

AIRMAN'S POST

NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT, BRANDON, MANITOBA



JANUARY 1941

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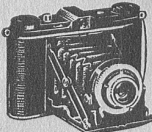
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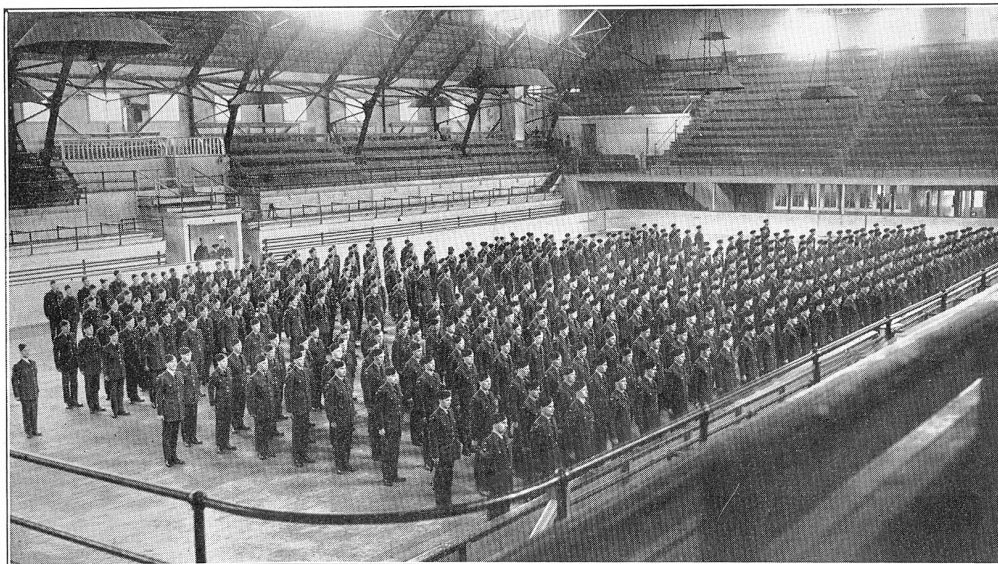
THE AIRMAN'S POST

Vol. 1, No. 2.

No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Manitoba

January, 1941.

A SHORT HISTORY OF NUMBER TWO MANNING DEPOT, R.C.A.F.



At 13.07 hours May 1st, 1940, twelve men stepped from the west bound train at the C.P.R. Depot. These twelve men were the first of ten thousand. Wing Commander Smith, Squadron Leader Sewell, Flight Lieut. Knight were the officers; Mr. J. C. Sullivan, the station Warrant Officer and Flight Sgts. Lewis, A. J., Sprott, J., Blondell, J., Robinson, H. M. C., Cartilidge, J., Morley, B. and Flanagan, J., who has since become Flying Officer. This group of twelve men moved into the Campbell & Ferguson building and set in motion the machinery that has given us No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Manitoba.

The job confronting them was no small enterprise. Look around you and see how each individual department operates today and you can imagine the difficulties that were to be faced and overcome.

Arrangements had to be made to first find a place to feed incoming airmen. This problem was met by the co-operation of several restaurants in the city. Stores had to be set up to arrange for clothing airmen and for the first couple of weeks, until this could be done, the townspeople were quite used to seeing airmen drilling in their civilian clothes. Account sections were next in line. The first pay parade was met by a Paymaster from Winnipeg. Record offices had to be placed in operation to handle large batches of incoming recruits and, one by one, working many hours a day, problems were overcome and the station itself began taking form.

Owing to the rapid growth of the station, larger and more adaptable

quarters became necessary and, from the Campbell & Ferguson building headquarters was set up in its present location at the Arena. Many changes were required in the new quarters. Those who were familiar with it prior to its being taken over by the Air Force would hardly recognize it if they were to walk through it now. There are accommodations for two thousand men, if necessary, and at certain stages in the station's history this number has been taken care of.

Since those early days hundreds of men have passed through the portals of No. 2 Manning Depot with speed and efficiency. They have been clothed, drilled and assigned to various training schools and air stations across Canada. Some of them are already overseas and many will follow.

From that first group of twelve men the staff has grown to close to 150, each man performing his own particular job with skill and diligence that speaks well for the Esprit de Corps that has kept pace with the growth of the station and turning out types of men that are making a name both for themselves and for No. 2 Manning Depot wherever they go.

It is with real pride that the Editor of this paper views the accomplishments of his superior officers, his fellow N.C.O.'s and the co-operation of the men who have made this station what we consider to be the best in Canada.

—Editor

THE ALBATROSS

By AC2 Williams, S. H., R75023

"At length did cross an Albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name."
—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

It was the sailor's ancient superstition that inspired Coleridge to write his famous poem. The sailors believed that the albatross which followed their ship for days and weeks of its voyage, swooping and spiralling behind it in the sky, and diving low to snatch from the surface any bit of food that was thrown from the galley; was a symbol of luck, and as long as it stayed in the presence of their ship, they would reach port safely. It was a convoy!

And so the albatross is a convoy to the peoples of the British Empire today. Many of these great British birds are employed at sea near England, to guide her merchant vessels safely into port. The smaller craft that we Canadians are familiar with have missions similar in purpose if not in course of action. Much as the superstitious seamen look to the albatross for protection and safe guidance at sea; our people, the ones we left at home, and the peoples of many frightened countries all over the world today, look to these British birds for protection and safe guidance through the course of this war.

As a symbol of protection, the albatross does not lack its merits as a symbol of power. It is one of the largest of sea birds, and is undoubtedly larger than any land bird known.

A 17-foot wing span is the usual, while birds with a 24-foot span have been found. The average body length is 4 feet, and the average weight 25 pounds. Its feet are large and completely webbed, with only three toes. The bill is 4 inches long, with the upper section hooked over the end of the lower, is very powerful and presents a vicious weapon to an enemy. The wings are extremely long and pointed, the tail short and rounded, and the body streamlined and powerful. The Wandering Albatross (*Diomedea exulans*), of Coleridge's poem has a white body with dark stripes on the back, and dark wings. This is the largest type and the one most common. There are 19 other species.

One of the most remarkable things about the bird is the length of time it can fly. It may follow a ship for weeks without once lighting on the water, only nearing it occasionally to seize food. It is truly a bird of endurance.

A habitant of the Antarctic, it is rarely seen in the North Atlantic. On the lonely islands of this Southern ocean it goes to breed and to rear its young. The first living creatures that the large round eyes of the baby albatross behold are clumsy, honking
(Continued on Page 6)

THE AIRMAN'S POST

Published Monthly at R.C.A.F. No. 2 Manning Depot
Brandon, Manitoba

Sgt. A. J. Pelett Editor-in-Chief
Cpl. G. P. McMaster Assistant Editor
Cpl. G. Ling Sports Editor

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IN APPRECIATION

On this occasion of another issue of the Airman's Post, I extend greetings to all the officers, N.C.O.'s and airmen of No. 2 Manning Depot. As your Editor I have no bouquets to throw at myself, and if I escape the bricks I shall offer myself my most hearty congratulations.

This issue of our magazine is brought out with a sincere wish that it will provide a means of connection, pleasure and some degree of profit to you all, and in attempting to achieve this we have found a goodly measure of pleasure for ourselves. Within its pages may you find something to amuse you, to interest you and to make you glad you are a part of our ever more important Air Force, and that you will derive as much enjoyment perusing these columns as the Editor had in assembling and editing them for you.

Everyone has had at some time or other some experience that would be

worth while writing about or perhaps some anecdote of yourself or pal that would make interesting reading for others. Keep this in mind and have something ready for our next publication. This paper is your opportunity to express yourself.

To all who have in any way assisted with this month's Post we extend our thanks and hope you will continue your contributions to further issues. To those who have not assisted, I am extending our thanks in advance for we are looking forward to assistance from you in our next issue. And although some other airman may be at the helm I know that, with your co-operation, he cannot help but have just as successful a paper as I hope this one to be.

Thank you.

Sgt. Alex J. Pelett,
Editor.

WINNING THE V.C.

The award known as the Victoria Cross was instituted eighty-five years ago. In that period of time there have been 1,160 awards of the coveted decoration. British soldiers, British sailors and members of the Air Force have fought in over forty major and minor wars to win that number of V.C.'s.

Six hundred and thirty-four crosses were awarded in the Great War, a very small number when it is remembered that over nine million men served in the Naval, Military and Air Forces of the Empire.

Possession of the crimson-ribbed Maltese cross sets forth the wearer as above reproach and whose fame is assured to eternity. The holder, by his own personal bravery and disregard of life has placed himself on a pedestal of immortality where none can challenge him save his monarch.

Seventy-six Canadians have won the V.C. since its institution. The first was a Toronto born ensign of the 11th Hussars who rode with his regiment in the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava in 1854. His name was Lieut. A. R. Dunn.

Dunn rode in the second wave of the charge and, after riding down the Russians at the head of his Squadron, he saved the life of Trooper Bentley when the Brigade turned to fight its way back. Beyond the Russian guns, in the wild fight, he also saved the

life of Trooper Levett who had been cut off from the rest of the Hussars.

Sixty-nine Canadians won the Cross during the Great War, sixty-one as members of the Canadian corps, and eight serving with the Imperial army, naval or air force. Twenty-three of these awards were posthumous.

Eighteen airmen won the crimson ribbon during the Great War, three of them being Canadians, Bishop, Barker and McLeod.

