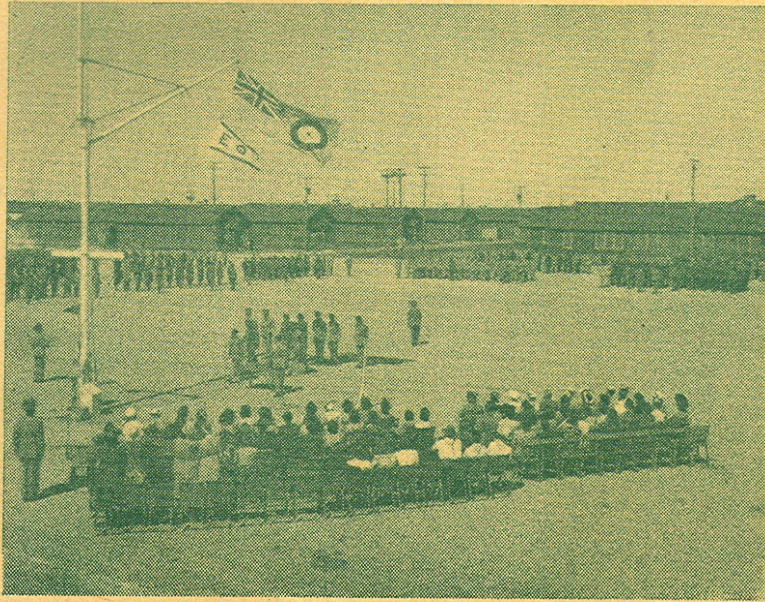




LOCUS IN NATURALIS ESSE



PRESENTATION FOURTH "E" PENNANT

NO. 786  
**THE Paulson Post**  
NO. 786

Paulson Man.

# The Paulson Post

By kind permission of Wing Commander H. E. Stewart

## THE PAULSON POST COMMITTEE

President .....	F/L V. L. Stewart	Associate Editors	F/L P. Byng-Hall
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Secretary .....	Sgt. Davidson, D.R.		Cpl. Segal, G.
Business Manager .....	F/S Wolochow, D.M.	Photographic Editor	Cpl. Campbell, N.M.

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## Editorial

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## Vox Pop

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I SHOULD, as the new Editor, set forth policies, or make an appeal for material to print, and probably end up with a plug to sell our magazine. Instead I am taking this opportunity to reveal to you a challenge that has been rankling since last July.

At that time, along with too few others, I attended an excellent lecture on Current Events delivered most interestingly by F.O. Kelshall. I sieze on one small portion of his address—the rest, as I have indicated, was exceptionally good.

In his opening remarks, the speaker attributed the early losses of the war to the "complacency" and "low morale" of the Allied peoples. This argument we accepted. But he went further, saying that, although we had shaken off our lethargy, we had not as yet developed to a desired degree, the "will to fight." In support of his argument, he stated that the results of "Gallup-Poll-of-His-Own" indicated that the men of the Air Force did not know what they were fighting for. Large groups, he said, gave as their reasons for enlisting, the thrill of adventure, the single desire to fly, or merely the comforting wish to avoid "foot-slogging." Now that is a very pointed challenge which we cannot ignore! I pass it on to you for your reaction, but not without comment.

If it is true that we lack worthy reasons for enlisting, we must take time out to find some, but quick? I, for one, don't believe it, and here is why. There is reason to doubt the reliability of F.O. Kelshall's results from his "gallup-poll." We Canadians are averse to giving out with personal reasons for doing anything. In fact, we sometimes

put little thought into our ordinary conversation. We are not easily drawn out on personal issues. After three years in the Air Force I have yet to hear Airmen or Airwomen express in honest-to-gosh fightin' words, the basic reasons for their having enlisted. This reticence seems to be due to an almost inherent fear of ridicule in the form of severe "kidding" by fellow airmen. Yet letters from men overseas leave no doubt in our minds as to a Canadian's ability to express emphatically his fierce desire to fight for what he knows he must preserve or re-build to his liking. This would indicate, not so much a lack of spirit then on our part, but rather a latent power and drive, expressed only in an environment more suitable for it than the one in which we now find ourselves. For when asked for a reason for enlisting we are very apt to thoughtlessly say:

"Just wanted to push a kite around upstairs. It was a pilot for me or nothing."

or—"Fed up with my job. I wanted some adventure—see new places—get a kick out of life."

or—"Oh, my chums all enlisted. Figured I might as well, too."

or any such other answer that is as remote from the truth. Surely, deep down within us, we do know why, and for what, we are fighting. Yet the fact that "complacency" and "low morale" did once exist and the fact that some people are of the opinion it may still exist—these are sufficient to ask ourselves if it is true we have not developed a strong will to fight. Could it be we are too lazy mentally

(Continued on page 4)



F./S. HUDSON  
New EDITOR-in-Chief

F./S. Hudson was born thirty-one years ago in New Westminster, B.C. He attended Public and High School there, later graduating from the University of British Columbia with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Psychology and Education. Also a graduate of the Vancouver Provincial Normal School, he has been teaching school in his home town since 1933. Prior to enlisting in the R.C.A.F. in 1940, he was vice-principal of the Robson-Howay Junior High School. In the field of sports, Flight Hudson has forsaken the more vigorous ones for golf, bowling, skating, and fishing. His other interests lie in music and art, and he will, if properly coaxed, give out with "Ave Maria" on his violin, or dash off a cartoon or two.

Since leaving Vancouver Recruiting Centre, the Flight has been to Toronto, Trenton, Calgary, Mt. View, finally arriving in Paulson on October 15th, 1941 (and doesn't want another posting!). Being a Senior Armament Instructor, he is employed at G.I.S., where, it is rumoured, he once nearly

qualified as painter, standard.

An active member of the Mess, he has served on various committees for the past eighteen months. As the new Editor, he promises that, with your help, he will do his best to retain the high standard of the Paulson Post set by his predecessors.

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### EDITORIAL—Cont.

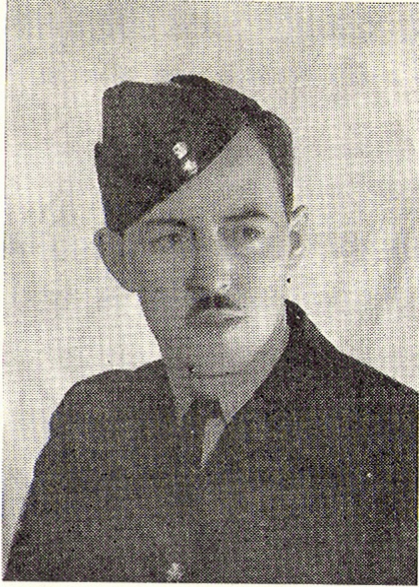
to crystallize that "deep-down-feeling" into clear ideals with some constructive thinking?

In any event, the challenge has been made. If we are complacent, we naturally shall do nothing about it. If we accept the challenge, we must convince those around us, as surely as ourselves, that "complacency" and "low morale" do not exist. By establishing a purpose, a goal, to our every effort, and never losing sight of it, we shall never doubt our ability to surpass in courage, perseverance, and will to fight, the best the "Master Race" is able to produce. To do it, are we afraid to seriously, honestly answer that question: "Why did you enlist?"

We know the answer is within our power. Must we wait until we come to closer grips with the enemy to give it, or are we capable of converting "feelings" into ideas, ideas into deeds right here in a place so remote from the action in which we all desire to participate?

I hope that this editorial has been interpreted as it is meant—just a revelation of a challenge—a few comments—and not (Heaven forbid!) a lecture.

To those who contribute faithfully to the Post, the sincere thanks of the Committee. To new comers, a hearty welcome; and to non-contributors, a plea.



CPL. CAMPBELL, Photographic Editor

Neil M. Campbell, Photo Editor for the Paulson Post, has been around the station since leaving Brandon M.D. at the end of April, 1942. Interested in photography as a hobby as well as a business, he has seen most of the interesting events and happenings at Paulson during the past year and a half. Born in Winnipeg, November 27, 1916, he spent his grade school years in East Kildonan, and took his Grades 9, 10, 11 and 12 at East Kildonan Collegiate, St. Paul's College, St. John's Tech. and Wesley College, in that order. The next five years were spent as a Laboratory Technician for the National Testing Lab., a salesman for Eastman Photographic Materials and Serviceman on Comptometers.

In December, 1941, he married Ruth Brown, of Norwood, and seven weeks later enlisted in the R.C.A.F., going to Brandon on 17th of February and taking his new wife with him. From there they moved to Dauphin and have lived there since then. Six months ago, Neil and his wife, as all good Air Force couples should, received at the Dauphin General, a daughter, Mern, and are now busy learning the ways of the younger generation.

SUNDRY VERSES ON THE TRIBE  
(Unexpurgated Version)

By P.O. JOHSTONE

Scorned and rejected—a mouse among men  
He stands out in front bold as brass,  
Expounding the "gen" to a handful of men  
And the rest of his poor blinking class.  
To the boys he's a "gen-man"—a person of note;  
Or an artist of malarkey and swill:  
Depending on mainly his mode of approach  
To the work about which he knows nil.  
He gestures, he stretches, he scrawls on the board  
To explain a real intricate mine,  
Till some know-all blighter says "That's not a fuse,  
It's a pistol percussion, mark nine."  
Having scrubbed his last student, he sits back and sighs.  
His troubles are over—he's free!!!  
Till he thinks of the future—that curse of his life—  
His records—since March, '43.  
He toils through the nighttime; he toils through the day.  
His patience has nearly run out.  
When he finds he can balance his hours and days;  
But he's one ruddy Bolingbroke out.  
He flies with his students and drops a few bombs,  
And covers the miles with his score.  
But never lets on to his class where they lobbed,  
In case they might feel kinda sore.  
Back in the classroom his voice in a shout,  
He rests his poor frame while he spouts,  
Explaining the whyfore, the wherefore and how,  
Till the whole ruddy class has its doubts.  
His object achieved, he retreats to the den  
And tosses to win the "king bee."  
But having lost that, and a side bet as well  
Decides that it's high time for tea.  
He dives for the mess (it's a quarter to four),  
And there finds the whole blinking batch.  
But who cares about Ship Rec and Air Rec and all  
When there's a pool to be shot (Don't Scratch!).

## MAINTENANCE - CALLING ALL FLIGHTS - COME IN



Since the last time Maintenance had an opportunity, through the medium of the Post, to do a little chest throwing, we feel that sufficient improvements have been made to give us reason to move our buttons over at least half an inch.

The individuals favored with the honour of being "intimate" or even "acquainted" through either service or social contact with this very important HALF of No. 7 will, although perhaps reluctantly (professional jealousy) endorse our braggadocio as being well founded. After all, we have practically reached the completion of an entire change in organization, which, even in its embryonic stage, showed improvement in our efficiency and now promises to be revolutionary in scope.

Our headquarters were moved from their cramped location in "A" Hangar to a more commodious and befitting set up in "B" Hangar. Inspection is invited, but bring your own refreshments.

