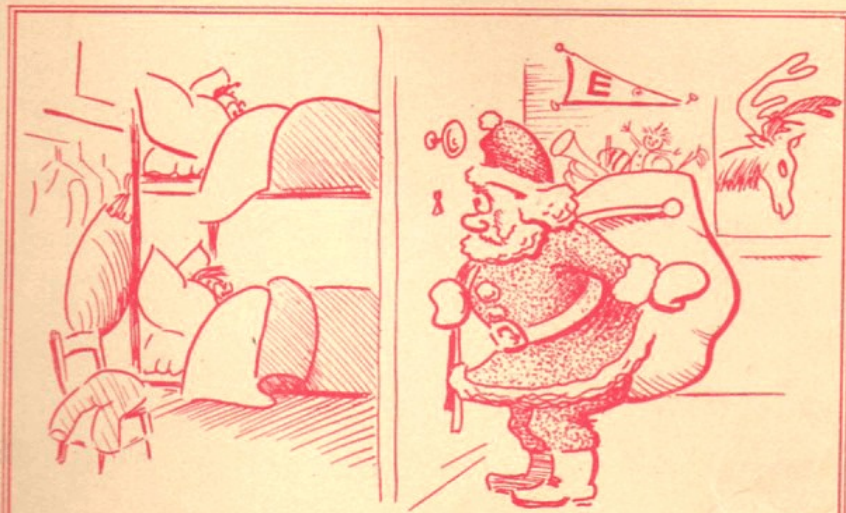




LOCUS IN NATURALIS ESSE



Harrold

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

NO. 780
THE Paulson Post

Paulson Man.

The Paulson Post

By kind permission of Wing Commander H. E. Stewart

THE PAULSON POST COMMITTEE

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Vol. 3 — No. 6

December Issue

To _____

Season's Greetings

From _____

No. 7, B & G SCHOOL, PAULSON, MAN.

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EDITORIAL

I have often wondered about the many meanings that can be attached to the expression "One Hundred Per Cent." Usually we accept 100% as meaning "ALL" of anything. Yet if you consider the fact that "All" is simply the standard that we ourselves set, then 100% becomes "All" relative to this standard. As the standard varies, so does the meaning of 100%. For example, take the Victory Loan Drive. If we had set a low object and subscribed all of it, we would have been 100%. Actually we set quite a high objective, and in achieving this goal, we were still 100%. These are two quite different meanings of the terms. It is like a boy in school; when he gets 100% in Arithmetic, does he know:

- (1) All the arithmetic the paper asked?
- (2) All the arithmetic he is supposed to at his age?
- (3) All the arithmetic the teacher knows? or
- (4) All the arithmetic there is to be known?

The standard here was the question paper set by the teacher. But, since, the boy answered it 100%, we still don't know how good he is. How many more questions could he have answered? How difficult could the questions have been made before he would fail to get 100%?

This Station won the First Efficiency award and, if judged by what other schools accomplished, it was 100%. By these standards, four more "E" pennants were won. That also is 100%. Is this the ultimate? Is it perfection? How difficult could the task be before we failed to get 100%? How great must be the goal before we failed to achieve it? What is the measuring stick? What IS 100%?

F/S HUDSON, W.O.,
Editor-in-Chief.



F/S D. M. WOLOCHOW
Business Manager, P.P.

Davie is the hard working business manager of the Paulson Post—nor does he limit his efforts to merely managing.

Born in Winnipeg, March 16th, 1918, moved west to Calgary for a couple of years; thence to Onoway, settling in Mayerthorpe in 1924. Took his education there and was exposed to the U. of Alberta. After mis-applying (his words) some of his newly gained knowledge on the farms of his father (Capt. Wolochow, of the R.C.A.M.C.), he attended the McTavish Business College in Edmonton.

Davie became an Airman March 4th, 1941. Went to Brandon, then to Trenton (K.T.S. in the Sea Plane Hangar). No. 2 T.C. Headquarters was the grand finale before reaching No. 7. After 22 months in Headquarters O.R., he moved to T.W.O.R. last April. He is one of the few who can recall the official opening of this Station.

Active in theatrical work all his life (he was Little Jack Horner—always in the corner at school). He appeared in "Paulson on Parade" and "Pot Pourie." He serves on the Sgts. Mess Entertainment Committee, and is the "Wings" correspondent for No. 7. Likes tennis, skating, bowling, and watching men "do" the Commando Course.

If you ever want to know anything about Our Station, just phone "Davie," No. 6.



SGT. J. E. MCGILCHRIST
Associate Editor

This Blue-nose may be found seated behind a desk beside the telephone in Maintenance Orderly Room during normal working hours—after that, don't attempt to look for her. Her job as W.D. Sergeant-Major takes part of the extra time — the balance is her own business.

A habitant of River Hebert, Nova Scotia, Lynn resided there till going to Business College at Moncton, N.B. Upon the completion of her training there, she was an employee of the T. Eaton Company until April, 1942, when she enlisted with the R.C.A.F. Following a couple of months in Toronto, she arrived at Paulson with the first group of W.D.'s on June 29th, 1942, as a scared AW/2. Although her complaints against the Station are nil, she thinks her tour of duty here has been long enough, and a West coast posting would be welcome—Mac wants to compare that with her East coast home. Likes swimming. A trip to the deep South after the war is her wish.

Log Room Control

Calling all Flights! Calling all Flights!
It's the Control Room fighting for its rights.

Flight Garland is up in the air—
"A mistake! Impossible! Show me where."

Here's 300 hours lost in the drift.

From Bombing, "What's that in the life of an aircraft?"

That's Gunnery calling—Another ship U/S.

We need some new Boly's—these are a mess.

But we still smile and "Carry On."
"The Battle of Paulson" must be won.
There have been some changes made
Since the last visit you paid.

To Mr. Dawson, we wish all the best indeed,

To Mr. Wilkinson: "Good Luck" and "God Speed."

Aggie is new on the Station, also to our section,

But already the R.A.F. have passed her inspection (A Major).

Ek still thinks sailors are just the thing,
And Kae has an interest in Maintenance wing.

Jeanette has now two chevrons on her arm,

That only add to her petit French charm.

Flight Sgts. Simpson, Maloney and Ash
Take "Mess Dinners" with quite a splash,

We judge from the morning after the night before.

But they're on the straight and narrow(?) once more.

As for Flight Williams, carnivals, O/S and such,

Doesn't seem to agree with him very much.

Next morning he didn't feel so hot—
He couldn't have made the "Jack Pot."

As for Sgt. McCallum—girls, beware!
We think he's a wolf—so, take care!

Our wolf Sgt. Ransom (hope he isn't near),

Has taken a fancy to hunting deer (dear).

Sgt. Hillaby, whom I know some of you have met,

Hasn't developed Paulsonitis yet.
So, til next issue, we bid you adieu,

Then we'll be back with more news for you.

So, to all far and near,
MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR.

LOG ROOM CONTROL

False Alarms from the Fire Dept.



Back again to bring you our Christmas contribution to the Paulson Post

HIGHLIGHTS SINCE THE LAST ISSUE:—

Posted to Grand Prairie, Alta., and since remustered to Aircrew, our former reporter for the Post, LAC Thurber. Good luck, Chas!

Wedding bells, and this time for Cpl. Basaraba. Best wishes to you and the Missus, Nicky.

New faces in our section:—Scotty, Mackie and Wayne.

Scotty's found out that taxes on jewellery are still pretty high. Hoot, mon! Better postpone it till after the war.

What's been keeping Trombley so busy lately? Keep an eye on him, Basaraba and Reynolds. I hear he's cutting prices.

With all this talk of I.Q's and remuster:

Have you heard of F/O Arnold (pilot), P/O Maynes (co-pilot), Sgt. Stinson (gunner), Sgt. Cornborough (wireless), and Sgt. Debrouwere (navigator). What a crew!!! Keep 'em flying, men.

December brings a year of happy married life to Cpl. and LAW Short. Hope there'll be many more.

Wanted all available halters. What size are those Saskatchewan horses, Maynes?

OK Sutherland, you can go back to sleep now. No more farm leave till the spring.

FLASH. Two postings, Raymer and Mackie, homeward bound (or is it just another nightmare, Bob?). Good luck, men.

Season's Greetings to you all
FROM ALL OF US.

W. D. CANTEEN

CANTEEN STEWARD'S QUIZZ

1. Anything to eat?
2. Was there a phone call for me from a short blonde?
3. Have you a box about the size of a pair of stockings
4. What — no bars?
5. Is this the **W.D.** Canteen?
6. Have you seen my cap—one with a white flash and a R.A.F. badge?

We omit the \$20.00 question!

Our sympathies to Sgt. Hazelwood and our best wishes for his speedy recovery. Why is it that **some** people with swollen necks are allowed to lead a normal and unmolested life — perhaps an LAC in the Warehouse will explain!

Wanted — by Airmen's Canteen — a **genial** laundryman to answer the question: "Why isn't my dry cleaning back yet?"

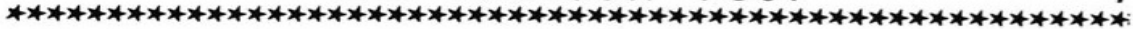
What Senior N.C.O. complains of a stiff neck after spending a quiet evening in his barracks?

W.D. N.C.O.—"Please deliver this note to the tall dark airmen for me—you know who I mean—the one with the 'V.R.' on his shoulder."

W.D.'s will all have naturally (?) curly hair soon — thanks to AW/1 Hutchison and her permanent wave machine.

The floor show at the dance in the W.D. Canteen proved very popular — thanks for the demonstration on how to eat oysters, Cpl. Potter and LAW Britton. May we express our sincere appreciation and thanks for those who help make these dances a success — Sgt. Stevenson, Cpl. Doran, LAC (Jock) for their work at the "mike," LAC (Doug) and others for the use of their records — and last, but not least, the Clean-up Gang.

Have a cup of coffee and drown your woes — all tastes catered to — even the salty ones — at the W.D. Canteen!



STATION HOSPITAL NOTES

Kill or Cure Column!



Things have really been flying around the Station Hospital these days—don't know if it's our new Cpl. Mackinnon and Sgt. Page—whom we all wish to congratulate, or the meek little voice of our big-hearted Sgt. Adams. Perhaps it's the postings of LAW Neithercut to Regina Recruiting Centre, F/S Griese to the wilderness of P.E.I., or AW/1 Bennett to No. 7 M.D. at Rockcliffe, whom we are sorry to see leave us. However, we are glad to welcome our new dispenser, Cpl. Labelle (Frenchie), our pretty new Nursing Sister, N/S Robertson—boys, watch out—the Medical Clerk, LAW Argue, who seems to have remustered to telephone operator, and our new hospital assistants, AW/1 DeWitt, and LAW Cunningham, and hope they'll like the hospital.

Everyone seemed to enjoy playing "Crown and Anchor" at the Station Carnival, run by our male personnel, especially S/L Johnston, dressed charmingly in a Coca Cola cap and carpenter's apron—whom he was trying to impersonate, no one knows.

Painting has successfully been accomplished here, and you should see Sgt. Page's new dutch door—rather a meek "Out of Bounds" sign to the Orderly Room.

Wonder why Cpl. Chadney seems to like black and white sweaters these days?

F/L Steiman had a charming W.D. Cpl. on his knee on the way to Winnipeg. On the way back he chose a CWAC. Will it be a WREN next time, sir?

Wonder why Rattray doesn't wear her Sunday best every day—who is it, Rattray?

Why is F/L Carruthers so anxious for the end of each day to come?

The Hospital staff wishes to extend their deepest sympathies to LAW Jackson on the death of her mother.

To a Hospital Staff

For you no minstrel harp is slung;
For you no praise is sung.
You may never hear the trumpet blare;
Or Nelson's glory share.

Yours is a glory eternal,—a light
Shining on thro' darkest night.
Yours is a task that is never done;
A race that is never won.

Fought with mercy and tender care,
Your only tribute is silent prayer.
We honor you! We salute you!
In white who carry us thro'.

An LAC and his bride ordered several photos of their wedding ceremony. Upon opening the large brown envelope the newlyweds were mildly surprised to find proofs of a lovely three-months-old baby. But the bride fainted when she read on the back:

"When ordering, please specify size and number" ? ? ! ! !



WING COMMANDER ROSSIE-BROWN



Wing Commander Rossie-Brown is one of those rare individuals who radiates dignity, wisdom and strength, and, at the same time, makes one feel as if he were an old acquaintance. In his presence one senses a ready-to-overflow reservoir of knowledge and experience accumulated during a life devoted to Religion and Education.

For thirty years W/C Rossie-Brown was minister of the Murrayfield Parish Church, Edinburgh, Scotland. In the last war he served for four years as a combatant in the Royal Scots, the oldest regiment in Britain — they are known as Pontius Pilate's Body Guard — and before it ended he became a Machine Gun Officer.

In 1925 he again wore the uniform, this time a member of the Auxiliary Air Force. In 1935, while travelling around Iraq and Palestine, he flew from Jerusalem to Bagdad in a Wapiti! He was forced down in the desert, and the night he spent there he describes with one word — wierd.

Early in life W/C Rossie-Brown travelled extensively through Europe and in particular Germany, where he attended both Berlin and Heidelberg Universities. His understanding of the German mind and temperament enables

him to analyze and explain the nature of our enemy.

A prominent educationist in the city of Edinburgh, he used his abilities to further the already high standards of learning in that place. As a teacher, he was once the tutor to the Duke of Hamilton's family, later serving under the command of one of his former pupils. Sports have played no small part in his life, and he is expert in boxing, tennis and fencing.

At the outbreak of World War II, he joined his squadron, No. 603, of the City of Edinburgh, as Chaplain. With them he experienced the first air raid of the war, an attack on the Firth of Fourth bridge by twelve Heinkels, October 16, 1939. The men of his squadron had converted from Gladiators to Spitfires just three weeks previously. They took to the air and, in the ensuing engagement, shot down four enemy bombers without loss to themselves. And their Padre, W/C Rossie-Brown, buried the first three Germans shot down over Britain. He also interrogated the prisoners, and, in fluent German, welcomed them to Bonny Scotland with the hope that their visit there would be a long one—it was, and still is.

During the Battle of Britain, No. 603 Squadron was moved to Hornchurch, just outside London. During those perilous days, W/C Rossie-Brown worked and fought with his men. That he was mentioned in dispatches suggests that his fiery enthusiasm flamed the spirit of tired men, and his depth of understanding cooled and quieted taught burning nerves as, day after day, many times a day, the squadron attacked and was attacked by the enemy.

