into a foreign land, wherein the inhabitants were of great friendliness. And he did, after many trials and tribulations, betake himself unto a camp of extremely military men who exclaimeth in loud and hostile voices, "Doeth this and doeth that, for verily thou art a K.T.S."

Now one day he appeareth before a Board who doth ask many questions and who finally ordain that the aforesaid young man be permitted to follow his oft desired occupation of bomb-dropping, and that he prepareth himself for the fray at an establishment designated by the number seven. His heart full of joy, the young man failed to perceive the ill-disguised looks of merriment upon the countenances of the noble and distinguished gentiles of the Board.

Betaking himself unto his acquaintances he doth impart the news in good faith and is somewhat surprised when they arise in their sympathy and console him, for it transpireth that the aforementioned number seven be situated in the wilderness far away from the beaten paths of man or beast. And verily doth the young man tear his hair and put dust on his head and alter his name to Joe — for he doth like the hustle of the city and the rush of the multitude.

So Joe — hereafter referred to as Joseph — taketh up his place in a public conveyance and journeyeth forth for many days and many nights until he gazeth upon the walls of a great city called Winnipeg. At this proud city he doth enter a stage-coach drawn by six noble steeds, and after many encounters with Indians and evil men, he eventually arriveth at the portals of number seven. "This, then is my punish-

ment," exclaimeth Joseph, lifting his eyes to the skies, and forthwith he maketh his way toward the entrance, the saying "Abandon Hope, ye — here" running through his thoughts.

So it came to pass that Joseph was accepted with open arms by the inhabitants of the settlement who were of a hard-working but friendly disposition. And Lo! Far from being browned-off, cheesed and otherwise bound rigid, Joseph found within himself a great thirst for knowledge which was satiated by extremely wise and learned men with crowns and adornments upon their raiment. And when Joseph doth question, "Why doeth this or that?" and "How doth this be so?" these sages did expound with much waving of arms and with extreme vociferation; and Joseph saw the light.

The moon did wax and wain, and after a while Joseph said unto himself, "At last I knoweth that which I desire to knoweth." Similarly the wise and learned officials of this number seven said unto themselves, "At last he knoweth that which we desire him to know."

So it came to pass that the time arriveth for Joseph to take up his bed and depart, and he did so, possessing much knowledge and wisdom, but in himself being of sore heart at leaving; for Joseph had conceived a liking for this oasis in the desert. And Joseph journeyeth back to civilization, and subsequently to another place of learning, where he doth assimilate much knowledge in the difficult art of conducting himself from one place to another in the air. And this new abode being within a large and industrious city, he doth make merry and doth consume large

(Continued on page 50)

READ THIS AND WEEP — Continued

(Continued from page 49)

quantities of wine in the company of many ardent disciple of Baechas. And he doth say to himself, rejoicing, "This, now, is impossible at number seven: much longer there, and I would have doneth myself in." But he knew not his right mind.

So it came to pass that a distinguished personage came forth, and, fixing a brevet upon his breast, cried, "Go, my son, unto the enemy, and deliver unto him that which is in my heart."

And Joseph, rejoicing once more, made ready to depart. But, Lo! Another important personage came forth, crying, "My son remaineth here that others may benefit from that of which you have knowledge."

But Joseph, having indulged greatly in the good things of life, no longer retaineth in his mind that knowledge which the sages did impart; and also, he was of a mind to return to his native soil. So he lifted up his hand, saying, "Nay, nay, let me

go in peace." But the great man was of great influence and had many ardent followers, so Joseph remained in the foreign land.

It came to pass that Joseph was sent back to number seven, but this time he came as a man imparting knowledge, and not one that craveth it. And lo and behold, people did raise their hand to him, not in anger, but in respect. And he did meet many acquaintances and did make merry and was full of happiness.

But he doth fall foul of a dread disease by the name of "Paulsonitis," and creatures of the night doth speak in hushed tones of a man who maketh haste in the dark with a big feather stuck in his hair and giving vent to curious and hideous noises. But such rumours doth help the foe and doth not bear repeating.

P.S.—It saith in the above that Joseph doth take up his bed and depart. Well, he did, but Accounts eventually caught up with him.

J.C.M.

HOTEL PRUD'HOMME

(Continued from page 45)

Rates:

Pay according to ability — (One day's pay per diem).

Clientele:

Very exclusive—Restricted to LAC and below.

Others admitted only under exceptional circumstances.

Notice:

Reservations cannot be booked unless accompanied by a recommendation signed by a Commissioned Officer of His Majesty's R.C.A.F.

Reservations Positively Cannot Be Cancelled

Come Early and Avoid the Christmas Rush

WORKS AND BUILDING

(Continued from page 48)

him too. You can't help but marvel at the wonderful way he can carry on the General Maintenance of this station in such a cool, business-like manner and I think if anyone really deserves a pat on the back, I think that person is Joe Shand.

Well, folks I think I've taken you around the section and have told you a few, yes, just a few of the many highlights, or highhats or whatever you may call them and now as I go and dig, my skates out of storage and get into practice to retain the Group Captain Dipple Hockey Trophy.

"Eagleye"

MY MOST UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

(Told by an American who is in the R.C.A.F. now stationed at No. 7 B. & G.)

Liverpool, Mersey Docks, Lime Street Station, Victoria, London, Euston Street Station, New Haven, Dieppe and on to Paris where I attended the Sorbonne for three months, delving into the myriad of literary works brought to life by French authors in the nineteenth century. Reward — Le Degre Norma: status Montmatre, broke, void of funds, financially embarrassed or any other combination of words that might convey the same idea.

The above is as succinct an account of my trip to Paris as is possible to record and just about as interesting as a sleepless night in a strange bed. My passport dubbed me "Student." Misnomer to be sure, but it had to establish my identity in some legitimate capacity. "Vagrant" would have looked like Hell on such a portentous document. Yet I aspired to the profession of Knight of the Road. I wanted to go places, see things, meet people: in short I longed to be presented with an unwritten degree from Life's College of Hard Knocks where the greatest teacher of all time, Professor Experience, teaches, and successfully so, to all those with whom he comes in contact, the ways of the civilized world.

But I had no where withal: hence a respectable mode of travel was out of the question. While in Paris I had tried to use the New World system of Intercommunication viz Hitch-hiking only to find that the stolid Old World idea of politeness superseded by far its sense of co-operation. As often as I would raise my arm, extend my thumb in the desired direction, and put on as longing and far away look as was possible for any face to display I would be passed by a car full of

waving hands that seemed to say "I don't know that fellow; seems to be a friendly bloke though, lets wave back at him." And they would every time. In short the hitch-hiking was worse than it is in the Province of Ontario. How now was I to see France?

With the aid of some brilliant, but n'er to well friends, whose loyalty I had cultivated while at the University a plan was devised whereby I was to hold myself out to the public as a professional guide, sent, as if by fate, to care for American Tourists, their interests and well being and for a nominal fee only. The idea sounded good; yes, until about the third beer it sounded too good but as the rounds appeared and disappeared from the little cafe table at which we were sitting my mind's eye seemed to see me escorting one party after another from place to place throughout France showing them this town; telling them the historical significance or not. Why, dammit the idea was perfect.

