

Princess Alice Arriving at Paulson

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BANQUET HONORING PRINCESS ALICE

PRINCESS ALICE'S VISIT



On Monday, Oct. 12th, at 1600 hours the Lockheed plane with W/C H. Marlowe Kennedy at the controls, glided smoothly to a halt at the Airport, with one of Number Seven B. & G. School's outstanding visitors as its passenger — H.R.H. Princess Alice. Princess Alice stepped smartly from the plane looking trim and fresh in her uniform of Honorary Air Commandant of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) She was greeted by G/C W. E. Dipple and A/S/O P. J. Ritchie, and immediately inspected a detachment of Airwomen of this Station under command of A/S/O M. L. Forster. She was impressed both by the appearance on inspection and their smartness on the march past.

This was followed by a very heavy schedule for the balance of the day for Princess Alice. First her thoughts were with the sick and she asked to be taken to the hospital where she spent considerable time chatting both with the patients and

members of the staff. From there she visited various sections where the Airwomen were at work, showing her keen interest in the work by the questions which she asked the individual Airwomen whom she met.

At 1830 hours Princess Alice was the guest at the Officers' Mess where the Officers and their wives had the privilege of meeting her. Later all sat down to a skilfully prepared Thanksgiving dinner. Following this she visited the Airwomen at the Drill Hall and watched a P.T. display and was highly pleased with the performance. Next she visited the Hostess Club at Dauphin where she spent some time chatting with those present. Returning to the Airport she retired for the evening after having spent a very busy day.

Tuesday morning she resumed her tour of inspection, leaving at 1100 hours for Number Ten S.F.T.S., Dauphin.

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Editorial



DO WE NEED COMMISSARS TO STIMULATE OUR MORALE?

One of the most frequently discussed subjects these days by the press, on the radio and in the pulpit, is the subject of **morale**. Why it should receive so much attention is a very interesting question. Is it because people see a superabundance of it in our everyday life or is it because there is a necessity to stimulate us to a greater exhibition of this complex—psychological reaction called **morale**?

In an article written by Leland Stowe, a press correspondent at present in Russia, morale as it is inculcated into the minds of the Russian soldier by the political commissars is outlined in detail. In this article, Mr. Leland Stowe writes the following:—

"In America, we have been concentrating on giving our boys plenty of weapons and also the world's finest uniforms and the best chow that soldiers anywhere in the globe get today. But are we spending half as much time, thought and energy putting those other, invisible weapons into the minds and hearts of our fighting men?

"Ever since Pearl Harbor I have been meeting upper ranking American Officers in various countries and I have repeatedly asked them: 'Have we got an adequate morale-building system in the United States army?' I cannot remember one general or colonel who ventured to be emphatically affirmative in his answer.

"Except for the lion-hearted Chinese, it seems very clear that Russia's Red army has exhibited the highest morale that any soldiers in this war have shown over a long period of combat. For 15 months they have been pounded and slashed,

been driven backward and again backward—yet not one instance of a serious breakdown in the Russian soldiers' fighting spirit has been reported.

"It is now an established fact that the Red army's commissar system has been largely responsible for this remarkable record in the creation and maintenance of high morale. English-speaking fighting forces cannot hope to equal the record of the Russians unless they concentrate on morale-building apparatus on a scale never approached in our history.

"Here are some of the things which the Russians' commissar system does to a pronounced degree:

1. It maintains an exceptionally high level of fighting spirit in the army.
2. It keeps both officers and men very much on their toes because there is a hard-headed, sharp-eyed efficiency expert on the spot with every regiment, battalion or company.
3. It combats defeatism wherever it raises its head among troops.
4. The commissar system provides each unit of the Soviet armed forces with a leader who is simultaneously their adviser, defender of their interests and their joint commander. It is this leader's job to set such an example of courage that they are ashamed to do less than he—and most commissars live up to this severe requirement.

"The main problem of the commissar system, and the chief criticism made against it, has never been the risks and handicaps of dual command, or what seemed dual command. Will not the commissar interfere with the decisions of the military com-

(Continued on Page 9)



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AUTHORIZED BOTTLERS

DAUPHIN

EDITORIAL — Continued

mander? With whom does the military decision rest?

"The part that one disagrees with in the above mentioned quotation is the supposition that the Red Army's commissar system has been largely responsible for this remarkable record in the creation and maintenance of high morale. "English-speaking fighting forces, etc."

One rather thinks that our fighting men have so much to live for and so much that is worth preserving in our own world, that they are fighting for, that they would not require any commissars to boost their desire to win nor exhortations to counteract any desire to lie down and die—as the only avenue of escape from a very sad and bitter life. There is no doubt that a person who feels that there is little or nothing to gain by fighting would very rapidly develop what would be called a diminution in morale.

It has been said that during the last war the soldiers in the old Imperial Russian army, did not exhibit the courage nor the morale that is observed in the Russian soldier of today because he was told "to fight for God, Czar and Country," but, according to a popular Russian saying—"God was **too high up** and the Czar was **too far away**." This left him only to fight for his Country, but it also was known very little in its entirety to the average illiterate soldier. His knowledge of his Country was limited to his own district which was small indeed in those days of horse and wagon. The Russian soldier was asked to die for three things, one of them was too high, the other was too far and the third was too vague. Now however with illiteracy eliminated, with radio, the press and improved means of travel, such as, trains, motor cars and aeroplanes, the Russian people are better acquainted with the Country they are asked to defend and they also have a way of life which to them is worthy of defense.

Mr. Leland Stowe, by his remarks, intimates that "it would seem time, then, for American and British military leaders to study seriously what the commissar system has that our armies have not got; and what the Russian commissars provide to the Russian soldiers' morale that our services and methods may not now be providing in anything like the same degree."

If taken at their face value the above remarks should make us doubt whether our fighting men realize what they are fighting for. One might think that our men are unacquainted with our Country, our way of life, our freedom, and whatever else we have that we want to preserve. It is doubtful whether any kind of commissar would be able to raise our morale, unless he could offer us more reasons than love of country, desire to preserve our freedoms—and the advantages that we already enjoy.

If the political commissars are to so great an extent responsible for the high morale among the fighting soldiers, where does the high morale of the civilian population of such countries like, China and other countries that have been over-run by aggressors come from?

One would think that the people who burn their homes and destroy their crops, bury their loved ones and keep on fighting, show that morale is not a definite entity which can be isolated and inculcated by any propaganda but is rather a positive manifestation of the instinct of self-preservation inherent in every human being. When people can see ultimate victory beyond the heavy smoke of burning cities and blazing factories; when with eyes tired for lack of sleep and weary with battle, they can see the peace and comforts of home and family ahead, people possess what may be called **morale**.

The Russians must indeed have deeply impressed this correspondent when he wrote these bold words, because very few of us think that we would show less courage or less determination or less desire to die defending what we consider our home-land and all that is dear to a freedom loving people than the Russian people who are fighting in the defense of their home, liberty and a way of life they feel is worth defending.

Mr. Stowe is getting into deep water when he wants us to believe that while the Russians are willing to defend the type of government and their way of life to the extent that they are doing at present, we, according to him, are in dire need of stimulation and prodding by political commissars to bring us to the realization that we also possess something worth fighting for.

—I.S.



The Princess Pauses



Inspection



Scene from Banquet Dinner — Princess Alice



Scene from Banquet Dinner — Princess Alice

My Most Unforgettable Experience!

(Told by an ex-London Bobby who is now a trainee at No. 7)

It was on the night of January 11th, 1941, when my most unforgettable experience occurred. I was stationed at the Kennington Police Station of "M" Division, in the Metropolitan Police Force, London. The air raid siren had sounded at 6.15 p.m. and the first batch of Hun bombers had started business about ten minutes later. I was off duty at the time playing snooker in the lounge, when volunteers were called to go to the Lambeth Hospital, where the roof of one block had been set on fire by incendiaries. My pal Jack Waters, a gang of other policemen and myself ran over to the Hospital, reporting to the Chief Medical Officer, who asked us to help carry patients and supplies from the burning block to the other wards. Along with other policemen, nurses, firemen and civilians I helped to carry patients into the block at the right of the burning one. Jack and others took supplies into the block at the left.

At 8 p.m. we heard the familiar scream of a "heavy one" coming down and knew it was going to be very near us. It struck, and the left hand block disappeared in a heaving mass of bricks and debris. We dashed across and were digging in the remains before the dust had

even begun to settle. After a while I came across a foot, sticking out from under a pile of bricks. I tore at the bricks, finally uncovering a nurse, still conscious but terribly injured. Her right leg was hanging useless and her right arm was completely severed at the elbow. I picked her up and as I did so, she put her left arm around my neck, saying, "I'm rather heavy, let me take some of the weight off your arms." I laid her on a stretcher. She looked up smiling and said, "Thanks ever so much; I think you boys are splendid;" and then closed her eyes and died.

For courage and thoughtfulness, when death was right beside her, I have never seen or heard of the equal of that girl. She was only 19 years old. Jack, who was to have gone on seven days leave the following day, was killed outright by the same bomb. He was a great fellow and a fine pal. That night will remain in my memory as long as I live.

—P.D.

Note:—Send in your "most unforgettable experience." It may serve as a source of inspiration, education or amusement. Next month a Corporal who was a trapper for 18 years in the Arctic tells his story.

—The Editors.

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Next Door to Woolworth's

Dauphin, Man.

Humour

A young lady approached a bridge during army manoeuvres. As she approached it a sentry stopped her.

"Madam" he said earnestly, "you can't drive across this bridge. It has just been demolished."

Leaving her dumbfounded, for the bridge was in no way impaired, he walked away.

As she debated the possibility that the sentry was insane another soldier approached, she beckoned to him. "Young man," she inquired, "can you tell me any reason why I can't cross this bridge?"

"Lady," he replied soberly, "I can't tell you a thing. I've been dead for three days."

o o o

Bob Burns, the comedian, relates how he was travelling through the back country of his native Arkansas one day recently when he came across an old Indian sitting on a log watching a plane fly overhead.

"White man," he said, figuring he should wise the redskin up a bit on the latest scientific developments, "make um heap big bird. It have um heap big thunder in wings that go boom, boom, boom. You savvy?"

"Yeah!" drawled the Indian. "Looks like a Curtiss P-40 from here."

o o o

Shopkeepers in unoccupied France were ordered to display the picture of Admiral Darlan with appropriate patriotic decorations. One shopkeeper obeyed the order but exceeded the instructions by placing a small marker underneath the picture with the word "SOLD"

o o o

At an interview by a board of Officers the other Day, a tall and self assured Scot marched in, during the course of the interview, the questioning Officer asked for his educational qualifications, and got this reply. "Senior Higher Leaving Certificate. Sir, Endinburgh." When the board in general enquired if it was

the equivalent of the London Matriculation, they were informed, "Oh, Yes Sir, much higher than that." We enquired if it would be alright to put London Matric. down, and our generous Scot replied, "Yes Sir, I will be satisfied with that, but, the Higher Leaving certificate, is DEFINITELY higher, Sir."

"Oh! Ye'll Tak the high road—"

o o o

REMARKS THAT GET ONE EXPELLED FROM THE AIR GUNNERS' UNION

Training? No, you see, I'm at an operational squadron now.

o o o

You never see anything on these trips, so I always take a book into the turret.

o o o

How was I to know there was anything wrong with the turret; the D.I.'s always done by the armourer.

o o o

I never make a testing burst — we have to clean our own guns. . .

o o o

I couldn't tell the range, as it was a Condor and we'd only practised with 109's and 110's. . .

o o o

Well, you see, nobody knew what it was, as we were all having our sandwiches at the time . . .

o o o

We'd already sighted the coast, so I wasn't in the turret. . . .

o o o

I didn't bother much about it, as it had R.A.F. markings on it . . .

o o o

Sometimes I sits and thinks—and somtimes I just sits. . .

"With Apologies."

o o o

"How courteous is the Japanese! He always says, "Excuse me, please."

He climbs into his neighbour's garden

And smiles and says, "I beg your pardon."

He bows and grins a friendly grin,

And calls his hungry family in;

He grins and bows a friendly bow;

"So sorry, this my garden now."

—Ogden Nash.

THE RETURN OF JOE BLOW

For you who are not familiar with Joe Blow let me describe him. He is a few feet nothing with a blank look that enables you to look right through him. At times he may be standing beside you and you will not be aware of his presence until you notice your soap is missing or that someone has swiped your hair tonic. Who did it? Why Joe Blow! Who is Joe Blow? I don't know, but he did it.

On a recent pay parade we were all charged thirty cents to cover the cost of silverware (?) which was missing from the mess hall, who swiped the silverware? Joe Blow! When ever a tool is missing over in Maintenance, who is responsible, Joe Blow! Every once in awhile an aircraft cannot be accounted for, where is it, oh, Joe Blow has it up for a flip! Quite the versatile guy this Joe Blow. The other day someone helped themselves to one of Hoibie

Denton's silver gray shirts, who did it? Joe Blow! When the barracks were not swept up recently, who should have done it but didn't, Joe Blow. When F/L Mace stepped into an aircraft to give it a test flip and the darn thing wouldn't start who was responsible? Joe Blow!