It is no wonder that this man deeply impressed the personnel at No. 7 who heard him speak. Whether he was lecturing to trainees and instructors, or conducting the Sunday service, or chatting informally in the Mess, his personality commanded attention and interest, his words bore inspiration and enlightenment.

P. T. and DRILL SECTION



F/O G.L.A. DAVERNE. Unbounded enthusiasm and infinite patience, plus definite and intelligent ideas, are qualities that carry our P.T. and Drill Officer over more obstacles than there are on his favourite foster-child, the Commando Course. Since his appearance at No. 7 our sports activities have reached a new height. We're right behind you, sir!

WO/1 CHALMERS, J. B. And now for our Sgt.-Major. Under that huge frame there is really a kind heart, despite the fact that you may often hear him bellow at some poor fear-stricken recruit as you pass by: "Where's your collar pin?" P.S. What did you say you wanted for Christmas—a ticket to Brandon?????

F/S BROWN, R. M. Our Station Orderly Sgt., a P.F. man, and veteran of our section. Was "over there" and saw some of the Blitz—most of it, in fact. Right in the hub of station routine, we practically set our watches by him. (Checking the bus tonight, Flight?)

F/S THOMAS, H. Our "bend and stretch" expert. Active, and right in there—did I say "pitching"? Well, I guess you'd better ask one of our prettiest W.D.'s. Have you set the date yet, Flight?

F/S WYLIE, T. A. Now we come to our "muscle man," who has just returned from Trenton, where he took the P.T. and D Course. F/S Wylie hails from B.C., and is quite well known at Paulson as an athlete. He is the "Walking Dictionary" of the P.T. and

D. Section. If you want your characters read, girls, just send up a sample of your handwriting. Sorry, girls, you're a little late, Flight was just married recently, so I'm afraid you don't stand a chance.

SGT. PAUL. (ssh—I haven't said a word, Sarge!) Sgt. Paul is one of our most conscientious and hard working "discips," but on time off his attitude changes completely. We presume that it's Kenora you go to on your 48's, Sarge.

SGT. EDDIE CANTER. Introducing our notorious wolf and lover—Sgt. Eddie Canter. From Ottawa to Paulson he has won and broken the hearts of many fair young maiden. (For a "discip," you don't do so badly, Sarge.) The thoughts of better days at Clear Lake will carry him through the winter months. Canter's favourite expression: "Whose buying the cokes?" "Already, I bought yesterday!"

CPL. FRANCE. When it comes to name, rank, and number, Cpl. France is our Professor Quiz. He's down at Deer Lodge right now, and we miss him more than a little. Hurry back, Cpl., we need you here.

LAW KENT, A. M. Then there is "Newfy" Kent, who handles the duty rosters for the W.D.'s, and is so proficient that only seven names had to be changed last week. This sets an all-time record for this pretty little Miss.

AC/2 SENNETT. A new addition to the S.W.O.'s office is a former Air Cadet (Junior) Sennett. His brilliant personality and lively manner and regimental bearing makes all the W.D.'s swoon within range of this young Romeo. "Junior" is definitely an asset to the S.W.O.

Well, I guess there is nothing more to say about our Staff. After all, there is a limit to everything.

We extend our wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

CLASSIFICATION TESTS

GREAT has been the recent excitement regarding Classification Tests. There has been much misapprehension as to what these tests are and what they measure.

Many airmen persist in calling this test an "I.Q." Since science has never been able to clearly understand what intelligence actually is, it seems most futile to try to measure it and arrive at an intelligent quotient. It is possible, however, to measure the speed with which the individual will react to a new situation, or, in other words, learn something new. That is what the Classification Test does—measures the ability of the individual to learn. In the opinion of the writer, who has had considerable experience in this type of testing, the Classification Test accomplishes this purpose better than any other test yet devised.

Now, having found what this test measures, we will glance at the factors it does not attempt to measure; factors that are just as important, or probably more important, than the one measured.

- (1) The willingness to put every effort into study and stay with the job until it is successfully completed. Your past performance is the only reliable index to this factor.
- (2) Qualities of co-operation. It is quite evident that this factor is of utmost importance in an organization such as the Royal Canadian Air Force.
- (3) Qualities of Leadership. Only a summing up of your personality considered with your ability and willingness to assume the initiative measures this trait.
- (4) Ability to master and attend to the minor details of a job. Many men who have a low C.T. score shine in this quality. In some employments within the Air Force this is most necessary.

G.I.S STORES

As the Editor has approached this Section for a contribution, we are taking it for granted that our talents have at last been recognized. Much better to see it that way than entertain the possibility of wishing to fill those empty pages. What say you?

At the moment we are five—four of us toiling happily under Sgt. Fould's capable and friendly management.

Unfortunately our "Bill," a cheerful lad from "Way Down Under," will be voyageing homeward shortly to those glorious South Pacific Islands. We shall miss his gaiety.

"Bon Voyage," old chap, and have a handle of "Waitemata" for me. Let's hope your New Zealand bride has a great big welcome for you.

Our duties here include some semblance of order on our shelves, so that we can usually manage to issue the required publication after a few months notice.

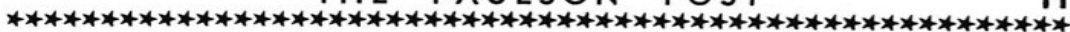
We have the last word in morale building apparatus here, which is used whenever a "Mickey Mouse" operator is available.

Oh, yes, our Browning Guns too, and how we love 'em. So, boys, don't think that we are suspicious when we give them the once over with eagle eye after you have been playing with them. When we see our beloved guns with parts missing, it simply cuts us to the very quick. We look after body as well as brain for you.

You do like those "Cokes" at least twice a day, don't you, boys?

Be it understood, therefore, the Classification Test is not, nor does it claim to be, the magic rule that decides a man's worth at a glance. It is but the accurate measuring rule for one salient factor.

P/O MacDONALD,
Education Officer.



THE TEL'OPS SAY...

The "Post" has asked for our co-operation,
 So here's a resume of our job on the Station—
 We place calls here, a dozen more there,
 We get bawled out without turning a hair.
 We're asked foolish questions from morn till night—
 Must answer them quickly and pray it's right.

An airman looks on with a puzzled frown,
 As he watches us take connections down.
 Then he smiles like the coming of dawn,
 As he understands why the light goes on.
 My head is aching, my throat is dry,
 I'm near going crazy while the minutes roll by.
 Each night I go home with my head in a whirl:
 Why, oh why, did I join as a "hello girl."



Jack R.C.A.F.

MAINTENANCE SCANDAL SHEET



Well, folks, here once more is our report on the ins and outs of Maintenance Repair. In this column we make it our motto to share all secrets in the doings and misdoings of everyone it takes to make this the organization it is.

I suppose one of the most important moments of the past few days was the one when D.R.O.'s appeared in full bloom with pleasant surprises for some and bitter disappointment for others. I am referring, of course, to the results of the last trade board. The remarks passed were the usual. Those who made the grade said: "Just the way I figured." Then there were the disappointed who meekly said: "Just because I don't get to work daily till eight-thirty, or just because I do just as much as they pay me for is no reason why I shouldn't get my grouping." Anyway, to those who did, "Congrats"; and to the unfortunate who didn't, "Better luck next time." I don't know how the powers that be who sat for their master mechanics standing had it figured out. Being senior N.C.O.'s, I guess they found it rather hard answering officers by the only words they know—"Do this" or "Do that." We hope they have success eventually, anyway.

But to get down to the most interesting part of the report—the gossip column. We have a goodly number of individuals who do their utmost to get their names on this page. Then we

have those chaps who sleep their lives away because they are afraid that the Post may carry news of their misdoings back to the dearly beloved in God's Country. To the latter we say, "Better smarten up, George. Man never made any progress lying on his back."

One of the most outstanding cases in our scandal sheet appears to be the sudden romance of a wavy-haired boy from Fort Erie, Ontario, and his lovely Cleopatra from Sarnia. Having pledged not to mention names, I can only tell you that his initials are McConnell. Enough of that. I love life.

Did you hear of the case of one, LAC Eshpeter, who was so devoted to his wife (or afraid of her) that he took in laundry to raise the price of a telephone call home on his third wedding anniversary. Ain't love grand. Just ask Jimmy. He will tell you and show you pictures of the little curly headed youngster to back it up. While talking to him the other day he told me that he didn't know what happiness was till he got married. Then it was too late.

It has been reported that Geary has been putting out tenders for a contractor to handle his hair cut. I met him the other night wandering around Dauphin and when I asked him what he was looking for, he quickly answered with "Just looking for a barber's advertisement that says, 'Come in and we will give you an estimate on your hair cut.'" Now we know why he always feels so tired. Who wouldn't be, after carrying around a head like that! He has a kind heart, though. After each of his bi-annual tonsorial operations he always has the surplus hair made into down pillows which he donates regularly to the Red Cross. Bless his little heart.

We notice that Cpl. Devlin is eating off the station now. That is just

a formality, as Dev. has been eating off the station now for quite some time. I don't know what it is that Ochre River has, but it must be something the way Dev. heads that way just like a Homing Pigeon. I am sure it can't be the Ochre River Navy, because Dev. confided in me the other day and told me that the only way he liked his water was in a glass. We will leave the real reason to your imagination.

I believe everyone got quite a kick out of Flying Officer Wilkinson and his clearance papers at the time of his posting. It seems that he had everything on his inventory up to and including the C.O.'s desk. After his deficiencies were totalled up — all umpteen pages of them — and Mr. Wilkinson confronted with them, he replied in all earnestness, "Why it is only me that is posted and I wouldn't have much use for a B. & G. School after the war." Anyway, we wish him nothing but the best at his new post.

At this time let us unfurl our welcome banner to a new arrival on our Engineering staff, none other than P/O Dawson. At this writing, we can't tell you an awful lot about him, but we can say he is a very likeable, understanding fellow, and I am sure he will make his presence well appreciated before long. We bid you welcome, sir, and glad to have you with us.

At the time of writing, the W.D. Canteen is out of bounds to all airmen. We wonder what effect that will have on the life and love of a goodly number of the boys on the station. I am quite sure that the rendezvous will be missed, no end. We sincerely hope that, by the time this article reaches the press, a solution has been found and that sad hearts beat joyously once again.

Well, lads and lassies, comes time to sign thirty and head for the bush until the effects of the above mentioned have had time to blow over. In closing, let me wish each and every one of you a most joyous time in the coming festive season, that you will

Officers' Wives' Corner

Waxing long and poetic over our contribution for the last Paulson Post, I became so engrossed in an attempted lyric composition, to do with harvest moons and heady autumnal tangs, romantic strolls around the lake, and such, that I missed the deadline.

Still, not all of us have had our heads in the clouds — and much has been accomplished. Another layette completed, and on its way "over there," as well as two large patchwork quilts. The airmen's library has been outfitted with new slip covers — each stitch a labour of love, believe me, as well as concentrated diligence of very inexperienced hands. Thanks to the helpful supervision of our talented Mrs. C. O. However, I do think we did quite a creditable job. Don't you?

A "bridge" was engineered, the proceeds of which are being used to bring a little extra cheer for those languishing pale and wan 'twixt station hospital walls.

We handled the fortune-telling booth for the Station Carnival again this year, having "local" Madame Zoombies spinning her yarn — and they were plenty mystic!

The opening Fall Formal was a great success, everyone looking very glamorous, and still discussing W/C and Mrs. Stewart's oyster party — those of us who were a bit leery, are certainly confirmed addicts now — they're grand!

There is still much work to be done, so we hope our new wives will turn out, as well as more of our older members who have made only infrequent appearances. Together we can do much — besides, it's fun! So, come on out!
— S. J.

enjoy to the utmost every minute of your leave, and happiness, peace and prosperity with the coming of the New Year.

Mrs. Rainbarrel's Little Boy,
DRIP.



W/C ROSSIE-BROWN

BROTHERHOOD OF MEN

Much as we would like to, it is impossible to publish the entire speech of Wing Commander Rossie-Brown. But, because of the significance of the many ideas he has left with us, we shall attempt to interpret them as truly as possible.

His philosophy is expressed in the statement: "I am fighting because I believe in the Brotherhood of Man, without class distinction, acting and living together, with fair play for one and all. I believe the world will develop along these lines. We must work to establish a world in which we recognize each other as brothers; members of a family in which there will be equal opportunity for all."

Thus it is that he reminds all English speaking boys—R.A.F., R.C.A.F., R.N.-Z.A.F., R.A.A.F., U.S.A.A.F., etc.: "To mix together, work together, to understand and like each other, instead of only making friends with boys from his home land. The opportunity to do this is here and must not be wasted. If we avail ourselves of this opportunity of getting together now, the foundation for the Brotherhood of Men is won."

He goes on to point out that the many differences we have are superficial. Differences in accents, manner-

isms, and dress, are as trivial among English speaking nations as they are among neighboring states within a nation. The deep fundamental beliefs of freedom and democracy apply to us all. We have in common the basic ideals of our way of life. With the Germans, he continues, the converse is true. They are similar to us on the surface only. They may be good workmen, good family men, staunch citizens . . . (so are some animals). But fundamentally they are different. They believe in the Master Race—one great nation being the boss, the rest reduced to slavery. The world is to be subjugated to an enormous hierarchy of subordinate bosses, with Germany the Master Nation, the whole pyramided by one man—Hitler.

"We owe something to future generations to realize this difference between us and our enemies in the settlement of this war, and to take care to prevent this from happening again."

Of the Germans, he also had this to say: "They fight a brilliant battle when they are winning. They press home the advantages of the victorious. But, just as he loses interest in a game he is not winning, so he loses heart in a war he cannot win. This is another difference between Germans and us. We fight harder when the odds are against us. Magnanimous in victory, we are most dangerous if faced with apparent defeat. The tougher the game the better we enjoy it.

The Germans hope to split the United Nations. But in this they are wrong. We have the advantage of the brotherhood in which we believe, for the winning of the war and the winning of the peace.

"There are two factors that decide great wars—the sword and the spirit, and always the spirit wins. There is something stronger than mere weapons. Hitler understands the human mind—he is a clever psychologist, but not the spirit. It is not within the understanding of a man like Hitler. He is for everything except the spirit. These are the things which are going to grind him to powder."

Britains' Freedom Shall Not Perish

Tyrant's war this earth is rending,
Rolling thunders blast the free,
Lest this fiendish foe is routed
We're not safe across the sea.

Fertile fields are being planted
With the kernels wrought from lead;
Once pulsating, thriving village
Left to shelter countless dead.

Raise your banners freedom loving,
Smite the foe a fatal blow;
Show this "Hun" our mighty power
Which will crush and lay him low.

