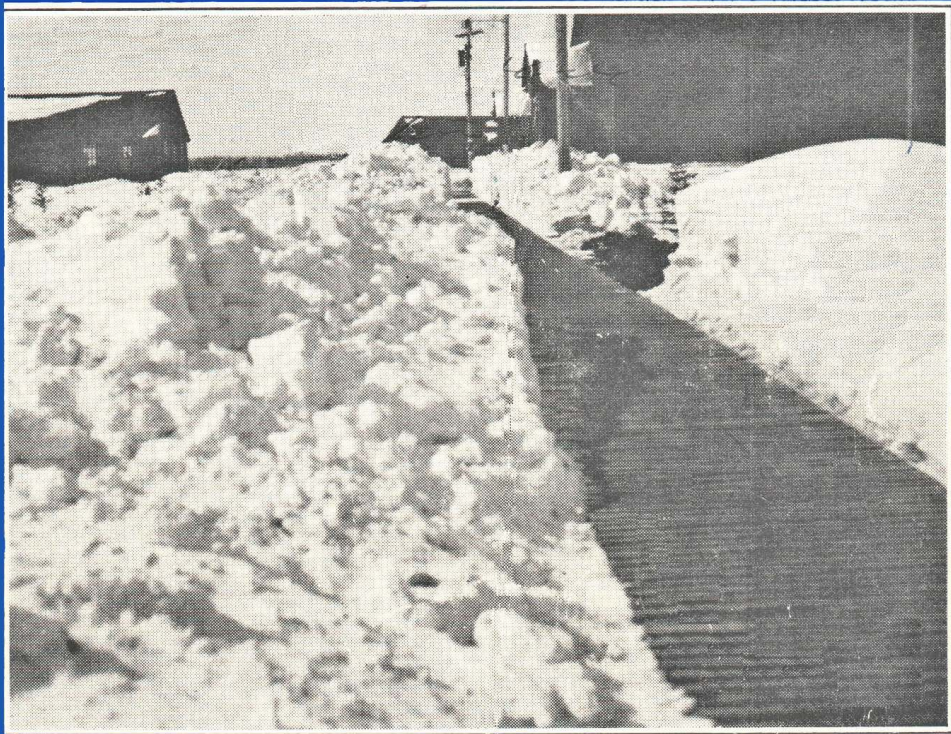




LOCUS IN NATURALIS ESSE



NO. 7 B. C.

THE *Paulson Post*

Paulson Man.

The Paulson Post

By kind permission of Wing Commander H. E. Stewart

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Editorial . . .

With advertisements it was possible to produce a big Paulson Post and sell it at the ridiculously low price of five cents per copy and still break even.

We all felt good about that because we were able to turn out a top rate magazine, one which was highly prized by personnel from all parts of the world. But the advertisements were stopped. Our main artery of supply was severed. In desperation we searched for some new way to carry on without cutting down the amount of newsprint. The price was raised to ten cents for each copy. But the spectre of a monthly deficit kept peering over our shoulder.

Here are some plain figures: the last issue of the Paulson Post cost us \$236.00, while our receipts amounted to only \$119.00. Simple Arithmetic quickly shows us that on this one issue we wallowed into the red to the extent of \$117.00. A temporary transfusion was given to us by the station fund (Airmen's and Airwomen's money) and by the Officers' and Sgts.' Messes. This is bad business. Obviously it can not go on. Either the paper must support itself or it will have to give up the ghost. Consequently we are making one last and desperate attempt to keep alive.

Beginning with this issue we will go to press only once every **two** months; the paper (with the exception of the cover) will be of cheaper stock; and a campaign to sell fifteen hundred copies per issue has been carefully planned.

Let's speak plainly. The outcome of the sales of this issue of the Paulson Post will determine its future. The Post has always been a medium through which we have recorded with pride, what is happening here. It is close to us. It deals with the people we know. It records what we have done together. It is our service diary. It helps to keep up our spirits. Undoubtedly it fosters the spirit of co-operation, for it gives us the opportunity to talk up our station.

The Editorial Staff, as your representatives, solemnly swears that it will do its best to keep the dead lines coming. We ask only that you become aware of the gravity of the situation and give the extra support so badly needed now.

We make a final appeal to "the powers that be" to open up again the old source of supply — advertising. We believe that business men, being both interested in the Service and deriving a benefit from it, regard such advertising not as a burden but as an opportunity. With advertisements we can publish a station magazine which will be an important moral-building agent.

Ban on Children -- Editorial

What do the landlords and landladies of this community expect the wives of our soldiers to do with their children—drown them?

While the fathers of these children are overseas fighting for this country, their wives are being driven almost frantic trying to get places to live in. Oh, there are rooms available for rent, but finding a landlady who will take children into her home is most difficult. On this score the complaints are numerous and pitiful. The landladies want business girls or men who will give them little trouble.

Of course children are a nuisance at times. They make noises, they mark up the wallpaper with their soiled little hands, and when they have a stomach ache in the middle of the night they cry. The young women, who are just learning about motherhood, may not be very ex-

pert in taking care of them. But mothers, no less than welders and bricklayers, have to learn the tricks of the trade from experience.

What these landladies seem to have forgotten is that we are fighting a war. They, moreover, have forgotten that there are even less desirable lodgers than children— storm troopers and Nazi soldiers, for example. The noise these little children make, the damage they do to wallpaper, are as nothing compared with the noise and damage that these Nazi gangsters would do. The people of occupied Europe would find the attitude of our room-renters incomprehensible. Surely this is something for unbombed, unoccupied Winnipeg to remember.

EDITORS: The above editorial was printed in the Winnipeg Free Press on April 16, of this year. Does it apply only to Winnipeg?

My Dream House

My dream house stands by the open sea
On a piece of land that belongs to me.
And I paid — I don't remember the price
For my little acre in Paradise.

Oh, the Southern Cross hangs over my door
And the moon flings silver on the floor
While the surf makes thunder on the beach
And the rainbow's end is within my reach.

The clematis sprinkles my walls with stars
And the tropic sun lies in golden bars,
On the soft wat where I lie at ease
And feel the soft caressing breeze,
That is tangled with salt from the lazy sea
Where the flying fish skim endlessly.

The green fantastic mountains rise
In sudden swoops to the startled skies,
Where white cloud-monsters puff their cheeks
And scrape their bellies across the peaks.

There's a puriri tree upon my lawn
Where the sparrows, at the peep of dawn
Raise an awful row, but I don't care
I rather like to hear them there.

Oh, the seasons come and the seasons go
And Easterly storms and Trade winds blow,
While the peaches ripen on the trees
And I smell white titree in the breeze
And the majestic pohutukawa spreads
Its scarlet and magenta reds.

Look thru my eyes and see this land
Where beauty lives on every hand,
And would you care to use my ears
And hear the music with its tears,
I'll give my heart to you, so you may live
One glorious day—in Paradise.
My little dream house is open to you,
But I think before the day has flown
You'll want a dream house of your own.

Oh, little dream house by the beach
Your drifting wind-blown memories reach,
Across the world, across the years,
And settle in my heart. The fears,
Of losing you have made me care
To pluck a thought from here and there,
And weave them into jumbled line
To give to some dear friends of mine.

I wrote of my house of dreams one day
A low rambling house, I think of the way,
That the rugs are laid across the floor
And the windows, the walls, the panelled
door

The kauri shelves, the rimu stand,
The bits of jade from an Eastern land,
My favorite pictures on the wall
That faded woven silken shawl,
The model ship upon the shelf
I think of the things I chose myself,
That hours of idle dreaming brings
So vividly real they sometimes seemed
That I quite forgot I only dreamed,
That the walls are there, the colors gay
It's a dear mirage that soon fades away.



"ESCAPE FROM DUNKIRK"

By P.O. M. E. Scanlan

Our long weary trek to the coast was accompanied by incessant dive-bombing and machine gunning. We could not travel at our usual fast pace owing to our having to take cover every few minutes. The noise was terrific, the moral effect of screaming bombs and whistling dive-brakes being even greater, I think, than the physical aspect. As for sleep and food, well, neither were to be had, our Iron Rations being our only means of sustenance.

Eventually, on the second night, we managed to make a halt at a farm approximately 20 miles from DUNKIRK. To our extreme amazement, the farmer and his wife were still carrying on with their work. They placed their large barn at our disposal and were only too pleased to allow us the use of their large kitchen. But what was even better was their generosity in supplying us with milk, butter, bread and potatoes. After our experiences, this was a meal fit for kings, and we did it full justice, afterwards falling into deep and satisfying sleep.

Towards the early hours of the morning our dreams were most rudely interrupted by a terrific fracas in the farmyard. A hurried dash outside found the cause of the trouble to be a unit of 12 Belgian soldiers mounted on motor-cycle and armoured side-cars. They received quite a shock when we jumped out of the darkness; and it was only luck that someone was not killed, because their

first impression of us was that we were an advance force of the enemy. However, after much talking and even more gesticulating, we discovered that they were a Recce unit touring the countryside warning of the enemy's advance.

No sooner had they disappeared when the A.A. guns opened up; this time a large formation of Ju. 88's was the object of their attack. A great deal of flack went up, but, it must be admitted, the Ju. 88's simply ignored it and eventually, to show their contempt for us, came down very low and proceeded to machine gun the A.A. crews, the refugees, and of course, us. Our Brens and rifles blazed defiance and without cover we did our best to shoot at least one of them down, without success. When the raiders had departed, and, as we reflected how we stood there in the open, well, we had cold shivers running up and down our bodies. It was remarkable how few of us were even scratched in that encounter.

Eventually, after two more similar raids, we approached the outskirts of DUNKIRK. Dusk was falling and we could see the fires of the town against the blue background of the sky. A continual shuttle-service of enemy A/C was in operation and the town was slowly crumbling up. One formation would arrive over the town, do its work and leave, just as another formation was making its entry. The sky was literally a mass

ESCAPE FROM DUNKIRK—(Continued)

of aircraft and, to be truthful, I do not think any of us entertained any hope of ever getting through such an inferno.

To add a touch of the macabre, we camped in a graveyard that night, just outside the town. Here was ample scope for the alleged humorists to make facetious remarks about ambulances, etc. Sleep was next to impossible as the roar of the bombers screaming of bombs, and explosions of A.A. fire is certainly not any inducement to the charms of Morpheus.

Two hours before dawn a whispered command was circulated to the effect that we were going to move to the beach. This journey was no ordinary journey—it was a prolonged agony of crawling on hands and knees. This difficult mode of travel was necessitated by the ever-present fifth columnists who were reporting troop movements to the enemy. As was mentioned before, these people were everywhere and their presence was a menace. In time we did arrive at the Beach. Here the bombings and machine-gunning were increased ten-fold reaching its peak as night fell. However, next morning, our burden was somewhat lessened owing to the appearance of R.A.F. Fighters. The Spitfires, greatly outnumbered, did a magnificent job, and many a boastful Luftwaffe pilot met his fate that day. Shortly after dawn the Royal Navy began the evacuation under the protection of R.A.F. and assistance of its own A.A. guns.

