



LOCUS IN NATURALIS ESSE



HOCKEY LEAGUE IN ACTION

NO. 7 B. C.

THE *Paulson Post*

NO. 7 B. C.

Paulson Man.

F/O Cruikshank L.S  
J 28266

# The Paulson Post

By kind permission of Wing Commander H. E. Stewart

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## MESSAGE FROM COMMANDING OFFICER

It is with great pleasure that I return for this, my second tour of duty, at Number Seven Bombing and Gunnery School. I had the good fortune to serve at this unit previously under both Group Captain W. E. Dipple, the former Commanding Officer and Wing Commander R. F. Gibb, A.F.C., the former Chief Instructor.

On behalf of the station personnel, I wish Group Captain Dipple "Bon Voyage", and both him and Wing Commander Gibb every success in their new appointments.

On my return I see many familiar faces and to them I extend my personal greetings.

I have one request to make to all ranks on this unit. This school, through the efforts of each and every man and woman who has served here, has been brought to a high state of efficiency. Let us all keep constantly in mind that our job here is just as important to the war effort as any we could do elsewhere in Canada or overseas. Let us all strive daily to put forth every last ounce of effort to further improve the training and the overall efficiency of this unit. That is my one request. I will do my best and I expect each and every man and woman at this unit to do his or hers. By doing so we will save lives, save money, and hasten the day when our enemies will have been beaten into complete and unconditional submission.

H. E. Stewart, Wing Commander.

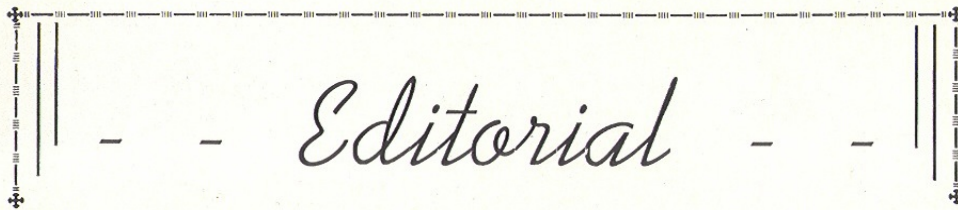


FAREWELL -- WE'LL NOT FORGET YOU

## An Appreciation

On behalf of Group Captain W. E. Dipple the former Commanding Officer, and Wing Commander R. F. Gibb, A.F.C., the former Chief Instructor at this unit, the present Commanding Officer, Wing Commander H. E. Stewart, wishes to thank and extend congratulations to all on the station for their splendid achievement in winning the Air Minister's Efficiency Pennant for Bombing and Gunnery Schools in Canada for the quarter ending December 31st, 1942.

—: LET'S DO THE HAT TRICK!! :—

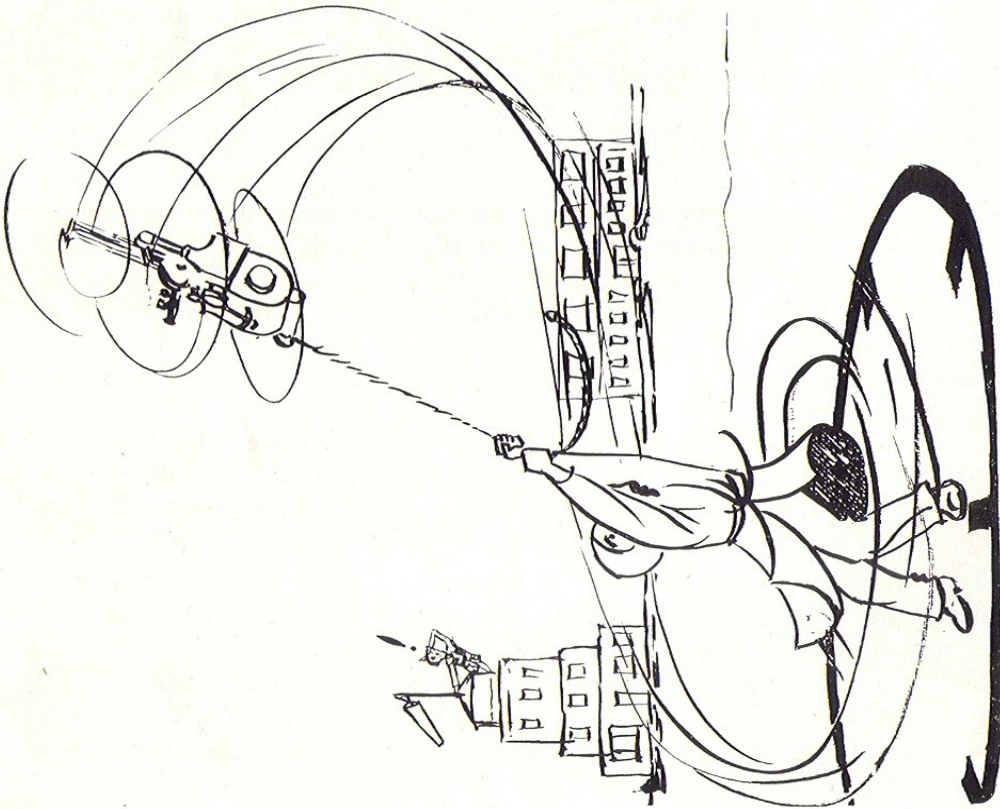
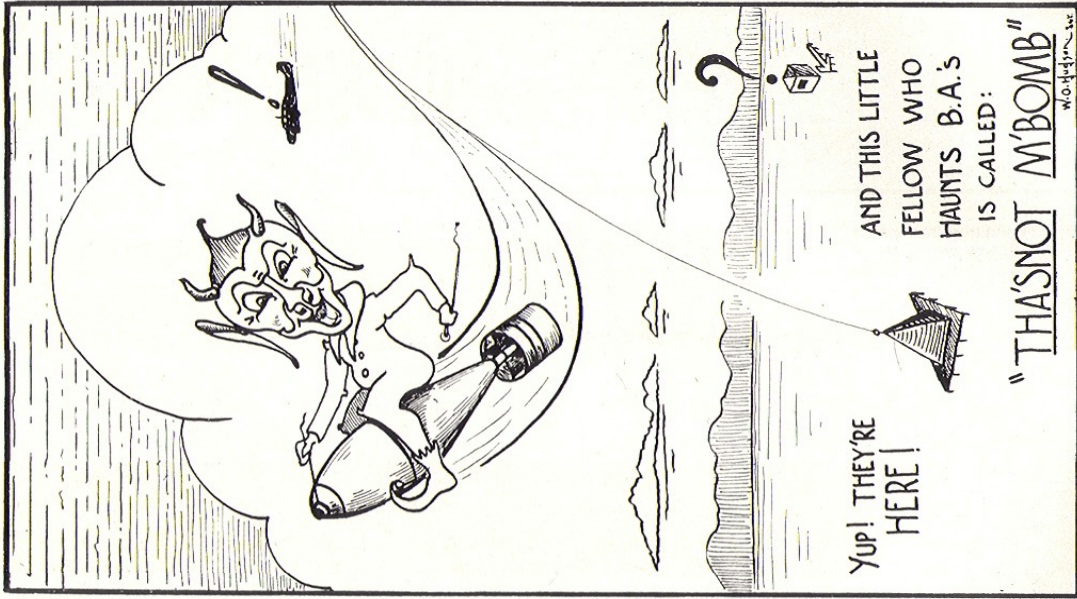


## THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME AT PAULSON

It is often a good thing to sit back and survey things from a distance. Sometimes we get so involved in our own little field that it becomes hard to see things as a whole. An Instructor in G.I.S. keeps his nose to the grindstone imparting knowledge to the trainees; the maintenance man strives hard to 'keep 'em flying'; and if that large "E" floating in the breeze down at the parade square means anything, it looks as though something is being done on this station and is being done well. Yet there may be some things which are not receiving their proper attention and by sitting back and having a good look at our station probably a number of suggestions could be made to improve it.

