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NO. 7 B. C.

THE *Paulson Post*

Paulson Man.

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# The Paulson Post

By Kind Permission of Group Captain W. E. Dipple

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## INDEX

Air Vice-Marshal Shearer .....	5
Editorial .....	7
Flight Lieutenant C. C. Taylor .....	9
A Scot Looks At Canada .....	11
Roving With The Accounts .....	12
Assistant Section Officer Ritchie .....	13
Rifle Club .....	14
Hon. Flight Lieutenant Bernard D. Davis .....	15
Assistant Section Officer M. L. James .....	15
Assistant Section Officer M. E. Goldthorpe .....	15
Equipment Corner .....	17
Glenwhorple .....	18
Further On The Gremlin .....	19
Pilot Officer Wilfred McLean .....	20
Sports' Parade .....	21
News and Views From C.R. ....	23
Officers' Mess .....	24
Our W. D. ....	25
Scruffy and Stinky .....	26
News Flashes from "C" Flight .....	28
Wireless Section .....	29
Maintenance Wing .....	30
The Legion Concert .....	35
Flight Sergeant Chalmers, R. L. ....	37
Parachute Section .....	38
Flight Lieutenant R. M. Mace .....	41
Hospital — "Kill or Cure Column" .....	42
The Indian Problem .....	51
Padre's Page .....	52
The Sergeants' Mess Smoker .....	53
Book Talk .....	54
To The Collector of Taxes .....	56
Things We Want To Know .....	58
A Quizz to End All Quizzes .....	59
Roll of Honor .....	60



Lake Louise

## AIR VICE-MARSHAL SHEARER



When Air Vice-Marshal Shearer, Air Officer Commanding number two Training Command visited Paulson on September 8th, he was on home ground. It is quite likely that he could see Neepawa from the air as he was circling over our aerodrome. We of Paulson consider that he belongs here, Neepawa being only eighty miles away.

Air Vice-Marshal Shearer was born in Lindsay, Ontario, and came west with his parents who settled

in Neepawa. In 1915 he went overseas with the Bomber Squadron of the Royal Naval Air Service. He was wounded while in combat on the Western Front. After his convalescence we find him on the Italian Front leading a squadron of R.A.F. fighter-bombers against the Austrians.

During his career as a fighter pilot Air Vice-Marshal Shearer had many narrow escapes. One of his most severe injuries was a bullet wound in the leg which he received while fighting the Austrians. He was awarded the Italian War Cross, The Italian Medal for Valour as well as the French Croix de Guerre with Palms, and the Order of St. Anne's from the Russians, for service in Russia as a member of the British Force assisting the White Russians.

In 1919 he was granted a permanent commission in the R.A.F. He came home to Canada and was granted a commission as Squadron Leader in the R.C.A.F. in 1920. In 1925 he was appointed Officer Commanding the Flying Training School, Camp Borden. In 1928 he went to England for a tour of duty with the Royal Navy to study operation in Battleships, Aircraft-carriers, Destroyers and Submarines. After a one year staff course at the College at Greenwich he was appointed Air Liaison Officer.

Air Vice-Marshal Shearer returned to Canada in 1932 and was later appointed Director of Works and Buildings at A.F.H.Q., Ottawa. He was next appointed Air Officer Commanding number two Training Command, Winnipeg.

We trust that his short visit to Number Seven Bombing and Gunnery School, Paulson, was a pleasant one.

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## Editorial

These days the atmosphere may be compared to the surface of a lake. A small stone may create ripples travelling in ever widening circles. A conflict anywhere in the world may precipitate consequences spreading over the surface of the whole globe. A victory, no matter how trivial, a set-back, or delay; a train wrecked, a bridge bombed, a factory ruined or a ship sunk—each one of these incidents may upset a schedule, disrupt an attack, lose a battle, or force a retreat. \*

The same may be said of the economic world. Our survival today depends on the interrupted production of food stuffs and war materials. This is influenced directly or indirectly by the morale of the people at home.

Our life is attuned to a martial tempo. It is essential, however, to anticipate what the future may hold for us. No doubt, when the fury of the present conflict abates and peace is here once more, new problems will face humanity. The calm immediately following the storm of combat—the period of peace—lacking the impetus for action and for rapid decisions which war and immediate danger forced upon us, may prove to be an extremely hazardous transitional period.



Already there are well organized agencies at work making preliminary studies and planning for the stabilization of the peace-time world which will emerge out of the chaos of war. The re-employment of the returning soldier, his rehabilitation into civilian life, maintenance of the buying power of the individual and the re-adjustment of industry to peace-time tempo and production, are all tasks of colossal magnitude and great difficulty.

At the present time, when we are still battling our way towards peace, there are some who even now see a ray of light breaking through the haze and smoke of battle. Recently the office of war information in the U.S.A. published the following in one of their pamphlets:

"It will be remembered that the inquisitive Ben Franklin, testing the lightning with his kite, found in the storm's noisy violence the glimmerings of a secret which later illuminated the world. His example suggests that good news is sometimes hidden in bad weather. Today, in the storm which rages across the whole earth, men are sending up their kites to the new lightning, to try its possibilities and to prepare for clearing skies.

"The Four Freedoms guide them on. Freedom of speech and religion, freedom from want and from fear—these belong to all the earth, and to all men everywhere. Our own country, with its ideas of equality, is an experiment which has been conducted against odds and with much patience and, best of all, with some success for most people. It has prospered and brought fresh hope to millions and new good to humanity. Even in the thick of war the experiment goes ahead with old values and new forms. Life is changed. The earth shrinks in upon itself, and we adjust

(Continued on Page 9)

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by the careful dresser.

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Assortment



## Flight Lieutenant C. C. TAYLOR



The new O.C. of flying is an American citizen who is sticking with the R.C.A.F. until this scrap is over. (Here is the history of his metamorphosis). Born in Tennessee, F/L Taylor was raised in Texas, served for two years in the First World War with the U.S. Field Artillery, settled down in California where he took up sport flying. As soon as this war broke out he flew by Stratoliner from California to New York and thence to Ottawa to enlist with the R.C.A.F. Shortly afterwards he found himself ploughing through the mud at Trenton. It seems significant that Flight Lieutenant Taylor has had only one posting previous to his coming to Paulson—that to Jarvis where he rose from staff pilot to flight commander and served as O.C. of flying for a time. He knows B. and G. School work inside out. When asked what he thought of Number Seven he replied that it is

an outstanding station which in appearance, efficiency, atmosphere of friendliness and spirit of ready cooperation cannot be surpassed. He is particularly tied to Canada by a petite wife whom he discovered in Montreal.

### EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page 7)

to a world in motion, holding fast to the truth as we know it, confident that as long as the love of freedom shows in the eyes of men, it will show also in their deeds."

After reading this, one begins to wonder how seriously this anticipation and planning affects our present attitude toward the war effort. Many men who had "buckled on the sword for the duration" are more than eager to do their share in this war. It is also true, however, that many fear the peace more than they fear the war. We all look forward toward the day when "our swords will be beaten into plowshares" and (in more up-to-date parlance) "the bombers transformed into pleasure ships" (apologies to Isaiah). It is a matter of life and death for us to remember the urgency to keep the sword sharp and keep on sharpening it still more until the need for it is over.

Underestimation of the enemy and overoptimism always were valuable planks in the fifth column platform.

Our road is mapped and our course is laid. There is a job ahead of us, and it has to be completed. The sword has to be good and sharp until our task is accomplished.

I. S.

# Dauphin Medical Clinic

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## A SCOT LOOKS AT CANADA

No doubt most of us on our arrival in Canada were quite astounded at the hospitality of the people. No matter in which province we may have been, the nature of the people remained generally, invariable.

And yet there is a minority who after partaking of this hospitality, (at least I hope it is a minority) have compared, and, I suppose always will complain and grumble. I have heard various chaps remark, "Oh, there's a war on and our people back home are treating the members of the service in the same way if not more so." I will admit that at times, not very often, remember, that one does meet a segregated few who have no time for us. Possibly, if you care to look into the matter some well based reason could be unearthed. It may be that some of us at one time or other unconsciously or otherwise, have uttered some caustic remark or done some deed or other which may have caused a certain amount of animosity. I have overheard certain remarks not only coming from AC's but all ranks, remarks most uncomplimentary and at the same time so un-British that the Canadians have just stared speechless.

After all everyone must admit, that if anyone had run down Britain, as many of us have run down this country, we would more than stare speechless, we would cause a riot.

When talking about a country you are talking about the people in it who have worked, struggled, fought and possibly are still fighting, as in the case of Canada, to make it a country.

Canada is part of our Great and Glorious Empire making it part and parcel of ourselves, therefore the people in it today, the pioneers, have helped to build this Empire of ours, more so, may I say, than any of us visitors. The Canadians are proud of their British connections and they are proud of their King and Queen.

Some of us may have had the good fortune to have travelled this country in pre-war days. Those of you who have, will agree that the hospitality which was extended then still exists.

We have to look to the post war days. We shall still require assistance from this same Canada in one way or another. There is talk of the "Rebuilding of our Empire." This rebuilding isn't meant in the true sense of the word. Rebuilding means starting from the foundations up. After all we must admit the foundations have been placed, the walls still stand, the roof is there—consequently in my opinion all that is required is a renovation—and every country will require that after the war. Well! why shouldn't we start now, instead of continuously grouching and casting aspersions, and generally creating an entirely wrong impression of the British? Why can't we be true British by either keeping our mouths shut or being tactful and diplomatic. Let us co-operate, be thoughtful of our Canadian cousins and the result should be Democracy.

Let us all be British Diplomats.

James McCheyne  
62Z Bombadiers.

## ROVING WITH THE ACCOUNTS

Sept. 8th, 1942  
AW-1 ANDERSON

Greetings everybody, here is the Accounts Section back again, proving our point that you can't get anywhere in this world unless you have money behind you. We in the Accounts Section always have money behind us, and that's the trouble. It is always behind us in the safe, getting us nowhere.

Well, our happy home has split up since I was speaking to you last. The Equipment Accounting decided it was time they packed up their belongings, which they did, and descended upon the Control Tower in a cloud of dust, and with much banging and clattering. We really have a happy little home down here now. Of course we haven't much room, but we don't mind at all going out into the hall to turn around, and one good thing, we are learning to develop our voices. We can manage to speak to each other above the noise of an Anson, it is just the Norseman we are concentrating on now. We can at least feel sorry for sardines, and have a brotherly feeling for them.

Somehow I think that the rest of the Accounts Section up at Headquarters, have their suspicion of the honesty of we people down at the Control Tower. We had no sooner arrived down here, when in came trotting one of their keen-nosed detectives who basely accused us of stealing their paper punch. I don't know why they thought we had taken it, but, "just try and find it Sgt. Jones." The other office looks very bare now. Seeing there are less people there, they will have a harder time trying to look busy.