The beach was crowded with men—a weary bunch of men, tired unshaven, wounded, but all uncomplaining. Some were suffering badly from shell-shock and their comrades did their best for them by making them walk around and by keeping them occupied. The R.A.F. was still fighting above us, but we were always

subjected to the merciless hail of lead from above.

Gradually we began to move aboard ships, there were all kinds of vessels there, destroyers, passenger ships, motor-boats, fishing smacks—everything. Some men swam to the ships and others were lucky enough to make their way there in small boats. Many were sunk, hospital ships being a most welcome target for the Hun, but most managed to sail across the channel.

Our battery—or rather, what was left of it—managed to set aboard a destroyer—and eventually we pulled out of Dunkirk. We were crammed like sardines, but what did that matter? We were being saved.

Slowly we drew away from DUNKIRK — a blazing shambles — and although we were attacked by Stukas three times, we eventually came in sight of the English coastline. I cannot describe my feelings then; a pang comes into my throat, and the heart sets up a painful throbbing. One cannot speak—only think .

Britain was calm and welcomed us back again; not much was said — we all knew how they felt for us. But it was so quiet and peaceful. The menace that was only 25 miles across a stretch of water was rearing up its head again and preparing to strike its poison fangs deep at its foe. All we had to do now was wait and pray—for had not our prayers been answered once before when all seemed lost?

THE END

What a wonderful bird the frog are
When he stand, he sit almost;
When he hop, he fly almost,
He ain't got no sense hardly;
He ain't got no tail hardly either,
When he sit he sit on what he ain't
got almost.

COASTAL PATROL

By S/L. K. W. Walton

During the first two years of the present war, the duties of a Coastal Patrol Squadron were perhaps the most tiresome and, at most times uninteresting. But recently, from all newspaper reports, Coast Patrol duties have become very interesting. However, I intend to give you a short description of a convoy patrol in which one aircraft did not return.

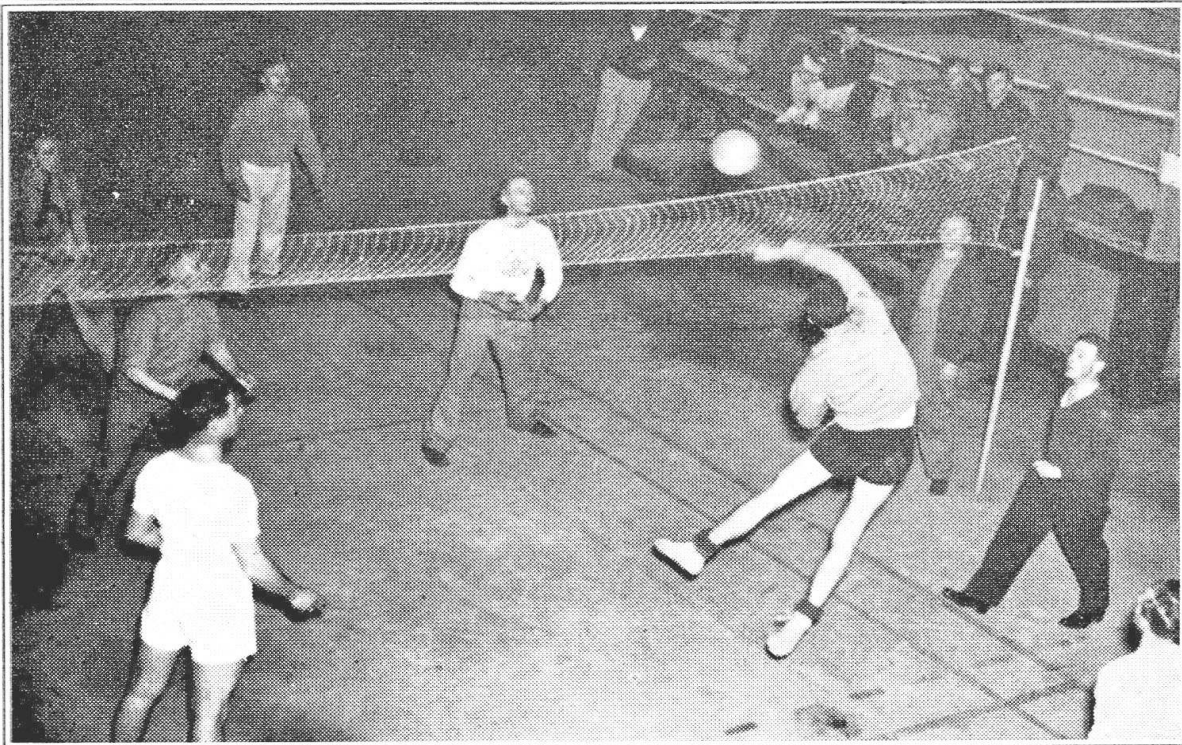
One morning in December, 1941, we received orders for five aircraft to proceed to a definite longitude and latitude and carry out a convoy patrol. We were airborne at 10:30 hours and the weather was fairly clear; the weather report indicated that there would be a little change. We proceeded without incident and located the convoy. We patrolled the convoy for two hours and a half at which time we were relieved by two other aircraft, and then proceeded to Base. After flying for one hour, we ran into a blinding snow storm and, as it was between us and the coast, we were forced to fly through it. After another thirty minutes, we received a message that it was snowing and to proceed to Moncton, New Brunswick.

We immediately altered course, and after thirty minutes reached the coast of Nova Scotia or what seemed to be the coast, because our visibility was practically nil. However, as our E.T.A. checked for a landfall, everything was in order. The wind was steadily increasing in velocity; consequently the pilot decided to follow the coast line in an endeavour to get out of the storm, and in case we couldn't, we would near the ocean if a forced landing was necessary. The time now was 14:10. We followed the coastline for three hours

and the pilot finally decided to make a forced landing as the gasoline supply was getting low. We jettisoned the bombs and prepared for a crash landing. Luckily, however—just at that moment, the storm cleared slightly and we saw a stretch of beach and decided to try a landing—which we did successfully in a heavy cross-wind and with practically no visibility. We were snow-bound here for three days which included New Year's Day. Our diet consisted of fish and stale bread mixed together for all meals. We drank a toast to the New Year with a glass of water, there being no liquor available. Every three hours we had to start the A/C motors as we had no way to heat them or drain the oil. On the third day we took off and without further mishap arrived at Base—in much need of a shave and a general clean up.

The other aircraft which was with us, got separated from us when we hit the storm, and after flying for six hours one engine cut and finally the other so they prepared for a crash landing on the water. Luck was certainly with them because, just as the second engine cut, they saw the coastline ahead and hit the water one hundred yards from the shore. With considerable difficulty, they all managed to make shore, very wet and cold, and the aircraft was damaged beyond repair by being pounded against the rocks. Three other aircraft which left the convoy about two hours previous to us did proceed to Moncton, New Brunswick, but could not land as the storm beat them to it. They proceeded to Sydney, Nova Scotia, and landed safely. In our aircraft, however, as the wheels touched the ground, both engines quit—out of gas.

HIGHLIGHTS IN THE SPORTS SECTION



The Winter Sports Finale, held March 31st and April 1st is the signal to drop the curtain on indoor sporting activities and branch out into the wide open spaces. Station Leagues were conducted in hockey (which the weather did not permit us to finish) basketball and borden ball. Badminton tournaments were held each Thursday evening during the winter and proved most successful.

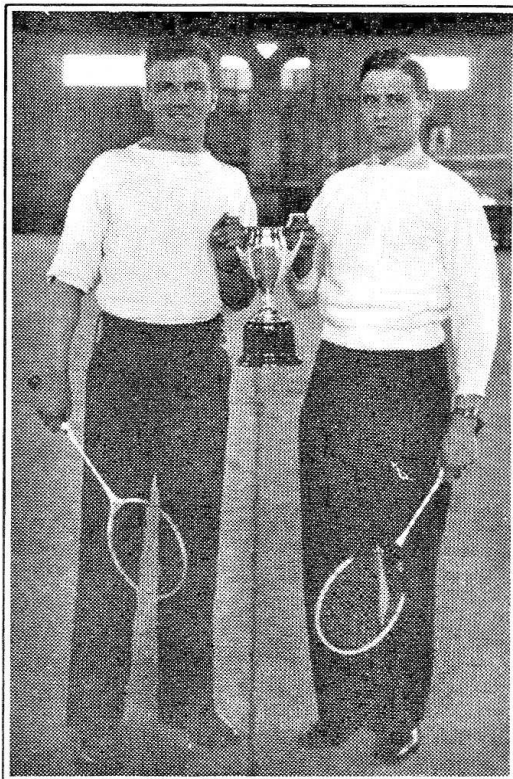
This Finale of Winter Sports brought out the best in all the leagues. Here is a brief summary of the events:

Borden Ball—This was a marvelous match between the Sgts. and Class F. The Trainees were successful in nosing out a victory with a score of 7-6. Players on the champion team include: LAC. Campbell, LAC. Horie, LAC. Lamb, LAC. Miley, LAC. Smith, LAC Paddy.

Basketball—The two top teams of the station league were the Sgts. and the Officers and therefore the battle for the championship of the station was one of keenest rivalry. After three periods of swift passing, good shooting and basketball the Officers were able to take home the championship. Players included Cpt. Danzinger, F/O. McLean, P/O. Magson, P/O. Sweeney and F/O. Grant.

Volleyball—This was a challenge event and the interest shown was most surprising. The finals again were between the Sgts. and the Account section, with the Accounts winning. Players on the star team included: Cpl. Thornsteinson, Cpl. Gent, AC2 Kremplin, AC2 Bell, AC2 Hunter, AC2 Turnbull.

Badminton—The entire badminton finale was a contest that thrilled the hearts of all enthusiasts. We regret



Sgt. Higginson and F/S. Formand

there is not sufficient space to give you all the highlights but here are the events and the station champions:

Women's singles—Cpl. Spohn.

Men's singles—LAC. Cunningham.

Mixed doubles — Cpl. Spohn and Sgt. Higginson.

Men's doubles—F/S. Formand and Sgt. Higginson.

Ping-Pong—This is always a popular indoor game but particularly so in the winter months at Paulson, therefore it was not surprising that not only a large number of entries but also players in excellent form turned out for these events. Here is the winner:

Men's singles—LAC. Phillips.

We can not leave the field of winter sport without mention of the W.D. basketball team — the team which never lost a game. The players on this all-star team included Cpt. LAW. Fitchell, AW. Doran, AW. Heavener, LAW. Mulligan,



Cpl. Spohn

LAW. Irwin, LAW. Chadney, LAW. Catt, LAW. O'Reilly, LAW. Dobson, AW Hembroff and Cpl. Spohn. You made a great showing for the station girls and the coach Sgt. Higginson says that is nothing compared to the showing they are going to make in the softball world this coming season.

