

ANZAC FLAGS AT PAULSON

THE *Paulson Post*

Paulson Man.

The Paulson Post

By kind permission of Wing Commander H. E. Stewart

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Material for Publication must reach the Office of "The Post" before the 23rd of each Month. It is requested that Contributors sign their names to their contributions.

Vol. 2 — No. 4

June-July Issue

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Editorial



Vox Pop

The Spirit of Paulson

THE third Efficiency Pennant is flying over the parade square. The spirit of Paulson, which has become a tradition, has neither flagged nor failed. Personnel rapidly changes but the esprit de corps carries over. There is harmony, happiness and efficiency here. We "talk up" our station because we like to be part of a Unit that functions smoothly. We put our best into the station because those in charge see the best in us. We work efficiently because administration is not divorced from a respect for people. One of the aims of The Paulson Post is to capture, in word and picture, something of this elusive but contagious spirit.

To LAC York... G.I.S.,
No. 7 B. & G. S.
LAC. YORK, G.
AUS. 428858.

Your half-written letter was found, read, and enjoyed immensely. In fact, we believe it to be excellent literature for Paulson Post. However, not having your authority to do this, the letter is enclosed herewith. If your approval is received, a copy will be published in the next issue of the Post.

Awaiting your answer,
Sergeant Joe Boys of G.I.S.,
No. 7 B. & G. School, Paulson, Man.

Editor's Note: Confidentially, we cannot vouch for the authenticity of the signature.

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Letter from Australia...

Dear Editor:

As an Australian, I write to you in the hope that you will see justice done in the matter of the evil fellows, those G.I.S. Sergeants who have so foully wronged me. Briefly, the facts are that

I have left a half written letter to my family in one of the classrooms just before I came away. It was locked up by the cleaner and as I could not wait for him I asked one of the Sergeants to forward it on to me next morning.

As you will see from their letter, which I enclose, the G.I.S. Joeboys, as they style themselves, were sufficiently

(Continued on Page 4)

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"I Saw"...

On arriving at this station I was confronted with a surprising incident which occurred on the highway between Paulson and Dauphin.

The boys here have a police dog mascot that lies down on the road to stop all cars going in the direction of Dauphin to get them a lift. When the boys have piled in the car, he trots back to the station—and waits for the next bunch of boys who are going into town.

Editor: The above prize winning "I Saw" item appeared in a recent issue of The Winnipeg Tribune. It was submitted by LAC. Hooper, G.

"Combines of '43" Score Hit with Local Audiences

"Combines of 1943," lively variety show produced by the Massey-Harris company, played to an appreciative house in the Recreation Hall recently. From the eye-opening chorus to the patriotic finale the review moved smoothly at the rapid pace set by the comely mistress of ceremonies, Betty Robertson.

Paulson had its first taste of the adagio in the work of Meta and St. John, and loved every moment of it. Smoothness marked the dance team's ballroom numbers, its cleverly executed acrobatics and interpretation of the French Apache dance.

Pat McIntosh, manager of the show, as well as comedian, was a favorite with his army stories and songs. Grace and Al Laidlaw, a brother and sister team, and Norma Lawrie, won applause for smartly modern tap routines. Instrumental specialists were the father and son combination, the Kerseys, with steel electric guitars, and versatile Betty Robertson with her piano accordion.

Musical background for the show was furnished by pianist Ray Calder. Members of the chorus were June Huehnergard, Elsie Woodend, Jennie Novac, Shirley Anderson, Norma Lawrie, Shirley Alexander, Marguerette Clarke, Grace McCutcheon and Margaret Munro.

Cordova, blonde Spanish dancer, hit a responsive note with a Castilian street dance, and her interpretation of Ravel's Bolero. Grace Michas sang two groups of favorite songs.

The "Combines" troupe arrived Sunday to give two performances at the local air schools during a tour of training centres. The public presentations in town were specially arranged by request of Group Captain A. H. Wilson and Wing Commander H. E. Stewart as a means of raising funds for the Hostess club. Dauphin is the first place at which the show has been staged for

the general public.

Following the Tuesday and Wednesday performances, members of the show were guests of the Hostess club, where lunch was served.

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Vox Pop Continued—

LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA

putrid to read my correspondence and, worse still, to laugh at honest comments I had made about Paulson. In case they should fulfill their threat and publish my remarks, I give you hereunder an outline of the trials of an Air Bomber at No. 7 B. & G. S.

First of all I must say how much I appreciate the outfit. When we left Australia, our Warrant Officer, whom we called "Onions" because he was very strong, but socially unacceptable, informed us that we bleeding animals would know what discipline was when we got to Canada and came under real English discipline. Instead we were welcomed to the camp by Flight Wiley who fluttered up to us graciously and murmured, "Gentlemen, I do not know if you are interested in natural phenomena but if so, kindly observe the formations of snow crystals now falling—an unusual phenomena even for Canada, gentlemen."

It was the word "Gentlemen" that finally got us.

The difference in our respective dialects and our slang terms caused some confusion at times. Once when I was making a purchase in Dauphin, the shopkeeper remarked, "she's very soft today, isn't she?" I glanced around for a spongy looking female and finally discovered he was referring to the fact that it was raining.

My worst experience was at one of the W.A.A.F.'s ten cent dances. These were very popular, not only, I am afraid, because of the beauty and charm of the W.A.A.F.'s themselves, but also

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ANZAC DAY AT PAULSON



THE full significance of Anzac Day and its ceremonies, may be lost to the majority of you, but to the Australian and New Zealand personnel, it has a deep and lasting meaning. For twenty-three years we have paused on this Day, held sacred by us to pay silent homage to the men who paid the supreme sacrifice in the Gallipoli Campaign during World War No. 1. And so, now, we the sons and brothers of those gone before find ourselves engaged in yet another struggle in the midst of which we find time to stop, to remember and renew our pledges to the fallen.

To clarify the meaning of the word ANZAC, it is derived from the words, Australian, New Zealand Army Corps. They were the men who participated in the glorious fiasco of Gallipoli. Theirs was a story of beach-heads gained under murderous Turkish fire, and overwhelming enemy odds, for the Turks were strongly entrenched on the cliffs, and those were not the days when we could look for air support. This bitterly contested isthmus of land in that treach-

erous strip of water the Dardanelles was won though, and held, God knows how, but it was held, until the directors of the campaign thought it tactical to relinquish the foothold and retire. This was perhaps the most brilliant feature of strategy in the whole war in the East at that time, for the entire body of men were successfully evacuated by boat as was the manner in which they had come.

Much controversy resulted from this rather futile expedition, as it turned out to be a rather imprudent movement, resulting in a colossal wastage of manpower which was badly required elsewhere. Many pointed remarks were directed subsequently at those supposedly responsible in the British Government, but it was now too late, the men had come, had seen, and they had conquered. From here they were despatched to the Holy Land where continuous action was fought, they were indeed modern crusaders, championing as ever the righteous cause.

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Maintenance - Calling All Flights - Come In



To start with we'd like you to know what a regular guy our O.C. of Maintenance is. The other day he was seen in the hangar with a pair of overalls on and going to work right with the boys. We very nearly asked him for a left-handed monkey wrench but didn't quite.

We have some good news this month. Congratulations go to Sgt. Ash, who was promoted Flight Sgt. We should get a double E on that pennant now. What do you say, Flight?

Can you keep a secret? We don't want this to get around, but we are mighty glad to have Cpl. Ferguson back with us. We certainly thought him a "goner," but we hope he stays with us now.

We would like to mention how sorry we were to see our vivacious Major W.O.2 LaRoche posted to Wireless School in Winnipeg. We have to admit we miss his familiar bird calls, such as: "Erickson, get on that typewriter . . . Sgt. Maloney, did you get that E137 out on that Anson Engine? . . . Miss Wickson, how about a coke? . . . Where's Cpl. Ayres (he's behind you Major) . . . Oh, there you are, 'putt, putt, putt' (peculiar noises that only the Major could make) . . . take these parts to the Photograph Section and tell them I want 4 copies . . . Thanks for the coke, Miss Wickson."

Miss Wickson, as you will notice when you step in the Maintenance Wing Orderly Room is very busy these days. The conversation spreads about these lines: Sgt. Cantor—"Miss Wick-

son, here is an airman who wants spring farm leave but he doesn't want to take his annual leave because he wants to save that for the summer in order to be home for the haying" . . . Miss Wickson—"Send him in and we'll see what we can do".

And now, gentle people, we take you to the Auditorium where you will hear our famous and well-known commentator, F/S. Daniels talking over the P.A. System: "Gunnery, Gunnery, Gunnery, hello, is that you Gunnery? About 1902, did you get the giggling pin on the . . . which jacks on the pivot that actuates the vertical spline shaft that turns the pendulum to a 45½ degree angle? What's that? You didn't? I said did Jack the pivot on a 45 degree angle actuate the spline shaft pendulum? What? Oh, never mind, I'll fix it myself"—Boys get a glass of water for the F/S. will you?

While you are talking to Gunnery Flight, may we ask when Cpl. Ingram is going to get that muffler on his Packard? Never mind Cpl., we still think you have a rattling good car!

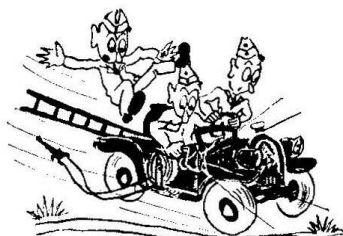
Back to Orderly Room gossip: We musn't forget Sgt. Cantor. We call him Eddie with the banjo eyes, but he hasn't any daughters. What's the idea of spending every 48 in Winnipeg, Sgt.? Any serious thoughts about matrimony?