Did you hear about the picnic the whole Accounts Section had down at Stoney Point the other week? We really had fun, in spite of the fact that somebody forgot the butter. Next time we must tie a string around your finger, F. L. Bazett!

Two of our girls just wandered in this morning after a short vacation in Winnipeg. They decided it was too nice a city to leave at the end of their 48, so stayed on another day. I know exactly how they felt when they arrived breathless, at the station, to see the Paulson Express steaming out without them. The only thing that bothers us down here, is the inconvenience of taking all our vouchers up to the guard house.

Things are most quiet around here, but the next time I talk to you I hope to have a lot more news. Good-bye for now, see you on pay parade. And that reminds me, PLEASE yell out your name and number when you are next in the line, I know it helps us, and you will get out all the quicker. . . .

— V —

### DEFINITIONS

W.D. — War Department, Wind Direction, Westerly Direction, or Women's Division.

C.S.B.—Can. Sgts. "bind."

TRAIL DISTANCE—Distance between the "Wet Canteen" and Airmen's Quarters.

TORQUE—What an Airman can't stop a W.D. from doing.

STABILITY—The state in which an Officer's bank account seldom finds itself.

RADIUS OF ACTION—Area one can cover on a 48.

PORT—Beverage drunk by girls who know better and old guterven who couldn't care less.

PITCHING—The way your bunk behaves after a "night-out."

## Assistant Section Officer RITCHIE



With the opening of a special W. W. page in the Paulson Post, we take pleasure in introducing our very popular Senior W.D. Officer, Miss P. J. Ritchie—the guiding hand over “the girls behind the boys who fly the planes,” at Number Seven.

A former Lieutenant in No. 1 Contingent of the Canadian Women's Training Corps in Vancouver, Miss Ritchie donned the Air Force blue in November, 1941, thus distinguishing herself as one of the 150 pioneers of the W.D. who paved the way for the thousands of trainees to follow. She had intended to go as an M.T. driver, but was quickly claimed for Administration. Her first posting was at Number Six “M” Depot in Toronto. On receiving her Commission, she went to Number Twelve, S.F.T.S. in Brandon, and in July last was posted to “Lucky Seven.”

Her winning smile would immediately disarm even the most nervous of W.D. recruits venturing into a Station W.D. Office for the first time.

Miss Ritchie is a British Columbian, and proud of it too. Her home being on lovely Shaughnessy Heights, in Vancouver. Her longing for her own province can be summed up in one short sentence of hers “If you go to B.C., give my love to the mountains.” She is a graduate of St. Anthony's School in Vancouver and of Branksome Hall in Toronto.

Fond of the outdoors, she claims she is cowgirl at heart and is tremendously fond of riding. Fishing is another of her hobbies “And I can beat the biggest and best fish stories too!” she boasts laughingly.

Her keenness for sports is easily

(Continued on Page 18)

## RIFLE CLUB

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This active organization known officially as Number Seven B. and G. Club got away to a rather slow start in May of this year. Many difficulties had to be surmounted before actual club shooting could begin. Owing to the scarcity of civilian armament equipment, some difficulty in securing proper rifles was encountered but the treasurer, Flying Officer Crozier by concerted effort obtained a good model for group shooting. The club affiliated with the Dominion Marksmen Association of Montreal which is a subsidiary of C.I.L. and supplies of targets were sent for competitive shooting. At first, interest waned somewhat but as soon as the W.D. arrived on the scene, a new spirit developed. It seemed that even the weather man opposed our efforts and many evenings of scheduled targeteering had to be "washed out." The months of August and September have shown that many fine marksmen are on the Station and new ones are coming forward every week. Competition shooting now is being very keenly contested and several enthusiasts are now shooting on their expert shield—the biggest award obtainable in Canada for rifle shooting using sporting models. To date the M.T. Section has the highest percentage of members and consistently good marksmen; their example could well be followed by the other sections on the Station. The momentary value of the awards is greatly exceeded by the enjoyment and sportmanship of friendly competition, as well as developing markmanship.

For those who have not availed themselves of the opportunities of the Club, a few words: The club meets each Tuesday and Friday evening at the 25 yard range for

one and one half hours; rifles are provided out of Club funds; the fees for membership are 50 cents annually and 25 cents for aircrew personnel. This fee entitles members to the free use of Club rifles; those having their own rifles are urged to use them; ammunition is obtained from Sergeant E. Jones at a low price. Arrangements are now under way for the erection of an indoor range for winter activities and interclub shooting with Service and Civilian Clubs is being fostered.

A special invitation is extended to all who are interested in our activities to come and join—novices and experts are both welcome. Information about the Club may be obtained from Flight Lieutenant Johnston (Station Hospital), Flying Officer Crozier (Control Tower—Accounts), AW1 Ames (M.T. Section), Sergeant Patton, (G.I.S.).

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### TWO CONTESTS NOW OPEN TO STATION PERSONNEL

Five Dollars will be paid each month by the Paulson Post to the airman or airwoman submitting:—

- (a) The best snap (scenic or otherwise).
- (b) The best original cartoon (humorous or relating to a prevalent topic).

#### Rules of The Contest

- (1) Professionals and members of Paulson Post staff not eligible.
- (2) The decisions of the judges will be final.
- (3) The snaps and cartoons submitted become the property of the Paulson Post and may be used for publication.
- (4) Entries must be submitted to P/O A. B. Cunningham (Headquarters Building) before 1700 hours of the 10th of each month.

## Hon. Flight Lieutenant BERNARD D. DAVIS

Honorary Flight Lieutenant Bernard D. Davis our Station Roman Catholic Chaplain conducts Services both at Paulson and the Parish Church in town.

Father Davis has been here in Dauphin over three years. He well remembers the early days of the station when it was in its infancy (the mud so real that only photos of it will convince later arrivals).

Father Davis was born August 13th, 1904 in London, England. Educated in Winnipeg and Toronto, Father Davis has been in the Ministry for ten years in Winnipeg (teaching and parish work), Brandon and Dauphin.



## A.S.O. M. L. James

Graduate of University of Manitoba in 1940, in Home Economics, Captain of the Faculty Hockey Team for about three years. During the summer of 1939 she did undergraduate dietetic work at the Vancouver General Hospital.

Following graduation she was a dietician in Winnipeg and Sudbury Ontario for a year.

Miss James joined the Women's Division in October 1942, among the first 150.

She was stationed at Number Eleven S.F.T.S., Yorkton, as Sergeant, and was then posted to Number Ten, S.F.T.S., Dauphin, after a short Refresher Course at Number Six Manning Depot, Toronto. After two and a half months at Number Ten, she was posted to Number Seven. A warm welcome to her and we hope she will remain.

## A.S.O. M. E. Goldthorpe

Born in the West. Received her elementary and high school education at Swift Current, Saskatchewan. Then the call of the East lured her to McGill University, where, after a 4 year's course she received her B.H.Sc.

Prior to coming to Number Seven B. & G. as Messing Officer, Miss Goldthorpe served as a dietician in hospitals in Montreal and Toronto.

In her spare time, she even employed her innate musical ability to such an extent that she now boasts of an A.T.C.M.

May her stay here be most pleasant.

— V —

### DEFINITIONS

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Dauphin, Man.

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## EQUIPMENT CORNER



We wish to congratulate the Editor and staff of the Post on the first appearance of same in its new form. This is certainly a worthy edition "even if we do have to pay for it" (Quote Jimmy Walker, LAC who bought two).

o o o

There have been many changes in this Section due to postings, promotions, and the addition of the W.A.A.F.'s. We regret the loss of Corporal Hepburn who was sent to the West Coast—in order to get that Station in shape as far as equipment is concerned.

o o o

Corporal McEwen, (recently promoted) will be in Quebec City by the time this goes to press. He has finally received his remuster to aircrew. Good Luck, "Tommy" in your new venture. Our Station dances will not be the same without our bull fiddler!

Well, we finally got rid of that notorious man, Bert Fowler. He was recently posted to Hagersville (Canada!), which is close to his home. Two occasions for celebration arose on the day of his departure. First of all his long awaited posting and then a presentation by the Admiral of the Ochre River Navy with the Order of the B.S.O. He was still wearing this much sought after medal when he was poured onto the train.

o o o

With the W.A.A.F.'s arrival in our little corner, we find a number of changes—principally the vocabulary. There seem to be more airmen available when there's something to be done and we sure appreciate **that!**

o o o

We must not forget to mention the memorable evening when we held our Corn Boil and Weiner Roast at

(Continued on Page 26)

## *Glenwhorple*

Ther's a braw fine regiment  
As ilka mon should ken  
They're de'ils at the fichtin  
An' hae clared a sicht o' men  
An Hae suppit muckle whuskey  
When the canteen they wer' ben'  
Oh the Hieland men frae braw  
Glenwhorple.

### CHORUS

Heugh Glenwhorple Hailan' men  
Great Strong shuskey suppin  
Heilin' men.  
Hard workin' hairy-legged Heilan'  
Men

Slan the Mohr Glenwhorple.  
They were founded by McAdam  
Wha' a man, he was the first  
He resided in Glen Eden  
Where he piped like tae burst  
Wi' a fig leaf for a sporrان an  
A pairfect Heilan' thirst  
Til he stole awa' the apples frae  
Glenwhorple

When the water o' the deluge drooket  
A' the world of war  
The Colonel O' the Regiment  
His name was Shoan McNoah  
Sae, a muckle boat he bigget  
And he snelkit up the door  
An' they sailed awa' 'frae drowned  
Glenwhorple

An syne he sent a corporal  
An girt him find the land  
Whae returned wi' an empty  
Whuskey bottle in his hand  
Sae they kent the flood was dryin'  
He was fu' ye understand  
For he'd found a public hoose  
abune the water.

When braw king Solon was ruler  
o' the land  
He had a hundred pipers and  
A thoosan' fichtin' men  
An a mighty fine establishment  
As I hae not doot ye ken  
For he kept a sicht o' wives in  
auld Glenwhorple.

Then there came a birkie gangster  
Wha was chieftain o' the clan  
An' his name it was a Wallace  
An' he was a fichtin' man  
An' he harried a' the border  
Til awa' the Southron ran  
Frae the dingin' of the Claymores  
o' Glenwhorple

When the bonnie pipes air skirlin'  
An the lads are on parade  
In the braw Glenwhorple Tartan  
Wi' the Claymore an' the plaid  
When the Sergeant-Major's sober  
An the Colonel's no afraid  
O' seein' Tartan spiders  
o' Glenwhorple.