Before the Great War, all Victoria Crosses granted were cast from Russian cannon captured at Sebastopol during the Crimean War. Since the supply became limited in 1914 they have been cast from Chinese guns. Great Care goes into the making of a Victoria Cross and the work has been entrusted to Messrs. Hancock and Company of Sackville St., London, who have fashioned every one of the Crosses and bars issued.

Since 1856 the Roll of Honor has been kept and you, who read this may, before the last name is added to that Roll have yours inscribed there. Canadian airmen are playing an ever increasing part in this present conflict and many will be the deed of valour that will call for the presentation of the Victoria Cross. May you be the one to carry on its glory.

—Sgt. Alex J. Pelett.

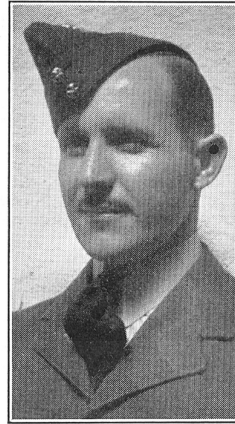
Enlisted in R.C.A.F. at Edmonton, Alta., 21|1|41

J. C. KERR, V.C.

Formerly with 49th Battalion.

Reported to No. 2 Manning Dept., 22|1|41

Won Victoria Cross at Regina Trench



SGT. A. J. PELETT
Editor-in-Chief

Think and Live Long

Being an airman is not a safe job at any time but, under war-time conditions with its speeded up phases of training it becomes increasingly dangerous. So, if you would have a long successful career in our Air Force, preserving your own life, and the lives of others around you, you must learn to think.

Impressing this thought upon our recruits as they come into the service is one of the major jobs confronting our N.C.O.'s but, the job well done pays excellent dividends. A great many young men entering the service are used to a civilian life that has made few demands on their mental powers. From their first day as members of the Air Force they must be taught to use their heads as never before. Many of our recruits treat our drills as though it were something to be passed through as quickly as possible, to put no more into it than necessary. This is not the proper attitude. A recruit learns to think first on the drill floor. He learns to pay attention to his instructors. If he starts to show signs of thinking his drill improves rapidly and he becomes, in a very short space of time, a smart airman. If that same recruit performs the drill in a haphazard manner and treats it more or less as a necessary evil he is building up a mental stumbling block that may cause his death and those of his comrades when he least expects it. No airman who cannot do a sharp "right turn" or execute a snappy "salute" can be entrusted with a hundred thousand dollar aircraft. He must learn that everything he does, no matter how trivial it appears, is being taught to make him more mentally alert.

So you new men who are sent out under your Corporals and other N.C.O.'s to acquire a knowledge of drill and discipline, don't take it lightly because learning today a correct "about-turn" is conditioning your mental powers so you will be able to act intelligently and bravely when a real emergency arises.

Whatever you do, do it well! Don't be sloppy! Don't be haphazard! Remind me the type of man who goes places in the service; who can be entrusted with the biggest tasks and the smallest detail. Learn to be that type of man. Pay heed to every new thing regardless of what it may be.

Think and live long!

—Sgt. Alex J. Pelett.

Y.M.C.A. News

A letter from home is a much prized possession. The usual way to ensure a continuous supply of these articles is to sit down at least once a week with a pen in hand and chronicle events, sorrows, and joys of the life in barracks. In December there were thirty-seven thousand sheets of "Y" writing paper given out over the library counter, at "C" squadron, and the Air Force hospital. With these went sixteen thousand envelopes and with due allowance for wastage it is safe to say that fifteen thousand letters went back home from the Manning Depot. When the hundreds of Christmas cards are added to this total we can be sure that Canada was well informed about what was transpiring in Brandon. Stamps sold at the library in the same month added up to one thousand and sixty-five dollars worth.

One night a very plump letter all decorated with air mail stamp and sticker was handed to the "Y" officer. "Take good care of that and start it with a shove", was the injunction of the sender. "In this I am asking the young lady to be my wife". The letter was duly taken to the Post Office and given the "shove" and recently a report came back as to results. "Everything in control", was the word. The wedding will be in the spring. Of course everyone can not get results like that but it is worth trying.

It was a great pleasure for the "Y" officers to be able to take the regular Wednesday movie programs over to the Air Force hospital on the two holidays. The boys over there say it is a great idea to have your movies in bed. Several other special showings of the regular programs were given for the isolated men at "C" squadron and Brandon North. Then there was the night we had Beau Geste and the lights were out until nearly nine o'clock. But when they came on the show went ahead and was completed all but the last two hundred feet when the power died again. Some of us were going around the next day trying to find out if he married the girl after all the trouble he went through.

There is quite an extensive program of sport and recreation being provided for our entertainers at this station. Keep an eye on the "Y" bulletin board in the Recreation Room of "C" you may miss something. Recently added, was hockey, with Sergeant Draper in command. There will be one, perhaps two, teams in the local league. Those who do not get in the various games will be welcome at all matches. Bring your vocal support.

This is a great machine of which we are a part. Sometimes we fret at the lack of action. Other times there is friction in various quarters. If you want a sympathetic ear, tell it to your "Y" officer. He is anxious to help you see where the best course of action lies. That is the purpose of the "Y", that men may live at their best, even when the going is tough. Thumbs up everyone.

Small Bore Rifle Competition

It is quite possible as you read this that inter squadron shooting competitions have already become an established fact but, if they have not, they will be in the very near future. A range is being built under the main barrack floor. Schedules are being arranged so that there may be competitive shooting between all three squadrons.

There is no doubt that this particular sport will find many adherents and we are looking forward to the first match.

—Editor.



Some of Our Family Men



Flt. Sgt. Ing and Family
—Photo by Sgt. A. J. Pelett

Came the Dawn

As daddy stood looking out of the hospital window watching the dawning of a new day, the doctor came to tell him he had a daughter—thus my name "Dawn Ing". I made my debut in Barrie, Ont. on January 18th, 1940.

Life was very thrilling with my parents showing me off to all their friends. It was there I first saw the Air Force boys, friends of my daddy from Camp Borden.

One day daddy came home and told us we were transferred to Brandon, Manitoba, and after a great rush we finally started.

I was put in a basket in the back seat of the car, being only five months old I found travelling this way very comfortable and we certainly had a grand time especially the boat trip across Lake Superior.

We arrived in Brandon three days later, mummy and daddy quite proud of their baby being so good on such a long journey.

I have grown bigger and have such fun getting into all sorts of mischief, doing the wrong things at the right time.

Mummy holds me up to the window where I can see the Air Force go marching by and that is when I wish I were eighteen years older, but there will always be an Air Force and I can wait.

One evening when I was all ready for bed, Sgt. Pelett came and took our pictures. I tried to look as sophisticated as I could in sleepers and show my one tooth, although Sgt. Bond ribs me about being so slow in cutting my teeth I certainly make up for it in other ways, and teeth or no teeth, I'm still my mummy and daddy's "Million Dollar Baby".

Yours sincerely,
Dawn Ing.

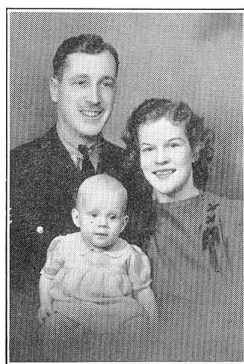
How's Your Brain?

This is a trick so don't say we didn't warn you. Read this sentence: **FEDERAL PUSPS ARE THE RESULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY COMBINED WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF YEARS.**

Now count the F's in that sentence. Only once—don't go back and count them again. Elsewhere you will find the answer, and it will tell you something about how good your brain is.

ANSWER

There are six F's in the sentence you read in the paragraph: "How's your brain?" An average intellect collects three of them. If you spotted four of them you are above average. If you got five, you can turn up your nose at most anybody. If you caught all six, you're a genius, and a lot too good to be wasting your time on foolishness like this.



Sgt. R. Bond and Family

Karen Gail Bond a seasoned traveller at the tender age of 10 months, has seen a lot of Western Canada. Born in Calgary, Alberta (a real city) her travelling was confined to that province for some three months visiting her numerous relatives. Then came the day when she went to Winnipeg to see her Daddy for the first time. That was the day, as the saying goes. Then came Brandon and, on through, to Calgary and back. Definitely insists on staying awake while travelling, much to the intense disgust of her Ma and Pa.

With all due respects to Flight Sergeant Ing and family, it must be here noted that Karen Gail is the proud possessor of four teeth (cut before ten months) while their wee 'un has only one (cut around eleven months). This is the source of much envy by our general Flight who endeavors with all his might and main to outtake me in regard to the various merits of our respective offspring. However, Don, they will eventually come and you will be sorry you ever wished they would hurry. A baby's toothache at 0400 hours is a bit of a bother, especially when said baby decides to let someone else in on it.

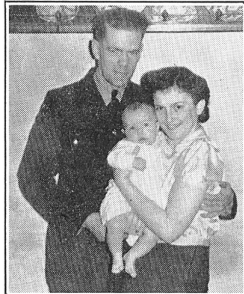
It is a most marvellous thing to watch the life of a baby unfold. To see them slowly begin to recognize people and things; to watch their expressions of joy, bewilderment and sorrow and to see them slowly try to take the necessary steps to attain their little desires. How a baby does enjoy throwing overboard all its toys when someone is around to pick them up. A baby's first faltering steps are really big days in the life of the average family.

