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NO. 7 B. C.

THE *Paulson Post*

Paulson Man.

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# The Paulson Post

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

By Permission of Group Captain W. E. Dipple

Editor in Chief — F/L ISER STEIMAN

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Vol. I — No. 1

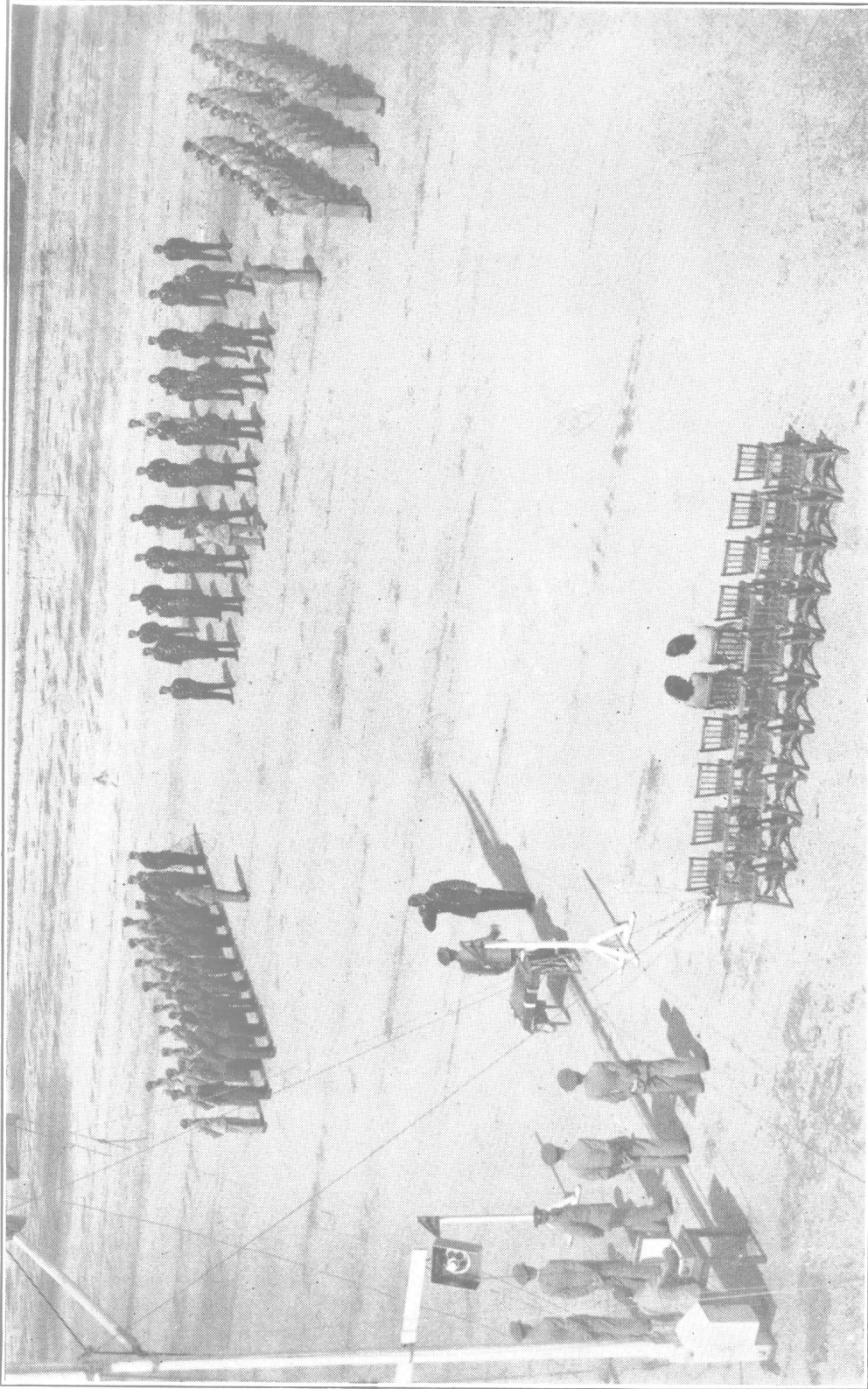
SEPTEMBER, 1942

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Wings Parade at Paulson





## THE C.O.'s MESSAGE

With the issue of the first copy of the Paulson Post in its new form, I would like to take the opportunity of thanking the new Editorial Staff for the work they have put into this issue to ensure its success, and we appreciate their efforts. I think all will agree that it is a better looking and more readable publication. It must, however, be borne in mind that however keen and efficient the Editorial Staff may be, the success of the paper depends to a large extent on the co-operation of all ranks in contributing readable matter in time for each edition. I wish the paper the success it so richly deserves and I feel confident that we shall all look forward to its issue each month with keen pleasure, and feel that we have a Station Paper worthy of Number Seven Bombing and Gunnery School, Paulson.

*Group Captain W. E. Dipple*

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## Editorial

The August issue of the Paulson Post in its present magazine format is an attempt on the part of the editorial staff to make this publication handier for reading and for carrying in one's pocket. It is also hoped that the contents of this issue will be of interest to all our readers.

The Paulson Post is primarily a medium for expressing the opinions of the men and women who make up the little commonwealth of Number Seven Bombing and Gunnery. In it you will find the ideas, the reactions, some hopes, some grouching, some humour and a little bit of everything that enters into the composition of our everyday life. The people who write come from every corner of the British Empire. Some are from England, others from Australia, and some from far away Quebec.

The material in the Post has been written almost entirely by Station personnel and is of personal interest to us. Some day this magazine, may bring fond recollections of by-gone days.

The life that throbs in Paulson (on a somewhat smaller scale, perhaps than that found in cities or in larger camps) is still our way of life. If it presents little or no interest to the outsider or our neighbors, to us individually every article and every bit of news as well as every cartoon should strike a familiar note and recall some pleasureable incident, however small or transient.

The airmen who come here for training, leave Paulson after a short period. Although they make up our floating population they are still the reason for our exist-



ence as a Station. Our whole program is attuned to the training of these men and for this reason, a magazine dealing with the life at Paulson, should contain a great amount of material that will interest our trainees.

Unfortunately these men come here only for a short period and are undergoing very intensive training which permits them very little time for anything but their work. From these men we can expect little contribution to the Paulson Post. But from those of us who are stationed here more or less permanently—and that means everybody else—we would expect an interest in the Paulson Post and a desire to contribute, however little it may be, to the building of a worthwhile publication.

There are a number of persons amongst the airmen, airwomen, N.C.O.'s and Officers who have the ability to write and express themselves. We are interested in what they want to say because they speak our language, they breathe the same air, walk the same roads, eat at the same tables and are imbued with the same ideals.

Our primary purpose is to help in the winning of the war. At the same time we desire to help others by contributing to their comfort, and well being, and by making their lot happier.

If you, reader, get as much pleasure out of this magazine as we had in compiling it, our task will have been amply repaid.

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**TOILETRIES**

*Bruce C. Goodhand*

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## FLIGHT LIEUTENANT IRVIN



Flight Lieutenant Irvin was one of the first Officers to arrive at Number Seven Bombing and Gunnery School in June 1941 and until October of that year was in charge of the Air Observers' Courses. At this time he took over the duties of Officer Commanding the G.I.S. and continued in that capacity until his posting to No. 4 Command, Calgary, Alberta, in June of this year.

While here, Flight Lieutenant Irvin took a very active part in all station activities, in addition to his numerous duties in G.I.S. His organization of the school was so well conducted that all phases of training were carried out one hundred per cent. His natural ability to maintain discipline and at the same time create harmony throughout made him well liked by all on the station personnel.

Prior to enlisting in the R.C.A.F., Flight Lieutenant Irvin took a very active part in sports. In 1938, he played Rugby with the the Ottawa Rough Riders and Hockey with the Ottawa Senators (Quebec Amateur Hockey League). Since joining the R.C.A.F., he has on several occasions given a good account of himself in both Rugby and Hockey. This can be well remembered from all who took part in the Station Hockey League at our School this past winter.

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## Squadron Leader T. H. (Tom) SAUNDERS



Squadron Leader T. H. (Tom) Saunders arrived at the bleak wilderness of the Northern Manitoba plains, known as Paulson on the 20th of May, 1941, having left that fair portion of our country, easterners fondly call "Canada." He saw a plot of ground, some metal, stone and wood grow into our present Number Seven Bombing and Gunnery School and "Home."

As Senior Equipment Officer, his task was no small one, but he always had a ready smile and a cheery word, no matter how high his own troubles might be piled. In addition to his normal duties, Squadron Leader Saunders gave able direction to the Station Fund, and Canteen Committees, of which he was President.

On June 13th, this year (our "Tom") was posted to the Directorate of Supply Services at Air Force Headquarters. His ready smile and good humour will be appreciated there, as it is missed at "Lucky Seven."

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*Compliments of*  
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## FLIGHT LIEUTENANT QUINN

---



"Bud" Quinn as he was known to his fellow officers spent a considerable time at Number Seven B. & G as Armament Officer in charge of Gunnery. He was posted to Ottawa and left on July 30.

"Bud" came here well qualified to fill the position. He did a fine job and was one of the most liked officers on the Station. He took part in all our sport activities and as a result of his previous athletic training, was well qualified in that field.

"Bud" was born in Porcupine, Ontario where his father was an engineer at the Dome Gold Mines. He attended School in Toronto. Joined the 110th Squadron, R.C.A.F when it was formed, and came to Paulson in June, 1941 having been previously stationed at Mossbank, McDonald and Dafoe.

"Bud" had quite a career as an athlete. With reluctance he

gave us the following information:

Champion speed skater of Toronto in 1928. Junior swimming champion of Toronto in 1928. Amateur wrestling champion city of Toronto in 1932. "Bud" played with the Dominion champions, the Toronto Argonauts in 1933. He also played with the champion basketball team, Toronto, 1932.

He was commissioned in 1940 and promoted to Flight Lieutenant in August, 1941.

We will all miss genial "Bud" on this Station. Our very kindest wishes go along with him and we trust that in his ascent to higher altitudes, he will not forget Number Seven B. & G. (We are almost sure he is on the way to the stratosphere).



I wish I were a kangaroo  
Despite his funny stances,  
I'd have a place to put the junk  
My gal takes to the dances.

## Dr. M. Potoski

Physician and Surgeon

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## FLIGHT SERGEANT C. R. EVANS

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Flight Sergeant "Chet." Evans, is our present N.C.O. i/c of the Station Orderly Room. Born and educated at St. Thomas. He studied Business Administration at Westervelt School, London, Ont.