Strange to say it was. Later that afternoon while strolling past the book stalls along the Seine, I came across "Uncle Sam" and "Aunty Betsy Ross" with their two Yankee faced offsprings who were, in turn, one after the other, pawing over ancient tombs that even a P.H.O. might hesitate to tackle. Same seemed to be having some trouble understanding the proprietress of the particular stall at which he had stopped, the difference in language being the prime difficulty. It was amusing to watch that performance. The less he understood the louder he'd yell until finally I decided I'd step up and get

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I'VE NEVER SEEN IT FAIL!



STUDENT:— "WHAT WILL I DO WITH THIS ONE FLIGHT?
IT DIDN'T GO OFF!"

My Most Unusual Experience

(Continued from page 51)

my oar in before an international crisis ensued.

Says I to the Yank; "Do you suppose I could help you?" Says the Yank, "Mama, listen, this feller here just spoke some English."

I could see nothing remarkable about this feat but apparently he did so I went to work on him. Through my medium he bought books, trinkets, post cards, and last but definitely not least supper. I condescendingly showed him what was to be considered one of the best restaurants in Paris "Chez Robert" and on the strength of a unanimous invitation from the entire family I agreed to sup with them. I told Aunt Betsy for what Chez Robert was famous; to wit: Gigot (I like Gigot) so we all had Gigot. Indirectly I told them that I was a professional guide on vacation but they succeeded

in persuading me to show them around and I let myself be persuaded until three weeks later we had seen Tours, Carcassonne, Grenoble, Marseilles and Lyon. Expenses paid and 2000 francs for services rendered (equivalent \$50; the franc being quoted at .025 at that time, 1936) I saw them off on the train at the Gare St. Lazare.

The parting words of Mr. U.S.A. still ring in my mind. If you ever come to America, look us up and we'll show you around. To this day I don't know just how he meant it.

AC1 Richard B. Caldwell

A man, walking past an asylum for the insane, was stopped by an unkempt looking individual who was leaning over the wall, with the words, "Pst — what won the 2.30?" "Oh," replied the man, "Pretty Bess at a 100 to 1." "Gosh," ejaculated the Lunatic, "they will go mad in here when they hear that."

The Last Time I See Dauphin

The first time I saw Dauphin, my heart was light and gay
 I was fresh from Manning Depot, and glad to get away,
 Oh! the first time I saw Dauphin, it was on a rainy night,
 The streets and walks were thick with mud — it surely was a sight,
 The next time I saw Dauphin was a bright and sunny day,
 The dust would nearly blind you as you walked along the way,
 Since that time I saw Dauphin four hundred times or more,
 My step is getting slower and my heart keeps growing sore,
 The last time I see Dauphin how happy I will be,
 So long as its not Dafoe that I am next to see.

S. McManus

THE ARMAMENT SECTION

I wonder why the boys at the Armament Section look so pressed and shaved up these days, and all the attention around the magazine room? It couldn't be the W.D. Girls or could it? But it is a sight to see a couple of girls filling over 50,000 rounds and keep smiling. With broken finger nails, red paint and lots of wise cracks from the boys from the Plotting Office. And why do the Bombing Boys come up? They are not using ammunition for bombing exercises these days, are they?

Oh, yes and why is it that a nice — looking tall Pilot comes over so often to get our store-keeper to go for a coke at smoking period?

Well, everything is O.K. around here in our section and we're all working like Beavers.

THE G. I. S.

The G.I.S. we here relate,
 Has had an Honour new,
 The Princess Alice called in State,
 And were we in a stew.

The G.I.S. was shining bright,
 Our brass was something too,
 The Pupils, with their faces light,
 Paid tribute — as was due.

The Lassies dressed in blue were
 here
 For whom the call was made,
 They too — all ready were
 And shone, — as on parade.

H.R.H. we proudly see
 Is dressed in blue as well
 And this — our Girls remarked with
 glee
 Was really something — Swell.

O.C.

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JEWELERS

Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Main St., Dauphin, Man.

A PATIENT'S PRAISE



We read every month of the "Kill and Cure Department," written by someone in that department for this magazine. But I think we should read — just by way of a change something written by a patient. Not only will it tend to convey to the personnel of this station the skillful and patient treatment extended, but will express the unanimous feeling of gratitude in the hearts of the various airmen and airwomen who have come through the hands of the hospital staff.

By the way, this epistle has no propaganda tendencies, therefore I shouldn't like to see the work of the hospital staff increased two fold by the "rolling up in your thousands."

When the patient is admitted, a bed allocated to him, and the screen has been rolled away, a sigh of complete contentment can be heard as he stretches himself languidly between lovely white sheets, his head resting on two or three feathered pillows and a feeling of "everything is well with the world" as he settles comfortable on the soft inviting mattress. He sleeps, with a flickering smile carressing his features.

In time he is gently awakened, looking somewhat refreshed, and feeling quite hungry, of course, that's the purpose of the termination of his slumbers for the time being — to eat. And what food is brought to him on a clean tray, by one of the

orderlies politely asking if he enjoyed his sleep? He just grins eyeing at the same time the luscious eats at his bedside. Of course — if he's on a light diet, the food is supplied accordingly — and that also looks most appetising. While partaking of his nourishment he finds time to have a look around him and between large mouthfuls holds conversation with the patient in the next bed, usually praising the eats.

As he lights a cigarette to enjoy with his tea, the empty tray is lifted from his bedside by one of the W.D. Orderlies. He gives her a shy smile.

Treatment is administered. The Sister talking the while. He now feels quite confident and chats on. Reading material must have been mentioned, because the Sister returns with two or three up-to-date magazines. "Gosh this is the life," he seems to say.

The patient is already showing signs of improvement — he's almost at the convelescent stage.

Supper arrives equally as appetising as the previous meal. He hopes within himself that some of his pals remember to visit him — not forgetting a particular W.D. whom he has become quite friendly with.

Time passes on, his friends, (and of course his W.D.) have visited him leaving lots of chocolate bars, cigarettes, etc. "Yes, this is the life."

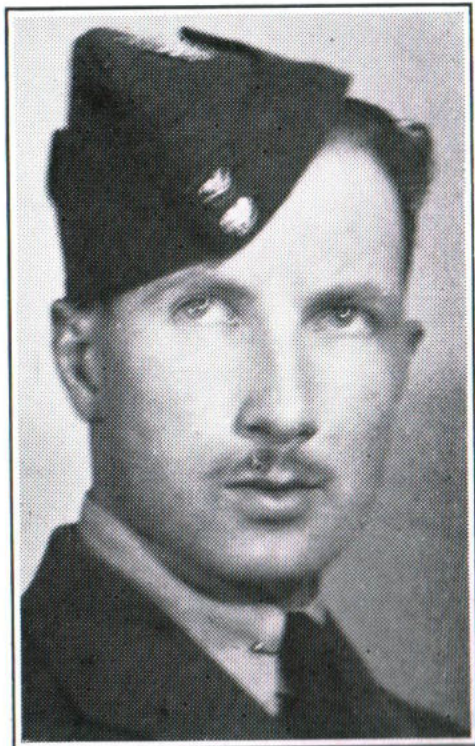
The night staff take over, "Good evening? and how are you feeling," all round.