The far reaching results of such egotism is well illustrated by the effect it had on the middle ring on the coat sleeves of our Officer Commanding.

Furthering the change in our headquarters we have had to reluctantly bid adieu to S.O. Wickson, who has been replaced by F.O. Hood as Adjutant. The Orderly Room staff has been batted about considerably, and finally, we hope, has come to roost permanently with Sgt. McGilchrist (W.D.) as N.C.O. in charge.

Going out from Headquarters to the various flights and sections where all

the work is done, there is no perceptible change, but—we hope by the time the next edition comes off the press we have justification in leaving our top buttons undone entirely.

To the N.C.O.'s and men, throughout the entire wing, goes a great deal of credit for a good job well done. Any change in organization has a tendency to cause confusion which, as a rule, acts as a retardent to production, but not so with us. A few headaches seemed to have been caused by the change in system of shifts, but now that everyone has the "swing" of it, things seem smooth enough on that front.

We have suffered the usual amount of parting pains due to the constant surge of personnel movements. Space does not permit listing the names of those departed; but a welcoming hand is extended to all newcomers.

Delving into the personal life of a few of our satellites, we give some concern to Sgt. Garland who is having "Rheumatic" trouble with his arm. A private interview disclosed the possibility of a cute little lady stopping his circulation—could be!

F.S. Wonch's repeated request for a trip to Winnipeg on the pretext of urgent Air Force business, gives birth to the following prize tongue twister.

"Which wench did Wonch want when he went to Winnipeg for winch wrenches."

It would seem by the steady enrollment in the Stork Club that the enthusiasm manifested in Maintenance to keep up production does not die on the home front. Cpl. Ingram, Cpl. Beuhler and LAC Stan Moore report the arrival of a son each.

Our best wishes for an early recovery are extended to Cpl. Brysh, LAC Underhill and LAW Britton, who are at present in Deer Lodge Hospital; and deepest sympathy of the entire wing to Sgts. Ferguson and Powell in their recent sad bereavements.

## PADRE'S PAGE



Some letters are sheer acts of sabotage. When a wife or a parent writes carelessly, complaining about the inconvenience at home or pouring out a multitude of fears and worries, a chap's spirits are bound to flag. Similarly, a letter home filled with gripes, suspicions and anxieties does the same damnable work. Separation makes words doubly important.

"Boys flying 'kites' haul in their white-winged birds;

You can't do that when you're flying words.

Careful with fire is good advice, we know;

Careful with words is ten times doubly so.

Thoughts unexpressed sometimes fall back dead;

But God Himself can't kill them when they're said."

Boost the spirits of the folk back home by writing in an understanding, courageous and high-minded manner. You'll soon find the letters you get sound the same.

Here are excerpts from letters recently received from former Paulson people now scattered around the globe:

**SCOTLAND** (F.O. "Jimmie" Muirhead, R.A.F.).

"Was with Fergie, McCall and Hathaway at a station in Northern England. . . . My present station is an Advanced Training Unit. . . . I have met a few of my ex-pupils (Canadians, N.Z.'s, R.A.A.F., and R.A.F.). . . . I hope Mrs Stewart and the 'twa wee bairns' are enjoying the best of health"

**ENGLAND** (AC1 Braun, F.F., R.C. A.F.).

"We are happy to be here as we now, more than ever, feel we are a cog in the wheel that will bring victory to us all."

**ENGLAND** (Sgt. Baldwin, C.H., R.A. A.F.).

"We had a very nice time at Niagara. . . . I met most of the chaps from Portage. . . . Cameron, MacKay, and Thwaite got their commissions. Thwaite was top in the course."

**NEW ZEALAND** (P.O. Knox, R.N.Z. A.F.).

"Will always remember Paulson and the Anzac Day Parade we had there. . . . Am off for destination unknown."

V. LORNE STEWART, F.L.

### My Prayer

Keep him, O Lord, from all harm;  
Keep him, Lord, safe and warm.

Let him see to-morrow's sky;  
Let him to me homeward fly.

Keep him, Lord, through shot and shell;  
Let him not know too much Hell.

Oh! dear Lord, for this I pray,  
Keep him safe from day to day.

And yet, O God, Thy will be done,  
For he is, Lord—They Blessed Son.

—Anonymous

## WIRELESS SECTION

Things have certainly changed since we went to press last. We have had more changes in personnel than Steve has had girl friends and, brother, that is saying plenty.

L.A.C.s Franklin and Abells — the Junior Commandos—departed for overseas, and have been surely missed by all. Franklin's tall stories of B.C. are well taken care of by Beamish—and stretched somewhat—if possible.

Our biggest loss, at least physically, occurred when "Shorty" Gibbon took a powder via Newfoundland. We were certainly sorry to see Eric go—he was one of the best.

No. 1 Wireless School opened up its heart and doors to emit the three most recent additions to our happy throng—AC's Chernak, Guslits and Carley. We thought it was the long awaited invasion when they showed up. Three W.M.s at once—I have seen everything now. Gus will play anyone bridge for five cents a hundred—at least, as long as his money lasts.

So Corp. Doran keeps the boys under his wing and watches over them in a fatherly manner, eh? Oh! brother, who said that!!! If his behavior at Swan River or Clear Lake are listed as fatherly actions—I would sure like to be a father.

If you see anyone building a cage these days, you can bet your bottom dollar it is a home for "Wolf" Davidson. Boy! is he howling these days. What about it, Winnie? Must be a good bounty on wolves down Winnipeg way—Davidson is steering clear of these

days—and maybe the hunting is better hereabouts.

Sgt. Stevenson is laying pretty low these days, cannot get a lead on his social life at all—except for the odd fair rumor from Accounts.

K. D. Beamish—"Jeke" to his friends—is extended congrats on his AC1 and "C" group. "Jeke" is doing well in the service now he is getting on to all but one thing—cannot get used to wearing boots or shoes—seems they didn't catch him early enough in life and put shoes on him out there in B.C. He seems to be cooking up something for his leave: the mail between here and Montreal is sure heavy. Nice red "seals" that come on the backs of envelopes, aren't they, "Zeke." Lipstick is sure used for queer things these days.

Cannot get anything on "Mac," he lives too honest a life—"Tough Luck" McCaw he is known as—never wins a toss—always stuck for the drinks—donates regularly pay nites, and never touches a drop (sounds good, anyway).

Flt. Perkins is still hoping for a posting. I believe he would even take one to Vancouver.

LAC Shave is still working pretty smoothly—even over the bumpy road of Matrimony.

### AFTERTHOUGHTS

Union Depot (Winnipeg) will be Re-union Depot when Beam hits there on his way home. Why can't I ever win at bridge or cribbage? Wonder if Carley ever lost an argument? Gus and Sol must be expecting a cold winter this year—they are getting prepared already. What did that vegetarian by the name of "Bud" mean when he was yelling at Clear Lake: "All this meat and no potatoes?"



## ENTERTAINMENT



The Cast of the Great West Life Varieties relaxes in the Sergeants Mess after the Show.

Bouquets to the Great West Life Assurance Company of Winnipeg for the splendid entertainment presented by their Variety Show at this Station, Saturday, September 18th.

Under capable management, and controlled by a fast-talking witty M.C., the programme moved rapidly through a well-chosen selection of group and solo dances, songs, instrumental numbers, a healthy sing-song, and ended with clever take-offs on name-bands.

No individuals may be mentioned without naming them all, for these boys and girls from the offices of Great West Life have, in their spare time, welded together a show in which

each contributes a full share of talent, colour and organization ability.

We hope by our applause, cheers, and whistles we conveyed to them the full extent of our appreciation.

The N.C.O.'s, who were fortunate enough to play the role of hosts, extend their thanks to one and all of the troupe. The ballroom dancing, interspersed with impromptu selections by the entertainers, was most pleasant. (Oh! lucky N.C.O.'s, and were they ever on their best behaviour at meal times?)

Yes, when Variety Show comes up with a new one, we, the personnel of No. 7 B & G, surely hope we are on the itinerary.

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The C.O. received the following memo from a worried mechanic:

"Dear Sir,—I am sending in the accident report on Sgt. Garland's finger when he struck it with the ball-pein. Now, under 'Remarks,' sir, do you want mine — or Garland's."

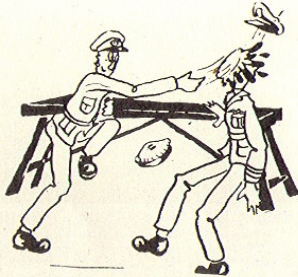
Now that W.D. must have been an optician's daughter—Two glasses and she makes a spectacle of herself.

—:—

Navigation Instructor: "What is the Dog Star?"

Very Potential A.B.: "Rin-Tin-Tin."

## OFFICERS' MESS



Postings in, postings out, promotions—a continual series of changes—our losses are others gains. F.L. Doucet, F.L. Virtue, F.O. Simon and F.O. Mears have achieved the coveted goal of overseas postings, after many long months of hard and faithful service at our station. Their contributions in retaining the "E" have been many, and we wish them every good fortune and Godspeed. Others we have lost, too, but we may see them occasionally—Capt. Danzinger, to No. 10 S.F.T.S., Dauphin; F.O. Goodall and P.O. Duncan to Gimli; F.O. McLean to Brandon. Some of our newest officers, too, were sent over—P.O. Gagnon, P.O. Nelligan, P.O. Moir, and F.O. Franks. We were sorry to lose our "Newzie" pal, F.O. Staple, to Greenwood. Some new faces we welcome are: F.O. Daverne, P.O.

Shaflik, P.O. Thompson, P.O. McDonald, F.O. Hood, P.O. Woolgar, P.O. Taylor, and F.O. Wright.

Our friend the stork has been active again, this time scoring evenly a boy for F.O. Campbell and a little blonde girl for P.O. Art Brown—mighty good work from our point of view. Wedding bells, too, did their stuff for F.O. Carruthers, F.O. Bob Jones—who knows, what next? Congratulations to W.C. Mountain on attaining his new rank, and to F.O. Jones, E., F.O. Labes, F.O. MacInnes, and F.O. Neapole on that new stripe. Gosh, maybe we missed some congrats to them, too. The army has invaded us, too—Capt. Towe, our new Dental Officer, is right into everything in grand style, and talks a good fish story; Lieut. Sloan, who purveys the vituals, is warmly welcomed. We must not forget the Fitness Tests—what a time, what a life! God forbid! That's why we did not do so well in the Field Day. Well, that's a good excuse; but if we ever get our hands on the Harvard Joe that designed it; well, maybe it is a good idea after all.