Eh a bonnie sichtet they makit  
Gin the canteen ye gang ben  
When the morn's parade is over  
She'll be fu' of drunken men  
When a thoosan' carry kilters  
Come a strollin' doon the glen  
For they drink o' power o' whuskey  
i' Glenwhorple.

(Accompaniment—

Piper McArthur, F/L, S/F/O)

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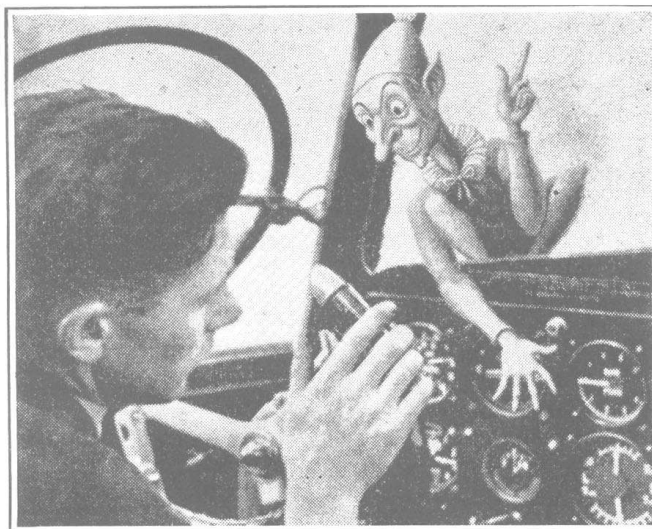
### ASSISTANT OFFICER RITCHIE

(Continued from Page 13)

evidenced at the Station W.D. ball games, where her vibrant enthusiasm is an inspiration to all.

Her two small pets, Scruffy and Stinky — two minute kittens — are regular mascots of the Station. But our Officer is fondest of dogs, big Police dogs and Irish Setters. "I'd fill the bungalow with them if I had the opportunity" she says, "But meanwhile I have to be content with making Flight Lieutenant Mace's dog jealous by showing her pictures of my own Police dog at home, to the point where I actually think she would very much like to get acquainted with this handsome canine in B.C."

## FURTHER ON THE GREMLIN



So far we have only heard about Gremlins from Pilots, but there is one species of the brutes that delight in making an Air Gunners life a positive burden.

This type seems to live near the Turret, and takes great delight in licking off all the oil with which one has covered one's Guns to keep them from rusting.

There is unfortunately, no cure for this trick, except to make sure that one oils the Guns daily, as then they do not stay exposed long enough for the rust to take effect. This Gremlin also has discovered that a slight tap with its hand against the spare bulbs for the reflector sight will break the filaments, and makes a practice of doing this quite often, the result, on a raid when the one in the sight burns out is not only terrifying to the Gunner, but makes the Crew think him an awful "Prune," and though the front Gunner, or perhaps another may have taken great care with his, and be able to supply the delinquent, it

does not improve the crews opinion of the culprit. It has been found, that by locking the Turret doors properly after final inspection, before a raid, the mechanism, etc. inside the Turret is safe, so Gunners should see that they do this.

There is no favour shown by this species to the Wireless Air Gunner either, it has been known to cross the wires of the batteries and thus make them discharge and run down, this is very awkward if found out after take off, and frequently results in the Aircraft having to return to base, so care should be taken to see that wires are securely fastened, if securely fastened in the right place, they cannot be harmed, as the brute is not very strong, but relies for his devilment on his wit and cleverness. On operations it appears to ride just above the Rear Turret, and has been known to be deliberately sick, covering the perspex with a nasty grey fluid, making it impossible for the Gunner to see out, and giving

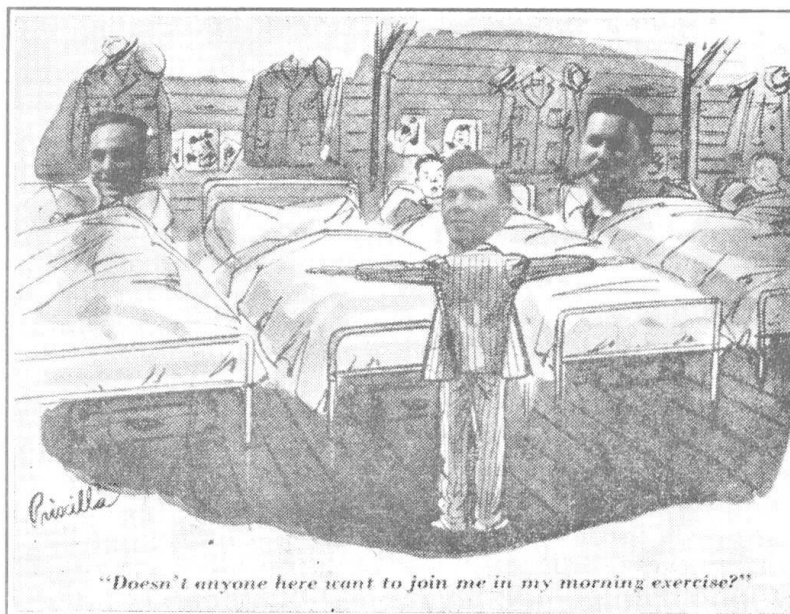
(Continued on Page 50)

## PILOT OFFICER WILFRED McLEAN

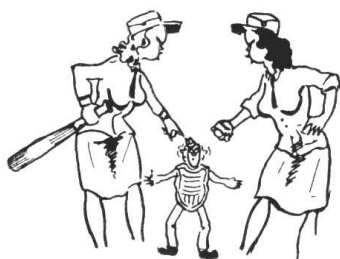
Here is a dour and sturdy descendant of an ancient clan. He backs down from no man and expects no man to cower before his steady gaze. On the drill ground, in his capacity as P.T. and Drill Officer, he is a disciplinary rock which cannot be moved. As Assistant he is a man of multitudinous detail. He has had a background which qualifies him for this double life. His athletic prowess spreads itself from basketball to wrestling. In the latter he is runner-up for the Canadian Welterweight Championship. He is equally as adept at things less tangible. A few years back he managed to put a "half-Nelson" on an M.A. degree at the University of Alberta. Since then he has been throwing it around as a teacher in the Technical High School in Edmonton. He is a married man with a daughter, Joan. We understand that before we go to press his family will have taken up temporary residence at Dauphin Beach. "Mac"



is a man's man and his steady, deliberate common sense will carry him a long way in the Service.



## SPORTS' REPORT



### THE TUMBLING TEN

On August 27th, the Tumbling Ten, group of Trainees under the direction of Cpl. Higginson put on a short but snappy display including: Dives, Headsprings, Handsprings, Balance Acts, Combination Tumbling and Pyramids.

Perhaps the highlights of the show came when AC2 Millward balanced one chair on top of another and proceeded to do a hand-stand on top of the balancing chair.

The pyramid work, and in fact the entire performance was highly commendable considering the short time the lads had had to prepare it.

This display was only a beginning of the program we hope to have on this station in the future. The slogan of the P.T. class is:—"Give us Mats and we will give you Tumblers."

Members of the Tumbling group included: AC2 Millward, AC2 Layng, AC2 Still, AC2 Seligman, AC2 Korber. LAC Robertson, LAC Lyons, LAC Lamb, LAC Godin, LAC Gorman and Cpl. Higginson.

o o o

### SOFTBALL

Time and space make it impossible for us to give you any detailed account of all the games which have been played since the last issue of the Paulson Post; however in spite of trying weather conditions the Softball league is drawing to a finish

with Equipment section at present in the lead.

o o o

One of the most interesting league games was played on Aug. 24th when P.H.U. defeated the Officers with a score of 6-5. The P.H.U. team made their first 5 runs in the first inning and the Officers held them at that until the final inning. In fact it was a tie-game from the third to the final inning. Both teams played a snappy game with few errors.

o o o

Another thriller in Men's Softball was the night the Station team played Number Ten S.F.T.S. and were defeated 8-7 in a snappy, well played game.

Undoubtely the most exciting game in W.D. Softball, at least as far as Number Seven is concerned was the night the W.D. station team defeated the Dauphin Coca Cola team (who hold the Northern Manitoba championship) with a score of 11-10.

o o o

### BASEBALL

Fans and players of this good American game have had plenty of activity in recent weeks. A four-team league has been operating on the station and the station team have played Ochre River, Number Ten S.F.T.S. and the R.C.M.P. team in Dauphin.

One of the best games in our opinion, was the game with the R.C.M.P. on Tuesday, Sept. 8th. If you were there you must be able to recall it and if you were not it was the one you heard all the fans talking about. The one that ended a three all tie and could be put

(Continued on next page)

## SPORTS' REPORT

---

down as one of the finest of the season. Esslinger turned in a splendid performance as the pitcher and the entire team gave him excellent support.

o o o

### VOLLEYBALL

The Trainees have turned out a number of smart teams for Volleyball. Class 36B play an all round good game but the real scientific game was brought forward by the Air Crew I.T.S. They played the game with a mathematical passing combination that would rival even the world famous grads.

o o o

### BADMINTON

Sports' Stores is gradually getting a fine amount of badminton equipment in stock and hopes to continue to increase the amount as time progresses. The rackets are busy every night and if enthusiasm is any sign of ability we should have a number of Badminton stars this winter. The mention of winter brings to our minds the thought of winter sport, including Badminton. We hope to have a mixed-doubles and a single tournament running this winter but as yet no definite policy has been drawn up for the winter program.

o o o

### THE TRACK AND FIELD MEET

Finally after three unsuccessful attempts that ill-fated Track and Field Meet was completed on August 23rd. Although the entries were not as numerous as in previous occasions; some excellent performances were turned in. AC2 Bleakley set a new Air Force record for the discus throw—108' 4". LAC Newby cleared the pole vault at 10'6". The grand aggregate trophy for the contestant scoring the highest number of points

was won by LAC O'Neil with Cpl. Higginson second. In the W.D. AW1 Walper won the grand aggregate trophy with Mulligan and Heavener tied for second place. The Trophy given for the section winning the highest number of points was easily won by G.I.S.

o o o

### FOUL OR FAIR

As we go to press one of the most exciting games of the season has just been played between Officers and Maintenance. Maintenance got away to a flying start with a mere 8 runs in the first inning. It looked bad and several of the Officers looked a bit sheepish. (Kind of a difficult trick for a bunch of old goats). However they came right back with 5 runs and even Dr. Boyle's hair began to sit up and take notice. Interest also developed when good old Brownny brought out Oscar. Here was something really worth fighting for and both sides got grimly down to business. (Oscar, by the way, is a prehistoric Paulsontausorus, the only one of its kind in captivity. You'll be getting better acquainted with him from now on.) The battle see-sawed back and forth with Leonard and Virtue putting forth titanic efforts to ward off defeat. At last the sixth rolled around. The Officers had last bats and the score stood 17-12 for Main.

