

The Paulson Post

By Kind Permission of Group Captain W. E. Dipple

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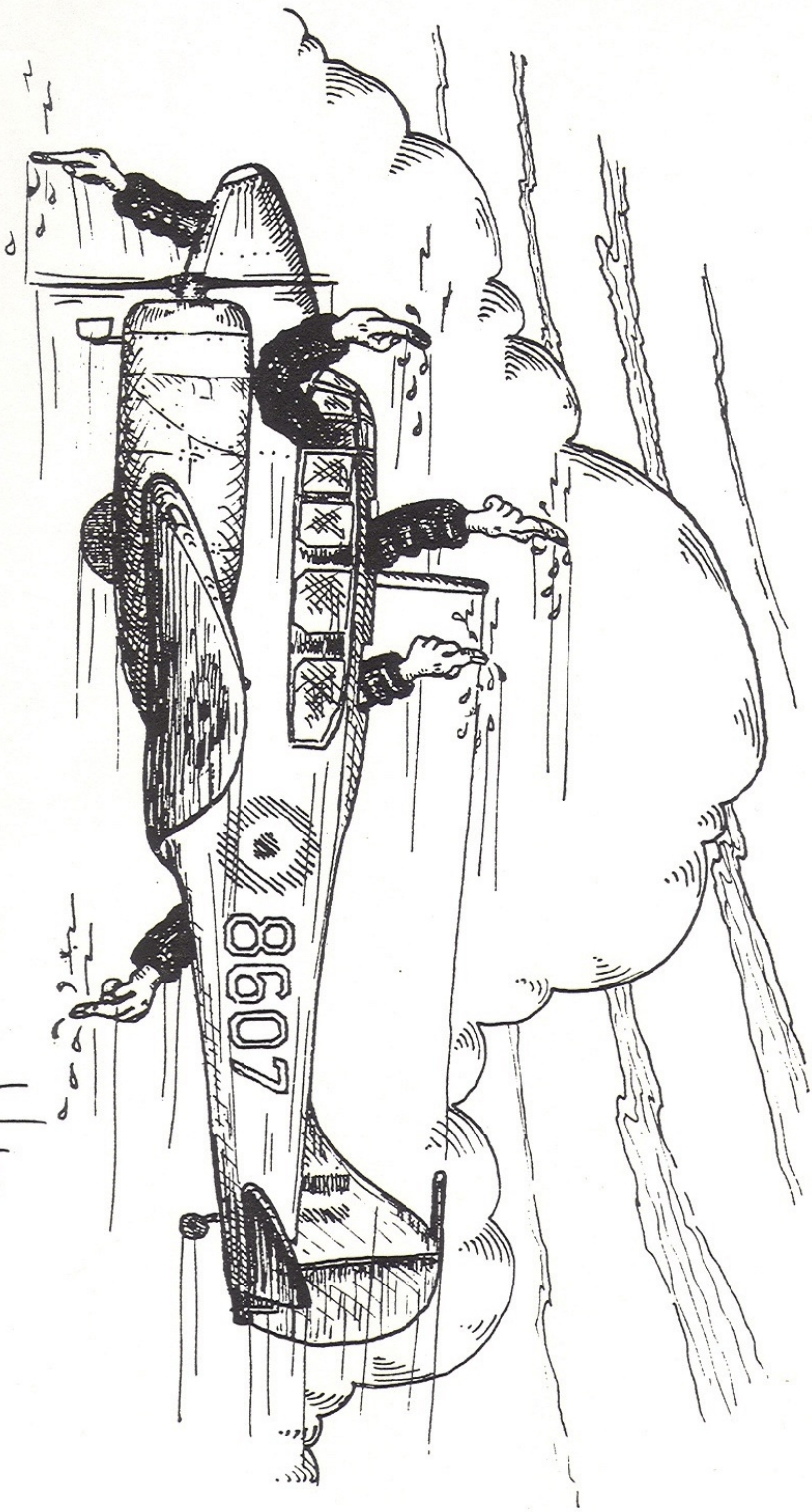
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FINDING WIND VELOCITY /
à la Paulsen

W. Jackson

Editorial



The Air Force Cross is available to officers of the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. serving in Canada. It is awarded for "exceptional devotion to duty whilst flying, outstanding work on the part of flying instructors, or for any particularly outstanding act whilst flying."

Included in the New Year's Honour List was the name of the Chief Flying Instructor of this school, Wing Commander R. F. Gibb (C950). The Paulson Post echoes the congratulations of every person on the station to Wing Commander Gibb on the reception of this high honour. In his tireless devotion to duty and in his unbounded enthusiasm for his work he has set an outstanding example. It is gratifying to know that his ability and hard work have not gone unnoticed. For the interest of all personnel there follows a sketch of his service career:

Wing Commander Gibb enlisted in the R.C.A.F. on September 14, 1925

as an Aero Engine Mechanic. He served at Camp Borden until February, 1928, when, upon the completion of an N.C.O.'s flying course, he was transferred to Vancouver for a further course on seaplanes and flying boats. Later in the same year he operated from Cormorant Lake, Manitoba, on forestry patrol work. For the next three years he was engaged in aerial photography in every province from Ontario to British Columbia and north into the North West Territories. In 1932 he was detailed for anti-smuggling patrol. In such a capacity he served for one year at Studiac, New Brunswick, two years at Gaspé, Quebec, and two years at Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. In 1937 he went to Camp Borden again for a time and then on to Trenton, serving as Armament Instructor and pilot. He received his commission in 1939 and was immediately posted to Number Six T. B. Squadron at Vancouver. In 1940 he was appointed O.C. of the G.I.S. and Chief Instructor at Jarvis, Ontario. On September 9, 1941 he came to Paulson as Chief Instructor. "This is the best station I have ever served on", says Wing Commander R. F. Gibb, A.F.C., a man's man and a great flier.

A RARE EXPERIENCE

The reportage entitled "Escape from Dunkirk", found in this issue of the Paulson Post, is no idle tale conjured up out of a lively imagination. It is an account of the real thing by a man who was there and managed to live through it. The author is Pilot Officer M. E. Scanlan of the R.A.F. At present he is an instructor in our Ground Instruction School. He is an Irishman with a mischievous gleam in his eye and a hidden capacity for righteous indignation. Before joining the R.A.F. he saw action with the army in various capacities. His epic on Dunkirk will run serially in the Paulson Post.



"ESCAPE FROM DUNKIRK"

By P. O. M. E. Scanlan

OUR convoy moved slowly out of Larkhill in the still early hours of a cold September morn. A damp mist, so peculiar to England, shrouded the convoy in its enveloping folds as the long line of lorries and guns wended its way past the famous School of Army Artillery on Salisbury Plains, and out into the quiet English countryside.

It had come: the Regiment was going overseas. Apart from the C.O. and the Battery Commanders, I do not think there was an officer, N.C.O. or gunner amongst us who really had any idea of our destination — in fact, for the past week, amidst all the planning and preparation usually associated with the departure overseas of a mechanized force, much speculation had been rife, as to our most probable destination. A few days later however, as the English coastline gradually receded from our view, a muster parade was held on the deck of our transport ship, and we were informed that we were bound for France. This news was received with great joy by us all — more especially by a few of our fraternity who were overjoyed at the prospect of huge quantities of wine at very little expense. But all of us were highly delighted at being singled out as one of the first Regiments of the British Expeditionary Force.

Dawn was breaking as we steamed into Calais. All was peaceful, the only sound marring the silence being the screaming of the sea-gulls as they escorted our ship into dock. Little

did we know then that our exit from France nine months later, was to be entirely different — a hurried exit amidst scenes of Death and Destruction: the screams this time being not from the gulls, but from the torn bodies of our comrades lying bleeding and mangled on the shores of a vanquished nation—screams which were accentuated by the shrieking of the Stukas as they dived to unload their death dealing cargos upon us!

Our disembarkation was duly completed, after which we were escorted by a guard of French Infantry to a nearby warehouse, in which we stored our vehicles and equipment. A short talk by the C.O. ensued, after which we were dismissed for the day, with the exception of an unfortunate few who were "joe'd" for guard duties. The town proved to be highly interesting, and our language difficulties were to a great extent alleviated by the willing help of some Poilus who, apart from being enthusiastic hosts, were able to speak a little English.

After a short period at Calais, we moved up through Bethune to a small village called Haisnes, where our time was occupied mainly with extensive manoeuvres.

It was now March, and the first week of that month saw us transferred to Haubourdin — a small town not many kilos from Lille. More extensive manoeuvres followed — mainly at night on Vimy Ridge, the scene of the glorious Canadian stand in

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CHRISTMAS AT PAULSON, 1942



"I didn't think I would enjoy Christmas — but I did." Those were the words of one of our W.D.'s whose home is down East where they "choke herrings." That was not an isolated sentiment, one heard it everywhere, from Airmen and Airwomen who were unable to go to their homes either at Christmas or at New Year's.

The Christmas Season officially opened when the Christmas tree was erected at the gate. It was funny to hear "tough" Airmen whistling half-forgotten Christmas carols when they saw the tree resplendent with its multi-colored lights.

On Sunday the 21st there was the Children's Party. A great success! It was held in the Recreation Hall and attended by more than one hundred and fifty children from the families of airmen on this station. The program included animated cartoons, games,

and best of all a visit from Santa Claus. One of our best staff Pilots met him at Churchill and hurried his coming. He was enabled to make a brief visit before he loaded his bags for Christmas Eve.

On Christmas Eve, a very successful dance was held in the W.D. Canteen, which was traditionally adorned for the season.

The high-light of the Christmas season at Number Seven was Christmas Day. There was nothing but the most essential work done on the station.

In the O.R. Mess the officers and senior NCO's served dinner. Turkey and all the trimmings. "Just like home" was oft-repeated comment.

One of the most important parts of the station Christmas, was the Padre's Christmas Service on the

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S. L. C. E. BAZETT



Claims to be an Englishman by birth—although his family moved to Canada when he was only six weeks old. "I came along too," he says, "because my mother would have be-

come homesick without me." The real reason probably was that he had heard that Canada was a "land of promise".

Approximately six years after arriving in Canada the "Bazett youngster" toddled off to the Little Red School House in B.C. and crammed at intervals until he had at last learned at least 50 per cent of what they had to offer. After more periodic plugging, cribbing, etc., plus the usual apprenticeship he blossomed forth in full bloom as a Chartered Accountant.