**STOP THE PRESS!!!** F.O. Carruthers just promoted to F.L. Congratulations!

### A LETTER

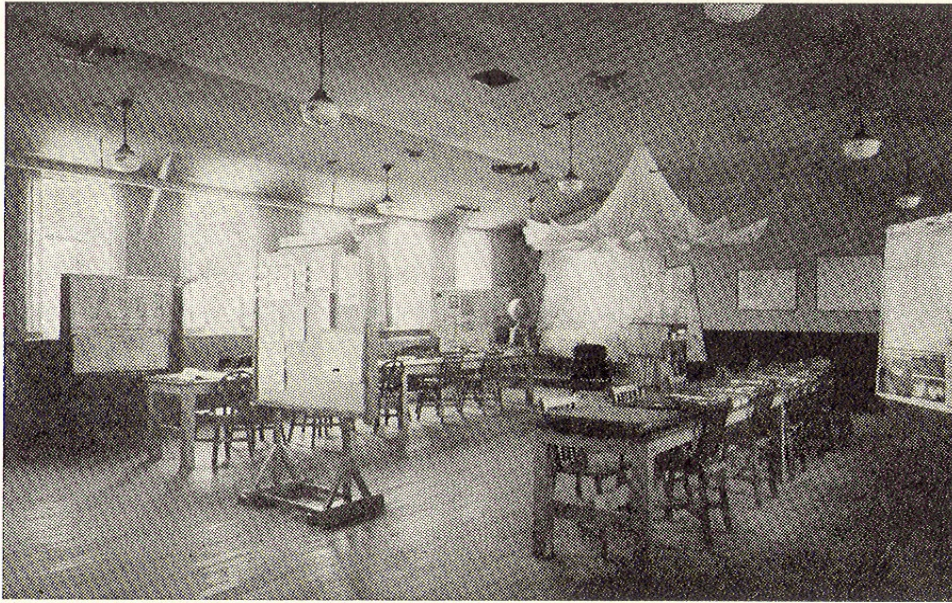
Darling,—I hate writing you such a letter, but the time has come when I must ask you a question—a truly serious one, which has caused many a sleepless night and corresponding days of anxiety. Although I've tried to conceal it, it's a matter of utmost importance, and I cannot wait any longer. When I tell you that other lives have been upset by similar matters, I feel that you must at least know the worst. For in all sincerity, it may mean the death of our love and friendship. I have not communicated my state of life to anyone but you, dear. Up to the present you have been a friend and one

whom I have loved more than anyone else in the world. Now, with a heavy heart, I ask you to put your attention to this one important question. I know that I'm asking a great deal from you, but, as you know, love and friendship will stand a lot of shock.

Now, once more out of the fullness of our love and friendship, I ask you to bring the powers of your keen heart to hear this question. Answer me, darling, as solemn as you can, and above all, tell me nothing but the honest truth: "Do you think the Lone Ranger needs a new horse?"

(Signed) Sincerely,  
ALEX.

## THE INTELLIGENCE LIBRARY



The Intelligence Library, although in G.I.S., is for the use and benefit of all aircrew on the Station, as well as aircrew in training, and before discussing the Library any further, we urge you to use it as often as possible.

This is one of the more recent additions to the Station, having opened its doors the latter part of May of this year, but, already we can see the results and appreciation of our efforts by the ever increasing use of its facilities.

Secret and Confidential publications, dealing with every phase of this war, equipment, tactics for all aircrew, operational reports, as well as summaries of the war up to date, are here for the asking, with the restriction, of course, that they must be read in the Intelligence Library and not taken out to other parts of the Station. The staff of the Library are also endeavouring to

keep all those interested posted on the current news by means of news bulletins, descriptive maps, as well as conducting progress of war lectures and current event discussions. Another feature is the recently acquired radio for the purpose of obtaining all the news possible regarding the war as soon as possible.

The Library affords an ideal study room for the students of G.I.S., giving them full use of all air publications relating to their work as well as all available air diagrams covering bombs and fuses, turrets, sighting and pyrotechnics.

It is known that a successful and useful person is well versed in all matters pertaining to his work. The war today is our work and the Intelligence Library affords the facilities.

D. W. Irvine, P.O.

## Echoes from The Log Room

You've heard from each section,  
Each flight on the station;  
Even Maintenance had their say.  
Now Log Room Control bids you good-  
day.

For here all your time is recorded  
And aircraft Log Books carefully hoarded.

So come along now—wipe off your chin,  
Let's take a look at the people within.  
Meet Heanette, the Log Book Queen,  
Long part of the familiar scene.

Her sparkling eyes and coy French way  
Heard on the P.A.: "How many ser-  
viceable today?"

This is Flight Williams, "Control Room  
King."

Long familiar with Maintenance,  
His chief complaint—Oh, Yes!  
Why didn't you tell me this plane was  
U.S.

Never mind, Flight, there'll come a day  
When you'll bid Paulson "Aurevoir"  
and walk away.

Over there, Cpl. Brysh or just Johnny,  
He's got a wife and a daughter that's  
bonnie;

He's got Paulsonitis that's all that's  
wrong.

Never mind Johnny, we'll miss you when  
you're gone.

And this is our other little blond,  
It's our Ek, of sailors rather fond.

And last, but not least, you must meet  
Miss Anderson, her wit is a treat.  
And she knows all the dope, she'll tell  
it to you.

Log book L. 14's, and how Frenchmen  
woo!

Never mind, Andy, you'll soon parley-  
voo.

As for myself I need no introduction to  
you,

So now, my dear friends, you met us  
all—

I hope we're here next time you call.  
But before we say good-bye, just one  
thing,

Three hearty cheers for Maintenance  
Wing.

## Off the Drogue Line



### DROGUE FLIGHT

The coming of fall has shown many changes of personnel, but the newer members have all buckled down and we are still the flight to watch—still the capital "E" in Efficiency.

We will miss WO2 Judd—"Cain't dance maw: ain't nobody playin' the jug." And WO2 Thompson, who is in a class by himself. We wish them well on this new phase of their service and know they will do a good job.

Several of our drogue operators are branching out into air-crew. Andy Anderson, Cecile, and Adams are on their way. We know they will make it with room to spare.

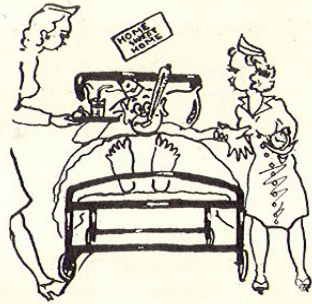
Flight "Crunch" Wonch is very busy coaxing life out of his new car. He already has plans for the "MARCH OF DIMES" he will wring out of his passengers. The favorite call will be: "Japan for a dime."

Flight Cutting is still using his bike, but it's an even bet he will soon be back on the bus. He is still looking for shells to starve the butcher this fall. Lots of ducks—no shells. "C'est la querre."

The plans for the coming winter seem to indicate Paulson will be a good station to be on. And if everyone supports the program it will be.

## STATION HOSPITAL NOTES

### *Kill or Cure Column!*



IT'S some time since we took up our quill to preserve for posterity the activities of the Station Hospital. We do so again, but with diffidence, for we are not given to trumpeting our achievements, as is the habit of some sections. Quietly and efficiently we perform our tasks of mercy, tearing out tonsils, treating bunions, spraying noses, and a host of other minor ailments.

There have been changes in the Hospital Staff. Familiar figures go and new ones takes their places.

N.S. Bishop, so well-known to all, was posted to No. 10 S.F.T.S. We mourn her loss to us. Our loss is No. 10's gain. To take Sister Bishop's place we have N.S. Major. She comes to us from No. 19. We welcome her to No. 7 B & G, the "Four-E Station." Another familiar figure, whose shadow falls no more across our threshold, is F.S. "Jack" Earley. He had become almost adjunct to our staff. He left us last Friday for Vancouver. Best of luck, "Jack," in your new post—may your new colleagues appreciate your harmony more than we did!

We have a new clerk Medical in the person of Cpl. J. F. Page. He came to us from Goose Bay. He's still a trifle bushed, but after a few months here he will be in shape to buy a street car musical."

ticket without stuttering. Then, we lost "Fitch"—big good-natured Fitchell. No one could stay "down" for long, if Fitchell was around the wards. She will be learning Eskimo in Labrador this winter.

Our "farmer's daughters," McDonald, Martin, and MacKinnon, took advantage of the Special Harvest Leave, and returned to their paternal acres to "bring in the sheaves" (or did they? ). Their hands were just as soft when they returned—we didn't even notice any barley beards clinging to their stockings! "Ding-bat Martin" says she shovelled grain—I wish I owned a farm!

We have had a busy summer. There have been a lot of Sick, Lame and Lazy all through the season. Sick parades have been well attended, except on Station holidays. It's funny how they drop off on holidays and how large they get the day before a C.O.'s parade.

We are valiantly living up to our motto "Soc et tuum."

For the benefit of newcomers, the stout N.C.O. with the "Auburn" moustache is merely part of Hospital equipment!

EXTRA! Congratulations to Flight Lieutenant Carruthers on his promotion, and recent marriage.

DOUBLE EXTRA!! Sgt. Downing is on his way to Esterel for Officers' Training in Administration. Good work and good wishes, Sgt.

---:---  
"How did you get here?" said the genial hospital doctor to the patient.

"Flu," replied the victim, softly.

---:---  
M.O.: "Having any organic trouble "  
Recruit: "No sir; I'm not at all musical."

## PARACHUTE SECTION

**B**EING a very small section, we find news very scarce to contribute to the PAULSON POST regularly, postings going out and no replacements at time of writing.

As you all know the latest to go was Aubie Jacob, our pianist; he got a good posting, close to home. (One of our ambitions.) Personally, he regretted leaving us; he did a lot for the Station Band, and contributed many long hours to entertainment. The group that worked with him wish him all the luck and success on his new station. We in this section know his heart's desire—good luck, Aubie, keep plugging.

At the time of writing, our Sgt. Lees has remustered to "Entertainment," which came through pending posting. There's not much I need to write about him: months of rehearsals on Paulson on Parade—Pot Pourri, costumes, scenery, lighting, dance, etc., and others and above that, a smooth running section.

He worked hard on the Entertainment Committee (and with the new committee now in swing, they'll be having us all doing the same very shortly). We on the station, especially in the section, will miss his wit and humor; his songs and scrips will be known to all of us some day; his ambitions and abilities will bring him to the top of the ladder.

If by the time this goes to press, and our Sgt. has left us, we extend to him our sincerest wishes for success and good luck, trusting we will see him in one of the R.C.A.F.'s shows in the very near future.

About the rest of us—there's Hughes, Reynolds and Dobbie. Say, fellows do I need to say any more about them? How OOOOOO ?? ?

Our new man McGinnis replaced Naisbett, who was posted to Trenton. He writes us, you can't beat good old Paulson and the West (he's an East-

erner). McGinnis just LOVES Paulson, especially the West (another Easterner); wonder if it's the shooting that appeals to him. Wouldn't THINK of going back to Trenton.

And Rigger Mortus (that's Cpl. Morris). The reason why we call him that is (Should I tell dem). Well, his last name is Morris, and he's a Parachute Rigger (fooled you, hey!).