Who is holding up the promotions in the EQUIPMENT SECTION, JOE BLOW! And who is responsible for keeping me on this station for nigh on eighteen months and when I AM POSTED, will send me to Mossbank, Dafoe or somewhere similar, why Joe Blow!

I guess that only fun Joe Blow has is taking the KEEBIRD out for a walk and if you don't know who the KEEBIRD is, I won't tell you. So we will leave Joe Blow to march in the blank file and do all the things that nobody else ever does.

— J. J. Garcia.

AN OPEN LETTER TO ED SULLIVAN

Number Seven B. & G. School
Paulson, Man.

Ed Sullivan,
The News Building,
East 42nd St.
New York City, New York..

Dear Ed:—

I often buy the Daily News, a habit I acquired while living in New York, my home town. I have read your column from "Broadway" to "Hollywood" and back to "Little Old New York." I have just finished your "Passing Show" dated Oct. 11 1942.

In this column you have stated

"The stars who have gone to the far out-posts will never forget the expressions of the U.S. troops who have formed the audiences and that Frank McHugh remarked, "Sure they're homesick—who wouldn't be—but their homesickness vanished when they saw that they hadn't been forgotten."

Here in Canada we are separated by an imaginary boundary line and who regardless of this line look alike, live alike and fight alike. The Canadian people have been at war since Sept. 3rd, 1939. Although Canada is

(Continued on Page 19)

F.O. R. JOHNSON

Some people have the happy knack of spreading good cheer and spirit of friendliness wherever they go. Such is F/O Bob Johnson. As Admin. II, he got a great deal of work out of those who were under him in a quite painless manner. His presence and influence on the Station certainly will be missed from the lowly AC2's to the senior officers.

His friends came from all the ranks.

Before the war F/O Johnson worked for the Bell Telephone Co. in Montreal and he is still quite interested in an exceptionally good looking young lady (that is if that picture he carries around is genuine) still working for the same company. He joined up as an accountant but got tired counting and spending the government's money so he switched over to administration and it is as such that he is posted overseas.



His hobby is smoking punk cigars.

The best of luck to you overseas from all of Number Seven B. & G. Bob, and we know "she'll" be waiting when you get back.

INFORMAL MUSICALE

A group of forty men and women met in the Airmen's Reading Room on the night of October the fifth to hear the first informal musical recital of the season. Excellent recordings of symphony and vocal music made up the programme which lasted for an hour and a half. Those instrumental in organizing the evening were L.A.C's Hawkins, Wenmoth and Chapman. Plans are being made for more informal programmes of this nature. Following is the programme as it was heard:

MOZART—Serenade, Eine kleine nachtmusik—Vienna Symphony Orch.

MOZART—Don Giovanni, "Il mio Tesoro" — Gigli.

"Dalla sua pace" — Gigli.

SCHUMAN—Symphony No. 1 in B flat major — Boston Symphony Orchestra.

INTERVAL

PUCCINI—Boheme, "Che gelida manina." — Gigli.

VERDI—Trevatore, "Ah! si ben mio". — Bjoerling.

PUCCINI—Tosca, "E lucevan le stelle" — Bjoerling.

GIACOMO—Marechiaro. — Schipa.

CHABRIER—Rhapsody, Espana. — Boston Pops Orchestra.



Inspection



The Staff that Served the Princess

WORKS and BUILDINGS

After an absence from several issues, here we are again; the old reliable W. & B. Section; the mecca of all scroungers, and you would be surprised how many visitors we have in a day. The usual plea is for a small piece of wood, a piece of scrap, you know, about 24 feet long, or just a little paint to touch up a dirty spot; but of course, you know, when we touch up a dirty spot, it is going to show up the rest, so how about enough to paint the whole room, etc., etc.!!

We have our lighter moments too, such as when the phone rings, and a well known R.A.F. Sgt. in a very English or is it Malayan voice says: "This is Drogue Flight, did you know we had a broken window in our crew room,—well, we have—how did it happen—well, old chappie, it was this way, I was trying to open the top of the window, as all decent windows should open at the top, but I found you beastly colonials only allow the bottom to open, and my foot slipped—"

Our Section has been sadly depleted in the past few weeks, and many of our boys are scattered over a wide area. LAC Sera to Uculuet; LAC Anderson to Estevan; AC Rowswell to Alaska; Cpl. Hatley to

Vancouver; AC Hammie to Calgary; AC Hutchinson to Medicine Hat and AC Decock to Saskatoon; LAC O'Brien to the Army; and AW Simpson to Toronto; and to make matters worse, no replacements, so are we ever busy?

"Leaves" have been the order of the day, and how glad the boys are to get back? One of our Corporals looks very "Chic" in his new creation from the artistic hands of Capt. Beattie of the C.D.C. Congratulations to Sgt. McGaffin on his recent promotion.

Dame Rumour, that fickle Jane, will have it that a certain large, very genial, and exceedingly well known civilian employee of ours, is donning the Kings' Blue in the near future.

Jest aside though, have you ever seen an N.C.O. do an about-turn from the "Stand-at-Ease" to the "Stand-Easy" in one simple movement? Why not keep your eyes open so it can be incorporated in C.A.P. 90?

Congratulations to one of our "Wood Butchers", LAC Shodin by name, who has fallen into Holy Bondage. The Section sincerely wishes him many years of Wedded Bliss.

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ORIGIN OF GREMLIN

Gremlins are like pixies, they live on crags near the sea shore and live on pancakes made of yellow tide foam. A female gremlin is a "finella" and the babies are "widgets."

They are usually about a foot high, wear soft, pointed suede shoes, (occasionally spats), tight green breeches, red jackets with a ruffled collar, and stocking caps.

It is believed that they have wings on their shoulders but if so these wings are invisible in photographs. One school of thought favors vertical lift propellers on either shoulder. Equipment personnel overseas claim that the "finella" are definitely Non-Flying List.

Gremlins attached to Coastal Command love to punch holes in pontoons, jab pilots in the back when they are too busy to scratch, or drink all the gasoline except just enough to make a landing.

Gremlins attached to Fighter Command sit on the shoulders of the pilots and make a noise like a knocking motor when the motor is running smoothly. When a pilot has been flying for some time through clouds a gremlin may whisper into his ear: "You fathead, you're flying upside

down!" The pilot then hurriedly turns over and flies upside down while the gremlin laughs and laughs silently. Another favorite gremlin trick is to climb down gun barrels and deflect the bullets but this is usually done by "widgets."

Gremlins attached to Bomber Command are the most daring. They walk out on wing tips and make the ailerons flutter, or slide down the radio beam when the pilot is making a landing. If they are in an impish mood the gremlins jerk away the runways so that the pilot cannot tell where to land. At other times they are as nice as can be, even get invited by air gunners into their turrets for warmth and companionship.

Equipment personnel have discovered that the 'finella' (the female of the species) drink ink and live on a diet of paper. They are particularly fond of important documents.

With apologies to
TIME and the R.A.F. JOURNAL

Note:—The instrument section on our own Station claim that gremlins have invaded our happy domain and are currently reported to be using the gyro needles as teeter-totters.

CONTROL TOWER

This being our first submission to the Paulson Post we hope you won't expect too much from us. We're not much good at voicing our opinion on paper but when it comes down to a real honest to Goodness argument we can hold our own with anybody. (Almost.)

Our staff consists of W/C Gibb, he is the chief instructor, he is at present understudied by S/L Laxdal, who is a new arrival to the station, then we have F/L Taylor, O.C. of flying, he was introduced to you through the last issue of the Paulson Post.

In the office staff we have Miss Nicholson, the fair Damsel from Dauphin, she has spent approximately 17 months in the Control Tower, so we always overlook her queer actions. For the information of the pilots her phone number is 843r12. In the padded cell, or rather seat, we have Cpl. Smart, better known to most as V.Y. His favorite pastime is trying to win an argument with Miss Nicholson, but so far he hasn't

succeeded. We have on W.D. working with us here, she is A.W. Tadmán, she hails from Winnipeg. She gets very home sick at times and would like to get a posting near her home. Our hearts bleed for her, imagine that horrid Airforce putting her away out here. Then last but not least comes the two Joe boys of the Tower, Cheney and Barker, if you want them (I don't know why you would want them) they will probably be out on the runways waving a red flag at a stupid tractor operator, or swishing around the station on their iron horse.

Our biggest headache is worrying about who to Joe next for Duty Pilot. Sgt. Anderson (Known as wheels-up Anderson) usually is a great help to us, by pulling a blunder and getting Joed for a week or so in the tower. It is very much appreciated Sgt.

Well, I guess that is all for now. So till the screech runs dry, we remain;

—BUB.

An Open Letter to Ed Sullivan

(Continued from page 14)

only populated by eleven million people she has the majority of her eligible men under arms, these men are augmented by women forces in the Army, Navy and the Airforce. Most of her civilian workers are engaged in war industries.

Canada's armed troops have been showered with praise from the beginning of the war up till the commandos raid on Dieppe, her men of the air are mentioned daily while her Navy continues to wage war befitting of men who have lived and desire to live in freedom.

All this and more can be said of Canada, an actual blood relation of the United States, a country that is young and waiting to expand, whose surface is yet to be scratched, whose people live the democratic way and will defy any force that threatens this way of living. Therefore I say, when the out-posts are mentioned may the stars of Hollywood and Broadway include Canada in their tiresome route so that homesick Canadians as well as Americans will know that they have not been forgotten.

Yours truly,

An American in The R.C.A.F.

CO-OPERATION

"It happens to be a most unfortunate fact, that there is a very definite lack of co-operation between different sections of a Station, and some instances below are worth recording — and more specifically — READING.

"During a recent visit of an Officer to a wireless School, during a tour of the Armt. Training Section with the Chief Instructor, he made the following remark, "At this School we regard Armament Training purely as a diversion, a form of relaxation from the grind of Wireless." This makes one reflect, that the type of Instruction in Armament at that School is probably in the same class.

"Another form is shown by this example, The Flying has been cancelled for the day at a Bombing and Gunnery school and the O.C. G.I.S. decides to use the day to real advantage. He phones the equipment Officer—Listen! "Say, Bill, I have a Course of Gunners graduating next week, and would like to arrange a Clothing Parade for them. As they are behind with their flying, I would like to send them over today, as flying has been scrubbed." The E.O. replies, "Sorry Old Boy, we are taking an inventory today, so we cannot manage a clothing Parade.

"This meant, that the Graduates went from the Station to Fight a War, with two hours less Flying and Air Gunnery practice than they should have had, as a Flying Day had to be used for the Clothing Parade."

(Taken from the "Armt. Training Circular").

An instance that happened Overseas to a recently returned ex-operational Gunnery Officer was this. The Squadron had moved to a new Station, and shortly after, a new

Gunnery Officer joined them. The first night Operation was scheduled, he, who was not then in a Crew was down in the Crew room while the Crews were getting dressed, and there was only ONE electric light where 10 should have been, and the cursing of people trying to find their clothes, etc., in the dark was very loud. The Gunnery O made a mental note for next day to cure this at once

As it happened, the raid was scrubbed that night, and it was not till 11 a.m. the following morning that he had time to do much about it, and by then the News had come that we were to go off that Night. He at once got into touch with Stores, and was told by all and sundry, that Bulbs, Electric, were only issued on Tuesday mornings. He went to the F/Lt. and got no change, even though he quietly pointed out that we were operating that (Thursday) night. By this time really angry, he hunted for the Senior Stores Officer, found him and explained the situation, doing his best to control his anger. The S.S.O. was newly come, had a large Business of his own in Civil Life, and was sympathetic, he ordered issue at once. That was great till a F/Sgt. said that for each new one, an old one must be handed in. There was only one old one to be found, and finally after a long talk with our sympathetic S.S.O., we were enabled to explain to him that the Squadron whose place we had taken, must have had a party when leaving, and destroyed the lot; they were then charged up to that Squadron, written off for our benefit, and the new ones issued. The attempt to get them was started at 11 a.m. and they were installed by the Squadron

(Continued on Page 27)

THE BIRTH OF A NAVY

Some day the events and happenings of this war will be compiled and entered into book form for future reference. Histories and school children alike will read of defeats and victories, of men of action and foresight who grasped situations in a glance and acted accordingly. Without a question of a doubt a number of chapters will be devoted to the Ochre River Navy, its development from a dream into a reality (a nightmare?) and of the men who with undying devotion fondled it from a row boat into the mighty mythical fleet it now is.

As everything has a beginning, and an ending, let me take you back to a day in the spring of 1941. It was a cold, dark, dreary day. A day most befitting for intrigue and plotting. Gathered around a table in the I. & R. were a number of figures, who, with heads close together, were discussing a subject in hushed tones. These were the men who were to mould the mighty Ochre River Navy. A navy which will some day rank with the leading navies of the world.