"Joined the R.C.A.F. in mid-summer of 1940", he went on, "and have been stationed in St. Thomas, Winnipeg, and Paulson. In fact, been here for quite a while now." Sure enough, on checking up, we find he arrived here on 26th May, 1941—and may be classed as one of the "old originals"—Well, selfishly speaking, Sir, we hope you'll continue to be one of that noble group.

SHORT CIRCUIT

In all probabilities you will have heard a rumour about the following telephone conversation. But there is nothing as genuine as the original, and so we are reproducing the event exactly as it happened — here it is:

On Sunday morning, 10th Jan., 1943, the Adjutant desires to talk business with S. L. Bazett, the Senior Accountant Officer. He therefore calls 36 and the receiver is raised at the other end of the line by Sergeant Strang.

Adjutant — (whose voice is completely changed because of a bad cold): "Is S. L. Bazett there, please!"

Sgt. Strang — "Oh! Hello Sunshine! How are you today?"

Adjutant — "Fine — just a bad throat and a husky voice."

Sgt. Strang — "I've certainly got a swelled head this morning — What time did you get home last night?"

Adjutant — (Realizing that Sgt. Strang was on the wrong track) "I don't know."

Sgt. Strang — "Gosh! you sure must be able to take it."

Adjutant — "Well, I feel O.K. this morning."

Sgt. Strang — "Well, Sunshine, I don't know how you do it, but honestly I feel like the wrath of God."

Adjutant — (In his official voice) "This is F.L. Campbell speaking, is Squadron Leader Bazett there?"

Sgt. Strang — (Fades away as he whispers) "Oh my good God."

—There it is, so help me—.

WIRELESS SECTION -- OUT OF BOUNDS

The Prodical Son returns to press. It appears that there is such a scarcity of news that we miss out every second issue, or is it because we are too busy — skip the answer. The genuine reason is that Cpl. Doran tried to make the deadline last issue but realized it was a tougher job than hitting the mess hall before 8.15, and believe me, for Doran that is tough.

We have had two newcomers lately, both arrived in the usual good shape from No. 1 Wireless at Montreal.

First came AC1 (Hammerhead) Franklin. He hails from B.C. where they use drogue cables and winches to land the famous steelheads if the cable does not break. He won't tell us whether or not they use drogues for bait. "Hammerhead" is away on annual leave at present and has promised us a statement signed by a notary public as to the size, strength and durability of said steelheads. We explain him to "doubting Thomas" by the statement "He is a W.O.G."

AC1 Davidson arrived as a Xmas parcel along about Dec. 8th, it has been so long since the last W.M. arrived that we thought he was a mirage up until the holiday season. By that time it didn't matter, we couldn't see anyway.

We welcome both these fellows with open arms, and hope they stay longer than the last couple of men we had. We had given up hope, thought we were the forgotten section here.

Sue (we dropped the Silent) "Gibbon came through with an "A" group on the 1st. Jan. along with "Air Cadet" Abells who snagged himself a "B". Congrats, fellows.

LAC McCaw got up the morning of Dec. 2nd. to find he had two hooks plus a couple of those little

men pounding on his head. What do they put in that stuff anyway? The bunks aren't supposed to rock like that, are they?

Gord. Shave (Modulation good) is now a "B" grouper. He tells us they had quite a snow storm around Saskatoon during New Year's. Did I ever tell you the one about — well skip it nobody would believe it anyway.

Cpl. Doran, plus dark glasses, arrived back from his holiday with no money (who didn't?) plus a stiff right arm which could be from lifting glasses or pulling the slot machine handles. As usual he ended up in Winnipeg, must be something there besides hotels. They have some in Dauphin.

Wish they would allow Sgts. in the W.D. Canteen. Steve must get awful cold pacing up and down that road in this cold weather.

Rumour hath it that the Nurses in Winnipeg are not bad — but only the brunettes.

F.S. Perkin is taking a D/F bearing to Ottawa, maybe he can locate those overdue postings????

— V —

Things We Would Like to Know

WHY doesn't it snow here as much as it does around Saskatoon?

WHY is it so cold in the W.D.'s canteen at times?

WHY don't they sic' those steelheads onto enemy subs?

WHY doesn't everyone move to British Columbia?

WHY Gibbon didn't come in two Sections?

WHY we don't get posted????

WHY we don't sign off? — thanks we will!

P.S.—WHY does Smyth keep on playing cribbage?

The Paulson Blues

V. 1. 2. 4.

"Blues"

Dedicated to the RAF at Paulson
"The Paulson Blues"

V. 3

con spirito

etc.

Oh when I hear those Paulson Blues,
With dropping bombs, no one
knows whose,
I say it's here, they say its there,
No wonder that I got the Paulson
Blues.

I start out early, and fly 'till late,
No sooner down, then fly again
at eight,
I'm so unhappy I can't make a date.
Oh, ho, ho, ho, I got the Paulson
Blues..

I got a wind,
Well let 'er go,
I press the button but the blither
won't go,
No anti-freeze and it's fifty-nine
below,
No wonder that I got the Paulson
Blues.

I'm so restless, can't sleep at night,
Calling left, left, when it should
have been right,
It's just like fishing when you can't
get a bite,
Oh, ho, ho, ho, I got the Paulson
Blues.

What To Do In Case of an Air Raid!

1. As soon as bombs start dropping, run. It doesn't matter where as long as you run. If you are inside a building, run outside, if you are outside run inside.

2. Take advantage of opportunities afforded when air raid sirens sound. Attack the warden, for example.

(a) If in a bakery, grab some pie or cake, etc.

(b) If in a tavern, grab a bottle.

(c) If in a movie, grab a blonde.

If blondes aren't available squeeze a blackhead.

3. If you find an unexploded bomb always pick it up and shake it, the firing pin may be stuck.

4. If this doesn't work, place it in the furnace. (The Fire Department will come later and take care of things).

5. If an incendiary bomb is found burning in a building, throw some gasoline on it. You can't put it out anyway, so you might as well have some fun.

(a) If no gasoline is available

throw a bucket of water on it and lie down, you're dead.

(b) The properties of the bomb free the hydrogen from the water with rather rapid combustion (in fact it will explode with a helluva crash).

6. Always get excited and holler bloody murder, it will add to the fun and confusion and scare hell out of the kids.

7. Drink heavily, eat onion, limburger, etc., before entering a crowded air raid shelter. This will make you unpopular with the crowd in your immediate vicinity, eliminating any unnecessary discomfort that would be more prevalent if people crowded close.

8. If you should be the victim of a direct hit, don't go to pieces, lie still and you won't be noticed.

9. Knock the air raid wardens down if they start to tell you what to do. They always have the best seats for themselves and their friends, anyway.

N. C. Crawley, M.S.



Editors: The words and music of the song "The Paulson Blues" were written by LAC Black while he was a trainee on this station. "Blacky" is a lad of rare talent. He attended Manchester University and graduated from there into the R.A.F. His congenial ways, his serious desire to do a good job and his tireless willingness to "chase away the gloom" by playing and singing for the gang made him extremely popular. To him we say thanks for "The Paulson Blues" and best of luck in his new venture.

ON THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA

By S. McManus

I wrote some lines one summer night, in rather merry mood,
 I hoped if they saw printer's ink, that folks would think them good.
 My highest hope it was achieved, those silly rhymes were well received,
 I laid aside my pad and pen, I hadn't planned to write again.
 We've an associate Editor, a persistent sort of guy,
 There's food for thought in all his words; but a twinkle in his eye.
 He said, "We'd like another verse", as easy like as that,
 As though I were a magician and could pull them from a hat.
 So! in the stillness of the night I sat around and tried to write,
 I chewed my pencil, smoked, then swore and tramped the paper on the floor.
 I staggered off to find my bed, "I'm through, I'll try no more", I said.
 But in the morning as if t'were fate, I met the Padre at the gate.
 I turned my head and tried to duck, but didn't seem to have much luck.
 He said, "You'd better hurry up I guess for Tuesday night we go to press."
 I mumbled "sure" and turned away, he'd helped to spoil another day.
 I tried all day in my spare time, but couldn't get two words to rhyme.
 And when at last I sought my rest a nightmare rode upon my chest.
 With twinkling eyes and moustache neat, but cloven hooves instead of feet,
 It pranced around upon the bed, then leaned down by my ear and said.
 "You'd better hurry up I guess, for Tuesday night we go to press."
 I threw my arm around my head and skinned my knuckles on the bed.
 That woke me with an anguished cry, my face was wet my throat was dry.
 I took some aspirin for my head, and then again I went to bed.
 I tossed about; then dreamed once more, I heard a knocking at the door,
 Though goose flesh stood out on my skin I went to see who could come in,
 It was a sort of phantom lad, seemed to remind me of my Dad.
 He was a very kindly guy, he wiped the tears from my eye,
 Then asked me why I looked so sad, I told him of the time I'd had.
 "That is your penance", said the ghost, "for writing in the Paulson Post."
 Now at the close of every day, I have an extra prayer I say,
 "From wine and women, sword and fire, I'll manage to stay free,"
 But this I ask, "from Editors. O Lord Deliver Me."

THAT OPTIMIST

If he thinks the gun ain't loaded;
 If he thinks the hash is good;
 If he gets a drink of "Alky,"
 And he thinks that ain't "wood"
 If the girl says they should marry,
 And he thinks he can't resist
 Well, he's my definition
 Of a perfect Optimist.

If he looks into his gas tank,
 With a little lighted match,
 If he thinks there is a Santa,
 And a egg plant he can hatch,

If his steady girl should tell him,
 "That's the first time I've been
 kissed,"
 And the crazy fool believes her,
 He's a perfect Optimist.

—V—

OH! OH!

When the girl cries, "Quick, Hide
 in here,

For my husbands aim is steady."
 Don't it shock your mind,
 Aren't you mad to find;
 Three guys in there already?

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Aren't you glad that you didn't get a Cpl's tunic for the dance, Sir? I'm sure you had a better time car riding.

Be careful Harold C. one of those W.D.'s is chasing you. You can't shake all of them — can you?

To those too dull to catch the drift in the last issue re "Hotel Prud'homme" t'was meant the Guard House — now catch on — if not reread the article.

"Has anyone got a bus ticket to Winnipeg?" Unquote — Segal — he seems to buy them all.