Britain's freedom shall not perish!
Noble heroes give it life
God's almighty hand shall guide it
Through this grim, relentless strife.

—A. SMALUK,
Armourer Bombs

Poem Sung to Trees

I think that I shall never see.
A girl refuse a meal that's free
A girl who doesn't ever wear
A mess of doodads in her hair.
Girls are loved by fools like me—
'Cause who on earth would kiss a tree.

—BY A BOY

REPLY

I wish that I could only see
A man whose hands aren't quite so free.
A man who wouldn't even dare,
To kiss, to hug, to want to stare.
A man who won't expect too much,
In return for a show, a dance or such.
A wolf who is not on the spree:
Brother, dear brother, **SHOW HIM
TO ME!**

—BY A GIRL

Sarge: "Are you bothered with
troublesome thoughts?"

W.O.: "Man—I kinda like 'em."

M.O.: "What's your trouble, lad?"
Nervous Airman: "I got centerpedes
crawling all over me!"

M.O. (backing up hurriedly): "Well
quit brushing the darn things on to
me!"

EXTRACT FROM WOODHOUSE AND HAWKINS December 23rd, 1940

'Twas the nite before Christmas and
all through Berlin
The Nazis were cowering their shel-
ters within.
The sandbags were placed on the roofs
with great care,
With the knowledge the R.A.F. soon
would be there.
Hitler and Goering were snug in their
beds,
While Goebbels was combing the fleas
from his head,
Benito in nightshirt and long tasselled
cap,
Was dreaming of Egypt and Greece, the
big sap.
When out on the lawn there arose such
a clatter:
They fell out of bed and yelled, "What
is the matter?"
All rushed to the window and opened
it wide—
Then dashed back to bed 'neath the
covers to hide.
For there at the window had come in
a sleigh,
A fellow named Churchill to take them
away.
He was sturdy and rugged, a real British
type;
And Adolph said "Himmel" and Benito
said "Yipe."
Mussolini and Goering were both out of
luck
For under the bed their big stomachs
had stuck.
As for Hitler and Goebbels 'twas use-
less to run,
For Churchill had covered them both
with a gun.
He rounded 'em up in a bunch and then
said,
"I'm going to harness you up to my
sled."
Then out to the lawn the whole bunch
of them led;
They didn't say boo 'cause their cour-
age was dead.
"Now Paul, now Benito, now Adolph
and Herman,
The orders from now on will not be in
German.
With a crack of his whip, Winston
had them all squirming,
As is always the case with that type
of vermin.
He drove them to Hades without any
rest,
For the world is well rid of that kind
of pest.
But we heard him shout back as he ran
them from sight
"Democracy's saved—so to all a good-
nite."

LITERARY LEARNINGS

We are constantly being shocked by people who, on coming into the library, usually as "somebody's friend," exclaim: "What a nice little place you've got here" or "Why didn't I know about this!!!"

Such a deplorable state of affairs cannot go on, and, this being so, it seems time to talk about ourselves a little.

We carry on our modest little trade in an appendix to the Airmen's Reading Room, the building opposite the W.D. Canteen, and any sane thinking person would reason out that an institution such as the library, open, as it is, to all ranks, would naturally be the place in which madding crowds should nightly throng, not only for the purpose of taking out suitably edifying books, but also for the enjoyment of the local bit of gossip, dearly loved by all self-respecting society, whether Service or Civilian.

Alas, such is far from the case at the moment, and Bob (alias the "Killer") gently dozes in his chair, his tongue rusting rapidly for want of a juicy piece of gossip, surveying the book-lined shelves mournfully, and doesn't even raise a laugh when telling himself one of his inevitable stories.

Seriously, though, the Library contains a really good cross-section of public taste, and, thanks, to the efforts of Mr. R. E. Brown, the C.L.W.S. representative and F/L V. L. Stewart, both of whom have been invaluable in keeping the organization running efficiently, personnel are now beginning to realize the benefit of borrowing from this institution.

It is not generally known that cables and telegrams may be sent from the Library, and, apart from this service, a scheme for supplying of books to hospital patients has been planned, proving very successful in operation.

New Zealand trainees will be interested to know that we receive regular news from their country and this can be seen at any time during Library hours.

For the enlightenment of the newer arrivals at Paulson, here are a few of the most popular books at present:—Grapes of Wrath; For Whom the Bells Tolls, This Above All. Works by Eric Knight, James Hilton and Walpole. On the non-fiction side, Travel and War are well represented, one of the latter, Beurling's "Malta Spitfire."

Rehabilitation after the War should occupy some part of everyone's mind, and the publication of "Discharged," by England, is invaluable in this respect.

Our reference shelf is still incomplete, but we hope to increase this section soon, and at the moment we have a C.A.P. 78 and C.A.P. 12, as well as a large book known as A.F.A.O.



"I CAN SEE YOUR CROWN
COMING THRU', SARGE"



STATION WARRANT OFFICER CHALMERS

Born in England, "Our Sergeant Major" came to Canada in 1920; his parents settled in Ottawa. An athlete, he became a football star on the sports fields of Ottawa Schools. Prior to enlistment in the R.C.A.F., at Ottawa, in 1937 (he's a P.F. man), was in the Army. Until 1940 the permanent station at Trenton was home, but the war brought him to Toronto Manning Depot—he was one of the first at what was later to become the initial stop of thousands. From here a posting to the East coast, where two and a half years were spent before going to Brandon Manning Depot. In August of this year the Major arrived at No. 7 to become the Station Warrant Officer.

In reply to various queries, he said:

"No. 7 is a good station, and I'm proud to be a member of it. Those five 'E' Pennants weren't awarded for nothing. Hobbies? Drill—and more drill. Yes, my future is in the R.C.A.F."

We're pleased to have you as our Station Sergeant Major, sir, and may your stay at Paulson be an enjoyable and memorable one.



Howls from the Wolf Den...

For the last time in 1943 we are howling at you from the old wolf den.

Perhaps the most startling event of the year was the invasion of the W.D. Sergeants — welcome to the latest three, Sgts. Helen Faust, Agnes Newsome and Nancy Munro — who have made themselves quite at home. It is feared by some that if the influx continues the sign "Powder Room" will have to be replaced by "Shaving Room."

The dance opening our "new" Rose Room was a great success, one of the best ever held here. The other social event, the smoker, went over with a bang—thanks to the Commanding Officer for the oysters; to Charles MacArthur for his entertainment; and to Sgts. Page and Adams for the intermission sing-song.

With introduction of an R.C.A.F.-wide physical programme, all the boys are P.T. minded. When Sgt. Major Chalmers gets through with his class, many are suffering from that dread illness, acute abdominal chalmeritis—perhaps that is why WO/2 Beecher and F/S King retired at 1830 hours after taking some Commando training.

So many changes of personnel take place that it is impossible to name them all. However, the posting of Flight Sgt. Press cannot escape mention. Rob was one of the very few members who were here prior to the Station opening; he has been a force on the Station, and a valued member of the Mess (he was chief groaner); it was largely through his personal efforts that we have such a fine Mess today. Good luck, Bob!

MERRY CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR. Keep your spirits up and keep punching.

"ONE STOOGEE."



NURSING SISTER MARY RIPLEY

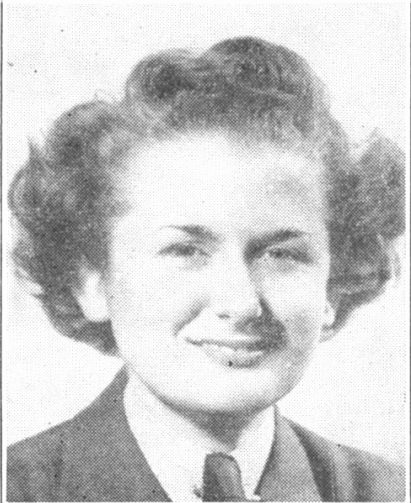
This attractive and popular native of Strathclair, Manitoba, trained and graduated at the Carman General Hospital, and later became its supervisor. After serving in that capacity for three years, she transferred to the Selkirk General Hospital, where she supervised until enlisting in May, 1942. Paulson has been fortunate to have had her services since that time, for, except for a course at Toronto in June of this year, she has been stationed nowhere else.

Affectionately known around the Hospital and Station as "Sister Mary," she is on the beam when it comes to inoculations—in fact, her hobby is setting up inoculation needles—she loves to see the big bruisers squirm. We heard the S.M.O. was frantically searching for her the other day—he found her in the chart room, surreptitiously reading her favourite comic, Dick Tracey. Reluctant to speak about herself, all she would say, "I'm a good little girl."



LAC CHRISTENSEN, E. H.

"Chris" is a native Albertan. Born in Enchant, he moved, with his parents, to Claresholm early enough to start school, and still calls that thriving town his home. Completing school, he attended the Provincial Youth Training Technical School at Lethbridge, where he became proficient as a welder and later took a specialist course in that trade at Calgary. From here he went to Fort William as an employee of the Canada Car and Foundry Company, Aircraft Division, working on Hawker Hurricanes. Enlisting in June of 1941, he arrived in Paulson the following month. Having been in Maintenance, Drogue and Gunnery flights, he is now a welder in Station Workshops. A year ago he married a girl from Ochre River and lives there at the present time.



LAW KENT, A. M.

One of the few WD's wearing a "Newfoundland" badge on her shoulder (to show she served in the wilds of Canada), Ada is widely known on the Station through her position in the Office of the Station Warrant Officer. In addition to her other duties in that office, Kent is the keeper of the roster for W.D. after hour duties, and they say (we wouldn't know) poor Ada gets a terrific raking over from her barrack room pals. Perhaps that is why an Eastern posting would be welcome—East because she was born in, and her parents still live in St. Andrews, Newfoundland.

Her trip to Halifax to enlist was not her first there, as she took part of her schooling at North Sydney, N.S. But her trips to Ottawa and Toronto, after becoming a member of the Air Force, were first ones, as, of course, was the Western one which terminated at Paulson just over a year ago—for she asks (and this is a sixty-four dollar question) who would ever want to come here twice?



F/O TITTERTON

F/O Titterton was born in Plymouth, England, and educated at Bromsgrove. In 1928 he moved to New Zealand, where he took up dairy farming. Surviving the ups and downs of a new venture, he established a fine herd of 75 Jersey cows and, after the war, he hopes to return to New Zealand and settle down to his old life.

Mr. Titterton enlisted in the R.N.Z.A.F. in May, 1941, in Aircrew. He was sent to Canada in August, 1942. An Air Bomber, he graduated from Rivers, coming to Paulson as an Instructor in February, 1943. A sport enthusiast, he plays rugby, tennis and golf extensively. His hobby is photography—(he swears his pet camera is locked up in a vault!)—and his passion is bombing. It is the latter that makes him say: "Of course, Paulson is a wonderful station, and I've enjoyed myself very much here, but . . ."

Yes—he means Overseas.



WO/1 COLESON

John Forest Coleson, known to us all as "Tex," is a typical son of the Lone Star State. He is tall, sun-tanned, angular, and speaks with a drawl. Good natured and of a quiet disposition, Tex has won many friends during his sojourn in Canada.

He was born and raised on a cotton farm, but later worked in the oil fields. Previous to enlisting in the R.C.A.F. he was a mechanic in Huston. About three years ago he felt the urge to do a little fighting on his own and came to Windsor, Ont., from there to Mt. Hope for E.F.T.S., and on to Uplands, converting to "Battles" at Rockcliffe. He was sent to No. 7 B. & G., January 22nd, 1942, and, after many months in Bombing Flight, he was recently transferred to Gunnery.

Having played basketball in High School and College, Tex has been keenly interested in our Station team. He also bowls a wicked game of 10 pins and can certainly hold his own at baseball.



CORPORAL RUNDLE, J. M.

Jim is a true Eastern product. Born in Truro, N.S., he was moved almost immediately to Westville, N.S., where he received his formal education, after which he worked in a grocery store. Enlisting in the R.C.A.F. on the 27th of January, 1941, Jim was posted to Toronto, Jarvis and MacDonald before arriving six months later at No. 7.

The Corporal is one of three of the original group of Droque Operators who is still on our Station. A rather shy and modest lad, Jim says droque operating is a quiet life, but hastens to add it's O.K.

Hobbies, dancing, hunting and fishing. Theory: DAPS has forgotten him—after all, two and one-half years is a long time.



THORNS FROM THE ROSE BOWL

We, of the Turret Section, wish to apologize for the epilogue which appeared in the previous issue of the Paulson Post. The news was history, and even we experienced difficulty in bringing to mind some of the events.

Nevertheless we will endeavour to make amends by giving you the up to date "gen."

In September, WO/2's Switzer, Cannon and Amy (the latter is now a P/O) were posted overseas, after having been stationed at Paulson for a considerable length of time. These losses were closely followed by the timely arrival of F/S Reynolds, whose past experience with turrets has proved priceless.

Early in October, F/S Blake (R.N.-Z.R.A.F.) was plucked from our midst, together with Majors Edwards and Wallace. Later in the same month, F/S Barley was compelled to leave us. One of the two remaining white N.C.O.'s of the Permanent Staff, he really expected to eat Christmas dinner in Blighty, but unfortunately the authorities at Moncton decided that his instructing ability was far more valuable to Canada. He will, therefore, continue to exist over here.

The second week of November saw F/S (Peggy) O'Neil taken to Deer Lodge and, we understand from reliable sources, that he is having a lonely time (sans fruit, sans cigs, sans letters). How about a little action, Headquarters?

Soon after Peggy's confinement, a posting came in for both he and F/S (Gus) Anweiler. Therefore a replacement was called for. D.A.P.S. finally decided that Sgt. Stroich should accompany Gus (now P/O Anweiler). Good luck, fellas.

The cancellation of a certain posting from this Section certainly made a Cor-

poral in Plotting Office very happy. Good luck, Ev.

Corporals Pickard and Herscovitch and LAC Cohen have achieved promotions, not forgetting the unexpected promotion to Flight bestowed upon Sgt. Fordham, the last member of the original Turret Section Society. The members of which strongly upheld the motion of twenty-eight days' leave per year and five working days per week (no work between meals), without success, of course.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks for the addition of the Two Bit Range to the numerous "joe" jobs already allotted to this Section. Sgt. Pickard being the joe in this case.

With both ranges, night duty, Orderly Sgt., Barrack detail, etc., we often wonder if we could pass an M2, as well as win the "E" Pennant.

Good-bye.

Trade Test

Tomorrow I stand before the Trade Test Board—I shall not pass.

They maketh me study my precis.

They leadeth me to the slaughter for my grouping's sake.