By the way, a fine bit of work by Danzinger should not go by unmentioned. A whizzing ball passing third caused him to duck for cover and as he threw himself on the ground the ball fell neatly into his glove, quite dazed, and with a surprised look on his face he got bravely to his feet and subconsciously threw the ball to first for an out.

Let's get back to the end of the

(Continued on Page 50)

## NEWS AND VIEWS FROM C.R.

I have been asked to tell you a little about the personnel of Central Registry. To be very honest we thought you heard all you wanted to from this busy, dizzy, little section, (Or should it be vice-versa?). But we really try to take everything in our stride.

Well here we go folks. We shall start off with "Flight," F/Sgt. Evans, I'm sure you all know him, especially the clerks' Steno and General, (Does anyone know any jokes?) How about an apple for the teacher, girls? Never mind, we wouldn't exchange him for any other F/Sgt. on the station, and if you read the last Paulson Post you all know he's a married man.

Next comes "Sarg," Sgt. Radul, if you don't know him you certainly have missed something. Better call him on the phone, you'd love his telephone conversations. When this paper goes to press, he will be in Trenton, Ont. taking the senior Admin. course. According to F/Sgt. Evans, he is going to bring us back all the latest "dope". The fairer sex of headquarters certainly miss their young Romeo. Wonder if he'll bring us back the latest dope on Eastern Technique? Here's wishing you the best of luck Sarg. Did you take your pipe with you?

Next comes "Mully" AW1 Mulligan and "Mac" AW1 McGilchrist, need I say more? I'm sure everyone is thoroughly acquainted with their doings and **misdoings** around C.R.

Last but not least are our two runners, "Porky 2nd." AW2 Britton, who was faced with a great difficulty when she arrived on this station, but she finally mastered that two wheeled demon; and that smaller edition,

"Porky 3rd." AW1 Jansen, we often wonder how she manipulates that two wheeled demon. Would you like the seat lowered Jansen?

Well folks that's all for this time. This is station C.R., C.R., Oh my, Oh my, signing off. We'll be with you again next month, same time, same section, same station.

J. M.

\_\_\_\_\_V\_\_\_\_\_

The readers are asked to hand in to the Editor their reaction to any article, news item or to the Paulson Post as a whole.

We want to know what the readers like or don't like.

You need not sign your name, just drop your comments in the Paulson Post Box located at Headquarter's Building.

THE EDITOR.

\_\_\_\_\_V\_\_\_\_\_

### THE SERGEANTS' DANCE

One of the Year's best social events took place on the evening of September 7th in the Sergeants' Mess.

The crowd arrived late and stayed later, a certain indication that they enjoyed themselves.

Among those present were the W.D. officers, the Adjutant and a representative body of the station officers.

As such evenings go, it was fairly damp, but not unduly so.

Note to the next dance committee. Provide bannocks for Flight Lieutenant Muir, no other food will soothe his spirit.

Many people are still asking whence came the gleam in the eye of the NCO, i/c Service Police.

The affair wound up with a procession ably led by Flying Officer McArthur and the pipes, a fitting conclusion to a most enjoyable evening.

Some people, next day expressed annoyance at having their slumbers disturbed by the squealing pigs and such, but then the Sasenach never did appreciate music.

## OFFICERS' MESS



The Officers' Mess extends its deepest sympathy to Flight Lieutenant Steiman on his recent bereavement.

It seems that with every issue of the Post we must bid farewell to some of our old cronies. This issue is no exception. So we say "so long" to Flight Lieutenant G. T. Johnson, Flying Officer A. J. Eckett and Pilot Officer C. R. Cunningham. They are certainly going to be missed from the various "circles" as their contributions were greatly appreciated.

But all is not sad in this "dark vale of tears" S/L J. Laxdal, F/L D. C. McLean, F/O T. C. Mears and P/O D. C. Gonyea have arrived in our midst and we are looking forward to our future associations with them.

Then too, "Oscar" has made himself very much at home in his new surroundings. (much to the annoyance of Maintenance Section). If you have not yet met Oscar, he is the nattily dressed Softball trophy that our stalwarts brought home following their momentous game against Maintenance—and it is the opinion of the team that he is going to be with us for a long time to come—unless he is eaten in the meantime.

### STOP PRESS

As we went to press, the S.H.Q. suddenly woke up, and phoned us at G.I.S.

It appears that nothing escapes the eagle eye of the Junior Officers of S.H.Q. even though, there are quite definite signs of "Failing Sight" among the Seniors.

Net result of Junior vigilance was the discovering in orders that "Our Walton" of G.I.S. is now a Squadron Leader, as from the 1st. of September! Our Heartiest Congratulations Sir! we are looking forward to wetting it down!!

This is not all, the Staff of G.I.S. thought the Heat had been turned on this A.M. and discovered it was really Flight Lieutenant Byng-Hall's smile, it appears he received a telegram saying his wife had landed at Montreal, and would be here Friday morning.

We won't tell her ALL we know, Byng! \_\_\_\_\_ V \_\_\_\_\_

### NOTICE TO READERS

It is again pointed out to our contributors, that we want your names. In the case of Articles of mutual, and perhaps argumentative interest, these must be signed before acceptance, and Initials used at least, for the edition.

The Editorial Staff also feel, that if a story, or poem, are worth printing then they are worth Signature, Initials, or at least a "nom de plume" The latter will only be permitted however, providing the Editor knows the writer's real name.

In connection with material because it does not appear in the next issue, do not be discouraged, and think it has gone into the waste paper basket, all rejected material will be returned, and unprinted matter retained for another issue. This, it should be pointed out, is done by all the big magazines, and it is a great help to the Editorial Staff to have material on hand in advance.

THE EDITOR.



## OUR W. D.



On the evening of September 1, all the W.D. personnel of Number Seven gathered in the Canteen for what was called a "Domestic Evening." For any who had visions of an evening of mending, these visions were soon dispelled as the party turned into a jolly Sing-Song, to the accompaniment of an accordeon, ably handled by Corporal Hellyer.

The occasion was a happy one, for, as well as being a pleasant evening with our W.D. Officers, Miss Ritchie and Miss Goldthorpe, it was also a welcome to our new Assistant Section Officer, Miss James, who comes to us from Number Ten. A heartfelt welcome from us all, Miss James!

The business part of the meeting was short and sweet. It was decided to move the radio from the writing room into the lounge. No sooner was the motion passed than two powerful M.T. drivers brought the radio in!

The evening concluded with a very attractive tea served by our Officers.

P.S.—It was suggested by one of the W.D. that possibly the Airmen might request a "Domestic Evening" of their own after seeing how successful ours was. Another Airwoman asked if they would spend the evening mending their socks and was answered, "Better if they spend it mending their ways!"

## SCRUFFY and STINKY

A few ounces of fluff and silkiness, vibrating to the sounds of miniature Aero engines, that is all there is of Scruffy and Stinky—the particular pets of the W.D. Officers on the Station.

Stinky (we are told he acquired that name due to his resemblance in color to the skunk) condescended to be photographed, after mistaking the photographer for the M.O. and opening his little mouth wide and saying M-i-a-a.

Scruffy recently went AWL for three days (we'll have to make out a Conduct sheet now!). When Maintenance phoned Miss Ritchie to say that if Scruffy were a dirty, skinny, straggly-looking little kitten, they had found it, as it had just shot through their Section, chased by F/L Mace's big dog. Miss Ritchie hesitated for a moment to own up that it could be her beloved snow-white Scruffy, but she took a chance. It really was Scruffy, she discovered, after giving him a good bath (what a splendid advertisement for some particular brand of soap!)

Perhaps Scruffy is still shy because when the photographer called, he was AWL again. We now learn that he was stuffing himself in the Sergeants' Mess trying to fatten up (You little horror, Scruffy!) No doubt he will get extra fatigues for this second offence. There is a rumour that he will be made to lick, spotlessly clean, two dozen more dishes a day in the Officers' Mess, for the next week!

Stinky and Scruffy even take in the Station movies. But the day is still to come when they turn up for C.O.'s Inspection. Perhaps they don't rise early enough for that.

## EQUIPMENT CORNER

(Continued from Page 17)

Dauphin Beach. Some will remember it and others won't. Everything taken into consideration, all had a wonderful time and we want to express our thanks to F.L. Robbins and F.O. and Mrs. MacArthur who were largely responsible for its success.

o o o

Flash! We have just heard that the stork has paid a visit to the home of Sgt. Crawley and presented him and the Mrs. with a brand new baby girl. Congrats., Sarge!

o o o

By this time I suppose you are wondering who received the promotions in our Section. Well, LAC Begg was first, followed by McEwen, Smith and Lines. The lads are wearing two hooks and are eliminated from the usual line-up at meal times.

o o o

The Clothing Section has had a new addition to it, and we are wondering why F/S Knoblauch and the rest of the boys are so happy. One guess. W.D. Section? Right!

o o o

### DOIT!

Who in the Equipment Section, recently promoted to the rank of Cpl. (Paid), and previously very, very quiet, leaves camp at sundown, goes to Ochre River (**not to train in the navy**) and returns at midnight much worn out by his mode of transportation?

o o o

Who is the wolf in Clothing Stores who has the attraction at Number Ten? How about it S-F-B?

o o o

A certain blond chap has started to line the old sock contemplating his trip home at Xmas. (Perhaps we should all start, period).

One of the Madmen.

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Company, Ltd.**

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Dauphin's Only Hotel  
WITH DINING ROOM SERVICE

FOR A QUIET REST OR A GOOD MEAL

**The  
HAMILTON  
HOTEL**

SOLICITS YOUR PATRONAGE

DAUPHIN

MANITOBA

## NEWS FLASHES FROM "C" FLIGHT

All work and no play seems to be the lot of the crew of this hangar, and who wants to hear about a lot of working programs anyway? You don't—that's fine! We might say though that we are very pleased to see our own O.C. gain another step up the ladder of promotion. Concerning promotion, we had a great time at this corn roast of last week that was promoted, and ably presided over by a little corn dispenser from the Maintenance Hangar. May we have more of the same.

At this point we are nudged aside by someone who wants to enter the following—

### THE BOMBING PILOT

We find our wind the usual way,  
The three course method, the bombers  
say;

We turn on the target at oh nine oh,  
And I steady the ship as away we  
go.

The Bomb Aimer is tense, his eye  
on the sight,

He says to me "She's a bit to the  
right."

I kicks on the rudder with all my  
might,

And holds her steady a bit to the  
right.

"I'm sorry, Sir," he says to me.  
I shoulda checked my levels back

there a wee.

So we turn around and away we go,  
To try it again on one eight oh.

"Steady," he says, "It's coming down  
fine."