Temperatures are taken, light chatter with the orderlies can be heard. The sweet aroma of hot chocolate and buttered toast finds its way into the ward as it is being prepared in the kitchen. This repast finally ar-

(Continued on page 75)

Killed on Active Service

L. A. C. SPARKES, L. V.



"SPARKIE" was a permanent force man with a varied experience as Cook, General Duties, and Photographer.

He enlisted in Vancouver, B.C. and has served at Patricia Bay, Trenton, Ottawa and Paulson.

At this Station he worked in the Post Office, for ten months, then remustered to Photographer. He was a valuable member of that section for eight months. "Sparkie" had numerous friends on this station who were sorry to hear of his posting, but who at the same time, were pleased that at last one of his greatest desires was realized — to serve at an operational unit.

Their happiness was cut short, however, when about October 25th, official notice of his death in a plane crash en route to his new station came through.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to his relatives and friends.

Number 7 B. and G., Paulson, Manitoba

North of Winnipeg
Under the western stars
Members of the airforce
Braving the northern gales,
Everlastingly hoping for
Respite from these lonesome trails.

7 to some is lucky
Bombs to all are not
& while we are talking it over
Guns should be made to rot.

Perhaps when it all is over
And war is a thing of the past
Uniting us in victory and

Liberty has come to the mass,
Striking away our worries
Or smoothing over our pain
Never forget this airport where some
of our memories remain.

Many will recall this airport
And the friends that they made here
Never to forget these friendships
In the coming peaceful years,
To forget I think is doubtful
Our lives have been so entwined
Beneath the northern lights of Canada
And for the postings we always pined.

Garcia, J. J.

Greetings Everybody - - -

May we, the mechanical six, who occupy a small corner in the Admin. building, more frequently called, dumb or stupid.

Would you care to drop in, and spend a half hour, of the Operators headaches? Okey! Here we go. Number please in a very sweet voice! "Give me Mr. Right!" "What section is he in, madame please?" Well, uh, let me see? Oh, Yes! He's an AC1 in Section AC2, I think!"

Someone else, ring 8. After ringing the number for ten minutes, we say, "Sorry, they do not answer there." What! Well, why don't they? Keep ringing until they do. Behind the scenes, the calling party is heard to say. "If the dumb operator would ring the number, they'd answer." I guess we just can't be trusted.

"Give me the C.O." Well, why doesn't he answer, ring the adjutant then. Sorry Sir, he doesn't answer either. Well, were is he? Um! Um!"

Do we give up? Sometimes we think we should say information, instead of number, please. No wonder, we turn gray overnight.

Then again, "Operator, give me the pumphouse. "Sorry, there's no telephone there. Well, its just across the road, can't you go and get the party? Give me 19. "Sorry it's busy?" "Great Herrings can't you say anything else but busy. Bang!" The receiver goes up in your ear. Very polite on their part, don't you think?

Of course it's our fault the line is busy. Then he sits down disgusted about the whole thing, and really thinks he has done alright, being so rude, banging the receiver at that rate. If his feelings are hurt, I wonder if he ever thinks how the operator feels, who is doing her best to please!

With operators I guess its a case of "No sense, no feeling."

"Give me the Sergeant Major!" Ringing several times, "Sorry, Sir," there is no answer. What! Three minutes to one, and the major not in his office. Fine thing!

"Operator give me the 200 yard range." We ring 14. Then the party gives another terrific ring. We answer, are you finished? What's wrong with you, I didn't ask for the Plotting Office, are you asleep on the job? Still in the same sweet voice, we answer, sorry, but that is the No. We ring for the 200 yard range. Exclamation, oh! Well, ring them back. Of course, "please," is not in the English or American dictionary, so they just can't say that.

In between these little episodes, we are answering anywhere from 12 to 15 numbers, at the same time. Someone else, 8 didn't answer, keep ringing until they do.

"Operator call all sections" there's night Flying. Give me LAC Turnkey, or what have we, he's in the bombardier flight. Operator what's the hold up on my call to Winnipeg. I placed it, 2 minutes ago and no report yet, see what's holding it up.

Of course, Winnipeg being the suburb of Dauphin, there's no difficulty in getting through. Another one, "I want to speak to the Civilian Stenographer," she's right outside your door, you can call her in and have her talk to me can't you? While this would be taking place, we could just let the other people ring, I suppose.

Then we come to our R.A.F. boys, mostly Sergeants, who figure the phone is just a toy, so they start to play. Such cute kids! Ring the telephone everytime they walk by, sometimes lift the receiver long enough to ask, this is the station operator, then hang up, of course

GREETINGS EVERYBODY — Continued

someone else is waiting, while they have their fun. I think we should take up a collection and buy them a few rattles, to play with in their spare time, it might keep them from being playful with the phone. Do you think it would be a good idea Sgt. Wolochow? How we wish they were as keen to answer the phone when it rings, as they are at ringing it!

All this takes place within the half hour, imagine what a wreck you are, when you have finished a four hour shift. Then we come to the I. & R. Section. If we only had a few more gentlemen like Flight Lieutenant Robbins, the Paulson exchange would be a bit of Heaven. I think we should have F.L. Robbins give some of the personnel evening lectures on patience, co-operation and a few manners, when using the phone. How about it, Sir? We also have a few who expect an answer before the receiver is off the hook, so they ring the second time, and then lift the receiver and at the same time, before you have time to say "number," — "where have you been? On a 48, or having your afternoon nap?" Never realizing, he is holding up six or eight other people who desire numbers.

With his worthless chatter he is hurting none else but himself, because, we operators just have to consider occasionally or we'd be downhearted all the time. Then you will hear a meek little voice say, "give me the fire hall." Sorry we are not allowed to ring that number. In a changed voice. "Why not? you always have before." Which we know is a little far fetched. So we just say sorry, we still can't ring it. After a lapse of ten minutes, she will try her luck again and she receives the same report. Then she pipes up, 'it's an emergency, operator' What

do we do, we break down and ring, My! My! What an emergency. "Hellow, Dear, still love me, or will I see you to-night, love." Therefore that little trick is over and done with, henceforth, we are from Missouri, if they want 23.

Last, but not least, you say, "Number, please." Send the plumber down to the Sergeants' Mess right away. Oh, Dear! I don't want you, what do I want? My Goodness, yes! Give me Flight Sergeant Press! Poor Sgt. he is really run ragged. Then the fun starts! After the F/Sgt. calls every number on the board, he finally catches up with the plumber. You should have a police whistle Sarge and just step out of your office, and blast on it and watch the plumber come running.

When we get overrun giving information, that we are unable to handle, we then ring No. 7. We wonder! 'What would we do without our good S.P.'s. "They must love their Sgt. they're so obliging! Do they Sgt. Prud'Homme? (Pilot officer, now).

We the Staff, are more than grateful to F.L. Doucet, who understands our situation and is doing his utmost to cut down on all unnecessary calls to permit everyone to be able to get their numbers as soon as possible and not have to wait for the line, due to calls which are not necessary. The Staff, hope that in the future, everyone will do his or her part in making an effort to co-operate and make our job just a little more Sunshine. By so doing it, it will save F.L. Doucet a number of headaches and probably cure ours completely. Give us your co-operation and we will do the same. Thanks for listening folks, we'll try to be back next issue of our paper and hope to be able to say then.

The Happy Six.