BOWLING CHAMPIONS

The No. 7 Ten Pin team came through with a burst of glory to win the Dauphin Senior Ten-Pin League Trophy. It was a thrilling match and anybody's game right until the last ball. Players on the champion team include: Cpl. Stubbs, Sgt. Arnold, LAC. McDonald, F/S. Jones, R. D., Cpl. Morris, Cpl. Hutchinson.

This spectacular win is not the only one made by the bowlers from this station during the past season. F/S. Jones, R. D., and Sgt. Arnold won the New Year's tournament; while Clp. Stubbs and Sgt. Arnold won the elimination tournament.

W. D. DOINGS and MISDOINGS



WE hear that C.R. was slightly aggrieved because the last issue of the Paulson Post got away to the printer without their seeing it. Probably they are afraid that some of their past indiscretions would catch up with them, and they wouldn't be prepared.

WE wonder who has been spreading sunshine and light and great industry around the Orderly Room of late? And why, and how long will it last?

PAULSON has a new celebrity, the bearer of a name of great fame—our modern Joan of Arc, the leader of our Free French. During the day she works diligently at Maintenance. At night she raises the morale of our forces at the canteen and the movies.

WE think that our basketball team should get in the habit of carrying a lock with them when they visit other stations and strange dressing rooms. Not, of course, to keep the W.D.'s in, but to keep out would-be aspirants to the team. It is very fortunate that our hospital assistants don't embarrass easily.

HOW did a certain trade corporal whose initial is "J", get a nickname that starts with "L"? We know, she

knows, and so does a certain sergeant who fairly recently changed his business headquarters.

RUMOUR has it, aided by several able assistants that competition for the use of the N.C.O.'s room at the W.D. canteen is so strong, that some definite arrangement must be made. One suggestion is that W.D. N.C.O.'s wishing to reserve the room, put their name on a list, and that a strict tally be kept on the hours, so that no one (?) person would make use of the room to the exclusion of others, perhaps too shy to assert themselves. Another is that a waiting line be formed in the writing room outside. At certain specified intervals an alarm clock, set of course, by disinterested parties, would sound a variety of curfew, and all would rotate one place forward. Anyone leaving the room would be allowed to take up their place at the end of the line, and work forward again.

NOW that the men's canteen, complete with staff, has temporarily moved into the W.D. canteen, it is almost impossible to get the W.D. canteen stewards to take time off. Can it be that they are that devoted to their work? And who is Patsy Watsy?

WHO is the W.D. corporal who, one inspection morning, was the recipient of the salutes of half the station's personnel? It must be nice to ride in state, eh corporal H—?

FADDY people these W.D.'s (like all people). One wins a doll at the carnival, and proudly carries it home. The next night the entire population of the W.D. barracks turns out in full force, bent on winning dolls. Some do, some don't. Many of those unfortunate enough not to be fortunate,

W. D. DOINGS and MISDOINGS — Continued

actually purchased what seemed, at the time at any rate, to be their heart's desire. Now you should see the barracks. There is everything from a burlesque beauty to innumerable soft cuddly sleepy ones. There is also, although it is doubtful whether it should be classed with dolls, a handsome statue of an airman, the proud possession of the Plotting Office. He has a name too, and without too much searching, the initials "VR".

TOO bad the W.D.'s don't patronize their own dances more. At the St. Patrick's Dance in the Canteen, there were far too few W.D.'s present. Airmen stood around for lack of partners. They are your dances, girls, and it's up to you if you want any more.

THEN there is the corporal who very kindly consented to make an airwoman's bed for her. Probably the fact that she was going on leave softened her mind a little. First thing we know there will be a precedent set, and we will have the N.C.O.'s tidying the airwomen's shelves, offering to polish their buttons for them, and scrubbing up on fatigue nights.

WHILE on the subject of corporals, who is the one quite newly installed, who finds her office work rather tiring after late hours in company with a certain sergeant late of Headquarters? These carnivals are great things .

WHY were the Plotting Office W.D.'s so anxious to be excused P.T. one Friday night, but found Sgt. B—— a hard bargainer?

WE suggest that a certain corporal who lives behind the canteen, and tries to brush her teeth with talcum powder, wakes up before she gets

up, instead of vice versa. It must have been the badminton or rugby (not parlour) of the night before.

WANTED. Any choice bits of information, any gossip, polite or otherwise. Any boners or smart remarks by or about W.D.'s thankfully received. This column gets harder to write every issue. Be helpful. If you found yourself in the last issue, and your best friend was left out, hasten to soothe her ruffled feelings by seeing that she gets in the next one. All contributions printed anonymously if there is danger of a suit for libel, or possibilities of bodily violence.

ONE of the clerk generals, we won't mention rank, objected strenuously to being awakened the other morning, in fact she almost became violent. She wanted to go on dreaming. Since then every time she sees an Aussie she looks at him hopefully and then looks away quite downcast. He must have been quite a man. (Note: On questioning, she says he was).

— V —

An airman who had been on flying duties, and was grounded because of ear trouble tells this story.

"I was given a job at the drogue hut, collecting the drogues when dropped and helping to mark them. After some six months of this during cold winter, I reported sick with a very bad cold. I was given treatment by the Orderlies, but to no avail, so finally I got to the M.O. who, after a thorough check said, "My lad what you need is a job out in the open air for a few months." Well———!!!!

— V —

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Do you know who the Paulson Lady Killer is? None other than Reynolds (Fire Fighter)—that's what he thinks.

Mully sure goes for those tall, curly-headed Aussies. Wonder why? Could it be that she wants her future home to be Australia.

I hope that Sgt. Thomas will let everyone know about his plans in April, Congrats, and may there be many ———?

We wonder who the M.B.C. is that's sporting the \$25.75 moustache?

Boiler rooms are O.K. on cold nights—aye, G.D.?

What Hosp. Asst. went to Regina on a 48 and came back in a week's time. She not only left her heart there—but—also her voice.

What's cooking "Paddy" S.? Why so interested in jewellery?

Two is company—Three is a crowd Cpl. S——n.

I guess Enos Fruit Salts didn't do the F/S in Clothing Stores any good — Let's see — how about Carter's Little Liver Pills?

Just who does that New Zealander belong to, Mac? Or is it a 50-50 proposition between you and your P.T.I. friend—or does she just watch that no one else hooks him while you're not around.

Yes Sir. P.S. Lowe came down to visit us a few days ago, and what do you think—he tried to raffle the remaining Battle off, Good old P.G.

Rae says, "I'm not going to cheat, even if he is over there." The boys will have a hard time resisting you.

Quote: "Can you imagine me spending my last dollar to buy those ——— a beer, and they wouldn't even offer me a cigarette". Unquote: Cpl. Sindrey.

The new door rail in front of the W.D. Barracks really does a rushing business these warm nights. I hear that Doran, Mully and Mac draw lots each night to see who the lucky person is to be.

Who's that P.T.I. Cpl. who is going around sporting dirty looks at a Sgt.— in charge of the variety show?

What is Chudley going to buy an acre of, after the war?

How to get around F/S Jones (shorty) in two easy lessons;

1st: You have to do something wrong.

2nd: Roll your eys (blue preferable) and bingo! You are a free person.

Who said I was jealous of F/S Hodgkinson's moustache?

Why do you like working in Gun-nery Flight better than Bombing—Tadman?

What instrument man (who thought he was "King of the Air") had to clean an aircraft out after his flip?

Jackson sure likes the canteen c.a. show nights. You aren't broke are you, J.E.J.?

 THROUGH THE KEYHOLE — Continued

Say, Robby, how about paying Lees his amount, those things are scarce now?

Dark hair in Parachute Section has started dreaming of Sgt. Churko. Be careful One of you will lose your glasses.

What I really like about Ciortan is her new hair do, it sends a cold chill down my spine—like an old hang-over.

"Hasn't Steve got the cutest moustache—you should know Mac, you've had your teeth brushed more than once.

It's about time we had some definite information on Red and Lebel.

"I've tried that R.A.F.'s technique—now I'll take a fling at some of these Aussies",—Dobson.

Jacks are O.K. — aye McMann — especially Jack Pots (\$17.75).

What names dogs get — example, "Scottie" — and do they both run when the name is mentioned.

On March 30th, F/S Gros and Sgt. Baxter went out hunting—what?

1. There was once a maiden of Paulson,
A sweet little wolf was she,
She wolfed all the men on the station
Especially one L.A.C.
2. He was innocent and unsuspecting,
As putty in her lovely arms,
'Twas not long 'fore his morale was shaken,
And he lost track of time's drifting sands.

3. Many other young airmen who lived there
Were also engrossed by her charms,
And according to all current scandal,
Had found sweet bliss in her arms.
4. Now this innocent budding young airman
Was floored by her offers of love,
And to clear his poor brain of the cobwebs,
Got an Anson to fly him above.
5. The port engine was having some trouble,
The fuel wasn't flowing quite right
Flames broke out quickly beneath him—
The Anson was ceasing its flight.
6. In hurried confusion the pilot,
Trying vainly to maintain control,
Shouted "Jump" to the harried young airman
Who wished now he'd taken a stroll.
7. Now the airman in his clouded frenzy
Had forgotten his parachute,
So the C.W.A.A.F. keeps wolfing at Paulson,
But she's working on another new recruit.
8. The morale of this story is two-fold
Stay away from this wolfish colleen,
And if you ever come up to Paulson
Stay out of the W.D. Canteen.

We were under the impression that wolfing was done by airmen but our attention was drawn to a certain W.D. Cpl. H., Sgt. in Brandon; P.O. in Winnipeg—Sgt. in Dauphin—things do change.

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE — Continued

How come a certain S.L., F.L. and F.O. connected with the management of Pot-Pourri have new hats—should the Accounts be examined?

My goodness! Were P.O. R.J., F.B., and "S" faces red at the mess meeting when they were reminded of their little spree—naughty—naughty.

And P.O. W.D. returned from Vancouver smitten by Cupid—will it last or will Paulson bring him back to earth?

True love never runs smooth A.W.L. and Sgt.—proved that—first they argued then they went into a huddle—could it be to keep from hitting each other?

This world is cruel—F/S P. is going around with a long face—is it because AW. W. was transferred from the Sergeants' Mess to the Officers' Mess?

You can't tell what to expect from people—of all things. Our Cpl. H. in the plotting office was seen at a dance gazing with that look into a certain person's eyes and holding hands.

Tough break "M" in G.I.S. that the Aussie at No. 10 has left—you will have to look for others to flash those beautiful eyes at.

Why does a certain F/L. A.G. have to pay 10c extra for a haircut—does a certain remark apply?—like going around a city block with a lawn mower.

F.O. "S" sure is anxious to go to Winnipeg on his 48's—he can make from the bus depot to the Drake Apts. in nothing flat.

The weather comes and goes but how did Sgt. McC. end up at Mac-Donald?—We know he's married so it couldn't be to see a "friend"—could it be he got "lost"?