Have you heard the latest theme song of our old timer F/S. Sutherland? Well, it goes something like this: "Overalls on the ceiling, overalls on the wall, I wish to heck I'll never see any overalls any more".

By the way, have you ever noticed what a nice quiet office our orderly room is? If you closed your eyes, you would think it was the Stock Exchange on a busy day — nice simile Sgt. Maloney, and just what do you know about Stock Exchanges? We have one quiet member in our midst though — our new W.D. Clerk Steno. She doesn't

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WHERE'S THE FIRE?



We are pleased to announce the installation of a new fire alarm system which does practically everything but rack up the hose after the fire is out. It computes rapidly the cause of the fire, who started it and the probable amount of damage. We were rather disappointed on Sunday, May 9th, though when it didn't tell us who pushed the false alarm in F hangar.

Cpl. Short and "his missus" are at present visiting with her folks at New Westminster (probably making post-war arrangements—no doubt).

Some of the boys are making regular trips to the beach getting ready for a bang-up summer season. The new cabin has an even better view than the old one had.

Inspired by that warm day we had, the writer has put his feelings into a jumble of words. Here they are:

ANOTHER SPRING SONG

In spite of the ration board, Eden and King,
We're going to be granted an elegant spring.
No red tape, no shortage, the same as before
Delivered with compliments, right at our door.

The chill grip of winter has started to yield
To the murmur of millions of flowers in the field.
Soon the conquest of beauty and warmth will prevail,
And soft, idle breezes replace winter's gale.

The trees will have shaded their feet from the sun
With branch upon branch of leaves full of fun.
And birds will have mated and started to nest,
And lo, here's the season we all love best.

What's this I hear? Is it at Dauphin Beach?
Do you say they are sitting well within reach?
How strange, when the fishing's so good in the cove,
That all they can talk of is something called (love).

ORDERLY ROOM CHAOS

As Temporary WO2 Evans would say, "Poor show, poor show, smarten up", so here I am again.

We are sorry to report the loss of one of our outstanding or standing out clerks. She is now an acting discip. How did you manage it, K., by going on parade without a belt or by coming to work without a collar pin? We must admit you are doing a good job, especially when you get stuck with a draft.

One of our clerks in C.R. seems to be having trouble with her teeth lately. When the dental officer starts to exam-

ine her cavities she will probably shout "Now who's the wolf". She seems to have a habit of saying that to people dressed in khaki.

We all want to know why Johnny went to Regina on his leave. We all know his home town is Yorkton. Say Johnny, who got the lucky break, Mina or Barbara?

A certain Sgt. from maintenance has been spending a lot of time in the Orderly Room, selling bonds, so he says. Personally I think he's trying to sell "Five different ways to romance", that

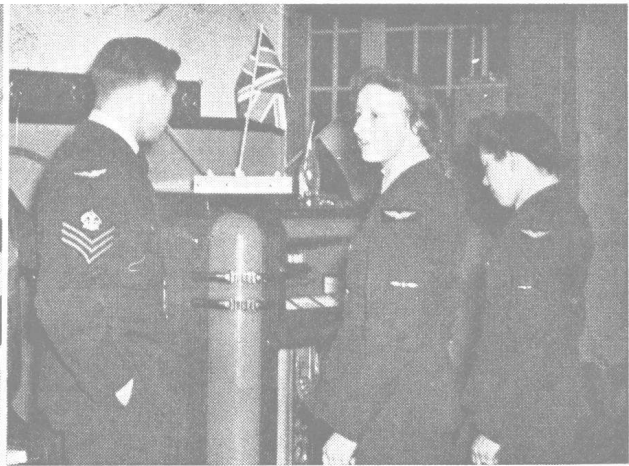
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WATCH OUT!

It's the Wandering Photographer!!

Send In Your Candid Camera Shots to the Photographic Section.
We Want Human Interest Pictures for the Next Issue.



VOX POP—Continued

on account of the splendid suppers. An Airbomber would consider himself a failure if he could not manage at least sixty cents worth of sandwiches and three cups of coffee at these shows. I was fated to pick bad partners on that occasion. The first was a good dancer, an energetic redhead, but she insisted on making clicking noises with her tongue to the rhythm of the music. Nothing is worse for shattered nerves.

The second was a passable dancer but had one of those periscope necks, which she insisted on screwing 'round in all directions throughout the dance. Not exactly a compliment to her partner.

The third was a very poor dancer, she quite unnecessarily informed me early in the piece. I danced on, suffering in silence until, wishing to be sociable, she decided to make a little small talk, "what part of New Zealand do you come from?" she asked.

Steering her gently off my feet I said briefly that I was from Australia. We danced on.

Then thinking perhaps I had been a little boorish I renewed the conversation. "What part of the Station do you work on?" I asked.

"Aye?" she questioned (the Canadian equivalent of "Beg your pardon").

"What part of the Station do you work on?" I repeated patiently.

"Yes," she replied demurely, "Isn't it."

After that I maintained a stony silence and devoted my efforts to keeping her off my toes.

The Pilots at Paulson are a noble lot and do their best as our wet nurses. None is more helpful than a lad I shall call Pilot Hallucinations, but I am afraid his enthusiasm carries him away at times. Once I gave him a dummy run and he asked me the reason through the intercom. "Sorry," I said, "but my levels were out."

"Oh," he cried, then a pause, then

in the spirit of friendly advice, "Well—er watch your wind!"

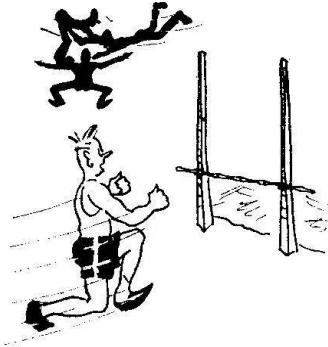
In Australia we rarely see Flight Sergeants in ground staff, our equivalent being a Warrant Officer No. 2 and a Warrant Officer No. 1 for a Sergeant Major. Self preservation however soon taught us to call the man with a crown on his sleeve a "Flight" instead of "Sergeant". On one occasion when on clothing parade, we were having a heated debate with the N.C.O. on duty, trying to get more than we were entitled to as usual. We kept calling him "Flight" until the poor fellow, quite overcome with emotion, sobbed in a piteous voice, "I'm not a "Flight", I'm a Sergeant Major!"

Please do not think I came to Canada to laugh at it. That would be a completely wrong impression, even though we did christen you "God's Frozen People," during the winter. All the W.A.A.F.'s are not like my unfortunate experience. Some of them are most seductive and without the formality of the stiff uniform—even exciting. Few of us will forget the roguish glint in the eye of that tomboy "Jerry" or the hearty goodfellowship of the fat girl from Newfoundland, or the earnest endeavours of that honest little soul "Hammie" to do right by the boys and their bombs.

We are proud to be the first twelve weeks course to graduate from Paulson. In fact, when we came here we decided that it was about time the status of the Air Bomber was proved. Too long have the Air Bombers suffered from the inferiority complex that theirs is an "easy course." Pilots, Wags and especially Navigators have been inclined to look down their noses at the Air Bomber and his muscular thumb. We made up our minds to impress them with such phrases as "The precision of the Mark IX Bombsight is interdependent on a correct combination of mathematical computa-

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HIGHLIGHTS IN THE FIELD OF SPORTS



By the time this article is published summer should be well established — however, we are still waiting for spring. The interest in Outdoor Sport activity was very keen at first and it looked like a great turn out for this season, but the weatherman had different ideas and to date it has rained and “mosquito-toed” until it has been impossible to play more than a few practice games of Softball and Baseball. Even the Soccer fans have given up ploughing around in the mud.

We are optimistic, and hope that by the time the Paulson Post goes to press we will have the station league well under way. In addition to the station league in men’s softball, soccer and W.D. softball we have a station baseball team and a station W.D. softball team, both of which are playing in the league with Dauphin and No. 10 S.F. T.S. The baseball team is being coached by Mr. Brown and P/O. Jensen. The W.D. softball team has Sgt. Higginson and WO2 Forman as coaches. All the coaches have the highest hopes for their teams and if you can forecast anything

from their optimism you may be sure that you will see some really fine games this coming season with No. 7 always on the winning side.

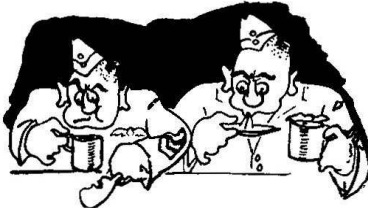
Track and field under the direction of Sgt. Thomas is still struggling to get a foothold in the mud at Paulson. However, a team is planning to travel to Winnipeg for the Big Sports Meet on July 5th. We wish them all the luck in the world.

The tennis court is completed and there is another one being constructed and many of the enthusiasts are out playing each night. The Sgts. seem to be reasonably well represented with Sgt. Higginson, WO2 Forman and WO2 Hurley being out almost every night. The trainees have a few real stars; LAC. Stohlberg and LAC. Adair are showing some fine tennis form. We have yet to hear from the officers.

Two croquet courts have been set up and are fairly popular with the station personnel. In addition to this variety, we have now completed the new miniature golf course and it looks to be plenty tough for even the most experienced player of Tom Thumb Golf.

Swimming—we shiver to mention it with the present weather conditions — but a few of our veterans have ventured into the depths of Lake Dauphin and the sports committee is making arrangements to have a swimming club this summer.