SPORTS REPORT

The Basketball League (pardon the misnomer) started off with five teams and looked most promising but there the story ended most abruptly. Firstly the officers could not find five men willing to meet the airmen in this highly skillful game and therefore had to be excused from the League. The Equipment Section is continually losing men through postings and transfers but hopes to rally a team



LAW Chadney and AW1 Dobson Jumping for the toss).

The girls have played two games to date, one with the Coco Cola Girls in which they proved themselves more than equal and won the game by a large margin. The other game was with the trainees but here the W.D. was defeated 19-13.

(Continued on next page)

from other sections. Maintenance, Range Trainees are the only sections which have managed to muster a complete team, and even they seem to have a great deal of difficulty in getting together on the nights they are scheduled to play. The Range section looks promising; the Maintenance Team seems to have its share of stars and the Trainees are certainly not without their brighter spots. Therefore we still have hopes of a good station League — (we can dream can't we?)

The W.D. Basketball teams have merged into a W.D. team; however a number of the girls turn out for practice very faithfully, and coach Sgt. Higginson hopes for a Basketball team as good as the W.D. Softball Team. It is hoped to start a league with the Coco Cola Girls, and No. 10 (at the left is

SPORTS REPORT — Continued

Champions of the Station Softball League — (Maintenance)



This picture was not taken in time for the last issue of the Post, but a team that turned out the performances that this one did certainly must be given recognition. Maintenance, Equipment and Officers were the teams in the station that remained in the finals, with Maintenance defeating the Officers to take the station trophy. The champions are shown above with "Oscar."

"WINTER CAME TO PAULSON" — came quite suddenly and definitely. On Oct. 29th the Guelph W.A.G.'s took on their classmates from Winnipeg in a snappy five-inning game and had the distinction of being the last team to play Softball outdoors at Number Seven this season, because next day winter set in. However the Trainees have taken this well in their stride and spend a couple of hours every afternoon playing Borden Ball, Volleyball, Basketball, Danish Rondoes, Badminton and other indoor games after their P.T. periods. The increasing interest of the Trainees in the various indoor sports is most gratifying. To date, the interest of the station's staff is indoor sporting activities is disappointing.

TENNIS

The Indoor Tennis Court is busy as well as the Airmen are ardent every night. Several of the Officers fans. The new Navigator Course 54 brings us LAC W. H. Pedlar, a Canadian Tennis Champion and therefore this course will challenge anyone to a match and give you odds as well. We hope to promote an exhibition game if we can get a Volunteer to meet the young Navigator.

BADMINTON

"Where Trainee meets W.D." — this is the Badminton court; and perhaps that is one of the reasons that this game is proving to be the most popular sport on this station.

(Continued on page 60)



SPORTS REPORT — Continued

(Continued from page 59)

Officers, NCO's, Trainees, Airmen and Airwomen all appear equally interested in Badminton. A considerable amount of new equipment is being added continually and the courts are in use every night. Thursday night November 12th we held our first Tournament — "Mixed Doubles." Everyone turned out and in time for their scheduled games and the evening proved a thoroughly enjoyable one. Sgt. Cunningham and LAW Mulligan defeated Mr. Brown

and A/S/O Wickson to win the championship trophy. LAC Rowe and AW1 Irwin defeated Sgt. Higginson and AW1 Adams to take second place. The following Thursday evening another Tournament was held — this time "Men's Singles." There were some splendid games that night LAC Pedlar defeated Cpl. Smith to take the championship trophy and LAC Rowe defeated LAC Baines to take second place. We plan to hold a tournament each Thursday night and hope that the fans will continue to increase in number.

Dear Editor:

To those that have never heard of us I'll try and explain just who we are and what we do and how we originated.

Once upon a time not so long ago, to be correct in October, 1942, some one got the idea that there should be some one to do all the work in the Maintenance hangar in Boom Town and so it came to be.

First it started out that they would only have to work from six to two then some one thought that the boys were getting off too easy and so they changed it from six to five, and so it had to be.

Well, a lot of the personnel of this station wonder just what the night Maintenance do, well, I'll try and outline it for those who are new to the Station.

To start out they come to work too soon just to make it easier for the boys on the day shift, to get off early. Then they do all the work that the day shift think is too hard for them to do, and when all that is done they start to clean up the mess that the day shift left.

Well, it seems that that isn't enough for us to do for them so then the good old nite fellows start to push in the aircraft they they have left out side, just about this time some one happens to look at their watch and to his amazement it is half past quitting time in other words nigh on to five A.M. so then the nite shift wend their way back to the mess hall to be greeted by a bunch of very sleepy but polite AW2's who tell you in a very nice way that if you care to stick around they will see what they can find for you to eat.

By this time it is on towards six A.M. so the Boys go to the hut and get to bed, they are just nicely dozing off to sleep and some very bright ORDERLY SERGEANT

comes tearing into the hut and turns on all the lights and yells in a very loud and clear voice ALL OUT YOU SO and SO's. After some very tired and angry fellow has turned out the light we finally get to sleep only to be wakened up by some kind day worker who hasn't the time or energy to walk a few more steps to his own door but comes in through ours as if his feet were made of lead and his fellow worker has been deaf for the last five years and so on into the day.

Well, from what you have just read you will think that the poor fellows on the day shift are getting worked too hard and to be sure I would believe it only I am one of the few on night work who never works MUCH!!!

Finally they decide that the nite boys are not getting a heck of a lot of amusement so they say "Now you fellows can get off tonight to go to the dance in camp, it's free FOR A DIME; it won't cost you much" and then in a second or so they say "BUT YOU WILL HAVE TO COME TO WORK THIS AFTERNOON SO THAT WE WON'T HAVE SO MUCH WORK TO DO TOMORROW." Yes, it is very, very good of them to do that, isn't it, and so we go to work that afternoon for them, and then to the dance, NEXT MORNING AROUND ABOUT NINE THEY COME AND GET US OUT TO GO TO WORK AGAIN SO OFF WE GO AMID CUSSES AND YELLS.

Well, we aren't hard to please are we, we work TEN HOURS to get off four hours and so life on the night maintenance shift goes on.

And while the moon is playing chinese checkers with the stars and you are snoring away the night we slave away that the air crew may fly another day.

Your owl eyed reporter.

NIGHT OPERATIONS -- DECEMBER, 1940

As Eastwards heads our plane I see a ruddy glow
That tells me once more again the savage Hun
Burns might London Town. Posterity take note
'Tis thus the Devil's work is done.

I see the bursting bombs within that lurid fire,
As wave on wave the bombers do attack
But now the flashing shells, the waving beams of light
Portray the Giant alive and fighting back.

If London can survive such searing flames as these
My quaking heart must be forever bold,
And I must fight for her, though now I wish we could
Our bomb-load multiply a hundredfold.

Then onward as we go we pass the blacked-out shore,
And looking back I see our Island fort
That has a thousand years withstood the savage horde
And once again remains the free man's port.

Is this, perchance, the last that I shall ever see
Of this fair land of ours? Will bursting shell
Or searing streams of trace rend us apart,
And tear us down like blazing limb of hell?

We cross the drink, and stretching off to left there lies
The trampled coast that was fair France's face:
And off to right that graceful sweeping curve of foam
Shows stricken kingdoms held in vile embrace.

Behold this scarr'd and riven land where oft before
Barbaric Huns have ravanged far and wide,
Destroying in a night the work of countless men
And leaving ash, where once stood culture's pride.