At present, Noon is away on farm leave; she's a one man woman—no kidding. In the target room we have our dark haired beauty Ciortan, she tries to keep the drogues in stitches (some of the scroungers, she keeps in stitches as well!).

I don't have to tell you anything about the writer of this corny column, judge for yourself.

Cpl. Segal, G.

### My Stewardship

I bought gasoline; I went to the show.  
I bought some new tubes for my radio.  
I bought some candy, peanuts, nut-bars and ce cream.

While my salary lasted, life sure was a scream.

It takes careful spending to make money go round.

One's methods of finance must always be sound.

With habits quite costly, it's real hard to save.

My wife spent seven dollars on a permanent wave.

The church came round begging. It sure made me sore;

If they'd let me alone, I'd give a lot more.

They have plenty of nerve, they forget all the past—

I gave them a quarter the year before last.

LAC T. H. Wynn

## I AM A TRAINEE...

I AM a trainee; an Airbomber trainee. A large number of us were shipped by bus from Paradise in Brandon. We had a jolly time on the way north singing those patriotic songs like "Bless 'Em All" and "Sweet Violets." We sang particularly loud when we passed through the towns—thinking we could ~~we told him we were the new course~~ pass on to the citizens the deep feeling of patriotism we felt. However, most of the citizens just stared at us. The ones who could understand English ran into their houses and pulled down the shades.

Eventually we arrived at the guard house and were accosted by a large detachment of S.P.'s. The Corporal on duty wanted to know who we were and where our identification cards were. We respectfully told him. He laughed when we told him we were the new course 103.

We were taken away down a long line of barrack blocks and ended up in the second last, but next to the W.D.'s. Some of the course lamented the speed of the Air Force. They would have preferred to be course 104. A short muscular Sergeant gave us bunks and told us to be ready in a short while to be taken to hospital and P.T.

So to the hospital and then to the drill hall, where we were addressed by a dour faced WO2 who "and furthermore" us dizzy. He explained that we were to be usefully employed until our course started on the 18th—18th of January.

Thus it came to pass that course 103 A.B.'s were installed at the efficiency station Paulson, and we were usefully employed! We belted ammunition, we cleaned windows. We ran messages. We painted G.I.S. We belted ammunition. We took readings on the bombing ranges. We washed dishes. We moved earth and heaven, too. Laid stones and belted ammunition. Took off screens—put on storms.

Made precis—polished floors—and unloaded bombs and belted ammunition. At night we would sometime discuss how the station ever got its work done before we were created.

Then came the day of days. We started course. Twelve of us were assembled in a group by the same dour faced WO2 and given to understand we would be Class 24 for the course duration. We were given an instructor—or the instructor was given us.

The first morning after P.T. we arrived at a classroom designated on detail, for us to find three other classes fighting for possession. They, too, were assigned to the same room. However, we were more hardy and closer to the door, so they soon found themselves dispossessed. We sat for half an hour before our instructor came in with an impressive pile of books. From him we learned Bombing Theory was a piece of cake. In twenty minutes we had the theory of bombing. The instructor announced a mid-term examination would take place next morning—we could find everything in our precis.

Then we went to turrets. It seems the turret section is run much like a hotel. The manager gives us different rooms. His staff then began to praise the merits of this particular room and its furnishings. The furnishings were comprised of a lot of bent pipes in a box of perspex. After a lengthy harangue, this particular member asked one of the boys where the Rotating Service joint was? LAC Stew Pedeply, "On Donald Street in Winnipeg."

The Bombing teacher, while an interesting place where the ground moves and you stand still, has the added attraction of never letting you know where you are until you come out one of the doors. It seems you are always facing the wrong way.

(Continued on page 17)

## Canadian Legion Courses

By P/O. MacDONALD  
Education Officer

**M**ANY of those who served in the armed forces during the last war found it difficult to rehabilitate themselves in civilian life through lack of education. One of the first efforts of the Canadian Legion was to establish a system of correspondence courses for any Soldier, Sailor or Airman who wanted to improve his educational standing.

These courses are free—and they are good.

Any airman or airwoman may study Public School, High School or University level work. You may study commercial subjects, such as bookkeeping or vocational courses, such as horticulture. You may even become a competent chicken farmer if you study the course on Poultry Raising intensively enough.

The High School work is recognized by any Department of Education in the Dominion of Canada. The University courses are recognized by any University. The Vocational or Commercial courses will be a factor in your favour when it comes to getting a job after this is all over.

During the long wintry nights (they are really long and very wintry in this country), you can derive great enjoyment and greater benefit from one of those courses.

The Education Section stands prepared to help you overcome any difficulties you may encounter in your course.

Call at the Education Office if you would like a course and call again any time you need assistance with it.

P.O. MacDonald,  
Education Officer.

## BERMUDA

**I** AM homesick for Bermuda. I lie here on a dock in the July sun of Georgian Bay, and hear the waves beat on the stones and supports, and feel the heat sink into and through me, and listen to a fresh breeze rustle the birch leaves on the beach. It is beautiful—a clear blue day, and I am lazy and relaxed, slowly turning a golden brown, but I am homesick for Bermuda. Bermuda, where there are beaches for every week of the year; gleaming white beaches, soft pinkish beaches, great fashionable ones dotted with umbrellas and sunbathers, tiny quiet ones tucked away between great masses of coral rock, beaches where you dive into rolling breakers, and watch the surf break on the guarding reef, and beaches where you wade slowly and gradually over smooth firm sand till you float delightfully in the clearest of waters.

I stand on the wide open verandah of the cottage and watch the sun descend behind the quiet waters of the bay. Behind in the woods the trees are tinted pink, then yellow, orange, gold, then fade to their normal tones as the sun drops from sight. And I am homesick for Bermuda. Bermuda, where once I saw a line of tiny golden camels march solemnly across a turquoise-banded sky, which suddenly flamed into gold, orange and crimson, flushing a deep rose over a great soft cloud. In front lay the ocean, with all the colours blended, behind, the Sound reflected in deeper shades the great pink cloud. Streaks of green and blue shot across the sky, and we stood stilled and silent.

I sit before an open stone fireplace, and watch birch logs crackle and flare, and feel the pleasant sleep-inducing warmth steal through me, closing my eyes. Spanish music with its marked dancing rhythms and liquid words brings me visions of swirling skirts and



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**BERMUDA — Continued**

languorous South American beauties. But I am homesick for Bermuda. Bermuda where the nights are soft and warm, where the moon is twice as large as it should be, and the stars are within reach, ready to be plucked, plucked and fastened in a girl's hair. Coral Beach, with its oleander-studded, candle-lit tables overlooking a sea silvered broadly by the enormous moon; where the soft-voiced Negroes strum their guitars from table to table, singing, perhaps a request, or at a table for two, "Bermuda Buggyride."

I stand on the beach on a clear moonless night, with the Milky Way a thick white smudge across the sky, and away to the north a star twinkling blue, red, green, and blue again. Over the island the first faint rays of the Northern Lights shoot out, timidly at first, then brighter and longer, spreading and fading, crossing and merging, a scene of heaven-wide grandeur. But I am homesick for Bermuda. Bermuda, where the moon draws a path of silver from the rocks at your feet to the unending horizon, and the stars flame like distant lanterns, and a dream-like stillness is over all.

I wander slowly along a country road, hands in pockets and scuffing the pebbles underfoot. It is early afternoon and the sun beats down. In the fields the horses and cattle browse through the long grass, and gather in

the cool shade of the maples. The occasional goldfinch, a flash of black and gold, darts along the wire fence, chirping softly to itself. There is no sound but the distant whirr of a farm machine, and a soothing hum in the telephone wires. It is very still and quiet. But I am homesick for Bermuda. Bermuda, where the limestone roads reflect back the glare of the midday sun, where bicyclists pedal slowly along the winding roads, or dismount and lazily push their wheel up a small hill. There is no hurry anywhere, and nobody cares. Little boats bob demurely in the sparkling waters of the bay. Photogenic white clouds pose majestically across the horizon. Gulls and terns swoop and hover along the shores. There is an indescribable feeling that everything is completely at peace; that there is nothing more important in life than just to coast along beside the water, winding in and out past little coves where children paddle and splash, past houses tinted in every conceivable pastel shade, and with gleaming white reefs, past hedges covered pith pink, red, and white oleanders, which you may pluck and tuck in your hair, past the mossy limestone walls of a smooth rolling golf course, on and on through the heat and stillness, with the softest of breezes just ruffling your hair. Bermuda, the island of all dreams.

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**I AM A TRAINEE — Continued**

Of course, we went bombing and dropped bombs and got credit for some one else's. One of our best bombaimers once won a debating contest. He used to say he figured winning that contest took twenty yards off his average error.

We wrote exams and we had orals and we passed. We never found out

how. I remember one question on my gunnery oral: If the barrel of a rifle is rifled—what is the barrel of a machine gun? I said machined. I passed, too.

Anyway we had a good time and we were glad to graduate. And we left Paulson with its E's, all four of them crying in the wilderness.

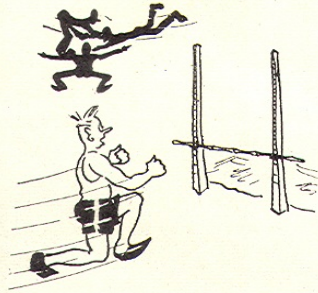


**PAULSON AT PLAY**  
**September 16, 43**

**SPORTS DAY**

THIS WILL BE REMEMBERED BY ONE AND  
ALL AS THE BEST FIELD-DAY WE HAVE  
AS YET ENJOYED. FOLLOWED BY  
A SUCCESSFUL SOCIAL  
EVENING, IT DID MUCH  
TO ENHANCE THE SPIRIT  
THAT IS OURS.

## SPORTS - DAY...



### NO. 7 SPORTS EVENTS PROVIDE KEEN COMPETITION. TRAINEES TAKE TROPHY

**S**PLENDID weather favored No. 7 B & G School on Thursday, September 16th, and made their second attempt to put on a sports day a success indeed. Large crowds of Station personnel and townspeople turned out to witness the 25 track and field events and the snappy softball and hard ball games.

More than a hundred airmen, N.C.O.'s, and officers, including members of the W.D., took part in the sports events, with only one outside entry coming from No. 10 S.F.T.S. Crack ball teams from No. 10 cleaned up on the ball games with scores of 4-2 in softball and 7-1 in hardball.

Competition was keen between representatives of the Ground Instruction School, Maintenance and Trainees. The trophy was awarded to the Trainees with a total of 66 points to their credit. LAC Wawryshyn took top honors in the men's events, while the ladies' cup went to AW Gorham (see picture).

Winners of the men's track and field events were: Shot putt, LAC Bumstead; pole vault, LAC Kamaniuk; discus throw, Cpl. Yemchuk; high jump LAC Kelpin; soccer ball kick, LAC Wil-

liams; running broad jump, LAC Wawryshyn; baseball throw, LAC Kapaniuk; hop, step and jump, LAC Kapaniuk; rugby ball throw, LAC Kapaniuk; javelin throw, Cpl. Yemchuk.