It is with this in mind that we would suggest that one of our most pressing needs of the present time is a proper recreational centre. There is a need for a place on this station where people can congregate and enjoy themselves in various activities. The recreation hall which is used largely for showing pictures, does not meet this requirement, nor does the drill hall in its present state. As a result, too many people leave the station or sit around doing nothing. However, this situation is being recognized and it is hoped, that in the not too far distant future, it will be remedied.

The following is a brief glimpse of what we hope to see at Paulson, before too many moons have passed. The drill hall with lean-tos completed; showers and dressing rooms for all personnel, billiard tables, bowling alleys, a wooden floor in a part of the drill hall, a reading room, a comfortable place to sit and rest or read or talk with friends, a snack bar where one may buy a "Coke" or ham sandwich for the W.D. girl friend. In other words, it is hoped that we shall have a real community centre; a place where healthful recreation may be indulged in and where all may meet together. Plans have been laid for bringing these ideas to pass and our Commanding Officer's leadership in this field is certainly being appreciated.



FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"Sure, Sarg, I swung it well, — just like this!"



## "ESCAPE FROM DUNKIRK"

*By P. O. M. E. Scanlan*

### WE GO INTO ACTION

After the raiders had departed — no doubt to report a military objective "eliminated" — a deathly silence prevailed, punctuated solely by the sobbing and moaning of the injured and accentuated periodically by the shell of some building crashing to the ground. This, the first of many savage attacks, did not cause our Battery many casualties, which was something of a miracle considering the intensity of the attack. The civilians, however, suffered heavily and our time was fully occupied with the setting up of Emergency Casualty Stations for these unfortunates. It was a gruesome task handling the maimed and broken bodies, and we continually had to fight down an extreme feeling of nausea as we gazed upon the dismembered bodies of women, children and old men.

The following day we moved up through Seclin and Lille, eventually taking up our position along the Franco-Belgium border, near the town of Waradhout. Our passage there was greatly impeded by a never ending stream of refugees with their scanty and pitiful belongings — their haggard and grief stricken features would have softened even the hardest of hearts. To add to our hazard, we were continually attacked by German Fighters and Stukas which took a great delight in machine gunning and bombing the refugees — and us — from practically tree-top level.

At Waradhout we immediately set

up anti-tank traps in great haste; none too soon either, for we had hardly completed them when we were attacked by the full weight of a light Panzer Division. Contacting this superior foe, our anti-tank guns did some good work against the enemy armour, while our Brens put the finishing touches to many of the motor cyclist scouts, and later in the day we used the Brens to shoot down a H.E. 126 which was giving us its unwelcome and undivided attention at Kille Farm. In the evening large formations of Ju. 88's came over and scattered their bombs at random. However, the damage was negligible and we were able to advance into new positions the following day.

That afternoon two of us were ordered to ride back to Waradhout for spare Bren barrels which we had left behind. The journey was urgent but even so our haste did not prevent us from watching what was the most spectacular air battle we had ever witnessed — it was a grand free-for-all with Hurricanes, M.E. 109's, Battles and even two Lysanders, all engaged in one glorious dog fight. The R.A.F. boys although greatly outnumbered, gallantly fought a most one sided battle and many a Luftwaffe ace of Poland met his fate that day. First one M.E. 109 came crashing down in flames quickly followed by a couple of Battles — vic-

(Continued on Page 17)



## THE ACCOUNTS SECTION OFTEN WONDERS

WHY a certain short F/Sgt. is always smoking cigarettes when we know he has none of his own. It couldn't be scrounging, could it, Flight?

WHY our W.D. Clerk-Accts. had such a good effect on Course 56. Five of them have returned with commissions.

WHERE AW1 Hembroff received that locket? We all know Stewie misses you, but what is poor Gerry in Prince Rupert going to do.

WHY LAC Walsh was received with such open arms when he arrived here from Rivers a couple of weeks ago. You two wolverines, Jackson and Hembroff, don't hound him too much, he might have connections elsewhere.

WHO AW1 Heavenor has been rolling those big brown eyes at lately. We admire the good job she does of it on Pay-Parade.

HOW Fillmore, our new Clerk-General is enjoying Paulson. When asked for her opinion she was very reticent. Was that because the day of your arrival, there was no heat on the station.

WHY F.L. McLeod always loses in the toss for cokes. You'd better ask F/S R. D. Jones for his technique, Sir.

WHERE LAC French developed that taste for onion sandwiches. Now that he won the Jack-Pot the other night, he might be able to afford ham ones.

WHOSE picture that is that AW1 Jackson carries so close to her all the time. Do all Ex-Course 60 use green ink on their correspondence, Jackson?

WHY AW1 Doak's face is red when F/Sgt. E. Jones keeps bringing up the 26th of Feb. in the same breath as F.L. Stewart and the Wedding March. Congratulations! That makes two of the girls gone now, We wonder when the rest will go.

WHY AW1 Davis is looking so forlorn these days. New Zealanders must have that "certain something."

WHY LAW Short (alias Anderson) is always rushing out the door to catch that 6 o'clock bus. Could it be to cook those pork chops for Charlie?

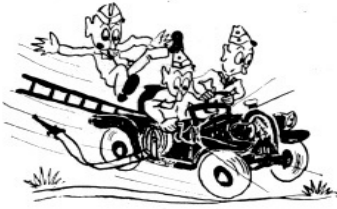
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Who was the airman who expected an electric razor for Christmas, but his wife presented him with a little shaver?

"Hear nothing, see nothing, say nothing" about your job — and be a wise monkey.

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—: LET'S DO THE HAT TRICK!! :—



## FIRE DEPARTMENT

If you were to peep behind the big red doors you would find the following breath taking events had happened during the month of paper hearts.

Sgt. Maynes has returned from Trenton with a fountain of knowledge regarding Air Force Routine. We expect him to revise K.R. (Air), so that the few of us who do not have our B.A.'s will be able to understand the various "whereas's" and "aforesaid's". If any copies are available they can be obtained by going to your nearest alarm box and pressing the red button.

Th Calgary Kid has packed spurs, chaps and six guns in his kit bag and is off for Trenton via Toronto. Could it be heart disease that a certain W.D. is afflicted with in the same city?

Some of our boys have been unloading cars of coal during 48's. We have it over the grape-vine that such a dust was raised the weather bureau at No. 10 became alarmed and washed out flying.

Even if the calender tells us that spring is just around the corner we still have drifting snow to contend with. Don't let this get around but it is rumoured that F/S Arnold is going to draft the stations canine personnel for the purpose of finding the hydrants.

### Heard on the Tailboard of the Fire Truck.

During Mark Anthony's courtship of Cleopatra he was confronted at her door by her physician. To Mark's request to see here the doctor replied: "You cannot see her because she is in bed with Tonsilitis." "What!" said Mark Anthony, "Is that d— Greek here again?"

—V—

### "YEARNING"

My heart is filled with longing,  
My soul is in Cathay,  
For the peace I used to know,  
At the close of day.

I long for the stillness of sunset,  
Away from the din and the roar,  
That hour of silent glory,  
I long to enjoy once more.

I long to walk in the dawning,  
When all is silent and still,  
All nature is a glorious wonder,  
Bending at God's own Will.

These are moments that are  
priceless,  
Hours that nothing can buy,  
Only Nature can give them,  
Only you can their beauty imply.

Nature's hours of meditation,  
Filled with hope and prayer,  
Her perfect peace bids war to cease,  
And come to worship there.

LAW Britton, L.

## INSIDE HEADQUARTERS ORDERLY ROOM

Congratulations are in order for F/Sgt. Evans on his appointment to W.O. 2, also for Munro and McKeown, who have both joined the ranks of "Jo Boy." Yes, promotion certainly is the word of the month with trade test a close second. We will drink to one and the other will drive us to drink soon.

The Orderly Room is very quiet since our young Romeo left us. Never mind, Sarg., you sure are the centre of attraction for the fairer sex when you pay us a visit. From what I've heard in the W.D. Barracks you are doing O.K. in another Orderly Room now.