Cpl. Weeks should be a married man by the time we go to press — bye now, Surprised? — so was I.

He stood under cold showers to catch cold — no luck.
He walked around bare footed to catch something or other—no luck.
He runs around the hut to work up a sweat—then goes out side to cool off—to catch cold—no luck.
Funny what men will do when they're in love, especially if the W.D. is Ray, a hospital assistant.

What Droque Operator who escorts Mary from Gilbert Plains, spent his New Year's leave in Dauphin, instead of going to Toronto T.C.A. as he usually does? Ask Joe, he **might** know.

I know that Waters is on furlough, but what happened to Shave, on the 5th?

What Flying Officer of Droque likes to get home, after a day of flying — to bake cakes.

Quote Sgt. Hodgkinson: "My wife is out East! I want to go East! East!! East!!! Unquote.

Say, Mulligan — on behalf of aircrew, are you in circulation?

Why did a Flying Officer recently change his pool? There's lots and lots of women in Winnipeg.

What F/S keeps what seat warm in what section?

I saw it — now I know you can't mix Beer with wine, oooops — can you Naisbitt, ooops, splash, oooops.

Final results for the toughest Sgt. on the Station goes to — no not you Graham but Sgt. Lynn (now posted — new elections to follow).

What W.D. goes around slapping unserviceable tags on airmen's backs — why Ciortan?

Say Red, did you ever get that wrist watch back? (Lebel's Red)

An airwoman in the equipment section seems to be coming down to earth after the New Year's Holiday.

Has the ball of love stopped rolling Beggs? — or is it "just one of those things."

That Flight Sergeant in clothing stores should try Enos Fruit Salts, it may improve his disposition.

I'm sticking my chin out, but can you imagine a big tough fellow like Sgt. G. passing out — s'funny — things do things.

Say Sy — why no more 48's to Regina — or what happened to that widow?

I'm sure to get a whippin' for doodling this — Overheard in Dauphin (civee's) "Oh stay away from him, he's a wolf." What makes you that way F/O in B.

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THROUGH THE KEYHOLE — Continued

Sgt. Brown, you have an awful aim with a bow and arrow, how about aiming for the window, you might hit the 10 x 20 foot doors.

"What's the trouble, Barber, remember seniority counts — even if it concerns a W.D. at No. 10. Are they worth it? (If my wife reads this corny column, I'm only kidding).

Hutch is a bit worried about his middle extremities. Trying to catch up, with a certain Cpl. found out he didn't have the constitution. Now he is on a diet, hope you don't starve, Hutch.

What W.O. I waiting for the bus one cold day in the Guard House, walked out when the bus arrived and in front of the line up, asked why, he replied, "I've been waiting for this bus since 4 o'clock." What about the other two buses — or — are you kidding?

What civee steno and friend, had a hard time keeping their P/O pals quiet the other night in a well known Dauphin Cafe. Spirits sure were running high. Did you give him the money to get to Winnipeg, Nicki?

Now look Potter, when photographing never mind the legs, maybe your finger that works the lens lever will respond.

Why doesn't the Sgt. (Drogue) court his lady friend (W.D.) in town, instead of on the rear door steps at the Sgts. Mess (usually noon hour).

Please W.D.'s don't keep the men waiting in Lovers' Lane, it's cold out these days.

Sgt. Strang got all scratched up one noon hour, stay away from those W.D.'s.

A certain Cpl. in Bombing Flight seems lost these days — is it because somebody from No. 10 is in Toronto.

Why did Sgt. Garland spend his New Years Leave on the station, and why did a W.D. telephone operator do the same — what's cooking?

We would like to have seen the expression on an R.A.F. Sergeant's face when he got to 4000' and found there was no bomb sight.

A Sgt. from Gunnery Flight seems to have taken quite a shine to a Red haired airwomen in the plotting office.

Goodness! One of the Nursing Sisters just comes down to earth and they post that certain Flt. Lt. away again.

What R.A.F. Flt. Lt. has a mustache that looks like a beaver with a mouth full of twigs swimming up-stream.

Why did P.O. B. take the train to Winnipeg? The way he has been walking around in the clouds lately he could have stepped there.

Who was the R.A.F. P.O. when found in the hall, uttered those famous but oft abused words "never again."

Seen at the Dauphin rink — an R.A.F. P.O. who persisted in cleaning the ice by falling on it.

A certain Cpl. wasn't very fussy about her first plane ride, was she?

We wonder if a P.O. who went to Calgary really believes there is such a thing as a "dry" cow.

A tall Cpl. in Bombing Flight was quiet before but is even more so now — the Mrs. must be having a good effect on him.

What former Flight Sergeant was forced to lower his crown? How come Major? Watch out Headquarters that grin may now disappear.

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LECTURE ON THE BROWNING

They came to me with a bequiling smile upon their collective countenance and softly whispered, "We are going to give you a class in Gunnery". With an equally bequiling smile I made for the door, but a leg accidentally became entangled with my feet and I went, to use R.A.F. parlance, for a Burton.

An extremely vociferous and heated argument ensued, during which many unairmanlike words were heard. Finally they began to work upon my emotions with such remarks as "Well, you can't let those poor N.C.O.'s do all the work" — "Why not let Flight Sergeant Hillier have that vacation he so richly deserves" — "How you can sit there and smile when those industrious S.A.I.'s are slowly working themselves to death".

So, with tears in my eyes, I took pity upon that much abused and under privileged body of men and, with much handshaking, and amidst cries of "For he's a jolly good fellow", I made ready for the ordeal.

On entering the classroom I told the pupils to sit down; then slowly surveying the occupants, I made a mental note of each. That fellow at the back — he looked the type that asked awkward questions. And that small chap at the front had the longing look of one who calculates hours by the proximity of mealtime. Then that L.A.C. who sat right under my nose appeared as if he had not been in bed for weeks and was now making up for lost time — indeed, at times it was hard to tell whether he was conscious or unconscious.

Yes, — they were a mixed bunch — New Zealanders, R.A.F., Aussies, and, believe it or not, even a couple of Canadians! Some were of a very smart appearance; others were passable; but three were very scruffy

indeed — they were of the type that reckon length of service by the wear and tear apparent on a uniform. But on the whole they looked a decent crowd of lads and quite eager for knowledge.

My first lecture was a general one on the Browning machine gun. I picked up that weapon and said, in what I thought was an authoritative voice, "Well, this is a machine gun." There was no doubt about that, anyway, so far, I was doing well. Then, sneaking a glance at my voluminous precis which was spread before me, I came out with the interesting discovery that it weighed $22\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. and that its rate of fire was 1,150 rounds per minute. Boy, I was good.

Then I knocked over my precis by mistake; it would have been embarrassing to have had to dash through it looking for the place again, therefore I let things be.

So I started expounding on the names of various parts of the gun; taxing my memory to the utmost, I managed to give a fairly comprehensive lecture. Then it happened; my ramblings were interrupted by a gentle snore. Now, let it be understood, this was not a loud or ungentlemanlike snore as is often heard in the S.A.I.'s room; it was a beautiful and dignified one — not at all unlike the gentle sigh the School W.O. gives when he looks up and sees that it is almost 1800 hours.

Yes, it was the somnolent individual who sat right under my nose; I was shaken; was my lecture as boring as all that? I decided to resort to sarcasm. So, giving vent to a most disarming smile, I inquired in a gentle voice if the sleeper would care to walk across to his barracks for his

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S. L. J. C. JOHNSTON



Pardon me, dear Reader, if you can't translate all that is written below, but please take your reporter's word for it — it's all true — and if you wish to know all that it means, you'll have to see S. L. Johnston himself.

For he at present is the S.M.O. at Number Seven B. & G. — has been that since the hospital opened 1st July, 1940. However he was originally a Capt. in the N.P.A.M. before volunteering as a lieutenant in the R.C.A.M.C. attached to the R.C.A.F. When transferred from the R.C.A.M.C. to R.C.A.F., he was promoted to the rank of F.L. For many moons now he has been the P.M.C. of the Officers' Mess.

So there you have his service experience at your finger tips. But in civilian life he classes himself as a westerner. Born in Regina and educated in Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Even had the good taste to marry a western lass. Is quite actively interested in various lines of sports — in fact the Officers' hockey team is depending largely on his goal tending in order to build up their future remarkably successful campaign. (Anticipated at time of writing).

Congratulations on your recent promotion, Sir, for in the words of "the circle" it was a "popular win."

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

(Continued from Page 14)

Who's the new Wing Commander in the W.D.'s hut — "J".

"Praise the Lord and pass the airmen" Unquote, Dewick.

The question of the day — who is the biggest flirt in the plotting office — M. — T. or J.

We notice it didn't take a certain M.O. long to become acquainted with the Dauphin Hospital.

One R.A.F. Sgt. seems to be a permanent A.C.O. could it be he likes the job.

Sticks and stones will break my bones.

But names will never hurt me.

(Author)

Heavyweight Boxing Champion of Canada.

P.S.—Information to the little man who wasn't there — he apparently sees all, knows all, tells all. Money finally acquired (stop) P/O's quietened down (Stop) week-end in Winnipeg was simply marvelous. Fooled you, eh?

Equipment Section

HAPPY HOLIDAY

The Equipment Section managed to live through a "White Christmas"; how one of them did, is beyond most people, but I dooed it. I'm sorry to say that when it comes to play and relaxation the section is not what it used to be, when the old boys went to town they really went. I would give my next month's salary to be seated at a table in the company of the following equipment men who have been at Paulson: Doug. Tait, Bill McDougal, Larry Weaver, P. J. Kelly, P. G. Lower, Ozzy Blackwell, Hepburn, McEwen, Fowler, Flood, Denton and Leo Lebel, who incidentally is still here. What a Stag Party that would be! Oh, Happy Day, if I could just live to see it.

To date I have heard a number of New Year's resolutions. H. H. M. Price, (I know that sounds like a battleship but that is how he signs his name) has resolved to ignore the clacking of African Dominos—if you know what I mean, if you don't

the term, Harlem Tennis may enlighten you. Leo Lebel intends to fatten up his bank account. Praise the Lord, when my luck is poor he will be my ace in the hole. A few of the girls intend to regain their streamlined figures. Would it be that they don't want to grow out of their uniforms—or that they would like to catch the glad eye from certain Romeo's. Me I wouldn't know. As for myself, I resolve to know when enough is enough, and so nuff said, period.