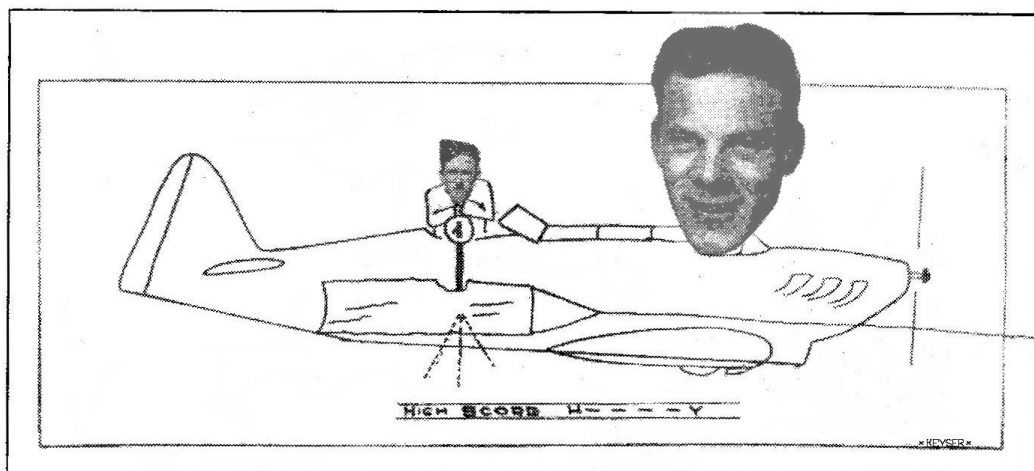
"Chet" enlisted in the R.C.A. F. as a clerk, he attended technical Training School at St. Thomas and on February 17, 1941, Corporal Evans, arrived at No. 10 S.F.T.S., Dauphin. After being promoted to the rank of Sergeant, he as posted to Paulson, which he reached safely after a strenuous journey.

Paulson saw him pass from the "free" to the "bound." He is

an ardent fisherman—though not always a successful one.

"Flight" and Mrs. Evans invite all and sundry to visit them at their "Little Grey Home in the West" where you may obtain excellent lodging and home cooked meals.

If you don't find them at home, just go to the nearest dance hall and there you may find them "Jitter-bugging" away their cares. What "Cares?" Who "Cares?" We are sure "Flight" has not a care in the world now that he has settled down to married life.





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*Thirty Rooms of Comfort*



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## Flight Lieutenant JOHN SARGEANT

Flight Lieutenant Jack Sargeant, our Padre has been in Paulson since June, 1941. On the morning of June 18th, he was on the way to his new posting in Saskatoon. A number of his brother officers, including the Commanding Officer, Group Captain Dipple, came to see him off.

For several days before his departure, Flight Lieutenant Sargeant, like all men who are posted, kept on collecting his belongings. He took them all with him on his way West. But he also took with him something he couldn't pack in his trunk. The fellow feeling the comradeship, the goodwill and the kind wishes of his many friends,

those are the things that he left behind and those are the things that he was taking with him. The story goes that during his Service overseas in the last War, he came across a secret formula which he brought back with him to Canada. By the use of this he was able to captivate mens' hearts (the W.D.'s hadn't come to Paulson before he left) and bind them with his spell. There was



even talk that in the last few months he was growing quite restive with apprehension that the supply of the ingredients for this magic concoction was running low and he was very anxious to get back overseas to replenish the supply of the ingredients that made up this magic formula.

The wise men of the East, however, those who know, decided that he still had a plentiful supply of "what it takes." They kept him here in Canada for the time being anyway, but decided that Saskatoon was a better field for his activities.

Personally, one is of the opinion that he is just rearing to go overseas in

order to spread the goodwill and human kindness that he is so full of and that he needs no fresh supply as yet.

From the Commanding Officer to the youngest AC2, Number Seven B. & G., we all wish him the very best.

So, to Jack Sargeant, the salt of the earth, God speed.

P.S.—Since this was written—Flight Lieutenant Jack Sargeant has been posted for overseas service.  
—Editor






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## FLIGHT LIEUTENANT V. L. STEWART

---

Flight Lieutenant Stewart tells us he comes from the East, (Toronto). This may be just for camouflage purposes. He really is (if you look further back) a Westerner, from Regina, a graduate of the University of Saskatchewan. He did go to Toronto where he received his Master of Arts Degree, later he studied Psychiatry, at the Massachusetts State Hospital for a considerable length of time.

In one way or another we are likely to get more from our new Padre than we expect, whether through actual daily contact or from his sermons, and it is our opinion that he is the kind that "grows on you."

We all welcome him most heartily to our Station and have been watching his growing popularity with the men and (with apprehension), also with the women on the Station, with pleasure.

In spite of all the studying and polishing in the East, Flight Lieutenant Stewart still is the real Western Padre and a brother to every man on this Station.

Congratulations to the instructors on Course 58. Six weeks have passed and so far no nervous breakdowns. They earn all the 48's they scrounge.

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

The aircrew trainees have noticed with eager eyes, the increasing number of Flight Sergeants, Crowns, and are acting accordingly.

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

Also noticed lately are the increased number of dark glasses floating around the Station. We wonder why these handsome (?) bomb-aimers, deprive the members of the W.D. of a glimpse into the pools of their optics?.

What's cookin' at the hospital?

L.A.C. Brown seems to be a regular visitor.

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

Seen in Dauphin: The proudest daddy of them all, "Sergeant M" complete with his charming wife and child. Congrats. "Sarge."

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

Good Old 582, it is a change for them to be first in something.

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

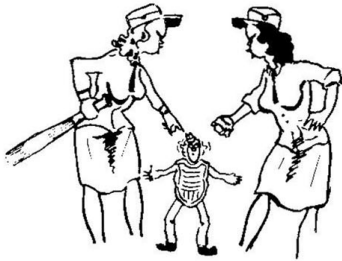
N.B. Only the excellent efficiency of the plotting office, prevented utter chaos. Sorry fellows they were not dived hits.



With apologies  
to Esquire

## SPORTS NEWS

### *High Jumping -- Baseball*



**“They Laughed When We Started to Play, But . . .”**

This time-worn advertising slogan might be well quoted again by the Women's Division Softball Team.

Critics, pessimists, well-meaning friends laughed and even optimists smiled broadly when the above mentioned team began their struggle for a place in the world of Softball Recognition. This only added fire to the determination of the fairer sex to prove their ability in the Field of Sport.

Practice, practice, play a game, (which we always managed to lose) and then start right in and practice again; that is, or I should say was, the history of the Women's Division Softball Team until the night of August 6, 1942 when the team proceeded to No. 10, S.F.T.S. and defeated their all-star W.D. Team to the royal tune of 15-4. That was a wonderful night for coach Cpl. Higginson and that splendid line-up including:

AW Walper, 10; A.W. Mulligan, 9; AW Chadney, 3; AW. Dobson, 5; AW Randells; AW Heavener, 8; AW De Witt, 4;

AW Appleton, 2; AW Adams, 1; AW Doran, 6; AW Fyfe, 7.

Hamilton and Duff, two consistent supporters of the team, were not able to be present to see their colleagues go forth to VICTORY.

We promise a grand future for the W.D. Softball team of good old Number Seven.

—V—

## MEN'S SOFTBALL GAME

A “truly great” game is the only way we can describe the Men's Softball Game between Number Seven and Number Ten on August 6th. It was anyone's game right up until the last play but Number Seven edged out a neat victory of 10-6. The line-up included:

McKellar, J. 8; Leonard 7; McKellar, L 9; Dunne 5; Moore 10; P/O Cunningham 3; F/O Church 2; Capt. Beattie 1; Fordyce 6; Lofthouse 8; Daniels 4.

Anyone who saw the game will agree it was packed with good plays, and the entire team seemed to have the spirit of the game throughout. LAC Leonard turned in an exceptionally fine job in the pitcher's box.

—V—

Great crowds have been besieging the clothing stores for khaki shorts. It seems as though the airmen have noticed some N.C.O.'s showing off dimpled knees. They only wanted to show, that they had dimples too.

## WHAT THE AIRWOMAN EXPECTED



When we made our rather impressive entrance to the so-called great Number Seven B. & G. School, our hopes were somewhat shattered by a group of little, low, green structures with red roofs. But after making the acquaintance of the personnel and finding that the little structures really served a purpose, we really feel that we are part of it and we are sure that the efforts of the men made this so, even though they resented our invasion at first.

What we can't understand is why they don't build sidewalks on lover's lane. The gravel really is hard on one's shoes. Since so many couples have taken to walking.

Now that we are more or less a part of the Station we wonder how the Station did get along without us, and how they would fare if we were suddenly eliminated.

Jokes aside, we hope that the airmen appreciate us as much as we appreciate being at Number Seven B. & G. School.

Question: Why do the fellows shave every day and pay so much attention to their personal appearances?

Suggestion for Answer: Could it be the arrival of the W.D.'s or the iron hand of the the new S.S.M.?

## TEN COMMANDMENTS OF COURTSHIP

Under the direction of their pastor, the Rev. Dean Parker, the young men of a Michigan Church drew up the following decalogue for the girls of their acquaintanceship on the matter of boy and girl relationships:

1. Thou shalt have no other boy friends before or after me, for I am thy lord who has brought thee out of bondage and shown thee a good time.

2. Thou shalt not make thy face like a graven image, or likeness of anything that is found in a drug store advertisement or a popular magazine.

3. Thou shalt not boast of other boy friends, for I, thy lord, am a jealous boy friend, visiting vengeance upon them that cross me.

4. Thou shalt not take the name of thy boy friend in vain or gossip about him.

5. Remember thy date to keep it holy, and break it not at the last minute. Six days shalt thou labor to make thyself attractive, so that on the seventh we may have an exceedingly good time.

6. Honor thy father and thy mother that thy dates are not too long and thou comest not in at 2 or 3 in the morning and provoke them to anger.

7. Thou shalt not steal another girl's boy friend.

8. Thou shalt not kill thy friend's affection by emptying his pocketbook.

9. Thou shalt not covet expensive luxuries such as super banana splits, four-course meals, T-bone steaks and orchids.

10. Thou shalt not bear false witness by handing thy boy friend a line which causes him to think you are an angel from heaven.



# HOSPITAL

*"Kill or Cure Column"*



It was indeed a surprise to me when they asked me to write another note for the Paulson Post after the last grand slam, but I shall endeavour to please all who read it.

Cupid's arrow has landed in our midst. May we congratulate Sergeant and Mrs. Griese. May they live happily ever after. I was just wondering what Jack will do with his date book. I believe Sergeant Early will make a bid for it but then again I wonder, maybe the ponies didn't pay so well while he was in Winnipeg. He appears to have "that disappointed look."

The cupid also hit the "Casanova of Paulson." He really seems right on the beam these days. Well, the best of luck Junior and may it always stick with you.

If you have noticed the bright faces around the hospital the past week, it's because of the arrival of the R.C.A.F. Womens' Division. We are pleased to welcome AW2 Chadney into the kitchen and L.A.W. Venner into the wards. If they please the patients as well as the staff boys, they must be very much appreciated.