Yea, though I studieth for a fort night, I shall not pass.

They prepareth the questions and the tests for me;

And in the presence of my fellow-workers they anointeth my efforts with zeros.

My eyes brimmeth over and a lump ariseth in my throat.

Surely Trade tests will bother me the rest of my days;

And I shall dwell in good old No. 7 Airport forever.

Amen.

A FUNNY EXPERIENCE...

WHENEVER I hear the song, "Coming Home on a Wing and a Prayer," it reminds me of the time when I had a similar experience. We were on a routine cross-country—as a matter of fact, we were just finishing, when a voice came over the inter-com: "What's the matter with the port wing, Skipper?" Of course, we all looked through the perspex, and it looked as if the wing was doing a jitterbug. I mean to say, to see the wing of an all-metal Stirling fluttering, is a sight worth seeing. I wouldn't say that I was actually afraid—not just then, at any rate, but my heart did begin to beat about ten times as fast.

The old girl began to waver and then pick up. We all had our eyes on that wing, but it seemed to hold, and, although it still fluttered and trembled, it still held. The skipper said, "Hold on, boys, we're going in. I think that I can make it." Think!!! I began to pray. We were losing height fast, and I knew she wouldn't stand the strain of climbing, much less an overshoot, so I sat down and held on the sides of my chair. Then I'd rub my hands on the silk stocking around my neck, or stroke the little St. Christopher in my pocket. Well, although I'm not really superstitious, I thought at least that it wouldn't do any harm to try. I was then beginning to get really worried, when the Engineer said over the inter-com: "I hope we make it, Skip—I got a date to-night—only met her last night, but she's a wow." That broke the tension. We all began to laugh, but it was only strained merriment at that.

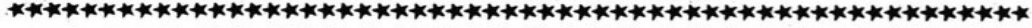
We were coming in! The ground

was only about fifty feet away, and I began to breathe more freely.

Suddenly the world turned upside down. I was lying on the floor of the kite with my nav' kit, chair and table on top of me. I didn't know exactly what was happening until I heard someone shout: "Port engine afire!" That was enough for me. I scrambled up, undid the bulkhead door and made for the Astro-dome. But quick as I was, the F.E. was quicker. He already had the Astro-dome out, and was struggling through, using the poor old Wireless Op's face as a step. Anyway, I was next out, and there was F.E. sitting on the mainplane, laughing like Hell. "Hey, now, we lost a ruddy engine," he grinned. "Someone told me once that a Stirling could land on three engines, but not when you leave the wing off as well as the engine."

The fire was out—the Skipper had pulled the emergency fire extinguisher. So I slid to ground. Suddenly the Rear Gunner came dashing round from the front of the kite: "Where's the Front Gunner?" he shouted. We paled, thinking something had gone wrong, when a voice from the rear shouted: "Hi, where's the Rear Gunner. Did he bale out?" They were pals, and after all, you know, it's a long way from the front turret to the rear. Anyway, we were down and safe, except for poor old "L" for "London"—she had lost half a wing. So the Skipper said: "Come on, boys, let's away from here, I want a drink." We did—many. I still laugh when I think of the way we tried to get out of the Astro-dome—the expression on the Wireless Op's face as the F.E. put his foot on it. Never mind—"It's a grand life."

GEOFFREY W. CUTTING



—= ARMAMENT SECTION =—

Until now this Section has done little advertising except in the one way all other Sections have done—by pegging up excellent records of good work accomplished.

But we have become a little tired of the semi-anonymity resulting from such a serious and rather one-sided outlook. So the new policy consists of both individual and united efforts to put the Section on the map and still maintain our reputation as a hard-working, trade-proud team.

OPINIONS

THE BOMB BOYS SAY:

"To be an Armourer you must have a strong back; like repetition; know how to humour students; have lots of money (why not?); win at 'Smuts'; be able to find an 11½ lb. practice bomb in the snow at night with the temperature at -30. How to be a **GOOD** Armourer is still a Trade Secret! Our best friends are: the Electricians; Pilots who come back with no bombs; B-1 exercises."

ANNOUNCEMENTS

LAC Johnson is doing well in Deer Lodge Hospital. The arrival of a new daughter should help to cheer him!

The best of everything to Red Forrester in his venture into matrimony. The same goes for LAC Coupland when he "stands by" in December.

Congratulations to Corporal Cohen and F/S. Sherlock as proud fathers of a girl and boy respectively. Not out of the picture by any means is our Electrical Wallah, Sgt. Weeks, whose hitherto small family is increased by one bouncing boy.

As one, the Section is in sympathy with Cpl. Peake in the recent loss of his father.

JOE ARMOURER

Joe wants to break in now—says he is sick of waiting around. On the quiet,

Joe used to be the Section Problem Child, but things are clearing up nicely, except that he remains a problem to himself!

OH! TO BE AN ARMOURER

or

JUST A KID NAMED JOE

Since our Section has been clothed within the realms of mystery and having derived the conclusion that advertising pays, I hereby seek to enlighten the personnel of the station about the essential activities that contribute toward winning an "E" Pennant.

To exemplify our untiring efforts I shall give you a summary of the grueling routine borne by us Flight Armourers, that is, we who service the aircraft on the Gunnery line.

In the wee grey hours of the morning, long before any creature is stirring (except our Duty Watch), our barrack corporal quietly arises and places the first movement of Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite (Number One) on a phonograph. In this ethereal atmosphere, he then gently shakes each man, asking: "Would you care to arise now?"

We immediately reach for our trousers, towel and washing kit, and, as a reward, the corporal returns our sheets and blankets. After a hastily gulped cup of coffee—(COFFEE, that's a South American word meaning drink it before it eats the plating off the spoon)—we dash over to the section and commence our Daily Inspections of the aircraft.

If an Armourer becomes over-zealous and tests the guns with live ammunition, he is given lots of time to learn about his new trade under expert tutorage; thus, in no time, he is quite capable of washing dishes with the best of them.

(Continued on next page)

ARMAMENT SECTION (continued)

As the 'planes come down we run out, carrying belts of ammo over our shoulders (you've seen us in the recruiting posters), and bang on the sides of the aircraft to let the students inside know that the engines have stopped and the ship is on the ground. After waiting fifteen minutes for the students to find a way out, we are informed that the guns are U/S. We check the Brownings and then return to the crew-room and explain once again to the trainees why a gun will not fire if the trigger is not depressed.

After vicissitudes of washing flying in and washing flying out, we finally gain momentum and "keep 'em flying" until our regular quitting time; unless, of course, we get the afternoon off (very rare), in which case we are through at five o'clock.

When the sun is slowly setting in the west, to the strains of Brahm's Lullaby, we homeward plod our weary way, feeling in every muscle, tendon and ligament the truth of the adage:

"A woman works from sun to sun,
But an armourer's work is never done!"

ROSES FROM JOE

- To the C.O.—Thanks for the poolroom and bowling alleys.
- To the Easterners who come to this wilderness and pine for civilization.
- To the Westerners, for putting up with them.
- To the Padre and Mr. Brown—A very nice lounge.
- To the trainees who are so co-operative in matters of belting ammo and unloading it.

THORNS FROM JOE

- To the *!?!* who stole our mascot, SMUTTS — a kitten. Maybe he preferred "cottage life" and just ran away!
- To the two-tone suits that seem to be the fashion this fall.
- To the canteen — Need we say more?
- To the new showers—Some of us have led sheltered lives.
- To the tropical atmosphere around an upper bunk and the Arctic aura about a lower.

JOE WANTS TO KNOW

- What time will sick parade be when the commando course commences?
- Is it possible to cook more than ten pancakes at once?
- Who does G.I.S. Fire Picquet?
- Why is not something done about that A to F line at the Post Office? It seems that 75% of the personnel line up at that wicket.
- Who broke the bank at Monte Carlo—was he the fellow who withdrew a dollar from the Post Office Savings Account?
- Who puts the golf balls in the porridge?
- Who built the highway through Barrack Block 10 to the Mess Hall?

CONTRIBUTIONS TO STATION ACTIVITIES

(From a staff of 60 Armourers)

Ice Hockey	24
Floor Hockey	10
Basketball	15
Bowling	20
Boxing (guess who?)	2
Station Orchestra	2
	—
	73
	—

Best wishes for the festive season.

JOE and the Rest

HOT EXHAUST—Motor Transport Section

Since last going to press many postings have taken place and many new faces may be seen around the Section. A hearty welcome to the newcomers and best of luck to those who have left.

Funny the way postings "happen," isn't it. Strange how Brigley followed Clissold down to Winnipeg, wasn't it? Right on his heels!!! We miss 'em both.

We were delighted to see Bray (now A/SO) again for a fleeting moment when she was on her way to the West Coast. She is posted there and is she happy!!!

After being notified of her posting to Tor Bay, MacDonald spent a whole day running around the Station looking for a fur lined parka. Good luck, Mac, hope you'll be able to handle that snow plane all right.

Chins up, Flight Commanders, here is some real news for you. The Transport is working strenuously on a number of modifications to be incorporated in refuelling tenders, consisting mainly of an intricate mechanism by which the tenders may be refuelled by remote control, and a tattle-tale device in the section enabling the despatcher to keep a check on the drivers!!!

QUESTIONS—

SOME WITH ANSWERS AND SOME WITHOUT.

Ques. How does the little man at the phone hold up that great big pipe all day?

Ans. It holds itself up; it's strong enough.

Ques. How many ration books has Cpl. McManus?

Ans. He'll check on it.

Ques. Does Ed. Breiddal like being a sergeant?

Ans. Yes — he doesn't have to work nights. (Confidentially, he has the full co-operation of the entire section—or has he?)

Ques. What is a good example of **blind faith**?

Ans. Mrs. Jolly, as she sighs, "Jim is working late to-night." (Surely he must eat peppermints on the way home.)

Ques. Why does Peggy always stick up for the farmers?

Ans. Maybe it's a deep dark secret, but you wouldn't think she would, after the way she was treated by one of the local hay-seeds the other day.

Ques. What did Jonesy leave behind in St. Rose?

Ans. We don't know, and Beezley "ain't talkin'".

Ques. We know Bird's Hill is a nice place, so what has Omaha got that is so much more enticing, Bill? (or was it Reno?)

Ans. It's nice to get away for a change.

Ques. Since Bondy is always referring to the bull rushes, what does he expect to find there?

Ans. Moses, perhaps.

Ques. Why do we think Lindy is such a smart little W.D.?

Ans. She always makes a point of finding out whether a man is single before she makes a date with him.

Ques. Why does Wills take so long on the Express run?

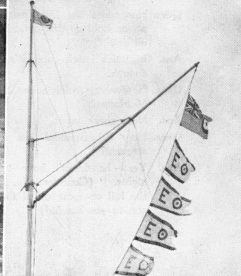
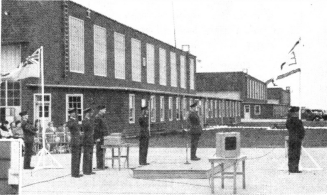
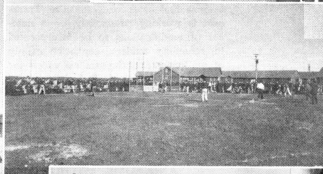
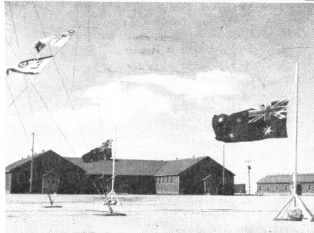
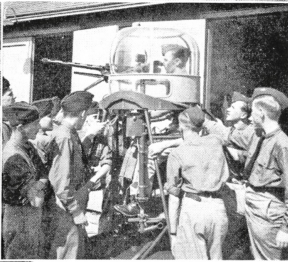
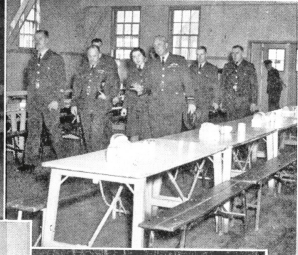
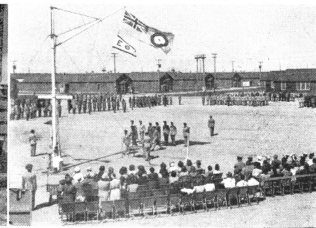
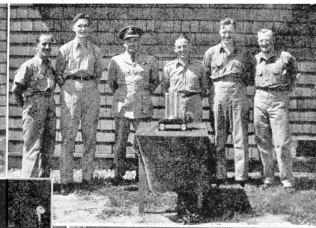
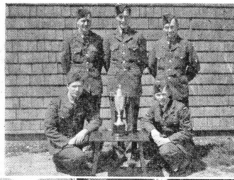
Ans. It's a mystery to us and it's not because he always comes home with a load on.

Ques. Danny, Danny, tut! tut! Don't you know they don't have parties at the school house along the road every night?

Ans. A good thing a pie-wagon came along.

Ques. This ain't funny, McGee, but we want to know when you are coming back to Paulson, Mac-Rae? Get well soon, eh?

HIGHLIGHTS FROM 1943



May These Recall Pleasant Memories to Those Who Have Passed Through Our Unit and to Us Who Remain Here

HEADQUARTERS ORDERLY ROOM



There have been a number of changes in our staff since the last edition of the Post. We were sorry to lose Cpl. Jones and wish her luck down there in the U.S.A. Our red-headed "Civvie," June Williams, is now working at the C.N. Telegraph, so we still keep in touch with her. However, Smith doesn't rush for the five o'clock telegrams any more. Maybe that masculine voice was the attraction, eh Smith?

We would like to welcome the newcomers into this mad house. AW Roper in the Orderly Room, over in Records, AW's Sawyer, Donald Dubois and AC Thiessen; across the hall, in Central Registry, AW Coombs and AC Cohen, have all become members of our happy family.

Congratulations are in order for ex-Cpl. Munro, who is now wearing three stripes and a diamond ring. Congrats, too, to our two new Cpls.—Bullen and Anderson.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW:

Is the Major kidding when he threatens to charge 25 cents for each empty coke bottle he takes back.

Is there a shortage of chairs and are Dubois and Thiessen really discussing the daily ration strength when they get over there in the corner.

Why Sawyer is always complaining because we get only two passes a week. We must keep up the morale of the boys at home, too, she says.

Why Bullen spent the first day of her leave on the Station. It was just about that time that a certain Flight Sergeant (Air Bomber) was posted, wasn't it, Bullen?

Why Anderson **MUST** have New Year's leave. She has gone on that diet again, too. Would she have anything to do with Linda's remuster. Does he get in your hair.