Within a month or two Gail will be getting a little puppy dog all of her own, something that will grow with her in the formative period of her life. We believe that a dog is an essential part of every child's life. Our Gail is so interested whenever she sees a dog. Her eyes get large and staring and so excited. To be truthful, her Daddy gets "kinda" excited at the thought of having a dog around, too.

Gail is a real lover of anyone in Air Force uniform. Those polished? buttons really intrigue her, although why she can't pull them off is still beyond her mental capacity. After a period of tugging at them she invariably tries to bite them off, all to no avail.

Ing Baby—No button biting—ONE Tooth.

Bond Baby—Lots of button biting—FOUR teeth.



L.A.C. Gooderham and Family
—Photo by Sgt. A. J. Pelett

First R.C.A.F. Baby Born in Brandon

Anne Louise, the first baby to be born in Brandon, Man., to any member of the present R.C.A.F. is pictured above with her parents, L.A.C. and Mrs. Gooderham.

The baby weighed 7 pounds, 13 and 3/4 oz. at birth and was four months old when this picture was taken. Now at five months of age Anne weighs a bit over fifteen pounds.

While still a very tiny girl, three months old, Anne accompanied by her parents, had her first trip to Saskatoon to visit her grandparents and from there proceeded to Regina to visit Grandmother and other relatives before coming home to Brandon.

Anne cut her first tooth on January 1st 1941 while only four and one-half months old and proved her ability to use it by chewing her mother's thumb. Her father, more than proud of this shiny new addition told around barracks that his baby had a brand new tooth on New Year's Day. Some who casually asked what she did with the old one. This quietened the father considerably but left him still very proud of his daughter and her new tooth.

Anne, still too young to talk, expresses her desire to say "hello" to all you readers in the only way she knows how, by smiles and gurgles.

One of these days she will pay her third visit to the barracks to once again see all the "boys."

Music Lovers

At a band concert in Winnipeg not so long ago three of our Flight Sergeants were overhead holding an interesting discussion. It was just after the completion of the first number of the concert.

Flt. Sgt. Blondell: "Wasn't that the Sextette from Lucia?"

Flt. Sgt. Williamson: "Why of course not, you dope, that was the Prison Scene from Faust."

Flt. Sgt. Lewis spoke up and said: "I don't think either one of you fellows are right but I see a sign on the bandstand, I'll go and see what piece it really was." On returning, he remarked, "You see, I knew you were wrong; that was the Refrain from Spitting."

Many a man's average income is about two A.M.

A bachelor is a man who hugs a lot of delusions but never marries them.

Giving Friend Wife all your wages is a great investment. It means a return of about 10%.

Our Sick Parade

By Sgt. R. A. Walker

On Sunday morn our sick parade is very, very small.
In fact we find, we really have No work to do at all.

On Monday it's a different thing
The Corporals come and always bring
A crowd of boys, both fat and slim
With aching legs and nasty blisters
Cause by socks, supplied by sisters.

On Tuesday it's a busy day
There is no time to sit and play
There's not a moment's hesitation
As we struggle through inoculation.

The M.O.'s think it's just a game
On Wednesday it is just the same,
First left, then right, then left again
The needles enter without pain.

On Thursday we may get a change.
When boys come in with aches and pain
A measles enters through the door
And is promptly banished to another floor.

On Friday they're supposed to work
Some do, the others shirk
And fall in line on sick parade
They think they're ill, but I'm afraid
It's all a false alarm.

To help them get out Saturday night
Beneath the moon's bright shining light
To dance and flirt with damsel fair
Or one with locks of raven hair.

They come in late and don't arise
Miss Church Parade and so tell lies
To bring them like a pack of flies
Upon our Monday Sick Parade.

If You Leave It to
Flt. Sgt. Morley

If You Leave It to Flt. Sgt. Morley

Every year has	365 days
If you sleep 8 hrs. a day this equals	122 days
This leaves	243 days
If you rest or play 8 hrs. it takes	122 days
This leaves	121 days
There are 52 Sundays	52 days
This leaves	69 days
If you have half a day off Saturday	26 days
This leaves	43 days
If you have half an hr. for lunch it takes	28 days
This leaves	15 days
Two weeks vacation takes 14 days	14 days
This leaves	1 day
This is Labour Day, thus a holiday	1 day
.....	0 days

It is therefore evident that you do not work at all, if you don't believe this, talk to Flt. Sgt. Morley.

—Editor.

Just before Flight Sergeant Sprott managed to break his ankle he was sent to the hospital to be treated for measles. When he arrived there he took one look at the surroundings and asked the nurse if she could treat his measles one at a time.

In the following discussion Flt. Sgt. Sprott's ankle was broken.

We would like to know who was chasing who?

—Editor.

From the Sports Editor

During the past month, a good many quite interesting things have happened in and around the depot. We continue to have the weekly get-together of the men on Mondays, in which the chaps will provide the program material, and at the same time, sit and "enjoy it." As has been said before, if you can do anything, or know of anyone else on the station who is able to put up a small item for a program, either tell him to tell us about it, or do it yourself, so that we can always have a supply of chaps who would be willing to help out. We all have to make our own fun, so why not set out to have lots of it. Get together and do something about it!!

Our basketball squad has had some quite successful evenings, and have been able to chalk up some very fine victories. They suffered their first defeat of the season the other night, when the team from Charley's Style Shop proceeded to win score 25 points and only permitted the R.C.A.F. team 18 points. It is quite interesting to note, however, that during the entire season, the R.C.A.F. has never played the same men in any two games. The line-up has been changed for every time the team has played. The team went out to Carberry the other night, to show the boys of the R.A.F. how the game of basketball is played. A team from the boys on the Carberry station acting as guards, and general duties was made up and the game was finished with a score of about 53 to 17 for the Brandon Mob. I wonder whether or not the R.A.F. boys know anything about the game of basketball yet??

Boxing too has been quite a success here. Under the care of Davey Petes, the boys have been turning out every Wednesday and Friday from 1800 to 1900 hours for an hour of instruction. Then after the lesson on Friday, there has been quite a good boxing card staged by the boys, just for the fun of it. Some of the officers from this station and, I believe, some from the surrounding stations have been kind enough to come in and referee some bouts for us. Many thanks to them for making such a good job of it.

Now, for the more mild-mannered of our personnel, we have the regular Ping-pong games organized for every Monday and Thursday. These are

SPORTS

Schedule of R.C.A.F. Recreation

Monday Night
Airmen's entertainment put on by Airmen.

Badminton for Officers and their friends.
Hockey at the Elks Rink on Third St. and Victoria Ave.

Tuesday Night
Basketball, two exhibition games.
Badminton for Office Staff and friends.

Wednesday Night
Boxing class, 1800-1900 hours.
Movie, Y.M.C.A. Film Service, Mr. Youmans.

Thursday Night
Basketball practice. Courts allotted to various teams for thirty minutes, forty minutes, or one hour periods.

Courts to be used occasionally for League Games.
Hockey, as above.

Friday Night
Boxing lesson, 1800-1900 hours.
Movie.
Boxing card of matched competition.

Saturday Afternoon and Evening
Basketball practice.
Badminton for Officers and their guests.
Hockey, also as above.
Dance in the Armouries from 2000-2300 hours for all military services.

Sunday Afternoon
Basketball Volley ball, and Badminton at anytime Airmen want to play, providing games do not interfere with drafts or Church Parades.

held in the Recreation Room and are open to everyone who wishes to play. If you have the idea that Ping-pong is a game for cripples, just come along and spend an evening at a table. You'll go to bed tired, all right, and I don't believe that it will be entirely of boredom. The reason the Sports Editor quit playing the game, was because he could not find any suitable competition—I don't mean it the way you think I do either. (How's that for leaving your way open for retreat?)

Every Thursday evening is set aside for those students of colored spots and pictures, the Bridge Players. For those who don't know what a Bridge player is—a Bridge player is a person, male or female, addicted to the study of "How to Play Bridge," by Mr. Ivor Noshunyrkrasy.

At various times during the week nights, Mr. Youmans has been giving some very entertaining Moving Picture Shows. I don't know how many of you chaps know how he gets these shows for your entertainment, but anyway, the machine is provided by the Y.M.C.A. for use at the No. 2 Manning Depot. They also supply films twice a week. Any of you who have seen any of these shows will agree with me that they provide as good a

show as you can see at most theatres. I think I can truthfully say that there are some men on this station who have never seen one of the shows screened by Mr. Youmans. For you, I think you need a really smart kick in the—pants to get you to show a little interest in some of the recreational activities of the station. If you can't show any interest in a thing like that, it is fairly sure that you won't stir yourself very far for any other activity on the place. I have heard around the place that "Brandon is one — of a place to be stuck in." Well, if you chaps who think that were to spend an evening or two looking for some entertainment, and at the same time look for it in the Arena and Recreation room, you can find all the fun you want, cheaply, and without fear of having a hangover next day. You can have a lot of fun with just men present too you know.

Success never comes to the fellow who stops promptly when the whistle blows or the girl squeals.

Love is like a roast beef sandwich: two thin slices of sentiment, and the rest filled with bull.

As a man's married life progresses, the creases go from his pants to his forehead.

From Civilian Into Airman

I would like to give your readers a picture of the transformation of a civilian into an airman.

After passing through the Record and Pay Offices where the civilian signs his documents, he is directed to the Clothing Stores, where he will receive his complete kit, comprising thirty-nine pieces in all. Nine at a time is how we work our production line, that is nine men are issued with boots, uniforms, etc., but this is where the recruit makes his first breach. Not accustomed to discipline they crowd around the counter, each trying to be outfitted first and are heedless to the frequent requests of the N.C.O.'s to keep in line, stop talking and pay attention. Yet it must be admitted the results are generally poor as most of them go on ignoring the N.C.O.'s and the only ones that are quiet are so by nature.