Right now its a toss-up to see who works in the Treatment Room. I can see no object in that because after all there is a war to win and anybody can fix foot baths to please a lady.

At this time of the year everybody wants his leave at the same time. So if you ever come to the hospital and can't get any service just wait till the boys come back or quit swinging the lead.

I believe this is enough of this steam and spray. May we all be posted the next time the Paulson Post goes to press.

GOODWILL is essential to Success in any line of business and goodwill can only be built up by consistent fair dealing. You are assured of a square deal at all times when you deal with —



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## HIGHLIGHTS AND LOWLIGHTS FROM THE ACCOUNTS SECTION

**J**UNE 29th! An eventful day in the history of Paulson. The first members of the Royal Canadian Air Force (Womens' division) arrived, and from then on, "Life began on the 29th," and changed the Station. The men began to polish buttons and shine shoes, and as for the girls, there was always a mad scramble for the mirrors before they left the barracks in the morning. The girls were all set to work in different sections of the station, and the Accounts Section suddenly found themselves with only one of the "WAAF'S." What a predicament to be in, but they made the most of it, grinned and bore it.

Have you ever worked in the Accounts Section? No? Well, let me tell you about it. They really work hard there, although I know you won't believe me. When you come in for your advance in pay or travelling warrant, you stand out in the corridor and cool your heels for an hour or so but confess isn't it worth it? You finally do end up with money, and feel you really have achieved something. Then one day near pay day, you decide you don't know what time pay parade is to be, so you lift up the receiver and ask for the Accounts Section. In a very charming manner you ask your question, and the person on the other end barks out "How about reading dro's once in a while." You feel most embarrassed, possibly very mad; but don't feel too badly; ten to one the person who answered

also doesn't know what time pay parade is on.

You will be glad also to know that the Accounts Section are in possession of four more girls. They are practically in the majority now. The men are being gradually posted away. Don't know whether it is fright or what but I can assure you the girls are very nice (take it from me, I know). And those girls really work. Especially on Wednesday night. You all know what that means, scrubbing and cleaning. An the men are SO nice about it. They bring in the pails and mops and dusters for us, then they sit down and tell us what to do. What would we do without their kind help, really I don't know. But the girls make a better job of it anyway, so there.

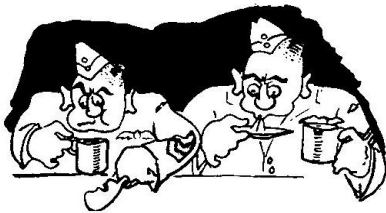
I know you are just dying to know about our staff — so here goes. Surely you have heard about our two Sgts. Jone's (just one of the Jone's boys). Well, we are blessed with two of them. And please when you phone up and ask for Sgt. Jones, tell us which one you want. Usually we have to say "You want the tall Sgt. Jones" or "You want the short Sgt. Jones." or some other very personal description. But they are most kind to us, and always want to toss up for cokes. (I wonder why we always lose?)

Then we have our romantic Sgt. Strang. He is the lady killer of our section. One of these days

(Continued on Page 37)

## IN PASSING BY - - -

### *A Few Notes from the Sergeants' Mess*



"They come and go so fast, we hardly get to know them all." Can't begin to tell you about all the fellows posted away—except we darn well miss them. Nor can we list all the recent promotions here, fellows, but you know them in your sections, so slip 'em the old "Congrat—" (maybe they'll buy the "cokes"). Say, we have the O.C. of Gunnery with us now—hey, he even tries to run the Powder Room on schedule! Add to our new "three-hookers" a long list of Staff Pilots—a swell bunch of Joes—mostly R.A.F. (furriners from Blighty), as we calls 'em—and they likes it). You should have seen one of this talented group do a "Gypsy Rose Lee" the night of last Sports Day. The R.A.F. version of "A Spring Dance" using those "perforated-at-intervals-streamers" for ribbons wasn't bad either. And their songs! Just listen in some night—they're worth learning for some timely occasion (really any excuse will do — like pay-day, perhaps, or shall we say pay-day for instance?)

Speaking of timely occasions, did you hear the one on Sergeant Briggs? He arranged for a 48, then promptly became the father of a "Three-diaper youngster." A bit of "temporal finesse," eh? F/Sgt. Austin passed the brown weed around celebrating a simi-

lar even—a daughter. What wonderful wives we airmen have! (Keep your chest in Jones, you're still a Bachelor!)

Overheard from a certain corner of the games room, "Some So-and-So didn't ante — Radull! — "Not me! I did—or didn't I— Oh well, I'm bound to win so I'll owe it to me—"

"Can you beat two pair? — queens up—on queens?" — Say boy, with luck like that, mud would do for brains, yessuh, muh friend. Lil' stud fo' a change—eh Norm?"

"Stop bashin' your gums together, Bub, and play card—I'm earning me a lower to Mo'real."

Have recently noticed a large number of N.C.O.'s dilly-dallying near the counter at meal times! (married members not excluded) New kitchen staff, maybe? And for whom may one ask, is the front table, right hand side, reserved? "How about dat, Flight Gros, how about dat?"

Now who could that confused airman be who asked us if a certain Flight Sergeant was married to a WAAF—or was his wife on a holiday?

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

Of late there has been loud talk in the Mess of birdies and bogies and 20 ft. putts (spelled "P" with a "phtt!")—Also tournaments and matches and stuff and things. Any section interested in accepting the challenge of the Sr. N.C.O.'s?

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

P.S.—"Woodie" tells me he has a sure cure for a hook. Can you "worm" it out of him?

## THE SCOTS -- Not Mean, Just Wise!



We have all, at some time or another, heard jokes about the meanness of Scotsmen—about the Highlander who entered a cafe with his three children and ordered one cup of coffee and three saucers—about the Scots cure for seasickness being a coin held in the teeth—and also about the extremely humorous guide who used to explain to visitors that the Grand Canyon was dug by a Scotsman who had lost a nickel down a gopher hole—that many of us have been led to believe that anyone hailing from the land of Burns is indescribably mean, and would not part with a cent unless absolutely forced.

But this is not so. In Scotland one will come upon great hospitality and kindness—I think our Canadian lads now over there will give ample proof to that statement. Scotland differs from Canada in many ways, especially during war-time, and hospitality there consists not so much of providing food and drink in huge and tempting quantities, but of

inviting the boys home and making them comfortable and very much at ease. Simple but wholesome fare is provided during the course of the evening, because Scotland is rationed to the same extent as England. Many soldiers and airmen billeted in Scotland visit friends twice or thrice a week. Perhaps all they do is sit by the fireside and read a book. They may, on the other hand, pen a few welcome epistles to their loved ones in the quiet and comfort so willingly provided, pausing only now and then to sip at a cup of hot tea, which is nearly always on the brew.

It is not only servicemen who are recipients of Scot's hospitality though, many a hiker, viewing the magnificent grandeur of the Trossacks, will pause out of his way for a glass of milk and a scone at some tiny dwelling far away from the endless hustle of the city. In most cases his preferred payment will be turned aside with an "Och, wheesht laddie," and if he is extremely persistent he may be liable to incur displeasure. This latter case, is, to my mind, a sample of true hospitality, because, as many of us are aware, the Highlands of Scotland are almost in a state of poverty, and every coin has to be conserved with the greatest of care.

Perhaps the common idea that Scots are mean comes from the fact that many are extremely thrifty and save up for specific objects they desire; the Hire-Purchase System is not widely used there, as most people just

(Continued on page 36)

## NIGHTMARE OF AN I.C.

THE G. I. S.  
We Become Acquainted  
by "STOOGÉ"

The Posting read, "for Instructional Duties". So we find ourselves in G.I.S. The place is in an uproar. One Course O.C. is on leave, the O.C. School is in the process of being Posted. A Course is going out in two days, another is coming in. The Weekly Course Report has to be out by midnight the next day. And of Course Report, the day after.

The new O.C. School is the only Officer left who knows our Job, and he is trying to take over from the O.C. leaving, run the Course for the Officer on Leave, and at the same time give us what help we need amid all the hubbub.

We are eventually shown an Office, told it will be ours, and that we are now I/C of such and such Courses. We brighten, "An Office to ourselves." But—a look around at the charts, another look at the various incomprehensible forms on our desk (While a Sergt. informs us blandly that "These have to be finished tomorrow, Sir") and we feel really sunk.

However, there is a job to be done, and never let it be said, that "ex-bomber Boys are incapable" — We set to work, and by asking many questions of other harried Staff, we begin to see daylight. We forge ahead, and by days we feel we have mustered the whole thing. "It is

easy" as we would say at Squadron, "a piece of cake my boy."

A new day dawns, and we return to our labours with a feeling. All's right with the world.

Suddenly a yelp of dismay is heard from an adjoining office. We investigate, and discover to our horror that the forms we laboured with yesterday have been cancelled by Command, "Refer letter z 21/09/765 dated 9-6-54 auth. AFHQ 23/76/z78."

This is too much. We try to see if it can be used later on the next Course, but, no, it must be used on this one. So all our work is in vain, and we have to do the lot over. On a second look it does not seem so bad. So back we go to work, and the morning passes very quickly. During the morning we get initiated into the "Coke" swindle. This means matching for the drinks — and the newcomer pays — invariably.

After lunch, we take our finished work to the O.C. who glances at it sadly, hands it back without a word, and says, "Sorry old man, but you've filled out the wrong forms for Course 43, you'd better wait till I can find time to help you." We retire in a chastened mood, wondering who is responsible for the method which involves so many, many different FORMS. Later we go to bed, and dream we are being smothered by — FORMS, forms and forms. We wake up in a cold sweat to find the wind has risen and blown all our writing paper, notes and what not all over us, the bed, and the floor.



## THE - - - - BEACH

ON arrival at Number Seven B. & G., one hears of "The Beach" mentioned by many. Further enquiry elicits the information that this is on Dauphin Lake, about a mile and one half away and has a Summer Cottage Colony, inhabited this year almost exclusively by the married Personnel of Number Seven B. & G.

Visions of a shining white sand beach appear in one's mind; one thinks of the beach like the one at home and how nice it will be to go swimming, and "laze" on the warm sands during the long summer evenings. Life begins to take on quite a rosy hue.

In due course the great day arrives, we take a shower, shave neatly, trim our mustache, put some peculiar sticky, scented stuff on our hair to keep it down. Having been so long over our toilet for this first impression, the M.O. on whom we had counted for a lift is gone off disgustedly. At this moment two cars are seen coming from the parking lot. We hail the first one—it is going to Town, so is the second. This, however, is but a minor set-back. After all the Beach must be worth a walk.

We gaily tramp the mile and one half. Neither the thunderstorm that bursts over our heads without warning, nor the aroma "wafted" from the ditch can dampen our thoughts of the pleasure ahead.

Having arrived at our destination, one sees a snug Cottage among trees with water flowing beyond it. We are welcomed by host and hostess who hope we are not too wet, and suggest a

noggin' to keep "possible" colds away. We accept, and the "Cheerio" and "Here's How" being said, conversation starts, but not a mention of the Beach, which after all should be their pride and joy.