From this group arose one who was to have the full responsibility in regards to the development of the navy; it was his pigeon. Admiral Linn, as second in command, chose Vice Admiral P. G. Lowe, who was to be in charge of all vice and vice-versa. George Flack was placed in charge of equipment, but was soon replaced because of his inability to keep his tally cards straight. Bert

Fowler was made Recruiting Officer, because of his ability to throw the bull and who incidently received a decoration (THE B.S.O.) upon leaving the station. Another Officer of high repute is Chief Petty Officer Bob Hutchinson, who can holler "WING" louder than anyone I know. Fat boy Flood has been pressed into the service as a float; and deadweight Barber will be used as an anchor. We miss the service of Porky Taylor who is now operating a recruiting station in Edmonton. A recruiting drive was sponsored last fall by the Admiral himself in the wet canteen; he delivered a powerful speech in the hopes of recruiting P.H.U. lads at twenty-five cents a head. The twenty-five cents serves as an initiation fee; results, one drunk, who, if he had been accepted would have been fined five dollars for drunkenness. The navy reports show that an E56 in four copies has been raised demanding one battleship for our three row boats, whose whereabouts are unknown. (No doubt they are on secret manoeuvres.) Recently Able Bodied Seaman Mike Chersky was paraded before the Admiral in the hopes of borrowing a buck. He was lucky—the Admiral had two. At present there is nothing else to report.

Signed,

GARCIA, J. J.,

Secretary of the Navy and
swing man for the cook.

P.S.—We hereby declare war on
the Mossbank River Navy.

MOORE'S

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Winnipeg — Manitoba

SPORTS REPORT



THE W. D. SOFTBALL TEAM

Front Row (left to right)—AW Duff, AW Hill, LAW Jansen, AW LaVallie, AW Charlton

Second Row (left to right)—AW Appleton, AW Mulligan, A/S/O Goldthorpe, A/S/O Ritchie, Cpl. Hellyer, AW Dobson and Coach Cpl. Higginson.

Absent from Picture—AW Heavener, AW Doran, A/S/O Forster

AU REVOIR W.D. SOFTBALL TEAM

The Softball season looks about over and so until another season we will say "au revoir" to the W.D. Softball team with just a brief comment about each member of the team—

AW Hill and LAW Jansen were the two catchers of the team and both proved that "small parcels" are often of most value.

Mulligan—"as good as she looks" and take it from us that is really very good. She was our pitcher for the entire season and without a substitute in almost every game.

LAW Chadney—Our captain, and one of the best reliables of the team. "Chad" as she is known to her

team mates, played first base and turned in a fine performance all year.

AW Charlton—Equally at home anywhere on a Softball diamond—but played second base for number seven this year, and the number of good plays on that base more than proved her ability.

AW Heavener—Is the reason why many of our airmen turned out to watch the W.D. games. In other words this star short stop could not only play a top notch game of softball but manage to look most attractive at the same time.

AW Taylor—This short auburnette was a late comer to the station but more than made up for that fact by the way she played that third base.

SPORTS REPORT — Continued

AW Dobson — If she packs a parachute with as hard a whallop as she packs a softball bat then her section must be as proud of her as her team mates. Dobson was our "rover."

AW Appleton—Known as "pinky" to the team, was certainly a star player. An excellent fielder, a good batter and a real sport — that's Appleton.

AW Duff—You must have heard that giggle drifting in from the out field—well, that was Duff. However do not let that fool you because she was one of our best veterans.

Cpl. Hellyer—Another late comer to our station who has really made up for that in short order. Short stop, second base, rover, or fielder — anywhere on the team this blonde was at home.

AW La Vallie—The latest arrival on our line-up. This petite French lass was more than a surprise—she was a "Find" and we hope she is still here when the softball season rolls around again.

Before we close this Softball chapter there are still a few players who started out on the station team and must certainly be included.

AW Hamilton—"Hammy" was our catcher and a real sport. No one could say she did not try.

A.W. Adams—
Our centre fielder with the reddish hair,
Could certainly play softball,
When a certain Bombadier was there.

AW Fyfe—Is posted now, but was one of the first girls to agitate for a W.D. Softball team.

De Witt—Played short at the first of the season and did not even want an injured shoulder to keep her from playing.

AW Becker—Played second base at the beginning of the season, in-

jured an ankle but we hope to see her back next season.

AW McKenzie— A really promising player. In fact we never realized just how good Mac was until the season was almost over.

AW Doran—This brunette played the field (we mean the Softball field) both centre and left. Doran's interest weakened a little at the end of the season, perhaps it was because much as she liked softball, other attractions were greater.

o o o

RUGGER

During the week of October 12th the station had the opportunity of seeing two fine games of Rugger between the Australian and the R.A.F. trainees and Sgt.-Pilots. The Aussies proved the winners in the matches and provided some real thrills in the way of passing combinations and spectacular plays. However do not draw the false conclusion that the R.A.F.'s just stood by and let the Aussies run over them, because that is far from being the case. The R.A.F. showed some splendid form themselves; but the odds and the Aussies were both against them and hence the result. Although it is impossible to mention all the fine players we saw in these two matches, we feel this article would not be complete without mentioning Sgt.-Pilot Pagnam and LAC Hines. (an Aus. trainee).

o o o

SOCCER

Course 62 Air Bombers are the real enthusiasts in this line. To date they have been able to defeat the Pilots in two keenly contested matches. LAC Smith did a commendable job in the goal and LAC McCheyne played an equally good game in the field. The Pilots made several dashing plays but Page seemed their most consistent player.

SPORTS REPORT — Continued



THE STATION BASEBALL TEAM

Front Row (left to right)—LAC Robertson, LAC Moore, Mr. Brown, (coach),
LAC Grant, Cpl. Acorn.

Back Row (left to right)—LAC Esslinger, LAC McKellar, J., Cpl. Smith,
LAC Nickol, LAC Van Dale.

Absent from Picture: LAC Dunne, LAC McKellar, L., Sgt. Menzies,
LAC Inverarity, LAC Rasmussen.

SUMMING UP THE SEASON

The Baseball Team was very late in getting started this year but towards the close of the season the team was beginning to show some smart team-work and clever plays. The station team played three games with Ochre River, defeated them twice and in turn lost one of the games. The R.C.M.P. team in Dauphin were able to defeat Number Seven in one game, the result was reversed in the next game and the final game, a truly hard fought one, ended in a tie.

A league was in progress most of the season on the station. Four teams played, with A Division chalking up the most wins.

The Badminton tournament is well under way as we go to press. The Men's doubles and the Mixed doubles are both very well contested.

o o o

BASKETBALL

This is usually a universal favorite for the winter and has certainly lived up to the reputation on most of the Air Force stations on this continent. The W. D. are organizing their teams and have league games Monday and Friday evenings after the regular P.T. periods. To date the men have had a few practices but as yet very little has been done in the way of organizing this sport. The Australian trainees have played a

SPORTS REPORT — Continued

couple of fairly good games and a number of good shots have been noticed practicing during the evening periods. We hope to organize Basketball teams in the various sections that are interested in the very near future, and trust that we will be able to turn out a few very fine station teams as well as operate a good station league.

o o o

TENNIS

The scarcity of Tennis Balls is likely to put a great hardship on this splendid sport: but just in case we are unable to secure the equipment in the future a few of the Airmen and Airwomen are playing Tennis and then more Tennis these days. Lads from Australia, New Zealand, The British Isles, United States and of course Canada have been out on the court during leisure hours. (If there are such things in the Air Force).

o o o

The fence is going up around the new skating rink, and that should delight the Hockey fans and enthusiasts. We hope to see some real Hockey on the station this year and also to have a station team that will really keep Number Seven on the map.

o o o

STATION BOWLING

Following re-organization for the coming Bowling Season, the Station Five-Pin League rolled its first games of the season at Bert's Bowladrome in Dauphin on Monday night, October 12th. Teams representing Maintenance, Drogue, Gunnery, Bombing, Accounts, G.I.S., Works and Buildings, and Equipment were present, with quite a number of last year's faces present—P. G. Lowe, Grant, Arnold, the Jones' boys, and Esson, etc., were in evidence by bowling some really fine scores.

At the first organization meeting it was hoped that the League could become a "mixed team" league, with the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) being represented on each team. But as the League has only access to the alleys for one night a week, it was finally decided that as there were such a large number of airmen eager to bowl on the station, and only time for 8 teams to bowl in an evening, 5 men to a team, that the League be limited to airmen only, at least for the present. It is reported, however, that there may be another night available at the Bowladrome, and if that should be the case, it is quite probable that the question of bowling for the Women's Division will again be considered and a league organized for them as well. Further advice on this point will be forthcoming within the next few weeks.

The Station also has a ten-pin team represented in the Dauphin Commercial Ten-Pin League. Flt.-Lt. Esson, its captain, Morris, Arnold, Grant, Hutchinson, and Stubbs, playing members have shown the Dauphin group that the team is really going places this year. To date the team has lost only 2 games out of 12 played and is now league leader. It is hoped that the team will keep up the good work—its captain reports that he really enjoys the support of the team in coming through in the pinches.

With the enthusiastic start this year in Five-pins, and Ten-pins, it is considered that the station will enjoy another fine bowling season, equal to or surpassing last year's fine record. Let's keep it up, bowlers!

Any information regarding bowling on the Station may be obtained from Sgt. Arnold, in the Orderly Room of G.I.S., or Flt. Lt. Esson, in Accounts.

(Continued on page 26)

OFFICERS' MESS

We won't forget your visit for a long, long time, Princess Alice, that was truly a red letter day.

o o o

And so Cupid's arrow has found its mark—and through the thick armour-plate of a W.D. Officer. We wish you every happiness, A/S/O Forster, nee James, to the uninformed.

o o o

And we're not so sure that Cupid it not staging a blitz—What say, Accounts?

o o o

And the cigars were very prominent around the Mess not so long ago. Our Padre became a papa again. Congrats, Padre!

o o o

Has F/L Esson received his Wings yet, or is he just intending to become an Armourer Standard? By the look of that aeroplane engine that he harbors in his room, he

must have ambitions of some sort.

o o o

There doesn't seem to be an awful lot of bragging going on regarding the number of ducks being brought to earth this fall. All they seem to run into is Trouble. What say, Doc? However, we have one master hunter in the person of the Commanding Officer. The Mess enjoyed an excellent dinner which he supplied after his shoot in the Qu'Appelle Valley.

o o o

Where are all those Officers who were having ambitions re body building? Have they already developed that Herculean perfection, or is the P.T. Instructor too tough on the boys?

o o o

The "Welcome" sign is hung out for all our new colleagues, and to you who have left, we wish you "Godspeed."

PRINCESS ALICE'S VISIT

(Continued from page 5)

During Princess Alice's visit to this Station, it was very noticeable how everyone with whom she came in contact was immediately put at ease by her graciousness and interest. Included in her retinue were, Hon. Ariel Baid, lady-in-waiting, and Flight Officer E. J. C. Henderson, Aide during her tour of the Women's Division in Number Two Training Command. Also accompanying her were F/L Pritchard and N/S Smith.

Princess Alice's visit to this Station will long be remembered.

SPORTS REPORT

(Continued from page 25)

On Monday evening Oct. 8th, Her Royal Highness Princess Alice visited the W.D. Physical Training class where she saw 50 members of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) going through a complete table of Danish gymnastics and rhythmic exercises. The entire class put on a splendid performance and Her Royal Highness commended the girls highly on the fine standard of Physical Education they were attaining. G/C Dipple and A/S/O Ritchie accompanied Princess Alice on their inspection of the class, and were agreeably surprised at the skill with which the W.D.'s executed their movements.



CPL. A. K. JAY

With mixed feelings of pleasure over her promotion and sorrow over losing her, we say "Farewell" to our extremely popular Cpl. A. K. Jay. On the tenth of the month of October, our Cpl. Jay became Assistant Section Officer Jay and began her O.T.C. at Number Six Manning Depot in Toronto.

We wish her Godspeed and the very best wherever she might go.

P.S.—We wonder if this might be the cause for a decided dropping off of sales at the coffee bar in the W.D. Canteen these a.m.'s.

NOTICE

The staff of the Paulson Post, feel that it is high time some of the Airmen or Airwomen on the station came forward to serve on the staff committee.

Th officers at present serving would like to have their names replaced by the above, but this does not mean that they will not help out as volunteers and contributors.

It is your paper, come forward and serve on it, or tell us of men you'd like to see serving.

—The Editors.

—V—

BRIGHTER DEFINITIONS FROM THE CLASSROOMS

Relative Speed—Two aircraft each one travelling faster than the other.

Azimuth — A Bronchial disease cured by living in a hot climate.

o o o

ATTENTION THE M.O.