Races: 100 yards dash, LAC Wawryshyn; 75 yards sack race, Cpl. Chilton; half mile run, LAC Ronysh; 220 yards dash, LAC Wawryshyn; one mile run, LAC Forrester; 440 yards run, LAC Wawryshyn; 110 yards low hurdles, LAC Bennet; 75 yards shuttle relay, Cpl. Chilton, LAC's Kilpen, Cohen, Holes, Auld, McKague, McKee, and Douglas; 220 yards relay, LAC's Kapaniuk, Bell, McKinnon, Wawryshyn; horseshoes, Cpl. Develin, LAC Nickel.

In the W.D. events, first prize money went to: Broad jump, AW Gorham; soft ball throw, LAW Neithercut; high jump, AW Gorham; 75 yards shuttle relay, AW Gorham, LAW Leavy, LAW Appleton, Cpl. Chadney; 75 yards dash, AW Gorham; three legged race, Cpl. Chadney, LAW Burritt.

Special buses carried spectators to the Station for the activities, which commenced at 1.30. From that time until 5 o'clock, the track was the centre of attraction. Events were run off in good style by FO Daverne and R. E. Brown, Legion representative, assisted by Station personnel wearing ribbons marking them as officials of the day.

Most popular spot on the grounds was the refreshment booth, where supper of hot dogs, sandwiches, pie and drinks was served. Having purchased their lunch, spectators carried it off to be eaten at the side of the ball diamond where games were in full sway.

The day's activities were brought to a fitting close with a Station dance in the drill hall. Airmen from No. 10 and No. 7 formed the orchestra, and refreshments were served.

## HEADQUARTERS



**H**OWDY everybody — here I am again to cuss and discuss the Headquarters breath-taking scandal with you all. But, first of all, a welcome to the new 'uns.

There's Sgt. Major Cameron, who has joined our happy family in the orderly room. He pulls more new ideas out of that little hat of his; but one thing I've noticed, it even has the civies coming back to work bringing a midnight snack at that. Nice going, Major.

Then there's Sydney Lang, a newcomer for accounts, who has his finger in the pay. Better watch your pay on pay-day, girls. I hear he has taking ways.

And, of course, a welcome to Sgt. Major Chalmers. Confidentially, folks. I think his bark is worse than his bite (I hope). Anyway, we're glad to have your "Suh."

Then there's Jackie Smith—ah, she's learning fast. Wonder if the telegraph boy who phones in the late telegrams has anything to do with Jackie practically knocking everyone down in her haste to answer the telephone after five o'clock. Really, these conscientious people!

We haven't forgotten you, Sgt. McGilchrist. There's the old saying: "Our loss is somebody else's gain." Anyway, we still have the pleasure of your voice over the phone or your presence in the barracks. At least, we see you in the morning—wonder what the attraction is at Sergeants' Mess—or should I tell them?

A certain W.D. was caught slipping a couple of forms, "Permission to

## Sabbath Soliloquy

The sun baked camp was hot and dry,  
No clouds showed on the summer sky,  
A soft breeze gently stirred the trees  
And all ranks tried to be at ease,  
Then all at once the call rang out  
That made the boys and girls all shout:  
"We swim, we swim, today we swim,  
On to the trucks and let's begin!"  
Aboard the trucks and away they sped,  
The Station seemed like a place of the  
dead.

I did not go and get all wet,  
'Cause I'm on FIRE PICQUET.

R. G. Turnbull

Marry," into her pocket. Are you really contemplating, Whitesel? Quite a coincidence that you should be taking your leave now and stopping over in Saskatoon for awhile rather than going straight to Vancouver. What's cooking?

Happened to call in at Headquarters the other night and when I opened the door I was met with a roar of laughter floating out from the telephone office. Seems as though the joke was a tongue twister. I don't know how Faranski manages to answer the phone at times and still keep a straight face.

I wonder who the W.D. in C.R. (initials G.M.J.A.) is trying to make a hit with. Seems as though she's missing a few meals lately. Could be she's in love or is it the waist line your worried about, Andy?

What's Vancouver got that Paulson hasn't got? I wouldn't know, but maybe a certain little W.D. in C.R. might. It might possibly be the Strand, or, on second thoughts, those sailors are pretty nice, eh Bullen.

Ah, reckon I've done enough for one time, so will hang the receiver. Be seeing you next month—soaks.

Your Pardner in Crime.

# RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF 1ST YEAR IN THE SERVICE



**OATH OF ALLEGIANCE**  
 IN RETURN FOR  
 ① CHANCE TO SERVE COUNTRY  
 ② FREE STATIONERY  
 ③ P.R.I.V.I.L.E.G.E.S.  
 ④ R.M.

**TRAINING WING**  
 "HAVING WONDERFUL TIME  
 -WISH YOU WERE HERE"  
 (INSTEAD OF ME!)

**INOCULATIONS**

**MANNING POOL HAIRCUT**

(CHIPPED BOWL STYLE)

**WEDNESDAY NITE**

"MOPPING-UP OPERATIONS"

"48"

SMART AS A WHIP  
 ON 1ST  
**CEREMONIAL PARADE**  
 (A SIGHT FOR TAXPAYERS' SORE EYES)

**SCHOOL DAYS**

**FIRST TIME UP**

**SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED**

Herky Head.

## THE SCIENCE OF WAITING--A LECTURE

**T**O acquire a proper insight into this important science, there are several acknowledged methods of study. Of these by far the best, and certainly the one with the most personal experience, is to pay a visit to the Equipment section for the purpose of drawing something—anything. It doesn't matter what you wish; it can be the most trifling item, or the most vital necessity, you will still wait—and wait—and wait.

Let us delve into a simple lesson right out of the curriculum. Follow closely, students, and don't miss anything. If, however, you go to sleep standing up, you will be granted an automatic "A" for the first semester.

Here we are in front of the new equipment building, all bright and fresh with green paint and new doorknobs. Surely, you say, all within such a spick and span building will be bright and alert, with people dashing to and fro, begging to be allowed to do something for you. Gently now, 'tis a bad habit to form impressions too early. Let us step aside and see for ourselves.

Hm! Rather a narrow space here. Careful, students, don't jostle. Remember there are people here on legitimate business, and we must not interfere or delay the carrying out of urgent Air Force matters.

Now, students, look around you most observantly for a few moments, and then I shall endeavour to point out to you a few interesting and enlightening features. Ready? At the far end of this counter you will see what appears to be a life-like replica of that famous statue, "The Standing Sleeper," by Hepstein. See how true to life it is; how cunningly fashioned to deceive the onlooker's eye. It must be loaned by some famous art gallery to afford a touch of beauty to eyes accustomed to muddy roads and bare walls. But, for

shame, have none of you noticed any particular flaw in my reasoning? You have? What is it? Oh, so you think it isn't beautiful. Well, that may be the case, but look closer, more intently. Look, it breathes! That, students, is a perfect example of someone waiting for an issue.

Gather round. Notice the glaze on the eyes, the half-open mouth, the slight nodding of the head in an almost imperceptible rhythm, the rigidity of the body. Judging professionally, I should say this specimen has been in this position for not under thirty minutes. Softly now, do not disturb him. Sometimes it is fatal to arouse such persons prematurely.

Turn your attention over here now, to another interesting case. This one has been here for—well—I should say about a quarter of an hour, and is still endeavouring to catch the eye of someone behind the counter. See how eagerly it watches the approach of that person yonder, raising its eyebrows, leaning hopefully over the counter, opening its mouth as if to speak. Now watch the reaction as the object of its gaze draws near, and passes by. Note the sag of the shoulders, the pathetic droop of the mouth, the swallowing as of a lump in the throat. If we had time we could watch the whole process being repeated, each time with slightly less vigour, still in another quarter of an hour most of the symptoms of life will have departed, and this specimen will be in the same comatose condition as our first example.

Now, let us turn our eyes to the other side of this wooden barrier. What do we see? Yes, rows and rows of shelves and racks, but this is so obvious. Let your eyes pass slowly the length of the room. Does it not remind you of a wax-works exhibition. They say that the famous Madame Toussaud got the inspiration for her

## PAULSONITIS

DO you know the meaning of Paulsonitis? Well, when you have been here as long as I have you will not only know the meaning of it, but you, my friend, will have it. For the benefit of you who are not here for the duration, I will try to give you some idea as to what this very contagious disease is like. The unfortunate thing is that you do not realize you are catching Paulsonitis. It grows on you day by day, and by the time you discover it, it is too late; you are then a victim of this cruel disease, that puts you and all those who come in contact with you, to no end of suffering and misery.

Some symptoms of the early stages are: Asking yourself questions. Running around the hangers, playing horsie. Kissing your bunk-mate good night. Forgetting which section you work in. Standing in front of the W. D. barracks for half an hour. Playing poker with cheese fingers for chips. In the case of some airwomen, whistling around the corners at innocent airmen.

Some of the advanced stages are: Answering your own questions. In some cases, the airmen have been known to propose to the airwomen and vice-versa. Standing outside the

W.D. Barracks for a couple of hours. If you work in an Orderly Room and some poor soul has been standing at the counter for an hour with a pained expression on his feet (his face is a blank by then), you look at him, grin and go back to your work. This symptom usually appears quite early in the case of Equipment assistants. I have seen some cases where they join the Ochre River Navy.

Yes, those are some of the symptoms of Paulsonitis. Of course there are many more that I do not mention here for the simple reason that they would never get through to the press. But the ones I have mentioned will give you some idea of this disease and put you on your guard.

Now, I would ask you people who are not here for the duration to sympathise and not laugh at us. To you people who are new here, but who are quite sure you will be here permanently, I would ask you not to laugh, you will soon be the same. To you people who meet us in the outside world, I would ask you not to say: "Gosh, he's bugs," but say, "Poor man, a bad case of Paulsonitis."

By a Victim of the  
Dreaded Disease.

## THE SCIENCE OF WAITING — Continued

display of waxen figures from just such a scene. See that figure seated at the desk with pen poised over a card of some sort. Can you see it move? Watch now. Do you see the pen lower slowly by degrees till it touches the paper, and makes a few marks upon it? Now it rises in the air again, and hovers once more in the original position. Note that there is not a jerky movement in the whole procedure, that all takes place at the estimated speed of the flow of the proverbial molasses in the first month of the new year. There before you, students, is an

Equipment assistant making out an issue voucher. I am sorry that we will not have time today to witness the completion of this most interesting process; but if we return tomorrow at approximately the same hour, we should time it to perfection.

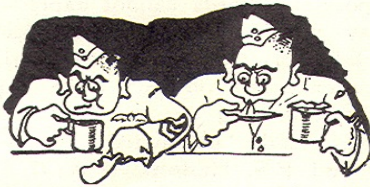
Now, students, look over here. Students! Pay attention! What! All asleep? Well, well. They certainly have responded quickly to the prevailing atmosphere. A sensitive group. The smartest — class I — ever — ha — aaawwww — zzzzzzzzzzz.