We are all wondering if temperatures will go back to normal after the Trade Tests are over. Here's hoping. If not we will all be moving over next door.

C.R. is just one awful headache since the filing system has been changed. If you have any sympathy for us, come in and sit on the desks. We are desperately in need of about 50 cents more for our rumble fund. Well, O.K., perhaps we do want to buy Aspirins.

Here is something, we have a magician in our midst. If not, will someone explain this: When a certain W.D. had her 48 cancelled, she said, "Oh, I don't care, I'll just get admitted to the hospital and have a few days rest." Believe it or not, she did. While we're on the subject of "Believe It or Not" here's another one

I overheard one of our W.D.'s say, "Who is Santa Claus anyway?" Will those airwomen never grow up?

Here's something new; it's delicious, it's delightful, it's wonderful, it's called, "A Typical Munro Breakfast," and here it is: One orange or apple flavoured with typewriter oil plus a little correction fluid and eaten between D.R.O. entries.

A certain civilian steno. has been telling us of a horrible dream she had. It seems she was out on a desert with a Sgt. from Headquarters and I guess sand got in her eyes. Davie we're surprised at you!

A W.D. from C.R. has been thinking seriously of signing her name as Dorothy Dix No. 2. She has been doing a good job (we hope) at answering other peoples love letters. Just think, Mike if it were a trade you could remuster and maybe become an instructor.

Well, if I survive after this I'll be back next month.

Little Jo Jo.

—V—

Airwomen: Even though I am in the Air Force, I have to watch my figure."

Airman: "Forget your figure. There's no use both of us watching it."

—: LET'S DO THE HAT TRICK!! :—

## WIRELESS SECTION - (Out of Bounds)

Flash! Wireless Section goes to press for the second consecutive edition, amazing to say the least.

To clear up a mystery that seems to shroud the whereabouts of our Section, it is located in Droque Hangar, directly across from the Instrument Section, (as far as we could possibly get.) We are getting a little tired of people, who have been here long enough to know, asking where we hang out, I mean work. Almost gave out military information that time.

They must be issuing Wireless Mechs by the yard these days. We thought they threw away the pattern when they turned out Gibbon but Lo and Behold, this month along comes a running mate just his size, A.C. Beamish, K.D. — Don to his friends. He and Gibbon would make a good team, if harness that large could be found. "Chatterbox" Gibbon claims it is a pleasure to walk with Beamish, first time he has been able to step out since he signed up.

Don Beamish comes from Vancouver, that makes three B.C. men answering roll call in our section, Flight Perkin and Hammerhead Franklin being the other two thirds of the trio.

Our Sargent seems to have lost his bearings the last while. We notice him gazing fondly toward the hospital these days. It didn't use to be that way. Could it be he is becoming hospitalized after all that Western hospitality displayed by those Nurses in Winnipeg? Come on, Sarg — Blonde, Red or Brunette? Take a tip from someone who knows, badminton is quite the game, at least it develops quite an interest

Cpl. Doran keeps mumbling something about 48's and Russel. Wonder

if anyone has moved from Winnipeg lately? That new photo his locker is sporting is enough to make any man mumble and take of those dark cheaters for a better look.

LAC Shave has been quiet lately, must be something cooking. Bet your last trip to Winnipeg was quite a bit different from a previous expedition down there Gord. I wonder why?

There must be a famine in B.C. the way Hammerhead keeps shipping those chocolates out there. What are those pretty heart covered cards you enclose Hammerhead? Maybe the chocolates are bait, but not for Steelheads we bet.

The Air Cadets haven't drafted Abells or Franklin yet, but the Junior Commandos are hot on their trail.

Some chaps in Barracks 15-B got a shock the other evening they waited for hours for a couple of fellows to get out of our two tubs and then saw Gibbon emerge, one section from each tub. We are eagerly awaiting that snapshot of Gibbon all in one tub, bet Ripley could use it.

### Sixty-Four Dollar Questions

Did Shave get as far as St. James this trip to Winnipeg?

What is Sgt. Stevenson's favorite color, Blonde, Red or Brunette?

Where was McCaw the night of Friday, Feb. 5th? If you know the answer to that one tell Mac — he wants to know also.

What town by the name of Hainey, B.C. has Wild Dogs, and how come they had two and half feet of snow out where it never snows?

Does Ottawa know we are still here?



**WO-2 HILLIER, K.**

"Kerv" as he is affectionately called in G.I.S. is a capable instructor and is the organization that keeps Turret training at "pennant" efficiency. Born in Winnipeg, he served there, as Corporal in the Armoured Car Regt. where he attained proficiency in gunnery and was awarded his M.G. Badge. He enlisted in Winnipeg in September, 1939 in the P.F., R.C.A.F. "at the call to the colours". "Kerve" then went to Vancouver where he absorbed the West Coast "liquid sunshine." His next transfer took him to Trenton, Ont. where he graduated as an Armourer Artificer, later serving in that capacity in Regina. His efforts were rewarded by an S.A.I. course at Trenton, Ont. As an S.A.I. his first assignment was at Portage la Prairie, E.F.T.S. W.O. Hillier was one of the original S.A.I.'s at Number Seven B. & G. School, Paulson. His interests in Dauphin of course is the "little majorette" — daughter Gail. More power to you, Major.



**CPL. HELLYER, E. A.**

Known as Ann or Blondie to her friends, is a true daughter of the West. She first saw the light of day at Senlac, Saskatchewan; from there she tripped gaily through school at Colonsay. The next place to see this blue eyed blonde was the Normal School at Saskatoon and then to put it in her own words she took "A few pot shots at the University of Saskatchewan". Her next appearance was as a school teacher at Dundurn, Mayfar and Carlea. In December, 1941, she decided that blue was her color. After a month in Toronto, she was posted back to Number Four, S.F.T.S. Saskatoon as an equipment assistant. In July she returned to Toronto to take the Admin. Course; from there she was posted to this station where she is again back at her old profession of looking after children (Grown up Children). When it comes to sports give her a Basketball or a Softball; she played the latter with the Southern Inspectorate All Star, high school team.



**LAW BOIS-JOLI, M. B. A.**

Marie hails from "Mo'real" and found that her first problem in the Service was mastering the English language. However her quick wit stood her in good stead and it was not long before she was "English, but of French descent".

Came here direct from Rockcliffe and is one of the W.D. pioneers at this Station. She has always been popular here, and it is with regret that we hear of her pending posting.

We will miss her from this unit, as she was quite active in many different phases of station life. Therefore, we wish her "God Speed."



**CPL. McMANUS, S.**

"A member of the advance party", said the Cpl. on being interviewed, "and we arrived here on the 26th May, 1941." No doubt Cpl. McManus has re-fuelled a good many craft since that time. A married man with four children, three boys and a girl, and his eyes just shine when he talks of them. They must be the source of inspirations for the poems he has submitted to the Post. "What do you think of our Hockey Team, Cpl-" "We've got a nice bunch of skaters, but goals are what pay off."

## BURSTS FROM BOMBING

Flying Squadron, in fact all at Paulson regret the loss of our Chief Instructor, W/C Gibb. To W/C Gibb goes a good deal of the credit for that "E" pennant proudly displayed over our parade square.

Congratulations are also in order to F/L Jewsbury our former O.C. who has now taken over duties as O.C. Flying Squadron, and to S/L Taylor who is replacing W/C Gibb. F/O Virtue is now Bombing Flight's capable "Officer in charge."

Newcomers to our flight include a host of P.O.'s and several N.C.O. pilots who are replacing our R.A.F. lads now back in the homeland again.

Sorry you have to celebrate your promotion in the hospital, P/O Jones. A short while ago Sgt. Jones and Sgt. DeWitt traded in their uniforms for cloth of finer texture.

This season the boys from Bombing are making a very active showing in sports. The second half of the bowling schedule is in full swing and we are showing a new lease of life. Bombing is tied for first place at present. Although at present we have played only one scheduled hockey game our team is in good shape and ready to take on any opponents.