Question in recent exam u/t S. A.G.'s.

Question:—"What are attributing factors to Blacking out?"

Answer:—(a) "Excess wine, women, and song."

(b) "But, where do you get them around here?"

o o o

AIRCRAFT RECOGNITION

Question:—"How do you recognize a Lysander?"

Answer:—"That's easy, there's always a drogue behind it!"

—V—

CO-OPERATION

(Continued from page 20)

Stores Cpl. closely escorted by the Gunnery O. at 1600 hours. The upshot of the whole affair was, that the Gunnery O. went off on operations that night, with his work completed, including Inspection of all Guns and Turrets, but tired out, and having had no time for his Supper. "An excellent condition for the Rear Gunner to be in on his first Raid!"

—G.I.S.

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STATION SWING BAND

Hello Folks,

This is LAC Jacob on the Air and we're about to tune in on a few lines of dirt concerning the station Orchestra. This is the first opportunity I've had to give you inside dope on the boys in the Band, and I hope that they don't mind.

To begin with—they're all a swell bunch of guys to work with—and we sure have a swell time playing for station dances. I guess you've all seen them and heard them at one time or another, so you can form your own opinion (as far as the music is concerned.)

Did you ever notice our Drummer Boy? That's LAC McGee — and he's the best! That's no kidding. I sure wish him luck with his "Girl" in a certain city and if I were him I'd sure make the best of it—know what I mean? Good Luck McGee—you're a lucky guy—Don't let this get away from you. I know the symptoms when I see them.

Cpl. McEwen beats out the steady rythum on the Bass. You all know him—if you don't, look for a cute kid who stands besides the drums with a big "fiddle" at his side—(its a little awkward to keep under his chin—so it stands on the floor). By the way—McGee and McEwen may leave us soon—in a way I would like to see them go because its a good break and then I wouldn't—because it will be very hard to replace such good men.

We also have a sax man who can play the sweetest swing sax you'd ever want to hear—we call him . . . but his real name is Al Lang. He's a swell fellow to work with and really has his heart in his work—I'll never forget the time he went out during intermission at one of the

Airmen's dances—and **couldn't** come back for a long while—Remember Al—we sure had some fun.

I don't know what we would have done without Cpl. Russen—He blows a neat trumpet and he sure helped us out—You see, Cpl. Hepburn used to play Trumpet for us and he was posted. It sure hit the band between the eyes when he left because he sure was a swell guy. We sure miss him and we hope that maybe some day, he'll come back (The age of miracles hasn't passed yet—we hope)! Good Luck Hep—keep in touch with us and let us know how you're getting along.

Last but not least, this is yours truly—who tries his best on the piano—and I sure enjoy working for the band and the station. It calls for a lot of work and headaches but it's fun. Writing music and getting everything straight for the dances involves extra work and with the cooperation of the boys and officers we put on some swell affairs. I'm looking forward to the fall—when once again we'll have all the station dances to work on—and the sooner we start—the better—what do you say fellows? **Let's go.**

Well, I guess that covers everything except one important fact—we want to thank LAC McIntosh of Number Ten S.F.T.S. who assists us on the trumpet—If you want to hear a swell swing trumpet—come to the next airmen's dance to see and hear for yourself.

Thanks a lot for the space and we'll be seeing you.

Yours truly,

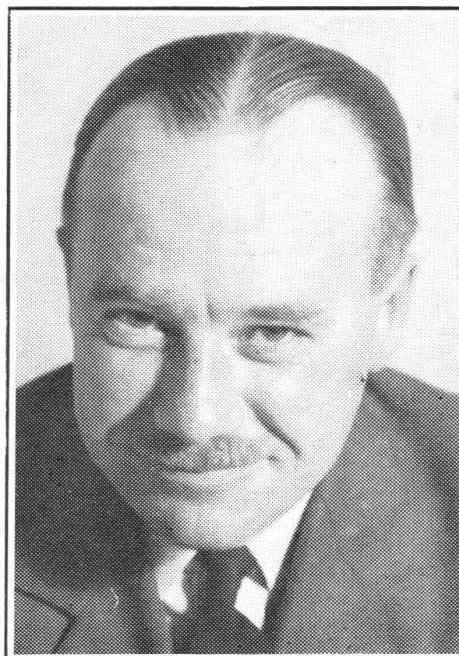
LAC JACOB, A.S.

(Continued on Page 31)

F.L. A. B. MUIR

F/L Muir is a somewhat deceptive person. His easy going pleasant manners utterly belie the thoroughness and efficiency which he puts into his work. As adjutant for G.I.S. he obtained an enviable record in this Command for the promptness and accuracy of his reports. As messing officer he received the applause of even such delicate connoisseurs of food as F/O Graham and the Adjutant. As a member of the mystic circle which meets each noon in the officers' anteroom come Monday, come Saturday, he was always a welcome guest. We are certainly sorry to see you go Alex, and we wish you the best of luck in your new job at Saskatoon.

Before the war F/L Muir worked in a Stock Broker's Exchange in Montreal and regards that part of Canada as the original Garden of Eden.



THE LASSIES DRESSED IN BLUE

There came to Paulson one fine day,
Some Lassies dressed in blue,
They said, "You know we've come
to stay,
We're W.D. to you."

These Girls are far from home today,
But, full of life, and well,
And when to bat, they call a play,
They sure — and do — raise Hell!

Their Officers were strangely few,
But this we did not mind,
It left us free our evenings to
Enjoy, what we could find.

Their stay has now become a fact,
And strange as it may seem,
The men still have their hearts intact,
Though this may be a dream.

The W.D. are honour bound,
To show the men their worth,
And so, from day to day around,
They do their work, 'mid mirth.

—O.C.

—V—

STATION SWING BAND

(Continued from page 30)

P.S.—Why don't the Sergeants
tune their piano—or buy a new one?

P.P.S.—The band's specialty is —
"The Shiek" and when it comes to
food — its beer and chicken sandwiches. What say fellows — "No
Hands."

Aubie sure is tops as a piano
player, but I wonder, if he has learned
to croon lullabys yet? If he hasn't
he'd better begin soon, according to
what I heard from the stork.

"Still Wondering"

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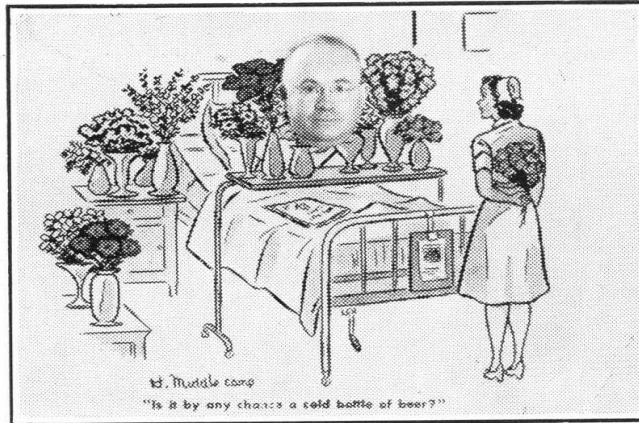
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DAUPHIN

MANITOBA

HOSPITAL

"Kill or Cure Column"



Most people that write articles for newspapers or magazines have either some good ideas or at least an inspiration, but we have neither—as usual.

Our male personnel is really getting scarce here in the hospital since the fairer sex have arrived. LAC "Jimmy" Wardrop was posted this last month to Anchorage, Alaska, and LAC "Junior" Irwin was sent to Carberry, Manitoba. Not to be outdone LAW "Betty" Verner left for Number Six "M" Depot, Toronto, to take an Administrative course. We were very sorry to see them go and we wish them all the luck there is on their new stations.

Speaking of the fairer sex, the girls are doing a pretty good job in taking over where the fellows left off. AW1's Rattray, Chadney, Cosman, and LAW Roste are ably assisting LAC "Tom" Hart at the

culinary art while AW1's Ouellette, Germain, Wall and Martin are helping LAC's Knutson, Carnegie, and Mattson look after the patients that are left under the guiding hand of our two popular nursing sisters, Bishop and Rapley.

The "hunting bug" has sure bitten the fellows in the hospital but apparently it hasn't had much effect. F/L's Steiman, and Boyle have had a bit of success and we do mean a "bit." All donations of either prairie chickens or ducks will be gladly accepted for the patients, but of course if you bring in enough, the staff can always be on hand.

F/L Steiman, F/L Boyle, and F/L Johnston, along with "Mike," will be on hand to eat.

So long for now. We will be seeing you next month.

—The Two Jerries,
(And not the ones under the bed)

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THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

What we would like to know—IS:

Why—a certain LAC on this station has been making frequent trips to Gilbert Plains lately? and returning in the wee hours of the morning. Surely its not to take pictures of someone; we have an idea that there is a bit of "sparking" going on. "Eh, Sparks"?

o o o

This talk about sparking, etc. makes us curious about something else too:

We wonder if "Romeo" will do our two feline friends "Scruffy and Stinky", out of a home in the near future? Oh, well, who knows, maybe he REALLY is interested in kittens. Watch out Romeo, they scratch when annoyed.

o o o

The subject of scratches brings up another incident, that has some people quite curious, as to:

What happened to a certain F/S the other Sat. nite, surely he didn't stick his head into a meat grinder, was it because one of the fairer sex, Flight? And WHERE did you get THAT eye?

o o o

I would like to make a slight pause here to make an offer (by request):

I have been asked to announce that the Parachute Section harbours a man hater. Here is your chance boys, are you lucky in love? Personnel of said Section will cover all bets (especially little "woo, woo Gardner"). Watch your step boys.

o o o

Maybe a certain Sgt. (Jerko) that goes communing with nature among the forest primeval at Dauphin Lake, with a cute W.D. on his arm, could win this man hater over. Why the sudden interest in flora and fauna, Sgt.?

Does Cpl. Miles always act that way at dances, or was it the French inspiration?

o o o

Me thinkest that there's a love affair blooming between Cpl. H. and a Civie steno. Or can it be, that they enjoy dancing cheek to cheek?

o o o

I wonder why the boys in the band scatter behind the screen, after every other number?

o o o

We know that Flood has one of the finest techniques on the Station, but does he know that the woman in RED is married. Ask Shus. he knows.

o o o

That man with the funny haircut, just sits in a dark corner at our dances, would it be his Chevrons or haircut? When asked, "I'm waiting for a W.D."

o o o

Which Officer managed to scrounge the last number at the airmen's dance? And I don't mean the O.O. (By the way so did the O.O.)

o o o

Dear, dear, and tsk, tsk, listen to this, girls and boys:

There is a certain little someone on this station that refers to the youngest P/O in Gunnery as "Little Sunshine". Isn't that cute? O-o-ooh, dear!!!

o o o

A certain Cpl. (and his name's not Whyte) in the airmen's mess was asked, how he liked the W.D.'s; Quote: "They're the bunk." Unquote: But the way he acts amongst them —the W.D.'s tell me he is the daddy of them all.

(Continued on next page)

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE — Continued

And then there's a certain S/P in Bombing, who has a very beautiful lady-friend in Winnipeg, who had better watch where he spends his spare time—Step easy S.C., it's pretty thin ice for this hot weather.

o o o

What beautiful, buxom, civie steno on this Station is taking tap-dancing lessons from a certain tap-dancing Sgt., and why does her erstwhile S/P boy-friend aspire to be a second Fred Astaire. Both with the same Sgt. tutor. Perhaps we have the makings of a swell dance team here—or something.

o o o

Talking about dances — in the future Sgts. should **confine their Dancing to the Sgts. Mess.** Some-places are out of bounds, you know.

o o o

Why did Sgt. L. (F.W.) send his wife back home?? Is it because of his dancing pupils!

o o o

Now I am informed that a W.O. 2 on this Station was greatly interested in a women's softball game the other nite in town, Number Seven B. & G. School vs Coca Cola. Or maybe it was the first base player who was the centre of attraction! What happened, Major, did someone beat you to the punch? An LAC at that, tsk, tsk. You had better luck in the hospital, according to the last Paulson Post.

o o o

We wonder who that certain F/S on Number 7 B. & G. School, is, that stabs himself nearly every meal time. Is he nervous? or is it that certain Sgt. (W.D.) that sits at his table so often, that distracts his mind from his stomach.

o o o

What certain Cpl. (Barrack Joe at that time) ran around the school for about a week, trying to get blinds

for his barrack block? Funny he doesn't use them — isn't it?

o o o

Talk about expectations, we ran into one of these the other day. We wonder if the moths will thrive on the Cpls. and Sgts. chevrons, yes, he even has the crown.

o o o

Why has the blond P/O that far away look in his eye?—Is it because a certain W.D. Cpl. was posted away?

o o o

The Air Gunners' and Bomb Aimers' course should be shortened—the longing looks and vacant stares, of the airwomen after they leave — um — m m m.

o o o

Does the O.C. like flying camera gun exercises on a windy day? — Well blow me away!

o o o

Who is the airwoman in the Airwomen's Canteen who was on her high horse because a certain Cpl. didn't write her, Now! Now! Now! Marie.

o o o

When will A/S/O (now Mrs.) come down to earth—she has been walking in the clouds a long time.

o o o

The straight and narrow, is very narrow, but Cpl. Smith will never stray because of his shadow.

o o o

Another romance? Armament is an interesting subject, but Jimmie is shooting a new line.

o o o

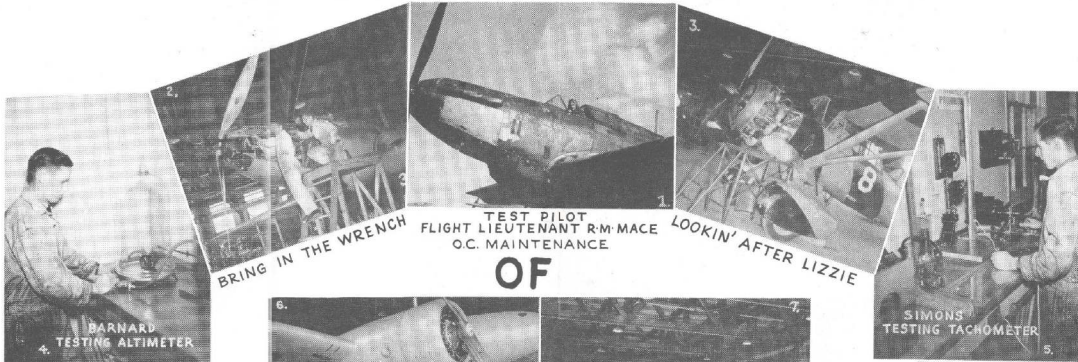
What airwoman in the Plotting Office seems to be plotting for a certain W.O.2?

o o o

Australians, R.A.F., New Zealanders, Canadians — all hearts can be broken, can't they Mulligan?