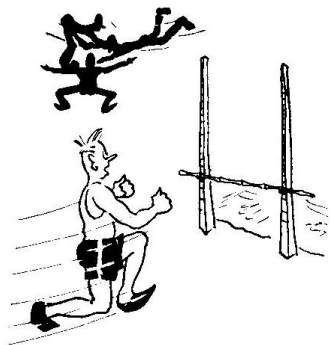
The Innocent Newcomer asks about it, and receives rather a queer look from both host and hostess. Failing to read the signs, however, and not realizing that we have made a "Faux Pas" we press the point, and are conducted with some reluctance and apologies to the "Lake."

Alas! all our dreams are dashed to the ground. Casting one eye up or down the shore as we will, we can see no sign of the glorious sand we so hopefully expected. Just a few large rocks, and a lot more smaller ones, some rather muddy looking water and a few weeds growing out of it near the shore. No comment is possible, and one feels like sitting down on the nearest rock. To break the silence, we remark that it is curious there should be rocks there, as none are to be seen in the fields about. This has hardly been uttered, when we experience an agonizing pain in the neck—it seems the local mosquito "close their throttles on the tactical approach"—a most unfair advantage—Our hosts sympathize and suggest that it is safer indoors, so we retire in good order, and have another noggin, this time to keep the fever away.

A most appetizing aroma comes from the kitchenette, and shortly we sit down to a meal which is the answer to why "Officers live

(Continued on Page 38)

## SPORTS DAY WASHED OUT



It was a pity that the rain stopped our Sports Meet, just as things were really going with a swing.

Superman Jock Brodie, upheld the honours of the R.A.F.,—he could be seen dashing from one event to another.

Jock has represented England in the Olympic Games.

—V—

Sergeant Thomas, the demon flyer, just whizzed through the 100 yards. The Italians would not stand a chance against him.

He also, was an Olympic representative, only for Canada.

—V—

Loud cheers rent the air, when L.A.C. Keeble, was giving his all for the R.A.F., in the jitterbug competition at the dance held. Even with the weird and wonderful contortions, which amazed everyone, he was ousted by a better pair. Interviewed after the battle, Keeble stated he had been receiving instruction from the local Indians and our obliging C.T.I. corporal always on the job.

The surprise of the Meet was A. W. Hamilton's terrific efforts in the high jump. It looked as though Hamie was determined to carry all before her, which she proceeded to do so, starting with the high bar and stand.

Good Old Hamie, she's a grand sport.

—V—

Every course has its Romeos and Don Juans and the bomb-aimers are proving no exception to the rule.

They even endure the mosquito-bites, which are not few by any means.

Even the cold and rain does not seem to stop them. (The mosquitos we mean).

—V—

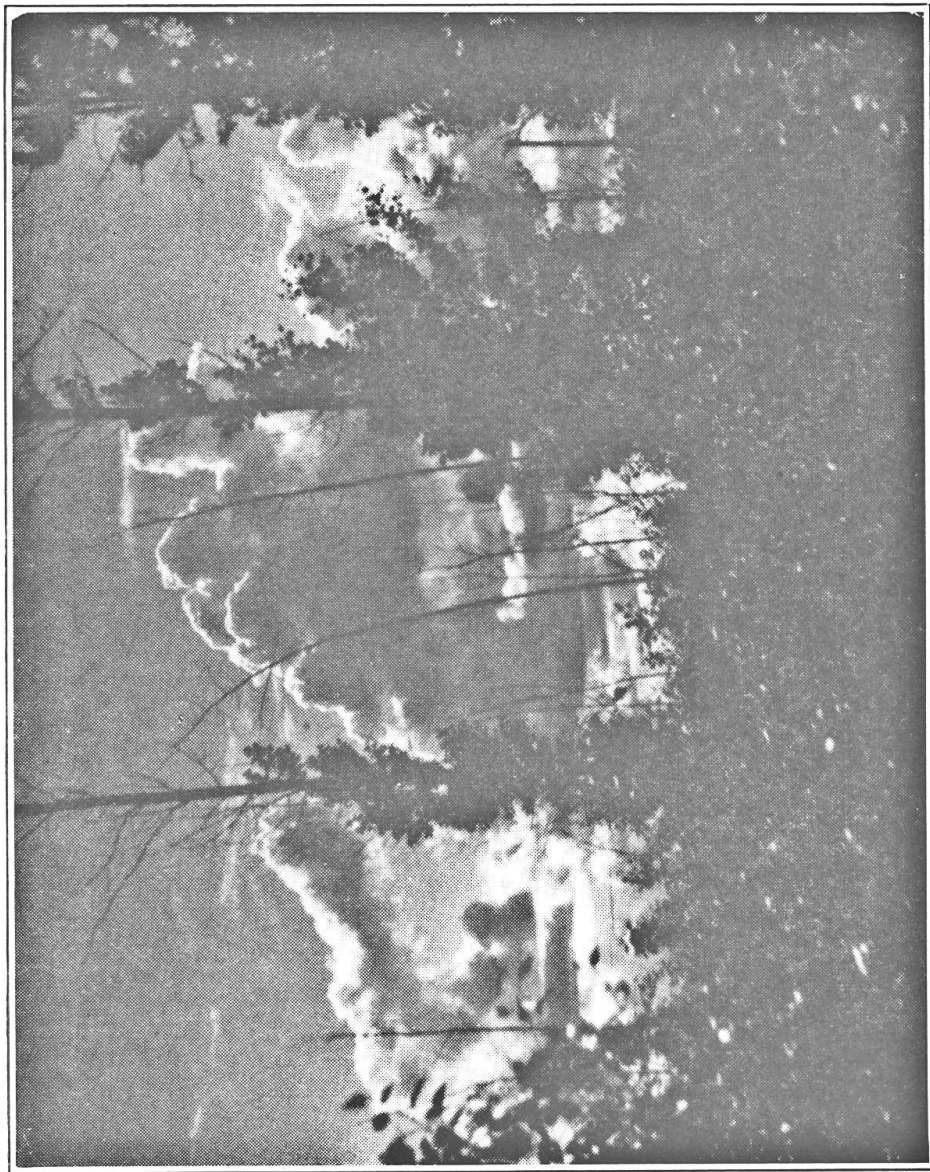
At the softball match between members of the W.D. and the bomb-aimers, the W.D. proved that a female can swipe as hard as any man, and also take a hard ball into those feminine hands just like an expert.

The inspiration fielding of "Duffy" and the pitching of Mulligan and the catching of Hamie, almost proved the end of the bomb-aimers.

However, the W.D.'s wilted under the terrific pitching of "Ace Gunter" and the demon catching of Catcher Keeble, thus proving that the male should never give into the female.

That's all for now.

—Anonymous



Approaching Storm



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## JOHN BULL IN ARIZONA

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It is my desire to tell you about some of the many interesting people I met in the States, but before I commence I feel it necessary at first to give you a brief description of that part of Arizona where I was stationed. After all it is the rule that all great authors (and poor alike) preface their narratives with a boring display of their prowess as a descriptive writer; so why should I differ?

Phoenix is a very cosmopolitan to be gay to live in, though being the State Capitol. It is essentially a tourist centre, and therefore has to be gay to live, though being in a more or less tropical belt, this is much more evident as the day closes. Unlike most other places, darkness here induces increased activity.

Being comparatively close to the border it is only natural to expect the population to be largely composed of Mexicans and being in the South and in the heart of the Apache country, it is also evident that it must be the home of many negroes and Indians. So you see, the native element was considerable and when I tell you that hard drinking was customary, you can imagine that at times this provided a serious peril to we unfortunate airmen. I won't say always, because what airman is allowed to live in such ecstasy continuously?

To gaze at Phoenix one would find it hard to believe that only fifty years ago this magnificent

fertile sector was as bleak as the barren desert surrounding it. If Roosevelt dam is world famous, it is deservedly so, because, to cultivate those rolling groves of oranges and grapefruit out of the wilderness, was little short of a miracle.

We had no difficulty in settling down in such luxurious comfort as Falcon field provided and most certainly not in meeting and acquainting ourselves with the local people. Everything was so delightfully different and our many friends found great pleasure in literally adopting us and giving us a thoroughly good time. Nothing was out of their way and very, very, little an inconvenience. But being in the R.A.F. I suppose forbids one from being completely satisfied, and it was a great temptation to brave the heat and walk out in blues, because one was almost certainly to be besieged by a crowd of gorgeous women if seen in this romantic apparel. Worn out caps and scratched buttons, which had never been a scourge, now redeemed usefulness and provided tempting bait for these luscious morsels. (Yes! I'm a woman hater).

It was an instance of no shirking the disdainful task of cleaning buttons and executing much prolonged repairs, when we heard that Gracie Fields was expected shortly, at the camp. Fellows who happily confessed they were too young to shave, over-night be-

## JOHN BULL IN ARIZONA — Continued

came men, and I personally, who had for weeks despaired of growing, (or trying to grow), a mustache, emerged cleanshaven. From the start it was a case of "Our Gracie" and her impromptu exhibitions were better received than if she had given a sort of classical recital. Sing songs were the order of the day and 20 hour pilots groundlooped in their anxiety to touch down when she came over to the flight line to sing. It was a great day and ever a pleasant recollection.

We had barely returned to the very usual routine of flying when out of the blue sky emerged one morning a Ford Tri-motor transport bringing no less than the personalities of Gene Tierney and Preston Foster. Very shortly a host of prop men, etc. arrived by motor transport and it was not long before Falcon Field was transformed, and it was evident for the whole world to see that No. 4 B.F.T.S. was to be immortalized in an M.G.M. epic. The roaring of the planes was drowned by the shouting of directors and in the presence of Gene Tierney, personnel's lives, which until now had been lying dormant, were mysteriously exalted.

It was in an amazingly short time that everything was prepared for shooting, and now began the pleasant task of marching to attention for two days, all for an equally amazingly short length of film. Our worthy assistance was not required for the next two weeks while the plot was slowly being uncovered, but we had many informal chats with the stars.

The sequence of the film was

enacted at the U.S.A.A.C. station of Thunderbird, from which the film derived its name. We were also required at Thunderbird, and when this was so, we were always certain of dining with Miss Tierney and of getting as much drink and cigarettes, as we required. It was an exciting experience and a profitable one, because very shortly M.G.M. studios presented us with a luxurious swimming pool as a token of their gratitude.

I was one of the fortunate twenty British cadets, who together with the same number of American cadets, were invited as the guests of Miss Gracie Moore to a recital she delivered at Phoenix. It was a memorable night and we were humoured by being seated on the stage. Miss Moore was magnificent and gave perfect renderings of such pieces as "Ave Maria," "The Lord's Prayer" and others and as a finale, turned round to us and sang "The Stars and Stripes" and "There'll Always Be An England." A chosen cadet presented her with a bouquet in the shape of the coveted wings.