We've seen some funny things but can you imagine two S.L.'s fixing a table in mess so it would fall into an unsuspecting P.O.'s lap, and then they claimed—it was an experiment.

The laugh was on an Irish P.O. "S" when an airman wanted to meet AW (same name). He did look cute in the W.D. uniform in Pot-Pourri.

What was the S.F.O. doing away (about 7 miles) down the road walking hand in hand with a young lady?

Did you ever notice how often P.O. "F" gets off the bus at a certain farmhouse?—Is it because he's interested in farming?

WOW! Did you ever see anybody's face beam so beautifully as "N's" who works in the Control Tower, when she heard P.O. "E" was posted back at Paulson?

Did he (P.O. E.) look silly when he was asked to pay the 50c for phone calls he put on another chap's hotel bill before he left?—and the excuses he had.

G.I.S. goes in for things in a big way—for instance their party—shampoos and showers — does S.L. W. know anything about them?

The Americans make some great claims but Paulson too has an immortal Sergeant—F.S. "B." from Neepawa.

Paulson's pride and joy is gone—F.S. "P.'s" mustache has been removed. He singed part of it trying to light one of the fags he got from the Sergeant's Mess.

The Heavy Weight Champion of Canada (Author).

Who left the POOR turret running?—or could it have been the burning of the Battery Charger!! Maybe it was the "Howling of the Banshee around the Irish Quarter".

Flight Lieutenant P. BYNG-HALL



F/L P. BYNG-HALL

Was born in England, but arrived on Canadian shores when only one year of age. His parents settled outside Victoria where F/L Byng-Hall commenced his education. From there they returned to England and then moved on to New Zealand. Again Canada seemed to call, and this time they settled in the Annapolis Valley. "And I'm going back there too, on my own farm when this job's done".

His service career began with the West N.S. Regiment and he landed overseas in 1939 with the 1st Canadian Division. Five months later, he was transferred to the R.A.F. and was commissioned as an Air-Gunner. Now we have him with us in G.I.S.

F/L Byng-Hall is married and living with his wife in Dauphin. Believes Paulson to be the best station he has yet been on. No doubt about that, Sir!!! (See page 29)

Orchids . . .

Orchids to the pilots of Armament Training squadron who, in March, set an all time station record for total hours flown and did so without a single flying accident.

Orchids to Flight Lieutenant Buchanan at the Station Red Cross Committee for the work they did in organizing the Red Cross Campaign on the Unit.

Orchids to all ranks on the station for the splendid response to the Station Red Cross Campaign — a total subscription of "\$2,627.20".

Orchids to the cast, organizers and all personnel who worked so

hard to make the Station Variety Show "Pot-Pourri" the success it was in Dauphin, Brandon and Winnipeg. Winnipeg papers say "It's a good show. It's got variety. It's also got pretty girls a good supporting cast you laugh they laugh you laugh a little louder they "comedize" with a fling you've got to see it to appreciate it. It will be worth your while" And the papers did not exaggerate—the play was a big success—in Dauphin, Brandon and Winnipeg. Financially speaking, it was certainly no "bust" either.

Your friends that have been posted away are still interested in the station. Have you sent them a copy?

THORNS FROM THE ROSE BOWL

WE'RE HERE! Out of the unknown atmosphere of this busy station, the Turret Section lifts up its proud head from the grindstone to make its debut in the Paulson Post. Although in operation soon after the opening of No. 7, the Turrets really took some months to get into "top" gear, but now it's "tops" with a vengeance, thanks to ten young and dashing W.A.G.'s and A.G.'s under the leadership of Pilot Officer "Paddy" Scanlan.

Our O.C., for those fortunate few who don't know him, originates from that notorious Legion, the I.R.A. Taking the oath at the age of five, he later reformed, and formed an alliance with the British Army—at the age of fourteen! Later still he employed his I.R.A. tactics at Dunkirk, and now by all that's holy, he's employing them at the "Rose Bowl"!

In order to clarify the minds of those unfortunates who don't know what a Turret is, it is a blister protruding for and aft from the tail, nose belly or top dead centre of a bomber. Those horns sticking out from the blister are guns and are not meant for you or anyone else to hang their coats on, eh, Sgt. Brown? Next time you go to the show, first watch some of the trainees gently sitting down. Victims of "Turret Blisters"—they'll describe one on you! Like a train engine, they too have a tender behind.

BURST BLISTERS—Side glances at our association.

1. So far Mulli hasn't given our Section a break—or the Wireless Room, eh, Gus?
2. Who's the W.A.G. Turret Instructor who was lecturing on the wrong blister at the Friday nite hop in town last week?

3. Sgt. Harrison — forty winks to you. Seems to have a standing date in the Dauphin Hotel. Like the town, Al?
4. And who's the F/Sgt. from B.C. who found a W.D. improperly dressed on the town hall dance floor and proceeded to straighten her Tie? Wouldn't know AMY-thing about it?

We have noticed a feeling of unrest among the double-you-dees at the Post Office. Could it be our "Don Juan" is posted Marg.?

Say, what's the attraction when officers and Sgt. Pilots come over to snatch a few minutes Turret Time? There must be something in the air. Maybe it's the films and interior decoration in the Rose Bowl—or could it be the nice friendly surroundings — or again, maybe they were just hiding and came to consult Harrison on the art of scrounging.

The little bird **will** whisper and so we would like to offer hearty congratulations to Sgts. Millard, Blake and Fordham who will soon be tying the knot—there might even be a fourth, eh, Sir?

Spring is Spring.

The grass is riz,

I wonder where the boidies is?

Could be the boidies on the wing?

Aint that absoid—

I thought the wings was on the boid!

There seem to be more Crowns floating around here than there are in Buckingham Palace. Congratulations F/Sgt. Edwards, Carroll and Henderson. There shouldn't be any more beefing now, eh?

Have you sent a copy of this issue to your home?

INSTRUMENT SECTION

Corporal "Dash-hither-and-thither Segal dropped into our Section again (he's getting to be a regular nuisance)—to remind us that we owe the reading public an article. We have been wanting to relieve ourselves of this obligation for some time, for years in fact—(bet you don't know what we mean)—but no one in the Section would condescend. Finally, we discovered that one of our fellows had been to school in his earlier years; and, having made such a discovery, we naturally enough gave him the honour-of-of-well-anyway-his is the "honour".

The personnel in our section lists no such journalists as say Beverley Baxter or J. B. Priestley; although we did have a Baxter at one time, but his name was Jim. Yes—just Jim. Nevertheless, the men—(no W.D.'s yet)—in our haven, are all great, each in his own little way.

Flight Hodgkinson, for example. He's great on the stage. You should see him playing the part of Hiawatha, (the modern version) not with bow and arrow but with a high-powered rifle, his own brain-child; (the only kind of children he has by the way).

Then, there's Corporal "Snuffy" Webber. He is too great in his own little way; mostly around the waist. Snuffy is to us, the newly installed Efficiency Expert; who, with the assistance of his Deputy, Red Dutton, is doing great things toward keeping the "E" waving proudly over the parade square. Snuffy heils (I mean "hails") from Winnipeg. He has come and gone from that fair burg so often that he feels that he should be given a voice in the affairs of the C.N.R., and is already prepared to offer his suggestions. Snuffy has in Winnipeg, two talented

children (they take after him) and a wife who, while the battle of Paulson rages on, is quietly and patiently "knitting a singlet for Cecil".

Sergeant Simons, too, although no longer in our midst, was a great man. If you don't believe us—ask Rea.

Incidentally, the very best wishes of all of us go with Si, who, as you know, was very recently posted overseas. We know that he will make as many friends there as he did here.

Speaking of greatness, there's Corporal Chudley. He's great for (Censored). Sorry!!!

LAC Orchard needs no introductions. You know him as the Torch Peden of Paulson; we know him as the Thomas Edison of the Instrument Section.

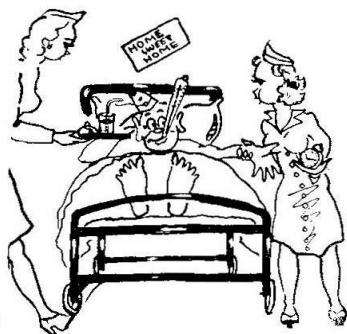
Al Barnard—has the distinction of being the greatest tea drinker on the station (That's a challenge). Barney, incidently still talks about his Christmas present. No wonder! It came to him with the words—"Till death do you part". If you want to know how best to "perpetrate atrocious pranks" (he loves big words) on your best friends, ask him. He knows them all; some of them very original; such as door-knobs, "loading" cigarretes, stuffing last week's Toronto Star Weekly into your bedding, and many others, too humorous to mention. Very!

Montreal has a representative amongst us in the person of Roger Meloche, the great lover. He has technique; and no foolin'! He loves this one; because she has a pleasant smile and intelligent face; and then he loves that one because she has culture (might even be "agri"-culture). We are all looking anxious-

(Continued on page 23)

STATION HOSPITAL NOTES

Kill or Cure Column!



It's some time since I dipped my quill to report from Station Hospital. That does not mean we have been inactive—on the contrary—we have been busy, but now there is a lull in the storm.

The S.M.O. has been a busy man these last two weeks. He has been single-handed. F.L. Steiman is still among the missing. He was fortunate enough to miss a cold winter, although they tell me there was a snow flurry in Toronto during the winter! F.O. Carruthers has been away on leave. He didn't go to Montreal because of his affection for his Alma Mater! We hope these officers will return refreshed, and ready for another spasm of treating Furunculosis, Tinea Pedis, Tinea Barbae and a host of other ills, real and imaginary that afflict tired airmen.

We have had changes in our Staff. LAC Butterworth was posted to the Manning Depot Hospital in Brandon. We welcome LAC Broomfield and LAC Dyer from Souris, and AC2 McAdorey from Trenton. A very welcome change in our staff took place at the last sitting of the Trade Test Board. LAW Roste, formerly of the Kitchen Staff, affectionately known as "Skanderhoof", was re-mustered to the trade of Hospital Assistant. She took her place in the Wards last week, and since then

most of our patients requested to be discharged from hospital.

Sister Bishop is having a well earned leave at the time of writing. Sister Rapley is having to do twice as much, but she is bearing up well under the strain.

We have a plentiful supply of Serums and Anti-toxins, and our needles are being sharpened for the Spring offensive.

The Staff of the Station expresses its Sincere Sympathy to Squadron Leader Johnston upon the death of his father.

What Sgt. from the hospital came back from Winnipeg bursting his buttons and bragging that his month-old daughter could say "HELLO DADDA"?

Who is it in the hospital that blows when Ernie doesn't write?

Was it the sudden departure of a sergeant that caused Rae to lose her voice?

Congratulations, Roste, on your new promotion. The boys will never want now.

It's too bad for a couple of hospital assistants that temporary duty doesn't last longer.

Why does Dorothy spend her evenings in barracks crocheting? (Doc's overseas).