(Continued on Page 51)

ODD SHOTS



BRING IN THE WRENCH

TEST PILOT
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT R-M MACE
O.C. MAINTENANCE

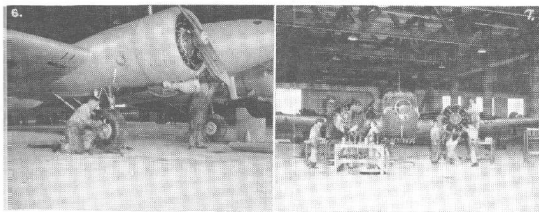
LOOKIN' AFTER LIZZIE

BARNARD
TESTING ALTIMETER

SIMONS
TESTING TACHOMETER



HOWCRAFT
(MR. FIXIT)
ON THE JOB



ANSON MAINTENANCE



ABELS
PANAY CALLING DAMON



PRINCESS ALICE DROPS IN ON
GARDNER



THE PRINCESS CALLS ON BECKER



DOBSON AND NOON
(HERE'S HOPING IT WORKS)

MAINTENANCE

WING

PARACHUTE SECTION

The W.D. in the Parachute Section it seems, to me, get along pretty well. The Sarg, who is a talented tap dancer, is well liked by all. Of course there are times when he really means what he says. I quote, "Now, I mean it, kids, I don't want any fooling around", unquote.

Then there is our Cpl. . . . of course I mean Segal. Maybe you've seen him dashing here, there and everywhere through the hangars. or perhaps — if you've left your chute on the floor, he comes to you "O.K., Bud . . Rumble!" How about a little co-operation?

We have a new Cpl. in our Section, Cpl. Morris (Paid). He may be known more commonly as Speed, Flask, or the new Barrack Joe for 15B.

Then there's the two LAC's — Naisbitt and Jacobs, two happily married men. The latter is to be a poppa in the near future.

O.K. — W.D.! Your turn now.

We have a girl in our section who

seems to be very well mannered. She's the "Yes" girl of the section — "Yes, Sergeant" — Yes, Sergeant" and so on.

Our tall blue-eyed girl who works in Droque predicts a mild winter, I wonder why she worries about the weather with that certain LAC around.

Ambitious Miss Noon likes Paulson very much, but — would prefer being overseas. I guess you can't blame anyone for wanting to be near the boy friend.

Miss Gill finds the Air Force quite different from what she's used to, having spent all her life at home, so consequently is learning to earn a living the hard way — or is it the easy way!!

Who is it that sits up and takes notice of those cute New Zealanders that pass our section? Are we right, Lunning?

This is your two Musketeer reporters, Dobby and Gardner, signing off for now and hope to be back again soon.

We are seven W.D.'s under the eagle eye of Sgt. Lees.
 With two corporals on our toes, we surely work heaven knows,
 And two LAC's by our side, with all this help how can we slide?
 For C.O.'s inspection the floors we clean, the windows shine until they gleam.
 The harness we check, the chutes we pack, trusting in thirty days to get them back.
 But if from the skies the airman must dive, with our chutes he shall land alive,
 And so we work, laugh, joke and play, waiting for that happy day,
 When victorious o'er the foam back home, our boys will roam,
 Our blues then we'll cast aside and civilian life take in our stride,
 But a tender spot in our hearts there will always be.
 For the days when we were the W.D.

—AW1 Gill.

LITTLE BITS FROM THE HENHOUSE

1. Who is the Pilot Officer, who never sits on the back step of the W.D. Canteen since a certain Corporal left, for Toronto.

2. Now that little "Tommy" has left, maybe "Mac" will concentrate on her plotting.

3. Since our "Aussies" have visited our "Hen House" a certain "Newfy" gets razzed. She resents their pronunciation of Newfoundland.

4. Why is it that a certain Sgt. has a thorn in his side. How about it you too. The correct pronunciation is "Thorn-ton".

5. Recently our most virtuous, visitor to Clear Lake hasn't mentioned his cousin, who it is presumed resides there during the summer months. How and why, "Steve"?

6. It is also believed that a certain young, short, blonde, was recently tormented by Bombadiers who were

anxious to give her the good-bye greeting. I know and you know — how was it "Hammie", Yum — Yum.

7. Those who have visited the "Hen House" alias Plotting Office, and read the last issue of Paulson Post, will also be seeing in this Paulson Post a picture of one of our most arduous — Period. Oh, yes — workers. She seemed quite upset about the whole thing. Was it the pain or her looks she was interested in.

8. What is the attraction in the crew rooms which seems to draw a certain "Young Lady" from her work, for an hour-or-so every morning. Could it be the "Bombadiers"?

9. Since our last visit to the Paulson Post the "Hen House" has lost F/O Brazier and gained another officer, P/O Hathaway, who's presence I'm sure is quite welcome.

King's Hotel

L. G. DIXON, Prop.

Genuine Hospitality

DAUPHIN, MAN.

FLIGHT SERGEANT KENCH



"Oh, I don't know, there really isn't a great deal that I can say". That was the first statement given the interviewer in answer to the question: "Well, Flight, how about the lowdown on your past?"

But that is just his way: quiet, and unassuming. And when you start probing him with questions, it's surprising how contradictory that first statement becomes — but you have to coax the information out — he doesn't "give" easily.

"Born, raised and educated in the West," he said, "Vancouver—then took to selling cars" (That's probably why he doesn't spend much effort trying to sell himself). "Then joined

up in the Auxiliary Force in 1938. Received my training in Trenton." And does he take his work seriously? Have you seen the Aircraft Recognition Room in G.I.S.? Have you seen his work with respect to the Bombing Teacher?—In that case there is no need to answer that question.

And he certainly has been around while in the Service — Sea Island, Jericho Beach, Trenton, Dartmouth, Windsor Mills, Mountain View, and Paulson. And even found time to find himself a bride while in the East. Which proves he's not too prejudiced as far as the West is concerned.

(Continued on Page 51)

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW!

I am one of the fellows who made the world safe for Democracy. What a crazy thing that was. I fought and I fought and I fought—but I had to go anyway. I was called in class "A". The next time I want to be class "B". Be here when they go away and be here when they come back. I remember when I registered. I went to a desk and the man in charge was my milkman. He said, "What's your name?" I said "You know my name." "What's your name" he asked so I told him "August Childs." He said "Are you an Alien?" I said "No. I feel fine". He asked me where I was born and I said "Pittsburgh". Then he asked "When did you first see the light of day?" I said, "When we moved to Philadelphia." He asked me how old I was, so I told him 23, the first of September. He said "the first of Sept., you'll be in France and that will be the last of August."

The day I went to camp I guess they didn't think I'd live long. The first fellow wrote on my card "Flying Corps (E)". I went a little further and some fellow said "Look what the Wind's blowing in."

Wind nothing, the Draft's doing it. On the second day they put these clothes on me. What an outfit! Soon as you're in it you think you can lick anybody. They have two sizes—too small and too large. The pants are so tight I can't sit down. The shoes are so big, I turned around three times and they didn't move. The raincoat they gave me, it strained the rain. I passed an officer all dressed up with a funny belt and all that stuff. He said, calling after me, "Don't you notice my uniform when I pass?" I said, "Yes, what the hell are you kicking about, look what they gave me."

Oh, it was nice,—Five below one morning and they called us out for an underwear inspection. You talk about scenery,—red flannels, B.V.D.'s and all kinds. The union suit I had would fit Tony Galento. The lieutenant lined us up and told me to stand up. I said "I am up Sir, this just makes me look as though I'm sitting down." He got mad and put me out digging a ditch. A little later he passed me and said "Don't throw that dirt up here." I said, "Where am I going to put it?" He said "Dig another hole and put it in there."

Three days later I sailed for France. Marching down the pier, I had more luck. I had a Sergeant who stuttered. It took him so long to say "Halt" that 27 of us marched over-board. They pulled me out and lined us up on the pier, and the Captain came by and said "Fall in." I said, "I've already been in, Sir."

I was on the boat 12 days. Seasick 12 days. Nothing going down and everything coming up. I leaned over the rail all the time. In the middle of one of my best leans, the Captain rushed up and said "What Company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by myself." He asked me if the Brigadier was up yet. I said, "If I swallowed it, it's up." Talk about your dumb people—I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped anchor," he replied, "I knew they'd lose that damn thing, it's been hanging over the side ever since we left New York."

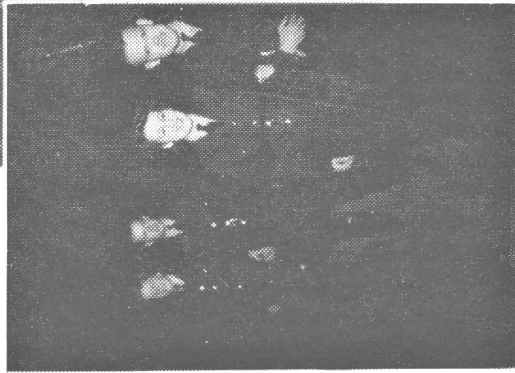
When we landed in France, we were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights in the trenches, the cannons started to roar and the shells started to pass—I was shaking Patriotism. I tried to hide behind the

(Continued on Page 50)