Eventually, after what seemed an eternity of time we were granted leave and with great rejoicing set off to see as much of America as we could. I commenced by visiting the border town of El Paso and spent an exotic two days under the influence of the tamed flashing-eyed señoritas. It is considered that a strong man is one who can return the lingering glances of these audacious creatures with an un-emotional stare, but I'm afraid I failed very badly on this test. It would take too long



## JOHN BULL IN ARIZONA — Continued

to relate my adventures that occurred here and I will also leave un-narrated, two days spent in travelling to Los Angeles and Hollywood, my next port of call.

We arrived in Los Angeles on Wednesday night and immediately set off on an informal tour of this lovely city. The following day found us walking along Hollywood's famous Boulevard, and on to Beverley Hills, where we stood for quite a while admiring the homes of some of stardom's more illustrious stars. Santa Monica beach, in my opinion, fully lived up to its exclusiveness and the notoriously gay Brown Derby Cafe was no little attraction.

By very good fortune we were able next day to visit Fox Studios and see Bette Davis make "In This Our Life." It was a wonderful experience and more wonderful still when she invited us to have a sandwich with her.

Like all other leaves this one soon came to a close and before long we were once more pining away at Falcon. An interesting week end was once spent on a trip to the world-famous Grand Canyon and for a whole day I marvelled at this inspiring sight. After gazing for a while at this bottomless crater I no longer wondered why people journeyed thousands' of miles to see it but wondered anew as to why this was not declared one of the world's wonders.

I'm afraid that space as well as time is limited and is not available for an account of a visit to Superstition Mountain, here the lost Dutchman's gold mine is situated. This is a romantic story and it is a reputed fact that the eight men who went in search of

this fortune never returned. Ironically, there stands, at the foot of the mountain, a tableau, erected as a solemn warning to all those who venture in search of the Dutchman's lost gold mine.

Similarly, there is no available space for a description of a visit to a silver mine, for an account of an Indian rally, where a group of British lads were honoured with the order of the sacred palm, or even of visits to both a Wild West Rodeo and a Mexican fiesta.

I am one of those unfortunate people who are continuously affected by the heat, so I'm sure you will excuse me if I bring this "Sermon" to a close and dash around to the canteen for a "soft" drink.

Written by T. J. Colston  
(while sober)

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**THE SCOTS**

(Continued from page 28)

save, then buy outright. The working-classes especially conserve their funds during the year so that they need not fear any financial embarrassment when they take their annual vacation; and also, most sensible households save enough "for a rainy day." But a Scotsman never spends his money just for the sake of it. That is true, although one would find it hard to believe, were he to visit a "pub" on a Saturday night. There, especially in Glasgow, a great deal of money is spent freely, and the question, "What's yours," often asked — and always answered.

Funnily enough, our Scottish brothers do not worry about the

jokes that are passed at them. To the contrary, they seem to revel in it, and many of the stories originate from the land of the heather itself. Up in Aberdeen, one may purchase a post-card divided in two; the one half purports to be the town on street collection day, and shows the streets deserted, while the other shows the same view on house-to-house collection day—with the streets congested. The Aberdonians really do enjoy jokes about their extreme meanness, and do not feel grieved in the slightest, although they are about the most hospitable people in Scotland.

Many Scotsmen have travelled abroad and settled—a great number of them in Canada—and by hard work, perseverance, and also by thrift, have risen to positions of trust and esteem in their communities. And anyone who has come into contact with them will inform you that of all the Scottish traits, meanness is not one of them.

And anyway, do not do them the disfavoured of judging them by the author of this article—!

J.C.M.

*Gertrude Wright*

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**HIGHLIGHTS**

I must ask him why he always takes those long walks down to Ochre Beach. In spite of that, he is all ready and fresh for work the next morning, eh Sgt?

Then we have our Corporal Tait. He made a long plane trip the other day, and only now seems to be getting back his natural hue. He won't talk about it very much. We keep saying "Cpl. Tait, please tell us about your trip," but he just shudders and closes his eyes.

I'd like you to meet LAC White. Ever since he came back from his trip he seems to be a different fellow. Maybe the air is different back East, or did you get the air, Whitey?

I mustn't forget "My Shattered Nerves." Oh, beg pardon, I mean Cpl. Bellamy. He looks after the civilians on the station, and he really has a job. LAC Thorsteinson has a hard job, almost as difficult as his name is hard to pronounce. We just call him "Ollie" for short.

Please meet our Guardian in charge of Cokes, Cpl. Smallbone. We never see quite a lot of him. He just dashes madly back and forth (around lunch and supper time). Cpl. Kyle is the last of our happy and lucky men that

work in the Accounts. We all like him very much, although we just can't understand why he prefers the girls at No. 10 to the ones here.

I won't burden you telling you about the girls. You will probably find out for yourselves anyway.

There is no need to introduce you to our officers. F.L. Bazett, is kept very busy, I'm afraid, looking after the women members of the staff. Then there are Flying Officer Crozier and F.L. Esson. They are the ones who look after your money, so if you ever run short, you know where to come.

This is the end of our first news broadcast. To be continued in our next.

—V—

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or Snooker



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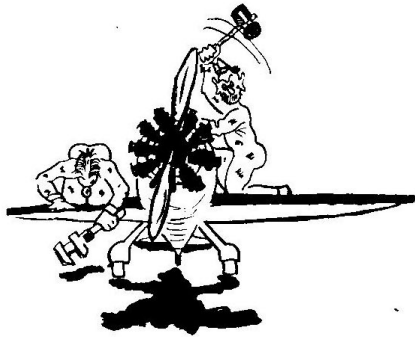
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## MAINTENANCE FLIGHT



As this is being written, it is understood that it will be included in the "new" Paulson Post, and by that we mean of course the new type edition. On this occasion, before enumerating or tabulating any of our own local flight news, we offer heartiest success to the Editors in their new venture.

At one time, we of this Flight were congratulating ourselves on a full establishment of competent personnel, but of late, whether due to the weather, the inevitable mosquitoes, or the fact that trained personnel were needed elsewhere, we feel like the shorn lamb. Something we have never been able to fathom, or the 9th wonder of the world— "More Aircraft, less Mechanics."

At this moment word has been received that our Engineering Officer, F/O Laidlaw, is on posting to Dafoe, Sask. We hope they will appreciate him as much as we have. We are really sorry to see him leave.

We would like to offer our deepest sympathy to P/O Bales on the bereavement of his father, who passed away very recently. P/O Bale, who arrived recently from the School of Aeronautical

Engineering, Montreal, is now acting as O.C. of our Night Maintenance.

Your correspondent was nearly guilty of a serious offence in neglecting to mention the fact that Maintenance Flight now boasts its own Test Pilot. Congratulations are extended to F. L. Mace, our O.C. on having his "Wings" (authorized). The formality of "receiving" them he has yet to experience, but we are sure they will look pretty nice on a uniform.

Though in the minority, the Airwomen in our Section have pitched right in, and we are forced to admit their presence is more beneficial than "disturbing." That is somewhat of an admission speaking for a group of "males" who have been in the Force for some time, who lived on stations here the sight of a woman on the Station-ground was considered pure sacrilege. We're glad they are here, however, even if tradition is broken for all time.

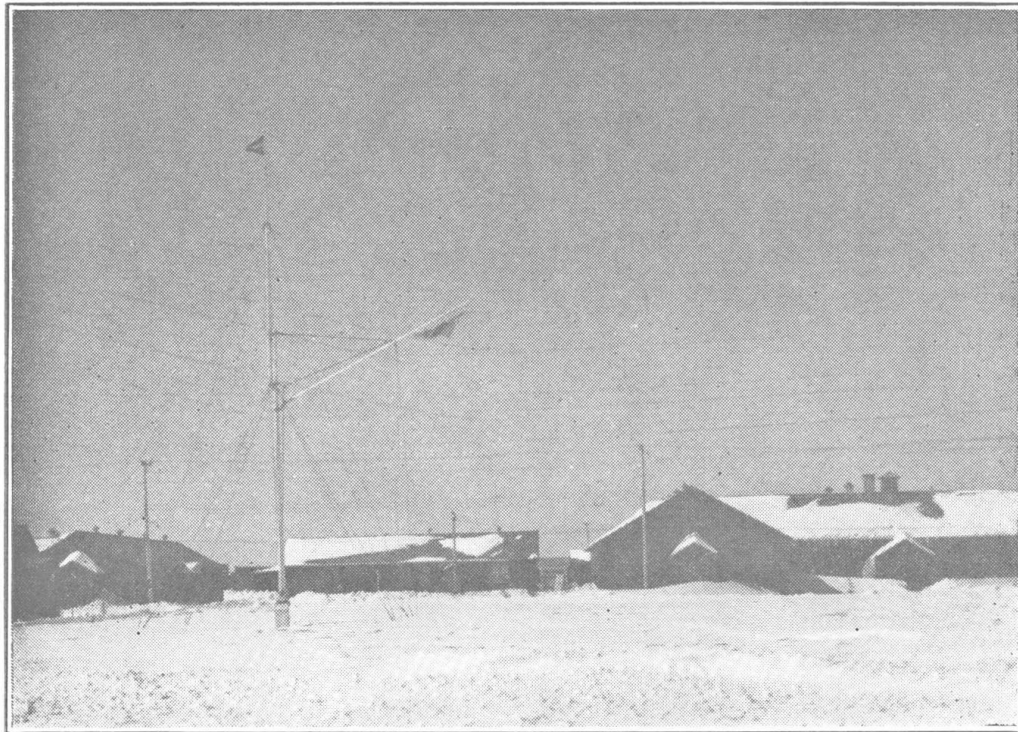
—V—

### THE BEACH

out," or perhaps "Why Men Marry?" The meal is so good that any disappointments are driven away, and we are quite content to play cards quietly during the siesta. (The card game our hosts tell us in advance is to help pay for the meal). It also finally breaks up, and we have no regrets. It was worth it, and so to home and bed, feeling that though the beach is still but a Dream, the evening was well spent.