Me, I don't even breathe, I haven't  
got time.

"Bomb gone," he says, as I collapse,  
And await twenty seconds to elapse.

"Bomb plotted," he says, very gay,  
"She hit about two hundred yards  
away."

Now I ask you, isn't that an awful  
way

To spend one's time throughout the  
day?                      Dummy Run.

Last but not least we hear a little

### "RANGE RAMBLING"

The "Hen House"—Plotting Office has just lost the services of one of the smallest—but biggest—of its number. We will miss the smiling face of AW1 Tratt and wish her well at her new station. We hope AW Thornton does as well, and feel she will.

A lot of the lads are polishing their guns in contemplation of the shooting season. "Happy Hunting Boys" and let us know where the flocks are, I've an itchy trigger finger too.

The summer is just about over and just as well! All the lads are going about slightly moonstruck! The colder weather will no doubt curb a lot of those activities. Bob Inverarity has Sunday supper in town now—and not at a cafe. Does he know anyone on 5 D.N.E? AW DeWitt seems to have broken her cardiac structure on Class 58 or part thereof. Dead of head!! LAC Lundy up and dood it on his leave. Congrats Eric and the best in the world to Mrs. L. and yourself. We hope you both like Dauphin.

Foo "Lil Abner" Acorn (Cpl. paid, etc.) has just about gone native. The dark haired hazard of Stoney Point can't get his mind off of "shoutin" long enough to give the gals (I could name 2) of Dauphin, a break.

The Operators are still clocking up lots of air hours and gradually overcoming their idiosyncracies, of ye olde Lysanders—also still dropping the miles **and** miles and miles from the hut. Someone should ask nippy which way the brake turns. And what Sergeant waded across which river with a cable, a drum and an Indian on his back—in the rain? The wilds of Dauphin, oh me!!

Well this is our initial effort for the new (**and** very snazzy) Post, so, "Keep Em Flying."

## WIRELESS SECTION

### (Out of Bounds)

A huge amount of water has passed under the bridge since we last broke into print — rainwater. So many fellows have come and gone in the last few months that we put in a requisition for a traffic cop — Type C1 — Ref. No. 10/499999999.

AC1 Heaven arrived from Montreal, unpacked, said "Hello", packed, and wound up at Mossbank, "Nice fellow, Bill," He only stayed long enough to locate the Wet Canteen!

Bill Jarret came to us and was just calling the boys by their first names when, Bang—out he went. Personally I think he wrangled that posting to get out of Church Parade.

LAC Henderson (Buttercup to you) spent many happy? months with us, and had just made the Trade Board, when someone left the door open and he was caught in the draft. "Here's hoping your remuster catches up with you soon, Fred."

Promotions have helped to appease the boys' thirst lately. Sergeant Perkin sneaked a crown in between his hooks and sparks — Congrats, Flight.

AC1 Silent Sue Gibbon received his automatic "B" plus props on recommendation from Montreal — remember Montreal boys? — as though we could ever forget.

According to Corporal Stevenson and LAC Shave, the C.W.A.A.F. have arrived — ("Are you kidding?").

Shave and AC1 Abells went before the Trade Board this trip, we don't know how they made out but if Shave was in his usual groove the poor Flight never had a chance.

And now the sixty-four dollar question — What drags Corporal Doran to Winnipeg every ten days — and sends him back like that?

Those dark (Cheaters?) are sure taking a beating lately — "most worn out."

We welcome Sergeant Reil to our G.I.S. staff and we were very sorry to lose Corporal Taylor — lots of luck in Winnipeg, Sammy — you may need it.

Well gotta go now — That Juke Box is driving me crazy — maybe it isn't a drive, just a putt.

What's this we hear about a certain LAC in this section, trying to persuade his wife the climate in Winnipeg would be much healthier this winter?

ALTERATIONS

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DRY  
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## MAINTENANCE WING



"Something new has been added" —Instead of writing as one Flight or Squadron, we (the Maintenance Squadron) blossom forth as a Wing, and having invited our Brethren — namely the Servicing Squadron (which is a combination, technically of Bombing, Droque and Gunnery Flights, and their subsidiary sections) to contribute to the one literary cause, we have finally emerged with the following, such as it may be.

First, may we call to the platform, the Maintenance Squadron, and listen to, and digest a few—

### "MAINTENANCE MOANS"

The hangar or technical and mechanical production is progressing very well, thank you—and how are you? Speaking of how anyone is, we have had a heavy surge of personnel movement lately, what with new additions to our group and the odd sad departure, or should I say the sad odd departure. Need names be mentioned? Makes you feel like crying, doesn't it? About the only crying you hear around here is an unexpected cry of anguish followed by excessive pulling of the hair. What could it be that would tempt any good maintenance man to act in such an undignified manner, or get so thoroughly riled that they would return to work on their 48's? Queer

—mighty queer, but co-operation is what we like (but don't always get).

You know—this could become a very lovely scandal sheet if it were permissible. For instance, mentioning no names, places or dates, but who would it be that discovered Mercury piston rings don't fit in Jacob Engines—or that a certain Test Pilot is getting mighty tired of climbing into a plane and having to climb out again without even leaving the ground, or that some airman found it necessary to transfer from Night Maintenance to days due to the same influences—or even why it is that N.C.O.'s are being seen around the hangar with coveralls on? Aren't the scandal possibilities wonderful? It was also overheard in the smoke room—some incident concerning the recent ball game between Officers and Airmen. What caused the game to be called on cessation of the sixth inning—when the Officers were one run ahead—and that run made in the sixth inning?

While we sit back and digest this propaganda, let us let our minds go—

### "Rambling Through Gunnery Flight"

Sure and it's hard to comprehend that Gunnery is back in the headlines again, but after a long lull, something's bound to happen. Since we last went to press, many new arrivals from St. Thomas and various points have taken the places of our departed friends. With the Fighter Squadrons calling most of our veterans, our hopes were again revived that perhaps we were not at Paulson for the duration. Then came the transfer of Sgt. Henderson and WO2 "Gordie" Wright to Vulcan. This was really a blow, but we wish them every success at their new post.

(Continued on Next Page)

MAINTENANCE WING — Continued

With the arrival of Sgt. Wonch from Number Eight B. and G. at Lethbridge, to take charge of the Flight, once again we are back in full swing. A hearty welcome is extended to Flight Lieutenant D. S. McLean who reported in from Coastal Operations at Nova Scotia. We also welcome F/O Mears who reported to Gunnery from Vulcan where he was on Instructional Duties. Sergeant Pilot Boecher also reported for Staff Pilot Duties.

Away from the serious, we offer our:

**"BREEZY BITS"**

Is it true that the Clandonald Kid is back on the Warpath again?

o o o

We hear that Frenchie, Jr. looked all day for a can of Prop Pitch, and finally ended at the Instrument Section where he procured a can of Bostick Cement.

Is it true that two of our LAC's spend more time at Gilbert Plains than at Paulson?

o o o

Why do the Corporals in Gunnery worry too much?

o o o

We wonder if Jake is campaigning for Alderman in Ochre City? How about it Jake?

o o o

What with the constant drain on our slender resources by "F" Hangar, wouldn't we be more happy if we had a few more riggers, fitter, G.D.s and P.H.U.s?

o o o

While we all enjoyed that little get-together we had in Gunnery Flight, there seems to be a noise coming from along the line, and straining forth our auditory nerves we tune in on a few—

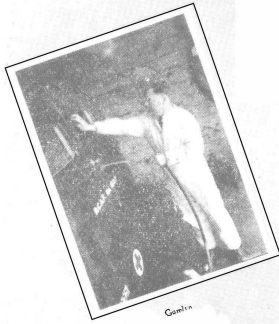
# King's Hotel

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### OUR M.T. SECTION



Contra



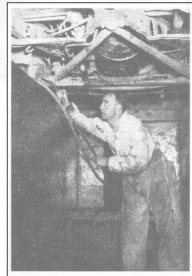
Craucher, McKenna, McRae,  
Irwin, Dimant, Johnson, Corrie, O'Connell, Hooper, Smith  
Ford, Murphy, Brighy, McFluss, Bray  
Teller, F/L Campbell, Niven, Brennell



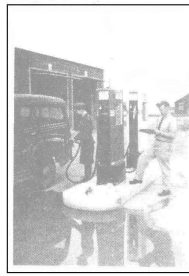
Brighy Ford McFluss



F/L Campbell  
Officer Commanding M.T. Section



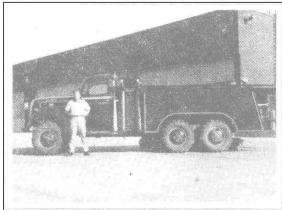
Teller



Bray Brennell



F/Sgt Niven  
Senior NCO M.T. Section



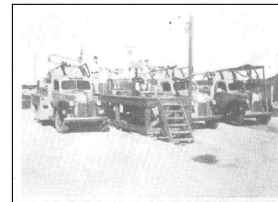
Bresdell - Crash Truck



Ames



Brennell



Gas Tenders



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CANDY

Princess  
Cafe

DAUPHIN  
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Dr. C. S. Robertson

DENTIST

X - RAY

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DAUPHIN

MANITOBA

## THE LEGION CONCERT



Definitely awarded four stars by the Paulson Post, this splendid performance produced by the Canadian Legion War Services' Artists was "tops" with the entire crowd that attended, (and it was a packed house).

Fleurette McCuaig and her Rhythettes, a first class dance troupe in any show, did not monopolize the show; in fact according to the airmen they did not appear nearly often enough. The timing and routines of the Rhythettes are most commendable.

Bert and Bill of the last war, wandered in and out during the entire program, adding humor and variety and helping to blend the various acts.

Master Gordon Fleming with his Accordion was another universal favorite. When he played the 12th Street Rag even the Sgt.-Major in the hospital started dancing.

Bette and Shirley gave a very clever and unique performance in the form of a comic dance "We saw the Sea."

Jimmie Towns with Xylophone was something new for Paulson and was therefore doubly appreciated.

Ken Leyton, the magician, with the help of two of our W.D.'s proved to an amazed audience that cookies could be made from saw dust (wonder if he ever ate in the Airmen's Mess), and countless other wonders.

Jessie Gamble, a star comedienne in any show was a real hit in "Knitting a Singlet for Cecil" and "Waiting at the Church."

Kerr Wilson, Baritone Soloist ended the program with a finished interpretation of the "Lord's Prayer," accompanied at the piano by his wife.

F/L Boyle, in the absence of the Commanding Officer, expressed the appreciation of the entire station to the Legion War Services' Artists for their truly splendid performance and the roars of applause that followed proved that his words expressed the sentiments of every Officer, Airmen and Airwomen present.