HOP



WHERE IS MY -

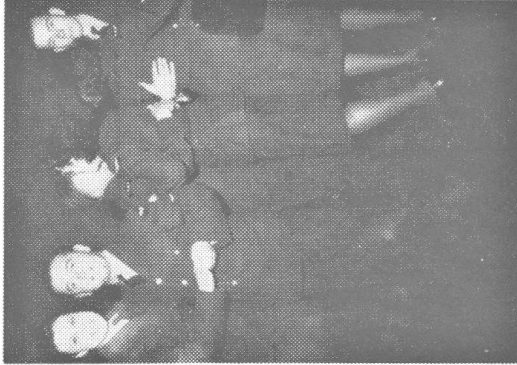


FLIRTATION WALK -

SHOTS



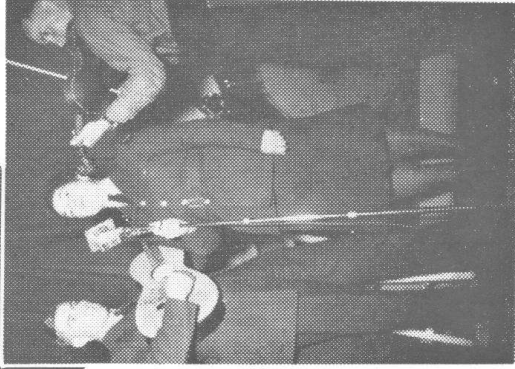
GOTTA LOOK MY BEST -



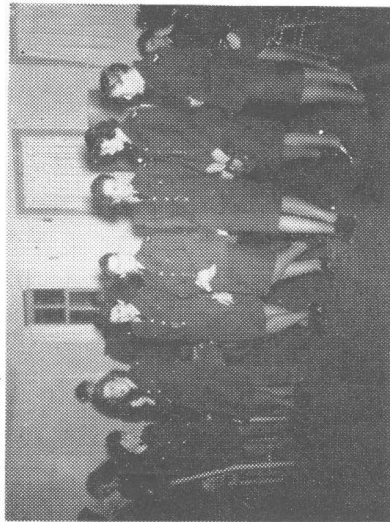
BOOMPS - A - DAISY



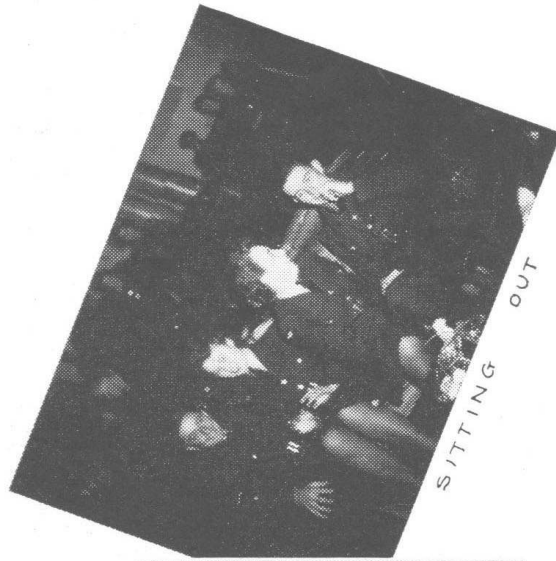
ME TOO



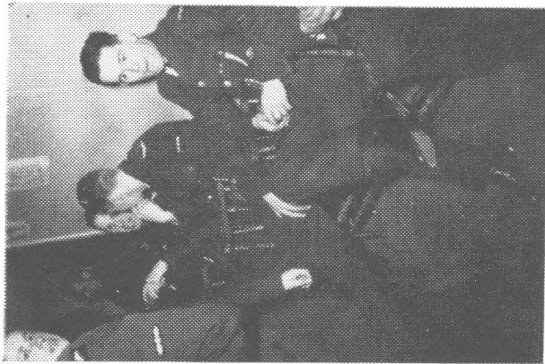
SWING YOUR PARTNER



TAIL LINE



SITTING OUT



STAG LINE



GOOD NITE



AIN'T CIVILIANS SILLY



FREE G&B -

LINE BOOK G.I.S.

Who was the F/Sgt. in the Armt. School, who asked the Armament Section, "Can I scrounge a few rounds of .22 ammo?" and, on being handed a box of them, said, "Oh! I won't need all those, I'll just take two, there are two ducks down on the 200 yard range."

"Sounds like Bisley material to US, definitely."

Anyone know the Sgt. who, when asked if his lunch hour that day, had been as profitable as the one the day before, was reported to have been, replied, "I never gamble, Sir, it's a sure thing when I play!"

Better watch his deal boys.

Who is the young officer who never fires at a single duck, and when asked why he had let the one in question go, replied, "Well, at home I always wait till at least three get up, and then bag the lot with one shot!"

"A Scot? Saving ammo? or just very, very Sportin'?"

Who knows the AW1 who, when complimented on how brightly she had shined her buttons that morning, replied, "I'll say, I am after a Commission."

That is the entering wedge, Lass.

Modern Slavery: A certain F/Sgt. claims that he is allowed just fifteen minutes for his lunch hour. It could be sabotage, the poor chap might get indigestion.

A student who had finished his air firing, and who was to graduate the next day, asked his instructor this question, "Sgt., where is the muzzle of the Browning gun?"

Our M.O. reports that the said instructor is still being watched, as he fears for his reason.

Two F/Sgts. were discussing flying pay, and the following information is offered on the subject:

1st. F/Sgt. "22 bucks a month, buys two weeks eats."

2nd. F/Sgt. (newly married) "Yes, and if you save up for a few months, you can have a BABY!"

The editors desire to state that they cannot vouch for the latter information.

____V____

BOOK REVIEWS

"WAR AND PEACE"—This novel written by Leo Tolstoy has been described by at least seven noted writers as "the greatest novel ever written." The main theme of the novel is Napoleon's invasion of Russia in 1812; and it is impossible to read "War and Peace" without being constantly reminded of the fact that history can at times be sensationally repetitious. Into the powerful, moving events of the time Tolstoy has woven a story of unforgettable characters.

o o o

"BRIDE OF GLORY" by Bradda Field—Here is a true and distinguished novel — and here above all, is an extremely interesting story. It is the story of beautiful, impetuous Emy Lyon, who later became Lady Emma Hamilton and the trusted friend of Lord Nelson. For probably the first time the whole story of the early life of this famous woman is told: her poverty, her escapades, her rebuffs at the hands of a society which eventually surrendered to her valiant spirit and her blazing beauty. If you enjoyed the motion picture "That Hamilton Woman" — you will more than enjoy this novel which has caught Lady Hamilton so conclusively.

—G.K.H

Australians of Course 64 Air Bombers



Back Row (left to right)—Carr, Nedwich, McPhie, McMahon,
Tracey, Olliffe, Eliot, Bryden

Front Row (left to right)—Levy, Cornwell, Luke, Davies, Clifford
Feakes, Kelleher, Hines

A class of boys from "Down Under". A real example of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan in action.

We're glad to have you with us, boys, and proud to be working along with you on this job. May our fellowship last long after this conflict is over.

Lost and Found Column

LOST: One Pear-Switch. Finder 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, Serge, 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!

Is there ever a madhouse to compare
Where you stretch on your bed or
tear your hair,

Through studying Browning and
V.G.O.,

Bombs, turrets, pistols, and so and so,
Where you get up each day at 6.15,
And Shoot at drogue ships on the
beam,

Get herded to Gunnery Flight in
mass

And sit for hours on your poor
old . . . ?

But honestly folks you can take it
from me,

The worst place on earth isn't
Seven B. & G.

By Sandy Saunders.

SECURITY GUARD



We missed the last issue of the Paulson Post but here we are again. During the last week or so, we have been finding it hard to get our regular rest, as almost every day someone has come rushing, and I mean rushing, about with their clearance papers. Now we are afraid to go to sleep in case we miss our posting or wake up and find our bunk mate gone.

We wish to extend our congratulations to Sgt. Rolfe on his recent Promotion. He is now P/O Rolfe. He is a regular fellow and deserves it. Jack writes us from Lachine, Quebec, and tells us he's working over time but neglects to say whether it's on the parade ground, classroom or in Montreal in the evenings.

Sgt. Walt. Miller, one of the originals on this station, (for he arrived way back Dec. 4th, 1940) has at last

had to say goodbye. He is now some where in southern Sask. Good luck Walt. and don't forget your pals at Number Seven.

Cpl. Saye. He's no hunter, but he should be if the name of his new station denotes anything. We wonder what the Dauphin girls will do for a "Jitter Bug" partner now? Good luck, Bob.

LAC Shanahan, better known as "Doc Evil", must have a lucky number, he was posted to the West Coast. He took with him AC Gongel who has been with us only a short time.

LAC Cork, another lucky airman who received a shock when posted to within 12 miles of home. We can see the road burning up under that early model "T" he's done so much bragging about.

Cpl. McCarthy and AC Gauthier have been posted too, but we hope it's as they say—Temporary Duty—only and we are looking forward to seeing them back soon.

We have some new members too, five of them, and all from Quebec. It won't be their fault if the guards don't learn to speak French. Welcome to Number Seven, Boys.

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

GUNNERY FLIGHT

After a general shake-up we're off to a fresh start with F/S Birch at the helm. F/S Birch—better known as "Moose" arrived at Paulson from Mossbank late in August. After a few weeks in Droque he took over duties as NCO in charge of Gunnery. "Moose" has been with the Force since 1929 and is a top rating rigger who has every man behind him.

F/S Simpson, after spending 1½ years at Fingal, came to Paulson, where he reported to Maintenance and later to Gunnery. F/S Simpson is a first class fitter who knows A/C engines inside out.

With two such men heading our Flight, how can we go wrong?

Congratulations are extended to Cpl. Devlin on his promotion. Nice going, Jim.

With the winter season closing in, the Bowling League was officially opened. Playing the first game for averages, Gunnery took on Accounts Section and although the men were a little rusty, the superb bowling of Cpl. Smith with his "onion ball", brought tears to the opponents eyes. Next week we hope to do better.

BREEZY BITS

It seems there is a Graham Bell the second in the Flight, with the invention of a new telephone—a queer looking apparatus, too! We wonder if it will become commercialized?

We've heard of "Duty Runs" and "Garbage Runs", but AC1 Krupa has a new one. He's on the Milk Run in Ochre City. How's business, Maxie?

EVER WONDER ???

While sitting primly and patiently on our stool . . . "Why the h— don't people ring off when they have completed their call?"

—What is muttered by the "Hello Girl" after someone asks to speak to LAC Smith, please. "He is tall, dark, and he was at the Town Hall on Friday." At least one operator should know him, maybe!

—And then there is the person who very sweetly asks to be informed when the line is clear. They don't know there are only a few dozen more wanting the same service. Maybe we should tell them, eh?

—What the Major thinks when he walks in during the evening and a certain operator is holding a lengthy conversation with Bombing Flight?

—About the notorious redheaded operator who says exactly what she thinks and holds nothing back?

—How AW1 Winter keeps her "knit one, drop two" straight between calls?

Why Number Eleven is so hard to contact? We know — "Bombing Cpl. Stevens."

—Who the night operator expects when she continually bars and bolts the door?

Just before we go, did you know that there is a fine for any person who uses blasphemous language over the telephone?

Gotta go now, there is another call for Maintenance, Whoops—the line is busy!!

The Voice with a Smile.

Random Jottings from the Accounts Section

Here I am back again with little bits of news and gossip of the lucky members of the Accounts Section. Lucky I mean, because they work in the Accounts.

Ft. Lt. Bazett has just returned from his leave, and found us all really busy, dashing back and forth with Nominal Rolls and A28's (Records of pay to you.) Reason why, all the men have left, and we really have to work.

We have a new acquisition now. A crown, and it is being worn on F/Sgt. Jones' sleeve. Congratulations, Flight!

Talk about the two kittens on the station. We W.D.'s have something to beat that we think—two goldfish—Poicy and Goity. You ought to see them swimming around in their little glass bowl. Of course we are just looking ahead into the future, because when rations get lower (if such a thing could ever happen?), we hope you will join us eating sardines on toast.

Have you heard about one of our W.D.'s (one of those Powell River gals) who appeared on parade with hay in her hair. You could either ask her or a certain Sgt. Pilot about it.

We have lost another one of our men, one real swell fellow, Cpl. Tate. We really hope he will be happy down at Portage, but oh how we miss him on payday.

There are a couple of very lonesome girls here now the Bombadiers have left. So its "Early to bed"—we are wondering just how long it will last.

Never mind, Cpl. Kyle and LAC Gent. Your postings will be coming in one of these fine mornings. I know you'll hate to leave us, but Alaska has its good points too.

Cpl. Smallbone bade us all a sad farewell, when he departed westwards to Vancouver last week. Lucky fellow! We had to count the coke bottles before he left, just to make sure he wasn't getting away with anything. Let us know how you are getting on, Don.

This will have to be all for now, payday is looming up this week, so best I get back to work. See you all again next month.

—A.D.A

_____V_____

YOUR IN THE ARMY NOW!

(Continued from Page 43)

trees, but there weren't enough trees for the officers. The Captain came around and said, "Five o'clock, we go over the top." I said, "I'd like a furlough." He said, "Haven't you any red blood in your veins?" I said, "Yes, but I don't want to lose it." Five o'clock we went over the top. Ten thousand Austrians came at us, and the way they looked at me you'd think it was I who started the war. Our Captain called "Fire at Will," but I didn't know any of their first names. I guess the fellow behind me thought I was Will. He fired his gun and shot me in the excitement. On my way to the Hospital I asked a fellow where they were taking me and he said, "Your going to the morgue." I said "there's some mistake, I'm not dead?" He yelled, "lie down do you want to make a fool out of the Dr."

—Author Unknown

_____V_____

Note:—Congratulations to Gunnery and Drogue Flights. On 20-9-42 they broke all existing school records for number of completed Gunnery exercises in one day.

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE — Continued

(Continued on Page 39)

Has a girl in Brockville got a
certain P/O saving his money?

o o o

Is there another W/C on this Sta-
tion? — or who is this "Stubbs".

o o o

The mice will play, when the
cat's away — look out Casanova
someone might catch up with you.
(Cpl. of Bombing Flight).

o o o

That big Scotch Officer and his
bag of haggis that squeals under his
arm—he sure likes to wander about
the station and quarters about 3 a.m.
with a certain stout F/L leading the
parade.

Was Hamie's face red when Sgt.
Baxter put her out of the barracks
— WHY!!

o o o

Who is the most popular officer
with the airwomen? I wonder if the
Padre could answer this.

o o o

"Honest Bob", we call him F/O
Bales at a ball game.

o o o

Cpl. Lofthouse sure cuts a mean
figure when he catches a fly.

o o o

He had a black eye,
He said its a "sty",
He had a sore foot,
He said its a "nail".