HOWLS FROM THE WOLF DEN



AT last our Winter is over, and we are in the midst of our "Sprummer" (Spring and Summer) season. And it must be the new air which radiates fragrant romance, for many of our "Wolves" have taken into their den a sweet and unsuspecting (?) wolverine. WO2 Moir, after a year at Paulson, succumbed to the charms of a local Dauphinite, Yvonne Willis by name, and may be seen peddling in to Port these bright mornings on a bicycle built for one. Flight Wylie is "at home" (Pay us a visit, he says—coffee and doughnuts at reasonable prices) at Dauphin Beach, with his bride, recently of Regina. Sgt. Ronnie Begg, always an admirer of the uniform, fell for one and married a W.D. from our own mess, LAW. Evans. Sgt. Fordham thought the British-U. S. A. combination an excellent one, and recently married an American lassie. There are several others, with more to come says the birdie, and to them all, "congrats"!

The complexion of our Mess is changing rapidly of late, and there are few "two-year" men left. Three old timers, Sgt. Art Arnold, Sgt. Jesse Brown and F/S. Jimmie McGaffin have departed, also some "one-year" Wireless Air Gunners have left. Flight Carroll, Henderson and Harrison, to the East Coast, and back to his native New Zealand, Flight Knox. Fond farewells. And to the many new members, a hearty welcome—particularly to those two who have started a bit of a flurry, W.D. Sergeants Dorothy Root of the Dental Clinic and Lynn "Mac" McGilchrist of Central Registry.

But before we leave our good-byes and hello's, we must note a recent high-

lite of the Mess, the farewell smoker in honor of WO1 Menzies, our Past Chairman, who has returned home to Britain. Sergeant-Major Menzies was here nearly two years, and during that time made many friends on the Station. Always an active Mess member, he served as Mess Chairman for a long period of time, and is largely responsible for the good Mess we have. The Mess presented him with an identification bracelet at the smoker, the presentation being made by F/S. Hudson. Cheerio Jack—best wishes of the Mess go with you. Bouquets to Sgts. Hargrave and Verhague, for a swell smoker.

Further in the field of entertainment, the Mess Dance of June first takes its place. A most successful dance, it is the first one in many months which did not have any repercussion—due, we believe, to the limitation of "spirits", and the large number of lady guests; for once there were more girls than N.C.O.'s present. Thank you, Mrs. Peebles and the Dauphin War Services, for those charming girls.

HIGHLITES—The wearing of "Shorts" will soon become the vogue around the Mess. Introduced this season by WO2 Hurley (two W.D.'s whistled twice at him already), F/S. "Commando" Beecher has followed suit, and is now displaying a pair of particularly shapely limbs.

SPORTS—Sgt. Radul holds the record for early swimmer of the year, having gone for a dip early in May at — CENSORED. We wonder why F/S. E. Jones has suddenly become such a golf enthusiast? Is it the game or the scenery?

MOANS—The chief moan of F/S. Press is that he hasn't enough to moan about anymore.

FLASH—Our new barracks are practically completed, and should be occupied by the end of June.

So, till we write again for our Double Decker,

Adios, "ONE STOOGEE"

❧ **ORCHIDS** ❧



F/O. BROWN



F/L. JEWSBURY

To F/L. Jewsbury and F/O. Brown on the recognition of their Services by His Majesty King George VI, by "commendations" in the Birthday List.

F.O. Henry David LINK Can. (J11848)

(former trainee of this unit who has been awarded the George Medal). The following is the official statement concerning this presentation:

"In January, 1943, Flying Officer LINK was the rear gunner of an aircraft which crashed a few miles away from an airfield and caught fire. Although thrown clear of the wreckage, this officer sustained injuries to his back and was badly cut about the head and face. Disregarding his injuries and danger from exploding ammunition, petrol tanks and oxygen bottles, Flying Officer LINK immediately proceeded to assist other members of the crew who were trapped in the blazing wreckage. By his heroic ef-

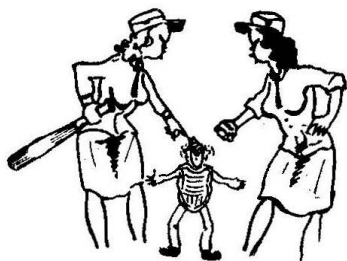
forts he succeeded in releasing two of his companions and it was not until the flames became too fierce that he abandoned his rescue efforts. Flying Officer LINK's outstanding courage and fortitude were in keeping with the highest traditions of the Royal Air Force". Flying Officer LINK was a graduate of Course No. 30 which graduated on the 25th of May, 1942.

To the members of the Victory Loan Committee for more than doubling official quota for this station. A total of \$70,450.00 was subscribed, over 200% of the quota.

To F/Sgt. Gross and the Airmen's Mess, where 100% of the personnel subscribed to the Victory Loan.

To WO2 (now P.O.) R. L. Chalmers, formerly of this unit, who received the B.E.M. in the Birthday List.

OUR DEAR W.D.'s.



I SAY, Beer, what did the P.O. say when you said that you were a good little girl?

HOW does your mother like Vancouver, Mully? We hope the climate agrees with her, so she doesn't have to move again.

EVIDENTLY it isn't only the beauties of nature, gorgeous sunsets and fleecy clouds, that help the aim of the little boy with the bow and arrows. After one of the dances in the W.D. Canteen it was clouds of dust that seemed to have the required effect. Either that or dust was being thrown in someone's eyes.

ANY signs of bulging at the corners, straining of timbers, etc., in the W.D. Barracks, do not mean that the girls are becoming more boisterous than usual. They are just the natural symptoms of any outer covering becoming too small. For lo and behold, there are to be more airwomen than beds. The dull undertone of muttering around headquarters is Sgt. Baxter trying to figure where the dickens to put them. There are still two bathtubs, sergeant.

WE wonder what effect the switching of offices between headquarters and the library will have. That new sports office is dangerously near the accounts section, and those wolverines are mighty quick on the uptake, or intake, or take-in, or something. (Not that the P.T.I. are so slow, either).

WHAT is this bird, a well-known harbinger of spring in England, that has left its native land, and come to fill

the hearts of Paulson with joy? Its two-noted call may be heard even in the mess hall, where it spreads gladness to those still submerged in the after-effects of a Paulson winter. It has a strange effect on W.D.'s. Some gather in search of this elusive (?) bird, others turn slightly red, and depart hastily in another direction. Alas, this cheery bird has now departed for other fields, and once more a pall of silence settles over the mess hall and canteen.

TALKING of spring, it has come. At least in one sense. Our civie girls are blossoming forth in spring attire, short-sleeved dresses, no hats, light coats. We poor W.D.'s are still waiting, for those long-promised summer uniforms.

YOUR correspondent is getting a little disgusted. Everyone behaves too well, or perhaps everyone just seems to behave too well. Of course there is always the couple (permanent) on the steps of B Barrack block. But we've mentioned them before. And then there's —no, I don't think we'll mention that. Not yet anyway.

WHY did a certain fire-fighter corporal ring the noon siren five minutes too early one day? Was he in a hurry to reach headquarters and the Accounts Section?

SUGGESTION DEPARTMENT — Elastic-sided walls in the W.D. Canteen for the crowds that come to the dances there. Hobbles for the jitterbugs so they can't ruin everyone's ankles and shins. Special high chairs for those sitting out dances so that (a) they don't get trodden on, (b) they don't trip or kick people dancing by.

WHAT happened to the back door of the canteen the other night? Two of the three corporals who live there had retired for the night, and were just settling down to pleasant dreams. Suddenly there was a sound of the back door

OUR DEAR W.D.'s — Continued

being opened, and heavy footsteps entering. Said footsteps proceeded through the canteen. Two corporals sat up. "Didn't you lock that door?" "No, I thought you did. Didn't you?" "No, I thought you did." The footsteps returned, the door opened and shut. After a pause of about ten seconds there was a concerted rush by the aforesaid two corporals to securely lock the offending door. (Ed. Note—It was the Security Guard).

WHAT trade N.C.O. was so excited at the prospect of handling money again that she whipped up a beautiful left-handed salute on pay parade?

SERGEANT Baxter has partially solved the problem of accommodation, by sending a fourth corporal to the canteen. There is now a space of approximately five by five, corporals, for the use of. A shift system has been arranged for rising in the morning, but so far there has been no need for such a system at night.

STRANGELY enough, the night before the ensign-raising parade for H.Q., there were hardly any W.D.'s out late. Probably they felt that the combination of parades and going to work an hour earlier would be a little too much for them.

WHAT are you going to do, Hall, when your new hat is issued, and it's legal to tilt it? Will you hang it on one ear, or just insist on wearing it straight? Answer (after issue): straight, of course, couldn't be like everyone else.

WHO is the Santa Claus who keeps the C.R. so well supplied with food? They certainly must treat their runners right in there, to have them come back so frequently. (Ed. Note — C.R. has gone into mourning. Santa Claus has left, both of them. Bryce and Qualm have departed to Yorkton, leaving behind them five hungry W.D.'s. As yet they have not broken in their new runner).

OVERHEARD at the first softball game between W.D.'s and W.D. N.C.O.'s.

"What do I do if the ball comes out here?"

"Lie down flat as if there were an air-raid."

"Send out more bases, we haven't enough to go around."

"Oh, no! Don't throw it to me. Hit it to the one in the yellow sweater. She'll watch it go by."

"Can I have another chance? I stopped that one!"

"Never mind, Doran. You know a strike even if the umpire doesn't."

Scorekeeper: "I just put the scorecard in my pocket when the N.C.O. come in."

Umpire: "You're out!" Stahle: "I'm not." Ump. "You're out!" S.: "I'm not." Etc.

IT'S a strange and interesting thing, that whenever new pilots and officers come into H.Q., there is never any lack of people willing to help. In fact, you can see certain of the staff leaning interestedly on the counter just waiting. But just let anyone on the H.Q. staff come in and want something done, and see what happens. Everyone is far too busy to be able to do even the smallest thing. Is it that "Familiarity breeds contempt", or "New faces ought to be looked into?"