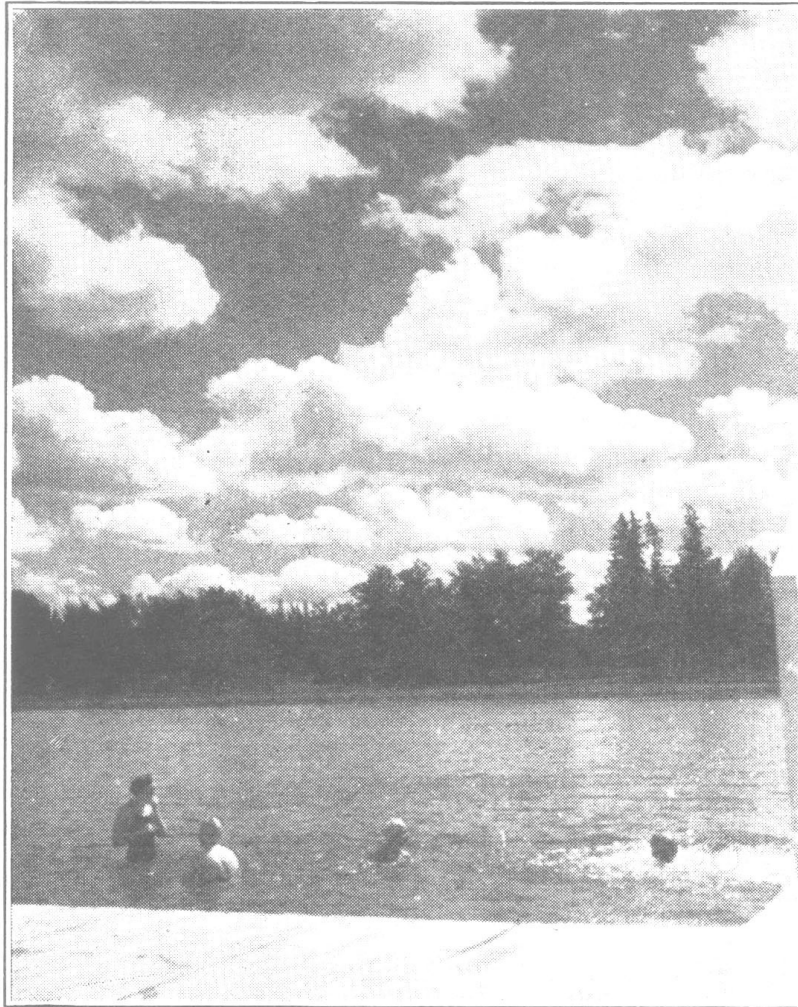
—Newcomer.

## HOW PAULSON CAME TO BE!



Once the Devil took stock, in the usual way,  
 He cried with a grin "It's beginning to pay,  
 IF business keeps up I will have to expand,  
 So I'll see the Lord and arrange for some land."  
 He went to the Lord and told Him his tale,  
 Said he needed some land, part scrub bush and part swale.  
 "Don't worry about climate, I'll fix that" said he;  
 And he grinned and he laughed, with devilish glee.  
 "For six months of the year folks won't dare venture forth  
 'Cause I'll blast them down with a gale from the north.  
 Two months spring and fall I will have it cold and wet;  
 And the other two months they will boil in their sweat."  
 "Well now," said the Lord, "I've one piece you could take,  
 It's some land I left up around old Dauphin Lake."  
 The Devil went up and looked over it well  
 Came back and reported — "That's not fit for Hell."  
 The Lord said He'd try and fix up the land;  
 So the Devil set out with the business in hand.  
 He took all the earth and mixed it with glue,  
 Then arranged a shower each day for an hour or two.  
 From Arctic to Equator he searched for a pest;  
 Came back with the fish fly well pleased with his quest.  
 He polluted the country from spring until fall,  
 With every insect that fly, walk or crawl.  
 He brought in mosquitoes, ten million or more,  
 Some crawl through a screen, some stick in the door.  
 Said he, "There now I'm finished, that's all I can do,  
 It's just Hell to me; but it's Paulson to you."

By—LAC McManus S. (M.T. Section)



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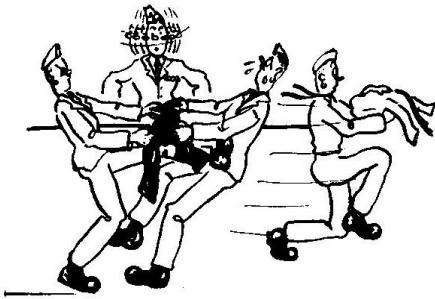
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## THE EQUIPMENT SECTION



What is the Equipment Section, what are its functions and how does it fit in with the scheme of things on this and other Stations? These questions, I hope, will be answered to the satisfaction of all concerned. At this point it must be mentioned that the Editor of this ambitious magazine apparently does not consider the Equipment Section of much import, in that it has been suggested that no more than 150 words should cover the treatise appertaining to this Section. However, I am sure the patrons of this magazine will realize that 150 words would not begin to tell the story of one small detail of this Section's functions. I suppose this Section received and gives more good natured abuse than any other Section in the Service. We do not mind this, in fact, to the equipmenters these are highlights which act as a piquant spice to a sometimes monotonous job.

There must always be a small corner of every Station where errors and omissions can be chased; where they can be attacked, blitzed and finally conquered to the delight and satisfaction of all concerned. It is not necessary to state where that corner can be found, and perhaps it would be as

well not to divulge this information in order to avoid running foul of certain regulations dealing with giving away secret information. If, however, after reflecting and pondering on the point, dear Reader, your mind suggests the Equipment Section—Well, that is merely your personal opinion and still no secrets have been divulged.

There is an old, old custom in the Services that the Orderly Officer must ask for, and receive, complaints at each meal. So few are the complaints that one naturally assumes that the "nose bag" department is operating at 100%. However, don't be misled by this apparent complacency. It must be remembered that when a man is well fed his complaints temporarily vanish. Take the same man two or three hours later, the sustaining effect of a well fed interior has worn off and then hear the complaints — not complaints of food or drink, but complaints of sundry other things from faulty shoelaces to lumpy beds. And who receives these complaints — well, your guess is probably right! For instance shall we take the case of the airman who in a moment of laxity finds that mice have devoured his socks or shirts or maybe his cap. Such laxity is rewarded by receiving brand new, right from the factory, latest design replacements. But wait, what is that blue bordered Document, what a Replacement voucher! Does the air get blue? Well, the colour of the voucher is certainly most appropriate.

(Continued on Next Page)



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 THE EQUIPMENT SECTION — Continued
 

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Come to the more serious side of the picture. Perhaps a quick review from the past to the present would be interesting. As you probably know, the Royal Canadian Air Force was formed on April 1st, 1924. Previous to that date the organization was operated under the "Air Board," but at that time had no particular status as a branch of the armed forces and was entirely operated by civilian personnel. For the most part, however, the heads of the Organization served with the R.A.F. In those days everybody was a plain Mister, but surprisingly enough discipline was well maintained and much of the early ground work of the R.C.A.F. was begun under the Air Board. In fact, today many of the personnel of this early organization, are now high ranking officers in our Service and have been in no small part, responsible for bringing the R.C.A.F. to its present high efficiency.

In the early days our flying equipment was quite non-descript, and in many cases aircraft and engines were supplied by the R.A.F. Typical of the types of aircraft then in use are:

Dehavilland IV complete with Rolls Royce Eagle 8 Engine.

Dehavilland IXA with Liberty Engine.

Avro with Clergy Engine and the following flying boats; Vickers Viking; Vedette and Verona.

Later, of course, came the Fairchild Aircraft, Moth, Belanca, and Sisken—right on through to the multi-types of aircraft in use in the Service today. A great deal of very useful work was carried out in these early aircraft;

flying at Camp Borden; photographic and geodetic work at High River, Winnipeg and Ottawa; forest patrols at these centers as well as at Vancouver and Dartmouth. The Stations were all very small, in fact the entire personnel of the R.C.A.F. from 1924 to 1930 numbered but a few thousand. Certainly a contrast to the thousands now in the Service. The equipment to maintain the aircraft was usually difficult to obtain, and yet in spite of this the flying time was high, and somehow the mechanics of these early days managed to "keep them in the air." This slogan seems to have followed the Service from its very inception "keep 'em flying."

Money from the Government to maintain and operate the R.C.A.F. was certainly not lavish, and the strictest economy had to be exercised in all branches of the Service, especially equipment. I believe it is safe to say, that the early organization of the R.C.A.F. actually paid the Dominion Government in forest fire suppression—miles of vast areas of our Dominion were patrolled and no doubt countless millions of trees saved from the ravages of fire by the prompt action taken as soon as a fire was located. Again, few people realize the importance of the work done by the early pilots in photographic and geodetic work. By far the largest percentage of survey work in the north country was carried out by our service. Whilst our traditions are now being built up in this war and many acts of bravery and valour will be passed on to posterity, nevertheless

(Continued on Next Page)

## THE EQUIPMENT SECTION — Continued

I feel that the traditions of the Air Force started in those early days when under most difficult conditions miracles were performed by our pilots every day.

One of the difficulties was the lack of refueling facilities. But here a word of praise is necessary for the large Oil Companies who really went out of their way, often no doubt at a loss to themselves, to establish suitable bases. Operating from R.C.A.F. Station, Winnipeg, alone, there were over a hundred small gas caches scattered from Norway House to as far north as Aklavik. Many of these caches contained but small quantities of gasoline, very often in five gallon cans which had to be transported by means of dog team or tractor train during the winter months. By the time the fuel was placed the cost per gallon was enormous, and if ever gasoline was precious to those pilots in the north country, this gasoline certainly was. A little trouble was encountered from time to time in losses by theft, but considering the number of caches, in operation, the losses were not serious.

A word about the first R.C.A.F. uniform. This uniform certainly was an enigma of pattern and colour. The tunic was of the Norfolk coat design, the whole uniform being of dark, navy blue material with silver buttons. The summer uniform was comprised of blue shorts, stockings, shoes and the most peculiar shaped straw hat which was used for camp. A pith or Wolseley helmet complete with puggery for walking out. Needless to say, there was very little walking out in this uniform. We must also have been a complete enigma to the public, for I can well remember the first parade in a large City in uniform. The public were asking questions among themselves — "Who are they?"; and we were everything from firemen to some new evangelical body.

All these are passing thoughts of a period, it seems, very long ago. But yet it is only a matter of eighteen years. We have had our ups and downs but I am content to think that a great deal of our present efficiency and marvellous organization can be attributed to those early days of basic organization.

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

EXCLUSIVE DEALER

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*Military Tailors*

PHONE 92

Next Door to Woolworth's

Daughin, Man.



# RANGE SECTION



Who was so kind as to send the fire brigade out to the drogue shack to put out the boy's mosquito smudge? The kind person was very absent minded though because he forgot to send the ambulance to take care of the injured who lost the battle with the mosquitoes.

—V—

We are very sorry to have lost: L.A.C. Brown, R.L.; L.A.C. Gray, W.F.; L.A.C. Stobie, D.H.; L.A.C. Labricane, W.F.; L.A.C. Campbell, J.J. from our section, but are glad to welcome:

L.A.C. MacDonald, D. H.; L.A.C. Anderson; L.A.C. Burman, D. L.; L.A.C. Plant.

—V—

Has anyone an idea as to who the sergeant is in the range section who thinks the M.T. Section, especially the W.D., is O.K.

—V—

We are glad to have L.A.C. McCallum (and AW2 Hamilton) back with us again after spending a time in the hospital.

Not mentioning any names but who is the individual from the "plotting office" who has found a great interest in one of the bombardiers.