Or can it be that a nursing sister
popped him, and he tripped on the
mat rushing out???

o o o

Sgt. Howdle seems down hearted—
these women sure do unexpected
things—like getting married.

o o o

The link trainer seems to be a sore
spot with some pilots, and O.O.

o o o

He has black wavy hair (in Droque
Flight) when asked to do a favor,

on the day of the field day piped
up — "I'm from Number Ten."

Why is it F/O MacArthur has lost
faith in his hero Doc Boyle — is
it because he was caught off first,
on a pop fly, or because he is a
sucker for a slow ball. (Segal wasn't
referring to the game).

o o o

Some say "Come up and see my
etchings" but a Sgt. uses an album.
With all the different showings, we
wonder if he'll meet the rite girl.

P.S.—He's in the market, W.D.'s

o o o

How does a Sgt. of the Officers'
Mess like washing a Fairey Battle?
And without any help. Exciting trip,
eh! Sgt.

o o o

Why do the W.D.'s chase Flash
around, with little sticks in their
hand, has this got anything to do
with the Parachute Section? Maybe
Flash is not as slow as we think.

o o o

We hope you enjoy this column,
and take it, with the spirit it was
written in.

Heavy Weight Boxing
Champion of Canada.
(Author)

____V____

FLIGHT SERGEANT KENCH

(Continued from Page 42)

"What about hobbies, Flight? In-
dulse much?" "Well, yes, I'm interest-
ed in shooting, photography and
stamps". And he even admitted that
he has had fair luck with his shoot-
ing this fall, so judging from other
reports on successful shooting this
season, he certainly must be "inter-
ested".

So there you have him — Flight
Sergeant Kench — If you don't know
him, you should—ask those who do.

JAMS AND SLAMS FROM C.R.

This is C.R., C.R., oh my, oh my. Here we are again folks just as we promised; only this month we're going to take you for a little ramble around headquarters to meet some of our tall?, dark?, and handsome?!! men that work in this building. Here we go meet them one by one.

F/L Campbell, Station Adjutant, posted to this station in November, 1941. He saw action in the war of 1914-1918 and is well qualified to fill his present position. He is well known as a vocalist, especially when he sings his theme songs, "The Campbells are coming", to the screaming accompaniment (sorry, Sir) of F/O MacArthur's bag pipes. You'll be hearing more about our adjutant from another section of this paper.

o o o

F/L Doucet, Senior Admin. Officer, was posted to this station March, 1941. He joined the Airforce, as an AC2, in April, 1931 and was recently promoted to the rank of F/L. Congratulations, Sir. Capable and energetic, having a great deal of service knowledge and experience, he is largely responsible for the efficiency of the station. If civilian steno's had birthdays every day of the year, I think you would get fat from laughing, Sir.

o o o

F/Sgt. Evans, butter roll to you (P.T.), from St. Thomas, Ontario, was posted to this station in August, 1941. If you ever come to H.Q. for information and everyone looks at you with a blank stare (nothing unusual) just ask for "Flight", he will put you straight. I say, Butter Roll, isn't the table a rather uncomfortable place to sleep on? But I suppose it feels like a feather bed to you after three quarters of an hour P. T.

Sgt. Radul, the jitter-bug man from Winnipeg, was posted to this station in June, 1941. Always ready to stand by his fellow workers, he is known as everyone's good pal, but his favourite pal is "Maisie". She was born about 1925, I would say by the looks of her, but according to "Sarg" she is still a great pal. He treats her as he would an officer and buys her all the little necessities of life. May the future hold the best for you "Sarg", and in the future may Maisie Hold together.

P.S.—Maisie is his car.

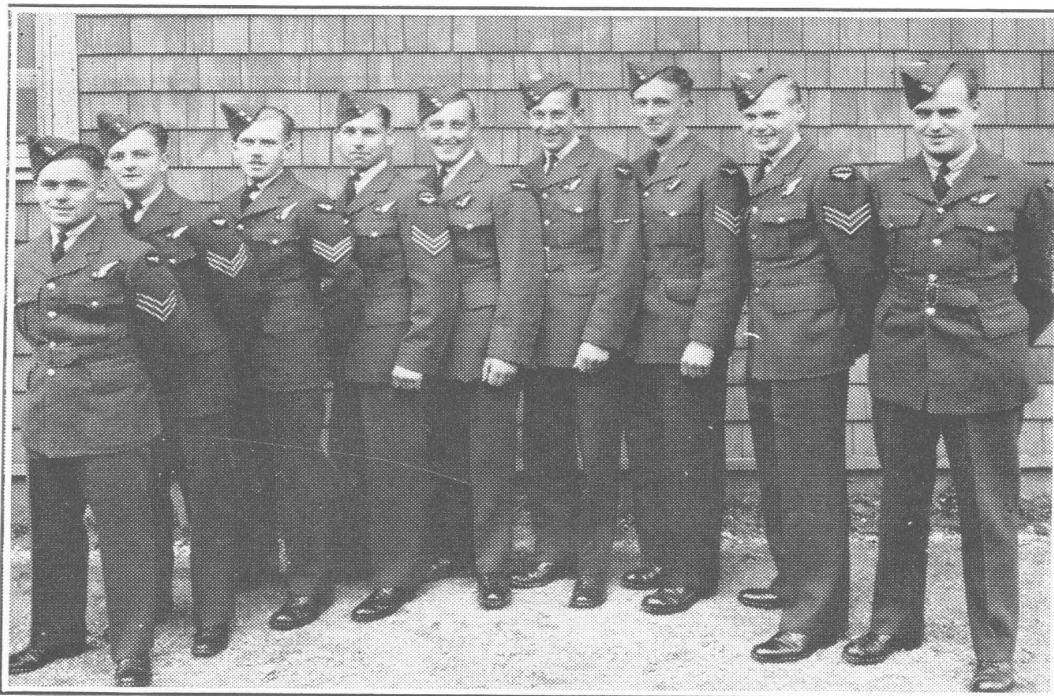
o o o

Sgt. Wolochow, our six feet of sunshine (pardon me "Sarg" if I'm a foot out either way), from Winnipeg, was posted to this station in June, 1941. He's another NCO who does all within his power to make life pleasant for his fellow workers. By the way "Sarg", why have you stuck so close to the station for the past month?!! Have you explained to the M.T. section, the difference between the files they use and the files we use? o o o

LAC McKeown, (Curly, No, folks, the name did not disappear with the hair in this case), was posted to this station in May, 1942. Energetic and efficient he is somewhat of an expert on records. A man of various talents, Curly is quite an orator, especially on pay nights, in the canteen. Never mind that bald spot, folks, grass never grows on a busy street.

Well, folks, that's all for this time, but you'd better be looking for us next month: if all goes the right way you will be reading all about the fairer sex of H.Q., both civilian and W.D. Be sure you stop, look, and listen. (I'm talking about the Paulson Post, not the street in front of the W.D. Barracks).

AW1 McGilchrist.



Left to Right—Sgt. Kelly, J. F.; Sgt. (now P.O.) McLeod, R. K.; Sgt. Labow, J. I.; Sgt. Bartlett, J. L. A.; Sgt. Arnold, W. H.; Sgt. Annis, L. D.; Sgt. Patten, G. W.; Sgt. Dahl, C. W.; Sgt. Pearce, G. S.



28th. Nine Paulson boys graduated as Sergeant Air Gunners, on Friday, September 28th. These nine all remustered from Ground Duties on this station.

Above — "OUR NINE".

Below — Graduation Banquet of Class 35-B.

Inserts:—Three of our boys who obtained highest marks in the class.
1st—Sgt. McLeod, R. K.; 2nd—Sgt. Dahl, C. W.; 3rd—Sgt. Kelly, J. F.

WEDDING BELLS



At last one of our Airwomen has done it. AW1 Pauline Ames and Sgt. Air Gunner Billy Lamb were married in St. Paul's Anglican Church, Dauphin, on Saturday Oct. 10th at 1800 hours, by our Padre, F/L Stewart.

The ceremony was short, simple, and sincere, the bride was attended by AW1 Catt, bridesmaid, Cpl. Bray, maid of honor, and was given into marriage by F/S Niven, while the groom had LAC J. Kinder as best man. One notable feature was that the entire bridal party was dressed in Air Force blue. At the conclusion of the ceremony the party re-assembled at the Hamilton Hotel, where they were joined by a few

guests, including the groom's mother and aunt. A toast was proposed to the bride and groom by F/Sgt. Niven and our ever popular Padre wished the couple well on behalf of those assembled. At 1900 hours the party wended its way to the dining room, where twenty-one guests were served with a chicken dinner. When the wedding supper was concluded the party adjourned to the Hostess House to enjoy an evening of dancing.

The young couple are honeymooning in Vancouver, the home of the bride's parents, and thence to Halifax.

Our congratulations and sincere good wishes to Sgt. and Mrs. Billy Lamb.

Odds and Ends from G. I. S.

The G.I.S. is occupied
By WAAF's and NCO's;
With office work, and teaching tried,
And pupils in a doze.

The Officers, their numbers weak,
Deal mainly with the forms.
These, and other types of Greek,
Cause unending yawns.

The pupils on the contrary,
With malice and aforethought,
Instructors cause much agony
By questions, mainly rot.

The G.I.S. in spite of this,
Is keen on Aircrew fine,
And live in hopes, that day of bliss
Will come, if given time.

—O.C.

OUR RIGHT TO THE FUTURE

Today, in the cities of Canada, newspapers are expressing the views of many prominent men and women who will be our social leaders in the post-war era. Their major theme, at the present time, stresses the marvelous future to be built upon a foundation of which the needs of the common everyday folk are the first considerations. The theme has reached us in two ways and from many people; the names of Prime Minister Churchill, President Roosevelt, J. B. Priestly, Dorothy Thompson and Manly Hall certainly deserve mention, but they are only a few of the "truly great" telling us of our glorious future.

How many of us in the Armed Services really appreciate the position in which this theme has placed us? On the shoulders of everyone of us in uniform rests two great responsibilities, namely; to give our best so that victory can be achieved, and, to equip ourselves for the trying period of adjustment of post war rehabilitation. Our leaders have given us their outlines for better world conditions, and they have taken for granted that we will develop, their places realizing within ourselves that their speeches are not enough. They speak and write about those ideals and we are overjoyed at their words, but of what value is that joy when many of us do not consider our present day actions and thoughts have any definite effect on the future. Let us take stock of ourselves and ask two perfectly simple questions, "If the war should end today, am I prepared for my re-entry into civilian life."

Can I honestly say I am ready for all these brilliant plans which are being formulated with great care and intelligence for me?"

This life we lead in the services is fine in that we are subject to discipline and close contact with our fellow men. We learn to obey commands and, in most cases, it is a new experience to live with hundreds of men under a set up that is unusual to us. It gives us a deeper appreciation of our neighbour's rights. However, this life has some very serious failings that have to be guarded against. Some responsibilities met with in our civilian lives have seemingly disappeared (but they are there in greater number and weight). We have developed a disregard towards some things which require a little energy and thought and which do not appear to have any apparent connection with our everyday work. We have to forget that laziness and fit ourselves for a hard struggle after the war. Let us remember that world peace can only be obtained and retained through the attempt of each individual to clear his patch of weeds.

We are very lucky to be living at a time when one of the most marvelous pages of world history is being written. It is up to us now, to aim a little higher each day, so that we may be able to take those carefully planned ideas and transform them into hard concrete structures. Today is the time, not tomorrow, to begin our quest for the cleanness of mind and the ambition necessary to accomplish what is now only fine words.

—F.I.S., AC1

THIS IS THE PEOPLE'S WAR!



To those of you who come from countries which have borne the brunt of the battle thus far the following words will perhaps have a deep and personal meaning. They issue a challenge to us all. They are words which, being heard by mature minds, will be converted into flaming activity. Only the "little" man, still dabbling in his own destiny, will feel no call and sense no pain as he reads them.

The scene is laid in a little church in England. The service is in progress. The sun pours down through a gaping bomb-hole in the roof over the chancel. From an improvised pulpit the Vicar of "Mrs. Miniver" speaks:

"We, in this quiet corner of England, have suffered the loss of friends very dear to us. Some—close to this church.

"George West, choir boy. James Ballard, station master and bell ringer, and the proud winner,

only an hour before his death of the Beldon Cup for his beautiful Miniver Rose. And our hearts go out in sympathy to the two families who share the cruel loss of a young girl who was married at this altar only two weeks ago.

"The homes of many of us have been destroyed and the lives of young and old have been taken. There is scarcely a household that hasn't been struck to the heart. And why? Surely you must have asked yourselves this question. Why, in all conscience, should these be the ones to suffer? Children, old people, a young girl at the height of her loveliness. Why these? Are these our soldiers? Are these our fighters? Why should these be sacrificed?