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— U S E —

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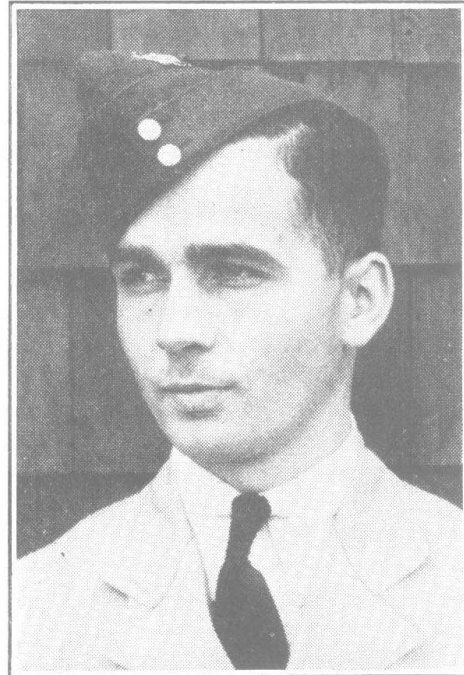
## FLIGHT SERGEANT CHALMERS, R. L.

You have surely seen the School Warrant Officer of G.I.S. if you have been on the Station for any length of time. He's "the man in shorts, smoking a pipe." Or perhaps you've seen him on the drill square giving the graduating classes final instructions before they receive their wings.

But it makes little difference where you meet him, he is still a true son of the West, brought up amongst the sunny wheat fields of Saskatchewan. And don't try to tell him which section of Canada is the best. He has been around, from Vancouver to Dartmouth, eight stations in all.

F/S Chalmers did not wait until war broke out before joining the R.C.A.F. Originally, he enlisted in the Auxiliary Air Force in 1938 and later transferred to the Permanent Air Force in 1939.

Now for some bad news for the R.C.A.F. (W.D.), he is already



married, has a wee daughter, and they are with him in Dauphin.

Good luck to you, Flight. We wish you every success.

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## PARACHUTE SECTION

I guess the Parachute Section feels as though it's been invaded — not by a Blitzkrieg — but by Women (This is the topic of the day — and not a bad one to open my story with) anyway, as I was about to say — we have seven women in all — in our section and only five of us males (All married, too), it seems to make our work a little more on the interesting side, if you know what I mean.

All kidding aside — our section is really working its way up — (Pardon the bragging) to start with — we have a cute little "Woo Woo" girl who seems to be on the shy side — she really takes it like a champ and if one would stand ten feet away from her and point a menacing finger at her — she would burst with laughter, eh, Miss Gardner.

Sgt. Lees has his hands full all day keeping his eagle eye on the staff of our section and he's doing a swell job of it, (even if his eye is on the girls, ha, ha).

As you all know, he's bunking out at the beautiful Dauphin Lake with his cute little wife and I guess she's got a close watch on him, too (right, Sarge?).

o o o

I wonder why Cpl. Segal left his wife at home? Is it on account of the girls we've got in the section? or because he doesn't want her to know? He might be cooking something with a cute W.D.? Only Segee knows how.

o o o

What I want to know is, what has a certain time keeper got that we haven't? He seems to have a monopoly on one of our girls, I

wouldn't like to mention any names, but maybe Miss Dobson can enlighten us? How about it Dobson?

o o o

Then we have Miss Lunning who seems to have either high blood pressure or something, because every time she says "Hi Keed" to an airman she turns to a cute pink all over her face? and gosh she looks pretty, it suits her, too.

o o o

Did you ever notice "Speed" Morris walk to work, and notice the change in a man when he's going out the gate at 5 o'clock? Gosh! how some people change, eh, Morris?

o o o

Who is the lucky airman in the parachute section who's expecting the Stork in a little while, I don't mean that he, himself is expecting, but his wife, who resides in Dauphin, the one that's doing the work. I wonder if it will be delivered in a 24' or a 28' chute, who knows? Maybe yours truly can answer all the questions, Eh?

o o o

Did you ever notice the tall W.D. with the deep blue eyes that works in the Target Room, she's the girl who does a swell job of Repairs on the Drogues, keep it up Miss Waters, by the way, did you have a good 48 in Saskatoon? I guess you would, having a good man from the Wireless Section as an escort, what is his name?

(Continued on Page 57)

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## FLIGHT LIEUTENANT R. M. MACE



The man from "down under" was born and educated in Tasmania (get out your geography), graduating in Engineering from the University of Tasmania in 1935.

Following his graduation, F/L Mace worked for various mining companies situated around that "island continent" and finally came to Canada where he offered his services to the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Trail, B.C.

Prior to the outbreak of war he learned to fly at the Lamb School in Spokane, Washington, and made

flying his chief hobby at that time. He probably inherited his desire for flying from his father, a pioneer pilot, who flew one of the first "all British" aeroplanes at the beginning of this century.

Early in 1940, F/L Mace joined the R.C.A.F. and has been stationed at the Air Force Headquarters at Ottawa, the Aeronautical School of Engineering in Montreal, Number Two B. and G., Mossbank, Number Three B. and G., MacDonald, and Number Seven B. and B., Paulson.

During this period of time, however, he did not give up his desire for flying, and, we were pleased to hear, received his pilot's wings at the Wings Presentation Parade at Number 10 S.F.T.S. on August 28, 1942. Congratulations to you, Sir.

In 1940, the wiles of Western Canada conquered him again, but this time his bachelorhood was the victim — and now he boasts of a young son, Michael Trevor.

And lastly, we have Sylvia of Javenhass, the Maintenance Mascot — you've seen her with her master — more evidence of her owner's good taste.

Very few officers have been more respected and liked with genuinely good feeling than F/L Mace. May he remain with us for a long, long time.

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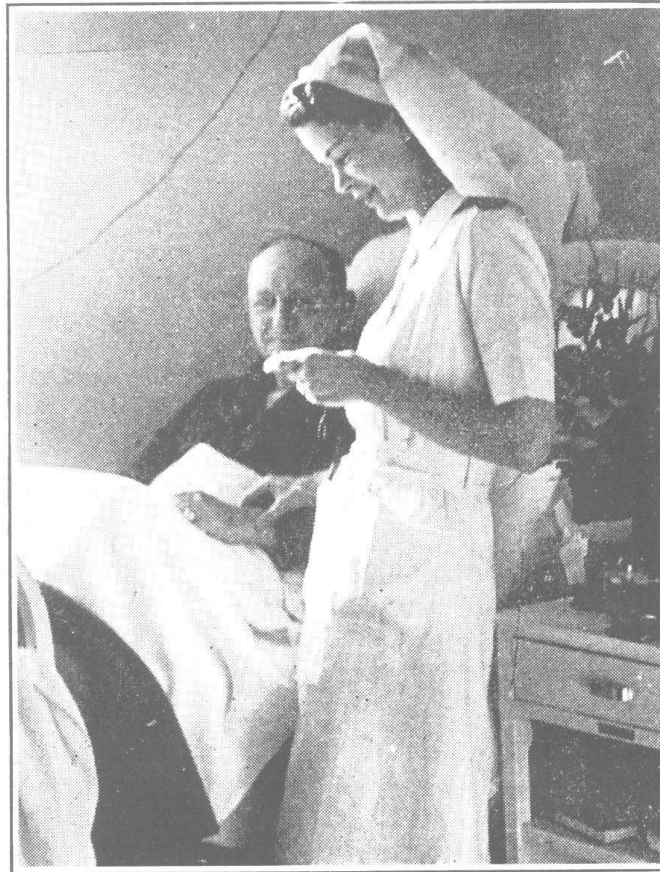
STELCK BLOCK

Dauphin Phone 57 Man.



# HOSPITAL

*"Kill or Cure Column"*



Since the first issue of the New Paulson Post, the writer for this column has got his wish and has been posted to Estevan, Saskatchewan (and incidentally we do miss him), so two of us are endeavoring to take his place, and we will see what results "we two" can bring.

## Things We Would Like to Know:

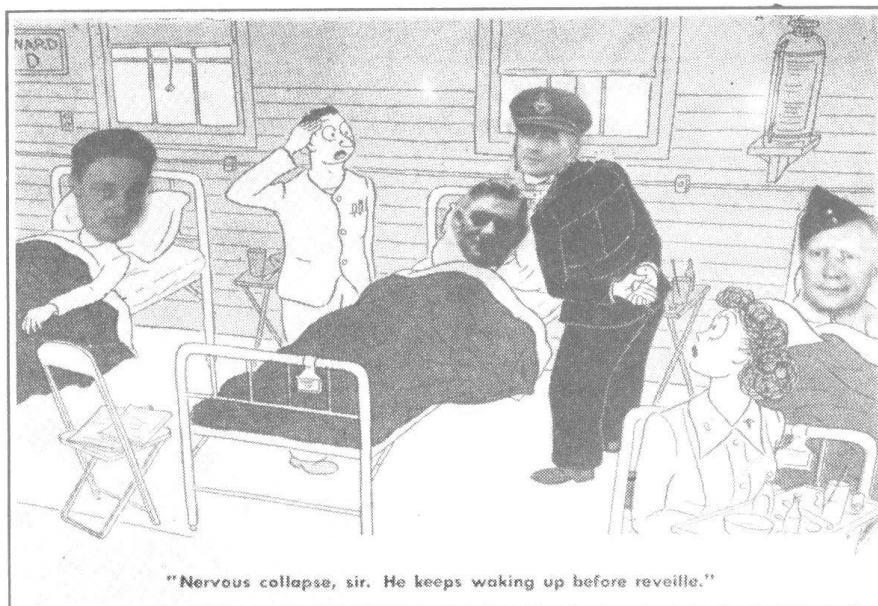
WHY the Men's Sick Parade has increased in number since the arrival of the four new Hospital Assistants Wall, Ouellette, Germain, and Martin.

WHY a certain Hospital Assistant goes wild every time she hears a siren or sees a red truck.

WHY does another Hospital Assistant think the boys from Number One C.N.S., Rivers, are nicer than the lads here? Come along, boys, show her that she is wrong.

WHY is a certain Corporal staying in camp lately? What is the matter with the Dauphin General Hospital. Too much ginger?

HOSPITAL — "Kill or Cure Column"



WHY was a certain Hospital Cook a little worried when her last '48 came around and it was doubtful whether she would be able to take it? Was it because of the fact that the patients might go hungry during her absence or was it because of the R.A.F. chap who found her heart an easy target for his bombs? We believe it was the latter.

WHY did a certain Orderly refuse to talk to an AW1 from the Sergeants' Mess when she came down to the Hospital Kitchen to see him one evening? Jimmy we're surprised at you!

WHY has the late "Casanova"

been going around with a very serious face lately? Has married life finally struck home, Junior?