—V—

The Major W. O. Menzies is really setting the pace for style lately. Saturday morning he blossomed out in his new blues and it makes him quite a ladies' man.

—V—

The W.D. have found their place in the range section and like it very much thanks to the range crew.

AW2 Stahle, E. G.

—V—

**MODERN  
DRY  
CLEANERS**

□

*Over Nite Service*

□

**PHONE 450**

**Main St. S.      Dauphin**

## IF I WERE ONLY A C.O.!

If I were only a C.O.! Oh how I would shine!  
 In Station Standing Orders, here is what you'd find:—  
 All badges will be yellow or a pretty shade of green  
 Shoes without polish will be considered clean.  
 Reveille will be sounded not earlier than ten.  
 There'll be no morning parade for women nor men.  
 Passes are a nuisance, so all stay out 'till three  
 Anyone coming in early is bound to get C.B.  
 If you don't like the dinner, just order what you wish  
 On Friday's we'll have turkey instead of salted fish.  
 Never turn the light out, it's thoughtless when you think;  
 Just remember the other dope who has to undress with drink.  
 Hands in raincoat pockets from this day is the rule.  
 Anyone caught breaking it will be a perfect fool.  
 If hooks are ever wanted, just go on clothing parade  
 And you'll be made corporal, perhaps a sergeant — paid.  
 If you desire civies just give us your size  
 Don't live in the same old uniform — it isn't always wise.  
 But these are only wishes, that really can't be "done"  
 They're just seventh heaven, for a mere AW1.

AW1 McGilchrist.

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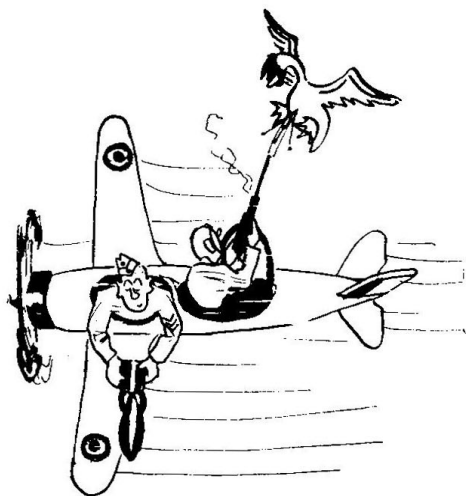
**Porter's Drug Store**

"Careful Druggists"

PHONE 281

DAUPHIN, Man.

## POT SHOTS from "GUNNERY"



When our new Padre, Flight Lieutenant Stewart, makes a personal appearance in the quest for articles, how can anyone refuse to give the best for such a worthy paper—so Gunnery Flight, the really one Flight on the station where beautiful green lawns and a clean hangar greet the students' eyes as they hurry back and forth from aircraft to Armament Section. You may ask why they hurry—if you are really curious we could tell you that the other day, so the writer was informed, we fired more rounds, with only 3 stoppages, than any other day since we started operations over a year ago—not bad!!

In our last effort to the paper—we said we were sorry to see all the well liked American Pilots leave—at that time Flying Officer Thompson was away on indefinite leave, he is now with us again and we are very pleased to have him back — you all know Mr. Thompson as he is one of the best aircraft testers on the sta-

tion. He is somewhat of an artist and loves Grand Views.

Gunnery Flight is sorry to see LAC Lanegraff leave, but we all wish him the best in his new position as Air Gunner.

Congratulations are in order for Flying Officer and Mrs. Fonseca, upon the stork's visit to their home.

Our hands go out in welcome to all the English Pilots who have swelled our ranks in the past few weeks.

G. L. Wright, F.S.,  
Gunnery Flight.

*For Finer Bread  
and Pastries*



**BRYCE'S  
BAKERY**

Phone 44

Dauphin, Man.



## OFFICERS' MESS



Sometimes referred to by one of the committee members as "what a mess," but, really not so. The mess has shown many a change since it first opened, but the most apparent one is the change in officer personnel.

True, senior officers are in a minority, but the new crop of junior officers is one of the best on any station. There have been many promotions. The latest include F.O.'s Buchanan, Campbell, Jewsbury, and Laidlaw to Fl. Lt. rank while, one of our popular Americans has gone from P.O. to F.O. and, it might be told F.O. Minkin has joined the ranks of the benedicts—good luck to you and Mrs. Minkin. We are sorry to lose F. L. Laidlaw who has gone to the wilds of Dafoe but know that Bob will fill his new job as C.T.O. there as it should be done.

Our own C.T.O. is also in the news this month, he now wears a pair of wings—the worthy goal of months' of hard work in order to turn Roger.

New faces — yes, many there are and all welcome additions to replace those gone elsewhere;

there are: F. L. Robbins, S.E.O. long in the service and in equipment detail, F. L. G. T. Johnson from Jarvis to assist the O.C. G.I.S. (and can he dance) F.L. Taylor, the new O.C. flying comes with a lengthy background of flying and California folk-lore. P.O. McLean from the "Gateway of the Northwest" is our new P. T.I. P.O. Eckert does navigation instructing while P.O. Bales is on night maintenance. Our Padre though really not a new-comer, has dug right in to a tough job and has it really "cooking." F.L. Doucet and Esson now on the up list after certain doings in June. F.L.'s Byng-Hall and Trevena both recently arrived have seen much service overseas and on "Ops" and many are the interesting tales these lads have to dispense.

There have been casualties too, but, not severe, F.L. Bove lost more of his this year's crop after three unsuccessful attempts to outdo old Pluvius but alas no go. F.O.'s Fraser, Galbraith and Graham have had bouts with the hospital staff but managed to get out and are at large again.

This column would not be complete without a few words on the fair sex who finally invaded our inner sanctum—and we welcome them; were they to leave now we would surely miss them.

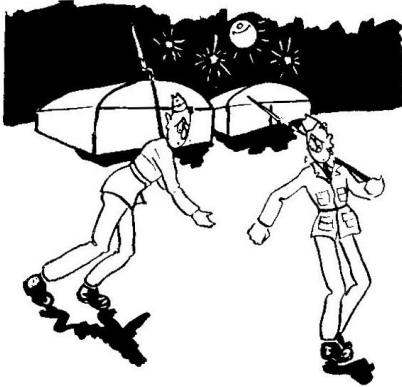
And the dining service next to the best.

WELL, ALICE WE MUST HAVE  
SAVED QUITE A LOT BY OUR  
CHIT SYSTEM IN THE OFFICER'S  
DINING ROOM.

WELL, IT WILL PAY  
PART OF OUR WAR  
DEBT, COB, BUT DOWN  
ABIT ON THE CARROTS



## REFLECTIONS BY A SECURITY-GUARD



“They Never Sleep”—There is no 5 o'clock whistle for the Security Guardsmen, but like Tennyson's “Brook” they “go on forever”—maintaining a vigil upon which the safety of the Station and personnel depends.

When you return from an evening's frolic and pass the gate of the “protection fence,” and so to bed — you fall asleep with a feeling of absolute security, a feeling created by the knowledge that you'll not be surprised by marauders with intentions to burn or kill. Of course your bunk-mate might accidentally step on your face on his way to the “upper”, but this is an injury seldom fatal.

The “Hangars” are our particular pidgeon. Everyone knows or should know that unless on duty, he or she (no matter what rank) is trespassing when entering or approaching a hangar. By so doing he endangers himself or herself by rousing the curiosity of a Guard on duty. This also applies to the gasoline pumps and bomb

storage. In regards to civilian visitors, it goes without saying, that they are absolutely “taboo” as far as the Hangars and planes are concerned.

Praises for the Guards usually go unsung, but it is an unquestionable fact that they form an integral part of the Air Force and rank second to none in importance.

Co-operation in making this a safe station is solicited by all. Discuss **nothing** concerning your station—personnel, planes, equipment or behaviour; “Halt” when told, and may the proof of the validity of your actions be obvious.

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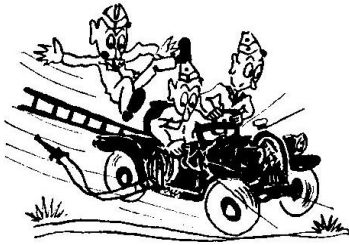
We welcome the arrivals from No. 10 S.F.T.S. to our Guard and hope you'll be content here.

—V—

We regret that our work can no longer include “crash duty.” To work alongside the men from Maintenance was always a source of unlimited pleasure.

—V—

And now a word for our Station. We have nice quarters worth keeping clean; flower gardens worthy of note; leaders to be respected, but above all that splendid friendly feeling and “esprit de corps” without which we might well cease trying.



## THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

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F/S Arnold is away at Trenton at present and Sgt. Maynes is very capably taking over the position of Fire-Chief.

—V—

The result of a Tennis game is not always only a score. This little bit of Philosophy can easily be proved by taking Cpl. Short for an example. First it was Tennis, then a show, then swimming and now it's holding hands.

—V—

LAC Agrey was at home on leave and noticing that his Father had some very fine potatoes, he asked if he could show a hundred pounds of them at the Exhibition. "Nothing doing." his Dad said, "I'm not cutting a potato in half for anyone."

DeBrouwere is really out after his F/S but the nearest he can get is sleeping in the F/S's bed while he is away.

—V—

We hope that you girls that Reynolds didn't get around to see to-day, will not be too disappointed. We are sure he tries to get around and see every one of you —but the days are getting shorter you know.

—V—

Cpl. Basaraba is a very different man. He never bothers with girls like the rest of the fellows in his dept. do. The Cpl. is always tending to his work instead. Strange isn't it????

*You will enjoy . . .*

# SUNCREST

*The delicious ORANGE DRINK  
made from the juice of fresh oranges.*

# THE INVASION of WOMEN - -

## The R.C.A.F. (W. D.)



From the time I was asked to write an article on the W.A.A.F. for the Paulson Post I have been writhing in agony (metaphorically speaking, of course). The subject is a large and comprehensive one, and I am afraid I cannot begin to do justice to it.

First, I am going to start with a little grumble—on this station we are usually referred to as the W.A.A.F., probably due to the fact that there are so many men from England here, but this not strictly correct. The W.A.A.F. are our English sisters, the C.W.A.A.F.—the Canadian Womens' Auxiliary Air Force. Now however, we are officially a part of the Air Force, known as the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) The W.D.'s for short! There is a little matter of our pay, not being quite the same as the mens' that riles us a bit, but we will not go into that—!

When the first contingent of W.D.'s came to Paulson, airwomen had already sent to every S.F.T.S. in Canada, and to a number of the B and G's. According to latest reports we number about 5000 now, and plans are going ahead to take in several thousand more very shortly. Most girls when asked, say they joined up because they felt they were not pulling their full weight in civil life as far as the war effort is concerned, or because their friends or their relatives were already in the Services. Maybe it was just the prospect of adventure,

or shall we say the glamour of the uniform that has caught so many of us—we'll leave that for you to decide. However, the Women's Division is now a definite fact, and growing fast.