Have you danced down the main drag kicking your feet high and singing—"Knees up Mother Brown"? If not, see Tommy Wynn. He will arrange everything for you, he did for me!

Norman Crawley added a little more decoration to his sleeve in the shape of a crown and which now makes him eligible to play the game of Crown and Anchors.

Garcia, J. J.

CHRISTMAS AT PAULSON — Continued

morning of the 20th. A lot of preparation had been made for this service, and it struck the right note. The Christmas hymns, the solos and carols by the choir, brought to mind Christmas services in home churches. One outstanding part of this Christmas worship was the violin solos of Pte. Becker. We had a genius in our midst, and we knew it not. Long after this struggle has become history, there will be some to remember the Christmas service at Paulson, 1942.

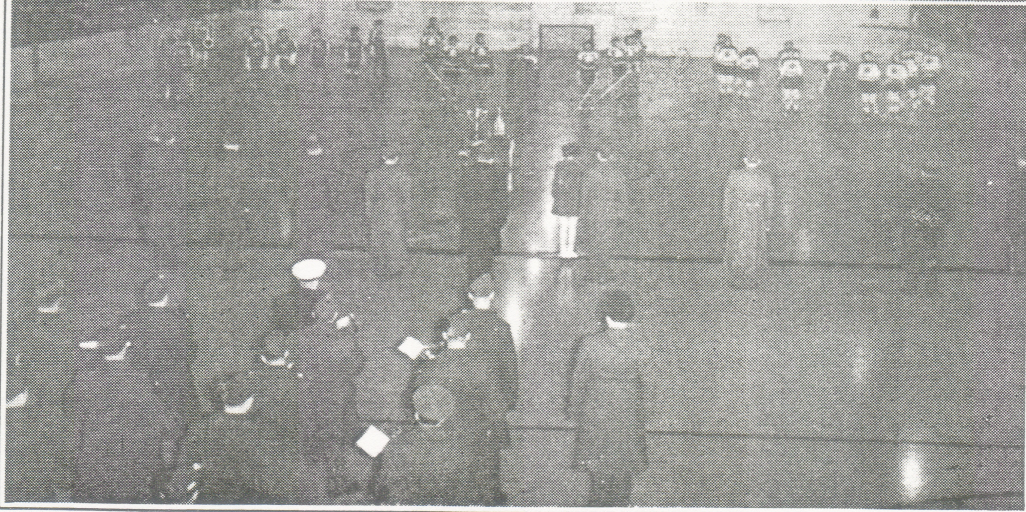
The festivities at New Year were

fewer, but not a whit less enjoyable. The W.D.'s held a dance in their Canteen on New Year's Day. It was a good way to start 1943.

The festivities are all over now but there's still the memory of the Christmas spirit. Let us carry that spirit of good-will and friendships through until next Christmas, wherever we may be.

Paulson had a Happy Christmas! May we all have many more!

"An Old Timer"



THE SPORT REVIEW

During the past month sporting activities on the station have been at a minimum, due to the fact that the personnel were away for Christmas and the New Year. However the New Year looks very promising indeed — Basketball is into swing (even the Sgts. have a team and take if from us that is news), Badminton which has always been popular at Number Seven is reaching a new peak in favour. Borden Ball, Tennis and Hockey are getting into swing.

BASKETBALL

The Men's Basketball teams have lined up in good style for 1943. F/Sgt. Crawley and his assistants turned out a neat team for the Equipment Section but were defeated by the quick passing Air Crew I.T.S. team. The Sgts. turned out a team for the first time but could not out-manoeuvre the Trainees.

BADMINTON

To date Badminton is the most popular sport at Number Seven and seems to be gaining new enthusiasts every day. Increasing numbers are learning to play the game and some of the old veterans are busy improving the old technique. The first tournament of 1943 was held on Jan. the 14th. There was a splendid turn out and everyone enjoyed a sportingly good time. The station trophy was won by LAC Hay and AW1 Fall, who defeated Sgt. Higginson and Miss Wickson in the finals. Sgt. Carroll and Cpl. Spohn won the secondary event by defeating Mr. Brown and LAW Mulligan.

BOWLING

Sgt. A. W. Arnold and Sgt. R. D. Jones decided to further establish the superiority of Number Seven by

winning the Dauphin Sr. 10 Pin New Year's Bowling Tournament. That however does not end the bowling honors for this station — the Number Seven team is now in first place in the Dauphin Senior 10 Pin League.

BORDEN BALL

Although a comparatively new game to the station, it is nevertheless the best-liked game by the trainees. As a game of action and skill. The Navigators and Air Crew I.T.S. are still fighting for supremacy.

HOCKEY

The Dauphin and District Services Hockey League got away to a flying start on Friday, January 8th., when Number Ten S.F.T.S. and Number Seven B. & G. School tangled at the Dauphin Arena. The Arena was jammed to the roof to watch the opening ceremonies and the game. The League officials and the commanding officers, Group Captain Dipple, Group Captain Wilson and Major Saunderson, not to forget the players, paraded out on the ice. Sgt. Lees handled the microphone and called the names of the officials and players as they came out.

Two beautiful cups were on display in the centre of the rink: one, for the winner of the league, was put up for competition by the Bryce Bakery; the other, for the best individual player of the year, is the Scrace Memorial Cup.

The band from Number Ten S.F. T.S. played suitable selections during the programme and AW1 Tynan from the same station gave a display of fancy skating.

The game itself proved to be well worth watching even though the score

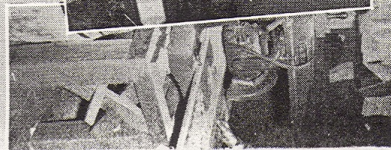
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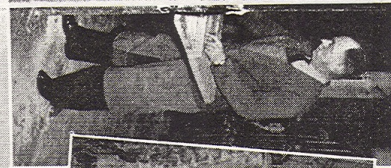
AWI. FARANSKI



LAC CORNBOROUGH and
CPL. BASARABA, FIRE DEPT.



SGT. DANIELSON



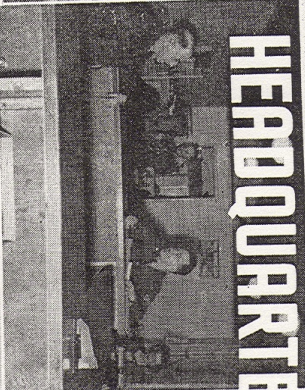
L/CPL. FRED CLIFT
AWI. JOHNS



SGT. (WILD BILL) ANDREWS
ACI. BEARDALL



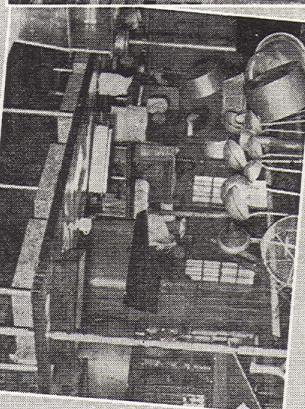
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT ROBBINS
and SATELLITES



ORDERLY ROOM



WYNNE - FRANKLIN - GARCIA



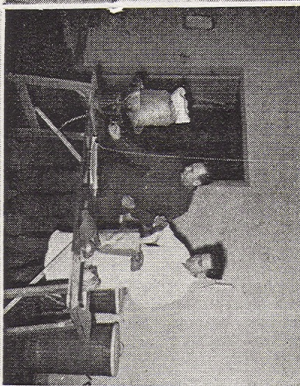
POTS AND PANS



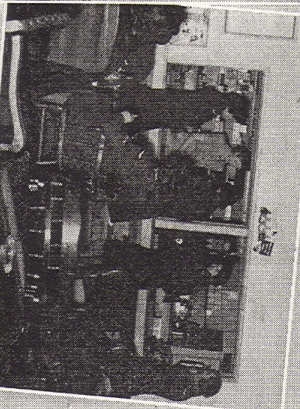
AIRMANS CANTEEN



LAW. ROSTE and
CPL. OUELLETTE



PTE. McJANNET
and CPL. WALLY BAINE



W. D. CANTEEN

HEADQUARTERS *Squadron*

SPORT REVIEW — Continued

appeared a bit lop-sided in favor of Number Ten (5 to 1). The game opened with Number 10 putting on power plays right from the beginning and they found it paid dividends. Two pucks got past Barber in the first ten minutes but Number Seven began to find its feet and from then on there was little difference between the two teams except that Number Ten seemed to have the breaks when it came to scoring. The outstanding players for Number Seven were Fletcher, Fox, Gagnon and Sutherland. Barber did a good job in the goal and stopped many hard shots. From the spectator's standpoint it was a game full of punch and action and everyone went away well satisfied that he had got his money's worth.

The second game of the league got under way on Jan. 11th. It was an unfortunate game for Number Seven to lose as they seemed to have a slight edge over the Army team but they just couldn't get the puck past Goalkeeper Nantis a sufficient number of times. The play was very fast and at times a little furious. There was a scramble on to the ice of players and spectators when it looked for a moment that a fight was in progress between two players but order was quickly restored and the game went on. It finally ended up with Number Seven at the short end of a 6 to 3 score.

This last game places Number Seven in the cellar but by the looks of the team it is not likely to stay there very long. A little more practice, a little more support, a few breaks and Number Seven should be sitting pretty.

The Number Seven line-up includes: LAC Barber; LAC Fox; Sgt. Theriault; F/Sgt. Gagnon; Cpl. Sutherland; LAC Soltys; LAC Baker; Cpl. Breidal; Cpl. Acorn; LAC Frick; LAC

Fletcher; LAC Chilton; Sgt. Summerville; F/ Sgt. Daniels.

TENNIS

The Tennis court is busy every night of the week and many of the afternoons. The Australian Trainees are perhaps the greatest enthusiasts, and many of them are splendid players. However the station personnel are not to be out done in this line of sport and put forward some interesting opposition.

TUMBLING CLASSES

These are being conducted each Wednesday and Monday evenings, under the direction of Sgt. Higginson. The W.D.'s, trainees and staff are equally interested and a number of experienced and proficient tumblers have joined the club. The enthusiasm of the beginners is very gratifying and it is hoped that in the future this club will furnish really good gymnasts.