Why Sgt. Munro was looking up the ages of all the airmen on the Station.

Why Roper is always singing, "I'm In The Mood For Love."

Why Major Cameron is always complaining about the crowded busses, especially the 1:10. We hear he is a nightly passenger on that one.

Where Donald gets the snack before retiring and have you seen the fit of her greatcoat?

Why Gorham doesn't mind being duty clerk about every two weeks. I guess Maintenance wouldn't know anything about that, eh T.P.?

Why Smith was so excited about going to Regina on a 72 to "see her mother."

Why, although Coombs is from the West, she stays in every night and writes a letter East.

Why Cohen spends all his 48's in Winnipeg. (Shucks, I just found out his wife lives there.)

We wonder what has suddenly brought that tender love light to Ada's eyes. Could one of F/O Neapole's little Armourers have something to do with it.

You're wrong, Whitesel, we didn't have the heart to print that little scandal we left on your desk.

We think we have dug up enough gossip for this edition. Any resemblance to the truth or to persons working at the Orderly Room is purely coincidental.

WIRELESS SECTION... Out of Bounds

Tune in your receiver, we are coming in on the beam again. With the Post editions two months apart, it should be easy to find news, but it is just as hard as ever. Choice news tidbits are as scarce as postings

We have a few orchids to hand out, so we will begin with Gordy Shave, who has joined the ranks of the two-stripers; next, Carley and Cherniak on their "B" groupings; and last, but no means least, to "Pop" Perkin on the delivery of a bouncing baby boy. (Those cigars were greatly appreciated, Flight.) When the Flight finally gets posted the population of Dauphin will hit a new low.

Rumor hath it that Sgt. Stevenson is getting himself a set of store teeth—at least, he is putting in enough time at the Dental Clinic. I wonder if that new Sgt. (W.D.) could have anything to do with it?

Say, how do you hill-billys from the West coast and you smoke-eaters from the East like our winter here in Canada this year?

We have a mild invasion since our last edition. LAC Nagle arrived from "Newfie" to replace Shorty Gibbon. Seems the wolf packs run wild out there—at least the ones in uniform do. Bob must have had something nice out there. He wouldn't mind going back.

Neil "Mike" Sullivan (yes, he's Irish) arrived from Montreal. Every time someone comes from Montreal, those old memories come back. Those were the days—Wow!

I hear they aren't holding a Carnival again unless Davidson is either posted or banned. One more night and he would have owned the joint. There must be a similarity between Winnie and Winnipeg, because Alf spends all his 48's in Winnipeg when Winnie is away; but he sure stays close to home when she gets back. (Any similarity to characters in this document and any person living or dead is purely co-incidental.) That should clear me there.

"Father" Doran and "Bait" Crozier seem to admire the scenic beauty down McCreary way—or could it be those fiddling contests (a long way to travel just to go to a dance).

Must be a shortage of lipstick down in Montreal, eh Zeke? Those letters just have ordinary seals lately. "Zeke" Beamish doesn't care for Manitoba winters (has to wear boots every day). I guess it is hard on those feet!!!—when they are not used to being penned up.

"News Nose" Carley knows when the war is going to end, so if you know of any big manufacturers with war contracts, who want the tip-off, send them around. If the war isn't over by spring, I know where you can buy a radio cheap. What do you say, Jack?

FAMOUS SAYINGS ABOUT OR BY INFAMOUS PEOPLE

Doran—

"He wasn't drunk—he just kissed me good-bye at the train because he was sorry to see me go."

"Put that pistol down, Babe."

Carley—

"Now, I'll tell you something."

"Here is a last minute's news cast, folks."

"When do you think the war will end?"

Beamish—

"That is where the milk is sweetest."

"Guess I am going to be skunked."

"I'm not very good at this game."

"Shall we say a \$5.00 bet just to make it interesting."

Cherniak—

"Any body want to bet that there is a dime under that bottle cap?"

Guslits—

"One no trump."

"Perky"—

"Anybody thirsty—hmmm!"

"Now, in Vancouver," etc.

McCaw—

"Pay day stakes?"

"Wake me up for breakfast."

A. M. L. SECTION

A.M.L. or A.M.B.T. This series of letters may seem, at first glance, puzzling, nerve wracking, and, at odd times, exasperating. When we review briefly our type of school and training, the letters seem to unscramble themselves and a new significance appears. Since our school trains Air Bombers and Air Gunners the A.M.L. does stand for Air Ministry Laboratory, and the A.M.B.T. does represent Air Ministry Bombing Teacher. So we are out in the clear field now.

Our staff is an efficient unit of Bombing Instructors assembled from the various parts of Canada and our neighbor the U.S.A. In spite of the fact that they put in eight hours of work each and every day under "Black-Out" conditions, they still retain an atmosphere of friendliness, an attitude of service, and leave an impression of efficiency and competence. So here they are:

Cpl. Yemchuk, from Fort William a tall and handsome individual, married to a pretty Manitoba girl, both happy and both live under the Manitoban skies at Dauphin.

Cpl. Byrne, also known as "Yankee," hails from New York City, and expects to spend his annual leave there; is petit, but jovial. We enjoy his "wit" and his American accent.

Cpl. Chivers-Wilson, a serious, determined, tall, blond chap, who is very much the driving cog of every day's work. His home is in Port Arthur.

Cpl. Cherwyk, a Saskatchewan lad, still single and still ambitious. We do hope that he attains what he's after.

Cpl. Stokes, who hails from Medicine Hat, Alberta, who is very much at home in a pharmacy, but who, through constant application, has made his presence felt in this section. Then there were others whom we had and whom we miss. Sgt. Smith, from Toronto; Cpl. Cail, from Okanagan Valley, B.C.; and Cpl. Morse, from the Anapolis

Valley, N.S. These have taken on class responsibilities in the G.I.S. To you we say, Good Luck.

It may be of interest to many as to the nature of work done in the A.M. B.T. In this lab. we try to bridge the theory of the class room with the practical application of the varied precision instruments as used in aerial bombing. We are after the individual development of the rudiments of precision in handling of tools such as the computers, the bombsights, the R.T., etc. We are after the development of precision in following out the established procedures required in bombing; we are after the development of skill and speed in doing such exercises as wind finding, bombing stationery targets, bombing moving targets with single release or stick release, map reading, cross-country flying, attacking selected targets in well known enemy areas.

To the new trainees our section is one of new experiences, familiarization of self with new equipment, new methods, new procedures, and new exercises. To the senior trainees, it's a place of concentration of mind and muscle in the handling of equipment with accuracy and speed until proficiency is attained.

Our aim is not to please or entertain, but to be of service to the Air Bomber trainee in the accomplishment of such technique that would make him not only efficient but also proficient in his particular line of work. What we do ask of every trainee is simply this: "Use what you know. Do what you can. Live up to yourself and your trade." With further encouragement and advice given through short lectures we ask the trainee to "study ever," so that he may always know more; to "practice ever," so that he may steadily grow more skillful and more versatile and therefore more adaptable. To do this the nature of work

(Continued on page 32)

CONTROL TOWER

As Red Skelton would say to Daisy June, "Well, here I am again." Yes, it is quite a long time since this section was heard from, or should I say sections. It has grown to be quite a large section and, as there are so many newcomers, we have decided to give you some inside information about them.

Of course, there is S/L H. C. Jewsbury, our O.C. Flying. Did you ever notice those twinkling blue eyes of his? Why is it he always goes to Winnipeg on his 48's since a certain somebody has been posted? Not being inquisitive, but we were just wondering.

Now, about his efficient staff of Steno's. He may not think so, but we always thought a little self-praise gives a lift to our morale. There's Nicki, our little civilian steno. She sure keeps those P.O.'s guessing. Who is that new heart beat of her's that she went to visit in Winnipeg. He's a certain Flight Sergeant with Irish blue eyes. Have you been holding out on us, Nicki?

What's this we hear about LAW Martin (better known to all as Susie)? Who has she been getting those airgraphs from and, Susie not being a drinking woman, who knows maybe some day she'll be drinking some "Jamaica Rum." How's about it, Susie?

There's Anne Simmons (or as we call her, Cy). I wonder why she has such a long face lately. Couldn't be because a certain Librarian was posted. Cheer, Cy, you can always go to Winnipeg on your 48's.

Then, last but by no means least, there's LAW Shirley Tadman, better known as "Taddy." First, it was a little blonde fellow from Norway, then a certain pilot, and of late the attraction must be some tall dark and handsome man as she spends all her 48's in Winnipeg. (Busy little bee, isn't she?)

Then, of course, there is F/O W.

E. Way, our O.C. of Flying Control, better known as Wolf Way; but naturally his bite isn't as bad as his bark. I wonder what's the attraction down in the Orderly Room? Maybe you can help us, sir? His staff consists of a very efficient lot. Congratulations go first to Cpl. Dodds who, on November 11th (he, sure, will remember that day, won't you, Cpl.) married Miss Kay Cairns in Dauphin—and they tell us Cpl. Noseworthy makes a very handsome "best man." We wonder who will be the next to take that fatal (?) step? Surely it couldn't be LAC Harry Johnston and the Station Hairdresser? (how's about it, Vi?). We must not forget to mention the newest and equally well liked members of F/O Way's gang. There is Cpl. Sagar and LAC's Roper, Hellender, and LeCompte—on night watch, or should we say the "Black Watch."

It sure was quiet in our Control Tower, until all of a sudden one bright and sunny day (at least we thought it was) came the invasion. Yes, G.I.S. Orderly Room invaded our quiet little haven. Down the hall came the tramping feet of innumerable steno's carrying different types of chairs, tables and, of course, a cute little Flight Sergeant. What a happy little family we were then. Now we are one family! But we get along fine—after a fashion—1943 type.

This is quite the up-and-coming Section and things really hum. Miss Wickson ably took over the duties as Adjutant in the absence of our beloved WO/2 Austin, who filled in temporarily after F/O Goodall was posted. F/S Wolochow (little Davie), alias "Charles Boyer," has quite the time with all the feminine gender—you know there are nine females in all that poor little "Davie" has to contend with. LAW Dorothy Mason, who hails from (Upper Canada) Vancouver, was bor-

(Continued on page 32)

A. M. L. SECTION . . . continued

calls for a rare quality of character. It's this: "The will to apply and the will to work." This must come from inside the trainee. It's an inner quality, and must come from the heart. No one else can give it to him. All we try to do is to convince the trainee that now more than ever before the world and our cause cries for men of such character more so than for skilled workers or walking encyclopedias. We do get the grandest feeling and the greatest satisfaction of each and every day's work when we notice boys grow to

become men; when we notice individual shouldering of responsibilities without outside pressure; when we notice growth and development of respect for one's self, one's learning, and one's instructors.

In conclusion, may we extend this:

To the new trainees we welcome you, we want to know you, we try to help you.

To the graduates, Good Luck and Good Speed in your mission to Victory.

F/S HAWRELAK, G. S.

CONTROL TOWER . . . continued

rowed from the Flying Squadron Orderly Room some time ago by Training Wing Orderly Room, and has been with them ever since. "Davie" said it was "in the interest of the Service"—or something, otherwise we would have put up a more strenuous argument. There is AW/1 Neilson, who always gets a second glance from the males—guess it must be her auburn hair and/or her peaches and cream complexion. She always has a knack of borrowing things from Flying Squadron Orderly Room. Then, of course, we all know Mully (who doesn't?) and Miss Arnold (quite the gal) who are old timers from G.I.S. (old in service we mean).

Of course Training Wing Orderly Room would not be complete without their sketch men, Corporal Potter, no less as O.C. Drafting. How's your concert coming along, and, say, Corporal, did you really dance with Dinah Shore—just wondering. Then our dear little "Junior Fleming," who really turns out some peachy drawings. I think he's planning to draw his dream house some of these days. Who is the lucky girl, Junior?

There's our old pal Towers. Blessed be the day when he goes on leave.

Then a certain steno in Flying Squadron Orderly Room will have a rest. Say, Towers, couldn't you get your information from the C.N.R. Railway? His questions usually are (quote) "Does the C.N.R. travel faster than the C.P.R.? or, Do you think I'll get in Montreal on time?" (unquote). You know you're making just as much noise as the Gestetner machine, Towers.

Towers has two assistants. Their names are Clifford Scott and Frank Murray. These boys sure have beautiful eyes. I can dream, can't I? Did you know that Scotty has been planning marriage? I wonder who has been robbing the cradle?

We extend a hearty welcome to our new Chief Instructor S/L Dixon and to P/O Boyd who has just arrived to take up the duties as Adjutant of Training Wing Orderly Room. We hope you both like it here.

This is all for this year. So, with sad and tearful faces, we bid you adieu. Here's hoping you have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

See you again in 1944.

Sincerely,
"THE CONTROLLER."

Greetings from Accounts

Hello Folks,—

Here's the good old Accounts Section back again bringing our best Season's Greetings and Wishes for a Happy Yuletide. As for us clerk-accountants, we'll probably be too busy to realize Xmas is here.

Drastic changes—especially for Flight Sgt. E. Jones. You'd never believe it, but our confirmed bachelor got married last month. We are still weak from shock, probably he is too. However, our heartiest congratulations to you and Mrs. Jones, Flight.

To all you bewildered people who used to phone up and ask for F/Sgt. Jones, the tall or short one, we only have one now. Good luck, Flight R.D. on receiving your commission.

We still don't know whether it is a compassionate or passionate posting that Cpl. Heavenor, LAW Jackson and Baird want overseas. Keep on hoping, kids.

We were wondering why LAW Davis kept counting days: 43 days, 42 days—but we know now. Another one of our flock is going astray, and taking the plunge—into matrimony. The 23rd is the happy date. Our best wishes to you and Traves.

We want to welcome A/C Ingram, O'Hanley, Bell and Feldman to the office. You "lucky" boys. You'll get used to us in a while. That's what A/C Lang (FEARLESS FOSDICK) had to do, although he gets pretty discouraged at times. What would he do without those 48's in Winnipeg?

As tennis did for Short, dancing did for Jackson, badminton did for Heavenor — WHAT will basketball do for Hembroff. We'll let you know later developments. Keep plugging, Hembroff!!!

Say, Barclay, you're not in Toronto now. We wear shoes out here, you know, especially when playing football. We will all be sorry to see LAC French leave us. Let us know how you're betting on, Harry. Pretty

Attention: Accounts and Finance

We've been here seventeen months,
We're not hard to please:
But enough's enough of Paulson,
PLEASE POST US OVERSEAS!

Courses going out each week,
It only serves to tease,
We see them all depart but us,
PLEASE POST US OVERSEAS!