THE NEW BAR AND GAMES ROOM IN THE SERGEANTS' MESS

## SERGEANTS' MESS

## Howls from the Wolf Den



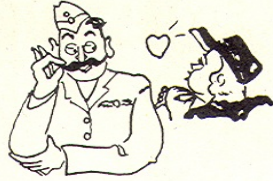
**E**NOUGH material could originate from our den to use half this issue; however, with paper rationed, we must limit ourselves. Of prime importance is our enlarged and re-decorated Mess—with cream ceiling, pale rose walls and peach trim, the restful ante-room boasts a horse-shoe bar which makes it the outstanding Mess in the Combined Training Organization—and the remarks aren't our own. The new games room now has a billiard table—thanks to the C.O.—and is providing

many hours of inexpensive (?) amusement for the boys. The enlarged kitchen makes things easier for the staff, and the larger dining room, painted in delicate shades of green, will make it again possible to hold Mess dinners. All in all, we've a Mess to be mighty proud of, and maybe you think we're not! A big pat on the back to all those responsible, particularly to FS Danielson, now posted, for building our bar.

One vital change took place recently—that of our chairman. WO1 Sanders has departed—will we ever forget his many, many stories. Your stay with us was all too short, Sgt.-Major; good luck at your new post. The new chairman is WO1 Chalmers, whom only a few of us know at present, as he left on temporary duty only



## HOWLS FROM THE WOLF DEN — Continued



a few days after his arrival; but a good impression has been made on those who have met him, and his return is being looked forward to.

Were Flight Sergeant (now FO) Sorenson, who left here only last February, to return to the Mess, he would probably think he was elsewhere than No. 7—not so much because of the change physically but of the personnel. Never has the turnover been so great as in the past two or three months. To enumerate all the ex-members and newcomers cannot be done, not so much for matters of secrecy, but the paper situation again. A few of the older members cannot be overlooked however—among the pilots, WO2 Sanderson, Page, Hurley, and Forman, whom we are happy to say are now all commissioned; and among the ground crew, WO2 Evans, F.S. Sutherland, Sgts. Strang and Danforth — our first W.D. Sgt., Donna Baxter, and, of course, that man who “couldn’t be posted,” F.S. “Happy” Hodgkinson. We’re sorry to see them go, but wish them the best of luck on their new Stations. And to that host of newcomers we extend a welcome hand.

The first meeting in the remodeled Mess brought in a new President—WO2 George Sutherland, and to the Major and his committee lies the responsibility of leading an active Mess for the coming months. Already the Mess seems to be “happier” than for some time, with spontaneous sing-sings becoming a regular thing.

Ernie Page, a noted Mess singer, is now on active duty, but Sgt. Woodside is proving to be an excellent replacement. Flight Sergeants King and Johns are capable accompanists on the

piano. We are pleased to see so many of the newcomers taking full benefit of the enjoyments which the Mess can provide. With Sunday night dinners (guests invited by members), Mess dinners, and, of course, our famed dances, we who will be snowed-in in Paulson for another winter, and the many of you who have yet to know this experience, have much to look forward to, and if you have any good ideas, let your Mess Committee know them. Alterations did not permit the holding of a dance or two, and the last one was held too long ago to mention. The latest entertainment was for the girls and boys of the Great West Life Variety Show—or should we say their entertainment for us?

Upon their arrival shortly after six, several N.C.O.’s, ostensibly waiters but actually wolves, served, with great agility and decorum, a supper which we trust overcame their fatigue of the long bus ride from Winnipeg. But it was after their excellent show that the gals and guys really went to town, rolled back the rugs, drained the bar, jitter-bugged and “sing-sanged,” and consumed Sgt. Court’s lunch—deluxe—at which WO2 Theirault and Sgt. Dorothy Root poured. Words cannot express the joviality which prevailed — suffice to say Old Sol was considering arising when silence fell on our Rose Room, and the following day a short station tour was made, conducted by WO2 Pierce and F.S. Hudson. (WO2 Amy and Sgt. Gent also conducted a tour—oh, well nice work if you can get it, fellahs.)

We were very pleased to have the troupe as our guests, and if they enjoyed our company only half as much as we enjoyed theirs, we know they had a “super” time.

The Editor says “cut it,” so till it’s Post time again, good wolf-ing! And how about buying another Post?

“One Stooqe.”

**"Shades of St. John"****GLEANINGS FROM HEALTH AND  
FIRST AID EXAMS.**

The principal parts of the eye are the pupil, the moat, the beam.

Respiration is composed of two acts: first inspiration and then expectation.

Water is composed of two gins. Oxygen and Hydrogin. Oxygen is pure gin and Hydrogin is gin and water.

When you breathe you inspire. When you do not breathe you expire!

Some vitamins prevent beri beri; some prevent scurry scurry.

A permanent set of teeth consists of 8 canines, 8 cuspids, 2 molars, and 8 cuspidors.

Digestion is carried on in the stomach by aid of acrobatic juices.

The spinal column is a long bunch of bones. The head is at one end and you sit on the other end.

To rescue a person who has broken through ice, tie 3 or 4 handkerchiefs together and onto a small boy. Shove a boy out to the hole. Throw the boy in the ice with the handkerchiefs and then pull them out.

The bones of the leg are tibia and fibia. When you stretch your legs that is fibia. When you bring your legs back that is tibia.

To avoid auto-infection, put slip covers on the seats and change them frequently, and always drive with the windows open.

To cure a toothache take a mouthful of cold water and sit on the stove till it boils.

A person should take a bath once in the summer time and not quite so often in the winter.

**G. I. S. INSTRUCTORS**

**T**HE hardest worked, most underpaid and most misunderstood men in the Empire Air Training Plan.

Our day consists of one long round of dry nurse, guide and accountant and even on occasions Instructor, we have been known (and these are red letter days) to become Air Crew once more and actually fly.

We consist of all types and ages, and almost colours and nationalities. Our ages vary, from those whose weaning has changed abruptly from the milk bottle to the beer bottle, to those who have lost most of their hair and all their intellect. We were looking forward to a tranquil old age supported by a hard working wife and pension, and were jerked from this dream to this maelstrom which is G.I.S.

But one thing we all have in common—a longing looking forward to the great day when we will be posted overseas. After which, probably most of our spare time will be taken up in dreams of longing to return to Paulson (or will it?).

In fact, the whole thing boils down to the \$64.00 question.

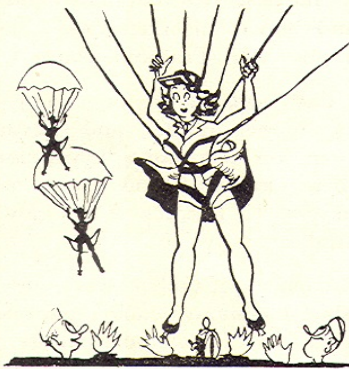
"WHY IS A G.I.S. INSTRUCTOR."

To stop blood from flowing from a leg wound, wrap the leg around the body above the heart.

When people are drowned you can revive them by punching in their sides, but not too hard. This is called artificial resurrection.

The big toe is called the pedagogue.

## R.C.A.F. WOMEN'S DIVISION



FROM out of the high fences of No. 2 K.T.S., Toronto, the mud of Rockcliffe and the cook house of Guelph, poured a strange people called "Airwomen" or "W.D.'s." They were all headed for a little camp called Paulson. Every attempt to find this camp on the map of Canada and all the inquiries at railway stations were in vain. The place could not be found. Yet these W.D.'s were assured that it was "somewhere in Manitoba." The lost souls still want to know the difference between somewhere and anywhere. All they know yet is that Paulson is somewhere in the wilds of Manitoba. The caravan that takes you over the last part of the journey goes backward, forward and sideways so much that one loses all sense of direction.

"You must pay for the boy," said the bus driver, while the 6-year old lad tried to shrink in his seat.

"He's only three," replied Papa Airman tartly.

"He looks older than that!" exclaimed the driver.

The airman threw out his hands helplessly: "Can I help it if he worries about the war?"

After a very trying journey these pioneers finally arrived at the little camp tucked securely away from the rest of the world. The first glimpse revealed row after row of green buildings with red roofs. The entire place was surrounded by a very high fence. There was one opening in this fence, but they soon discovered that it was not easy to get through this opening, as it was guarded at all times.

The airwomen soon discovered that the place was inhabited by a very strange race of people called "Airmen" or "Wolves." They were a very strange race, indeed. They howled, whistled and peeked around corners at the girls (Paulsonitis); but when the poor girls went looking for them they quickly disappeared. Now, it's vice-versa.

Today, some sixteen months later, the scene has changed entirely. You see airmen and airwomen working and playing together seven days of the week. The airmen no longer peek around corners and wonder just what we invaders are really like. The one thing the airwomen of No. 7 ask is: "Let us take it on the same grounds the airmen do."

In closing, we, the first airwomen to invade Paulson, would like to say to all the Officers, N.C.O.'s and Airmen: "Thank you for everything."

A newly created N.C.O. fought and clawed his way through the crowded Paulson bus. Rudely he jostled a mild-looking A.C. The A.C., knocked off balance, stepped very heavily on the N.C.O.'s foot.

"Why don't you put your foot where it belongs?" hissed the objectionable three striper.

"Don't tempt me, Sgt.," purred the A.C. grimly; "don't tempt me!"



"Happy" Hodgkinson and Crew turns away the invader, Major Rain

## INSTRUMENT NEWS SOCIETY COLUMN

(1) "Snuffy" Webber wuz seen passin' his eatin' tobacco around to the boys in front of the General Store in Winnipeg. Same bein' on account of his bein' a pappy for the third time. He says as how he reckons he kin keep them storks a flyin' as well as them danged airy plains.

(2) Many citizens wuz up Clear Lakin' last week. Some wuz travellin' in packs like submarines; some dudes wuz there too, wearin' shoes and stuff.

(3) Young "Edison" Orchard wuz seen a tinkerin' up his two wheel bicycle last week. Fixin' to run her on gasoline or somethin'. Says she'll go alright when he gits her rigged up. Trouble is, he ain't got no room left on her for to sit on her hisself. Figures on ridin' hisself on the handle bars, we figure.

(4) Some fellar is always gaddin' around. You take young "Eddie" Vandale, he ain't been here no more than two years then off he goes to Saska-

toon. Young fellar should remember that a rollin' stone gets no moss, Eddie. However, we gotta admit as some of 'em gets a fine polish. Sure miss Eddie a sittin' around the stove this winter, and him right in line for his Cuspidor Markman's badge, too.

(5) Fellas' been a gapin' at a new dude here, says as how his name be "Little." Ain't checked up on this slicker very far yet. Looks down right respectable, sportin' glasses without no rims on 'em, gold fillin' in his teeth, too.