Other less fatiguing sports such as dancing and pitching we have active participants in Roy and even our Virtuous O.C.

With our new graveyard shift going into effect, unserviceability should dribble down to nil. Can you imagine a clean serviceability board in the Orderly Room? Sounds rather far fetched, doesn't it — Possible though!

Word has reached us that the latest overseas draft from Bombing is now safely in England. Bert Bennett, Walter VanMale, Al Pedley, Stan Swabuk, Stan Colpitts and Ed Stevens are the lucky lads. Good luck, fellows. We often think of you.

Welcome back Sgt. Hargraves'. Sgt. Hargrave has been on the sick list for the past five months now. I'd swear I saw a few Bolys interspersed with the Ansons in front of Bombing Hangar this morning. O.K. Gunnery! We will look after the d--- things if you feel you can't handle them. You had better get to work a little earlier in the morning though to pull them down to us.

---

Airman: "What are my chances with you?"

Airwoman: "Two to one. There's you and me against my conscience."

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

1st Trainee: "Oh boy! I've got my wings at last."

2nd Trainee: "Me too. Now all we've got to do is blow them up and go swimming."

## PLOTTING OFFICE

Certain personnel of Number Seven B. & G. would like to know where P/O H. took his "Old time dancing lessons."

Confusa say "I think more than the bomb aimer need the bombing teacher." How about it, instructors?

What will WO1 Menzies do in the summer when he has lost his hair and can't wear his fur cap as a substitute?

Wonder which side Sgt. H's. bed is worn out on? It could not be the right side.

We are sorry to have lost so many of our former range crew; but are glad to welcome the new faces.

Any of you boys (Sgts.) who want to have your misplaced eye-brows trimmed apply to our "Newfy" of the Plotting office.

### THINGS THAT PUZZLE US:

Could it be serious, DeWitt????

Has the red bomber finally made a direct **hit**?

What happened to Myrt's hair when she was on leave?

Hope Thornton will be back with us again by the time this is printed.

Will LAW Baxter bring back part of the rockies of which she boasts when returning from leave?? Maybe just a little stone??

I wonder what the big attraction is at Dauphin Hotel on 48's? How about it Stahle?

What could be the reason for Hammie's late hours?? Could it be a new boy friend?

### ESCAPE FROM DUNKIRK — Continued

(Continued from Page 9)

tims of the yellow-nosed fighters. Another two German Fighters paid the penalty and the rest, deeming discretion the better of valour, retired from the fray. The victims limped home, badly bitten, to the cheers of the Khaki clad spectators on the ground. On returning from Warad-hout we saw our first real close-up of live Huns, a group of prisoners who favoured us with contemptuous and stoical stares.

The battle grew in intensity both on land and in the air; ever present was the menace of the fifth column. Hitler had always boasted of his famous — perhaps infamous — secret Weapon. By all accounts this was it, because the damage those fifth columnists did cannot be too strongly stressed; they were everywhere — sniping, guiding German troops, giving false telephone messages, etc. One night a report was received that

parachute troops had been dropped in the vicinity of our gun position and a comprehensive search was made for them but our man hunt proved fruitless. Later we found that this information had emanated from a Fifth Columnist who was disguised as a French Liaison Officer. We took great pleasure in disposing of him.

We were gradually being forced back under the pressure of the mechanized forces opposing us and at Neux-le-Chappel we were subject to extremely intensive and effective strafing by Stukas. The enemy might was getting stronger and stronger but we fought on, heavily out-numbered until eventually we had to "blow the breach", discard our heavy guns and make our way back towards the channel and Dunkirk.

P.O. M. Scanlan,  
R.A.F., V.R.

Third Serial — EVACUATION.

## HIGHLIGHTS IN THE SPORTS SECTION

For a second time the personnel of this station are to be congratulated on winning the "Minister's Pennant"; and if a reward were given for increased interest in sports we feel sure it would have been won this past month. The Sergeants in particular are to be commended for their interest in sporting activities — Borden Ball, Basketball, Hockey and Badminton have all been taken up by these Senior NCO's. In fact almost the entire station seems to have taken a most surprising interest in the theatre of sport. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK.

### BADMINTON

It looks as though Badminton will ever remain the most popular game on this station. Every week brings new beginners and the veteran player can not leave the game alone. Each Thursday night is set aside for Tournaments and everyone has a really good time — you meet the other Badminton fans and learn a little from each set you play. "One learns to play by playing" is an adage that is very applicable to this sport as well as to all others.

In the Men's Doubles LAC Sculley and LAC Tolliday defeated Sgt. Higginson and F/S Nelligan to win the tournament. The following week Cpl. Spohn and Mr. Brown won the Mixed Doubles. This week the Men's Singles is being played for the station championship trophy.

New equipment is being added all the time — so turn out and learn the game or if you already know its merits bring along some doubtful friend.

### BORDEN BALL

This game which is comparatively new to many of the station, is a combination of hockey, basketball and rugby; and is the most popular team game with the Trainees. During the past two weeks the Sgts. have taken up the game and have met the Trainees in a series of fast playing games. To date the total wins is equal — but who knows what the future has in mind???

### BASKETBALL

The station league is not as active as might be hoped, but a number of good games have been played during the past weeks. The station team is getting into trim as was well shown during the game with Number Ten S.F.T.S. The score of the last mentioned game was 37 - 32 in favor of the visitors. LAC Flanagan was the high scorer for Number Seven and LAC Waugh for Number Ten. W.O. 2 Coleson and P.O. McLean played an equally good game on defence for the home team while F/S Holter Sgt. Higginson tied for second place in the scoring honors.

### BOXING and WRESTLING

A Boxing and Wrestling Club has been formed on the station with the idea of instructing anyone who is interested and to put on a show in the near future if sufficient numbers turn out. The Club meets Monday and Thursday evenings: Boxing, 1900 to 2030 hours. Wrestling 2030 to 2130 hours.

F/S Wylie and LAC Soltys have charge of the boxing and F/ O McLean is in charge of the wrestling.



## HIGHLIGHTS IN THE SPORTS SECTION — Continued

## HOCKEY

The Dauphin and District Service  
Hockey League

After a series of close, exciting games the league finally came to an end with Number Ten sitting at the top, the winner of Bryce's Trophy and Number Seven sitting in the cellar. Congratulations Number Ten, it was a well deserved win. In spite of its cellar position Number Seven has little to moan about. All its games were quite close and with a little better luck or something things could easily have been different. Number Seven's team improved as the season stretched along and it tied its last league game with Number Ten 3-3 and then defeated the Army 5-2.

In the play-offs between the Army and Number Seven a couple of exciting games ensued. The Army took Number Seven in the first game by

a one-goal lead but in the second game Number Seven blasted the Army out of the play-offs by a score of 8-3.

The finals were played between Number Ten and Number Seven. Number Seven's starry player Fox had been posted in the meantime and that considerably weakened the team. Number Ten took the series two straight 7-5 for the first game and 7-4 for the second. However, they were both hard fought games and Number Ten knew that they had been through a battle before the series was concluded.