Don't mention forty-eight's to us,
Or even annual leave;
Plain embarkation leave will do,
PLEASE POST US OVERSEAS!

We're on our second winter here,
We know that we will freeze,
The wolves are howling at the door,
PLEASE POST US OVERSEAS!

We're sick of this flat country,
Hard water, dust, no trees,
We feel so sorry for ourselves,
PLEASE POST US OVERSEAS!

Accounts can get on without us,
There's lots more W.D.'s;
So, come on, Accounts and Finance,
PLEASE POST US OVERSEAS!

P.S.

We don't like S.F.T.S.,
So if overseas passes us by,
Don't send us to a Repair Depot,
Just leave us here to die.

Writ by hand 14th Nov., 1943.
W304050 LAW Jackson, J. E.
Clk. Acct. "A" Grp.

and
W304751 CPL Heavenor, J. E.
Clk. Acct. "A" Grp.
No. 7 B. & G. School,
Paulson, Manitoba.

grim, eh! We were wondering if LAC Turnbull is going to be permanently attached to Deer Lodge, or whether he is ever coming back to Paulson. That isn't two weeks' leave you're taking, is it?

LAC Krempin has lost all interest in that posting to India, he seems to think Winnipeg will be all right for him now. And, Pete, please tell us who lives in Moose Jaw?

Congratulations to Sgt. Gent and Sgt. Thorsteinson on your recent promotions. How is the Wolves Den compared to the W.D. Canteen?

That's all for now. Merry Xmas, everybody.

D.A.S.



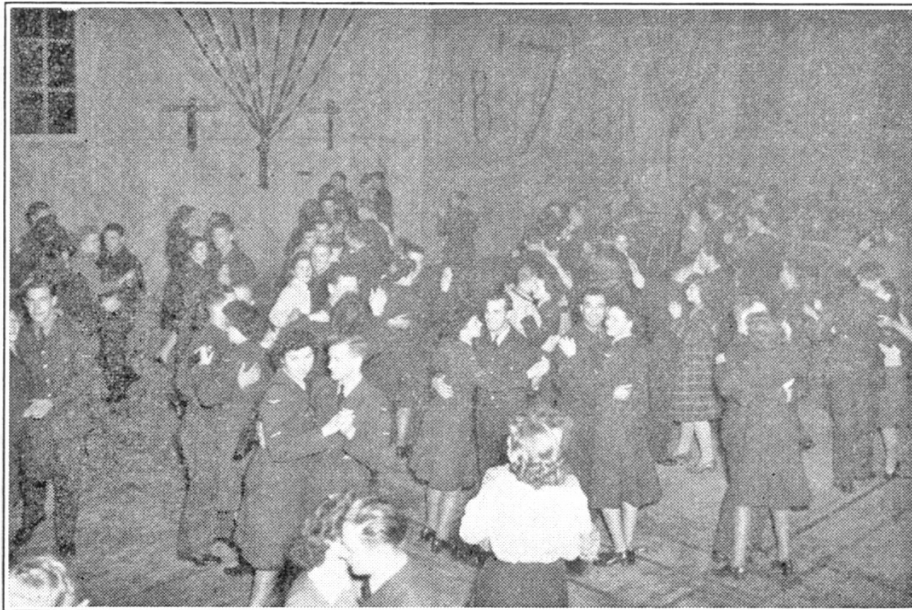


Lucky Bond Winners... LAW Adams and F. S. Arnold



THE CARNIVAL

Once again, for two days, Lady Chance, Queen of the Carnival, reigned over our Station. Above are two recipients of her blessings. To each went a One Hundred Dollar Victory Bond. Below, the merrymakers relax between spins of the wheels and throws of the dice. Those hundreds of people who believed that it was better to give than to receive, shall be rewarded tenfold with a sumptuous Snack Bar and a Regal Recreation Room.



A SPOILED FEED...

- A Story -

THIS is not an escape from France or anything so melodramatic—it's just a little adventure that happened to me and may have happened to scores of other fellows out there. All details have been eliminated and only bare facts related—in any case I never did like writing. So here it is:

It happened about a week after Dunkirk. We were at a place somewhere in France, about fifty miles northwest of Paris. I really couldn't say exactly where the place was because I don't know—I don't think that anyone knew. My regiment was gone—my friend's regiments were gone, too—we were just a few scattered bodies hanging around for something to happen, but what, we knew not. We were six—with an empty Morris truck—a rifle apiece and about fifty rounds of ammunition. Besides, we were hungry, having had nothing to eat except Bully (corned beef) and biscuits for about three days. Another thing, where were we? Small bodies of troops were always passing by, travelling in a southerly direction. Presently an officer came along, took particulars of us and told us to report to a little village about seven miles away. This we did and found about 500 or 600 other fellows waiting around there. We went on the scrounge in the village and in the cellar of an Estaminet (cafe) we found about a ton of champagne hidden away beneath the fallen bricks and girders. Later we found a calf weighing about 180 pounds. Just then the officer returned and detailed our little party to go away on outpost duty—a few miles away in the centre of a wood. We decided to load the truck with champagne. Sam took the calf as a mascot. On the way out we

passed a potato field and so we stayed over long enough to get a sack full. When we arrived at our destination we found it was an old, dilapidated, broken down farm house—but it had a wonderful cellar—perfectly dry, with a fireplace in perfect condition. One look at the fireplace and at the calf and our resolutions of a mascot went west. Curly, our driver, said he could really do with steak and chips, even if we did have only water to wash them down—so—well, a short while later saw us cutting up calf steaks (poor old mascot!), peeling potatoes and stoking up the fire. Believe me, we were very busy. Ginger was keeping guard, and once in a while he would shout down, "Boy, they smell good." After about six hours of extremely hard work, things were beginning to really look good. Suddenly a whistle which rose to a shrill scream, rent the air—it was Jerry dropping a few shells on the woods—a practice that he frequently carried out on isolated wooded areas. We ran for the open spaces a half a mile away. He only dropped about a dozen shells in all, so, after a short while, we decided to go back. Sam remarked, "That run will put an edge on our appetites, what!" A surprise awaited us—one of the shells had landed right in the centre of the farm house, blowing it sky high—steaks, potatoes as well. We just sat down and wept—another shock was coming to us, this time in the form of a despatch rider who said: "Get moving, you chaps, Jerry is only about five kilos up the road and make your own way." So, once again we were on our way, still not knowing where we were—not really caring and not even knowing where we were going—and minus our mascot in the form of

(Continued on next page)

OFFICER'S MESS

WOMEN



Rumors! Persistent rumors, that F/O E. Way is posted. What will those Junior Officers do without his fatherly care, lessons in billiards, lessons in Knock? Alas, one ray of sunshine, however. It may be cheaper for students of Knock if someone else teaches them. The Town of Dauphin will miss F/O Way's faithful howlings on Waltz Night. All joking aside, the Mess will miss its pleasant and efficient S.F.O.

The pleasant faces of many other genial chaps are missing. P/O "Brownie Brown" passed the cigars in honor of an eight-pound daughter, and then departed for the lesser dangers of shooting down Messerschmidts. Flying Officers Robinson, Warren; Pilot Officers Wright, Ogle, Johnson and others too numerous to mention.

New members include S/L Dixon, the new C.I., F/O Vallance, who, like Horatius, is keeper of the gate; P/O Durkin, who assists F/L Henstridge to conserve the thumb tacks and paper clips; P/O Pederson, Jameson, and others.

One "formal" and several "at home" evenings have been pleasant interludes in the social life of the Mess, adding a gay note to the sterner patter of getting the job done.

She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction—

A woman is the greatest of all contradictions;

She's afraid of a cockroach; she'll scream at a mouse,

But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house.

She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse;

She'll slit his head open, then be his nurse.

And when he is well and can get out of bed,

She'll pick up a teapot and throw at his head.

She's faithful, deceitful, keen sighted and blind;

She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, and she's kind.

She'll make him her hero, her ruler, her clown.

You fancy she's this, but you find she's that.

She'll play like a kitten and fight like a cat.

A SPOILED FEED . continued

steaks, and still terrifically hungry, and this time without even a tin of Bully or a biscuit. What happened after this was actually a continuation of what had happened to us all along the route for about the past two weeks—just wandering on and on, hungry, footsore and weary. Anyway, we eventually reached Rouen, where we met up with a lot of old friends—after that is another story.

GEOFFREY W. CUTTING

Photographic Exposure

Well, boys and girls, since the Photography Section has been swarmed by W.D.'s, we can finally enter a column in the Paulson Post. That is one good thing the airwomen did for the section. Everyone here is wondering when Rockcliffe is going to let up and allow Corporal Campbell to have some peace, once more, without being constantly pestered by a bunch of W.D.'s. Paulson has taken a strong hold on them, however, and when they do go back to take their long awaited course, Rockcliffe personnel will utter silently and sadly, "Paulsonitis."

Who could wish for better service than they receive when they come to the section for some work to be done? First, they are given a warm welcome by six W.D.'s, who rush madly to them, seize them by the arms, bring them into the office, and then all start to talk at once. When at last the poor airman has stated his business, one airwoman takes care of that part while the other five stand by and gaze intently at him. At last he gets the courage to walk out, having gotten no satisfaction at all. After he has gone and the W.D.'s have discussed him thoroughly, they once settle peacefully to work until the next customer comes.

Everything is an uproar—MacDonald is asking questions, Smith is talking

about a certain W.A.G. (nothing unusual); Clattenburg is cleaning her shoes; Ticknor yells, "Here comes P/O Titterton—there is one mad scramble, and then quiet. P/O Titterton comes in, happily whistling. Then dramatically he exclaims, "Blast it all—everyone is working hard but me."

MacDonald seems to think she can turn on one tap and get water from the one next to it. She often tries it anyway. She also likes to sit in the hypo. It isn't any skirt cleaner, Mac.

We wonder what Smith is going to find to talk about after that WAG leaves.

It is quite a discussion who beats their baby most—Corporal Campbell or Flight Sergeant Cutting — also which baby will walk first. We are betting on our Corporal's, of course.

LAC Barley paid us (well, never mind how much) to mention him in this column, but if we started telling some of the things he does, all of Paulson would be in hysterics. As yet, we have nothing on our new girl, Ryan, but, be patient, kids—we'll get something yet. Well, tea is served, so bye bye for this time. For all the Photography Section, I wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

"YANK."

COMING TO No. 7

Thursday, December 23rd — "THE ADVENTURES OF TARTU, with Robert Donat.

Sunday, December 26th — "THE LADY TAKES A CHANCE" with Jean Arthur.

Tuesday, December 28th — "SWING SHIFT MAISIE."

Thursday, December 30th — "I DOOD IT" with Red Skelton

Tuesday, January 4th — "DR. GILLESPIE'S CRIMINAL CASE" with Lionel Barrymore

Thursday, January 6th — "THE SKY'S THE LIMIT" with Fred Astaire

Sunday, January 9th — "PHANTOM OF THE OPERA" with Nelson Eddy and S. Foster

Tuesday, January 11th — "HEAVEN CAN WAIT" (Technicolor) with Don Ameche, Gene Tierney

Thursday, January 13th — "WHISTLING IN BROOKLYN" with Red Skelton

Sunday, January 16th — "RIDING HIGH" with Dorothy Lamour

LATEST GEN



The new Automatic Instructor, MK. XVII, is now ready for issue to all B. & G. Schools.

This device gives lectures and answers all questions, computes class records, instructs students in the air, and shoots skeet.

Instructors will still have to attend graduation parties as the machine has not yet been equipped to absorb alcohol.

L. McGURK, G/C
O.C. Training

There have been frequent occurrences in the past of students dropping bombs in or around farmyards.

To prevent future happenings of this type, all students will be required to attend regular classes in Live Stock Recognition.

L. McGURK, G/C
O.C. Live Stock Recognition

All aircrew personnel will be given an opportunity to remuster to Air Bomber (Helicopter).

This affords an excellent opportunity for doing Helicopter Reconnaissance Patrols over enemy nudist colonies at low level.

L. McGURK, G/C
O.C. Helicopter Division

G/C Lucifer McGurk has been awarded the S.O.C.S. (Sacred Order of the Cold Shower) for his outstanding

work in organizing the Helicopter Hotel Patrol. This squadron has greatly assisted hotel detectives in patrolling outside downtown hotels on week-ends and holidays.

J. DEADBEAT, S/L,
for L. McGurk, G/C
O.C. Special Awards

Under one of the new amendments to the Rehabilitation Act, a priority is being given to all Air Force Instructors for post-war positions as psychoanalysts at all mental institutions. This does not apply to those possessing qualifications to become inmates of these institutions.

L. McGURK, G/C
(S.O.C.S.)
O.C. Rehabilitation

Hooks, transporting, Mk. VI, are ready for issue to all airport bus transport companies.

These devices are designed along the same lines as the Sky Hook, and should double the maximum passenger load of all buses. Passengers are required to wear lugs, loading, for use with above.

L. McGURK, G/C
(S.O.C.S.)
O.C. Transportation

L. McGurk G/C (S.O.C.S.), has been awarded the bar to the S.O.C.S. (Sacred Order of the Cold Shower) for his original ideas submitted while on the Entertainment Course.

His Rest Pavilion, which provides ice cold beer, rub downs, and 48 hr. attend "C's" for all those completing a circuit on the Commando Course, is proving very popular.

J. DEADBEAT, S/L
for L. McGurk, G/C
(S.O.C.S. and bar)
O.C. Special Awards



Fifth Victory Loan Parade



No. 7 B. & G. came through again with the usual power-play backing of the War Effort in subscribing more than 126% of the quota, which was set at \$65,000.00. The final figure turned in was \$82,000.00, subscribed by 884 persons. This amount can be further broken down into cash sales of \$22,150.00 and deductions from pay payments of \$59,850.00.

Some of the sections to make the best showings were: Headquarters' Officers, 100 per cent subscribed, for a total of \$6,950.00; Drogue Flight Pilots, Bombing Flight Pilots and Gunnery Flight Pilots, each subscribed 100 per cent, for a grand total of \$16,650.00. G.I.S. Officer Instructors, 100 per cent; Turret Section, 100 per cent; G.I.S. Clerks, 100 per cent; and W.A.G. Course 64, 100 per cent. Other sections, too numerous to mention here, made considerable showings. In all, everyone can be proud of the manner in which No. 7 helped to "Speed the Victory."

CONTRIBUTORS! Keep up the Good Work!!

1. It is desirable, but not necessary, to have your material typed double spaced.
2. You should sign all manuscripts, drawings, etc., submitted; names will be published only with your consent.
3. You shouldn't wait until the DEADLINE; start sending your contributions to F/S HUDSON, G. I. S., NOW for the early SPRING ISSUE.