## SPORTS

"Barney" Barnard wuz fishin' up the crick here Saturday. He didn't catch nuthing on account of he didn't have no hooks. He says he bets there's fish in the creek if a fella had hisself some hooks and stuff.

## COURT HOUSE REPORTIN'

Young Bob Vice wuz sittin' in on one of them vagrancy trials last week. Some fella hangin' around the pool hall, stranger in town. Judge says this dude wuz like a city gal a-wearin' one of them evenin' dress, as there wuz no visible means of support. Bob says as how he didn't see nuthin' funny about it till he wuz lookin' thru the mail order book last night. Been a-gigglin' to hisself ever since.

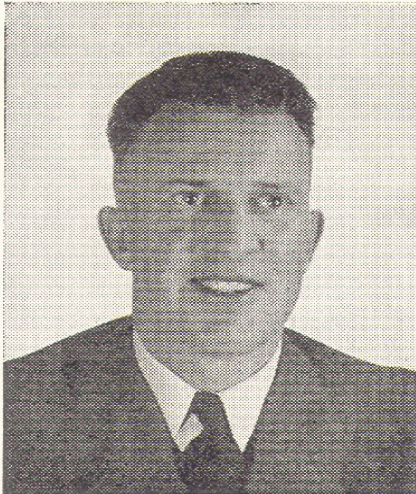
## WEATHER REPORT

Ol' Chief Rusty Key wuz in from the Reservation last week celebratin' somethin' or other. Says to look fur a long hard winter as he seen a white man buy four suits of long underwear up at this trading post. Chief says to lay in a big supply of cord wood for cookin' purposes, too.

## ADVERTISEMENT

You kin get your snowshoes strung up like new at Chudley Cut Rate Emporium, all set for the comin' winter. This genial proprietor says he reckons he has more gut than ever this year. Price \$2.00 per foot, left or right, don't make no mind, says he.

See Editor.



#### FLIGHT LIEUT. E. G. CHRISTILAW

Born in Helston, educated in Winnipeg, the acting O.C. of G.I.S., is a Manitoban, having spent very little of his life outside this province. It was probably while fishing and swimming in the Assiniboine River, when playing hockey as a boy, that he decided to become a School Teacher. At any rate, he taught in Brandon several years — most of them as Principal—before joining the Y.M.C.A. as an Auxiliary Service Officer in March, 1941. Six months later the Flight Lieutenant, now a member of the R.C.A.F., went to Mountain View for an Armourers course, and postings took him to Calgary Wireless School and MacDonald before he came here some eighteen months ago. A noted fisherman in the Officers' Mess, Flight Lieutenant Christilaw is also an excellent rifle shot, and was a member of the Officers' Rifle Team in Alberta, which was defeated only by the Women Champions of Alberta. Married, Mr. Christilaw hopes to make his home in Dauphin this winter—if he can find space to do so. Good hunting, sir.

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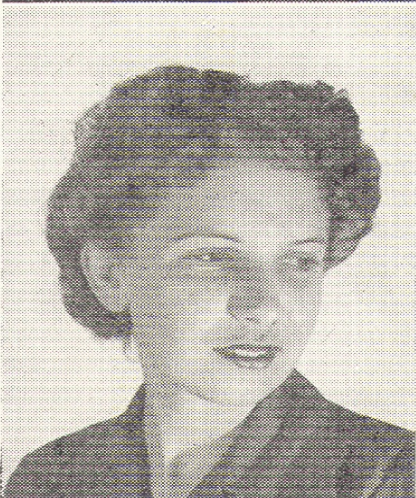
#### L.A.W. WILLSON, D.V.

Known to everyone as "Willy," this petite little lady possesses a charm which has made her popular with airmen and airwomen alike. Born in Alert Bay, B.C., she was schooled at Terrace. Continuing her journey southward, Willy arrived in Vancouver several years ago, where she started working, first as a salesgirl, later with a chain bakery firm. Before enlisting in April, 1942, she became district manager of her shop. From Manning Depot in Toronto, Willy attended the School of Cookery at Guelph, and was in the original group of W.D.'s to arrive at our station.

— : —

#### LAC SMITH, C. C.

"Smitty" is another westerner who left his farm to serve his country in her time of need, and joined the R.C.A.F. Leaving his grain farm in Snowflake, Manitoba, in the fall of 1940, Smitty attended a Motor Transport course in Toronto Manning Pool. One of the few originals left, he arrived at Paulson on June 2nd, 1941, after a short stay at Rivers—and, although he has been here so long, he still likes the station—the best he's ever been on. Barring a posting to Alaska to Overseas, he will consider himself lucky if he can remain here for the duration. You have probably noticed the little house at the corner down the road on the way to Dauphin—Mr. Smith built it himself, and lives there with his wife and three children. And being a home-loving man, Smitty asks for nothing more than to get back to his farm with his family after the war. Hope you don't have to wait too long, Smitty.



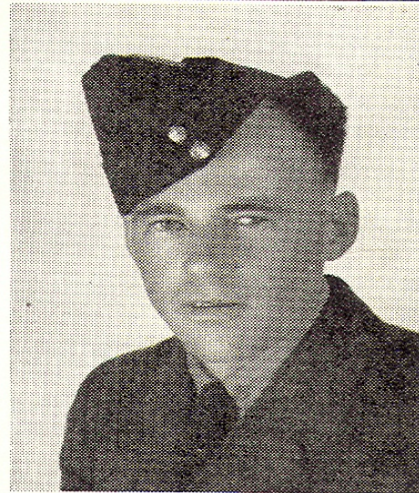
**SECTION OFFICER E. M. Y. LOVE**

This young lady with amorous name is our Station Messing Officer, known widely as the "Calorie Queen" or "Vitamin Sue." A Manitoban with home in Melita, she graduated from the Provincial University with a B.Sc. in Household Economics; then took a post-graduate course in dietetics in the Vancouver General Hospital. Prior to teaching school in Prince Rupert and New Westminster, she was engaged in Commercial Home Economics in Vancouver and Victoria. Commencing her career with the R.C.A.F. as a W.D. in June of last year, Miss Love won her commission in the second class of dieticians to graduate in the R.C.A.F. Before coming here last March, she was the only W.A. at Rivers for five months. Paulson is "a grand station — the best yet" she said, although she was afraid of the "E" pennant when she first arrived. Fond of ping-pong, singing, good music and reading, E.M.Y. has a favorite hobby — people. An innovation of her own is conducting classes of incoming trainees on nutrition; spreading information on this subject will make a happier and healthier nation, both now and after the war, she says.

Future plans: A six months' world tour following the armistice.

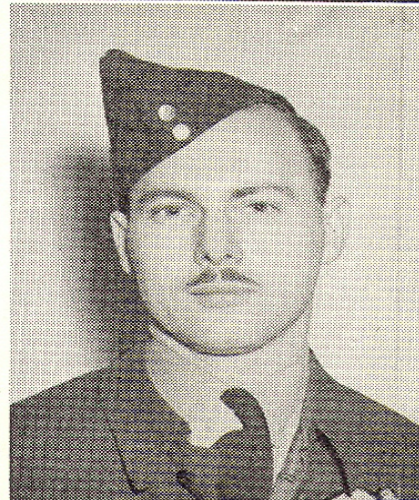
**CORPORAL C. M. SPECKEN**

A true westerner, Speck has lived all his life on a farm at Vanscoy, Sask., west of Saskatoon. Enlisting in June, 1940, he went from Saskatoon to Rockcliffe, Trenton, Montreal Wireless School, and spent thirteen months at No. 10 S.F.T.S., Dauphin, before arriving here some eighteen months ago. Of all the stations he has been on, he is loud in his acclaim that lucky No. 7 tops them all — ask him sometime when you see him in the Drill Hall beating out some morse and lamp signals to the trainees. Married, Cpl. Specken lives with his wife and two young daughters at Dauphin Beach in a cottage built entirely by himself. From that you can gather his hobby is carpentry. He is waiting till his present job is completed so that he can return with his family to his Saskatchewan farm.

**WO2 E. W. PAGE**

A Torontonionian by birth, Ernie moved to Hamilton at the tender age of seven, and has made his home there ever since. After graduating from High and Technical School in Hamilton, he worked for a time for a chain store company, then for several years with the Steel Company of Canada. Enlisting with the R.C.A.F. in April, 1941, he was trained at Mount Hope, Belleville, and St. Catherines before graduating as Pilot at Dunnville in April, 1942. After graduation he was slated for Overseas, but urgent need on the home front brought him to No. 7.

FLASH! Ernie just left for Overseas.



## TURRET SECTION! "PUKKA GEN"

AFTER having reviewed previous editions of the Paulson Post, we, the unsung and overburdened section heroes, have come to the conclusion that it is nigh time the light of publicity was turned in our direction.

During the past two months we have suffered several heavy blows. Primarily, we regret the loss of PO Labes (now FO, cheers), the well liked New Zealander who has been drawn into the portals of FL Byng-Hall's sanctum sanctorum—G.I.S. However, our loss has been made good by the unexpected and timely appearance of the very able Major (father) Kench, who willingly volunteered to shoulder the heavy responsibilities which can only be found in this, our section.

Further regrettable incidents are the unfortunate accident which occurred to F.Sgt. Switzer, just prior to his would-be posting, and Sgt. O'Neil's operation.

New to our beloved realm is Cpt. Herscovitch, whose artistic ability, coupled with his turret knowledge, has already been proved beyond a shadow of doubt. Sgt. Daka and Sgt. Stroich have also joined the Union, helping to make good the loss experienced when F.Sgt.'s Carrol, Henderson and Harrison were spirited away. We must not forget the welcomed return of F.Sgt. Amy, after serving a short sentence in G.I.S.

F.Sgt. Blake, our only New Zealander, has recently taken unto himself a wife, and is bearing up remarkably well under the newly imposed matrimonial strain.

Sgt. Fordham (never 'eard of 'im), one of the "back room boys" of the Permanent Staff, also deserves a pat on the back for his untiring efforts and undying devotion to duty. Cpl. Herscovitch will have settled down to married life by the time this article is sent to press.

(Continued on page 33)

## ISN'T IT THE TRUTH—or THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

1. So you want to change your assignment;

You want to check your pay;  
Well, you'd better come in between  
8 and 9—  
Or come back some other day.

\*\*\*

2. You weren't on time last pay parade,  
That really was too bad.  
We girls have other things to do,  
Just borrow from a pal, my lad!

\*\*\*

3. Two courses going out this week,  
There's nothing we can do.  
If G.I.S. won't send that list  
Of who's going where, and who.

\*\*\*

4. You're entitled to draw Flying Pay;  
That's what you tell us.  
G.I.S. looks after that,  
Go there and make a fuss.

\*\*\*

5. Your clearances all finished,  
You come here with a smile,  
You haven't got equipment signed,  
So you walk another mile.

\*\*\*

6. Too bad you lost that flying suit,  
But it still comes off your pay;  
That is, whenever we get those  
vouchers  
For which we phone all day.