Two thousand years ago from out of ancient Rome
Great Caesar, with his legions, held this sway,
And ever since, when man has dropped that fateful guard
He soon has learned that awful price to pay.

From Chalons to the Marne the fights have oft been fought
To keep and hold the watch along the Rhine.
Will mankind never learn the lessons of the past?
And now in this new age the watch is mine.

Now on we roar into the Hell of flying steel,
Of crumpling flack, and ghostly tents of light;
And weave and jink our way, and drop our stick of bombs,
Then turn and run before the waning night.

Below the dull earth does remain. But overhead
My wandering eye sees beauty in the stars
That twinkle bright and chill in that clean atmosphere
And the bursting flack the picture mars.

Greenway, F/Lt., R.N.Z.A.F.

DEFINITIONS

Streamline Body — Nifty chassies, may be seen in the hospital or W.D. Canteen.

Plane of Symmetry — The aircraft of a pilot who has flown too low.

Incidence — Unforeseen events.

Lift — See "Elevator."

Spar — To box, or indulge in organized fisticuffs.

Taxying — Method of getting back from Dauphin on pay-night under certain conditions.

Jas. McCheyne.

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CLEANERS**



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SERGEANT'S MESS



Here we are once again and of course we start the New Year right with a new Mess Committee. Sorensen, a good egg, as far as good eggs go, is our newly-elected President. May you serve us well Flight? Judging by that wonderful aroma issuing from the kitchen this morning (namely chicken) we have no doubt the committee is right on the bit already.

"Tidbits from Hither and Thither (mostly here)

If a certain Sgt. gets his way we of the Sgts. Mess will all be fully qualified "**Junior Commandos.**" What about it Cohen- Me-thinks you had better stick to flying.

And Frazer P., we don't mind you diving head first over two of our favorite Chesterfield chairs but please don't slap another one up on the line. Gunnery Flight needs pilots you know. Who knows, the Para-troop Recruiting Division may be after guys like you to join their ranks. — "goo-ed."

Now that Number Seven's "Chief Gestapo" is our "Living-in-Member" we don't make any bones about being properly dressed in the mess. Better he should confine his great talents to "Extra Messing."

After all, aren't we all Sgts. at least, in this, our little community? Take it easy Pal, please. "unquote."

May we place a challenge here and now to all the station hockey teams. The "**Sergeants' All-Star Hockey Team**" will take on all comers. (When we get organized) say fel-

lows! Here's your chance to settle that little grudge. And by the way, our previous Badminton Challenge still holds if you're interested.

We all join in wishing the very best of luck to six members of the mess who departed from this station on the 23rd. Sgt. Pilots Rand, S. J.; Pierce, A. W.; Redhead, E.; Rigby, W. B.; Burnett, W. H. and Ware, D. R.

"Will all you crap-shooters please come forward," said Judge Walter L. Kimmel in calling a gambling case in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Six men walked to the bench. Only five men had been charged. "What are you doing here?" the judge asked the other. "I can't shoot craps," said the man.

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Our Many Years Experience
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Many Friends in the R.C.A.F.

M.T. SECTION

Transport, Sir — you want a truck?
 I'm sorry, but your out of luck.
 So I'm afraid you'll have to wait,
 Our last Chev. just went out the
 gate,
 76 is on the express,
 And 85 is at the Sergeants' Mess.
 74 is spittin' and coughin'
 But loading up for a trip to Dauphin.
 73 is out of reach,
 (Range crew out to Ochre Beach).
 Pie-wagons both away to town,
 But really we hate to let you down.
 But wait! There's a rattle and
 banging of tin,
 Yes, 1905 has just rolled in.
 I'll send it over right away,
 So sorry to keep you waiting
 this way.

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Our Ready-to-Wear secures
fashionable effect sought for
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W. G. WHITE

The Store of Service and
Assortment

Any resemblance between the above ditty and poetry is purely coincidental.

Headaches for Flight Sergeant Niven "Flight, my truck makes a funny noise." "My truck has poor oil pressure." "Flight, my clutch is slipping," etc., etc.

Cpl. Bray and LAW Irwin report a very good time on their furloughs. The girls say that the nicest thing about leave is coming back to Paulson. Are you kidding?

We are glad to report LAW Ames — beg pardon, Mrs. Lamb, who has been on the sick list, is back in the office again.

Congratulations are in order on the recent promotions of McManus, Ford, Breiddal and Bray to Corporal. Also Cpl. Tellier, now Sergeant to you.

We miss the good-natured banter of LAC McKinnon. Best of luck, "Mac" on your posting West.

Now that pay-day is just over, we notice the boys are wearing their watches again.

Those mournful sounds in the section at night are not coyotes in captivity. LAC Currie and Whalen complain that the night shift is interfering with their saxophone practicing. "Hold it fellows — there's the phone."

Overheard in the drivers room. "Listen fellows, I had a nice clean pair of coveralls and I left them hanging right there. Now I wonder who ———."

Comes the overtaxed response "Why don't you smarten up, George."

C. W.

V

Two Jewish pigeons flying over Germany — "Look," cried one, "There's Adolf below." "Well," cried the other, "What are you waiting for?"

NIGHT MAINTENANCE

Here we are "Night Maintenance;" it has taken us long enough to get here, but better late than never; and of course we really have something to write about. The talk of the section is Sam Ferris getting married. Good work Sammie and Keep 'em Flying? Best of luck to your wife and you. We of Night Maintenance wish to thank the O.C. of our flight for the time off to attend the wedding and reception; which also brings the editor to a halt to express a whale of a lot of thanks to the Adjutant for the loan of the truck to take us to town in time for the wedding. We cannot begin to express the thanks to the Padre for all the advice, and help to make the wedding a success and of course you might know that he also tied the knot good and firm. At the reception Flight Sergeant Birch gave a very fine speech to which Sam came back with an equally good reply. That of course is the end of Sam.

Another one of our boys also decided to end his life early, and did so about a couple of weeks ago by getting married when on leave in Winnipeg. Best of everything to your wife and you, Hodges. Of course the Boys are all working very hard at night, in fact till the late hours in the morning; but there are a few things that we would like to know???

Why was it that Sam Ferris had to go to Yorkton on his Wedding Day? Never mind Sam it's O.K., we know.

Is there a ration or (Priority) on Oranges in the Mess Hall?

What is it that "R.J." has that makes the W.D.'s jilt the Fire Dept. to go out with him?

Who was it that kept Hic. Hic. Hiccuping in church at the wedding? It couldn't be you Ollie, could it?

How did Cpl. Kangas get that Kold in de Doze, while on a forty eight? Did she make you walk, Cpl.?

Johnson's attraction seems to have veered from the Cook House to the Telephone Office. It couldn't be the cooking could it John?

Why the writer of Night Maintenance scandal column is keeping his own scandal out???

Why is it that Smithson passed out for the lack of sleep after just coming back off a forty eight? I don't know, you tell me.

Costain, we would like to know about the strange woman with the two addresses.

What is the attraction in Gilbert Plain's, Bligh? It couldn't be "Draw Two"?

What is the great attraction in Workshop's that everyone on Nights wants to change Spark Plugs?

Well, we have come to the end, so we will see you again soon, that is if I live after this is printed.