I will give you a daily occurrence in the main departments. The recruits are first issued with their boots and our very capable boot fitters very often do not like to have their judgment doubted. It is to be admitted of course that there is a difference between issue boots and what is required today for jitterbugging. The fitter will reassure himself the boots fit by having the recruit walk about in them. The recruit invariably asks if he must wear those boots and he gets the inevitable answer that they are more comfortable for eight hours daily drill than patent leather shoes.

After gathering some of his minor effects such as a housewife, holdall for his brushes comb and razors, come the shirts.

We have a wide range of shirts from size fourteen to seventeen and a half inclusive and the usual question asked the recruit is what size he wears. A good percentage will say they don't know and here again they have to be fitted. As a rule they express doubt as to the fit of the shirt, some even stating they always had theirs tailored but always leave satisfied with two warm flannel shirts a half size large to allow for shrinkage.

You may notice by this time that the recruit is changing rapidly as he seems quicker when he is reminded to remain in line and more willing to co-operate.

At this point the eager recruit is (Continued on page 8)

Tailor Shop

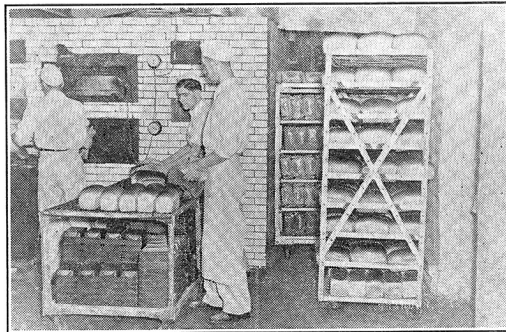
By Cpl. Wilkins, N.C.O. i/c Tailor Shop

The small, but none the less important, branch of the Equipment Section, known as the Tailor Shop, is where the recruit learns that he has not entered for a Bond Street suit, but to have necessary alterations made to his uniform.

The wide range of sizes in tunics, great-coats and trousers allow each prospective airman to be fitted as well as he could be from stock size civilian clothing, unless, of course, the man is very much out of proportion.

The work done on an airman's uniform consists chiefly of sewing on his eagles (shoulder badges), shortening pants, shortening and lengthening sleeves and shortening tunics. There are also certain dress regulations which which must be adhered to in order to ensure that airman's clothing will be uniform.

Personal attention is given to each man, as much as time will allow, in order that he will not depreciate the individual smartness for which the Royal Canadian Air Force is noted both on and off parade.



The above picture shows the ideal conditions under which our bakery operates. We are in a position to turn out any supply of baked goods in large quantities that may be demanded on very short notice.

In addition to our bakery we maintain and operate our own restaurant where you may find the best of foods, prepared by expert cooks and served with a smile.

Give us a try and we guarantee you complete satisfaction.

TRENT'S

The Sergeants' Mess Visits 101st Training Centre Sergeants' Mess

On New Year's day, January 1st, our Sergeant's Mess paid a visit to the 101st Training Centre. We were welcomed cordially and a toast was proposed to our Mess by Regimental Sergeant-Major E. Chivers. It was responded to by the Station Warrant Officer, Mr. Sullivan.

While there the Commanding Officer of the 101st Training Centre, Lieut. Col. R. L. Dennison came in. He was accompanied by Major R. Hooton, Officer Commanding "A" Company. A toast to the Officers was proposed by Eddie Grant and responded to by Lt. Col. Dennison.

An enjoyable time was had by the members of both Messes and it is hoped that this good feeling and good fellowship will not be allowed to diminish throughout the coming year.

—The Editor.

Established 1885

J. S. LAUGHTON & SON

Tailors

Officers Uniforms and Great Coats

also

Caps, Wings, Badges, Cap Badges, Buttons, Braid, Stripes, Ribbons, Bars, Crests, etc.

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GOOD SERVICE

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ROSSER AVE.

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STUART'S
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817 Rosser Ave.
Phone 2871

GEORGE'S SNACK SHOP

304 Tenth Street

You all know George Hotas, formerly of the Bus Depot Lunch. Well he is now set up in business at the above address.

GEORGE'S SNACK SHOP noted for its Light Lunches

Hamburger and Juicy Steaks

and Superior Quality Home-made Candy.

Look for the Neon Sign

"GEORGE'S SNACK SHOP"

Southwest of the Manitoba Power Commission



Flight-Lieutenant J. D. Sinclair and fiancée Miss Elizabeth M. Dick
—Photo by Sgt. A. J. Pelett

Orders, Instructions and Regulations Designed To Promote Safety In The Air

The following existing regulations have been promulgated from time to time for the guidance and safety of all air crews operating in the R.C.A.F. and for the prevention of air accidents:

(a) **Regulations Governing Aircraft Maintenance**

- (1) Daily inspection to ensure aircraft is airworthy.
- (2) Daily maintenance sheets signed by the rigger and litter and pilot of the aircraft.
- (3) Aircraft and engine log books.
- (4) A.I.D. Inspectors report.
- (5) Routine overhauls of aircraft and engines at 10 hours, 30, 60, 120 and major overhaul.
- (6) Report of test pilot immediately after completion of overhauls.
- (7) Aircraft or engine serviceability placard.
- (8) Periodic adjustment of compasses.

(b) **Regulations Governing Flying Generally:**

- (1) Flight log book—to govern responsibility of pilot.
- (2) Authorization for flights, necessary by competent officers.
- (3) Allocation of flying areas—to avoid collision.
- (4) Aerodrome circuit rules. To avoid congestion and collision.
- (5) Nature of flying practice. Restriction on type of flying to be carried out.
- (6) Notices to Airmen regarding restriction on type of flying to be carried out and firing areas, commercial aviation routes, etc.
- (7) Prohibition of practising aerobatics under 3,000 feet.
- (8) Low Flying Log Book recording the circumstances which necessitate a pilot descending under 1,000 feet when flying over the land.
- (9) Prohibition for flying over land in a marine aircraft without being at a sufficient height to be within gliding distance of water in the event of a forced landing.

- (10) Responsibility for obtaining a meteorological report and indicating flight plan prior to the commencement of any cross-country flight.

- (11) Introduction of emergency equipment in the event of forced landings in sparsely inhabited regions.

- (12) Telegraphic notice of arrival and departure of aircraft on cross-country flights.

- (13) Radio telephony: intercommunication between aircraft and airports and radio ranges with provision for weather reports and traffic restrictions during flight.

- (14) Regulations regarding flying in vicinity of recognized commercial air routes. Avoiding collision, etc.

- (15) Fire hazard precautions.

- (16) Prohibition of intentional spins of aircraft of more than 6,000 pounds gross weight.

- (17) Prohibition of continuing voluntary spins under a height of 3,000 feet.

- (18) Prohibition of inverted spins.
- (19) Regulation regarding the wearing of parachutes, safety belts or harness on all flights, and inflated waists when flying over water.

- (20) Regulation for practical examination in cockpit drill for every type of aircraft in which pilots are required to fly. To ensure that pilots are familiar with controls.

- (21) Night flying regulations regarding the lighting of airports and obstructions.

- (22) Emergency ground equipment in the shape of ambulances crash and fire tenders in attendance while any flying is being carried out.

- (23) Medical examination as to physical fitness of air crews.

- (24) Regulations as to separating distance between aircraft when flying in formation.

- (25) Rules of the Air for the safety of air navigation regarding passing, meeting, manoeuvring, take-off and landing priority of all aircraft.

(Continued on page 11)

STRAND

Your Favorite Theatre

2 p.m. to 6 p.m. After 6 p.m.
25c 35c

Starting Thursday, Jan. 30th
GARY COOPER
in
"THE WESTERNER"

Starting Monday, Feb. 3rd
BETTE DAVIS
in
"THE LETTER"

Friday and Saturday, 7th, 8th
MARX BROTHERS
in
"GO WEST"

Save Time and Money with
THRIFTTICKETS
Share a Book with your Pals

SPLENDID PROGRAMME OF BIG PRODUCTIONS COMING TO THE STRAND THEATRE DURING NEXT FEW WEEKS

Gary Cooper in "The Westerner", Bette Davis in "The Letter", Marx Brothers in "Go West", Gary Grant and Martha Scott in "The Howards or Virginia", Alice Faye and Betty Grable in "Tin Pan Alley", Jack Benny and Fred Allen in "Love Thy Neighbor", Paul Muni in "Hudson's Bay", Clark Gable and Hedy Lemarr in "Comrade X".

Flight Sergeant Morley was wandering around the M.T. section one morning soon after his return here. He was stopped by the Sergeant in charge and asked what he was looking for and the following conversation ensued:

Flt. Sgt. Morley: Got an oil gauge?

Sgt.: Sure I've got an oil gauge, where is your car?

Morley: It isn't for my car, you dope, it's for me, I'm oiled.

Tops in Entertainment

THE CAPITOL

Brandon's Independent Theatre
Eighth Street

Doors open 6 p.m. Show Starts 6.30
Adults Evenings 30c

THE HAPPY WAY

Happiness is forgetfulness. Once forgotten, most troubles vanish into thin air. Lose yourself in the splendid entertainment provided by The Capitol, amidst congenial surroundings.