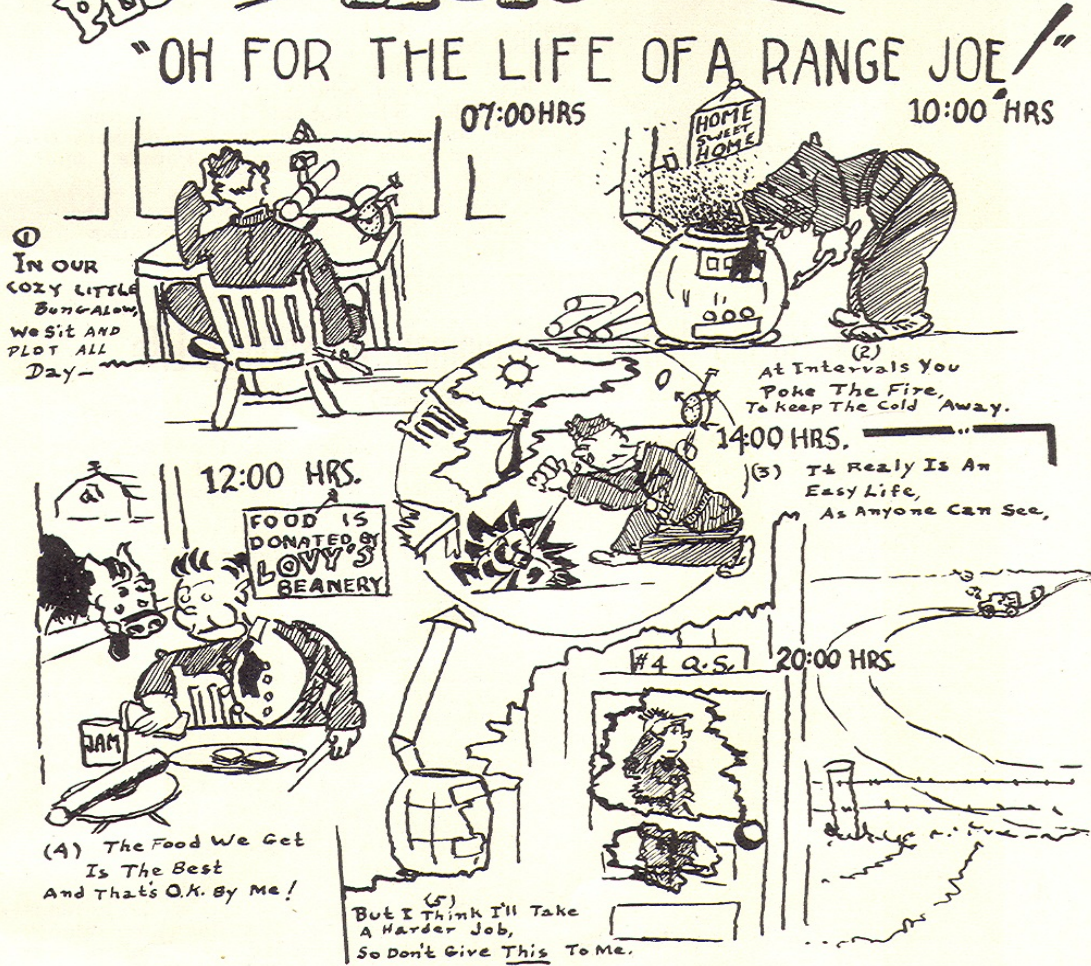
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7. We know you have your troubles,  
But they will soon pass by;  
Just think of us poor WAAF's,  
Who serve that men may fly!!!

LAW Short and Jackson

When an airman says he can read a girl like a book, he's usually just pouring over her lines.

# Plotting Office "OH FOR THE LIFE OF A RANGE JOE!"

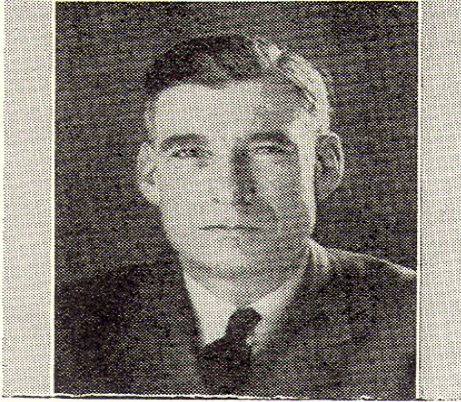


## TURRET SECTION! "PUKKA GEN" — Continued

Owing to the lack of senior personnel on this station (including P.O.'s) we cannot stooze around any longer as we are heavily weighed down with night duties. These duties include two hundred yard range, library Turret Instruction, Barrack detail, Canteen Corp, Orderly Sgt., Flare Path and, of course,

morning parades. All this for fourteen days a year. Nevertheless, compared with life on Devil's Island, we guess our existence is made a little easier. After all, we do receive appreciation when the "E" Pennant is won again. We think.





### S/L. ROBBINS

The posting of "Robbie"—or S.L. Robbins—came somewhat as shock to many of us.

During the time he spent here, "Robbie" became the very close friend of many, and he commands the affection of all.

For an officer in charge of an Equipment Station, S.L. Robbins is considered quite accessible though not always agreeable. We shall all miss the genial gentleman that S.L. Robbins is. And who has forgotten the histrionic ability S.L. Robbins showed during the epochal conception, gestation, and delivery of the Station Show, "Paulson on Parade," later known as "Pot Pouri"?

To you, S.L. Robbins, go our best wishes—may you be happy in your new posting.

## Friendly Hazing Initiates Airwomen to Service Life

(From the Simcoe Reformer)

### CANADIAN GIRLS DEMONSTRATE THAT THEY CAN "TAKE IT"

By Cpl. Edith B. Motley

In a spirit of schoolboy friendliness, airmen love to tease a newcomer, and airwomen arriving on stations offer wonderful opportunities for wit. No tenderfoot goes through more hazing; no freshman a tougher initiation; no office boy falls into more booby-traps than the little sister of the service.

They will send her to the laundry to pick up the propeller wash; to the kitchen of the airmen's mess to borrow a compass bow.

"Sgt. Posy is in charge of the station gardening project. Ask him if he's got any compass roses. I want to send one to my mother"—and away trudges a little AW2 intent on winning the war.

"Do you know what a cardinal point is?" thunders an N.C.O., and a W.D. comes back sturdily, "No; but I'll ask the R.C. padre."

"Flights B and C want to have a ball game," says another wag; "run over to the Sports Director and ask him if we can have the magnetic field to play in."

Or—"We want to have a bonfire and we need logs. All the pilots keep logs, ask them if we can have some of theirs."

One airwoman was instructed to go on an impossible errand that would take her far out of bounds into the no-woman's-land beyond the tarmac. She knew that something was amiss, but could not recognize what, so she kept a perfect poker-puss, "Shall I ask permission before going out?" she inquired.

Her tormentor was delighted at this additional funmaker. "Yes, ask either Wing Commander A or Wing Commander B," he said, expecting her to be overcome with timidity at the big names. What he did not know—because she had never told him—was that her own brother was a Wing Commander, and senior officers were just men to her. She had respect for rank but no fear.

"Right, sergeant," she said, turning away smartly. Was the little ninny going to do it? "HEY—" he roared after her, "you'd better wait until tomorrow."

Like teasing brothers, airmen have regarded airwomen as fair game, but the girls themselves have proved just how game they are. So game that now the boys are boasting about them.

"There she was," Smith told the Sergeant's mess, "half-way up the ladder before I had a chance to tell her I was fooling. Believe me, she had me scared, but she—she didn't turn a hair. I tell you, that kid's got—er—grit."

*and...*

**WHY DIDN'T WE HEAR *from***

- BOMBING FLIGHT?
- GUNNERY FLIGHT?
- POST OFFICE?
- DENTAL CLINIC?
- SERVICE POLICE?
- TELEPHONE OPERATORS?
- AIRMEN'S MESS?
- FIRE DEPARTMENT?
- MOTOR TRANSPORT?
- WORKS & BUILDINGS?
- ELECTRICAL SECTION?
- ARMAMENT SECTION?

**REMEMBER! Nov. 21st is deadline  
for the Christmas Number.**

# Information Service

## STATION MOVIES FOR OCTOBER

- Monday, October 3 — "HIT THE ICE" with Abbott and Costello.  
 Tuesday, October 5 — "WHISTLING IN DIXIE" with Ann Rutherford, Red Skelton.  
 Thursday, October 7 — "CONSTANT NYMPH" with Joan Fontaine, Charles Boyer.  
 Sunday, October 10 — "SKY'S THE LIMIT" with Fred Astaire, Joan Leslie.  
 Tuesday, October 12 — "SALUTE FOR THREE" with Macdonald Carey, Betty Rhodes  
 Thursday, October 14 — "HI DIDDLE DIDDLE" with Martha Scott, Adolph Menjou  
 Sunday, October 17 — "MY KINGDOM FOR A COOK" with Charles Coburn, Isobel Elsom  
 Tuesday, October 19 — "OX-BOW INCIDENT" with Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews  
 Thursday, October 21 — "BATAAN" with Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell  
 Sunday, October 24 — "HERS TO GOD" with Deanna Durbin, Joseph Cotten  
 Tuesday, October 26 — "CHETNEY" with Philip Dorn, Virginia Gilmore  
 Thursday, October 28 — "YOUNGEST PROFESSION" with Virginia Weidler, E. Arnold and Guests  
 Sunday, October 31 — "DIXIE" with Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour

### BARBER SHOP

Hours—1000 hrs. to 1800 hrs.

### POST OFFICE

Hours—1200 hrs. to 1900 hrs.

### BUS SCHEDULES

Lv. Dauphin	Lv. Port
0620	0640
0730	0805
0855	1515
0955	1615
1050	1710
1130	1750
1810 except Sun.	1830 except Sun.
1850	1910
2210	2225
2315	2330
0015	0030
0045 except Sun.	0125 except Sun.

### Winnipeg Bus

Lv. Dauphin	Lv. Winnipeg
0740 daily	1800 daily
1130 daily	

### Yorkton Bus

Lv. Dauphin	Lv. Yorkton
0730 daily	0230 daily

### Clear Lake Bus

Lv. Dauphin 6.00 p.m.
Lv. Clear Lake 8.40 p.m.

### TRAIN SCHEDULES

(Dauphin-Winnipeg)

Lv. Dauphin
0150 daily except Mon.
Arr. Winnipeg
0730 daily except Mon.
Lv. Dauphin (via Neepawa)
0815 Tues., Thurs., Sat.
Lv. Dauphin (via Gladstone)
0835 Tues., Thurs., Sat.

(Dauphin-Saskatoon)

Lv. Dauphin
0430 daily except Sun.
Arr. Saskatoon
1600
Lv. Saskatoon
1215 daily except Sun.
Arr. Dauphin
0135

TCA reservations may be obtained at the C.N.R. ticket office, Dauphin.