What's the attraction in the Army Service Corps, Noenie?

Why did Dobby pay the odd visit to the Hospital? Could it be the handsome blond?

Is the water scarce these days, Ronnie?

Is it spring fever that makes everyone want to stroll? How about it, Fitch and Dot?

What's the hurry, Mac?

Pot Pourri in Review



AWFULLY TIRED



NOT ME



REMEMBER THIS



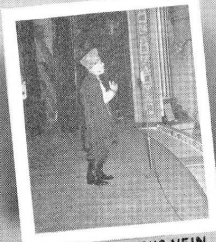
"WITH SOMEONE LIKE YOU"



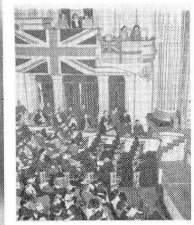
OR YOU, OR YOU, OR YOU.



I LIKE MOUNTAIN MUSIC



IN MORE SERIOUS VEIN



THE HOUSE IN GENERAL



--- AND IN PARTICULAR



THE M.C. IS VERSATILE

WIRELESS SECTION - (Out of Bounds)

We are on the air again, fellows. First of all we will have roll call to check up on the arrivals and departures since the last edition of the P.P., what! No changes, no cosy postings! Those rumors must have been rumors.

We thought the Junior Commandos were the only outfit after "Hammerhead" Franklin, but now there is competition, a certain W.D., in Droque Orderly Room was heard to make this observation, "I think he is a cute little fellow." Watch it Bob, those W.D.'s are persistent when their minds are made up. I'll bet that news will crowd the "Wild Dogs" off the front page in Haney, B.C.

"Flash" Beamish arrived back from his leave in "Utopia" (B.C. to you). That gleam in his eye seems quite a bit duller. It will be some time before he gets back in shape, but he was not in very good shape anyway. Beam brought our section some fame when he breezed home in front of the field in last month's badminton tournament, and we are expecting big things from him in the coming wind-up.

We are expecting a good binge, come the first of the month when the groupings come out. Keep up the good work boys, we get horribly thirsty.

Flight Perkin has just finished a siege in the hospital and is now enjoying an enviable fourteen days leave in the throbbing metropolis of Dauphin on the sunny banks of the Vermilion River—am I kidding! Paulsonized no doubt.

Abells is our idea of the perfect gambler. Any man who will take the chance he did on Franklin's 48 to Winnipeg deserves a medal or something. If Hammerhead ever gets

cracking, Abells will sure get "something."

Sgt. Stevenson is planning a trip to Winnipeg and we are trying to decide between two coincidental facts; at the time of his trip, Pot-pourri's blonde makes her debut, and a brunette nurse returns to the big city—we wonder. Nothing definite about our Sgt.

LAC "Chatterbox" Gibbon made us eat our words in the last Post concerning his using two bathtubs. With the aid of a few straps, harness, gargets and tucking his knees in his armpits he jammed himself into one tub, and before witnesses too. Cut off my legs and call me Shorty!! Anything can happen here. It is a good thing the Carnival only lasted two evenings. Gibbon and Abells had just perfected their fool-proof system to beat the numbers game when it closed. Never mind fellows—all for a good cause.

I was looking for a system to beat the crowd to the hot dogs. Hope they have another Carnival some day — they certainly looked good. Wonder how they tasted?

No report on Cpl. Doran this trip. He is working nights and doing his wolfing by day.

Last edition of the Post informed us that it is Leap Year next year, and these Paratroops make a dangerous offensive weapon.

Must get some dope on Davidson —no man can be that good all the time.

(Continued on Page 26)

★ ★ ★

If we lose this war our money is worthless. Help the war effort and protect your own investments.

Flight Sergeant F. R. PORTER



F/S. F. R. PORTER

Born November 16th, 1912, Lynn, Mass., U.S.A., of Canadian parents. Returned to Canada in 1914 with his parents and made his home in Orillia, Ontario. Educated at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and afterwards at the University of Toronto, where he graduated with a B.A. in Economics in 1930.

Shortly after graduation went to sea in Oil Tankers where he graduated as a diesel electric engineer after four years. Left the sea in 1938, and in 1940 joined the R.C.-A.F. as an Armourer; later taking his S.A.I. Course, after which he was posted to Paulson shortly after the Station opened. Asked if he is content at Paulson, Flight Sergeant Porter replied "It is the best station I've been on, and with the single exception of an Overseas Posting, I do not want to leave".

(See page 29)

INSTRUMENT SECTION

(Continued from page 18)

ly forward to the day that someone will answer his plea for that much needed affection.

Going down the list a bit further we find Mrs. Blair's boy whose first name is Gordon. He's been on night duty for so long that he can hardly see in daylight. Gordie in civilian life lived at Ochre River and helped to build this airport. Any of you wolves who would like to get acquainted around Ochre might do well to get on the right side of Gordie, although he himself grazes in greener pastures. If telephone calls are any indication he must be making rapid progress with a certain "Pat".

Of Platt, Dederick, Hurd, Watkins, King, Vice and Cooper—we know little. The little we do know, we dare not tell; so . . .

Mike Suzanski's chief claim to fame lies in the fact that he was the inspiration for one of Stephen Foster's great songs. Did you ever hear of "Oh Suzanski! Don't you cry for me!" He's the guy.

Deputy Dutton, better known as "Samuel Morse" Dutton, eats wireless and sleeps wireless. It must be due to the influence of Jimmy Doran's junior commandos. If you happen to say "hello" to someone, and he returns the greeting in Morse Code; well—that's Dutton.

That leaves just Vandale. He has the sympathy of the whole section, for, to him fell the task of writing this—this (you name it)!

What about your pals in the other services. Send them a copy.

Don't keep borrowing your chum's copy, buy one of your own.

MAINTENANCE FLIGHT UPRISINGS

A Paper, we believe, should give way to prominent news; so here we are.

Nested between the S.L.'s office and the Log Room, lies the Maintenance Wing Orderly Room. At times the traffic is such that it would outdo any "Grand Central Station", with the ringing of the phone, the squeaking of the Gestapo intermingled with the sounds from personnel lined 5 deep at the counter; A.S.O. Wickson listening to an airman's pleas for an extra 48; Sgt. Major LaRoche bellowing for something "Toot suite"; and emerging from the Log Room the unearthly chant of A.W. Descent warbling "Alouette" coupled with the bass voice of Cpl. Brysh demanding, "Where the H... is the L14 for FP742?" To top this off, F.O. Wilkinson can be heard muttering (as he scrambles thru the filing system) "How the ?X&?, where the ?X&? — Sgt. Radul, come here."

We should mention at this time our new P.A. system which must certainly relieve the telephone operator. F. S. Daniels, however, has not quite become accustomed to it. Imagine hollering "Daniels here" 20 feet away from the P.A. or "Give me No. 8, please tch, tch. Oh well, that's not any worse than Sgt. Maloney. The conversation on the P.A. went something like this, "Bombing, Flt. Caswell." "Hello, Cas., would you phone me up, I'd like to find out about the Oleo Leg on FP806.

Notice to all flights: Owing to the postings to I.T.S. of our runner, Langlois, we are now sending our fair haired clerk, Enves, to pick up the Parade States for Sgt. Cantor.

We could go into detail and explain to you exactly how the Pen-

nant was won, however, we will simply make known the fact that only by close co-operation between the O.C., Officers, N.C.O.'s and men, is our serviceability kept top-notch at all times. We needn't explain to you what would happen if our serviceability dropped. The best trained Air Gunner would be useless without an Aircraft in which to test his knowledge. This is not an attempt to be-little our training organization, rather it is our way of making known the fact there are two sides to every pennant.

Flight Party

The social event of the month was on the night of March 19th, when Maintenance Flight held an informal party in the Legion Hall. The program was opened by the M.C., dynamic F.S. Williams, introducing S.L. Martin, who rose to the occasion and gave a short talk. Following this, the well-known radio game of "Truth & Consequences" began. From the box of ticket stubbs, contestants were drawn. First drawn, Cpl. Towers, was called upon to answer the question, "What did the weiner say to the bun?" (the answer, of course, was, "I want to be remustered"), but our worthy contestant failed and so received his consequence — that of waltzing around the room, and for his partner he chose the glamorous Erickson. The program continued with the trial of A.C.2 Salter. The charge was "drunk and disorderly, insubordination, and impersonating a Senior Officer of the Ochre River Navy". Witnesses included F.S. Ayres, LAC Danofrth, and AC1 Sutherland. After a lengthy trial, the prisoner was found guilty and received 10 days pay, 5 days special

(Continued on page 25)

THE FIGHTING FIFTIETH W.A.G.'S

Without any fanfare of trumpets, etc., several Australian "WAG's"—(to be) arrived from Calgary in the wee small hours—4.10 to be exact—of Sunday morning, March 7, 1943, and our sympathy went out to the young member of the W.D. who was "joed" to collect us at the ridiculous hour at that C.N.R. siding — sometimes called Dauphin Railway Station.

Four weeks later—April 4th, the Aussie Sergeant WAG's left for No. 7 B. & G. having created a set of scholastic records that will no doubt live long in the annals of the G.I.S.

Under the guidance of P.O. Labes and further inspired by Flight Lieutenant Byng-Hall, we settled down to our work and had the honour of achieving all that was asked of us—much to the delight of the above gentlemen and more so to our own satisfaction.

To repeat the actual statistics would leave doubt in the minds of many other trainee entries that will

follow—but if it is said that in our examinations covering Armament, Turrets, Aircraft Recognition, and Wireless, the final score showed that the boys averaged over 90% as a class. This is a record of which we are justly proud.

The "Wings" Parade was a ceremony that will long be remembered, and the Ausseis further celebrated with a "Wings Dinner" and boarded the train twenty-four hours later on their well earned leave.

We pay tribute to our instructors—both those at No. 2 Wireless at Calgary and those at No. 7, for the valuable training given us. We hope and pray that the knowledge imparted to us will some day in the very near future give us brilliancy in the air, and that "Jerry" will be sorry that he ever started this battle against us, so that the decency of civilization may be preserved forever.

Written by A. E. Balkind.

MAINTENANCE FLIGHT

leave, and was appointed to the rank of Acting Sergeant (paid). The zenith of the evening was, however, the raffle. F.S. Williams, with the prize in hand, stood very imposingly on the table, till all of a sudden the legs of the table gave way. Lucky Petrie, though, staggered home with the prize. Work was resumed as usual next morning, with the exception of Cpl. Work, who pleaded that he was snow-bound.

Teh foregoing is only the beginning. Maintenance has now decided to no longer play the shy violet, so watch for us in the next issue.

Two inebriated rookies were arguing about who should pay for the drinks. One said generously, "but I really mush allow you to pay for the drinksh."

"Old fellar," the other inebriate, replied, "I could not think of letting you accshept my treat."