A warm welcome extended to all men in the Services.

D. B. Roberts,
Manager

Things We Would Like to Know

Who is the Corporal that looks so much like John Garfield?

Who was the Flight Sergeant that, after an interview with the Commanding Officer came out of the office, made a sharp "right turn" opened a door and discovered himself in the ladies dressing room?

P.S.—Was his face red!
How many autographs has F. Sgt. Sprott got on the cast of his broken ankle and is it true that he is going to auction them off to the highest bidder when he can use his ankle again?

Who is the young lady on the staff that meets that good looking N.C.O. from the 101st training centre downtown almost every night around six p.m.?

Who is the Sr. N.C.O. that gets at least two letters a day delicately perfume-post-marked "Toronto"?

Who was the Jr. N.C.O. who went to work so hard on his squad of recruits that he had to get a whole new upper plate?

Who was the A.C.2 that walked into the M.O.'s office, sat down on the desk and said "Hi pal, how do I go about getting some medicine around here?"

Who was the dipper that dipped the butt of one of my cigars in kerosene and darn near choked me to death? (Editor)

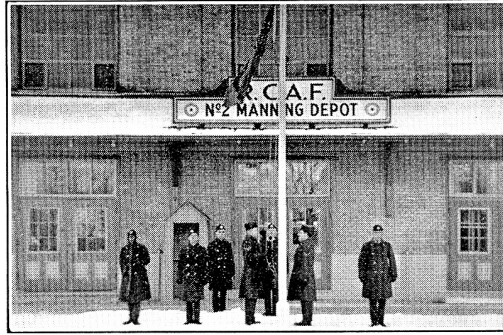
At the C.P.R. station, Sgt. Murray and Mrs. Murray watch the trains come in.

Said Mrs. Murray: "And what is that thing over there?"

Said Mr. Murray: "That's a locomotive boiler."

Mrs. Murray: "And why for heaven's sake do they want to boil a locomotive?"

Mr. Murray: "To make the engine tender."



—Photo by Sgt. A. J. Pelett

"RETREAT" No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Manitoba

THE ALBATROSS (Continued from Page 1)

sea lions rolling in the surf of the bays, and stately, pretty little creatures, the King Penguins. Over its head wheel many other species of Antarctic birds, many of which would swoop to prey upon it if it were not for the constant presence of its parent.

If you should wander near these rocky wastes to watch the albatross in its home, you would see some amusing and amazing sights.

In the breeding season, the wooing of the females by the young gentlemen of the colony, would strike you as being much like the habits of human beings. Forgive me if this sounds satiric.

An unattached female usually finds several males trying to attract her attention. These young swains will gather around her, throwing out their chests, stretching their long, beautiful wings, strutting and dancing, and screeching in their best imitation of a love song. Occasionally they squabble and swear at each other like chipmunks, never fighting, but definitely protesting at each other's presence.

All this time the female is coyly wandering among them, giving each a little attention, and being very sweet. The Scarlett O'Hara of the Antarctic. When finally she chooses the mate she will wander off with, the others walk slowly away hanging their heads and swaying their bodies from side to side. With doleful backward glances at the lucky male they cast throaty noises at him, grumbling their disdain or lament, and disappear among the rocks and weeds.

The newlyweds then are faced with the task of selecting a site and building their home. They too have domestic duties and obligations. First they gather bundles of tussock stocks and twigs. This is mixed with mud from the edge of the ocean, and is then shaped into a truncated cone with a shallow hollow on top. An odd and homely nest, but a practical one for the district. Living in the suburbs of the world, the mother albatross cannot be too insistent on having a beautiful home.

In this moss-lined hollow she sits, and her mate squats before her on the ground. If you have the effrontery to stay and watch the albatross making love to his wife, you will see him sitting there, profoundly proclaiming his affection and loyalty, and demonstrating with motions of endearment. They cross bills, stroke one another's necks, chatter with their bills together until you can only see a blur. Then they

point their bills skyward and squeal like little pigs. With a resonating clap they strike their bills together, gobble, caterwaul, and chatter. Then the male rises, struts about like a general, poses head held high and wings outstretched, and thus calls her to come down. This she does and he takes her place, bowing and declaring his love.

A single white egg, 4 inches long, and smoothly shaped is laid on the dish-like nest. Then begins the long incubation period. One of the pair stays with the nest, never moving from its position, while the other flies away to sea. It climbs to the top of a hill, and racing down the slope, wings outstretched like a glider, takes off into the wind. Mother Nature, like man, seems to have found that to make a large ship which could fly long distances, she must compromise with a long and tedious ascent. To fly from the surface of the water, the albatross must first taxi 70 to 80 feet on the surface propelling itself with its paddle-like feet.

The holiday from duty may last from 6 to 10 days, and in the time the bird will travel many miles across the ocean. On its search for food it will probably convoy a ship on part of its voyage. If the offal from the ship is not enough to satisfy its appetite it will swing toward shore and feed in the inlets and bays, or around the islands. Mollusks, fish spawn, carrion, and other small marine animals compose the diet. Then, heavy with food and barely able to take off into the air, it wings back to the other parent who has been patiently waiting at home. The two change places and the free bird flies away to take a holiday and fill its stomach. The new guardian of the nest is then able to digest its meal. Piles of indigestible bones of cuttlefish, etcetera, regurgitated in a circle around the base of the cone, are proof of the fact that it never leaves the nest.

Hatching from the egg, the young albatross sits on weak, gangling legs, and waits to be fed just as a young robin nestling would. It is covered with a coat of snow white down from its head to the tips of its awkward, pointed wings. This color it keeps till adulthood. For the first few weeks it stays in the nest, crawling frantically back up if removed from it. Later in the summer it becomes more bold and ventures out to play with other young. At the end of the summer it is big enough to fly away.

This is a great occasion for the youngster, who finds himself suddenly

left alone by his parents and obliged to protect himself. Unceremoniously he is given his wings. Mystified by his inexperience he flies away from his island training school and over the adventurous ocean. High in a gray and white sky soars this graceful, gray and white bird—quietly making his way into the world and its criss-crossing shipping lanes.

Into these vital shipping lanes that the world so much depends upon for harmonious living, go the young and the old albatross. Wings from the blue to protect them. Wings that rise from the ground with the throaty roar of man-made motors. Wings which dive and climb, turn and twist, and fight with furied and vicious movements of revenge. Wings which climb to the sky at dawn to circle and patrol, which return in the blue of the night satisfied that nothing has been harmed.

Dear Lord

I appreciate getting my "A" group. But I'm not going to settle for that. I still want to be a Corporal 'Tho' I don't want to seem like a rat.

You have done many a miracle. Like walking on the sea. Won't you please do just one more, and send two ducks to me.

Can it be that I'm not popular. To my friends I'm "Out of bounds" Then how do others get them. For instance, Corporal Loundes?

So this request I'm asking As I finish off my prayer, If you have any hooks around, Please send me down a pair.

P.S.—Just one more word in closing. I almost forgot to say, If it's all the same to you Dear Lord, Could I please have them with pay.

Doig's
On Tenth Street, Brandon
Dry Goods
and
Ladies' Ready-to-Wear

Luggage!
Sporting Goods!

We have the lines required by the R.C.A.F.

You'll do better at the

BRANDON HARDWARE Co. Ltd.

Rosser Ave. at 7th Street

New Bus Depot Barber Shop and BEAUTY PARLOR
Soft Water Shampoo

Announcing The Opening of THELMA'S Coffee Shop

935 ROSSER AVE.
Formerly at 406 - 10th St. near the Manning Depot

Specializing in Delicious Home Cooked Meals and Home Baking

Just the place to drop in for a nice lunch and a real good cup of coffee.

LUNCH COUNTER — BOOTHS
Attentive, Pleasing Service

A DAY IN THE HOSPITAL

By AC2 MARTIN, R. L.

Now it came to pass that on the second day of the twelfth month of the year of our Lord one thousand and nine hundreds and two score that Ru the Scribe did decide that it would be a good idea if he did take a shower. This he did do and then did discover to his horror that there did appear to be spots all over his body. Having dire suspicions that this presaged at attack of measles, he immediately reported to the M.O. who agreed with him in this diagnosis. Ru was immediately confined to bed in the measles ward, with the consoling thought that he would have a complete rest for the next two weeks!

Ru doth not desire to try and give an account of the full time that he did reside in the hospital, nay, he will content himself with an account of one day, with the addition perhaps, of odd high lights of his stay in the measles ward.

There did come a day, the third of Ru's incarceration, when the three

patients then in residence in the small ward did be moved unto yet a larger one—this being necessary due to an influx of cases.

Soon thereafter cometh the day of which Ru wisheth to render a more or less full account, this being the seventh day of the month. In the morn the Measley Ward was awakened at 0730 hrs. or thereabouts so that the Orderly might take their temperatures and pulses. These being more or less (no one being really sick) the Orderly turned out the lights and departed.

Soon thereafter appeared breakfast—to be transferred from the dishes on which it arrived to those of the Measley Ones, who will henceforth be referred to as the "M.O.'s" for the sake of brevity. During this transferring the Orderly picks up a dish of food, then stands back from his target and deposits it onto the other plate with a snappy flick of the wrist—the accompanying splash is purely

incidental. As soon as breakfast, or at least such portions of it as the patients deemed most edible, were consumed; there was a general exodus to the bathroom, where the so-called patients washed their own dishes in the bathtub. Ru would like to state at this point that the aspersions cast by the other members of the ward about the way that he handles his fleet in the bath-tub being unseamanlike are entirely false and without foundation.