P.S.—The "Boys" would like to extend their sympathies to "Little Newton" on his recent bereavement of his father.

BIBLE AND "WEE DRAP" HER DEFENCE

Writing her thanks to America for a contribution from the "Bundles for Britain" organization, an aged Scots-woman gave this recipe against air raids:

"When the raid warning sounds, I take the Bible from the shelf and read the 23rd Psalm. Then I put up a wee bit prayer. Then I take a wee drap o' whisky to steady my nerves. Then I get into bed and pull up the cover. Then I tell Hitler to go to hell."

Xmas Greetings from the Accounts Section

Xmas time again, with turkey, mince pies, Xmas puddings and cake (we hope) and everything that goes with it. Practically everybody on the station will be home either for Xmas or New Year's, a brief respite from work, and then back again to Paulson. But its worth it after all.

F.L. Esson is now a happily married man, and has left here, Souris bound. We are all sorry to see him go, but we wish him and his bride the very best of luck. F.L. McLeod, our new Accountant from Rivers, is taking his place, and is doing a very capable job of it. I know you will all like him, we do.

Everybody in the Accounts enjoyed the party Squadron Leader Bazett gave the other week to celebrate his promotion. Its not every day that promotions like that come along, and I'm sure that nobody deserves it more than S.L. Bazett. Congratulations, Sir.

For this issue, we have gathered up some of the sayings that we hear every day from our personnel. New Year resolutions might change some of these, but I'm sure the place wouldn't be the same without them.

S.L. Bazett—"R.D."—

F.L. Esson — "Poor show, poor show."

F.O. Crozier—"What is going on here?"

Miss Lee — "Sgt. Jones!"

F.S. Jones—"Dear Mother, where are WE now?"

Sgt. Jones—"Who wants to toss for a coke?"

Cpl. Gent—"Sob! Sob!"

Cpl. Thorsteinson—"Don't bother me, I'm busy."

Cpl. Kyle (Daddy)—"I'll just whip over and get it."

Sgt. Strang—"Olive is my best girl friend."

LAW Anderson—"Where's Charlie?"

AW1 Hembroff — "Whose coming for lunch?"

AW1 Jackson—"If I don't get a letter—"

AW1 Davis—"I'm working for my commission."

AW1 Doak—"I was just wondering—"

AW2 Heavenor — "Kalamazoo — Let's dance."

AW2 Doran—"May I borrow your soap?"

Things We'd Like To Know ? ?

What "Scruffy" had kittens?

Are we all allowed to use the steps in front of the hospital for "basking in the sun and whistling?"

Why the "Coronation" look about the G.I.S.?

Does a certain Flt. Sgt. in the cookhouse work alphabetically or numerically?

When are the airmen actually taking over the W.D.'s Canteen?

Did the rumour about the American and the moosey airwoman start in the hospital?

Why do certain W.D.'s in the airmen's Mess prefer working the night shift?

What about re-christening a certain P.O. to — "You'll be sorry" V—

Who were the "better men" referred to by a W.O. on a pay night last month? Couldn't have been air crew by any chance?

Jas. McCheyne.



“MODERN” ACCOUNTANCY

PATIENT'S PRAISE

(Continued from page 54)

rives and partaken of with enjoyment. His first day in hospital is over, when lights are turned out, he settles down to a lovely sleep and pleasant dreams.

Yes, that's how it goes. Who could forget the Sergeants' serious "Good Morning, how do you feel this morning? Who could forget the tireless staff attending to the various wants, without a grumble, always a smile! Who could forget the cheery patter of the M.O. as he goes his rounds in the morning! Who could forget the Sisters! Ask any of them, and the reply will be "Well, it's all in a days work."

"Locus in naturalis esse," is definitely not in the hospital, but for the staff it is.

Lost and Found

Lost: One Pear-Switch. Finder please return to two red-faced Air Bombers of Course 62.

It seems that on completion of a recent bombing flight the would be bombing crew, down from their initial bomb dropping? expedition, returned fully loaded.

"We couldn't find the pear-switch, Sarge, but we did find a wind," they reported.

The Pilot searched his pockets but he didn't know where the switch could be.

Could we term the Pilot a "Blind Flier," and who called the roll on the cockpit check?

Blame the instructor!

PADRE'S PAGE



It would be interesting to know where you all are this Christmas. Some of you have travelled by air and by rail to various parts of Canada to be with your families. Even now you are perhaps sitting with your feet on the kitchen stove with the wood fire crackling and the sparks shooting out through the side draft. That is the ideal way to spend Christmas — home with your family.

Others of you are in your huts and the very memory of home hurts. But those same memories are rich and the future holds the promise of the old happiness in brighter times. Some of you from other countries are experiencing the hospitality of Canadian homes and you are finding out that Christmas means the same to us as it does to you and your folk. The bright lights of Chicago's Loop and of New York's Broadway have attracted others. This Christmas you are sampling the sophisticated entertainment of America.

Wherever you are may I remind you that Christmas is the celebration of certain simple, lasting, fundamental things. It is the affirmation that simple truths can confound the mighty and that happiness is usually found in your own back yard. But Christmas is more personal than this. It is the day when men remember that Jesus Christ came into a world, sadly lacking in control over itself, with a message of good cheer and hope. It is with this plain fact in mind that I wish each and everyone of you together with your families, sincerely, a Happy Christmas.

V. L. Stewart

Flash . . .

For many, many years now probably since time began, people have said, when anything occurred out of the ordinary, "It Happened at Night." But this incident I am about to bring to your attention, happened (if you please) in daylight, right in the middle of the afternoon of November 23rd. No — not a murder! a missing bicycle. However as the Headquarter's Runner was about to go on her afternoon run with D.R.O.'s and

other documents of urgency, she discovered her faithful old bicycle was missing. Of course it could have wheeled away and died but no it was stolen, right from under the window of the Headquarter's Orderly room. Immediately all was confusion and suspense, and there was no hesitation whatsoever in contacting F.O. Foster, about the disappearance of the two wheeled necessity.

However, when all was believed lost, the "thief," fearing for his neck,

(Continued on page 79)

INSTRUMENT SECTION

LAC Henry Cecil Webber got up from his knees, crossed his arms and said with indignation "I have never seen my name in the Paulson Post yet. Something will have to be done about it!" So rather than hear that celebrity complain night and day for months, we have decided to put an end to his unhappiness and give him some publicity. That's why the Instrument Section has a column in this colorful publication for the first time.

I see you all now scratching your head and trying to find out who is Webber. You know him quite well, but under the name of "Snuffy the Yardbird," a surname that was given to him while he was in St. Thomas and that followed him here when Art McLeod was also posted to that paradise on earth — Paulson.

McLeod is the fellow that creates all these ugly rumors that have sergeant Hodgkinson, our boss, and all the other boys packing their kit-bags about twice a week. The Sarge has been here about a year and a half and is really anxious to be posted somewhere else. The other day, a runner told him that the drill test officer wanted to see him; the head of the Instrument Section jumped in the air and started looking for the officer thinking for sure that he was being posted overseas, but it turned out that it was not the drill test officer that wanted to see him but the trade board officer. Poor Hodgy.