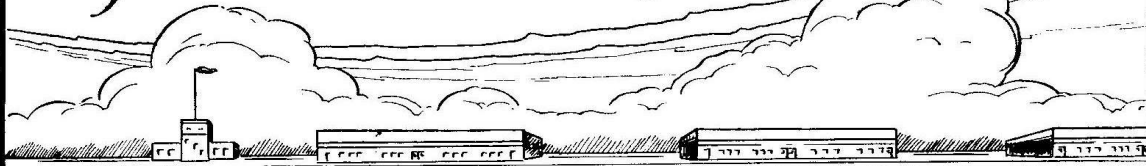
"Well, then, if I let you pay for the drinks nexsh week, will you permit me to accshept your treat now?"

"O.K., but only on that condishun."

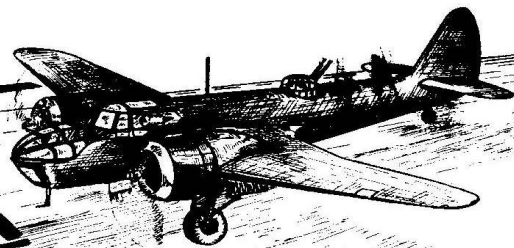
—V—

\$40,000—that's our objective—Have you done your best?

after the WAR - 

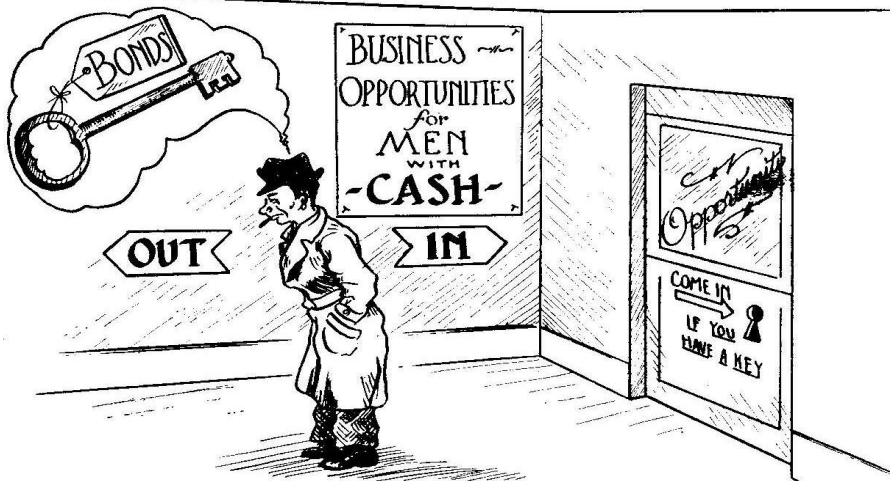


YOU
MAY BE
DOWN



But - you need
not be OUT ❖

PROTECT
YOURSELF
AGAINST
POST-WAR
LET-DOWN
BY BUILDING
UP A SAVINGS
BACKLOG -
\$ 50
\$ 100
\$ 500
\$ 1,000
-/-



BUY VICTORY BONDS

Information Service

STATION MOVIES FOR MAY

- May 2—"In Which We Serve"—by Noel Coward.
 May 4—"In Which We Serve"—by Noel Coward.
 May 6—"Happy Go Lucky"—with Dick Powell and Rudy Vallee.
 May 9—"Andy Hardy's Double Life"—with Mickey Rooney.
 May 11—"Dr. Gillespie's New Assistant"—with Lionel Barrymore.
 May 12—"The Hard Way"—with Ida Lupino.
 May 16—"Yankee Doodle Dandy"—with James Cagney.
 (Academy Award)
 May 18—"She Has What It Takes"—with Jinx Falkenberg.
 May 20—"The Common Touch".
 May 23—"Air Force"—with John Garfield.
 May 25—"Cat People"—with Simon Simone.
 May 27—"Random Harvest"—with Greer Garson.
 May 30—"Hello Frisco"—with Alice Faye.

BUS SCHEDULES

Lv. Dauphin	Lv. Port
0630	0645
0700	0715
0730	0805
1545	1605
1620	1645
1700	1775
1735	1755
1815 except Sun.	1835 except Sun.
1855	1915
2210	2225
2315	2330
0015	0030
0110 except Sun.	0125 except Sun.

Winnipeg Bus

Lv. Dauphin	Lv. Winnipeg
0710 daily	1800 daily
1230 daily	

Yorkton Bus

Lv. Dauphin	Lv. Yorkton
0130 daily	0230 daily

TRAIN SCHEDULES

(Dauphin-Winnipeg)

Lv. Dauphin
0150 daily except Mon.
Arr. Winnipeg
0730 daily except Mon.
Lv. Dauphin (via Neepawa)
0815 Tues., Thurs., Sat.
Lv. Dauphin (via Gladstone)
0835 Tues., Thurs., Sat.

(Dauphin-Saskatoon)

Lv. Dauphin
0430 daily except Sun.
Arr. Saskatoon
1600
Lv. Saskatoon
1215 daily except Sun.
Arr. Dauphin
0135

TCA reservations may be obtained at the C.N.R. ticket office, Dauphin.

OFFICERS' WIVES HEARD FROM

This column makes its appearance to give our friends in the mess a bit of an idea of what we do there on Friday afternoons as a way of thanking them for their very kind hospitality. Despite as odd rumour to the contrary, we do a great deal more than sip tea, lap milk from saucers, and run up our husbands' mess bills—but here's to business—

With the re-advent of Mrs. H. E. Stewart into our midst, came a complete reorganization of the club under the name of the "Paulson Ladies' Auxiliary" (a bit prosaic we admit, but contrast—!!) With our new name under the leadership of our first lady, and with Mrs. "Cob" Johnston as vice-chairman, there is no doubt that we should accomplish much. The record of the past month is an excellent indication of things to come.

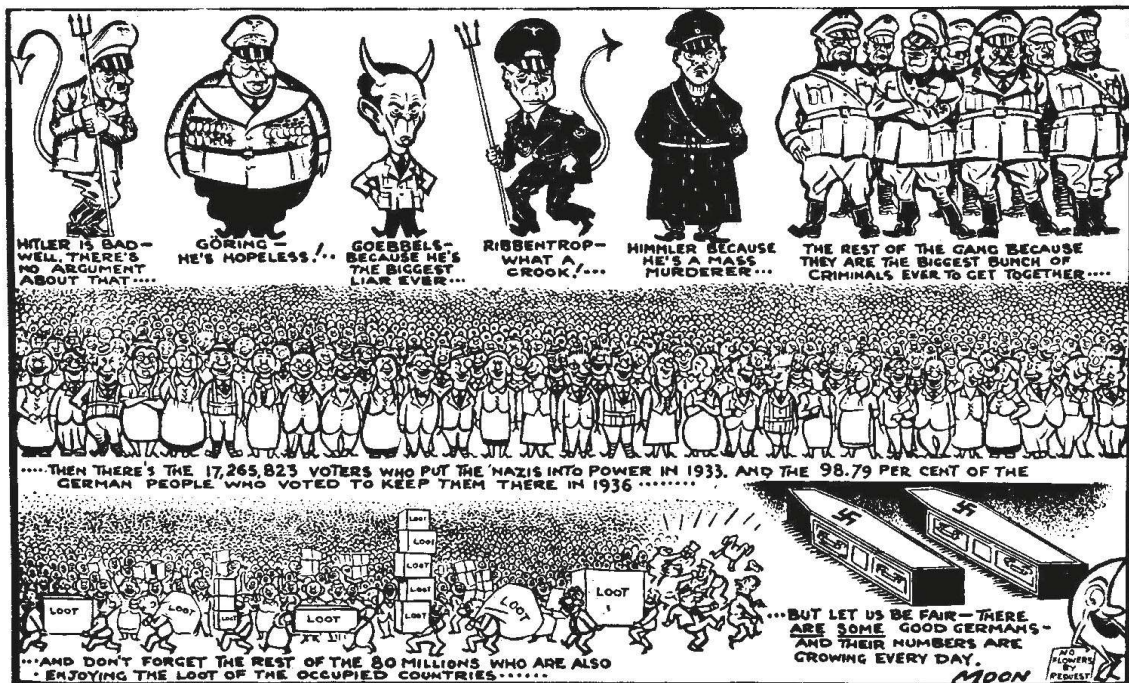
Our first job was the completion of three layettes plus a few odd pieces. (This is quite a job if you

only think for a moment of how many three-cornered unmentionables a new bombed baby is going to need.) Anyway, the job was completed in record time and we embarked immediately into a sea of yellow wool to be knitted into more baby clothes for the Red Cross. This work is now about three-quarters completed, and we have begun sewing seams on a quilt in Air Force colours.

One of these fine Fridays we hope to have a sewing machine to facilitate this work, and from our popular fortune telling booth at the carnival we earned a most substantial down payment.

Present activities centre about a bazaar sponsored by the ladies of No. 10 who have very kindly invited us to join in the venture. By dint of hard work here we are hoping to have another instalment for our machine come the end of April.

And so it goes, ad infinitum, and to be continued next month.



A SMALL EPISODE FROM G.I.S.

Now there doth dwell in G.I.S. a certain Flight Sergeant noted far and wide for his learning and wisdom; but once upon a time this man of knowledge did gain even more respect from his fellow men, for he did sprout upon his countenance a growth of gigantic proportions — a growth which did commence upon his upper lip and which did wander its torturous way over his face like some rare and wonderful tropical plant. And Lo and Behold! Men did venture from far and wide to gaze in awe and silence upon this cultivation. And they did go on their way wondering. Proud in his glory and swathed in a halo of esteem and respect, the proud possessor did go about his duties with a joyous heart and with light steps, for he did know that none could compare, and many hearts were torn asunder with jealousy.

So it came to pass that a certain man of high standing with two rings upon his raiment became consumed with jealousy and eventually sayeth to himself, "I alone will take up this challenge and will put this creation to shame." And forthwith he ceased his tonsorial labours upon his upper lip and did stroke, cajole and generally abuse the hair which did grow thereon. In the security and peacefulness of his abode did he spend many an hour engaged solely in what was to be his pride and joy.

With maddening slowness did something commence to assume shape, and after many days the populace did perceive that something was there; they could not, by their ignorance, determine what it was, but it was something. And the crude and vulgar did scoff and did make merry at his expense, liking it to a

sheaf of wheat in the fields and to straw in a cart; and they did make many other similarities not calculated to bring joy.

But he did go on his way with a brave heart and if anything, did increase his labours in that sphere.

Then it did happen. One night when he was engaged in his lengthy process of training, a vision did appear out of the night and did say to him in harsh and unkind voice, "desist, for never can you emulate such a growth of splendor and magnificence; you are committing sacrilege." And so, with a heavy heart he did take up his shears and did sever the growth, which did flutter to the ground like the leaves in Autumn.

Amidst great tumult and shouting did the populace embrace the aforementioned Flight Sergeant and did greet him with cries of exaltation, saying, "Regardeth, you are as yet champion"; and the victor did feel proud and did place his hand on his money; the thirsty amongst the crowd did take this as a sign of free refreshment, but they erred, for did I not say the man was noted for his wisdom? He knew his fellow instructors in G.I.S. and was only protecting his wealth.