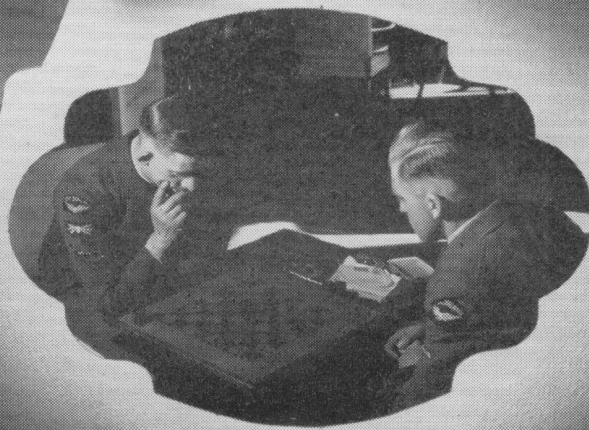
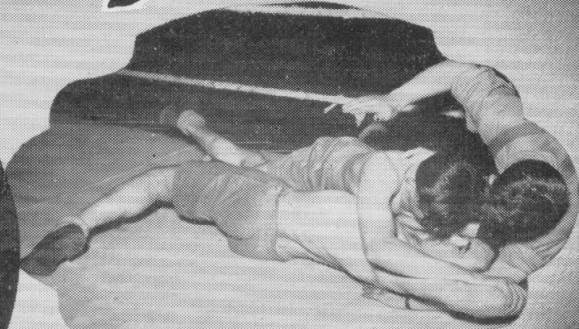
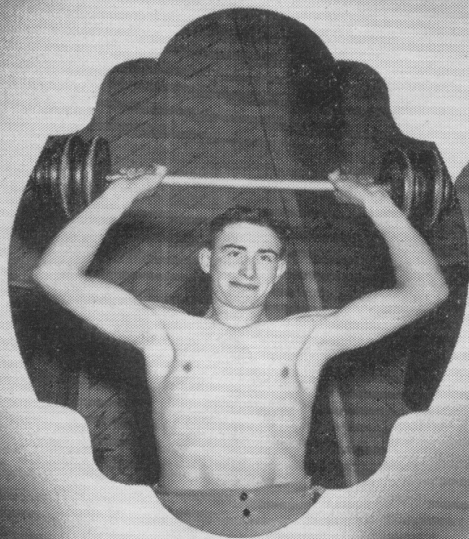
The league as a whole was very successful. The games were well supported and the teams all played good hockey. Much of the credit for the success of the league was due to Mr. Tom Hutchison, the President of the league, and Lieut. Way, the Secretary-Treasurer.



## STATION HOCKEY TEAM

TOP:—LAC Liston, J. F.; P.O. Eilwood, K.; LAC Frinck, N.; Cpl. Sutherland, J.; LAC Soltys, W.;  
LAC Fox, E. P.O. Magson, R.; Cpl. Acorn, E.  
BOTTOM:—F.S. Jones, E. (Coach); F.S. Theriault, J.; AC2 Butler, S.; AC2 Manson, J.;  
F.S. Gagnon, J.; Cpl. Breiddal, E.; F.O. McLean, W. (Manager)

# Paulson *at Play*



# Pot-Pourri



KORN - AND - KLASSIC.

Aubie Jacob.

## HIGHLIGHTS IN THE SPORTS SECTION — Continued

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Congratulations are very much in order for Skip LAC Clarke, D. F. and his noble rink of LAC Leonard, LAC Westokel and AC Cockburn.

This rink from Number Seven has won the Bishop Memorial Cup given for the winning rink in the Pre-Bonspiel Knockout Schedule in Dauphin. In the Bonspiel (at time of writing) they are in the semi-finals of both the Citizens and Burroughs events.

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**HOCKEY**

Works and Buildings are in the lead in the station Hockey League with the Officers in second place. Weather conditions during the month of January made it almost impossible to play Hockey on the station rink but it looks as if the weather man is going to give us a break at last and the League games on the station will be in full swing by the time this article goes to press.

**TUMBLING CLASS**

A Tumbling Club for all personnel interested in Tumbling Acrobatics, Apparatus and Pyramid Building has been formed on the station and meet in the Recreation Hall each Monday and Wednesday evening. All interested are invited to attend. Sgt. Higginson and F/L Jewsbury are in charge and everyone reports a worth while evening.

## THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Why did that little Irish girl come back to beautiful Paulson four days before her Leave was up? It couldn't be that she was lonely for a Cpl. — could it??

Marie is all up in the air again. She received mail from Overseas. Those two were blazing their own road to Cupid.

Meloche tells me "I LOVE THAT GIRL." "She has such an Intelligent face." P.S. She's a Postal Clerk.

Cpl. Crozier sure does look pretty with those chevrons on his arms. O'Riley's don't look bad either — under his arm?

I wonder where that Sgt. got those Cpl. Chevrons sewn in a hurry to attend the last Airmen's Dance. Love is grand isn't it RAE?

Sgt. Allen, are you still mad for the little woman standing you up on one of your dates? Can you imagine standing you for an L.A.C.?

"I like it", unquote. — P.O. Brown.

"I'm sure going to try and get Shave this year, can't wait until Leap Year." so said Waters.

Say, Mulligan, whats the matter with us men at Number Seven? Why expand to Number Ten.

How about it, Joe S? Why promise two girls Mink coats, and what about Dear, Dear Mary???

What F.S. got wind of the story which was going into this column, and had it squashed. Why?

Who received a "rock" from the rockies, but does not flaunt it before the general public. Can her interest in the Irish not be genuine?

Why did Sgt. Radul leave the beautiful femmes at the Admin. Bldg? I know — should I tell you?

If the steaks in the Airmen's Mess don't get any larger, we'll have to kill the Drogue Timekeeper's Bull Calf his Father gave him for Christmas, and as rumour has it — is it really stationed at Number Seven B. & G. Drogue Shack.

Still going over to the South End, Tommy?

Now that Murphy has his "A" grouping, I hear that in the future he's going to buy the "\$1.25" goof. (That's the gallon quantity).

He's only an AC2 but the way he bosses those Civies around in W. & B.'s, one would think he's the O.C.

How did you enjoy that 48 in town. Erickson. And how were the spirits running! or was it the men?

Cpl. (in Tec. Stores O.R.). What's this between you and Cpl. S. Don't start pulling your hair, Wall? He might be married.

Cpl. Cantor won't be answering to the call of F.O. Skinner, Jr. now — and how or what will it be now???

And why doesn't a Sgt. P.T.I. remove that lipstick — kissed by a former lady friend of F.S. "C" of GUNNERY.

(Continued on Page 31)

## Padre's Page

A timely and informative \*article has just been released concerning the post-war prospects for service personnel. It starts off with the following encouraging statement:

"Canada perhaps leads all other countries among the United Nations in the matter of enacting legislation for the rehabilitation of men and women discharged from the Armed Forces."

This is not lobby talk or a vague promise but a concrete plan for the big shift back to civilian life. The government is to be strongly commended for quietly inaugurating such a farsighted plan. The prospect of widespread unemployment and mass insecurity breeds fear and dissatisfaction. Intelligent legislation, with the individual and his needs at the center of it, dispels such apprehension and creates a spirit of confidence. Give a man something to live for and he will regard present sacrifice as a cheap cost price.

Three important measures designed to facilitate the orderly and effective return to civil life of Canada's fighting men and women have been passed by Parliament. They are as follows:

The Veterans Land Act.

The Civil Employment Re-establishment Act.

The Post-Discharge Re-establishment Order.

These form the chasis of a machine which is now in motion. Already thousands of men and women discharged from the Armed Forces for one reason or another have experi-

enced the benefits provided by these Acts of Parliament. However, its greatest test will come when the heavy load created by mass demobilization falls upon it.

### The Veterans Land Act

Following the last war there was a substantial back-to-the-land movement. Time alone will tell whether or not there will be a repetition of it after this one. There may be a swing in the other direction. However, the ex-Service man who likes the feel of the good brown earth may have his farm and raise hogs and chickens to his heart's content. He will get every encouragement from the government to do so.

### The Civil Employment Re-Instatement Act

During the last war the employers promised to hold the jobs till the boys came home. Many of these eloquent promises did not materialize. The government wants no recurrence of this "selling out of patriotism." So it has past an Act dealing with post-war employment. The Civil Employment Re-establishment Act makes it compulsory for employers to re-instate former employees for a period of at least six months unless they can prove that there exists a reasonable cause for dispensing with their services. A pertinent question might be, "Who will be the final court of appeal in such cases?" There are three provisos (1) The employee must have been on the pay-roll for at least three months immediately prior to enlistment; (2) The employee must report back for work with his pre-war firm within three months after his discharge from the Service; (3) The employee has to be physically and mentally capable of doing his job. Again, "Who is to decide?"

(Continued on Page 25)

\*"Post-Discharge Rehabilitation" by J. G. Perdue in "The Legionary"—Jan., 1943.