IT seems that a certain group of AW.'s formed a sort of club, informal of course, the purpose being to discourage any of the members from "going steady". (Perhaps they were afraid of each other's competition). But one by one, they fell by the wayside, and have been "fozen out", or as our R.A.F. visitors say: Sent to Coventry". The remaining two sit around and wonder if it was all worth while. Time

(Continued on Page 21)

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE



What Officer (with moustache) thinks there's only one girl at Paulson that has beauty, charm, looks—and is a very accurate typist at G.I.S. I wonder how she takes her dictation?

It's O.K., folks. I hear O'Riley is doing alright by herself.

Did you ever notice how blue Segal gets when Webber is not around? What hidden charm have you got Webber?

Why does Tommy of Clothing Stores, keep going on the other side of the tracks?

I think we should have a station dance occasionally, then there won't be so many Sgts. in LAC. tunics scrounging in on the W.D. dances.

Rumour has it that Sgts. Allan and Marshall have threatened to put their 1000th man on charge.

Have you ever seen Murphy's after effects when he goes through his jungle juice? Or maybe he has Paulsonittes.

Yes sir, clothes make the person — now take some of these W.D.'s in their slack suits.

What Major (Gunnery) has enough influence over a W.D. to get her to change her pool to his?

I forgot to mention the Olive Oil in the last issue, Chudly—so very sorry.

Lebel tells me that the information on Red and himself is a Military Secret. Who are you trying to kid?

F/1 Virtue is always interested in women, civee stenos, dancers, or any other trades. Yes sir, quite a man.

And we all know who God's gift to women is.

Must cost you a lot of money Rasmusson — Does her mother always chaperon you two?

You know, some of these Airmen and Airwomen get me worried at times. Don't they ever come up for air, when they're kissing good-nite on Lover's Lane?

I notice that Doby's coming down to earth. They must keep the aircrew busy flying these nights.

And who calls that WO2 "Poo-Poo"? Kids' stuff.

What LAW (S) is trying to kid us about her age. Why she still goes around humming "Laugh Clown Laugh" and "Three O'clock in the Morning."

And I thought you were a nice little girl, Sawyer—but that Sat. night—oops!

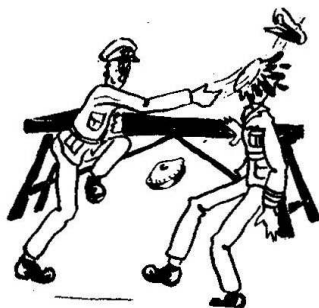
Who's the Gun Moll of No. 7?—(she likes sewing).

Does the Padre ever know how to get around women! (Hey "M", telephone conversation) me thinkest of taking lessons.

Watch those arms MacGilchrist, you might take off.

(Continued on Page 22)

OFFICERS' MESS



All is quiet in the anteroom of the Officers' Mess except for the shuffling of the cards, the slurping down of one of the foaming variety, and the clicking of the balls in the Games Room; when BANG! down comes the heavy foot of a certain R.A.F. gentleman on entering the door. There is a startled pause; the card players jump fearfully in their seats as it sounds to them like the mother of all knocks; the slurper slurps his drink over the counter; and the snooker player emits a highly intoned expletive as he adds four more to his opponent's score. Then the Mess settles down to its usual humdrum existence.

The personnel of the Mess changes of course from day to day. Familiar circles are broken and new faces appear and thus it goes. There have been a number of promotions in recent days. F/O. Sheedy, F/O. Magson, F/O. E. P. Jones, F/O. Neapole, F/O. Franks, F/O. Brown and F/O. MacInnes are beginning to get used to the burden of carrying around a broader ring, while F/L. Jimmy Virtue has given up taking arm exercises which he started so long ago in anticipation, as he feels he can quite adequately handle that Flight Looney now. Congrats. Boys.

Quite a number of the officers (not enough by any means) are quite keen to get out on the sports field and they hope to put the Sergeants in their place when the softball season gets under way. The Sergeants are talking about getting a Croquet set to get themselves into shape. So officers beware!

S/L. Johnson after giving months of faithful service as President of the Officers' Mess relinquishes his post to our genial Five-by-Five Scotch Adjutant, F/L. Campbell.

F/O. MacInnes and F/O. Sheedy's buttons are taking an awful beating these days each with a baby boy one month and a promotion the next. It looks like a new racket. Congratulations. Both seem to be recovering as well as can be expected.

STOP THE PRESS

A great loss to Paulson has just been announced. We are to lose our efficient C.I. Squadron Leader Taylor. His Airforce career makes interesting reading as we refer you to the October issue of the Paulson Post. The O.C. of Maintenance, Spuadron Leader Martin, is also on his way. Finally, G.I.S. is to lose its adjutant, F/O. Booth, who has done a good job of organizing and administering school details. To these three steering brother officers we say good luck on your new station. In the same breath we welcome their successors in the same wholehearted way. They are, in the same order, Squadron Leader G. M. Ross, Squadron Leader G. A. Mountain and Pilot Officer W. J. Goodall.

MAINTENANCE CALLING — Continued

say much boys, but can she smile! We present to you AW.2 Scott, a whiz on amending publications.

By the way, have you met "Junior-for-short" Campbell? He hails from good old Toronto and is he ever a "Flash" with the ladies. How about the little lady in Dauphin you liked skating with? Her first name begins with O, but I guess we'd better not say too much.

Our tour is ended but before we go we will tell you the joke Cpl. Ayres was telling us the other day. It seems Cpl. Ayres was working for the Government, building huts, circular shaped, like the Eskimos' igloos—no doors, no windows. After he had driven the last nail in the ceiling he found himself on the inside. Well, we all asked him, how did you get out? "Oh, he said smiling, that was easy, I just turned around in circles till I became dizzy then I passed out"—and this dear friends is where we pass out too. So long till next month. The smelling salts, please!

SPARK PLUG DEPT.

Now folks, we are in the Spark Plug Dept., operated by the fair sex. We asked "Spark Plug" Becker and "Spary" Charlton how things were going with them and they said they were still plugging away. Life to them was just plug, plug, plug, ho hum, a woman's work is never done. We turn you over to them: Surprise, surprise! At last we made the Paulson Post after months of trying.

We'd like to know why it is a certain Cpl. always comes in to see if we are still here. You know the little man that wasn't there. By the way, Sgt. Hargraves, what has Deer Lodge Hospital got that we haven't got?

In closing we'd like to say we have three grievances: a third pair of shoes, a pair of slacks, and a "B" grouping, none of which we are able to get.

NIGHT MAINTENANCE

Nestling beneath the Starry Heavens of the West and the leaky roof of "A" Hangar are we of the night shift. But it is so seldom that we are ever heard from that you may have forgotten us.

Nevertheless, we are still here—the night herders of the aircraft—and you can hear our mournful chant of the "Night Herders Song" as we slave on into the wee hours of the night intermitted by the odd bit of profanity of which we have some very choice deliverers.

Many of us have been on the shift for well over a year. But, a good deal of us are newcomers and we welcome them. We overheard a remark the other day that some of our boys were very pale and that it was due to the lack of sunshine. But, strictly on the side, it's from burning the candle at both ends—or making the mistake of 5 a.m. and 5 p.m. How about it Woods and Gemmil—or don't you know???

Some strange tales originate among us folks but the strangest of all is the one of an airman, a Dog, and a Train that the Airman didn't catch.

Your Owl-Eyed Reporter,
S.S.H.F.

★ ★ ★

Births

To AC. and Mrs. Beardall, twins, on March 15th.

To F/Sgt. and Mrs. Cutting, a daughter, on April 8th.

To AC1 and Mrs. Ryshak, a son, on April 7th.

To AC1 and Mrs. Morin, a son, on April 28th.

To P/O. and Mrs. Sweeney, a son, on May 5th.

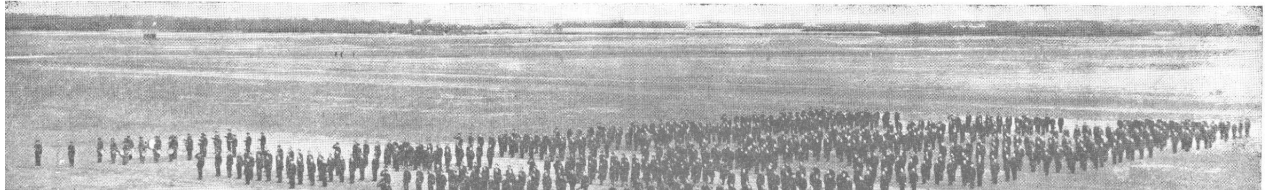
To P/O. and Mrs. MacInnes, a son, on May 1st.

To Sgt. and Mrs. Paul, a son, on June 11th.



D.I.G.'s Inspection

May 14 was a big day for No. 7 B. & G. School. The annual inspection was carried out by the Deputy Inspector General, Air Vice-Marshall Cuff. In the afternoon a station parade was held on the tarmac and the "troops" marching to No. 10's band, which did a really good job, put on a fine show. After the inspection by Air Vice-Marshall Cuff, Course 52, composed of W.A.G.'s, received their wings from Air Commodore Lawrence. Following this the Efficiency Pennant was presented to the station by the Air Commodore. This is the third time the pennant has been won by us. It was received by a party of five who were representative of the entire personnel of the station. They were LAC. Young, Cpl. McFaren, Cpl. Spohn, Sgt. Powell and Sgt. Shanks.



CURRENT TOPICS from the ELECTRICIANS

The days of miracles have not passed, for "believe it or not," here is the Electrical Section's first contribution to the Paulson Post. Our section for some time has been one of the smallest on the station, but has now increased to three times its original size, thereby permitting this copy to be written.