Thank you.
PAULSON POST COMMITTEE.



GUNNERY FLIGHT



At the present time, Gunnery is deeply engaging the interest of all the other flights—inasmuch, as we possess some of the oldest members on the Station (since its opening), plus the "rookies"—but we ourselves know that the new and the old, will keep up the great standards of "Gunnery."

Therefore a slight resume is in order ("Quote").

WHAT IS GUNNERY?

Answer. Gunnery is the flight which flies the well-known Bolingbroke. The "Boly" is also equipped with a turret from which the snouts of two vicious browning guns protrude. It is also capable of carrying a bomb load of considerable weight, if any of the personnel on the Station would like detailed specifications of this "ship," just ask the "Gunnery boys"—they will tell you cheerfully.

Now, with the short days upon us, and long cold nights, we will be in there punching to keep up the high morale of the Station and keep the "E" Pennant flying high from our flag pole.

Congratulations to LAC A. L. Sylvester on his marriage last month to Miss Madeline McCamm, of Winnipeg. Best of luck to both of you.

Also well wishes go out to Flt. Lt. Fallis, O.C. of "E" Flight, and F/S Fedor, who are now at Trenton studying Administration. We extend a hearty welcome to F/O Sheedy—new O.C.—and F/S Tian. Certainly Gunnery can never go wrong with such men at the helm.

"Who is the sparse headed LAC who, in the near future, will be giving the well known 'Joe Jobs'?" At any rate, the best of luck to this individual.

We wonder what the Kingfish (A.J.A.) wanted to do with his half-dozen big 'uns a short time ago.

A certain Corporal from "E", that was posted to "D," decided to have a shower before proceeding on his posting. We wonder what was the matter with the barrack showers, Corporal.

For awhile, Corporal Turner was getting up for dinner. Our guess is that he was building himself up for hibernation.

It seems showing the "choppers" was quite a prominent thing around Gunnery, especially when Little Norway (Berg) showed the combination of choppers, dimples, and watch those ears turn red—how about it, Berg?

The "Governor" has finally decided on his new edition of Poker Rules. From now on, Five "Bulls" (not counting the one up his sleeve) are pretty potent.

We understand that P.N. has bought quite the jalopy. How about it 6-26's, "Yokres in the Cairns," Perce?

Jockey Peterson has everything but the horse—and lately "Big" Olson has been inquiring as to how to buy a horse—2x1 the "Big Boy" is giving this "Morden Lad" a Christmas Gift.

During the summer months the "Red Coat" and "Suds" made several trips to the country and we wonder—was it really golf?

The Lay of the First Bomb Aimer or Where did that Egg Go?

By kind permission of SGT. D. G. CAMPBELL (S.A.I.), No. 7 A.O.S., May 7, 1942

Breathes there the man with soul so
dead

Who never to himself hath said:
"True height, true air speed, 'Red on
Red'?"

Whose heart hath ne'er within him
burned

As to the pilot he hath turned,
And yelled, "There goes the intercom."
Then gaily waves his feet around
To signal, and, perhaps, has found
That pilots there are few indeed
Who (dare we say it?) do not need
To get some "Left, right," on the
ground?

Oh happy day—the wind is found,
Then to his partner turns around:
"Your go, old sock"; if lack of time
Prevents him stretching there supine,
I'll use the 'Met' he sagely thinks
(Forgetting that the 'Met' man drinks).
The pilot then, with nought to do,
Proceeds at once to rendezvous
At the appointed time and place.
But, lo, of planes there is no trace;
So, softly swearing to himself
(Despite his plunder, power and pelf),
He says: "Let's go, to Hell with Alf."
The bombing range they forthwith
reach,

Content that they are now to teach
All others who would want to see
How scores are shattered in B3.
The bomber now proceeds with ease,
Selects his bombs, and, if you please,
Remember—one switch at a time
May give some reason to this rhyme.
All switches up—but one, of course—
Forgot are D.R.O., maps and Morse,
Intent on that red-orange dot,
Determined he will make one blot
Of that much aimed-at fiendish spot.
"Left, left," he yells, forgetting now
That intercom has made its bow,
And waves his feet much as a cow.
The pilot yanks, the plane responds,
The bomber's joy fair breaks its bonds,
For there, between the drift wires clear
Is that red-orange dot to him so dear.
"Bomb gone," he roars, and shifts his
head,

Remembering then that "Red on Red"
Has not been set, but what's the odds
He wonders, as he follows down
That stream-lined object of renown.
A puff of smoke, "No, can it be
My bomb, he wonders, as we see
A round white puff a half a mile
From that triangle—so short a while
That he had vowed would soon be his
"Bomb plotted" yells our bomber crew,
And plotting on T32
Puts it to port a yard or two.

The pilot banks, a look to get,
Expecting that some day he yet
May see a bomb burst near that spot
For which the bombing range was
bought.

A "Turning on" is next, we hear
In tones melodious, soft, and clear,
X X ! ! ! ? ? ? 000 ? are dear.
And thus it goes—run after run—
"Attack"—and then begins the fun,
"Left, left," "Right," "Steady," quick
as flash

The pilot answers with a dash
Of what we know belongs by right
To the sterling character of a knight.

All twelve are dropped; they forthwith
go
Straight from that scene of sin and
woe

Back to the hangar, wherein wait,
The poor instructor whom they hate,
Is standing (if in early morn)
Or late at night, he will be worn
Down to a shadow—weak and torn.
Into the room they gaily trounce,
Upon the plotting charts they pounce,
And grabbing up T32
Compare with it Bomb No. 2,
Which, if they have eyes, they surely
swear

Hit that ruddy target dead on square.
But, lo—Bomb No. 2 is plotted
Two hundred yards away from target.
To argue then is of no use,
Instructors, range crew get abuse
In ever growing heaps of sound,
Which make the room spin round and
round.

The officer who, Fate decreed,
Must intercede in time of need,
Comes stalking in the noise to quell
And see if he can surely tell
Whose bomb is whose—a vain attempt,
His overtures meet with contempt,
And once again the chaos rains
While dear old Sarge just racks his
brains.

"Let's check the times" is sometimes
heard,

If lapse there is for just one word.
A futive effort—as it proves—
But gives the sergeant, as he moves
Toward the door, a sporting chance,
To still get our complete with pants.
They sign the book, but with a vow
That in the future they—and how—
Will break that target bit by bit
And show the sergeant they are fit
To go forth with that one-half wing,
And show Adolph the Lion can sting
As well as fly, and they, unlike this
bard,
Find larger targets to bombard.

THE CANTEEN FUND

Occasionally we have enquiries as to the collection and disposal of the profits made in the Airmen's and W.D.'s Canteens. We would like to clarify the situation, using as a basis the financial statements of the Station Fund for the quarter July 1st to September 30th, 1943.

To most people the term "financial statement" is enough to discourage them immediately. Well, we will try to make it interesting.

As at September 30th, the Station Fund had a Capital Fund of \$13,300. This amount is off-set by Property—Furniture, Band, Equipment, etc., which originally cost \$11,300. but now is depreciated by about \$2,000. This leaves a surplus to cover current expenditures of approximately \$4,000. That, of course, is purely financial standing, which, to most of our readers, will be uninteresting.

During these three months, the Canteens made a net profit of \$4,700. Other revenue, totalling \$1,200, was derived from Laundry Commissions, Theatre Commissions, Wurlitzer, Paulson Post Sales, etc. This money was spent as follows: Extra Messing, \$1,650; General Expense, \$640; Sports and Sports Equipment, \$580; Entertainment, \$1,300; Paulson Post, \$150; and Depreciation, \$425. This leaves a surplus of \$1,155 unspent.

To the majority, the amount spent on Extra Messing will be the most interesting. To the amount already mentioned as contributed from Canteen profits is added the amounts received from meals sold to living-out personnel. The combined total revenue for extra messing for the three months was \$2,300. This money is spent on those things that will supplement the regular rations to produce more appetizing meals. For instance, ice cream, corn flakes, puf-

fed wheat, apples, pears and many other commodities are bought through extra messing. Did somebody say "eggs." No, all eggs are on the regular rations.

During this period, approximately \$4,550 worth of equipment was purchased. This includes toasters for the Airmen's Mess, a radio for the G.I.S. intelligence room, bowling alleys and billiard tables for the Drill Hall, and musical instruments for the Station Orchestra.

Some of the interesting items culled from the detail of the General Expense items are: Graduation Presentations, \$130; Library Books, \$150; and Tuning Pianos, \$60. The other items making up the total were spent to make your stay on this Station as pleasant as possible.

Of the Sports expenditure, the most interesting item is that for Equipment, amounting to \$540. All this equipment has to be accounted for, thus necessitating frequent reminders to turn in equipment which is out on loan. The Officers' and Sergeants' Messes contribute monthly towards the Sports of the Station.

Quite a large sum was spent on entertainment, which includes dances, orchestra and music, Wings' parade teas, and such big days as the Fourth Pennant Presentation Celebration and the successful Sports Day in September.

Plans are under way for further improving conditions for recreation and Canteen facilities. Our Commanding Officer and his fellow Officers have interested themselves in the welfare of the Airmen and Airwomen on the Station and in finding ways and means of making their stay on this Station more enjoyable through the best application of Canteen profits.

WORKS and BUILDINGS

Here we are again, the old reliable Works and Buildings, always ready to fix your troubles (or, as has been said by some nasty Airmen, cause you more trouble). But, first, let us inform you of the scope of our work.

We are responsible for the repairs to all buildings, the construction of all the knick-nacks and gee-gaws the fertile minds in C.I.S. can think up to help with training our aircrew personnel, fixing sidewalks, broken windows and the many jobs which a carpenter is called upon to do. This department is in charge of Mr. Gourlay and Sgt. Rae, a couple of dependable (and sober?) Scotsmen.

All the power lines, electric motors, in fact everything electrical on the Station, except aircraft installations, come under our wing. The old familiar call of, "We have 100 bulbs burnt out," is a very familiar song in our ears. This department is commanded by that commanding figure, that super-duper lady killer, F/S Andrews, better known as Barb-Wire Bill.

Then the heating of all the building, the water supply, the sewage plant, are all our babies, and what babies! The weeping and knashing of teeth when it is 40 below, and a stoker augur breaks, or the fireman (civilian) turns the switch off, cleans the fire, and slowly walks away without turning on the switch, 136 occupants of the particular barrack block are ready to commit murder by morning. F/S Mullen and four able Sgts. are in charge, assisted by thirty or so civilian firemen.

Our painting dept. is responsible for all the outside and inside painting on the Station. Amongst our latest efforts are B.B. 15, which was turned in to a lovely green boudoir for our W.D.'s; and the Airmen's Mess, which is now the pride and joy of all who labour therein. This dept. is presided over by LAC Spearman, who never can be found, and, when found, never

has enough paint brushes to supply the demand.

Then we have our plumbing dept.; very much in demand on Inspection mornings — this is putting in a good plug for this dept. They also have to service all water lines, install facilities in additions to buildings, check fire hydrants, etc. A new comer from Prince Rupert, Sgt. Simpson, is the boss of this dept. We welcome him to the fold.

Our M.T. Section has a lot of ground to cover, winter and summer; in fact, acres of airport and miles of roads to our Bombing ranges, etc. In the summer grass must be cut on the aerodrome, all around the buildings; the roads must be repaired, gravel hauled and tons of coal unloaded. Our bulldozer tractor and trucks were busy all summer on the general maintenance of No. 7. In winter, of course, this department has the job of keeping roads on the station, to the ranges, and to town open for vehicular traffic — to say the least, quite an undertaking.

Over all the Aerodrome Maintenance Department, upon his throne in the Snow Blower, sits Akmid Abdulah Flight Sergeant Press, a figure like unto Buddah, who beams upon his toiling slaves, encouraging them with a word of kindness, but when emergency warrants, must climb down from his vaulted place and, with flashing eye, and undaunted mien, doth pick up a snow shovel and make the aforesaid Snow Blower look not unlike a teaspoon.

The nerve centre of our section is, of course, the Orderly Room, where the phone never stops ringing. If it isn't a broken door, or a broken window, or a light burnt out, or no heat, then it is sure to be Maintenance trying to borrow our Farmall tractor. of knowledge gained during a lifetime

(Continued on next page)

A Woman Looks at Man and Smirks

MEN ARE WHAT WOMEN

MARRY. They have two hands and sometimes two wives; but never more than one dollar or one ideal at one time.

LIKE TURKISH CIGARETTES, they are all made of the same material, the only difference is that some are disguised better than others.

GENERALLY SPEAKING, they can be divided into three classes: Husbands, Bachelors and Widowers. A bachelor is an eligible mass of obstinancy entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are three types—prizes, surprises and consolation prizes.

TO MAKE A HUSBAND OUT OF A MAN is one of the highest forms of plastic art known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity—mostly charity.

IT IS A PSYCHOLOGICAL MARVEL that a small tender violet-scented thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big stubby-chinned, tobacco-bay-rum scented thing like a man.

IF YOU FLATTER A MAN you frighten him to death; if you do not, you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end; if you do not, he gets tired of you in the beginning.

IF YOU BELIEVE HIM IN EVERYTHING you cease to interest him. If you argue with him in everything, you cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool. If you do not, he thinks you are a cynic.

IF YOU WEAR GAY COLORS, rouge and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out; but if you wear a little brown beret and a tailor-made suit he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in gay colors, rouge and a startling hat.

IF YOU JOIN HIM IN THE GALETIES, and approve of his drinking, he swears you are driving him to the devil. If you do not approve of his drinking and urge him to give it up and his gaities, he vows you are a wet blanket.

IF YOU ARE A CLINGING VINE TYPE he doubts whether you have a brain. If you are modern, advanced, and intelligent, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright mate. If you are brilliant and intellectual, he longs for a playmate.

CONCLUSION. Man is just a worm in the dust—he comes along, wriggles around for a while, and finally some chicken gets him.