**PADRE'S PAGE — Continued****The Post-Discharge Re-Establishment Order**

The most complicated problem of after the war "fitting in" will concern those who jumped into the Service straight from school or university. What are the opportunities for getting refresher courses, of completing a course of study interrupted by enlistment, or of getting some quick preparation for a prospective job? The answer is that a definite plan has been set up. You can train for a job, complete a university course or take post-graduate studies and get paid maintenance while doing so. Benefits up to a maximum of \$9.00 per week for single men and \$13.00 per week for married men will be available. This may help to bridge the gap. In other words, you get paid while

you study. How long can this go on? You will be re-imbursed for a period not exceeding the length of time you have been in the Service, or for a maximum of 12 months, whichever period is the shorter.

There are other benefits available to men and women upon discharge from the Service. These include — a clothing allowance of \$35.00 after six months service; a rehabilitation grant of 30 day's pay and dependents' allowance (leaders in the United States have been suggesting a grant equal to one year's pay); transportation and travelling expenses back home; free medical treatment; disability benefits; preference in all government employment.

V. Lorne Stewart.

**"PRAYER OF AN AIRMAN'S WIFE"**

By One of Them

"I do not ask that you should keep him here,  
Where yet we've scarcely felt that touch of War's grim hand;  
I do not ask that he should stay behind  
And never journey to that tortured, struggling land;  
I do not even ask to keep him safe  
When other men are going down before the Hun:  
The question of his safe return I leave  
To You, trusting Thy wisdom still — "Thy Will be Done."

If he should go — if it should be decreed  
That his young life be one of many that must be  
Part of the overwhelming price required  
Before the world knows Peace and final Victory,  
Then, knowing well that he would have it so,  
I'll not be bitter, though the sun and stars be dimmed  
And life be less, and full of aching voids,  
For if he goes, a part of me will go with him.

I do not ask these things for him or me:  
Safety, freedom from fear. I only ask  
That, small or great, with glory or without,  
He do it with a will, unquestioning — his task,  
And that he'll meet his test with courage high  
Well knowing that in Peace or War, to the Unknown,  
I walk beside him, wheresoe'er he goes,  
Always — my hand in his, my heart beneath his own."

Janet McKinnon



### FLYING OFFICER J. VIRTUE

This popular "Man about Station" was born in Toronto. After plodding through his Senior Matriculation, he was employed by the Ontario Provincial Government in the Department of Agriculture. Enlisted on Jan. 2, 1941; attended I.T.S. at Toronto; E.F.T.S. at St. Catherines and S.F.T.S. at Dunnville. Was commissioned upon graduation. Has served at Dartmouth, Rockcliffe and Paulson. Is now O.C. Bombing Flight.

There are very few activities which hold no interest for F.O. Virtue — wherever there is music, skiing, hunting, swimming, softball — yes, and ping-pong too — there you will find him. An ideal intertainer too — as much at home on stage or at the "Mike" as he is in an aircraft. Yes, indeed — a very valuable member of any R.C.A.F. Unit.



### FLIGHT LIEUTENANT JEWSBURY



### FLIGHT LIEUTENANT F. BUCHANAN

Our O.C. Gunnery is a native Manitoban — born at Griswold. Served for the Bank of Montreal from 1919 to 1925. The travel itch then siezed him and he landed up in California serving as an Accountant with an Accounting Firm. In 1927, he "took to the Air" under the instruction of "Speed" Johnson the famous barnstormer. In 1928 he joined the Curtiss Wright Flying Service as an Accountant and in 1932 served as Assistant Manager of the Curtiss Wright Grand Central Air Terminal at Los Angeles, then under the noted Major Moseley. Joined the R.C.A.F. in December, 1940, was at Picton and at "Mosspuss". Is now O.C. Gunnery and enjoys taking pot-shots at previous records. F/L Buchanan even took time off last summer to manage the formidable Officers' Softball Team and piloted them through to their many (?) victories. Is also a popular and frequent member of the "circle" in the Mess — Good flying, Sir.



### FLIGHT LIEUTENANT TREVENA

Our O.C. Droque Flight is also a Westerner — born, raised, educated and enlisted in Regina. Joined up there with the Auxiliary Air Force in December, 1936 and was attached to the 120 Auxiliary Squadron there. Received his commission in July, 1937. Was posted overseas in February, 1940 and was with No. 1 Fighter Squadron by August — rank Squadron Leader. In January, 1942 returned to Canada and served with the Eastern Air Command — now we have him with us.

Is a married man — and his wife is in Dauphin — keeping a close eye on him, no doubt.



## PIONEER DAYS AT PAULSON

Mr. R. E. Brown

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I arrived at Number Seven B. & G. for the first time about 9 o'clock the morning of June 7th, 1941; and was shown our present reading room and told this was the building to be used for my headquarters and the Airmen's writing room. When I opened the door the sight was anything but heartening; the floor was covered with dust, sand, and shavings and there wasn't even a broom to start cleaning up with. The result was very little work accomplished the first day. However, the following morning I brought a broom from home and started to work in real earnest. There were no tables available so I used the counters for magazines and arranged the sports equipment on the shelves. As there were no grounds available for sports, I laid out three horse-shoe pitches and a volleyball court next to the Library.

The next week I managed to get some six foot folding tables and benches for the writing room as well as some holders for writing paper and envelopes — this was our first set up.

For a sport field we laid out a small softball diamond near the Officers' Mess and had some grand games there. In the meantime we were busy preparing a real diamond south of the Library. Finally after much root picking, rock picking and raking, we were ready to use the new diamond. Then a building was moved onto the centre of the plot and the job was to be commenced all over again.

Near the end of June we received our first shipment of books for the

Library — about 200 in all. This gave us a little more work to do and added greatly to the recreation of the station personnel.

With a cash donation of \$250.00 from the Canadian Legion the furniture for the reading and writing room was purchased from the Robert Simpson Co., the balance to be paid in monthly instalments from the station fund. When these furnishings arrived we had one of the best reading and writing rooms of its kind in Canada. The floors are covered with two fine rugs, chesterfield chairs, writing tables and chairs, reading lamps, a splendid radio and in fact nearly everything a boy would have in his own home, and we try to make it as comfortable as possible for all concerned.

During the past summer we were able to have a large sports field constructed with two softball diamonds, a baseball diamond, a quarter mile track, soccer field, jumping pits, and hurdle stretch. All equipment for the major track and field events has been added to our present line of stock. The hockey rink has been moved from the old site to the east side of the Drill Hall. All these changes and others have brought about a varied and interesting sport program with real competition in all lines. In fact, with all the present equipment and sport set-up on this station there is no reason why anyone may not take part in some sport in which he is interested — and the outlook for the future is even better.

## MR. R. E. BROWN

Our genial Canadian Legion superintendent is one of those quiet gentlemen who go about their business with no fuss nor flurry — but you'll always find him in his "workshop."

He's a native Manitoban, born at Kaleida — and in spite of his youthful appearance has quite a "service" experience. Joined the 184th Battalion in 1916 — and was in the scrap until 1919 — was at Vimy — spent two weeks at Cologne.

Having had the taste of military action, Mr. Brown again applied for enlistment in the C.A.G.F. in 1940 but was not accepted due to failure to pass the physical examination.

Mr. Brown is a musician and a sportsman in his own right — baseball seems to hold a tight grasp on his heart, although his interests certainly do not stop there.

Yes sir, a very genial gentleman.



## THE BATTLE OF PAULSON

I'm troubled with insommia, I simply cannot sleep;  
 Though all the barrack pounds its ear, I walk the floor and weep.  
 You see I am a family man, so what am I to say,  
 If the kids ask "what did you do Dad those years you were away?  
 We know that you have been away for three year, nearly four,  
 So tell us where you've been Dear Dad and all about the war.  
 At heart I'm just a little kid and so I'd like tell a fib,  
 And tell those kids of cannons roar, when all I did was sweep the floor;  
 Of how I waded deep in blood, if truth were told — in Paulson stood.  
 Of how as star shells lit the night, I was the foremost in the fight,  
 Nor stopped nor stayed for bomb or shell,  
 Till all the foe was shot to ———!  
 But if I yield to such a lie, the kiddies then will wonder why.  
 I have no medals on my chest, no ribbons to adorn my vest;  
 And so I guess I'll have to say, 'twas up at Paulson I did stay,  
 There safe from bombs and Axis blitz, I wished that I could bomb the Fritz  
 And if per chance you think that's queer, just wait till you've been here two years.