MUSICAL INFORMAL

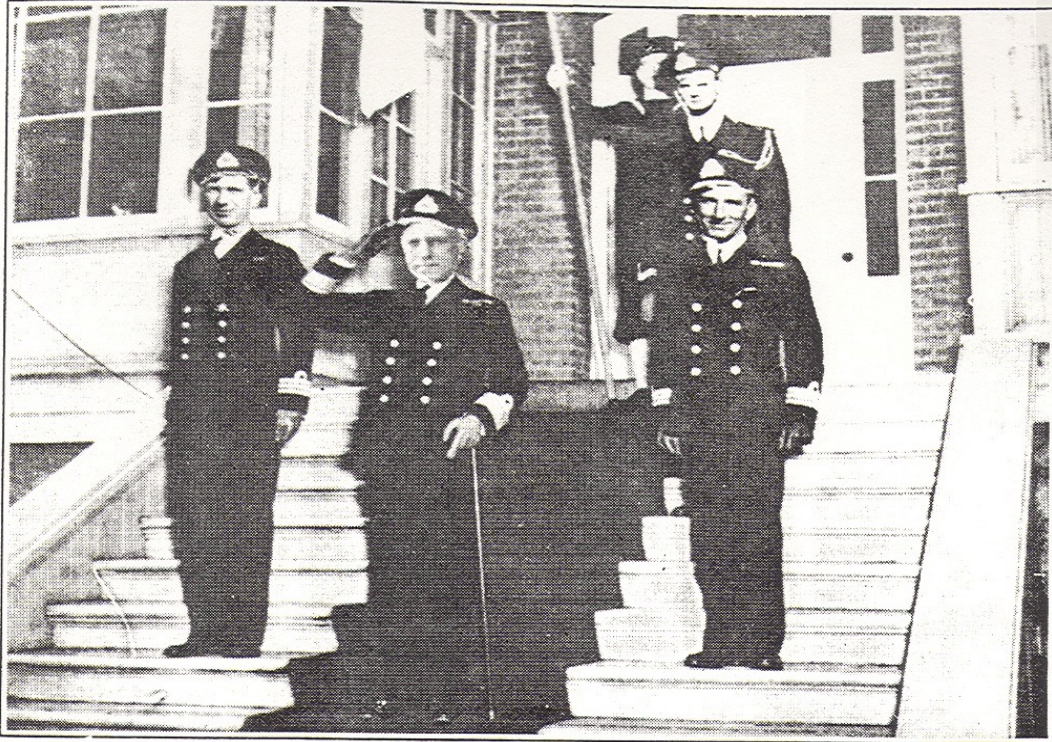
The Airmens' Lounge was the setting for a very enjoyable musical programme Christmas afternoon. Through the medium of recordings the artistic works of the Great Masters were introduced to the enjoyment of those who attended. The programme included:

The Nutcracker Suite, Tchaikovsky. Carmen, Bizet. Fifth Symphony, Tchaikovsky. Emperor Waltz, Straus.

A short commentary was given on the life and works of the composers by LAC Lawrence, one of the trainees at present on this station.

It might be of interest to know that these Musical Informals are to be a regular weekly feature. Be sure to watch for the announcement concerning the next programme.

THE DEATH KNELL OF A NAVY



Many mighty fleets have sailed forth on the Seven Seas in search of glory and adventure. From the Roman slave ships through to the Spanish Armada and up to the Battle of Jutland all the mighty navies of the world have met and tasted defeat. No navy is invincible, no navy is so powerful that it might bask forever in the rising and setting sun.

Today, dear reader, it is my sad duty to convey to you most depressing news, **THE OCHRE RIVER IS NO MORE**. Yes, it is true, the navy has been scuttled and sent to rest forever more beneath the peaceful waves of Dauphin Lake.

As the Navy went down so did the Admiral: Admiral Jimmy Linn O'Shane went down to St. Thomas,

Ontario. Admiral, we salute you. Only you could have met your fate in such a courageous manner. (He went down smiling and a bit tipsy).

Today I write the obituary, not of the Ochre River Navy, but of the group of men who opened Number Seven B. & G. in May, 1941. The few remaining men of that group are the survivors of the navy. We are holding on to drift wood looking for a posting which will deliver us from Number Seven, a station that will never be the same to us again.

Number Seven has completed a cycle, the new faces mean nothing to the old faces and the old faces mean nothing to the new. But to the old faces wherever you may be here's bottoms up to the Ochre River Navy and Number Seven B. & G.

Garcia, J. J.

INSIDE HEADQUARTERS ORDERLY ROOM

Well, folks, believe it or not, but this is 1943 and we all survived the Xmas and New Year's Holidays. Wonderful isn't it? But I must admit a certain Sgt. still has those dark circles around his eyes. I thought the Hamilton hotel was a lovely place. Sarg.

We didn't make any New Year's resolutions. Why? well, if you ever see the big list of "don'ts or you'll be rumbled a nickel," in Central Registry, you will realize why New Year's resolutions are absolutely unnecessary around here. It's rumble, rumble, rumble. It certainly is the most popular word of the month. It's just a big string of rumbles and nickels. A certain Cpl. seems to think she is being rumbled unjustly. Why, I don't know, because pennies seem to be of more value than nickels in C.R. Sort of a flippy lot aren't you girls?

C.R. has grown very popular lately. We are thinking seriously of taking down our "Out of Bounds" sign and replacing it with one "Lunches served at all hours", I believe it would be very profitable as long as we keep getting parcels from home.

We have more pleasant surprises again this month folks. We have four new members added to our staff. Quiet please, quiet please, settle down. Here they are:

June Williams, our new civilian steno. is in Records Office. She is tall, red headed and handsome. We don't know much about June yet, boys, but when we get the dope on her we'll let you in on it. Remember now we didn't say you could find out for yourselves.

Records also welcomes a young AC. Johnny Trofanuk. Johnny seems very bashful yet. Don't be afraid of

those AW's in C.R. Johnny, they're not as bad as they look. We know they're trying to see who can make the first date with you, so perhaps it's for your own protection that you've built up that shy reserve. Can't say that I blame you much.

C.R. also welcomes two new members, AW1 Kent "Mike" and AW2 Gorham "Pat", and believe you me they really are typical Pat and Mike characters. Both straight from Manning Depot, they were a little wary of so many big husky airmen at first; but I believe that is all in the past now. If not Mike, will you explain that date you had with the short guy and Pat, we would love to have you explain that mark on your face and why you only played badminton one night.

Well, folks we are still a little dazed from our holidays so guess we'll leave you alone in your misery until next month. But we'll be back then and, by the way we're eating we'll be bigger and we hope brighter than ever.

J. M., Cpl.

"HUMOUR"

A theatrical party was on tour through country districts, and arrived at a Rest Camp hot and dirty. A Scotsman in the party asked another actor, "Where does one wash?" the actor replied, "Oh! in the Spring." Scotsman, "Aye Mon, I said WHERE, not WHEN."

—V—

"What's the hurry?" said the convicted murderer to the Warden who was trying to make him hurry up, for he was due for the chair in a few minutes. "They can't start without me."

NEWS -- VIEWS -- REVIEWS



from the

SERGEANTS' MESS

Hello Everybody! It is with mixed feelings we greet you again. With some regrets we saw 1942 fade into the oblivion, yet are eagerly looking forward to a happy and successful 1943. During the past year, our Mess grew from a stalwart few to almost capacity — in fact there were times when we were actually overcrowded. However, our new double-decker, now under construction, should alleviate this situation — to the sorrow of living out-members. (F.S. Evans is already weeping over the coming loss of six-bits a day).

Many "Old Timers" left for stations in all parts of Canada, Overseas, U.S.A. Remember — Gordie Wright, Solberg, Phil Healey, Abbott, Sgt. Major Shadbolt, Stanford, MacIntosh, Quirk, Chuck Willis, Gordie MacCulloch, Turner, Ward, Jack Hodder, George Stewart, Ralph Arnold, Barnett, Patten? Other absentees, although not such "old timers" are nevertheless well remembered as a swell bunch of boys — "Poker-fiend" Fennel, "Mustachio" Pierce, "Horseshoe-luck" Burnett, "Moose" Birch, that unique character, Rand, "Slim" Pagnam and many others. Gives one a nostalgic tremor, doesn't it?

Congrats. to those who won commissions — Lloyd Brown, Gordie Franks, Art McKiel, Steve Prudhomme, Frank Dobbs and Jack Rolfe. The most recent loss — and it is a serious one, is that of Grand Admiral of the Fleet, James O'Shane, Commander-in-Chief of the Ochre River Navy (Sgt. Jimmie Lynn to

the uninformed). The departure of the Admiral to an Eastern station will cause grief to his many shipmates — especially Sgt. Howard Hodgkinson. All these and more have been replaced by many newcomers. With the recent promotion of G. H. Barable, we now have as members the two giants of the station — Sgt. Riddell, of course, is the other. To name all the new additions would require too much space — but congrats. to them all. However, we feel we must mention one who along with the rest of the station, we are proud and pleased to welcome back into the fold, Sgt. Page, R.A.F.

Having completed our review we will now get personal and with the aid of the grapevine, give you some inside dope on our Wolves!!

We must first congratulate Sgt. Jeavons on his new appointment — Night N.C.O.

It is surprising what a difference a small amendment to F.R. & I. can make to man. Ask Norm (the other Dionne) Wright or that fast worker — our S.S.M.

With a view to aiding production, let us congratulate — Sgt. Hourigan, F.S. Browne, A. W., Sgt. McGrath, W.O.-1 Menzies (?) Sgt. McComb, Sgt. Peeron, Sgt. Chesterman, Sgt. Ash, and anyone else we may have missed.

Lets step into our Mess Dining Room now — We're still wondering about that consistent dinner date, Donna and Pete. Could the rationing of butter have been caused by the boys from "down under"? "Milk-

SERGEANTS' MESS — Continued

fiend" Konx may have the answer. We're all waiting for the day W.O.2 "Tex" regains his appetite — Beware Cpl. Court, there's famine ahead.

Roaming around we now find ourselves in the Games Room. Moans and Groans — Wowee. Audible from the next room — "Well I'll be— on the last card." "Sitting in the bush" "Come on Radul — pay up". "Too bad Cas. but I had to stay in." "That d— — Pierce bumping on nothing." If it hadn't been for that so and so Hudson I'd a won," etc., etc., etc., etc., etc. Remember fellows, the Flight Lieutenant who came in New Year's? Who — went away — came back, lost — stayed away. If you could only hear us humming, Sir, "Oh, won't you please come back."