WORKS AND BUILDINGS . . . continued

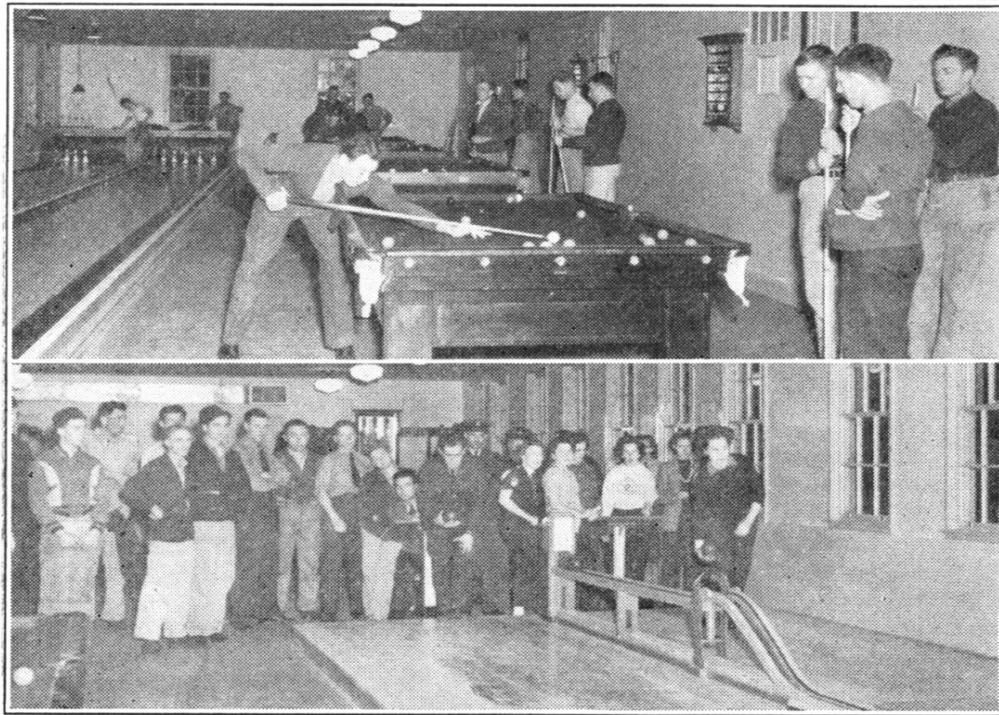
Sitting, surrounded by Work Orders and trying to sort out all the troubles and complaints, is that well known Shanty Irishman, LAC O'Brien, alias Scarface O'Brien (who always claims I hit him when he wasn't looking).

Our Foreman of Works is genial Sgt. Shand, who supervises the beautification of the grounds and helps to

solve all our problems from his fund spent in this district. At the top of the ladder is F. L. Rose, our Works Officer, who has to accept the responsibility for all our mistakes. We are glad to see that he has recovered from his recent accident.

FLASH!!! F/S Press has been posted.

DRILL HALL



STATION RECREATION HALL

With the addition of two warm, well-lighted lean-to's to the Drill Hall, that edifice will be more than ever a centre for personnel interested in Sports.

Most appealing at present are the two new bowling alleys, fully used by all personnel, and the new pool and billiard tables in the same room. A thousand personnel a week are using this room. Bowling leagues have been organized under P/O J. B. Bryant.

Next is the Music Room, used for orchestra practice, band practice, sing-songs, music appreciation, and (yet to come) broadcasting of records throughout the Drill Hall and on the Rink.

On the other side of the hall is the Sports Equipment Room, well stocked with summer and winter sports equipment — material to use in playing hockey, plenty of sticks, pucks, pads, uniforms, etc.; badminton twenty-six

rackets (birds to come soon), basketballs, volley balls, floor hockey, boxing gloves, a new cover for the wrestling mat, 30 pairs of skates, and other articles too numerous to mention. (No, we don't sell them!) This equipment is issued freely to the signature of the borrower and the return of the article in the same condition as when borrowed.

Next is a room used for tumbling and weight-lifting, equipped with six hundred pounds of weights—no, Gertrude, you don't use them all at once—and six small mats. Also in this room are the benches used in the Harvard Step Test. Take a look at it, folks, or come in some night and use it.

There remain three dressing rooms, one for Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s,

(Continued on next page)

BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE O.R. MESS

What is the story behind the scratches on Sgt. Hamilton's face?

Who is Jenny?

What is the attraction for Officers in the Airmen's Mess at tea time. Could it be "LOVE"?

What blue-eyed W.D. likes to punch tickets on the boy's side? Admits she doesn't like men.

What two amateur cooks had things flying around the kitchen? Could it have been potatoes?

Why does a certain blond watch the dessert so closely? Is it to save some for the Range Crew coming in late?

What cook gets delayed going from the Mess Hall to Barracks?

Is one of the old romances between the Fire Hall going to be rekindled? How's about it, Johnny?

What certain Cpl. has a soft spot in her heart for the R.A.F.?

Who's hoping Fred doesn't get married while he is on furlough?

The addition of three chefs (two men and one W.D.) will help out considerably. Welcome to all three of them. Hope we get more.

We miss Sgt. Baxter at our tea table; but hope to see her in the near future. Tea will be waiting, Sarge!

DRILL HALL . . . continued

one for W.D.'s, and one for Airmen—all equipped with showers. They will be comfortably furnished—all have good linoleum floors and are well heated.

Out on the big cement floor of the Drill Hall are courts for playing basketball, floor hockey, seven badminton courts and a track 116 yards long. There are also a good ring for boxing and wrestling, a punching-bag, a horse, a parallel bars, high bar, flying rings—the last four loaned to us by the Athletic Association at Pilot Mound, Manitoba—and some climbing ropes. Travelling rings and a horizontal ladder will be constructed.

Close to the east lean-to is the skating rink, approximately 200 feet by 280 feet, surrounded by a fence topped with wire netting. Skaters and hockey players will be permitted to use the entrance to the Drill Hall in which to put on their skates.

COMMANDO COURSE. This speaks for itself.

LEAGUES. Station Leagues in Basketball, Floor Hockey, Ice Hockey, Broom Ball are in process of organization. A Badminton Club will soon be going, but at present lack of birds is

keeping players of that game very quiet.

All in all, there is no reason for anyone suffering from lack of sports and recreation. The Drill Hall is the centre of the Station for us. Let us use it often.

The great help given by the following personnel in different sports is acknowledged:—To Mr. R. B. Brown, of the Canadian Legion, for his interest in all games and sports, apparatus work, tumbling, floor hockey, and others. F/O Taylor, a former champion boxer, for his training of boxers. Cpl. Rudolph, an accomplished wrestler, who instructs in that sport. WO/1 Coulson, LAC Mozurick, WO/2 Therriault and S/O J. Wickson for their work in basketball. P/O Boulianne, for his tumbling aid. AC/1 Busque, a fine lifter, who helps with weight exercising; and all the men who have done so much in constructing sports equipment and repairing the rink, including Cpl. Kantola and his helpers.

The P.T. and Drill Section extends to all their wishes for a

**MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.**

SERVICE POLICE

Some one asked for a Service Police write up. So here 'tis. Our time is taken up, so we must be brief, and we hope that some of you people from the school know what I mean.

F/O FOSTER

No. 1 Man, D.A.P.M. F/O Foster. Wears wings, Pilot in the last war. Very quiet, good person to work under, and a sportsman, if there ever was one. Likes baseball, hunting, golf and many other sports. If he can help you in any way, he will. We regret that he was posted, but we extend a hearty welcome to his successor, F/O Valence.

F/S HAMILTON, W. J.

Here we have a stocky short man with curly hair; runs like a "deer," ask Bullock. Good speaker, and a real sport. Has taken up every sport you can mention when a little younger. Course he is not old, just a little out of shape. Don't know much about this character, as he is a new comer on the Station. Comes from Fort Elgin, Ontario. While on leave his horse took second money at one of the races. Good stuff.

SGT. HEADON

Tall, curly-headed, easy going man. Took active parts in Rigger in civilian life. Was picked on the All-Star team three seasons in a row. Dances well. Looks very smart in uniform. Ex-Mountie, his home is in Winnipeg.

SGT. WILSON

An ex-Policeman, is the heaviest man on the squad. Was the anchor man on our Tug-of-War team — no other team entered: how Sad! Works like a bee—and works and works. Good sport. Ask Cruise Mild Man. Comes out of Winnipeg.

SGT. HAMILTON

No relative to the Flight Sergeant. Played hockey in and around Regina, Sask. Ex-cattle dealer in beef—now he straightens out the beef's. Should be good enough to make the Hockey team on the Station. Home is Regina, Sask.

CPL. SCOTT

He will report to No. 2 Command, Winnipeg. Lots of luck, Cpl. Home is Cochrane, Alta.

CPL. MENZIES

Has been on the Station too long. Has Paulsonitis. Acts like Sherlock Holmes, smokes a pipe like Sherlock; works live a beaver and gets lots of action. Hopes to become a Sergeant some day. Keep trying, Bill. Loves tea and animals. Home is Regina, Sask.

CPL. O'KEEFE

Better known as General. An ex-Soldier. Acts and looks like a Cop. Likes dancing. Takes to his work seriously. Would like a few changes on the Station, if he had his way. Expects to remuster to a D.A.P.M. Favorite expression: Poof, poof.

CPL. VIBERT

Comes from the East coast; an ex-Sailor, also a Security Guard. Loves fishing, and always travels sort of make believe. Last post was Newfoundland. Loves to drive a car. Home is New Brunswick.

CPL. SEGAR

Has been on the Station a very long time. Did Security Guard work on the Station. Has taken active part in all lines of sport. Loves to dance, dress smartly, and does his work well. Home is in Toronto.



PADRE'S PAGE



On one of the walls in the R.C.A. building in Rockefeller Centre, New York City, there is a great mural by the English artist, Frank Brangwyne. It is a panorama depicting Man's march across the ages. There are men, women and children in it, all straining, struggling — sometimes faltering — but ever moving forward and upward in search for true freedom. Engraved at the bottom of the picture are these timely and poignant words:

"Man's ultimate destiny depends, not upon his ability to learn new lessons, or to make new discoveries and conquests, but upon his willingness to learn the lesson taught 2000 years ago — 'He that loses his life shall find it.'"

It is sacrifice alone that can save society. History has proven that the ideas which change the face of the world spring from nations in a state of suffering, not from nations in comfortable circumstances.

Christmas is a time when humble things are exalted and eternal principles are reaffirmed. The principle of sacrifice is one of these. God forgive us then if we should continue to be pre-occupied during this season with

private advantage—with personal safety and comfort; with dollars and cents more easily accumulated now than at any other time in our lives; with once frustrated plans and desires achieved under war's sharpened stimulus.

During two bitter wars we have fought to free men from tyranny, want and fear. And they say victory is in sight. But let us put our cards on the table. It is possible to win a victory abroad and, at the same time, to suffer all sorts of defeats at home. Look back and see what history says in this regard. It reminds us that our heroes of the last war were made Knights of the Road when they came back. We provided them with iron chariots and sent them touring back and forth across our land. Can that happen again? Look back and see what the "foot-loose and fancy-free" attitude of the last war did to home life. It turned many a house into an emotional casualty station. It can do it again!

From 1939 to 1942 juvenile crime increased 54% in this country. To win at home greater respect for home life and more attention to the future is required.

Look backward to the pre-war days when we were afraid to spend money to improve our country. Then listen to the words of Field-Marshal Lord Wavell, Viceroy-designate of India:

"We shall really make progress when we are willing to spend money against poverty, ignorance, unemployment and sickness at the same rate as against Hitler."

To this end we shall require courage and the spirit of sacrifice—not only to complete the victory—but to go on and on opposing the forces which retard man's progress.

With these fundamental things in mind, may I wish you and yours a **MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.**

V. LORNE STEWART F/L

Plotting Office News

All of the best, Nancy, on your new station, from the Plotting Office staff. We miss the girl from Newfoundland.

For days the girls in the P.O. have been running around with a tin of paint remover. Green paint everywhere you look. Now, we wonder if Cpl. Rudolph's great-grandmother was Irish!

Since the P.O. wickets were closed, AW/1 Dewitt has remustered to hospital assist. What a break! From Plotting bombs to holding hands.

Welcome, LAW Grant to the P.O. staff.

Congratulations to a certain WD Cpl. on her engagement. All of the best, Ev.

What has the Plotting Office got the Turrets want?

Congratulations to our Kay, the girl from Lake Windermere, on her Cpl. hooks.

What has Mack done now? She sure is doing some high flying with a certain Sgt.

Do you know we have two famous ballet dancers—Gerry and Myrt. One, I think, is a Snake Charmer's daughter—Myrt?!!

Hammie's looking forward to the new course of New Zealanders. What a gall!!

Who's the girl who has an interest in a palm reader, or is it the holding hands part? How about it, Scottie?

Life in the Plotting Office

(AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE)

What is wrong, what is the matter?
Where is all that friendly chatter?
Ask the girls in the Plotting Office.
Whose fault has caused this awful
blow?

Not one person seems to know—
But ask the girls in the Plotting Office.

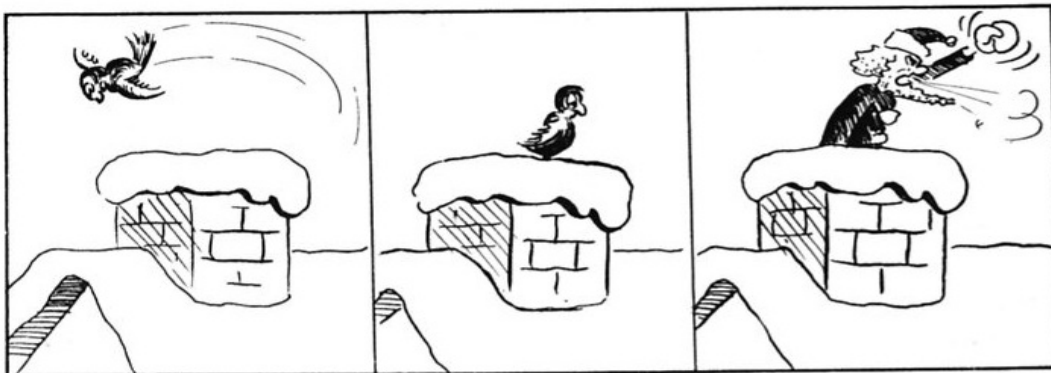
Who put the bars on the windows?
Who put the lock on the door?
Who caused us all this grief?
That's what we'd like to know.

Who gets the blame for poor scores?
Who gets joe'd for not doing small
chores?
Ask the girls in the Plotting Office.

Who does all the complaining
When the Corporals start explaining?
Ask the girls in the Plotting Office.

So we carry on from day to day,
Hair torn out, and turning gray,
Bombaimers everywhere all day long,
Calling their favorite expression:
"That's not my bomb."

—"Plotting Office News."





Hello Reader...

Many thanks for the wonderful response from all sections. The volume of material submitted was most gratifying. After such a strong finish for the year 1943, we hope you will make the First Issue of your Magazine in 1944 Bigger and Better.

Sincerely,

The Paulson Post Committee