We were thrilled when we found that we were to be the first airwomen on this station, but when we rushed to the map for information as to where on earth Paulson was, we found the map was not much of a help! So it was that with some fear and trepidation that we came. Those of us from No. 6 at Toronto were definitely the worse for wear after an encounter with the Inspector-General the day before we left. For the last week we had been drilling, studying, scrubbing and parading until we were almost too weary to care where the train brought us, as long as we could rest for a little while. Along with us came girls from Rockcliffe and Guelph. We only filled a part of one barrack room, and there were barely enough of us available to go on parade in the mornings. Gradually new faces have appeared until now there are about 118 of us, and we are still trying to figure out who is who.

Both barrack rooms are pretty well filled, and we have been sorted out into shift workers and non-shift workers, but the odd curse is still heard about those so-and-so's over in the other room that make such a rumpus when one or the other is trying to sleep.

Everything has been done to make us happy and comfortable on this station, and the chronicle of the various activities around here would be a long one. We are very proud of our Recreational Centre, and the canteen is a very busy place indeed, (with many things hatched there). There are usually about twice as many men as women, strange as it may seem. It is great to be able to go there and relax, and have coffee and sandwiches after a long day of toil.

As a matter of fact, must of the girls complain that they are not kept busy enough, but perhaps we shouldn't breathe that.

(Continued on Page 53)

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 THE INVASION OF WOMEN
 

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I am sure everyone has heard about our valiant baseball team. They have had a hard time of it, but battered and bruised though they were, they really took No. 10 for a ride last week. Excitement ran fever high, and fortunes in cokes were won and lost on that game.

Then there is the B-an-G Rifle Club. Some of the girls are quite good shots, and the officers and men really had the patience of Job with those of us who couldn't even hit the target at first. So far no casualties to report!

Since we have arrived a Choir has been organized with practices on Friday nights for those interested. It is hoped that out of it a Glee Club will be formed.

There are rumours of a Dramatic Club too. There is also tennis and badminton on the station, and golf and swimming for those with the energy to walk there, so there is lots for everyone to do.

Of course, there are the more unauthorized sports such as the orange fight

between a certain corporal and a rusty AW1 with disastrous results to both when the oranges eventually burst.

After the movie at night the traffic jam on our street is getting so heavy that we will soon have to have an S.P. on the job to keep it moving.

Although many of us are far from home, (and who is not a bit homesick at times, especially if away for the first time) we are "Happy in the Service." We hope the men are glad to have us, and that by freeing them for Aircrew, and doing our jobs well we will justify our being here.

—V—

#### Overheard in the Canteen

She: "He has the nicest moustache! I never used to like them, but now I think they are grand, don't you?"

((The R.A.F. influence again, no doubt).)

—C. F.

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## BODY WORK

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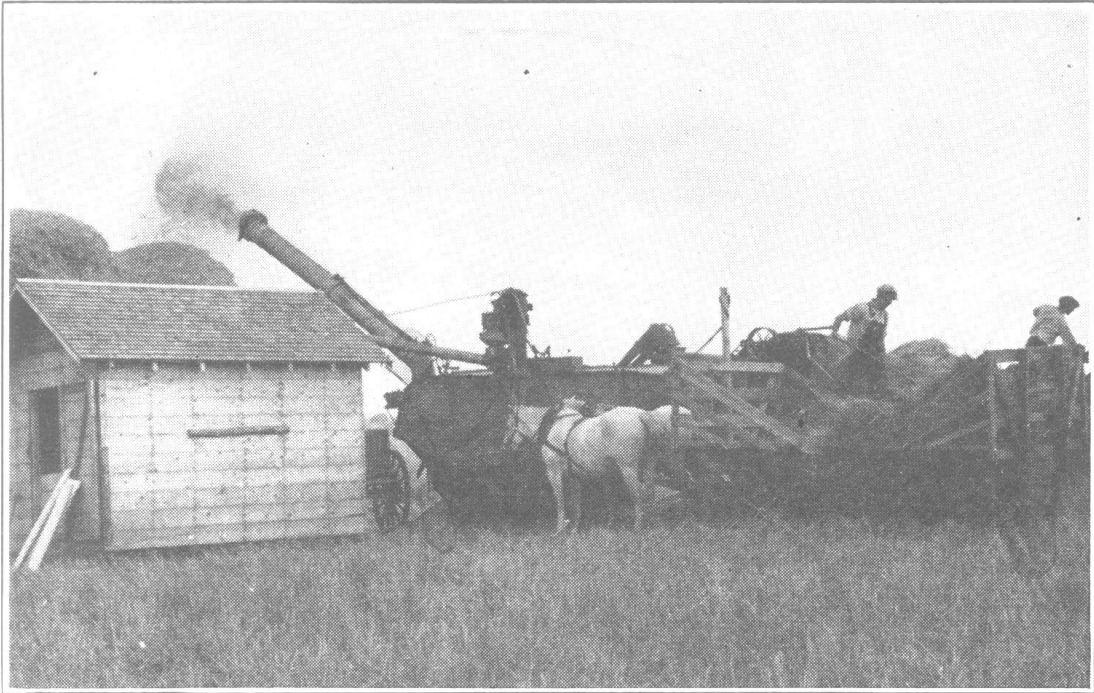
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### **Robson's Rexall Drug Store**

JACK BALL, Manager

PHONE 4



Harvest in Manitoba

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## *Letters to the Editor --*

To: The Editor  
Paulson Post,  
Number Seven B. & G. School.

Dear Sir:

This voice is from "somewhere in—" may surprise you, but my being one of the "pioneers" of good ole Number Seven, thought it in order to drop a few lines to our Station's publication.

To come directly and possibly hurriedly to the point of this letter; reading material and news of R.C.A.F. doin's in Canada are scarce, therefore on behalf of another Number Seven Colleague, LAC Harper of Gunnery Flight, by name, I am taking the liberty of asking you one question. Would it be possible and practical to forward one copy of the Paulson Post of each edition to me? "Hays" and myself would greatly appreciate this and would certainly look forward to each copy.

I remember when the Post was first published, it was a great source of wisdom, entertainment and interest then and I know it must be a real wizard effort (English term) now.

Life here is quite different from Maintenance Hangar in Paulson, but airplanes still persist in being airplanes all over the world. Our hours are long but our R.A.F. Officers, N.C.O.'s and men are a good bunch to work with.

Our "Echelon" or (in R.C.A.F. terms, Maintenance Flight) services 418 Canadian Squadrons, so, happy, smiling, Canadian faces are not altogether absent.

Well, sir, time is short and "blackout time" is "lights out" time so with Bombing, Gunnery and Maintenance Flights of Number Seven B. & G. School represented on the "firing line" in persons of LAC Hertzberger, LAC Harper and myself waiting for your answer.

I remain,

Yours very truly,

LAC "VIC" FOSTER.

P.S. Special regards to my ole friend Corporal Stevens of Bombing Flight.

The Editor,  
Paulson Post.

Sir:—

As one who has watched with pride our station paper grow from its early beginnings to its present stature, the thought has frequently occurred to me that the time for healthy comment by personnel has arrived. No issue of the Post has as yet had a letter, or other form of opinion expressed by persons apart from the editorial staff and guest writers. This in itself is a sign that not enough interest is being taken by the readers. Perhaps the readers feel that the paper is not worth a few lines of an individual's expression; if such is true it is a very unhealthy situation and should change now for the better.

It is not my intention at this time to attempt to criticize the paper as such, or the staff who as individuals are doing an excellent job in editing such a fine station newspaper. It is the readers who need the "shot in the arm." Hardly a day passes in the daily papers that some one of its readers feels free to tell his fellow men what is on his mind in an endeavour to help improve the lot of us all in this dismal world.

Now, why should not we, who are members of a distinct form of society, do just the same in our station paper? We, as a group and as individuals must certainly have views to advance for the aid of our fellows. That to me is one very important function of a Democracy and at present it is being wholly neglected to the detriment of us all here.

It is to be hoped that more may be said on this subject and that from now on letters to the editor will appear from time to time. Comments by you Mr. Editor would not be amiss.

For the use of this valuable space the writer thanks you, and you will hear again from this source.

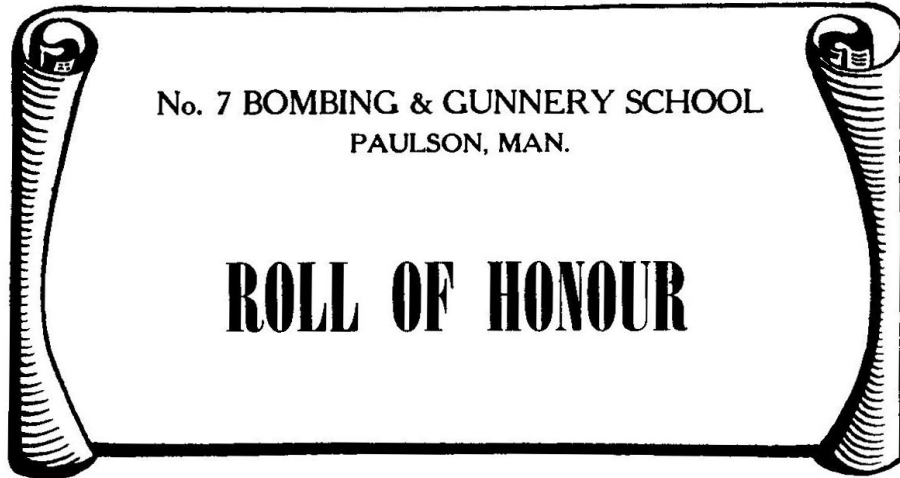
J. C.

To All Our Readers:

This is just what we want. The Paulson Post is OUR paper—not yours nor mine. It will be either good or indifferent—depending on the cooperation you are willing to give us. Please act on this suggestion.

The Editor.





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
R86552	P/O Harris, C. A.	Killed in Action 22-5-42
R79805	Sgt. Leckie, N. A.	Missing 6-4-42
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
R56441	Sgt. Pilborough, W. E.	Missing 8-6-42
R75886	P/O St. Ours, J. A.	Killed in Action 21-4-42
R95310	Sgt. Wood, R.	Killed in Canada 15-12-41



*Step Out  
Smartly !*

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No doubt there will be things you'd like to get while in town. Let our Personal Shopping Service (Fifth Floor) assist you with suggestions and ideas. This friendly service is free of charge.

**Visit the Historical Exhibit**

On the fourth floor you'll find the interesting historical exhibit. Here you will get a good background of Canada's past, her growth and development. View dozens of relics full of historical value.

**Overseas Gift Shop**

Drop in at the Overseas Gift Shop on the Main floor. You'll find dozens of things (wearables, foods, tobaccos, cigarettes, etc.) to send to friends and relatives overseas, all reasonably priced.

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INCORPORATED 2<sup>ND</sup> MAY 1870