Flight Borden, our capable manager and director of the section, is one of the original old-timers, coming to No. 7 in May, 1941. Though a man of few words, his eagle-eye sees all and knows all, for through his efforts he has made the Electrical Section one of the best sections on the station today.

Corporal J. Layzell, having served his "two-year stretch" has been transferred to No. 3 R.D., Vancouver. John had made quite a name for himself through his ability to subdue all electrical gremlins. We of the section wish him the best of luck on his new posting.

Next, we come to Cpl. Simpson, a versatile young man who loves to dabble with electricity, but from experience we always manage to be absent from the section during his experiments. Don seems to like Dauphin, or is it what's over the tracks.

Cpl. Weeks, over in G.I.S., has been one of our adventurous types, but since he has become "hitched" he has settled down to make peace with the world.

Our youngest N.C.O. is Cpl. Crozier, who, we think, is a very nice guy, a good gambler (also a good loser) and a good dancer. He has that look in his eyes that makes the W.D.'s on the station think he is very cute, but unfortunately for them, he has already picked one of them, a fortunate Irish lass.

"Canteen Joe" Thorpe, our youngest electrician, should not be allowed to pick up XXX bottles as the fumes prove too great for him.

We wonder why Ed. Wingate does not go home to Winnipeg on his 48's.

He states he hates the journey on the train, but we don't believe him, do we Chris?

Andrews has given up his idea of keeping a safety deposit box for coveralls, for one night his combination was mysteriously changed. For once, Andy was speechless, or was he?

Maurice Nash has complained of the weather ever since he arrived here, but what has St. Catherines got that we haven't? Who is he trying to kid?

During the past two months we have had many new additions to our section to replace Bob "Poet" Gow, Dunscomb Ramsdale, Jack Snodgrass and MacKenzie. The S.O.P.'s Butler, MacDonnell, Bildfel, Gosling and Robertson unfortunately have to eat their wives' cooking and miss our banquets at the Paulson mess, but they seem to thrive on it.

MN & EW.

P.S.—What is an electrician?

My son, an electrician is a man that is bothered with his shorts.

★ ★ ★

Marriages

Cpl. Carroll to Harriet Houghten at Dauphin on April 14th.

LAC. Vice to Bessie Melvin at Ottawa on April 10th.

Cpl. Woolf to Margaret Jorgensen at Lethbridge on April 24th.

Sgt. Fordham to Billie Elkin at Miami on April 25th.

WO2 Moir to Yvonne Willis at Dauphin on May 15th.

LAC. Doll to LAW. Wood at Dauphin on May 21st.

Sgt. Begg to LAW. Evans at Dauphin on May 31st.

Sgt. McRae to Edna Margaret Chauvin at Port Arthur on May 31st.

LAC. Hipfner to B. A. Wittman at Montmartie on May 31st.

OUR DEAR W.D.'s — Continued

is certainly a great healer, isn't it, MacD.? or is it a teacher?

AND there's the clerk general who was so excited with her new job with the discip. that she came to parade minus her belt, much to her embarrassment when the order, "Greatcoats off", was given.

WELL, well, Two new W.D. Sergeants. We understand that one had to be personally escorted into that den of wolves, the sergeant's mess. She'll probably get over that very soon. (Note—She has). The other one was also a little bashful, and took several days to work up to facing the ordeal.

WHAT is there about a certain canteen steward's hat that makes her put it on as soon as she wakes up in the morning, and take it off last when she gets into bed at night.

NOW we know how the sergeants get around so much. They call up the W.D. canteen and ask for an airwoman. Is she is not there, they suggest whoever did answer the phone get three other girls, "Because there are four of

us." Too bad you didn't have any better luck, sarge, but you shouldn't pick dance nights, someone usually gets there first.

WHY did a certain trade corporal walk up to H.Q. the other day, carrying two stones? Was it for protection or—?—?

STATION Fashion Notes—McMann's zoot suit makes a big hit with the R.A.F. and the R.N.Z.A.F. Was it the suit, McMann, or the dance (three choices there)? Judging by some of the imitations it must have been the dance.

DID you ever notice how the W.D.'s gather in the canteen show nights? Particularly fairly close to pay day, when the old ex-chequer is getting pretty low.

IF McGrath's skirt gets any shorter she will have to indent extra length stockings.

WHAT a shame that the nights were so cool for almost all May, just when the ice was practically all out of the lake, and the calendar at least was thinking of spring. After all, atmosphere is a very important thing.

LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA — Continued

tion, accurate geometrical settings and an hairbreadth judgment of the moment of release." Somehow, however, I think we will have a hard battle. For example, coming here in the bus the other night, I began questioning one of the P/O. instructors concerning local conditions. "I'm afraid I can't tell you much," he said, "I've just started here myself."

"Well," I said, "It would be a coincidence if you had our class because we had to break in a new instructor at our last school."

"No, I'm afraid not," he said, and

his voice rang with scorn, "I'm only off course myself a couple of months. They'll probably give me a class of Bombaimers!"

With all good wishes to everyone at No. 7 B. & G., I am,

Yours sincerely,

George York.

P.S.—The only reason I am writing this letter is that I am far enough away to escape the wrath to come.

P.P.S.—If you are game to publish this, please send me a couple of copies of the Paulson Post to the above address, or to Austpost Ottawa.

OFFICERS' WIVES

Outside of Mrs. Byng-Hall's persistence in forcing multi-colored quilt patches into our scarred hands, progress has been a bit slow during the past month. Of course we've an excellent excuse for this bit of lag, to wit: Since April 26th, the majority of married officers have been in the progress of moving bag and baggage to the shores of beautiful Dauphin Lake.

We are finding this lake settlement quite something. The weather so far has been superb; it has rained, snowed and blowed; then finally it became warm, beautifully so, for two days. Then came the mosquitoes, squadrons of them, diving upon us and stinging us with the howl of a Harvard in fine pitch—but this is only the beginning! We also have a few minor discomforts. The Danzingers have worms; the Croziers have squirrels in their attic; all the rest of us have ants in our pantries.

For those of you who are curious to know which of us are hardy enough to

weather the storms and plagues, there's one easy method of identification—look at our hands. If you see dishpan hands with housemaids' knuckles, no nail polish or very dark lacquer (for camouflage only), you are gazing at the battle scars of one of us.

Seriously though, its wonderful out here in places of our own, and we are loving every moment of each day here. Though we have admitted that the moving has slowed up the work of the Auxiliary a bit, we're still plugging there. Our bazaar table was a tremendous success, our quilt is nearly completed, and we are already discussing what is to follow.

Before we close, we'd like to say "Welcome!" to the new wives who have joined us this past month. "Glad to see you back and hope you had a grand trip," to Mrs. Stuart, and "Congratulations with Orchids" to the whole station for their wonderful parade on the day of the I.G.'s inspection.

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE — Continued

Remember that black eye, Logan — We do, but pray tell us how it happened, and don't give us that old one about the door.

Why was the Sgt. Welder from No. 8 R.D. so very anxious to meet Windy Anderson?—

And you wanted the P.P. to make a retraction, Shave. You're happily married now, Congt's—many?

Why don't you admit it, Gagnon. You wouldn't get as much ribbing.

I don't know which W.D. Roy's going out with, but he's sure mad at you. Never make a date with a Sgt. the moment Roy says good-night.

What popular Cpl. of the Instrument Section is expecting to be Pappy for strike three, in the latter part of July?

I notice the boys are sending those steel boxes home.

We are wondering how Cpl. Smith got on days.—Did his better half have anything to do with it? Or is my guess as good as yours.

Sgt. Charlie sure is a Wolf. Isn't he "C"?

Quite a Bombadier this "D"—??

Is it true, F/S. Williams, that you have one of those lists? I wonder who's on top?

(Continued on Page 29)

INSTRUMENT SECTION

There are several reasons for writing this:

1. We all want the Paulson Post to continue to be the great little magazine that it has grown to be.

2. One of our fellows, Roger "Scottie" Meloche, has been added to the staff of the Paulson Post.

3. The Instrument Section likes to let the other half of the world know how this half is living.

Since last issue, LAC. Vice remustered from Instrument Mechanic "single" to Instrument Mechanic "married!" No wonder there is that certain light in your eye, Bob. We hope that the day of your remuster to Instrument Mechanic, "Daddy" be not too far distant.

Heard that Cpl. Chudley was interested in an acre of something. On being asked whether he would employ the latest methods, he said something about bare feet. Sounds primitive enough, doesn't it? If he gets this acre before the war is ended, I imagine he'll be asking for farm leave quite often.

Got a letter from George Corneillie, overseas. We take this opportunity to convey to all his friends here his best regards. When George left us in February, his parting words were, "Watch the newspapers closely from now on; big things are going to happen once I get over."

It couldn't have been merely an empty vaunt, for not much later we were all thrilled by the announcement that the Allies had completely routed the pretzel and macaroni eaters out of Africa. No doubt George's arrival provided the incentive.

I wouldn't be surprised but that George was left in charge "over there" while the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill was over here talking things over with F.D.R.

And now, even as this was being written, L. C. "Elsie" Hurd was exercising his dogs, chasing about with clearance papers. I'll bet his was a tired pair of St. Barnards by the time he got all the John Henry's he needed. He too, went overseas, and with him go our very best wishes.

The Ochre River Kid, Gordie Blair, is no longer to be seen in our midst. He was posted to Vulcan. Poor Gordie! After a year at Paulson, he had just nicely become "Paulsonized"; and now he has to go through the ordeal again; this time to get "Vulcanized"!

LAC. Barnard has gone feminine on

us. It's all on account of the laundry service. He lost his shirt in the wash.

"What are you going to do now?" sez we.

"Get one on repayment," sez he.