This being the day after the M.O. had given the Orderlies a little talk on the performance of their duties, the "M.O.'s" did receive treatment plus. There was the usual supply of pills, three per issue, which seemed to appear every few minutes, but which were actually distributed at regular intervals throughout the day. Then there was a touch of humor provided by the three patients who had their throats hydraulicked for pay-dirt, by a Orderly who had perhaps a little more enthusiasm than skill. The pro-

cedure was as follows: The Orderly conducting the operation threatened the patient with dire consequences if he did not open his mouth and say "Ah" and as soon as the patient had got his mouth open the incipient "Ah" was shut off by a jet of water directed into his mouth with great force. The idea seemed to be an attempt to drown the victim, and was frequently followed in the reverse direction by the last meal of the patient receiving treatment. This was followed by a shorter period devoted to artificial resuscitation for the patient, and time out was taken while the Orderly cleaned the meal off his coat.

The three victims were barely able to sit up once more when they were treated to a slug of cough medicine (10½ millilitres—perhaps; 7% over-proof) which made them gasp enough so that they were caught with their mouths open and in the proper position so that they could have another three pills slipped in. These treatments of course were received by the whole ward; who had no sooner finished swallowing the pills than they discovered that their soap bowls were filled with eyewash, which had to be used in the prescribed fashion. When this was finished with they were laid flat on their backs so that they could have Argerol dropped into their eyes.

There was the usual morning visit from the M.O. during which he informed Ru that he might arise and stay arisen for the day and from then on. Several of the others in the ward were allowed up for short periods each. There was some discussion as to whether the latest addition to the ward had been admitted by mistake or not, but discussion was finally stopped with the remark by the M.O. that whether it was a mistake or not was immaterial, as he was staying for two weeks anyway!

There was on this day also the episode of the milk, ordered at 0930 hrs., delivered downstairs and finally arriving upstairs at 1400 hrs. in the afternoon, after throat gargles, lunch and another demonstration of the art of Hydraulicking.

Just before the evening meal the milkman rearrove and a half hour financial transaction took place involving the transfer of the sum of 67c. This gigantic financial turnover almost blacked out supper, but the meal was at last distributed and eaten.

After supper there was the "M.O.'s" lshal paise for risque jokes—some of which even went beyond that. There was also a short flurry of excitement caused by the arrival of another patient, who came in and sat around the ward for a time, and then was taken out and put in the small ward. The "M.O.'s" were quite worried during the time that he was in the ward—they feared that they might catch the measles!

The usual supply of inhalations came around—in this process one places one's head in a honey pail, has a towel draped over one's head, and then has a theoretical steam bath. This is supposed to clear the erring patient's head, but Ru hath come to the conclusion that this is mere superstition.

The three pills per man and the accustomed quota of cough medicine turned up on schedule; then the ward settled down to its usual peace and quiet, unbroken save for the chorus of coughing by all and sundry.

A lighter touch was again supplied by Jon, the Sanctimonious? trying to swallow his thermometer, which effort caused him to lose his supper into his left boot. This incident put everyone in a good humor for the night.

(Continued on page 8)

Hungry FOR Chocolate?

ENJOY THE BEST!

Neilson's JERSEY MILK CHOCOLATE

Neilson's JERSEY NUT

THE BEST MILK CHOCOLATE MADE

The Air Gunner

If I must be a Gunner,
Then please Lord grant me grace;
That I may leave this Station
With a smile upon my face.

I may have wished to be a pilot,
And you, along with me,
But if we all were pilots
Where would the Air Force be?

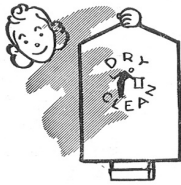
It takes GUTS to be a Gunner,
To sit out in the tail,
When the Messerschmitts are coming
And the slugs begin to wait.

The pilot's just a chauffeur,
It's his job to fly the plane;
But it's WE who do the fighting,
Though we may not get the fame.

But we're here to win a war,
And until this job is done,
Let's forget our personal feelings
And get behind the gun.

If we must all be Gunners,
Then let us make this bet;
We'll be the best damn Gunners
That have left this Station yet!

"Gunner" G.H.H.
—From Dec. issue of Xmas Aviation



**Perfect Suit
Cleaning and
Pressing
Suits 65c
Sponge and
Press 35c**

**DON'T FORGET
OUR LAUNDRY
SERVICE ALSO**

Laundry Room in the
Manning Depot

Under Direction of
"Shad" Ames

Rumford's

Phone 2181

Brandon's Sunshine Laundry
and Cleaning Plant



—Photo by Sgt. A. J. Pelett

THE PRE-CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE SERGEANTS' MESS

BLIMEY'S CHRISTMAS LEAVE

Th' air was short an' snappy, th' temperature twenty below,
As Blimey got his Christmas Leave,
th' land was white with snow.

E'd 'ad a 'ard time, 'ad Blimey, a makin' 'is Christmas Leave,
From th' L.A.C. t' our W.O.I., said things that made 'im grieve,

They p'raded 'im 'ere, an' p'raded there, until he was ready to yell,
In fact 'e was in state of mind, to tell 'em to go t' Hell.

"Ow long 'ave you been in Service?", one of 'em wanted t' know.

"Just a short time," says Blimey, "Ever since last bleedin' Show," "Where are you goin' on' the railway?", another one asked him in turn,

"I'm goin' back 'ome t' Toronto, (I wish the blighter would burn!)", "Where are you goin' on' the railway?", another one asked with a beam.

"I'm drivin' me own bloody aeroplane, if you ask me another, I'll scream."

"Your number, your name and initials, your next o' kin and th' address.

Your medical sheet, your 229, I want all the lot, none th' less."

An' so they bothered Old Blimey, until 'e was ready t' die.

All 'cause 'E wanted a Christmas Leave, an' Get back 'ome on t' fly. At last someone said t' old Blimey, "Sergeant Major's lookin' for 'ee,

Best go an' see 'im at office, 'e wants t' 'ave some tea."

"Ah will an' all," says Blimey, "e might 'ave somewhat I need."

Then takin' a hitch in 'is pants like, 'e doubles right over with speed.

"Brrrrr," says t' old Sergeant Major, Errr, you want t' see me?

Go over an' see Corporal Blotchett, 'e might 'ave somewhat for thee."

So Blimey went over t' Blotchett, an' there was the Corporal, all smiles.

Th' Cororal was thinkin', now 'eres a big drink, but 'e was out miles upon miles.

"You've summitt for me Corp.," says Blimey, th' Corp. smacked his lips with glee.

Then winkin' 'is eye, 'e looked kinda sly, "Got a Christmas Leave, lad, for thee."

Blimey 'e looked real surprised like, an' says, "Let's see it—do tell?" Then snatchin' it out of th' Corporal's 'and, dashed out of the room with a yell.

So that's 'ow Old Blimey got Furlough, an' toddled off 'ome to 'is wife.

To put up th' tree an' play with th' kids, an' 'ave th' best time of 'is life.

By Al Pat, The Irish Airman Poet of R.C.A.F. (Author of "Rhymes of an Old War Horse.") December 1940, Regina, Sask.

A DAY IN THE HOSPITAL (Continued from page 7)

On the eleventh day of Ru's incarceration, the M.O. suggested letting Ru go back unto his Squadron, but at Ru's earnest request that he be permitted to remain at least until he finished the sock that he was knitting, he was permitted to remain for an extra day. Next morning, having finished his socks, he was informed that he was discharged, and was sent back to "C" Squadron, and he confesseth that he felt rather dispirited at leaving his companions—the "M.O.'s".

Flight Sgt. Williamson Jr.: Daddy, I just killed five flies, two male and three female.

Flight Sgt. Williamson: Son, how did you know that that's what they were.

Junior: Two were on the dining room table and three were on the mirror.

Drill Sergeant (to new recruits): "Every time I look at you fellows, I feel I'm doing the government out of entertainment tax."

FROM CIVILIAN INTO AIRMAN (Continued from page 4)

fitted with his uniform which is the biggest problem faced by the Stores personnel. Sometimes the recruit is unhappy, thinking his uniform is not snug enough. However after a few weeks of regular hours, good food and outdoor exercise he wishes his uniform were a little larger to allow for the extra weight he has added. Not infrequently he will return to the Stores and request an exchange for a larger uniform.

Lastly the recruit receives his great coat and his kit is now complete and each piece is stamped with his regimental number.

He is now fitted out for his new life in the R.C.A.F. and will go proudly on his way, probably playing a direct part in smashing the little German Corporal and his henchmen.

Flgt. Sgt. Racine.

Friend Wife: "What's this?"
Hubby: "Oh that's a pawn ticket."
Friend Wife: "Why didn't you get two so we both could go?"

Have You Ever Noticed

When the other fellow acts that way, he is "ugly", when you do it, it's "nerves"?

When the other fellow is set in his ways, he's "obstinate"; when you are it is just "firmness"?

When the other fellow doesn't like your friend, he's "prejudiced"; when you don't like him you are simply showing you are a good judge of human nature?

When the other fellow tries to treat some one especially well, he's "toadying"; when you try the same game, you are using "tact"?

When the other fellow takes time to do things, he's "dead slow"; when you do it, you are "deliberate"?

When the other fellow spends a lot, he is a "spendthrift"; when you do, you are "generous"?

When the other fellow picks flaws in things, he's "cranky"; when you do you are "discriminating"?