However, his joy did in time turn to sorrow after perceiving the fallen countenance and sorrow-stricken bearing of his challenger who, every-time he was confronted with his victor's growth, did involuntarily give a grimace of sorrow and did feel faint.

At last he could suffer no longer, and to ease his conscience he did

(Continued on page 32)



F/L D. A. MACARTHUR

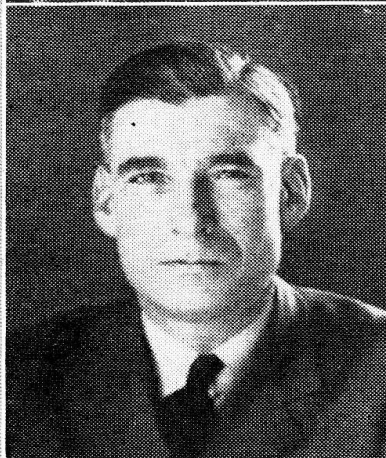
S.F.O., Secretary of Officer's Mess, Secretary of Station Library; these are three of the former activities of our genial Scotsman. Sports and entertainment; Station Fund; these are two of his present interests. Softball, Lacrosse, Music (bagpipes), Dancing—these are always dear to his heart.

F/L MacArthur is an Easterner—boasts of having been born in Port Elgin, Ontario. Then became a Calgarian by adoption. Before enlisting in 1941, he had been employed with such firms as the Bank of Nova Scotia, Hudson's Bay Company, and Imperial Tobacco Company. Still brags about his "Dixie Plug" and "Sweet Caps".

Since joining the R.C.A.F., he has served at St. Thomas, No. 7 Equipment Depot and No. 7 B. & G. School.

No doubt he is anxiously awaiting the summer months so that he may have Mrs. MacArthur and the two bairns with him.

A canny Scotsman is Flight Lieutenant MacArthur.



SQUADRON LEADER A. S. ROBBINS

A Cockney and proud of it—born in London, England and educated in that famous metropolis. Joined the Imperial Army in 1915 and served in France, Belgium, Italy and Austria. When the war was over, he apparently retained the wanderlust and came to Canada. In 1924, Squadron Leader Robbins joined up with what was then the Air Board and has been with the Air Force from that date. "And still learning equipment too", he says.

S/L Robbins is a married man with a wife, two girls and one boy in Vancouver. He is very interested in Literature, Drama, Photography, Fishing and Golf. And his good common sense makes him quite a popular gentleman to approach whenever one wishes advice.



SQUADRON LEADER K. W. WALTON

Born in St. John, N.B., graduated from High, and Vocational Schools of that City.

Joined R.C.A.F. at Camp Borden, Ont., in September, 1929, after a Boys' Summer Course the same year.

Posted to Trenton as an F.A.E. (Fitter Aero Engines). In 1935, posted to Camp Borden for an Air Gunner and Air Observer's Course, after which he returned to Trenton. Posted from Trenton to Ottawa in 1937, he joined the newly-formed No. 3 Bomber squadron flying in Wabitis and got his Corporal's stripes! In 1938 the Squadron was posted to Calgary. At the outbreak of War the Squadron was posted from Calgary to Halifax and re-fitted with Hudson Aircraft and joined 11 B.R. Squadron, serving in Coastal Patrol from 1939 to 1940.

In 1940, having risen to Flight Sergeant, he was posted to Trenton to take the Armament Officers' Course.

Graduating in June as Flying Officer he was posted back to Dartmouth as Armament Officer to No. 10 B.R. Squadron. In April, 1941, the Squadron was posted to Gander Lake, Newfoundland. After serving there for 7 months, now a Flight Lieutenant, Squadron Leader Walton was posted in November, 1941 to Paulson, Man. In 1942 took over as Officer Commanding, G.I.S., and shortly afterwards received his well merited third ring.

Squadron Leader Walton says he is looking forward to seeing the Station make it "Three in a Row".



S/L E. W. MARTIN

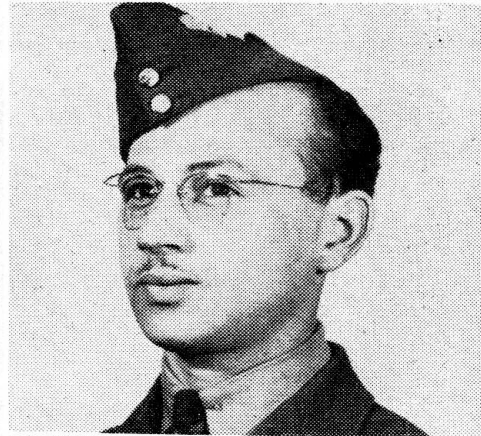
The vast experience of our O.C. Maintenance provides No. 7 with valuable material. Graduated from the U. of B.C. as a B.A.Sc. in Mechanical Engineering—specializing in Aeronautics—Commissioned as a P.O. with Pilots' badge 1931—private research for two years on Airscrews—five years experience in building construction. One and one-half years Assistant Engineer in B.C. Pulp and Paper—thirteen months Officer I/C of Airframe Section and chief Technical Officer at No. 8 R.D.—five months Chief Technical Officer at No. 10 S.F.T.S. There you have it in one breath—See what we mean when we say "vast experience".

In spite of all this S/L Martin even found time to get married and they are residents in Dauphin. Sorry we can't say more, but space is limited.

CORPORAL SEGAL, G.

Cpl. Segal is, without doubt, more in demand by a greater number of different organizations than any airman at Paulson. His interests are so varied that he's "on the hump" all the time — Pot-pourri; Paulson Post; Station Fund; Benevolent Fund; — only to name a few — in fact he is one of the originators of the Paulson Post.

Cpl. Segal was born in Winnipeg, attended school there and then became associated with the automotive accessory (fabric) business. Became so attached to that type of work that he joined the R.C.A.F. as a Fabric Worker. Has been at Paulson since June 13th, 1941. Says he would like a posting to Gimli— (but we doubt it). Apparently his wife is in Winnipeg, and the Corporal seems to be quite a happy husband.



SGT. HARGREAVES, H.

Certainly an old timer at Paulson—in August, 1941, he arrived. But he has been closer to the scene of action than at present. In fact, was on the boat en route to France when that country capitulated.

Born in England, came to Canada when one year old. Says he didn't have a great deal of choice in the matter. After leaving school, he was a "trouble shooter" in a Service Station and Garage in Winnipeg. Joined up in November, 1939. He served in Winnipeg, Rockcliffe, overseas and Paulson. Came back to Canada from overseas in July, 1941.

Says he would like to be overseas again. Maybe your chance will come Sergeant.



F/Sgt. H. T. HODGKINSON

Born at Windsor, Ont., Jan. 2nd, says he lost out by a couple of hours on the prizes given New Years' Babies. Went to school—simply—because it was compulsory, he stated—then became mechanically minded and took up watch making (at \$10 per week, to start). Started his own dance band and played the banjo.

In a few years he decided to go into business by himself, and to put into his own words "was sweeping the floor with one hand and vibrating hair-springs with the other—needed a window dresser, so got married". Take it for what it's worth.

"Came the war—sold the business — kept the wife." Has served at No. 1 R.D. and at No. 1 Wireless in Montreal. Came to Paulson June 1, 1941.

"Seems to me, I'm on the same inventory as fire hydrants and other permanent fixtures." Probably too good a man to let go, Flight.



LAW ADAMS, E. A.

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach"—since Adams is one of our canteen stewardesses, perhaps that is one reason for her popularity.

Adams enlisted April, 23, 1942, in Montreal, was posted to Rockcliffe and then to No. 7 B. & G. School. Has two brothers and one sister serving in the Forces. Claims she prefers the East to the West—maybe her opinion is biased.

Red-gold hair, eyes of blue,
A good companion through and through,
Likes her work, busy as a bee,
A really splendid W. D.





A SMALL EPISODE FROM G.I.S.

(Continued from page 29)

take up a sharp instrument and erase his crowning glory from his countenance. Rumour has it that the severed remains did wriggle for 3 hours out of remorse, but this has not been confirmed.

So, men of Paulson, when you are old and infirm (perhaps I should say, "older and more infirm"), and your grand-children say to you, "Grandpa, what are the Horrors of War?" you can repeat the above sad and heart-rending story to them.

3%—a dandy investment for your money.

Pilots HAVE a Sense of Humour!

This happened during the run up to the target on a bombing flight.

Student: "Right, Right!"

Pilot slowly turned about twenty degrees.

Meanwhile no sound issued from the speaking tube.

Student, frantically: "Left! Left! Left, Right! Left! Left! Left, Right!"

Pilot: "Squad! Halt!"

— V —

Irate father: "Young man, did you spend all your time drinking last semester?"

Young Hopeful: "No, Father, I ran around with women part of the time."

EQUIPMENT SECTION

As we go to press we bid adieu to our Flight Lieutenant D. A. MacArthur who has been with our happy group for some time and wish him every success at his new post.

We would like to welcome Sgt. Donaldson to our midst and also our two new equipment assistants who have arrived from No. 1 C.N.S. Rivers—They are AC1 Houle and AC1 Keough.

Belated congratulations go to the recent promotions of Sgt. Begg, Cpl. Hutchinson and Cpl. Smith.

LAC Lowe, better known as "P.G." who has been posted to No. 15 A.I.D. last December, dropped back to the section for a chat as he proceeded on another posting to No. 4 S.F.T.S., Saskatoon.

Members of our station who were acquainted with our Cpl. Walker will be glad to hear that he has received his wings and also his commission (nice going, Bruce)!

E. Knoblauch, WO2.

— V —

WIRELESS SECTION (OUT OF BOUNDS)

(Continued from page 22)

Questions — No Answers

Who owns the lily-white hand that Steve holds on the bus?

Is it true that Mac is giving up smoking, and if not, why not?

Will Cpl. Segal retract that statement?

Does Davidson believe in the parachute riggers now? At least he only had to do it once, the instrument man dood it twice—two dollars please.

Will Franklin send this edition to B.C. ?

Who is the man they named the Sarg. after—"Oh Suzanski"?

A.R.

GUNNERY...

(Missed from Feb.-March issue)

Gunnery Flight wishes to thank the Armament Section, G.I.S., Wireless and Maintenance Sections for the fine co-operation received in helping Gunnery Flight establish its recent all-time records.

We welcome Flight Caswell as our Senior N.C.O. in charge of hangar and ground crews, who has done a bang up job in his casual manner.

Who is our pipe smoking P.O. who picks up the phone full of business and then with a radiant smile on his face says "Ooooh that yooou . . ."

Too bad some Flight Sergeants just recently married fly all day and bomb all night. Oh my!! ten years from now it won't matter.

— — —

Pilot noticing student with harness but no parachute: "Where is your parachute?"