"But you can't," sez we.

"I'll get a slip from Flight Hodgkinson," sez he.

Imagine Barnard in a slip!!!

You should have seen Mike "Irish" Suzanski at the slot machine after hitting "three bars". There he was; sweating, excited, eyes popping, his hands full of slugs; and he singing "It All Comes back to Me Now".

We welcome the arrival of three new men, namely, AC. Anthony (not Cleopatra's friend), AC. Hayward, and AC. Follette. Now Meloche will have someone to back his tall stories of Montreal in the person of Follette.

Flight Hodgkinson was snatched away from us the other day and whizzed away to Trenton for a course in Administration. We are not certain of course, but some of the boys think that there is going to be a new Air Force with our Flight in charge. (That's not definite).

Meantime this leaves one little man, Snuffy, with one big responsibility, that of maintaining law and order in the Section. That explains the "tired-businessman" look on Cpl. Snuffy's countenance. What with such fellows as Watkins, Dederick, Barnard and the other roques around.

Vandale and Barnard are back on day shift after close to a year of night work. We mention this to forewarn you that if you see them walking around with flash-lights in broad daylight you'll know why.

A couple of our new fellows were discussing No. 7 B. & G. shortly after their arrival here. Naturally the conversation eventually included the possibility of advancement.

Said one, "Oh! the Trade Board comes 'round every three months."

Second I. M., "What's a Trade Board?"

First I. M., "Just a board of a couple of officers where you can trade your "C" group for a "B".

Second I. M., "And what do they do with all the old "C" groupings?"

First I. M., "Oh! I guess they send them all to St. Thomas."

Well, guess that's all. See you again fellas.

Cpl. Vandale, E. J.

Orchid Expert



LAC. O. P. SOLOMON SILVA

How would you like to receive a bouquet of rare orchids, girls? And how would you like to meet a man who raises them in his back-yard like the rest of us raise sweetpeas or turnips. That's what LAC. O. P. Solomon Silva, of the R.A.F. (and now at No. 7 Bombing and Gunnery School), does for a hobby back home in Ceylon.

Deep in the jungles of Ceylon or amid the ruins of some ancient Singhalese Kingdom orchid-hunting Silva tracks down the elusive *Ryncostylis Retusa* and the shy little *Dendrobium McCarthiae* (this one takes its name from Lady McCarthy, wife of a former governor of Ceylon). Home again with his rich prize, Silva transplants the flowers in his own backyard, tends them with the care of a doting parent, studies their botanical idiosyncrasies, and then composes a learned treatise on the genus *Orchis*. His writings on this subject appear frequently in the "Orchidologia Zeylanica", a bulletin issued quarterly by the Orchid Circle of Ceylon.

Prior to his training in England, LAC. Silva trained for three months with a special air section of the Ceylon Light Infantry. Fond memories of England include appearance as a guest of honor at Eton College, a ticket to the King's Box at Royal Albert Hall, a birthday celebrated at the home of Baron Forster of Lepe. A cricket player of some ability, Silva was selected to play for the R.A.F. against Sussex County.—(From the Airmen's Post).

Wireless Section

Here we are on the air for another edition with yours truly pinch-hitting for our regular correspondent. This will never happen again, I promise you, even if I have to resort to muscles. A certain Irish friend of ours in Instruments claims that they didn't catch and put shoes on me until the age of fourteen, so don't expect too much. Say, I wonder how he found out.

The section has taken a terrific beating since we last went to press. Yes, we've lost two of our most popular members, namely, you've guessed it, "The Junior Commandos". Bob and Dave have made friends on this station in the past and these friends join me in wishing them God speed and good fortune. I wonder if they have hammerheads overseas.

The loss of the Junior Commandos leaves the ranks of the aforesaid militia completely depleted, so to remedy this deplorable condition it has been suggested that our latest arrival (namely, Jimmy King) be promoted up from the Air Cadets. Congratulations Fim, this should put you in solid with the little charmer in Winnipeg.

Sgt. Stevenson took a trip into Winnipeg and finished up in Deer Lodge Hospital. Here's hoping for a speedy recovery; or maybe he likes the scenery there. Off the record, I think I'll have to make some sort of a deal for the Sergeant's little black book. I could sure go for one of those 48's. (feel this way every spring, reader).

LAC. "Chatterbox" Gibbon has deserted the field of electrons and such, temporarily of course, for the more stable occupation of farming and I don't mean sewing wild oats. I don't know much about farming but have observed that farm buildings consist of a house, a barn, a granary and possibly an implement shed. There is also a small building, usually placed upwards to 50 yards from the house, and measuring

about 2 feet square and 5 feet high. What perplexes me is Gibbon's entry into said building. Does he crawl in, enter feet first or does he go in by sections. Then there is another angle. Weighing the possibility that Eric can't get into the darn thing, what does he do? Any solution submitted to this problem will be gratefully received.

In the last edition it was mentioned that Davidson possibly was not the man he appeared and that we would have to get the dope on him. In the intervening weeks much has been brought to light on Alf, so here goes, girls. As close as can be estimated, Alf corresponds with three ladies in (what a town) Montreal and two in Winnipeg. He was also said to be seen (on his last 48) walking up Portage Ave. hand in hand with a comely "babe" who answers to the name of Mildred. "Anyhoo' there are the facts girls, so beware, the old boy is a wolf!

The section had a party since we last hit print and a swell evening was had by all. It was rather a coincidence but several of the boys got bus sick on the trip back to port. Everything was under control in this corner, however; I got undressed, ready for bed, just waited for my head to float past, grabbed it, jumped in and went fast to sleep. Our vote of thanks go to Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Lees for a lovely lunch they pre-

pared and served. These ladies certainly rate four star in our book.

Cpl. Doran has taken his furlough at Montreal, Toronto and way points. It is said on good authority that Jimmy comes back from furlough not even knowing what kind of weather he enjoyed. I wonder why?

In the last edition Cpl. McCaw said (in reference to the hot dog stand at the carnival) and I quote, "I was looking for a system to beat the crowd to the hot dogs." This definitely was a "misphrasing". It should have been "I was looking for a system to beat the people "at the hot dogs." Boy, Oh Boy! What a beating Mac gives me.

LAC. Shave is as foxy as a churchyard rat and can't be badgered or tricked into the stormy seas of matrimony but methinks it's in the very near future. Right now he's too busy delving into the mysteries of a sweetheart with the initials F.M.

This is undoubtedly my one and only contribution to literature, so friends (and I use this word loosely) will you permit me to write my own epitaph? You will. Thanks.

Here I lie with a stone at my head.
I wrote for one edition and now I'm dead.

B.E.A.M.

ORDERLY ROOM CHAOS — Continued

he got from his A.W.s. What's wrong, Sgt. R., doesn't poker pay any more? (Oh no? Ask Sgt.-Pilot M—).

One section on this station may boast about its "flying stenographer" but we can boast about our flying runner; at least she did make an attempt at it even if she did make a crash landing. You might be a good girl B., but your wings aren't that strong yet.

While we're on the subject of good girls and wings, another clerk says "I'm a good girl, you can't write anything

about me". We know you're not sprouting wings G.; if you were you wouldn't have to use someone else's for a pillow then. Oh well, anything for comfort when you're travelling on that train from Winnipeg to Dauphin.

If anyone is interested in learning or playing that popular old game of "Spin the Bottle", would you call as soon as possible, at the Records Office and ask for Cpl. McKeown.

Maybe that's enough for this time, so hang up your receivers and don't forget to ring off.



CPL. FERRIS

Sam Ferris was born 23 years ago in Lampon, Sask. His father is a full-blooded Arab, his mother a Scot, a heritage of which Sam is justly proud.

Three years ago Sam enlisted as an Air Frame Mechanic rigger and has traversed the Coast to Coast network of R.C.A.F. stations, ending up at Paulson, which he enthusiastically proclaims to be the finest. His husky voice gave him the nickname "Canyon", and he openly challenges anyone, anytime, to a hog-calling contest, (a sport at which he is a champion, so beware).

In civilian life Sam was a projectionist and he maintains his interests in that field. He now happily serves No. 7 on Night Maintenance crew (no posting, please). His car provides good service for those who like to get around. (Plug!!). Now you know Cpl. Sam Ferris.



SGT. GRAHAM

A robust son of the Graham clan, born in Lanarkshire County, Scotland, Bob Graham came to Canada in 1912. Most of his life was spent in Winnipeg, but he has seen a large portion of Canada, the Arctic in particular, where he spent three interesting years. Bob enlisted in January, 1940 as Air Frame Mechanic, and came to Paulson in June of 1941. His infectious joviality and quick wit are well known to his host of friends, yet, during the interview, this reporter found him most modest and reticent about his efforts and accomplishments. Interpret this as a compliment to his ability and personality and you have Sgt. Bob Graham, Maintenance.



LAW. DEWICK

Sayde is a native of Dauphin and consequently is most happy about her present posting. Her early years were spent in Winnipeg where she received her education. Prior to enlistment in April, 1942, Sayde worked for the T. Eaton Co. After receiving her Basic training at Rockliffe, she proceeded to T.T.S., St. Thomas, graduating as an Equipment assistant. Posted direct to Paulson, she immediately began to enjoy all phases of Service Life. Being a representative on the Airman's Mess Committee and Entertainment Committee keeps her busy and happy. Sayde believes Paulson to be the best station in Canada and her efforts and enthusiasm prove her point.



F/L. STEIMAN

Dr. Steiman is "an old hand" at Paulson, "recent editor of the Paulson Post", known to one and all (and **not** disrespectfully) as "Doc". Whereas most medical men abhor the term, our M.O. answers it with his infectious smile.