We must here thank the Officers for a swell afternoon on New Years.

We hope they enjoyed our entertainment at Xmas as much as we did theirs.

All Mess members may now be assured that there will be no more errors in Mess Bills. F.S. E. Jones our new Sec.-Treasurer has taken the oath and has offered to make good, himself, any discrepancies that may occur. Check close boys and give the good Samaritan an opportunity to make good his boast.

All members who have evaded the noose this time are warned that there is always "open season" on Wolves. So until that next issue, step lightly.

"The Two Stooges"

Stop the Press — Congratulation to W.O.2 Evans on his recent promotion to the dizzy heights.

LECTURE ON THE BROWNING — Continued

bed; and that the latter would be much more comfortable. The dutiful laughter awoke him from his dream (which, by the way, if one could tell by the smile on his features, was certainly not about the Browning gun).

When the noise had subsided, I asked if there were any questions, meanwhile casting a warning eye to my acquaintance at the back, who I felt was about to ask a tricky question, but he was not to be deterred, so out it came. He wanted to know the name of a part that had no significance at all as far as the pupils were concerned. I could have strangled him cheerfully. However, by a stroke of luck I knew that particular part and he retired from the fray. Other questions were asked, sensible ones, and I felt really pleased.

Glancing at my watch, I perceived

with a sigh of relief that it was almost on the hour, and time for break, so I dismissed the class and returned to my room to prepare for my next lecture.

I was still holding my head up and feeling quite happy with life. But since then I have held quite a few lectures and soon, I'm sure I will have that hang-dog look of the regular instructors and go about with the air of one upon whose shoulders lies a very heavy burden. No doubt I shall take to drink also, and why not? — Already I have started talking in my sleep.

But all these things make me realize the feeling of the regular instructors who have been doing the same day in and day out for many a year — and doing it well too.

Good luck to them!

— J. C. M.

Padre's Page

STORM SIGNALS

Recent predictions by columnists in high places to the effect that the war will be over in 1943 are dangerous to say the least. When people think they are on top they have reached a hazardous position psychologically. When they are sure that they have already won it is high time that the storm signals were run up. Let us not allow ourselves to be lulled to sleep by wishful thinking. We have still the biggest part of the job to

do. There are two times when a man is tempted to "let down". One is when he thinks that all is lost. The other is when he is sure that victory has been won. Perhaps the latter is the more subtle and devastating. Nothing succeeds like success until it goes to your head. Then watch out! It is not time yet to kill the fatted calf. The facts call only for renewed effort on the part of every man and woman of us in whatever capacity we serve.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

What are we fighting to maintain and what kind of a world are we hoping to create? We are waging a war against a conception of life which we despise. We are also united in a common will to protect our democratic creed with its focus on the individual. In the past there have been gaps between democracy as an ideal and democracy as a programme. In the world of tomorrow the structure must be moulded to fit the needs of people. It is reassuring to those in the forces to know that at the head of affairs there are men of vision whose ardour to win the war is not lessened by their passion for social justice. What is to be the shape of things to come? As a stimulant to thought and as a foretaste of better days here is what England will be like if the Archbishop of Canterbury has his way:

(1) Every child should find itself a member of a family housed with decency and dignity, so that it may

grow up as a member of that basic community in a happy fellowship unspoiled—or overcrowded, by dirty and drab surroundings or by mechanical monotony of environment.

(2) Every child should have the opportunity of an education till years of maturity, so planned as to allow for his peculiar aptitudes and make possible their full development. This education should be inspired by faith in God and find its focus in worship.

(3) Every citizen should be secure in possession of such income as will enable him to maintain a home and bring up children in such conditions as are described in paragraph 1 above.

(4) Every citizen should have a voice in the conduct of the business or industry which is carried on by means of his labour, and the satisfaction of knowing that his labour

(Continued on Page 38)



WO-2 KNOBLAUCH, E.

Born Dec. 19, 1917 in Hisson, Ontario — a town comprised of one general store — owned and operated by our W.O.-2's father. Earl — the merchant's son — was educated at Listowel where he completed a commercial course.

In Dec. 1938, AC2 Knoblauch began his course in equipment at Trenton and was retained at that station until he attained the rank of Flight Sergeant. In May, 1941, F. S. Knoblauch was posted to Paulson as NCO in charge of Equipment. He was promoted to W.O.-2 on Sept. 29, 1942.

W.O.-2 Knoblauch and his wife reside in Dauphin. Fairly recently they were both promoted to "parents" when a "young lady" came to pay them a lifetime visit.



SERGEANT DOWNING, F. F.

Sgt. Downing was born in Kingston, Ont. eldest of a family of three children. He says the other two caused him no end of trouble. His parents showed very good taste by coming to Manitoba in 1910.

Being of a serious and studious frame of mind, Downing spent seven years at St. John's College in Winnipeg, displaying interests in Arts and Theology. He claims not having spent any more than one year in learning one year's work.

On leaving college, he became interested in Indian work, and spent nine years on missionary work and teaching amongst them. His wife is a former teacher, having taught at the Indian Residential School at Sioux Lookout.

Sgt. Downing is really an original at this Station, arriving Jan. 6, 1941. "When I came here with three others, there were only members of the Security Guard stationed here; but things have changed since then."

You'll be able to hear Sgt's. address on Indian lore in Canada at a later date — he's an interesting chap —



OUR SARGE

Donna McMillan Baxter was born in Winnipeg where she received her education, including public school, high school and one year at the University of Manitoba.

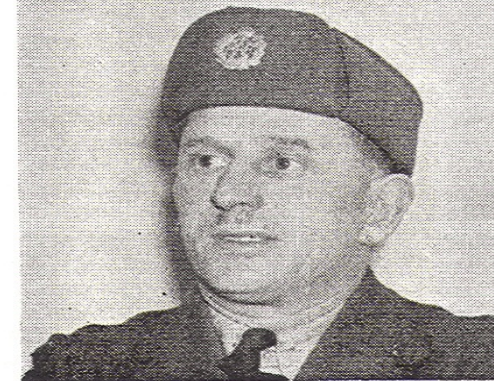
Later she went in for "Tee's" in a big way (No. we don't mean pink teas). She attained the junior golf championship of Manitoba and was "runner-up" for the Manitoba Women's Championship.

She was employed for seven years at the Security Storage Company, Winnipeg.

Aspiring to a military career, AW2 Baxter left on January 15th, 1942 for Toronto as a Clerk. Following the basic training course she was posted to our neighboring station, Number 10 S.F.T.S.

A mere five weeks passed and back she was in Toronto for the Administration Course, emerging as Corporal Baxter. Two months later she received her third hook and was posted to Number Seven B. & G. School (our first W.D.)

Since then she has done a very capable job of keeping things running smoothly for the rest of the airwomen of Number 7 B. & G. School.



CORPORAL AYRES, L. E.

SCENE—TORONTO MANNING DEPOT. DATE Sept 19, 1939. INTEREST — Mr. L. E. Ayres and approximately twenty other gentlemen enlisting.

INCIDENT—First group to enlist at Toronto Manning Depot. There you have a feature of which our Corporal can be proud. Says his first job after enlisting was to help put the Exhibition Ground in shape for future use.

Not only was he one of the first at Toronto Manning Depot, but Cpl. Ayres must have been amongst the first at Paulson—has been here for twenty-one months.

Again, Cpl. Ayres was the first to train the W.D.'s in the Spark Plug Dept. in Maintenance — and now is quite proud of that staff.

Now he says he wouldn't mind being one of the first to get his third hook — here's luck to you Corporal.

CORPORAL A. R. POTTER

Corp. Alex R. Potter was born in Toronto some 29 years ago, and received his schooling in that city. He was employed previous to his enlistment in the R.C.A.F. in the Photo finishing department of the Unique Photo Finishing Co. in charge of the film developing machines.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war, Cpl. Potter enlisted in the Air Force, and was called within the first year to take his training as a Photographer at the Photographic Establishment at Rockcliffe, Ont. Upon completion of his course, he, in company with his wife, was sent to Regina to fill a vacancy in the Photo Section at No. 3 A.O.S. After a few months he was again moved; this time to Paulson to take charge of the then non-existent Photo Section on this Station. Since that time he has become a well known personage around this School, receiving his Corporal stripes and a new daughter (Darla) slightly over a year ago.



LAW MULLIGAN, D. E.

"Mully", was one of the first contingent of W.D.'s to arrive at Paulson. She was born in Uxbridge, Ont. Later moved to Port Perry where she finished her high school education. Attended Business College in Toronto. Feeling the call she enlisted in the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) in May, 1942, and was trained as a Clerk Stenographer. Came to Paulson on June 29th, 1942. "Mully" is a very "ardent" sportswoman, already making her mark at Paulson by being on the winning side for the Badminton Doubles cup, a member of our baseball team and our basketball team. Very popular with all who know her. "Mully" recently transferred from Central Registry to the G.I.S. Orderly Room, where she is busily engaged on Trainee Reports, etc. Keep up the good work, Mully.



LAC GARCIA, J. J.

LAC Garcia first started fighting for breath in New York City in May, 1917 and has been chasing after fights ever since. He joined the Abraham Lincoln Battalion with hopes of getting into the Spanish Civil War, but Uncle Sam put a stop to that. Consequently he tried to squeeze into the Finnish scrap by joining the Finnish Red Cross. When that fracas ended, he immediately joined up with the R.C.A.F. in order to go after the bigger game. It's hard to say what he'll do if this is "the war to end wars" — probably will start one of his own for a hobby.

Garcia says he has been handing out equipment on this Station for twenty months now — so please don't ever greet him with "Hi Stranger".



LAC HUTCHINSON, R. W.

That R. W. Stands for Robert Walter — the christian names of a young lad born in Saskatoon, Sask. in 1916 — was educated there and in Regina.

His father had great plans for him, but "Hutch" had others — and took to a life of travel — interspersed with sporting activities.

On Dec. 7th, 1940, "Hutch" heard that the R.C.A.F. always served remarkably good Xmas dinners, so joined up — and was not disappointed.

On May 21, 1941, he was posted to Number Seven — "a splendid move", he says, "because it was here that I met Peggy," (his wife).