The other NCO is Cpl. Michael Stafford Simon, that mighty mite from Regina. His eyes are very shiny these days. The reason is no doubt that W.D. who works at the hospital. "Si" has been seen to wet his feet

in cold water trying to catch a bad cold, but he has not been sick enough yet to be admitted at the hospital.

Then there is LAC Chudly, the typewriter man who has always a new story to tell. Chud, an ex-hockey player, will probably play on the defence this year and form a pair with big McLeod. Snuffy will also play — on the fence!

Archie Orchard, another veteran of the section, is the host of the department, inviting the fellows to his house to have a good time every once in a while.

The night crew consist of Van Dale, Barnard, Blair and Corneillie. These owls do their prowling under the cover of darkness, but they manage to do their share.

Aircraftmen Dutton and Dederick passed their trade board and anxiously await the results. You will see them soon showing the props on their arms to everybody on the station.

Some new fellows have been added to the section during the last few weeks. First there was the writer of this article, then virtuous Bob Vice and Mike Suzanski. Since the arrival of Mike, the song hit of the day in the instrument shop is: "Oh Suzanski, Oh don't you cry for me—"

No, our section is not brightened by the presence of a beautiful W.D.

—V—

All the boys in the Instrument Section wish to offer their sympathies to Bob Vice, who has lost his father and to Lou Dederick, whose mother in law died during the month.

Roger Meloche

THE GUNNER AND THE PILOT

(with apologies)

"Could you fly a little faster?"
Came the gunner's plaintive wail,
"The drogue should be away back
here

Right opposite the tail,
See how far behind we are,
It only needs a glance,
So will you, won't you, will you,
won't you,
Won't you please advance?"

"Could you fly a little slower?"
Came the gunner's second cry,
"The drogue's away behind us —
It just went shooting by,
When I get my sights on it,
I'll really go to town,
So won't you, will you, won't you,
will you,
Will you please slow down?"

"Could you get a little closer?"
Next came the anxious shout,
"We're nearly half a mile away,
And that's much too far out,
To fire from here would near no
score,
And that would be a sin,
So will you, won't you, will you,
won't you,
Won't you please close in?"

"That's right," at last there came the
cry,
"Just keep her there, that's fine!"
But minutes passed and not a shot
Was heard along the line,
Then there came a tired voice,
"You'll have to take her in —
I've got a bloomin' blinkin' blasted
Broken firing pin!"



Aussie Poet Writes Tribute

(taken from Tribune, Oct 12)

"No drums they wished, whose
thoughts were tied
To girls and jobs and mother,
Who rose and drilled and killed and
died
Because they saw no other.
Who died without the hero's throb
And if they trembled, hid it,
Who did not fancy much their job
But thought it best and did it."

by Michael Thwaites

Lieutenant Thwaites joined the Royal Navy immediately after Britain went to war and has been under fire often in the course of convoy duty in every danger zone in the Atlantic. He knows how men feel about the war, and he says, "I try to translate those feelings into poetry."

BOOK REVIEWS

Meet Mrs. Miniver. Mrs. Miniver is British. She is also an international character. She is the Universal heart-warming person, a character of patience and cheerfulness to everyone. She is always seeing the pleasant side of life.

With the backing of the present life of the British People she holds up to the view of the everyday domesticities, the comings and goings of the Family Life and finds them good.

Mrs. Miniver at tea, Mrs. Miniver trying to discover what the Windshield Wiper is really saying, which she has a hard time really making up her mind to the words it does say.

Mrs. Miniver has three children, unpredictable, and altogether a too predictable husband, Mrs. Miniver is the woman who said she could only accept "Really Nice Children" as evacuees.

The characters in this thumb-nail sketch are disarmingly simple and re-

cognizable, and yet by the Author's gift of intense observation the ordinary becomes extraordinary and suddenly important.

This is a grand book, "Mrs. Miniver" with its charming and humorous but wise manner.

"Readers everywhere should welcome all Mrs. Minivers."

H.S.

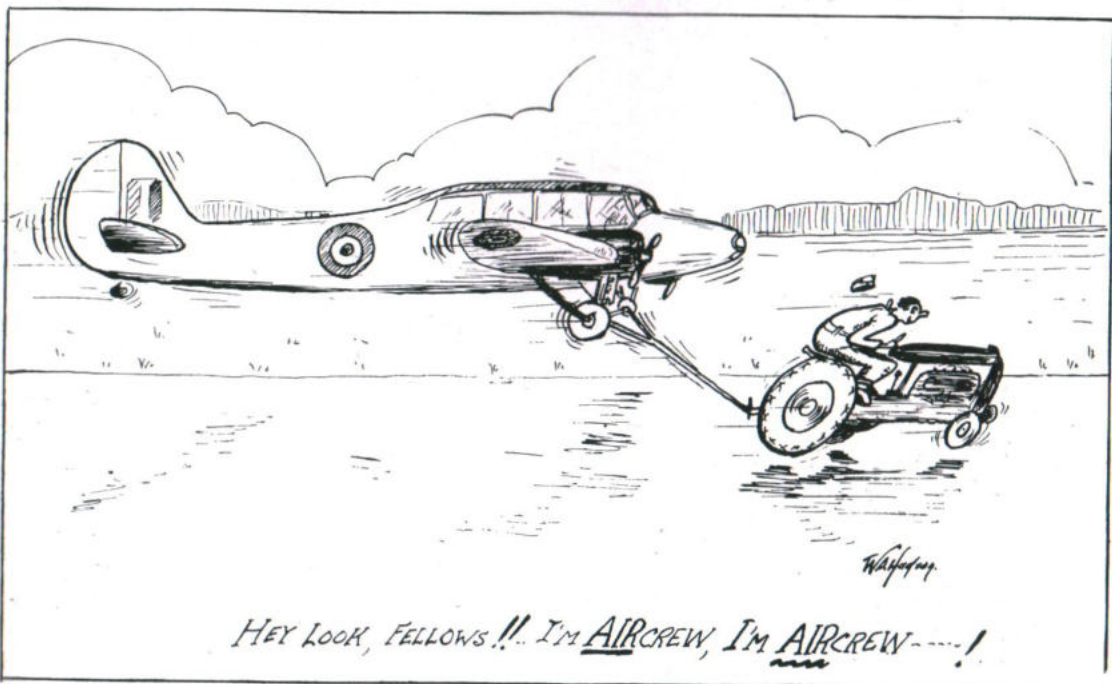
"FLASH"

(Continued from page 76)

telephoned Headquarters and stated he was attending a meeting and had taken the bicycle with him. Now, no doubt, you believe this crime to have been committed by an AC1 or AC2 but my friends you are in for a surprise on wheels, it was a Squadron Leader, yes ——— a very prominent person of the Headquarters building. We don't think however that his intentions were criminal but if he had only known just how many lives he nearly wrecked, he certainly would have walked to the meeting.

Incidentally, a Court of Inquiry will be assembled next week.

G.R.S.



EQUIPMENT VERSUS THE WORLD

We Are All Right, the World Is Wrong

The equipment section has an odd humor of its own which gives the average bystander the impression that we are slightly off the beam. Recalling that old adage "that truth will out" let us be honest and admit that most of us are screwy. During the eighteen months that I have been here I have seen many an equipment man come and go, one screwball replacing another. If it were not for the firm but gentle guidance of Messrs. Robbins, MacArthur and Knoblauch, I believe we would all go beserk at one time or another. Some of us do.