WHY has a certain Medical Officer made such a hit with one of the civilian stenos? Is it because of his "beautiful big brown eyes?"

WHY does another Hospital Assistant spend a lot of time on the camp with "not much to do?" Is it because a certain lad from Winnipeg that bunks in 15A is on the night shift?

THAT IS ALL FOR NOW WE WILL BE WHYING YOU NEXT ISSUE.

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**SPORTS' REPORT**

(Continued from Page 22)

sixth inning. The Officers began to catch up. Finally the score stood 17-16. Mighty Boyle stood to bat. With phlegmatic indifference he watched five pitches go by, two strikes and three balls. It was a ticklish proposition two down, two on bases, two strikes and three balls. Somebody was on the spot. But Doc used his noodle and with rare good judgment he let the ball go by. There was a tense silence, then, "Ball Four." Once again brain had won over brawn.

From then on there was no stopping the Officers. The score mounted 17-17 and finally 18-17. "That's all," said the Officers (It was the first time they had been ahead). "It's getting too dark to play." A howl of rage and despair went up from Maintenance. There were shouts of "Gypped," "Play 5 innings or 7". (Main. was ahead at the end of the fifth.) Loft-house, the coach of Main. got redder and redder in the face. McArthur, with his Scotch instinct of possession grabbed Oscar and started off the field and the rest of the Officers hastily followed suit. It is impossible to fight or play ball when there is only one side on the field, so Main. trudged along behind and dim mutterings reached the slightly burning but nevertheless elated ears of the Officers. "Duck Soup", "Our Goose was Cooked," "Horse Feathers." Oscar looks very nice in the ante-room of the Officers' Mess; but Cpl. Segal who refereed the game seems to keep himself pretty scarce these last few days.

o o o

**RUGGER**

When you see this heading you may well know we have some boys from the British Isles on our station.

Both the R.A.F. Sgt.-Pilots and the Bomb Aimers are keen enthusiasts and, we honestly add, great players. Rugger is a new game to many of us; perhaps it may be described as a combination of English Soccer and American rugby. The footwork in the game is a pleasure to watch and a credit to anyone. Sgt.-Pilot Pagnam is the playing coach of the team.

—V—

**FURTHER ON THE GREMLIN**

(Continued from Page 19)

that individual several kinds of heart failure. This can be countered by ensuring that the perspex has been polished and then covered with the Anti-fog solution that is provided, in which case our Gremlin can be as sick as he likes and it will slide off with never a mark.

On rare occasions this type has been known to invade the "Gun Cleaning Room" itself, and to pick up small parts, then deliberately drop them into a waste can, or oil can, it will not do it while you are near, as it is not brave, but if you leave the room in the middle of a job, it will cause you much mental anguish when you return, the best bet is to see that your Gun or Guns are together before leaving, the very short time it takes is well repaid. We would appreciate any further information on the ways of this type from other Gunners who have had the misfortune to run up against them.

—V—

An Irish Widow living in the U.S.A., just south of St. Stephen, N.B. on a big farm, was most worried when the Boundry Commission told her part of her land might be in Canada. When told it was all on the United States side of line, she replied, "Praise be to Heaven, for I hear 'tis mighty cold up there in Canada."

## THE INDIAN PROBLEM

At the present time India is deeply engaging the interest of all Countries in the World and especially Great Britain, though individuals may know but little of all the background of Race, Religion, Custom and History that have together made the India of to-day. It would seem, therefore, that a short talk on India must be of interest to all.

First of all — What is India? It is the size of the Continent of Europe without Russia, 2000 miles from North to South and over 2000 miles from East to West. In North America it would roughly stretch from Hudson's Bay to Key West and New York City to the Great Salt Lake. Canadians speak of crossing the Continent when they travel from Coast to Coast. India should be thought more of a Continent than a Country.

In this great and diverse land of India live more than 389 million people, three times the population of the United States. They come from many races, some tall and light of skin, others are short and dark. Some are warlike, others intellectual and industrious. Some receptive of new ideas, others with no desire to part from habits which have been in force for centuries.

More than 200 languages are spoken in India, the Government using no fewer than 15 for Official purposes, though Urdu has gained wide currency in Northern India. The only language which all educated Indians know in addition to their own is English.

India has many religions and their influence is much wider and deeper than in the West, and the name of religion is often invoked for causes

that have little right to claim it. The nearest parallel that is to be found in Europe is in the time of the Crusades, 800 years ago, when religion controlled every aspect of life, and people left their homes to die in Palestine to set free the Holy city of Jerusalem. This spirit is still very much a live force in India today for Hindus, Moslems, Sikhs, etc., and each is out of sympathy with the other, and this is the main reason for the difficulties of forming a Constitution in India that will be acceptable to all.

Everyone should know the history of the East India Company. How it started peacefully trading for 150 years and gradually found itself assuming direct responsibility for government, and how unremittingly it worked, laying deep the foundations of a system of administration which remade the life of India.

British rule in India has often been cried down but however bad the administration has at times been it has been the British Government's sincere aim to give unity to India, security, to raise the level of economic standards and to develop the political life of the Country. When unity can be achieved our work in India will be finished.

It has often been stated that the British Government promised the Indian people their independence as soon as the last war was over and then failed to make good their promise. This is not true in fact or substance. In 1919 the British Government passed an act by which partial responsible government was introduced to the Provinces, which correspond roughly to Canadian Pro-

(Continued on Page 55)

## PADRE'S PAGE



A letter from home, a word of appreciation from someone we respect, an unexpected balance after the redistribution of wealth on payday, a promise of leave starting next week — such seemingly insignificant extras as these give a lift to the spirit. Morale is made up of a lot of little things.

Faith, hope and a sense of humour also enter into the constitution of morale but these are bigger things.

To take ourselves less seriously is to get into right relationship with the job before us. We will counteract self-pity and self-concern (and despair and worry which accompany them) with a good-natured refusal to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think. It is the Cause that matters. After the last War the Germans held an investigation into the causes of morale, and attributed

much of the British soldier's staying power to his sense of humour. They therefore decided to instill this sense into their own soldiers, and included in their manuals an order to cultivate it. They gave as an illustration in the manual one of Bairnsfather's pictures of "Old Bill" sitting in a building with an enormous shell-hole in the wall. A friend asks: "What made that hole?" "Mice", replied "Old Bill." In the German manual a solemn footnote of explanation is added: "It was not mice, it was a shell."

"French Feel Certain Deliverance At Hand," reads a recent headline. Here is another source of endurance — Hope. We can carry on if we know there is some assurance that the tension will end. Frenchmen, Greeks, Czecks, and all the rest who love freedom as we do, are able to hold on in a desperate situation because they know we will not let them down.

Most important of all the elements entering into morale is the belief in one's Cause. In July 1914 the German Army cracked-up because its morale had been built on the feeble foundation of the myth of invincibility. The Allies punctured that belief and the Germans threw in the sponge. They lost faith in themselves. But that was not the fate of Allied morale. It remained stubborn and inflexible because no amount of force could destroy the greater power of a flaming conviction.

(V. Lorne Stewart, F/L)

Station Chaplain, (P)

## THE SERGEANTS' MESS SMOKER



The Sergeants' Mess Smoker, I mean Smoker! was held in the luxuriously furnished ante-room of the Sergeants' Mess on the evening of August 25.

I arrived at 2030 hours and found the things just beginning to float, I mean smoke, no I don't, maybe I should, but then why should I look at the money I save, no tobacco tax. Well, anyway, I was greeted by the strains of the old War Legion piano grunting and groaning under pressure by Sergeant Pilot Robinson of the R.A.F. It was a grand old tune he was murdering, I mean playing, and everyone had the urge to lift their voices in song. The real McCoy it were too. It is a question and it will always be a question as to who sang the loudest. The walls and furnishings took a magnificent beating for the pictures of Bishop and Barker shook with the vibrations.

For a moment there was a lull, then — "Does anyone know any jokes?" It was Sgt. Wolochow, our diminutive "Master of Ceremonies" was on a chair, where's his hair? what hair? surprising how many Sergeants are losing hair isn't it — and then, slowly rising from his chair the man from Singapore spoke, "I do." A hush fell over the room, figures straightened in their chairs, ears were cleaned out and then he said, "Did you ever hear the one about the English nobleman and his young

debutante?" — CENSORED — Darn it!!! For fuller details see Sgt. Rand anytime after 1900 hours the third Tuesday of next week.

A blare of trumpets, or was it "Old Stock?" and then "Enter the Officers." For the benefit of these men of office, the joke was repeated and for days it was told in messes, offices, barracks until it is now losing some of its finesse, but no one will ever forget it.

Another song or two and then jokes and more jokes. Some good, some very good, (the one about the hotel with the name censored) some bad, some very bad — (Gee! I like the very bad, "How about you?" and some that should have been saved for the next Sunday.

At twelve, two flight sergeants were disputing over "Who's Dick Tracy," and "Who's going to carry the mail." Shots were fired but no one has ever been hurt by a pointed finger (except in etiquette books).

P.S.—The mail got through! so with that worry off their minds and without more adieu, the stragglers stumbled, staggered, stooped, slipped and scattered home before dawn rose.

(C.R. Evans), F/S.

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## BOOK TALKS

With the coming of long winter nights it will be of interest to most of us that the Library Committee has been at work on the selection of new books. In order to keep up on the latest publication memberships have been taken out with both the Literary Guild and the Book-of-the-Month Club. As these new books arrive a review of them will appear in the Paulson Post.

o o o

"The Uninvited" by Dorothy Macardle. This might be described as "escape" literature but even at that there is a definite place for it — murder stories and tales about ghosts can be relaxing. "The Uninvited" has as its setting an old house on the Devon Coast. The new owners suddenly realize that an eerie something interferes with their sleep. Through village gossip they learn that the place is haunted. Then we are introduced to two ghosts which cause thrills and chills. There is also a beautiful girl in the plot who may prove a substitute for the real thing. This book was the August selection of the Literary Guild of America. Worth reading!

o o o

The two Book-of-the-month editions which have just arrived make great reading.

"THEY WERE EXPENDABLE":—  
by W. L. White.

This is the story of America's Little Dunkerque. If there is room on your spine for a touch of frost,

this is food for thought and more thought. It is the story of Squadron Three — six 70 foot speedboats secretly sneaked through the Panama Canal.

o o o

"THE SEVENTH CROSS":—  
by Anna Seghers.

Is the story of the escape of seven men from the German Concentration Camp of Westhofen. In it we see the German people under the Nazi rule from the inside. "If you want a picture of Germany, warped, terrible, neurotic, cruel, yet intensely human; read this book."

V.L.S.