S. McManus.

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## W. D. DOINGS and MISDOINGS

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Like unto the invasion of Britain by the Romans, though not so gory, was the invasion of Paulson by the Norwegians. Like Julius Caesar, they came, they were seen, they (were?) conquered. W.D. hearts fluttered, so did W.D. eyelashes. Time sped, as time always does when it is short and pleasant. Just as the Romans left Britain, so too did the Norwegians leave Paulson. W.D.'s secretly swallowed lumps in throats, and bravely bore up under the strain. Alas, farewells were curtailed. (Cruel two o'clock curfew!). Cold and grey the next morn dawned. Also dawned a test for clerks. Alas, sad hearts make nimble brains move slowly, and by fall of night, a double burden of grief weighed upon the poor unfortunates. Life is very sad.

Do you want to have your dearest secrets made public; your hidden heart-throbs exposed to the blinding glare of print? Why of course you do. This is how to do it. Gather in the ablutions in the evening, while your bunkmate does your hair up, and fondly reminisce. Giggle it from bunk to bunk after lights are out, and sigh deeply over fond memories or hopes. And what happens — The one who sees all, and hears all, will write it up for the Paulson Post.

STRANGE threats abound these days, particularly since our last issue was printed. The most common seems to be: "I'll get even with you for that. Just you wait till the next Paulson Post comes out." What an enormous issue we will have if all promises are carried out. Either that or the censor's scissors will have a mighty job to do. (Even your devoted correspondent lives in suspense).

WHERE did the W.D. NCO's gather that collection of bruises they're sporting? Probably getting into practice for that wrestling class they're forming. Personally, we think some of the applicants are too rough, and will have to be barred from future participation. Also we think the W.D.'s need more practice before going in for big league stuff.

THERE is one corporal who can't win her bouts by fair means and resorts to foul tactics, such as throwing a possible opponent out of her own upper bunk, in hope of a disablement. Result to said opponent — one large and gaudy bruise. FLASH! Our secret sleuths report that said corporal received her come-uppance in a later bout in which she sadly misjudged her opponent. Loud cheers.

WARNING to belligerent airwomen. Do not heckle either one of the teams of MacGilchrist and Spohn when the other is present. Their teamwork is pretty good, as one corporal found out to her sorrow. It took just thirty seconds to polish her off most successfully. Imagine having to dress twice in one morning.

DON'T some of our W.D.'s shake a wicked hip? Nobody could hear the first five minutes of the hula music for the loud and long whistles from out front. But what happened to the stage-door Johnnies? Were they shy? Or was it just that the opposition at hand was too tough? Some of that ballet troupe looked as if they could do quite alright for themselves.

PEOPLE passing by the Recreation Hall on a certain Saturday evening were doubtless astounded by the

(Continued on Page 30)

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**W. D. DOINGS and MISDOINGS — Continued**


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weird sounds emanating therefrom ("coming out" to you). Let us stop with one such as he halts in his tracks and do a spot of mind-reading. "What in heaven's name is this? Listen to the thuds and stamps. Can it be an indoor rodeo? It must be? You can hear the punchers shouting above the din. But, just a moment, isn't that rather rhythmical for a herd of cattle? And what is that persistent squeak and wail? Nothing on four feet ever made a noise like that. (O, passer-by, you should read your D.R.O.'s). Wonder if anything would happen if this door were opened. Carefully now. (For a moment our intrepid hero quails on the threshold, stunned by the wave of sound that sweeps over him). Why — it is — no, it can't be — but, yes, it really is an old time dance. Move over, boys, here I come. Yippee!"

CONSIDERING that for many of those present it was the first time they had done the dances, they didn't do badly at all. Usually one of a pair knew what he or she was doing, and dragged his or her partner about. And it was really dragging in some cases.

AND what techniques we did see! That's quite a polka, Mr. Hathaway. Quite a number of people expected that you and your partner would take right off at any moment. And then there was the blonde LAW and a certain P.O. who did their best to wear out the flooring. And who was the M.T. driver who looked so aghast when she suddenly found her feet eight inches off the floor in one of the quadrilles? One W.D. corporal certainly went in for war dances. All she needed was a feather in her hair.

WHO were the bashful W.D.'s who took up the whole front row of the balcony where they could be seen as well as see? One by one, down they came, and stomped around as merrily as the next. It's not a bad system.

WHO was the W.D. from the parachute section who quickly pocketed her glasses during the elimination dance, only to be caught by the lads from the drogue section, and chased off the floor?

ALL in all, it was a real success, and orchids to Mr. Brown and his orchestra. We're waiting for the next one. Some of the dancers would like a little time to get into practice, judging from the way they collapsed on the sidelines after that first quadrille.

ON pay nights the W.D. barracks is the scene of much fevered counting and accounting. All the nickels and dimes borrowed for cokes, movies and the juke-box, mount up and scream for repayment. At any rate the lenders scream, and that is just as effective. Many a W.D. looks sadly at her depleted pocket-book after she has paid off her just and righteous debts.

THE girls of the Accounts Section will certainly have to think up some way in which to get around the present seating arrangements at the show. Imagine being escorted to the door by an ardent swain and then having to sit all by yourself. Tsk! Tsk!

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—: LET'S DO THE HAT TRICK!! :—

## BOOK REVIEWS

### BENEATH ANOTHER SUN:—

by Ernst Lothar

In this new novel Lothar tells the poignant and moving story of a subject people, crushed under the tyranny of the "New Order". The hero "Andreas" becomes the leader of his people as a part of the vast European under-ground movement. It is Andreas who retains the stamina and courage to become a leader in the anti-Nazi movement after his family friends, the girl he loves, and himself have all been shipped off to Czechoslovakia.

The tragedy of the migration of this home-loving people is high lighted by the plight of the American family caught in the mad whirl. Lothar has done a creditable job of his characters and anyone who read "To sing with the Angels" by Hindus will not be disappointed with this story in the same land.

### GUADALCANAL DIARY:—

by Richard Tregaskis

Tregaskis is a crack newspaperman, and not an author, hence this book lacks rhetorical trimmings and melodramatic outbursts; but it makes up for it with the impact of a terrific story told in straightforward English.

The Diary begins on Sunday, July 26, 1942 — it tells of the fierce preparation of naval guns that preceded the landing on August 7th, and of the landing itself.

Until the author's departure in a B-17 bomber on September 26th he ate, slept, and sweated with the front line units. His story is a straight day by day account of what he saw. No one can read Guadalcanal Diary and not admire the superb accomplishments of these Marines.

### THE SONG OF BERNADETTE:—

Critics have said that no matter what your religion or your belief may be, after reading this book you can not help but return to this world of conflict and upheaval with an uplifted feeling. Werfel has given his readers a splendid portrait of Bernadette and those who read this latest novel will be more than ever delighted with his work. The characters are well developed and the author has been highly commended on his work.

### THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

(Continued from Page 23)

Cpl. Segal tells me he's lost all his sporting blood at the last blood test.

Your losing your grip, Gill, Beggs walked into our Cinema with another woman — what gives?

### THE WOLF

If he parks his little flivver,  
Down beside the moonlight river,  
And you feel him all aquiver,  
Baby — He's a Wolf.

If by chance when you're a kissin',  
You can feel his heart a missin',  
And you can talk and he won't listen,  
Baby — He's a Wolf.

If his arms are strong as sinew,  
And he stirs the Gypsy in you.  
And you want his cheek again you.  
Baby — YOU'RE THE WOLF.