"I shall tell you why. Because this is not only a war of soldiers in uniform, it is a war of the people—of all the people—and it must be fought, not only on the battlefield, but in the cities and in the villages, in the factories and on the farms, in the home and in the heart of every man, woman and child who loves freedom!

"Well, we have buried our dead but we shall not forget them. Instead, they shall inspire us with an unbreakable determination to free ourselves and those who come after us from the tyranny and terror that threaten to strike us down! This is the people's war! It is our war! We are the fighters! Fight it, then! Fight it with all that is in us! And may God defend the right."

--V. L. Stewart.

(Continued on Page 62)

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MAINTENANCE FLIGHT

Only one month gone by and our personnel intimacies are to be laid bare for the public once more. We must admit though that it has been a hectic month all told, that is if all **were** told. There is of course our monthly loss of personnel and this time we bid "best luck to Cpl. Violette who **finally** found himself posted as Aircrew. Flight Sergeant "Overhaul" Caswell left us for a months vacation at Trenton and should arrive back bursting with discipline and reeking of drill. How happy he was when notified of his good luck!

We were heartily sorry when word came through that our O.C. was also on his way East, and tried to show our loss in the form of a smoker held in Dauphin. Practically all Maintenance turned up to drown their sorrow—and succeeded nobly. At the party I think it was the first time any of us had actually seen the O.C. pilot a plane in a vertical bank and still keep one foot on the ground. No "crash landing" resulted however, and the manoeuvre was perfect, concluding with a happy landing. It is rumoured now that he was just spoiling for a party, and didn't know just how to go about it, for we hear his posting is cancelled. No one could be happier than we are about it.

The Bowling spirit is now predominating—a sure sign of winter, but the winter is more sure than our bowling scores. High marks for a low score go to a certain "Flight" who can accomplish more with a bottle than a ball. The "strikes" and "spares" are well hand in hand with the games to date—very few. However the season is young, and so are some of us.

Speaking of strikes—one Sergeant Disciplinarian says he was hit in

the eye with a bird—imagine! They say two birds in the bush are worth one in the eye! We have one man who will contend our point anyway. Sure hope everything turns out alright soon, so we can look you in the eye again Sgt.

There is a strange bird holding forth in the Orderly Room lately. They tell me it is one of the "fouls" hit in the recent baseball league, and in that case may it roost with us for some time. Nice playing Boys!

We wish to welcome to our domain the three recent arrivals—F/O Miquelon, P/O Wilkinson and F/O Skinner. Has anyone asked F/O Skinner yet what happened to that 300th man on the Parade States?

—V—

PADRE'S PAGE

(Continued from Page 56)

A Series of Sunday Morning Talks being given by the Padre on the Major Issues of the War.

Crusade For Freedom

1. Can Hitler Win? October 11th.
2. What Shall We Do With the Weak? October 18th.
3. Have We The Will To Win? October 25th.
4. Battle By Proxy. November 1st.
5. "Eat, Drink And Be Merry". November 8th.
6. The Road Of Deceit. November 15th.
7. Four Things We'll Keep. November 22nd.
8. The Glory Road. November 29th.

"FIREMAN -- SAVE MY CHILD"

Although we firemen are unobtrusive and of retiring disposition, we feel obliged to put in an appearance when the Post goes to press this month, partly because we failed to make headlines in the last issue and largely because we like the publication and feel it an honor to be allowed space in this democratic station organ.

At present we are suffering from a recent epidemic of a new disorder called P.T. How should we know that there were so many muscles to complain all at once? Don't be surprised though if you should see a new set of chests, or biceps or both, walking out trimly from the Fire Hall door. In fact Sgt. Maynes has partly recovered his fallen chest in two lessons.

Perhaps after a few more classes we won't be bothered with so many apparent hospital cases. Knowing the cause of Jack's heart disease, I don't blame him though.

Cpl. Basaraba has just returned

from harvest leave and from the way he dragged himself to our door I am convinced that the crops in Southern Saskatchewan were exceedingly heavy this year.

It's a good thing we don't have to worry about our other Cpl. anymore except that he would like to have bus service installed between the Fire Hall and the Control Tower.

Our chief worry is the Calgary Kid. In spite of warnings he **will** put on his spurs and climb on his horse every so often and kick up a dust all around the country. He usually has one or more gunmen with him, too.

It's an odd job being a fireman. I suppose the best fireman is the one that is so vigilant that he never has a fire to go to. That is our object, to never give a fire an even break, and we hope (barring the excitement) never to have a serious fire on our station.

—C.S.T.

Kipling's "IF" Reproduced for A-G's

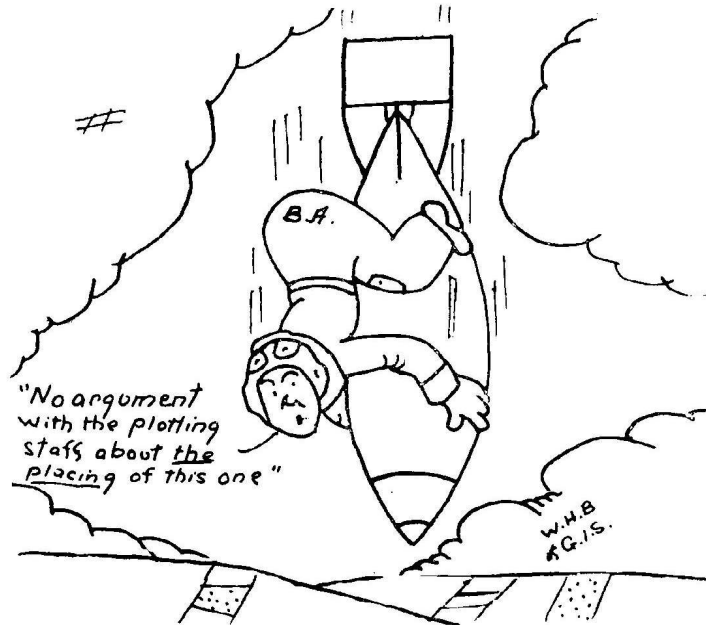
"IF"

IF you cotton on to tracer
And HARMONIZE your gun,
Systematically SKY search
Especially in the SUN.

IF you're good at RECOGNITION
OF Aircraft Friend or FOE,
Can estimate four hundred yards,
And think you really KNOW,
The SIGHTING that's required,
A long but steady burst.

IF you can do THAT my lad,
Then Fritz will come down first.





This cartoon by Sgt. BRIGGS wins first prize of \$5.00. Who can beat this next month? We want to spend some money discovering where the the talent lies.

Turn in your Cartoons and Photographs to P/O A. B. Cunningham, Educational Officer.

Equipment Assistant's Lament

Though I know that I can't have it, yet, just once before I die;
 I'd like one day untormented, by the ever present cry —
 Have you any stripes or eagles, are the workshops tool kits through?
 We've just found we need some pencils, will you see what you can do?
 What about that roller bearing, for our Harvard's aircrew race?
 See this uniform I'm wearing, it's a shame and a disgrace.
 What about that aircompressor, that we ordered weeks ago?
 Our new barracks needs a dresser, can we buy one L.P.O.?
 We all know of your collections, sitting up there on the shelves;
 Which you won't give to the sections, though you use the stuff yourselves.
 It's a lovely way of living, as you hear each airman swear;
 At the service you are giving, and your jobs made still more fair.
 As you struggle to unravel, all the trouble there's in stores;
 By the knowledge you can't travel, down dark alleys anymore.
 Brothers take these words out with you, to all airmen in the land;
 And all those who are about, join, and give our boys a hand.
 Spread it round to all and sundry, to each civie that you see;
 Who desires to serve his country, give this kind advice from me —
 Be a fitter — an observer — motor transportman — or cook —
 Be an airframe man with fervor, learn your aircraft from a book.
 Know the whole bright Air Force story, but stay out of storehouse doors;
 Choose some other path to glory — BROTHER STAY AWAY FROM STORES.

—AW1 Sadie Dewick.



The above photograph has been judged the winner of the \$5.00 prize offered by the Paulson Post for best photograph submitted during the current month.

The "Winner" was submitted by R55691, Cpl. NEIL. M. J., Maintenance Hangar.

R.C.A.S.C. NOTES

The boys in khaki who have the large task of feeding the personnel of the station are still with you although there have been a couple of changes in the personnel. Sgt. "Smiling Jack" Stickney has left to look after the Service Corps interests at the Lakehead. Jack spent a year at Number Seven, and the latest reports were that he was thinking of buying a house in Dauphin—he liked it up here so well? Jack is replaced by Sgt. W. F. Swanton, who comes to Number Seven via Angler and Fort William. He is no stranger up this way having spent a year at Number Ten. Lieut. S. C. Way replaced Lieut. R. H. Mowat as Supply Officer. As Mr. Way spent the last five months at Neys the strenuous

night-life at Paulson is not expected to give him a great deal of trouble!

"Mac" and "Fred" are still with us and doing a great job. They manage to think up a good enough excuse once a month to warrant an extra day on their 48's. To date "Mac" has the advantage in that department. Cpl. "Wally" Baine, the silent man of our staff is spending a lot of time in the butcher-shop these days but claims Fred is giving him a course in butchery. The establishment of a Central Butchering Shop at the Depot, and the gals, having nothing to do with this course have they "Wally"?

All for this month—folks.

— "W.F.S."

!!! THE C.P.S. SPEAKS !!!

by the G.N.B. (Good News Bureau)

LOST: One Corporal, missing since 9-10-42, escaped while still owing Pte. Ambrose three (3) chocolate bars as debts of honor due to cribbage.

o o o

What Postal Clerk spends her 48's at Fox Warren? And why?

o o o

Been wondering why our Sgt. has turned slightly grey lately? the reason — the Postal savings department — you know the rest.

o o o

We extend condolence to a certain AW1 in Headquarters Building. We miss AC1 McVety too. Best of luck Mac and good sailing.

o o o

Congratulations to a former member of our staff—Cpl. Walper who has been posted to Number Eleven S.F.T.S., Yorkton.

o o o

Watch that left "pin" Dyer, you can't have another seven weeks holiday.

o o o

We suggest: Courses in Articulation for members of the R.A.A.F. specifically in the pronunciation of the letters "A", "E", "I", "O", "U".

o o o

That either the feline frequenters of the Guard House be kept out or the S.P.'s refrain from "blasphemous" reprimands.

o o o

That a new course of B.A.F. be admitted to the Station as the present supply according to AW2 Duffy has become exhausted.

We welcome AW2 Roberts, the newest member of our staff the S—Z clerk.

—V—

506 Sherburn Street,
Winnipeg, Man.
Sept. 10th, 1942.

Commanding Officer,
No. 7 B. & G. School,
Paulson, Manitoba,

Dear Sir:

On behalf of my family and self will you please convey to the Officers and other Ranks our sincere thanks for the beautiful flowers and message of sympathy during our recent bereavement.

Yours very truly,
(Mrs.) Jane Duncan.

—V—

Oct. 7th, 1942,
2 Thurlstone Ave.
Ilford, Essex.

Dear Chaplain,

We received your most kind letter yesterday, also one from the C.O. We knew the worth of our dear son and we are very proud of the high respect the Canadian people whom he came in contact with, held him. We have received quite a few letters from friends he visited during his stay in Canada.

His loss to us is very great, but we feel a huge comfort knowing he was laid to rest with such fitting respect and dignity and thank all of his comrades for the respect shown to him.

Our young men today have to go like we did in 1914, but pray God that this time, we shall not be robbed again of the peace.

Alan's mother and myself again thank you for your kindness to our dearly, loved son.

Yours sincerely,
Henry Oden.

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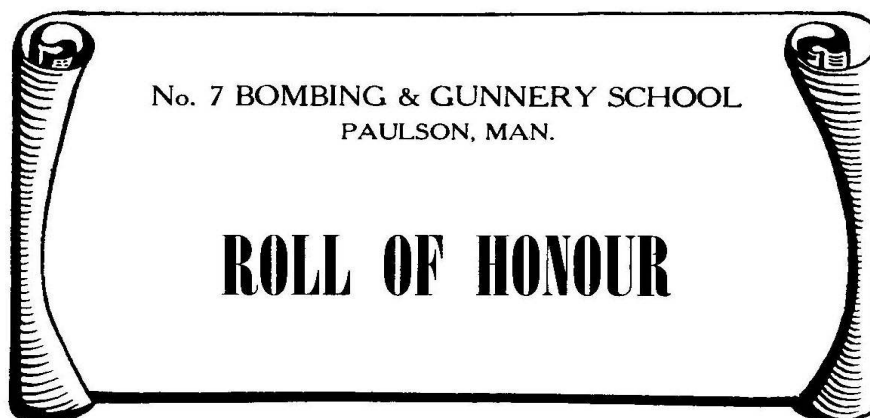
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IN THE
PAULSON POST

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R67247	Sgt. Anger, F. H. E.	Missing 9-3-42
E77252	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

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