When the other fellow is mild in his manners he is a "mush of concubation"; when you are, it is being "gracious"?

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ERNIE

(With apologies to Michael Gray)

In October, 1939, at the tender age of twenty, I enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force as an Airframe Mechanic.

The Training School was divided into several Wings, each being an independent unit administered by a Wing-Commander. Each Wing was subdivided into three squadrons, each nominally commanded by a junior officer, but actually completely run by the disciplinary Flight-Sergeant.

Flight Sergeant was in charge of "A" Squadron, but within a week of our arrival, he was known solely as "Ernie"—why, I cannot tell, for his name was not Ernest.

He was a burly man, approaching middle age, his face being tanned red by many Indian summers. He had a deep resonant voice, and wore the long-distance medal ribbon, which required eighteen years of irreproachable conduct. His boots always shone with a wondrous sheen, as did his buttons, while the most perfectly tailored pair of trousers that Gieves ever could hand to me, crease that Ernie somehow always kept in both his-pairs, even on the rainiest days.

He soon got to know our faces, but while he was learning, scenes often occurred like the following.

It is morning parade in the barrack lines. Ernie is standing on top of the steps leading to the Squadron Office. He watches an odd and even number change so that the odd number can stand next to his friend. He clears his throat and takes a deep breath.

"Come out here, that third boy from the end of the front rank of the third flight standing next to the man with red hair that needs cutting and plays the trumpet."

The wretched youth duly doubles out and stands stiffly at attention on the bottom step, Ernie towering above in majesty.

"And what's your name?"

"Er—Smith, Sir!"

"Ho! Smith, eh? I thought as much."

The last four words are delivered after a pause, with great solemnity in a tone which implies that he both sees and knows all.

"Well, Smith, if you are so keen on standing next to your chum that you start moving about in the ranks, I'll make you march down to the work-shops holding his hand. Go on. Get back then—on the double."

Ernie certainly had a full-time job. Squadron parades, drill-squads, room inspections, our personal appearances, leaves, everything from the angle of attachment of our arm badges to the initials on our pass forms was his concern. Under his supervision we walked and marched erect, took a certain pride in ourselves and the Service, and learnt to scorn subsequent entries of Rookies.

Every Friday afternoon outside the Squadron-Commander's office were paraded these recruits who had broken particles of the mighty Air Force Law, so painstakingly set down in thick blue volumes "to be read and understood by all ranks." All were bare-headed lest they should use their caps as missiles when haled inside to judgment. One afternoon I was in this melancholy company. We were ranged in order of the magnitude of our crimes. I stood behind a Late on Parade, while after me a Dumb Insolence discussed his probable sentence with a Dirty Boots and Buttons.

Ernie came along to conduct the entries and exits. He stopped in front of me.

"What's all this?" he said, running his fingers through my hair, which was far from the regulation "high backs and sides."

"And this?" pulling at my frayed tie, "and why haven't you your collar pin, my lad?" I had begun to get very uneasy. "I'll see you later."

The first case was soon dispatched. The Sergeant, who had made out my charge form stood beside me and nodded to Ernie.

"Prisoner and evidence — at-ten-shun. Quick march. Right turn. Mark time. Haa-It."

A bored-looking Flying Officer told me that under King's Rules and Regulations and Air Council Instructions, chapter, paragraph, and sub-section so-and-so, I was charged with unlawfully removing one pint of tea and two pieces of bread and butter and jam from the Wing dining-hall, at 5 p.m. on the previous Wednesday afternoon.

"Evidence proceed," he concluded. The Sergeant then related how he had apprehended me red-handed, taken my name and number, and made me return my ill-gotten gains.

"Anything to say?" I was asked. I then told how I had booked a single shower that forty-four of us shared, after a certain other apprentice, and since his turn had come round during the tea-hour I was fetching some refreshment back for him in return for his keeping the bath for me.

"Um, rules are made to be kept, you know," he said. "What about him, Flight?"

Ernie then took a breath and for a full thirty seconds painted so glowing a picture of my character, work, and ability that I nearly sank through the floor in embarrassment.

"Well," said my judge, "in view of what the Flight Sergeant has said for you I'm going to let you off lightly. Four days C.B. March him out, Flight."

I departed thinking that if that elegant and precise person behind the desk had ever done a few days C.B. himself, he might not award it so indiscriminately. Still, it was decent of Ernie.

Yes, Ernie. Without hesitation he got one chap seven days C.B. for talking on a parade he was taking; yet when that same chap's sweetheart was ill, Ernie both got him a special pass and paid his fare home, two entirely unofficial acts.

Ernie, standing in his familiar place on top of the squadron steps, taking the afternoon parade.

"I went around your barrack rooms this morning and they were horrible. Absolutely horrible. For a start, under a bed, I found a pile of papers and cigarette butts collecting—Hey, what's all this laughing? Cut out that laughing, I said. You're on parade, you know."

Then on the last morning when we paraded to go to our new stations, Ernie fell us in and with a kind of catch in his voice, told us that we had been "good lads."

Now those years are but a misty memory. I asked a pal the other day if he remembered Ernie.

"Huh!" he said, "the old blank got me fourteen days once."

But there was affection in his voice.

"How did you enjoy the reunion last year?"

"Not very good. I sat next to a cross-eyed man and he ate off my plate all the time."

The latest example of wasted energy is telling a hair raising story to Flight Sergeant Blondell. (Editor).



—Photo by Sgt. A. J. Pelett
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Navy and Air Force Plan

The Canadian Legion War Services has concluded agreements with the Royal Canadian Navy and the Royal Canadian Air Force concerning education work in those services. An education advisor for the navy will be stationed at the principal east coast naval establishment, and special courses for naval personnel will be organized there.

In the Royal Canadian Air Force the program includes refresher courses in studies for men who have passed their junior matriculation but have become somewhat rusty. The idea is to get these recruits back to something like school-leaving proficiency in the period between their enlistment and their posting to training schools.

The first aim of the education program is to make the men better sailors, soldiers and airmen, in the belief that, as Field-Marshal Sir Edmund Ironside has said, "The greatest essential in a modern army is education. It is the educated mind—contrary to the expectations of many—that adapts itself best to the strain of war."

Another object is to prevent boredom in the long winter nights, particularly among men serving overseas in the army who have spent long months in training without experiencing the thrill of actual combat.

The third main objective is to prepare men for civilian life on demobilization. Many men in the services have never held peacetime jobs, and some have worked at civilian pursuits for only short periods.

The authorities and the Canadian Legion believe that if the men can be given a measure of training in some civilian calling or given a better educational background the problem of rehabilitation after the war will be eased.

Smoke Still Comes From Factories in Spite of Air Raids

By V. AUSTIN,

Stenographer in London Headquarters, Canadian Legion War Services.

London, Dec. (Special): "They're over!" "Where?" "Look! Up there."

The occupants of the Canadian Legion War Services car ducked their heads to look out of the window, and there, far up in the sky, tiny specks surrounded by white puffs of smoke were visible.

"Gee!" exclaimed the driver. "There she goes!" And simultaneously "they're right over the power station." With his shout pedestrians and cyclists threw themselves to the ground.

The car, travelling at 30 miles an hour, still proceeded towards one of London's famous bridges across the Thames and was within 25 yards of it when there came the whistling of another bomb. "Brake hard! don't go over the bridge" warned the Legion supervisor. The driver immediately applied his brakes and the car swung around at right angles, nearly charging through the gates of one of London's most noted parks.

Then a large column of black leaped high into the air and from first impressions it appeared to be the earth thrown up from the river embankment. The Legion men jumped out of the car and rushed to the spot to see if there were any casualties. To their amazement they found the bomb had dropped smack into the Thames, missing the bridge by not more than 15 yards. The large black column was the murky waters of the river, shot 100 feet into the air. In a moment everything was calm and peaceful again, and there in the middle of the stream, proceeding quietly on its way down to the sea, was a coal barge. It was hard to believe that only a moment before there had been such turmoil all around, and the probability of enormous destruction.

Three or four more bombs were dropped in the vicinity within the next few minutes, but standing as we did on the approach of this famous bridge—which, incidentally, was officially opened a few years ago by Prime Minister W. L. MacKenzie King, of Canada—we gazed south across the large industrial area. Amazing as it may seem, there were the three tall chimneys of the power station, the church spires, large factories and warehouses—still standing undamaged.

The driver of the Legion car, who hails from New Brunswick, shook his head and, smiling grimly, exclaimed: "Say! the smoke goes up the chimney just the same."

Scene: Sergeant Pelett to his recruits in "C" Squadron: "When I was a little child," said Sgt. Pelett, sweetly addressing his men at an end of an exhaustive hour of squad drill, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday School one day and listened to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity I was softened enough to give them to him, then I wanted them back and cried, but my mother said:

"Don't cry, Alex, some day you'll get your wooden soldiers back."
"And believe me, you lopsided, nutton-headed, goofus-brained set of certified rolling pins, that day has arrived."

Flight Sgt. Ing to St. O'Neil: "I have had this car for years and never had a wreck."

Sgt. O'Neil: "You mean you have had a wreck for years and never had a car."

This Business of Guard Duty

A large-sized bogey has arisen recently in the minds of budding airmen commonly referred to as, "doing your time at guard." This somewhat misnamed vacation has become a regular part of an Airman's training and an integral part of his Air Force education.