The Heavy Weight Boxing  
Champion of Canada.  
(Author)



### THE LITTLE RED CAN BESIDE MY BED

The little red can beside my bed  
Is a modern edition of what my  
grandma had;  
But her's was white and different so  
I'm told,  
It served poor grandpa when the  
days were cold.  
And dear aunt Maggie so it's oft  
been said,

She always did keep one beneath  
her bed;  
And little junior always had one too,  
But his was usually pink or maybe  
blue;  
But in this modern age I'm sad to  
say  
Mine sits beside my bed a mere  
ash tray.

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## W. D. CANTEEN

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Sing a song of nickels, a cooler full of cokes,  
A tableful of airmen telling risqué jokes,  
Airwomen buying polish, packages of gum,  
Sandwiches and chocolate bars, how fast the orders come.  
Nickels in the juke-box, records loud and shrill,  
Bridge and Chinese checkers, money in the till.  
Ping-Pong balls a-clicking, thud of feet on floor,  
Searching out of movie mags, cries of "Shut that door!"  
Swift appraising glances, "That one's not so bad."  
"Flying's washed out for tonight", and several hearts are glad.  
Nimble fingers chording, voices raised in song,  
Flicks of lights at closing time, you musn't stay too long.  
Wash the cups and dishes, put the cokes away,  
Straighten out the tables, a very busy day.  
"Thank goodness this one's over," sigh the girls in green,  
The busiest place the station has,—the W.D. Canteen.

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## THE STAFF

There's Adams, big Adams, or shorter just "Red",  
She's immune to the smoothies, you can't turn her head.  
"Please, can't you read what our new sign does say  
"No chocolate, no coffee, no peanuts to-day."

There's Boisjoly too, and I'm sure you'll know why,  
She's known for her twinkling naughty brown eye.  
"Hello, mon ami, and how does it go?  
"I'm sorry, on duty, come after the show."

There's Bayley, the smallest, but still not the least,  
She's quiet, not too much, and hails from the East.  
"Why corporal, I didn't say any such thing."  
"I never would have more than three on the string."

And then Corporal Belcher, who has all in tow,  
Her wink is a honey, her wit not so slow,  
"I'm sure that your laundry will come back in time,  
If not, here's a soap that will cost just a dime."

## CORRECTION

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Flight Lieutenant Byng-Hall was rather amused at an article printed in the February issue of "Wings" and which concerned a story regarding his experience on "ops". To those who read the story, Flight Lieutenant Byng-Hall would like to explain the fact that he too realized how obvious were the errors made. To those who, like myself, did not catch on to the inaccuracies, he kindly listed them for us.

### Inaccuracies

(a) RT and WE are not the same, and the WT/OP would not have warned the Skipper about WT silence when RT was suggested, as that is only good for a few miles, and the Skipper's pigeon anyway.

(b) I quote, "FIRE" yells the Capt. This is very misleading, and might cause a budding A-G to pause awhile in thought. In truth, the Capt. has nothing to say about when the Tail A-G "opens Fire"—that is his pigeon, and during an engagement, the Skipper takes his orders from the Tail Gunner, if he wants to live. In daylight formations, with "A Fire Controller" in the leading A/C, who is himself a senior A-G, he personally directs the "Fire" from the whole formation.

He would also wish the fact to be made clear, that although he would like to have had the experience and adventure of Dunkirk, he feels he should correct the former correspondent — he was **not** at Dunkirk.

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—:      LET'S DO THE HAT TRICK!!      :—



R67247	Sgt. Anger, F. H. E.	Missing 9-3-42
R77252	Sgt. Bradley, N. W. R.	Missing 17-6-42 (Now Prisoner of War)
R76229	Sgt. Boates, R. M.	Killed in Action 21-5-42
R77218	Sgt. Clarson, H. A.	Missing 24-6-42
R82859	Sgt. Charbonneau, J. M.	Killed in Action 6-5-42
R80079	Sgt. Clarke, W. V.	Missing after Air Operations
R134687	LAC Duncan, D. W.	Killed in Flying Accident at Paulson, 2-9-42
R86552	P/O Harris, C. A.	Killed in Action 22-5-42
R103752	LAC Lambert, K. A.	Killed in Flying Accident at Paulson, 2-9-42
R79805	Sgt. Leckie, N. A.	Missing 6-4-42
GB1385640	Sgt. Lowe, C. P. P.	Killed in Flying Accident at Paulson, 2-9-42
R86431	Sgt. Lucki, A.	Missing after Air Operations
R83550	Sgt. Margrett, A. A.	Missing 10-6-42
R91235	Sgt. McFee, A. G.	Missing 29-6-42
R72641	Sgt. Norrie, T. L. J.	Missing 2-6-42
GB1332655	Sgt. Ogden, A.	Killed in Flying Accident at Paulson, 2-9-42
R56441	Sgt. Pilborough, W. E.	Missing 8-6-42
R75886	P/O St. Ours, J. A.	Killed in Action 21-4-42
R77339	Sgt. Turley, W.	Missing after Operations, June 1941
R95310	Sgt. Wood, R.	Killed in Canada 15-12-41
R90173	Sgt. Lenover, Charles S.	Missing on Operations
R134279	LAC Gilmour, Wesley	Killed in Flying Accident, 18-9-42
GB1550367	LAC Musto, F. W. A.	Killed in Flying Accident, 18-9-42
GB157732	Sgt. McNeill, J. H. M.	Killed in Flying Accident, 18-9-42
R92487	Sgt. Buchanan, S. L. G. Y.	Missing after Operations, 22-9-42
R90072	Sgt. Gartside, W. M.	Missing after Operations
R100369	Sgt. Temple, A. J.	Killed on Operations
R84285	Sgt. Szumlinski, C. L.	Missing, believed Killed on Operations
R74488	Sgt. Carkner	Killed on Operations
R76168	Sgt. Skinner, L. N.	Killed on Operations
R90300	Sgt. Gregory, H. W.	Missing believed Killed on Operations
R82071	Sgt. Cram, M.	Missing after Operations in Canada
R86914	Sgt. Nerland, P. M.	Prisoner of War, 26-9-42
R63017	Sgt. Hatfield, H.	Killed on Operations Overseas
R76773	F/Sgt. Duffy, J.	Missing on Operations Overseas
	P/O Smith, J. H.	Killed Overseas, (Course 33), 24-9-42
R54319	Sgt. O'Brien, C. O.	Missing believed Killed on Operations 31-7-42
R62936	Sgt. Davidson, F. E.	Missing after Air Operations, 28-10-42
R99962	Sgt. Drinkwater, J. W.	Missing after Air Operations, 28-10-42
R92650	Sgt. Martin, W. K.	Missing after Air Operations, 2-11-42
GB1147866	LAC Dutton, H.	Killed at Rivers, Manitoba
GB1316636	LAC Symons, W. H.	Killed at Rivers, Manitoba
R86429	P/O Malofie, O., Air Obsvr.	Missing from Ops. O-Seas, Prob. Killed, 9-12-42
J15446	P/O Ramage, P. R., A/G	Prisoner of War 10-12-42
R131262	Sgt. Maroney, P. J., A/G	Missing after Operations 18-12-42
R70432	Sgt. Cooke, L. F., A/G	Missing from Operations 13-1-43
R115486	Sgt. Aldridge, H., A/Obsvr.	Seriously Injured on Operations 26-1-43
R100210	Sgt. Ray, K. F.	Killed on Active Service, January, 1943
R110597	Sgt. Barbe, M. J.	Killed on Operations Overseas 25-1-43 A/G
421334	Sgt. Norris, G. A., N.Z.	Killed in Eastern Canada. Nav. "B"
R91873	Sgt. Edelson, J.A.M., A/Ob.	Prisoner of War 8-2-43
R101865	Sgt. Gardner, Air Obsvr.	Killed in Action Overseas 9-2-43
334	LAC Sparkes, C. V.	Killed on Active Service in E. Canada.

## SCHOOL HONOURS LIST — AWARDS

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

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