To you who are not familiar with the duties of the equipment personnel, this work might appeal. After all you say, what does an equipment man do? He goes to work at nine, sits down at a desk, reads yesterday's D.R.O. smokes a few cigarettes, and hands out the occasional tie. If things are very busy he issues a uniform. What a racket!! What a racket, my neck!

Brother and sister, sit back and let me tell you one tale of woe. And what a tale! Did you ever hear about "The Battle of The Vouchers?" This battle has been going on for days and days in the past and will continue long after the war is over. All our groups are equipped with little books called tally cards. Within the covers of these books you will find considerable writing but no pictures which makes them rather dry reading. Now the word tally is a simple word with a simple meaning. In our case it means that all we have to do is show in our tally cards the receipt of equipment and to whom it was issued. Simple, eh what? Well, either the word "simple" has a very com-

plex meaning or they should change our books to read "Jitter Cards." Not that they tend to make us jitter bugs just plain bugs. The above, my friends, is just one small phase of our work. Time and space do not allow me to acquaint you with all our problems.

To preach on a subject I am fairly familiar with, let us dwell with clothing stores for a few seconds. In clothing stores, we find the equipment hoarders, men whose main ambition is to keep all equipment on their shelves and let you go barefooted or in patches, whatever the case may be, (or so some people seem to think). Some how, the rumour has circulated to the effect that our promotions depend on our ability to turn away the poorly clad airmen, a rumour I wish to squash in its infancy; for if it were so, I would be working for my paid LAC props to-day. My co-worker Red Harwood went so far as to shed his coat in Dauphin one night to satisfy the desires of a sadly maltreated airman. ("No greater love hath a man than to give his coat to another.")

There are other things, things that make Mr. Robbins look worried, that keep Mr. MacArthur on the jump and Sergeant Major Knoblauch losing weight. Things that have others walking about laughing like Harwood, muttering like P.G. talking crazily like Lebel, and that have Tommy Winn believing he is the champion light weight boxer of Canada, and have yours truly walking about in a "punchier" condition then what he really is.

Garcia, J. J.

TO OUR ADVERTISERS

Advertisers in unit publications such as the Paulson Post has been discontinued by order from R.C.A.F. Headquarters.

It is the desire of the Editorial Staff of the Paulson Post to express their thanks for the co-operation the advertisers have given us and extend to them the heartiest compliments of the season.

The Editor

HUMOUR

The famous Canadian Professor, Stephen Leacock, tells this one: "Years ago when I first got my Ph.D. degree, I was inordinately proud of and used to sign myself "Dr. Leacock" in season and out. On an ocean trip I put my name down that way on the passenger list. I was just getting my things straight in my cabin when a steward knocked and said,

"Are you Dr. Leacock?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, the Captain's compliments doctor, and will you please come and have a look at the second stewardess's leg?"

I was off like a shot, realizing the obligations of a medical man. But I had no luck. Another fellow got there ahead of me. He was a Doctor of Divinity."

Mental Alertness of the French

Despite the ignominy to which the Nazis subject him, the Parisian's humour has lost none of its astringency. When it comes to wit, it's the French rapier to the German truncheon every time. The following story, now going the rounds in Paris, was recently sent to the B.B.C. by a listener in France.

The Auteuil Police station was telephoned at 9.15 one evening by a man who asked for the Chief Inspector. Would he, the caller asked come at once to a certain spot where a Jew had just killed a German, and was eating his brains. The Inspector said it was impossible. He could not do anything about it.

"Why?" was the astonished retort.

"Well, there are three reasons," replied the Inspector, "Germans have no brains; Jews don't eat pig, and, at 9.15 everyone is too busy listening to the B.B.C. anyway."

NUMBER SEVEN BOMBING & GUNNERY SCHOOL — PAULSON, MAN.

Honor Roll

R67247	Sgt. Anger, F. H. E.	Missing 9-3-42
R77252	Sgt. Bradley, N. W. R.	Missing 17-6-42 (Now Prisoner of War)
R76229	Sgt. Boates, R. M.	Killed in Action 21-5-42
R77218	Sgt. Clarson, H. A.	Missing 24-6-42
R82859	Sgt. Charbonneau, J. M.	Killed in Action 6-5-42
R80079	Sgt. Clarke, W. V.	Missing after Air Operations
R134687	LAC Duncan, D. W.	Killed in Flying Accident at Paulson, 2-9-42
R86552	P/O Harris, C. A.	Killed in Action 22-5-42
R103752	LAC Lambert, K. A.	Killed in Flying Accident at Paulson, 2-9-42
R79805	Sgt. Leckie, N. A.	Missing 6-4-42
GB1385640	Sgt. Lowe, C. P. P.	Killed in Flying Accident at Paulson, 2-9-42
R86431	Sgt. Lucki, A.	Missing after Air Operations
R83550	Sgt. Margrett, A. A.	Missing 10-6-42
R91235	Sgt. McFee, A. G.	Missing 29-6-42
R72641	Sgt. Norrie, T. L. J.	Missing 2-6-42
GB1332655	Sgt. Ogden, A.	Killed in Flying Accident at Paulson, 2-9-42
R56441	Sgt. Pilborough, W. E.	Missing 8-6-42
R75886	P/O St. Ours, J. A.	Killed in Action 21-4-42
R77339	Sgt. Turley, W.	Missing after Operations, June 1941
R95310	Sgt. Wood, R.	Killed in Canada 15-12-41
R90173	Sgt. Lenover, Charles, S.	Missing on Operations.
R134279	LAC Gilmour Wesley	Killed in Flying Accident, 18-9-42
GB1550367	LAC Musto, F. W. A.	Killed in Flying Accident, 18-9-42
GB157732	Sgt. McNeill, J. H. M.	Killed in Flying Accident, 18-9-42
R92487	Sgt. Buchanan, S.L. G. Y.	Missing after Operations, 22-9-42
R90072	Sgt. Gartside, W. M.	Missing after Operations.
R100369	Sgt. Temple, A. J.	Killed on Operations.
R84285	Sgt. Szumlinski, C. L.	Missing, believed Killed on Operations.
R74488	Sgt. Carkner	Killed on Operations.
R76168	Sgt. Skinner, L. N.	Killed on Operations.
R90300	Sgt. Gregory, H. W.	Missing believed Killed on Operations.
R82071	Sgt. Cram, M.	Missing after Operations in Canada.
R86914	Sgt. Nerland, P. M.	Prisoner of War, 26-9-42.
R63017	Sgt. Hatfield, H.	Killed on Operations Overseas.
R76773	F/Sgt. Duffy, J.	Missing on Operations Overseas.
	P/O Smith, J. H.	Killed Overseas, (Course 33), 24-9-42.
R54319	Sgt. O'Brien, C. O.	Missing believed Killed on Operations, 31-7-42
R62936	Sgt. Davidson, F. E.	Missing after Air Operations, 28-10-42.
R99962	Sgt. Drinkwater, J. W.	Missing after Air Operations, 28-10-42.
R92650	Sgt. Martin, W. K.	Missing after Air Operations, 2-11-42
GB1147866	LAC Dutton, H.	Killed at Rivers, Manitoba
GB1316636	LAC Symons, W. H.	Killed at Rivers, Manitoba

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