Born in Russia, (close to 1900) he received his early education at a Junior College—he still retains mastery of several languages studied there. He came to Canada in 1912 and graduated from St. John's Technical High School, Winnipeg, in 1916. University of Manitoba Medical School was his next choice and he achieved his goal in 1924. After receiving his M.D. he practiced medicine and surgery at Kamsack, Sask., until commissioned in the R.C.A.F., May 1941. For a year he was at No. 6 Recruiting Centre, Winnipeg, thence to Paulson, May, 1942.

For the information of those W.D.'s who are admiring this picture, our M.O. has a lovely wife and two charming daughters.

**CPL. DORAN**

Unfortunately Jimmy is on leave, but I found he had a host of friends who were exceedingly willing to give us the "low-down". Jim was born in Toronto, where he graduated from Parkdale collegiate. An amateur photographer, he took an active part in a leading Amateur Camera Club prior to enlisting as Wireless Mechanic. He was among the first to graduate from No. 1 Wireless School and arrived at Paulson before the Aircraft did. He longs to get back East, yet paradoxically enough prefers Western girls!!! Although only 23, he takes an almost "fatherly" interest in the boys of his Section—a swell break for new recruits—and an excellent example of the real spirit of Paulson.

**LAC. NAISBITT**

Roy was born in Hamilton, Ontario, 24 years ago. After working several years for the Singer Sewing Machine Co., he enlisted in the Air Force (March, '41) as a Fabric Worker. For the past 23 months he has been working in the Parachute Section at Paulson. With the exception of a posting East, near Bronte, Ontario, Roy figures he's in a mighty fine spot here, and wants to stay. Being married, he lives out, and in his spare time does some excellent wood-working. And so, now you know another Paulson veteran who has helped pave the way for Efficiency Awards.



JARVIS' GIFT TO PAULSON

Commanding Officer,
No. 7 B. & G. School,
PAULSON, Manitoba.

Sir:

On the eve of our return to Jarvis, we wish to thank you Sir, and all the personnel of this Station, for their co-operation and help during our stay here.

We were unexpectedly thrust upon you, cluttering up your already over-taxed mess, quarters, etc., and causing much inconvenience.

The many kindnesses received, and friendships formed on this Station will be remembered.

To you Sir, we thank you especially for your personal interest in our work and our welfare.

(T. McKelvey) F.L.

for the Moving Target Bombing Flight.

EDITORS: The above is a letter from the O.C. of the Jarvis High Level Flight which vacationed at Paulson last winter. Space will not permit a comprehensive report on the many colourful characters who made up the Flight. However, a word of appreciation must be expressed to the whole bunch of them for the excellent work done here and for the wholehearted way in which they fitted in to our station life. A finer group of men will be hard to find. Take F/L. "Boss" McKelvey for example. There is a man. He has a long record of service both in this war and in the last. Mentioned in dispatches, he was one of the first men to fly a fighter. As his own boys say, "if not the best man in the service to be under, he will do until the best man comes along." The "Boss's" deputy is that swell chap F/O. "Jimmy" Simpson. He too won his wings in the last show and has piled

up an impressive total of hours in this one. Flying officers N. G. A. Walter, J. Woodward, R. A. Grant and Pilot Officers D. D. Ashleigh, J. Neilans and M. Baker complete the officers' roster. We cannot speak too highly of any one of them. WO2's T. C. Wagar, known as the "Kingston Kid", and R. T. "Andy" Anderson have seen a lot of the world but love Paulson best. Flight Sergeants C. J. Coady and J. W. Pears both came to the West as boys and returned East as men.

To the Moving Target Flight we say "Good Luck—Come Again.

(O.K. "Red"—No wise cracks!)

CHIN UP

When you've had a trying day
When you're run down a bit
Don't be too sorry for yourself
Because you're badly hit.

Don't say "I can't try anymore"
Don't lose your faith and curse
But look up bravely, smile and say
"Things might've been much worse".

Of course they might so take the hint
Don't fear what each day brings
Take up your task, begin again
And make the best of things.

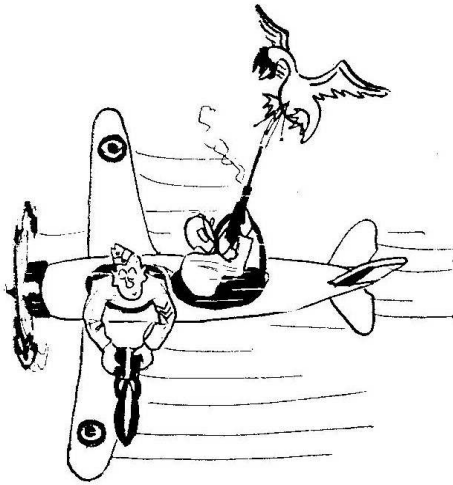
Jas. McCheyne.

WANTED

By blonde good looking W.D. in Airman's Mess.—A young, Airman. Dark curly hair, good looking, nice disposition, and even tempered. To take place of a certain Droque Operator posted recently. Guess who?

P.S.—Uniform must fit.

POT SHOTS FROM GUNNERY



RUMOUR

That when G/C. Lister visited the Unit recently and was in Gunnery Despatch, he engaged an armourer in conversation. After answering several questions, the armourer excused himself saying, "I'm sorry, Sir, I have work to do, I have to service that A/C which has just landed." Saluting, he left and went about his business. The G/C. is credited with remarks which indicated that he was not surprised at Paulson's repeated Pennant winning.

The armourer concerned must be a modest fellow for he has not yet been apprehended in spite of threats of a small amount of time off as an unofficial reward for his devotion to duty, at such an opportune moment!

★ ★ ★

FACT

That several months ago, and following the accidental release of two practice bombs from a High Level Bolingbroke while on the ground, one AC1 Chilton, though his eyes were affected by acid spray, overlooked his personal discomforts (understatement!) to think of the general good. He went to some pains, literally, to kick both bombs clear of the A/C to prevent further damage. He knew at the time that only one of the two had exploded and considered that the live one, while punctured, was also liable to explode.

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE — Continued

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF No. 7 B. & G.:

"What's the story behind all this—?
"Now, when I worked in the factory."

"Wellllll—why?—?"

"Why do all the big fellows sit in front of me at the Cinema?"

Sorry Thomas, no retraction. I hear you're still planning for that day, in the near future.

Here's the best yet. One of the Sgts. who lives out at the Beach.—"Will you come down to the house for a fish dinner tomorrow? I'm going out to catch them tonight."

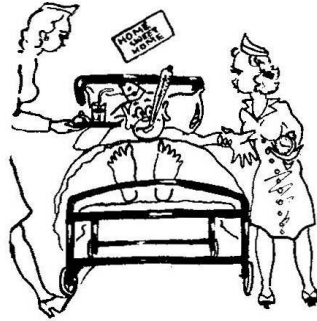
Why does a certain W.D. (Parachute Section) blush when she hears Paris in the Spring—Tra, La?

The Heavyweight Boxing
Champion of Canada,

Author.

STATION HOSPITAL NOTES

Kill or Cure Column!



Station hospital has been a busy place during the past few weeks. The epidemic of "hacks" and "sniffers" has laid low, on our comfortable beds, many of No. 7's brightest and best. Among them, we regret, was numbered our Senior Nursing Sister, F.O. I. M. Bishop. She is at present on sick leave, but we hope to see her return to duty shortly, refreshed after her holiday.

Nursing Sister Rapley has gone to Toronto to take an administrative Course there. We miss her, and hope the powers that be will return her to us safely, as soon as they can.

In the absence of our N.S. we have Nursing Sister Crossen here on temporary duty.

We have had some very interesting patients lately, chief among them, Mr. Brown, our popular Legion representative. Rumour has it that he suffered a

loss of memory! Flight Lieutenant Byng-Hall cluttered up one of our wards for a day or so. If anyone has the idea of seeing him under a table, out cold, they had better see us before they try it. There's only one person who can keep him quiet — Mrs. B.-H.! Two of our staff spent "time out" at the Dauphin General Hospital and in our own W.D. wards with appendicitis. LAW. Neither-cut and LAW. Bennett. They are both recovered now. LAW. Sheridan is also on our sick list—she is at present on sick leave.

By posting we lost LAW. Germain to Davidson, Sask. Best of luck Rae, in your new station!

Cpl. Adams — he's the chap who wangles "cokes" out of unsuspecting patients, received his "third hook" recently. "Something new has been added," but it hasn't made any difference.

That — Sergeant with the auburn hirsute adornment, who takes such fiendish delight in walking sleeping patients, is staying home at nights — why — the infant phenomena and her mother returned to Dauphin and they keep him busy.

See you later — remember the motto of the hospital—"Soc et tuum".

To a Lovely Airman:

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

(By a Man).

REPLY:

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

(By a Woman).

THE DROGUE LINE

Well, here we are back in the news again, bigger and better because of the addition of LAC. Williams, AC1 Curry from Maintenance, LAC. Douglas from Gunnery and AC1 Gates from T.T.S.; smaller and weaker because of losing LAC. Caesar, LAC. Kollman (posted overseas) and Cpl. Smythe and Cpl. Wiseman to Maintenance. A late addition to our ranks is Cpl. Beuhler.

The ranks of our flying personnel have been increased by the addition of F/S. Thompson from Bombing, Sgt. Ulliyot and P/O. Fellingham (Australian) from Camp Borden. We wish you every success while you are with us.

We wish Flight Cuttings would explain just what he means when he says that Drogue Flight is the "E" in the Efficiency Flag.

We hope to start a night shift in the near future if we can get enough help start it.

FAMILIAR SAYINGS HEARD IN MAINTENANCE HANGAR

Get the Drogue Flight to do it —
"They ain't flying".