You can see "Hutch" every morning commuting between Dauphin and Paulson, with that lunch (prepared so carefully by his wife) tucked tenderly under his arm. Says he is always looking for that silver lining upon which is embossed those long-sought Corporal stripes.





THE HOSTESS CLUB SOCIAL

The Hostess Club continued its excellent work by having an impromptu evening of fun on Sunday, Dec. 20.

The live wire M.C. Sgt. Frankie Lees started the fun rolling by a sing-song assisted by Mrs. Peebles; F.O. Virtue did a couple of novelty whistling numbers; Miss Helen Waroway favored the audience with some very unique and much appreciated — folk songs; our own Aube Jacobs made the piano talk, then a quiz program; Sgt.

Curly Thomas yodelled (to the delight of the ladies). About this time refreshments were served. Another Sing-Song where defaulters were brought to the mike and made suffer the consequences to the amusement of the folks and so bring to a close an evening of fun, Frankie Lees showed a few tricks in tap dancing.

We thank the Hostess Club for a very enjoyable night and would like to see more of them.

BOMBING FLIGHT CHRISTMAS PARTY

Tuesday evening, December 8th. will be long remembered in Bombing Flight for its super Xmas Party. The success of the evening was due to the work of Cpl. Stevens, LAC Ramage and LAC W. C. Stubbs.

At 7.30 about 120 sat down to an excellent turkey supper served by the women of the Anglican Church, Dauphin. There was lots to eat and plenty of fun — Ramage smelling the grapefruit juice; Riv. Stubbs saying grace; F. S. Sutherland giving a word of praise; F.O. Miquelon the ideal afterdinner speaker; S. L. Taylor with a turkey bone in each hand; S. L. Walton did as well as the rest even tho' he had one hand bandaged because he kept those beside him busy passing stuff and F.O. Virtue adding a bit of soft soap here and there.

After supper there was a dance at the town hall where good music, good spirit, good friends and good fun topped off a very happy evening enjoyed by everyone.

"ESCAPE FROM DUNKIRK" (Continued from Page 6)

World War I — but a gradual feeling of restlessness was prevalent as we began to wonder if we were ever to see action.

One quiet afternoon a party of us were returning from a visit to the Canadian Memorial at Vimy; all was peaceful, and the warming rays of the sun shone brightly on the little French town in which we were billeted.

Then it broke! — Without warning a large formation of about seventy Ju. 88's appeared from the direction of Lille. For half an hour, amidst the din of screaming sirens and screeching women and children, they subjected the town to a merciless hail of bombs, after which they came down to roof top level and wantonly machine-gunned everything within sight.

It was hell while it lasted — an experience time will never obliterate.

Next month:—"We Go into Action"

OFFICERS' MESS

Glad to see you around for a visit Flight Lieutenant Muir. You're very welcome around here any time you get the chance to come down.

Some of the Officers live up to advance notices — others don't — who got married during the Christmas season? Who didn't? Congratulations Pilot Officer Ferguson. Never mind. P.O.——, she might name the day soon.

Which Officer spent so much time near the kitchen over the New Year? What an appetite you must have, Sir!

We're certainly pleased to see a couple of the Officers taking so much interest in the Station Hockey Team. May your team live up to expectations, F.O. Graham and P.O. McLean. It won't be your fault if it doesn't.

The "heavers of the stones" are sure building up a record for themselves — three games and three losses

to date — well boys, you are at least consistent. Now I understand why each game is not played over again in quarters.

Shame on the Officers' Hockey team when they only managed to scrape up a tie when playing the Sergeants. With soft meat like that, they should certainly have had a win. Come on, now! Buck up!! Have you no ambition?

Thanks, Sergeants for the splendid turnout on New Year's morn. We doubted whether many of you would have been able to turn out — but you really surprised us.

"The Campbells are coming". The strange note of Scottish pride about F/L Campbell these days can be readily account for. His son Allan, a chip off the old block, recently won his wings and received his commission. He is off to parts unknown. Congratulations to the Campbells. Keep them coming.

Amphitrite Point,
Ucluelet, B.C.
13th December, 1942.

Editor, Paulson Post,
Number Seven B. & G. School,
Paulson, Manitoba

Dear Sir:

Last nite, an Ex-Paulson airman, now N.C.O. in charge of our Canteen, was celebrating his 19th birthday and in the parcel he was sent from home, was a fruit cake (which disappeared immediately) and three copies of the "Paulson Post" which to me were worth their weight in

gold. Having grown up with the Station, where I spent 13 happy months, the Post brought back many pleasant memories of the good times I had there.

We have nine Ex-Paulson boys attached to this detachment and everyone would give their right arm to be back to good old Number Seven. So for those who beef, remember, "There will never be another Paulson once you are posted away". Best regards to the Equipment Section, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Corporal Hepburn

W. D. DOINGS



WHAT blonde corporal (W.D.) says she is afraid of dark alleys? And why? (incidentally you really couldn't guess the real reason).

WE understand the W.D. are thinking of forming their own school of ju jitsu, judo, "catch as catch can" wrestling, or whatever you wish to call it. Applicant's names will be accepted at the Orderly Room, but possible students will be carefully considered before enrolment, (for their own protection). There have been a few preliminary bouts in barrack block B, during one of which a certain b— c—l, (see below), was quite taken by surprise. Rumour has it that corporal Bray doesn't do badly with her left hand. Dangling braces are her specialty.

WE would like to know why a certain trade corporal (name withheld by unpopular request) has such an aversion to ink.

WE wonder whether a certain gentleman, very adept at the P.A. system, got that dulcet voice by whispering sweet nothings, and not into a microphone.

WHAT was Corporal Bray dreaming about when she fell out of the top bunk?

WHO was it decided that the

radio would sound delightful at 0345 hours, and then changed their minds very suddenly?

CONGRATULATIONS and best wishes to our newly-weds, Smith, M. A. (nee Rymal), and Short, D. A. (nee Anderson), and their respective husbands. The former couple are already established in Dauphin, and the Shorts will follow as soon as the groom recovers from a recent fall.

A sudden desire for cleanliness must have struck the W.D. barracks lately. Just the other day someone received a very sudden and impromptu shower bath.

ISN't it amazing how much time some people can spend in front of a mirror. We (editorially speaking of course), would like to wager that the average (?) W.D. spends at least an hour and a half gazing at and improving her reflection, before going to the canteen for a coke. It would have taken several shifts to compute the time necessary to prepare for a date. We won't tell you who, but two of the above have taken permanent possession of the full length mirror, and one or t'other can be found in front thereof at any time of the day. Other poor lassies wishing to see the hang of a skirt, or the straightness of a stocking seam, have to content themselves with brief glances in one small corner.

THE number of new rings being sported on the third finger, left hand, since Christmas mounts into astronomical figures. It has been estimated roughly of course, that there are enough diamonds to cut out a sheet of glass large enough to supply all C Hangar with new windows. Before we know it, we will find that

(Continued on Next Page)

W. D. DOINGS — Continued

the poor unfortunates without will be ashamed to appear in public. Evidently no one here believes in the old saying: "In the spring a young man's fancy—etc., etc." Either that or they were deluded by the recent thaw.

Sgt. W.— says Munro's new props have gone to her head. Personally we think they have curled her hair.

What recently made LAW in the H.Q. Orderly Room yelled, "Cpl. Hellyer! Cpl. Hellyer! I'm being molested! **Don't** come."

Why are all the members of the Orderly Room staff so anxious to read this column before it goes to press? Are they worried lest they find themselves therein?

SHE who walks through the barracks after Lights Out, does so at her own risk, particularly on wash-day nights. Wet shirts slap her in the face, damp so-and-sos drip in her hair and rust her curlers, and clammy sleeves wrap themselves around her neck. Sand cans lurking beneath the beds leap out and snap at her feet as she passes. Beds lurch out of line and stand just where she will run into them. The ventilating system mutters and squeaks. The ghostly green night light throws weird shadows before and beside her. She crawls into bed and the window slams. Finally she falls into troubled slumbers, and dreams haunt her. No wonder all the W.D.'s talk in their sleep. They must be calling for help.

FIRE DEPARTMENT -- FOOTNOTES

Things are getting back to normal around the Fire Hall again and the Xmas and New Years hangovers have all left. We regret the loss of two of our firemen who were posted to Souris this month. No only the boys will miss LAC Richards and Agrey but they will also certainly be missed from the Airmens' Mess.

We regret that Cpl. Short, who went all out for better or for worse at Xmas time, is now recuperating in the Station Hospital after falling and injuring his hip. At any rate, Mrs. S. will know where to find him and that he is out of mischief. We hope you will soon be back with us again Charlie.

The Calgary Kid came in the other day doing some odd motions with hands and arms. We thought it was

the famous Hindu rope trick at first but found out later that he had been learning to make sausages, and from a capable teacher, too.

During the absence of Cpl. Warren we cannot be responsible for the actions of our horseshoe champ. Lately he has taken to smoking cigars.

Here is a warning to pedestrians. LAC Debrouwere has taken over the duties of driver. He is five feet, nine inches, and has black hair and blue eyes. 'Was last seen tearing down McLeod Ave., with his eyes shut and both hands on the emergency brake.' That is all.

These few incidents about cover the the highlights in the life of a fireman for this month.

LAC Thurber, C. S.

JANUARY, 1943, and the ACCOUNTS SECTION

Happy New Year, everybody, it might be a little late, but the thought is still good. Nearly everybody is back from his or her leave, and just rarin' to go to work. At least, that is what we are supposed to do, but sometimes I wonder.

Last December we just got the two Jones' straightened out — one was Flight E. Jones, and the other Sgt. Jones. But now due to a lot of hard work (?) Sgt. R. D. Jones has now become a Flight. If anybody thinks of a good way to tell them apart when the phone calls come pouring in for "Flight Jones", please let us know. Never mind, Flight R. D. Jones, you really deserve the promotion. Besides, with all those cokes you have been buying lately, that extra money will come in handy.

Pretty Boy Strang — oops, pardon me — Sgt. Strang, has just returned from his Xmas leave which he was supposed to have spent in Calgary. Anyway, his girl friend Olive seems to take up a large part of his conversation. I'm not quite sure, but I think her last name is Seagram. We didn't get it for a long while either.

There has been another wedding in our section. LAW Anderson was married while she was on leave: Cpl. Short in the Fire Hall was the lucky (?) fellow. Congratulations to you both!