Student: "The other student has one." — — —

Student: "I have a stoppage, sir."

Pilot: "So have I, only mine is the engine." !

— V —

Nit: "Did you hear they're going to ration shoes?"

Wit: "Yeah, Everything for defence and nothing for defeat."

Mess Sarge: "Hello." This Ration Stores? Meat Department? Where's that breakfast bacon was ordered?

Clerk: "Sorry Sarge, we backed up into the meat cutter and got a little behind in our orders."

— V —

Yep, the Japs are certainly cool under fire. So cool they actually shiver.

HOWLS FROM THE WOLF DEN

The Sergeants' Mess

Ho-hum! That spring feeling . . .
Which reminds us . . . several of
the boys are going around these days
with that far away look in their eyes.
Could it be that "in spring a young
man's fancy . . ." The "mess wit" (?)

has it that some of them are always
going around that way. We wouldn't
know of course.

Oh yes! The mess dances—two of
them this month. We have it on re-
liable authority that everyone had



HOWLS FROM THE WOLF DEN—Continued

two pretty good times. And we'd like to take this opportunity to congratulate the committee on the really good job they are doing to furnish us with these good times. To those lads who, as we all know, really tear around to make our affairs a success, we say, "nice going, fellows."

And that brings us to the really masterful way we were introduced to our little "good manners campaign." (Do we hear a distant rumble?) And if you happened to be one of the lads kicking around for breakfast on the morning of the 16th you might well agree that it wasn't an uncommon thing to hear someone come out with, "Shux I forgot my card this morning, can't I get by without it this time?" But of course the answer always is "no" so it means an extra trip to barracks for that lousy card. We're right with you, committee members, and we'll help to keep it the best mess we've as yet been privileged to belong to.

Let's take a peek at the sports situation insofar as we sergeants are concerned. In the basketball league finals against the officers the sergeants came out right on the top with a 10-pt. lead—"wait a minute what am I saying?" Well, if you must know the truth you can ask the officers and we don't suppose they will be modest about their answer. After a fight like the one they had to put up to win we'd brag too. Well, fellows at least perhaps we can challenge the W.D.'s to a friendly game. Think we'll win boys?

We're all pretty sure that all the R.A.F. Senior N.C.O.'s will stick right with us if we just sent out a challenge to any team on the station to a friendly game of soccer or rugger. Now don't be alarmed, fellows,

'cause after all isn't this a glorious opportunity to bear out these grudges.

There are a number of interesting things we could mention here but the Post is about to be sent to press any minute so we must hang up and let it go at that for this time.

"One Stooge."

Oh Millie was a milk maid,
 But Millie had no ice;
 So Millie used the cellar—
 And the cellar teemed with mice.
 There Millie set her milk pans,
 Upon a hanging shelf,
 "They'll never get in MY pans!"
 Said Millie to herself.
 One day she brought the milk in
 And set it on the floor,
 Then turned her back upon it
 To shut the cellar door.
 A little mouse was watching,
 His eyes with mischief lit —
 He'd caught her with her pans down,
 And Millie had a fit.

—V—

An infant was awakened from a peaceful slumber in a hospital. Looking down at his raiment he yelled over to the occupant of the next crib, Did you spill water on my diapers?"

"Naw," was the answer.

The first speaker looked puzzled for a moment and then said, "Hmmm, must have been an inside job."

—V—

Julian: "Has a man ever kissed you while he was driving?"

Juliette: "I should say not. If a man doesn't wreck his car while he's kissing me, he isn't giving the kiss the attention it deserves."

We've Often Wondered!!!

If there is anyone who has not read or heard of Corporal "Handsome Bill" Ranson, the man who holds the all-time high of washed-out bombs?

Or if "Iron-Horse" Johnson draws extra rations through mess-hall connections?

If "Fight-Em Back" Barrow or "Black Watch" MacKay will ever have ring careers.

If "Luck" Manos will ever quit rolling naturals or if Major Alexander will be able to explain his two percent gunnery score which he got on the same trip that Loemen got eight percent.

Who sets Copeland's hair for him or does he go to the same hairdresser as Dodds.

If Paul, Walld or Dickerson will set up housekeeping in Dauphin or if

Thwaite will ever lose the "Moon Glow" in his eyes?

If "Parchute" Van Maarion will ever miss church again, or if De Marko will forget to leave his locker open on the C.O.'s inspection.

"If "Coz" Ranson will ever win a bet from "Kid" Ranson, or if Brown will ever be caught not laughing or smiling.

If Rupert and Robinson will ever finish an argument or if Armstrong will ever get the Major's goat.

If Spencer will remember there are other places besides Australia, or Nahu forget that Vancouver is the original land of sunshine.

If Anderson will find a flaw in Battsonology or if 76 will ever find out who wrote this.

"Thasnot Mabombs"

The "Hella" Section

Every section in Headquarters has a married woman. Surely there ought to be a telephone operator! Who will it be? Maybe M - - - !

Who's the telephone operator who'll always say: "I'm not Myrt? I'm - - -, Bud.?"

Why does Sgt Strang enjoy sleeping on the safe?

What operator asked one of the sergeants: "Are you a man or a mouse? I can't hear you?"

What operator nearly had a fit one day when an officer phoned to apologize for being so brutal on the phone?

Why is Bombing Flight busy just

about all night when AW1 - - - is on the night shift?

Which operator prefers starving to going in for late supper at 2330, and eating with about 200 catty boys? Can you blame her?

What makes an operator swear most? When the party rings off fifteen minutes after he has finished the conversation.

How pleased the operator is when some dumb cluck will phone from town and ask with a high-toned voice: "Is this the guard-house?" or "Is this the Airmen's Mess?" "Will you give me the F/L. Paulson's office?"

Too bad the operator has to laugh alone.

SOMETHING ABOUT COURSE 76

For some time now we've been pursuing well-thumbed pages of the Post, and we regretably note that very seldom have the courses contributed anything to this mighty little chronicle. It is most unfortunate as we are part of Paulson in body and spirit. Although we are only here for a training period No. 7 is regarded as home after the first week. By the time a few weeks have gone by, we just can't imagine being stationed anywhere else.

So without any more preamble, we'd like to talk about Course 76, flights X, Y, and Z. Scholastically, there is nothing outstanding about 76. Our marks are just average, our bombing and gunnery scores can be placed in the same category. But if you take the trouble to seek out some of the personalities of 76, you will find the course and its instructors an amusing lot.

Take for example X flight—composed mostly of Aussies. This crew's stock rates high with the Plotting Office personnel and, needless to say, they have enviable averages.

Y Flight is composed of a group of conscientiously inconsistent Canucks and two Englishmen. Their bombing errors range from 19 yards to 300 yards and their gunnery scores from 0 to 50 percent. Chiefly noted for their smart drilling and original songs, they can be seen at almost any time of the day or night "studying" in G.I.S. or belting ammunition in the armament section.

Z Flight has a happy mixture of Canucks and brethren from across the pond. Like Y, their bombing is rather inconsistent, but a few of their hard-working members have pulled their ground school status head and shoul-

ders above the other two flights. We don't know what it is that keeps these boys in at nights. Is it that they don't know about the hospitality of the citizens of Dauphin, or are we just naturally bookworms?

R.A.F. LAMENT

Oh! to be

In England now that May is here,
Where hatbands aren't the fashion
And men can drink their beer.

Where spring is mild and sunny,
And even though food's short,
The dishes aren't so funny
And there's loads of outdoor sport.

Where Aircrew face taxation
And War Bonds aren't so dear,
And in midst of all privation
It's a country without fear.

And he who wakes in England
Arises full of vigour,
No hot air heating system
To warp his manly figure.

Midst trials and tribulations
We get our monthly leave,
We beg repatriation,
Please grant us our reprieve!

I say Sarge, sometimes my father
takes things apart to see **why they
don't go—**

So what sister.

So it's after midnight, big boy, and
can't you take a hint.

—V—

Have another copy in case you
lose or spoil this one?

Iron bonds or victory bonds —
choose!!!!

DAUPHIN R.C.A.F.

DAUPHIN R.C.A.F.

Honor Roll

It is the intention of this magazine to pay tribute to the Dauphin lads who have given their lives for freedom in this War.

FLYING OFFICER ROY WHITE

Flying Officer Roy White, who was reported missing last June after air operations overseas, is now presumed dead for official purposes, according to the casualty released from Ottawa, February 25th, 1943.

Flying Officer White, whose home

is in Montreal, was well known in Dauphin, as he was stationed as instructor at No. 10 S.F.T.S. for a year. In February of last year he was posted overseas. After several months' training he was attached to a night fighter squadron.

WALTER G. SMITH

Sergeant Pilot Walter Graham Smith lost his life over England on Sunday, February 12th, 1942. Sergeant Smith graduated at No. 12 Service Flying Training School, Brandon, on August 29th, 1941, and had been on active service overseas for four months.

Walter Smith received his education in the Dauphin schools and after graduating from the Collegiate, he organized and operated one of the first taxi companies in town.

His interest in aviation dated over a period of years, and he was instrumental in opening the Dauphin Flying Club in 1938.

FRANK PEEBLES

Flight Sergeant Francis (Frank) Peebles was reported missing as a result of air operations, June 16, 1942.

Frank received his early schooling College school in Winnipeg and Royal Military College in Kingston. He enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in 1940, training at Portage la Prairie,

Regina and Calgary, where he received his wings in July, 1941. He went overseas immediately following graduation and was assigned to a Bombing Squadron on December 15, after four and a half months of operational training in Scotland. First reported missing June 25th, 1942, and presumed dead March 18th, 1943.

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
R86429	P/O Malofie, O., Air Obsvr.	Missing from Ops. O-Seas, Prob. Killed, 9-12-42
J15446	P/O Ramage, P. R., A/G	Prisoner of War 10-12-42
R131262	Sgt. Maroney, P. J., A/G	Missing after Operations 18-12-42
R70432	Sgt. Cooke, L. F., A/G	Missing from Operations 13-1-43
R115486	Sgt. Aldridge, H., A, Obsvr.	Seriously Injured on Operations 26-1-43
R100210	Sgt. Ray, K. F.	Killed on Active Service, January, 1943
R110597	Sgt. Barbe, M. J.	Killed on Operations Overseas 25-1-43 A/G
421334	Sgt. Norris, G. A., N.Z.	Killed in Eastern Canada, Nav. "B"
R91873	Sgt. Edelson, J.A.M., A/Ob.	Prisoner of War 8-2-43
R101865	Sgt. Gardner, Air Obsvr.	Killed in Action Overseas 9-2-43
334	LAC Sparkes, C. V.	Killed on Active Service in E. Canada.

SCHOOL HONOURS LIST — AWARDS

Pilot Officer Barry, Air Observer, awarded the D.F.C., 10-2-43 — Citation:—

"Throughout his operational career this Officer has been conspicuous for his gallantry and devotion to duty, and has displayed exceptional coolness and courage in hazardous circumstances."