Fishing in Turtle River

### INDIAN PROBLEM

(Continued from Page 51)

vinces, and the whole question was to be re-examined within ten years. In 1925 the Imperial Conference took place which resulted in the Statute of Westminster, and in the first definition of Dominion Status, and it was subsequently stated by the British Government that Dominion Status was the ultimate goal of India. The act of 1935 proposed an all India federation covering States and Provinces with an All-India cabinet under the Viceroy who would simply retain responsibility for defense and Foreign Policy. All other federal subjects would be in Indian hands. This act came partially into force

on April 1st, 1937. Elections were held and in eight of the eleven Provinces the Congress Party was successful. The present war then came and India was proclaimed belligerent, and because the Congress Party did not see eye to eye with this policy it ordered all the Congress Ministers to resign. The Government of eight of the eleven Provinces therefore lapsed into the hands of the Governors, and since then there has been political deadlock.

Sir Stafford Cripps' visit to India is still in our memories and his unsuccessful attempt to make a compromise until the present war is finished. Until the various Sects in India can agree between themselves to the form of Constitution the Government of India shall take, there seems little hope of an early settlement of this problem.



## *To The Collector of Taxes --*

Somewhere in England, 1941

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I have been bombed, blasted, burnt, sandbagged, walked upon, sat upon, helped up, held down, flattened out, squeezed by Income Tax, Super Tax, Tobacco Tax, Purchase Tax, Beer Tax, Spirit Tax and Motor Tax, and every Society Organization and Club that the inventive mind of man can conceive, to extract what I may or may not have in my possession, for the Red Cross, Black Cross, Double Cross and every bloody cross and Hospital in town and country.

The government has governed my business until I do not know who the hell owns it. I am suspected, inspected, examined, informed, required and commanded, so that I do not know who the hell I am, where I am, or why I am here at all.

All I know is that I am supposed to have an inexhaustible supply of money for every need, desire, or hope of the human race, and because I will not go to beg, borrow or steal to give away, I am cursed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied about, held up, rung up, robbed and damn near ruined.

The only reason I am clinging to life at all is to see what the bloody hell is going to happen next.

Your faithfully,



**PARACHUTE SECTION**  
(Continued from Page 38)

Its too bad Miss Noon lives so far in the sticks of Saskatchewan, because when she went home on a 48 (she hasn't been home for over three months) she gets into the house and says "Hello Mom, Hello Pop, Good-bye Mom, Good-bye Pop, got to get back now." We should allow her a little more travelling time, so she can at least stay for dinner, eh Noon?

o o o

As you know LAC Naisbitt just got out of hospital where he was up for Appendix and now that he's

back with us again we've got to keep an eye on him. Take it easy, Kid, and you'll last longer (that was quote — Gordon — unquote)

o o o

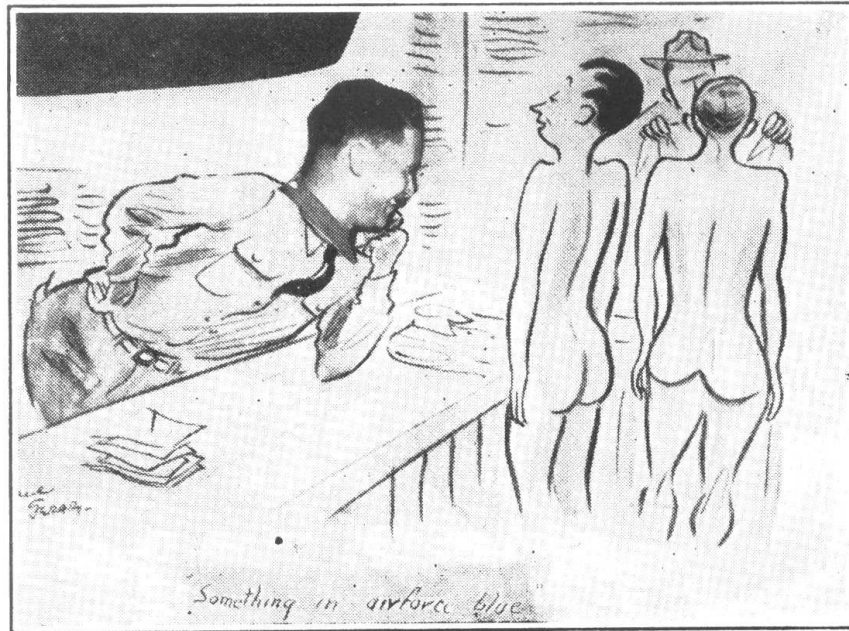
I guess that's all for now, except for the two W.D.'s that just came in, but don't worry folks, I'll get them and lots of Dirt in my next issue.

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

Yours truly,  
LAC Jacobs, A.S.

P.S.—Segal is cooking bacon, do you want a strip????





## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW ???

Who was the Hospital Orderly-ess, when asking for mail, a certain LAC appeared?

o o o

I wonder why LAC E. had a disgusted look on his face after having taken his first W.A.A.F. (Sorry, W.D.) girl friend for a walk to the beach.

o o o

Who was the U/T Bombardier who took the "white horses" on the lake for the burst of his bombs which didn't fall?

o o o

Why has a certain LAC U/T Bombardier all his kit bags marked, "Sergeant" and "O" and "England"?

I wonder why a certain LAC became suddenly interested in the geography of Newfoundland?

o o o

How did the two U/T Bombardiers who took 12 bombs up, release 12 bombs, plot 12 bombs, manage to bring 12 bombs back? — Profitable business, what?

o o o

Who is the airman of 62 Course already in possession of the "gen" regarding the Dauphin "talent"?

o o o

Who is this guy McDonald, anyway?

o o o

Have the Senior NCO's two places of entertainment on this Station?

## A QUIZ TO END ALL QUIZZES

---

Q.—“Who is Oscar, that little black devil, who sits on the desk quite at ease. Can be dumb as a carrot, or talk like a parrot?”

A.—“He’s the phone of the Service Police.”

(The \$10.00 question)

o o o

Q.—“If an airman’s expecting a letter, from his mother, his sweetheart or niece, will he call at the Station Post Office?”

A.—“No. He’ll call up the Service Police.”

(Any mail for me?).

o o o

Q.—“If it’s Jack-Pot nite at the Movies, and you’re in doubt of the current release, will you read D.R.O.’s which are, under your nose?”

A.—“No. You’ll call up the Service Police.”

(What’s on at the show?)

Q.—“If the C.O. should feel like a Blitzkrieg, and his high nervous tension must ease, will he call the M.O.? Well, certainly NO!”

A.—He’ll call up the Service Police.”  
(and raise HELL)

o o o

Q.—“With a soiled uniform and some undies to be washed, to be ironed, or be creased, when we get in a quandry, do we call on the laundry?”

A.—No. We call up the Service Police.”

(Is my laundry back yet?)

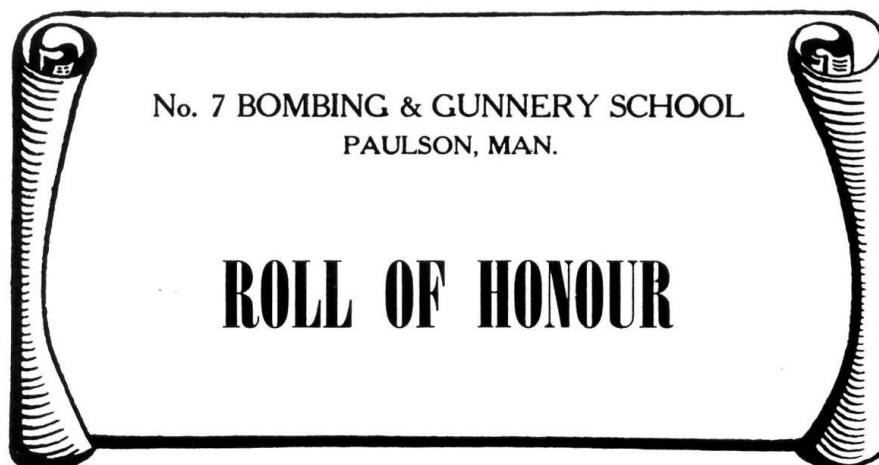
o o o

Q.—With a time-table staring right at you, (measuring fourteen by twenty, at least) should you bother to heed it, or trouble to read it?”

A.—“No. Ask one of the Service Police.”

(What time’s the next bus?)

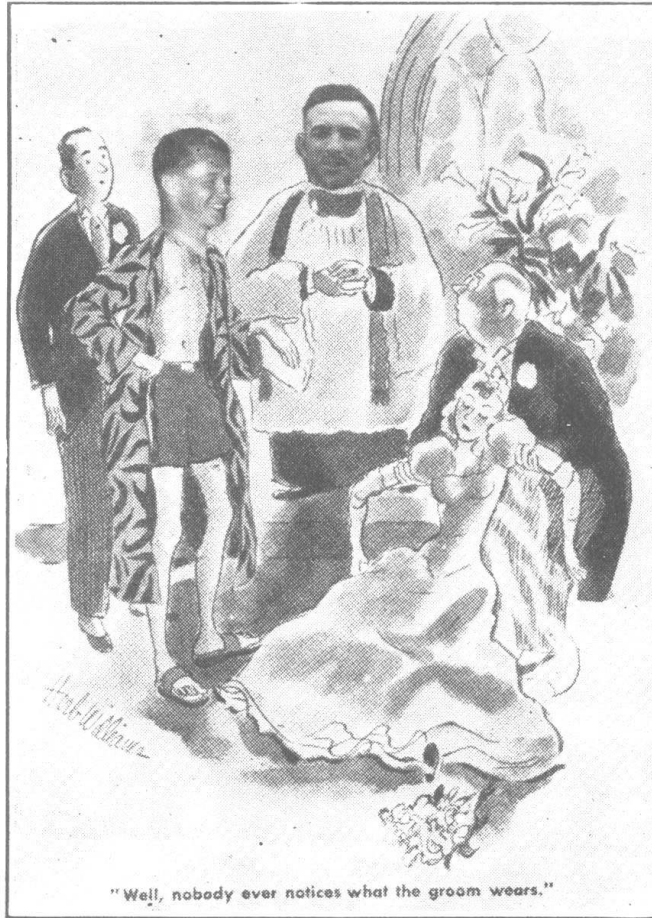




R67247	Sgt. Anger, F. H. E.	Missing 9-3-42
E77252	Sgt. Bradley, N. W. R.	Missing 17-6-42 (Now Prisoner of War)
R76229	Sgt. Boates, R. M.	Killed in Action 21-5-42
E77218	Sgt. Clarson, H. A.	Missing 24-6-42
E82859	Sgt. Charbonneau, J. M.	Killed in Action 6-5-42
R80079	Sgt. Clarke, W. V.	Missing after Air 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



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