If anybody has seen a little Scotty dog wandering around the camp, it belongs to the Accounts. It spends most of its time up here, and we have grown quite attached to it. Rumour says that it was from No. 10, but we can't help it if it likes Number Seven better. AW1 Jackson

got a surprise when she returned from her leave the other night, and found him sound asleep in her bed.

AW1 Heavenor and Hembroff are two happy girls right now. They are home in Powell River enjoying their leave. They won't be quite so happy when they return, and find all the work that has been piling up.

AW1 Doak and Davis spent their Xmas leave in Grandview. You ought to see all the home-made food they brought back with them. Any time you're hungry, just see them. About every other night, they are dashing away to a turkey dinner with friends in Dauphin. Lucky girls to have friends there.

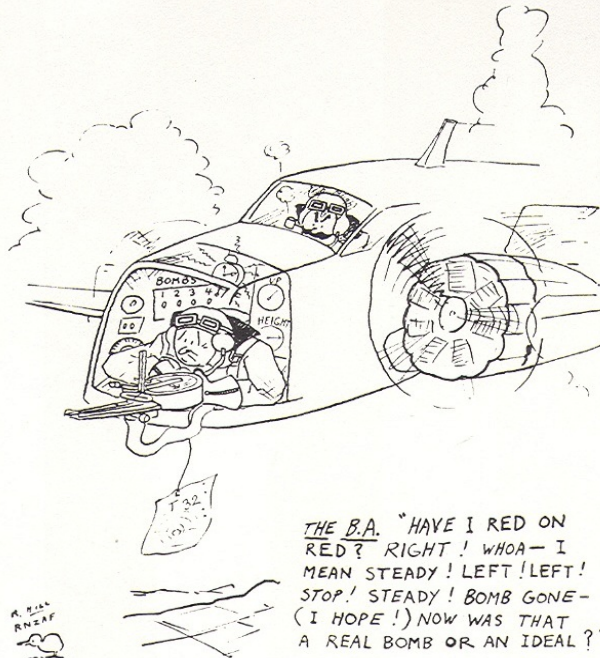
Miss Lee and Flight R. D. Jones are still feuding. Words keep flying back and forth, but Miss Lee will win out, just watch and see: the women always do.

Cpl. Kyle got a big surprise last week, when his posting finally arrived. He is going overseas, much to his satisfaction. We will all miss him here, and I know all the people in Equipment & Tech Stores will miss him wandering around checking vouchers. Lots of luck, Les!

You've probably all heard that the Clerk-Acct's have remustered to Security Guards. Every night one of us has the honor of sleeping down at the office on the Safe. It is really all very cozy, "The Watchdogs of Paulson" are what we are called. We really appreciate the sandwiches the kitchen sends up to us at night, but would they please take the cockroaches out beforehand. It's not quite so bad when we don't see them.

That's all for this month, folks, see you all again in the next issue.

A. D. S.



THE G.I.S. III

The G.I.S. has lately been
The scene of much ado,
With Pupils fat, and Pupils lean,
And Pupils old, and new.

The teaching Staff has had to laugh
The better to suppress,
The pain they feel, when'er a calf
It's ignorance does confess.

The G.I.S. with sleeves uprolled,
Gets down to work with steam,
And breathes at last a joy untold
At Graduates that have been —!

This is their pride, their joy serene,
That calves wot didn't know
Have now passed out, their faces
keen,
Into the fighting row.

Why ???

MUST people push and "horn in"
on the mess-hall line-ups?

MUST people smoke at the show
to such an extent that the picture
becomes blurred? (It's a fire hazard,
too).

MUST Senior N.C.O.'s turn on a
radio when they come in at one or
two or three o'clock in the morning?

MUST N.C.O. pilots boast of their
exploits and argue about aircraft rec
at 0130 hours?

MUST people raise whoopee on
their way to the barracks at nite —
particularly around the chicken coop?

MUST I wait for the 1820 bus
when I want to go home at 1745?

MUST I leave Paulson, when I
so want to stay?



TOP ROW—Left to Right Ruth Bowman, Isobel Lill, Zanith Arnold. CENTRE INSERT Miss Helma Nicholson
BOTTOM ROW — Left to Right June Williams, Lill Gorshie, Jerry Smickland

BOOK REVIEWS

THE GAUNT WOMAN:—by

Edmund Gilligan

This new book by Gilligan is an enormously thrilling novel of the sea and warfare against the U-boats. It is the story of "that red devil of a man," Captain Patrick Bannon, and his fight against spies, traitors and Nazi marauders who sailed THE GAUNT WOMAN. THE GAUNT WOMAN, presumably a Dane, was actually a mother ship for German U-boats who ranged the northern waters.

Never before has the U-boat warfare in the North Atlantic and the deeds of the brave men who fight against it been so vividly described. Every man or woman who loves the sea and who loves a good story will enjoy it.

GET THEE BEHIND ME:— by

Hartzell Spence (author of
"One Foot In Heaven")

If you have always wondered why children of ministers are so apt to be in trouble or at least in the thick of things, read this book.

Hartzell Spence lived in a mid-western parsonage which did not teach him how to cope with a girl who wanted to be kissed. As a result, he didn't cope, he kissed. His sister had her experiences too. One involved a young man with a red Packard and purple pants; another a college athlete whom the parson kicked out of the house.

Here is the same light, anecdotal humor that made "One Foot In Heaven" a best-seller.

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK:—by

Daphne du Maurier

This book probably needs no recommendation as it has been widely acclaimed during the past year. Not even "Rebecca" (by the same author)

can match it for continuous interest and the enchanted unfolding of a great story.

Narvon, the wild Cornish coast estate of her husband's exactly suited Lady Dona's rebellious mood. On one of her daily walks she stumbled on a secret cove and saw a strange ship riding at anchor. Then faced suddenly by the ship's master she realized that this could be none other than the mysterious French pirate, who had been terrorizing the landed gentry of the surrounding Narvon.

It seemed strange that this handsome and aristocratic man could really be a notorious pirate; and she never really knew whether it was curiosity or some deeper force which prompted her to invite him to supper the following night. It would be unfair to tell you more of this gripping story.

Books Just In—"Victory Through Air Power" by Seversky. "The Song of Bernadette" by Werfel.

G.K.H. (Station Library)

PADRE'S PAGE

(Continued from Page 27)

is directed to the well-being of the community.

(5) After the war, every citizen should have sufficient daily leisure, with two days of rest in seven, and, if an employee, an annual holiday with pay, to enable him to enjoy a full personal life with such interests and activities as his tasks and talents may direct.

(6) Every citizen should have assured liberty in the forms of freedom of worship, of speech, of assembly, and of association for special purposes.

A society in which there can be "the full development of individual personality"—that is our ultimate goal. But first we must win the war.

V. Lorne Stewart

NUMBER SEVEN BOMBING & GUNNERY SCHOOL — PAULSON, MAN.

Honor Roll

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.
R54319	P/O Smith, J. H.	Killed Overseas, (Course 33), 24-9-42.
	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

Information Service...

INTER-SERVICE HOCKEY LEAGUE

Date	TEAM	Score
Jan. 8 Friday	7 B. & G. vs 10 S.F.T.S	
" 11 Monday	Army vs 7 B. & G.	
" 15 Friday	Army vs 10 S.F.T.S.	
" 18 Monday	7 B. & G. vs 10 S.F.T.S	
" 22 Friday	Army vs 7 B. & G.	
" 25 Monday	Army vs 10 S.F.T.S.	
" 29 Friday	7 B. & G. vs 10 S.F.T.S	
Feb. 1 Monday	Army vs 7 B. & G.	
" 5 Friday	Army vs 10 S.F.T.S.	
" 8 Monday	7 B. & G. vs 10 S.F.T.S	
" 12 Friday	Army vs 7 B. & G.	
" 15 Monday	Army vs 10 S.F.T.S.	

SPECIAL
BUSES TO GAMBES.

If you want your hockey team
To be always on the beam,
At the games they need your
backing,
Let your presence not be
lacking.

STATION MOVIES FOR FEBRUARY

FEB. 7 - "FOR ME AND MY GAL" with JUDY GARLAND.
 FEB. 9 - "RIO RITA" with ABBOTT and COSTELLO.
 FEB. 11 - "LIFE BEGINS AT 8.30" with MONTEY WOOLEY and IDA LUPINO.
 FEB. 14 - "ARABIAN NIGHTS" in TECHNICOLOR.
 FEB. 16 - "TALES OF MANHATTEN" FEB. 18 - "CAIRO" with JEANETTE MacDONALD
 FEB. 21 - "ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON" with CARY GRANT - GINGER ROGERS
 FEB. 23 - "TORTILLA FLAT" with SPENCER TRACY
 FEB. 26 - "NOW VOYAGER" with BETTE DAVIS
 FEB. 28 - "COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN"

BUS SCHEDULES

Lv. Dauphin	Lv. Port
7.10 A.M.	7.25 A.M.
7.45 "	8.00 "
8.15 "	9.05 "
3.45 P.M.	4.10 "
5.15 "	5.45 "
6.00 "	6.15 "
6.35 "	6.55 "
7.45 "	7.55 "
10.10 "	10.25 "
11.15 "	11.30 "
12.15 A.M.	12.30 A.M.
1.10 "	1.25 "

WINNIPEG BUS

Lv. Dauphin
7.10 A.M. Daily
12.30 P.M. Daily
Lv. Winnipeg
6.00 P.M. Daily

YORKTON BUS

Lv. Dauphin
1.30 A. M. Daily
Lv. Yorkton
2.30 A.M. Daily

TRAIN SCHEDULES

(Dauphin - Winnipeg)

Lv. Dauphin
1.50 A.M. Daily (ex. Mon.)
Ar. Winnipeg
7.30 A.M. Daily (ex. Mon.)
Lv. Dauphin (via Neepawa)
8.15 A.M. Tues., Thurs., Sat.
Lv. Dauphin (via Gladstone)
8.35 A.M. Tues., Thurs., Sat.

(Dauphin - Saskatoon)

Lv. Dauphin
4.30 A.M. Daily (ex. Sunday)
Ar. Saskatoon
4.00 P.M.
Lv. Saskatoon
12.15 P.M. Daily (ex. Sunday)
Ar. Dauphin
1.35 A.M.

T.C.A. Reservations may be obtained at the C.N.R. Ticket Office, Dauphin