Put it in a corner until tomorrow, we can't take it tonight—it's a Lizzie.

Go up to Drogue and "Borrow"? some soap.

My, my, what dirty washrooms and them with a hangar-full of men with nothing to do.

After you have moved all the A/C from "B" to "F" Hangar return the tractor to Drogue — IF you have the time!!!!

ANZAC DAY AT PAULSON — Continued

Many thrilling tales of daring and unsung bravery are told of the heroes who landed that morning in Suvla Bay, their deeds to be resung and re-enacted twenty-four years later at Thermoplae, Mt. Olympus and Crete.

Yes indeed, it is a magnificent heritage to uphold, and we, although far from home, and having no cenotaphs or memorials to bear mute testimony to our self-imposed ideals, have remembered them.

On Anzac morning, April 25th, at Paulson, a parade was held and the boys marched to the drill square for the purpose of presenting the station with a flag of each country in remembrance of Anzac.

After a short address by the station Padre, the parade was handed over to the Commanding Officer.

At the conclusion of the Commanding

Officer's address, the flags were broken, as the last post was sounded, and then lowered to half mast.

At sunset the flags were lowered and are now hanging in the recreation hall, where they will inspire us all to the work we have to do.

Maybe it seems foolish sentiment, but if Gallipoli served only to weld the people of Australia and New Zealand together into nations of unified purpose and resolve, I do not think that those men died in vain.

They shall not grow old, as we who are left grow old,

Nor the years condemn;

For at the going down of the sun and in the morning,

We will remember them.

F/S. Knox and P/O. Labes.

No. 7 B-an-G RIFLE CLUB

The B-an-G Rifle Club within the last four or five months has taken unto itself a new lease on life, and now flourisheth greatly. There is a good-sized membership, and a floating population which comes and goes with the classes.

There have been monthly competitions for prizes, in which competitors handed in their two best targets for four consecutive nights. In the first of these competition was very close, Cpl. McClelland taking first place, P.O. Neapole, second, and P.O. Franks, third.

A few weeks ago, there was a Novelty Shoot at which everyone had a lovely time taking pot-shots at Hitler's face, or trying to carve their initials with twenty shots. The small boy or girl in everyone was very evident particularly during the "Can-Can", when there were great shouts of joy every time a bullet hit, sending up a spray of water. Seven events were completed in the evening.

At the annual meeting, the members decided to hold one novelty shoot a month, as well as regular nightly competitions. Starting the 24th of May, shooting is transferred to the outdoor range. This should be very good practice for stalking that elusive little beast, the gopher.

Judging from the number of new members, and the number of targets handed in for the Dominion Marksmen awards, the Rifle Club is one of the most alive and flourishing organizations on the station.

Ups and Downs with the Parachute Section



MISTAKES

When a Plumber makes a mistake,
He charges for it.

When a Lawyer makes a mistake,
He may ask for a re-trial.

When a Carpenter makes a mistake,
It's just what he expected.

When a Doctor makes a mistake,
He buries it

When a Judge makes a mistake,
It becomes the law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake,
No one knows the difference.

But—When a PARACHUTE PACKER
makes a MISTAKE—

GOOD NIGHT!!!

"INDIAN THUMMER"

Any girl can be gay,
In a classy coupe,
In a taxi they all can be jolly,
But the girl worth while,
Is the girl who can smile,
When you're bringing her home on a
trolley.

By: LAC. Wynne, T. H.

Pay Day Parade

I spring out of bed at the sound of reveille,
It's pay day you know and I can't dilly-dally;
Then darkness creeps on me, It's gloomy as hell,
For I'm not getting any, I went A.W.L.

I've enjoyed my meals—they were wonderful today,
Mid-month sorta humors me—it's nice feeling this way;
Who said that—Oh! Doctor! a needle but Quick!
I had a windbreaker and trousers on an E 26.

I love my work and you can't stop me now,
Pay day becomes me and I'll tell you how;
Oh! but I was wrong—what a miserable existence,
Didn't read D.R.O.'s, that said no subsistence.

To the drill hall I go, one of a happy brigade,
To Dauphin tonite 'cause I'm gonna get paid;
But lo and behold—"It's murder they cry",
Collected from our bond to insure a sweet by and by.

I'll gladly drop that argument about the East and West,
Geographically speaking the fifteenth stands the test;
But now! My shattered nerves, to think of that belated "ten",
As long as I'm at Paulson, I'll not shoot dice again.

I fall into bed and I'm bent like a willow,
I then thank the Lord for the new issue pillow;
Things will be different next pay day, you see,
And no matter what I do I'll know it's just me.

C. A. B.

DAUPHIN R.C.A.F.

DAUPHIN R.C.A.F.

Honor Roll

Kenneth Fredrick Ray

Sgt. Kenneth Fredrick Ray, R.C.A.F., was killed in action Jan. 18, 1942, and buried in Scotland Jan. 21.

Wireless Air Gunner Ray, 31, was a former resident of Flin Flon. In August 1940 he was married to Miss Anne Olench, of Dauphin, where she and their baby daughter, Judith Gail, reside. Sgt. Ray enlisted in June, 1941, and went overseas in May of the following year. For five years prior to enlistment he was employed in Flin Flon.

Surviving besides his wife and daughter, are his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ray, of Vancouver, B.C., and one sister, Mrs. G. Martin, also of Vancouver.

Stanley Bladon

Pilot Officer T. S. Bladon met his death in a training crash on July 30, 1942. T. S. Bladon and a student pilot, both from No. 10 S.F. T.S., at the time of the crash were engaged on a routine instructional flight in a twin-engined Cessna Crane trainer. Bladon joined the R.C. A.F. in 1941, being posted to Brandon, Edmonton, Calgary, High River and Moose Jaw, where he received his wings, and July 1, 1942, to Dauphin, being made a Pilot Officer and Instructor.

Stanley Bladon was reared and educated in the town of Dauphin. He excelled as a hockey player. He helped the Regina Rangers win the Allan Cup in 1941.

A. James Marsh

Flying Officer A. James Marsh, second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S., Marsh of Dauphin, was killed on Active Service in England August 16, 1942. Flying Officer Marsh was educated at Dauphin Collegiate Institute and was an Arts Graduate of Manitoba University in 1935. He received his Bachelor of Journalism Degree from the University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo. He returned to Dauphin to become the editor of the Dauphin Herald.

He joined the R.C.A.F. in May, 1941, training at the University of Manitoba, Trenton, St. Thomas and Clinton, where he graduated first in his class as a radio technician, bomber detection. At the time of his death he was attached to an R.A.F. Station in England, and was engaged in installing and testing radio equipment in the large four-motored bombers.

Information Service

STATION MOVIES FOR JULY

THURSDAY, July 1 — "REUNION IN FRANCE" with Joan Crawford, Philip Dorn, John Wayne.
 SUNDAY, July 4 — "CRASH DRIVE" with Anne Baxter, Tyrone Power.
 TUESDAY, July 6 — "NIGHT PLANE FROM CHUNGKING" with Robert Preston, Ellen Drew. "CALABOOSE" with Jimmy Rogers, Noah Beery, Jr.
 THURSDAY, July 8 — "THIS LAND IS MINE" with Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara.
 SUNDAY, July 11 — "CONEY ISLAND" with Betty Grable, George Montgomery.
 TUESDAY, July 13 — "POWERS GIRL" with Anne Shirley, George Murphy.
 THURSDAY, July 15 — "ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY" with Pierre Aumont, Susan Peters.
 SUNDAY, July 18 — "KEEPERS OF THE FLAME" with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn.
 TUESDAY, July 20 — "THE AVENGERS" with Ralph Richardson, Tim Holt, Deborah Kerr.
 THURSDAY, July 22 — "LUCKY JORDAN" with Alan Ladd, Helen Walker.
 SUNDAY, July 25 — "STAND BY FOR ACTION" with Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton.
 TUESDAY, July 27 — "STRANGERS IN TOWN" with Frank Morgan, Jean Rogers.
 THURSDAY, July 29 — "SALUTE JOHN CITIZEN", an English picture featuring Edward Kirby, Stanley Holloway, George Robey.
 SUNDAY, August 1 — "PRESENTING LILY MARS" with Judy Garland, Van Heflin.

BARBER SHOP		POST OFFICE	
Hours—11.00 hrs. to 19.00 hrs.		Hours—11.30 hrs. to 19.00 hrs.	
BUS SCHEDULES		TRAIN SCHEDULES	
Lv. Dauphin	Lv. Port	(Dauphin-Winnipeg)	
0630	0645	Lv. Dauphin	
0700	0715	0150 daily except Mon.	
0730	0805	Arr. Winnipeg	
1545	1605	0730 daily except Mon.	
1625	1645	Lv. Dauphin (via Neepawa)	
1600	1775	0815 Tues., Thurs., Sat.	
1735	1755	Lv. Dauphin (via Gladstone)	
1815 except Sun.	1835 except Sun.	0835 Tues., Thurs., Sat.	
1855	1915		
2210	2225	(Dauphin-Saskatoon)	
2315	2330	Lv. Dauphin	
0015	0030	0430 daily except Sun.	
0110 except Sun.	0125 except Sun.	Arr. Saskatoon	
Winnipeg Bus		1600	
Lv. Dauphin	Lv. Winnipeg	Lv. Saskatoon	
0710 daily	1800 daily	1215 daily except Sun.	
1230 daily		Arr. Dauphin	
Yorkton Bus		0135	
Lv. Dauphin	Lv. Yorkton	TCA reservations may be obtained at the C.N.R. ticket office, Dauphin.	
0130 daily	0230 daily		
Clear Lake Bus			
Lv. Dauphin	6.00 p.m.		
Lv. Clear Lake	8.40 p.m.		