It should not be necessary to introduce persuasion and arguments to justify this innovation but due to the impatience of our impetuous youth the following facts must be pointed out:

That because of phenomenal progress the Commonwealth Air Training Plan finds itself with schools partially complete, and due to a clause in the engineer's contract, a military guard must be placed on the grounds when the first hangars are completed.

That, due to lack of facilities in the various schools and because of heavy enlistments, absorption has been retarded. And this has produced the necessity for this vacation-like experience.

How often have you complained that you have become an unthinking cog in a great machine? Your guard duty will provide an opportunity of exercising all your ingenuity and initiative. Upon those qualities will depend your ultimate comfort. The Airport which you are sent to guard is usually not completed upon your arrival and if you belong to the first guard sent there you will be required to set up your bunks, build shelves, cupboards, light extensions and in general set up house. What may seem a chore becomes a rather pleasant experience as you see your own ideas materialize into comforts for yourself, and your successors.

There is a group of individuals who have convinced themselves that unless they are occupied in the work that they enlisted to do, they are not doing a useful job. But in carrying on the primary purpose of the guard in safeguarding buildings, stores and equipment against sabotage or arson or any effort that may be made to prevent the completion of the project as quickly as possible, leaves no doubt of the importance of such a job of work. The destruction of an Airport would not only be a disastrous loss to the country but would also serve to retard the Airman's actual training.

Until you have done this work you cannot realize the comradeship that develops amongst a small group of men living in a more or less isolated fashion. The two hours spent on patrol seem to slip by and the four hours off are usually devoted to relaxation of various sorts.

So, if in the future you may be detailed to do, for a while, a bit of guard duty, don't worry too much about it. Its an experience that will live with you a long time and that after all its all over and done you will very much enjoy laughing at the seemingly important inconvenience of the days you had to do a guard.

—A./Sgt. H. Shapiro.

"Gillis" says Flight Sgt. Ing to his workmate, "What is a Cosmopolitan?" Gillis thought for a moment, then said "Suppose there was a Russian Jew living in England with an Italian wife, sitting at a French window in a room with a Turkish carpet on the floor. If this man drank American cream soda while listening to a German band playing "Come back to Erin" after a supper of Dutch cheese made up as a Welsh rarebit, then so help me, that guy is a Cosmopolitan!"

P.S.—Flt. Sgt. Ing hasn't spoken to Gillis since.

Editor.

Raw Material and The M.T. Training Section

Given raw material in matter of manpower, as varied in ability, background, and education as is possible to conceive, and with Time an ever pressing factor of immense importance, it has always been an amazing thing to the layman, the ability of the Royal Canadian Air Force to turn out great numbers of highly efficient men for its many and varied types of mechanical forces. How is this accomplished? And how is it done with such a limited amount of space, instructional equipment, and, once again, Time? Is it because of iron discipline brought to bear during hours of instruction, or it is rather because of the apparent intelligence exercised in the selection of the personnel of the staff, responsible for instruction and lectures.

We choose to believe the latter. It has long been agreed upon by people who are supposed to know, that good teachers are born, and not created by educational processes, or colleges, or institutional places of learning. Many men, well taught in the sciences, are still unable to teach. It is one thing to know, and another to be able to impart that knowledge to others. And to impart it so well its uses can be brought into play unconsciously, and without effort or delay, by the pupil.

In other words, it becomes second nature, and application is automatic, or nearly so.

To illustrate. A convoy of some 300 trucks wound their camouflaged way one bright day in June, across a shelled terrain. Without warning a salvo of 4 point 5's destroyed completely a batch of eight, and chaos was rampant. Only

(Continued on page 11)

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M.T. TRAINING SECTION
(Continued from page 10)

those capable of getting out of range stood a chance of still rolling. The truck immediately behind the wrecked eight, it was noticed, while apparently still sound, was held up with a dead motor, upon which its young driver was making lightning repairs. He arrived at his destination at the tail end of the convoy, his precious load intact. His sergeant, interested, lifted the hood of his truck, and inspected his motor; noticed the repairs.

A face from the knee of a driving breech held a high tension lead together that had been cut with shrapnel. A piece of shirting wound around a water outlet—also punctured, held that precious fluid from being lost. He noticed other things as such a man is trained to notice, too technical to be of interest to the reader.

He knew the lad to be a new recruit.

"What M.T. School did you come through, Bud?" he asked.

"Number 2 M.T. Training, Brandon, Sarge," he replied.

"Oh, yes. That's where ——— does the lecturing and instructional work. I know him. Fact is, I got mine there too."

Pause. Still looking thoughtfully at the damaged but efficient motor. "Fanned good man. Knew his stuff, and how to put it over. One of God's white men. You're in line for promotion, Bud. Cherio."

Supremacy—the aim and dream of our Force today. How will it be accomplished? By discipline of an exacting nature, and attention to the merest detail of personal deportment as airman? Perhaps. But the enemy has tired this since the days of Bismarck, and yet is doomed to failure. Rather, we think, to the careful selection of the instructional element behind the men, behind the men, behind the machine.

—A.C.2 Salter, S. H.,
Pupil of M.T. Training Section,
Brandon.

Skating

Skating will be possible every week night, weather permitting, on the rink opposite the station hospital. Open rink with heated dressing rooms. Victrola records and an amplifying system will supply the music. This rink is operated by the Brandon Kiosmorn Club, who have made it available to all ranks of the R.C.A.F.—FREE.

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How "C" Squadron Prepares the Way

On January 1st, 1941, "C" Squadron ceased to function as the smallest Squadron of No. 2 Manning Depot and has now been selected to act in the capacity of a "Receiving and training Squadron for Recruits". In order to keep the friendly competitive spirit of the other Squadrons at a proper pitch this does not imply that we are by any means letting down the pressure of turning out smart recruits, with a restricted time limit for training, and nothing can be more erroneous than such an impression by the larger Squadrons.

To give a brief outline of the present arrangement under which "C" Squadron operates the following working arrangement may be given:

1. All trains are met by an N.C.O. or Airman to first contact incoming recruits and also other airmen sent to No. 2 Manning Depot.

2. Party is then escorted to the Medical Officer for physical examination.

3. Party is now available to go through "Records" where particulars of his name, number, rank, trade, supplementary qualifications, status of whether married or single, religion and home address are taken and registered together with the documentary file he submits from his recruiting centre. This information is also copied by "C" Squadron for our records.

4. The next visit is to the Paymaster which is generally expectantly looked forward to by the recruits, but generally on this visit they are doomed to disappointment. The pleasure comes later.

5. Then comes the weary pilgrimage through Stores and Equipment where they are laden down with all the equipment they are to array themselves in during their stay in the Service. Sometimes it is replaced, provided, you can find a congenial Equipment Officer in the days to come.

6. By the time the recruits have finished this stage of their entry they are generally ready to be assigned to their quarters at "C" Squadron where they are given clean blankets, sheets, pillow case and pillow and assigned to a bunk, and the balance of this busy day is taken up sorting out their numerous belongings and as Pepy's said 'And so to bed'.

7. After being gently aroused from a deep slumber the next morning they are started off to the M.O. who generally finds time to vaccinate and inoculate them and confine them to Barracks for 24 hours, when they receive Medical, Dental and Introductory lectures by the various Officers' concerned.

8. As the trail almost runs out they are taken to the Dental Officer for dental charting.

9. The records kept by the Squadron contain the vital information of these medical and dental chartings.

10. And now the recruits are ready for the kindly ministrations of the disciplinarians of "C" Squadron, whose aptitude in matters of drill and discipline created and maintained a high standard. Generally, this preliminary part of looking after the training recruits takes seven days and by this time they are ready to be posted for further training to one of the larger Squadrons, and those records which we have so carefully kept follow them.

11. Before their departure from "C" Squadron to either "A" or "B" Squadrons a further medical examination is made, and then the Motor Transport is notified to take up the recruits' bedding and kit and our responsibilities are ended after the Commanding Officer has inspected the Flight and noted their progress in drill which is

performed on the Drill Floor at the Arena.

From all this you can see that it is a busy week and it requires on the part of recruits their strictest application to the instruction they receive and it is at "C" Squadron where they receive their first impression of the Service and it is also our responsibility to see that the lessons are well taught so that in the days to come the Disciplinarians at the other Squadrons will have no nervous breakdowns caused by our laxity.

—F./O. H. D. Burton.

Red Triangle Corner

A Red Triangle Corner has just been completed at the Y.M.C.A., Brandon, for the exclusive use of members of His Majesty's forces. The work has been carried out under the direction of the Y.M.C.A. War Services Committee and was made possible by grants from the National Council War Services fund, and the Auxiliary War Services Committee of Brandon. The room is very comfortably furnished, and is made as home-like as possible, and in addition to reading and writing facilities, is equipped with a piano. It is hoped that other furniture and comforts will be added from time to time as means permit.

Kit Inspection

Sgt. Watson to Recruit: "Shaving brush?"

Recruit: "Yes, sir; right here in my kit bag."

Sgt. Watson: "Razor?"

Recruit: "Yes, sir; right in my kit bag."

Sgt. Watson: "One pair of boots?"

Recruit: "Yes, sir; right here on me."

Sgt. Watson: "Two pairs of socks?"

Recruit: "Yes, sir; one pair on me and one pair in my kit bag."

Sgt. Watson: "Two shirts?"

Recruit: "Yes, sir; one on me and one in my kit bag."

Sgt. Watson: "Good, now let me see your kit bag."

Recruit: "Can't, sir; I don't know where it is."

SAFETY IN THE AIR
(Continued from page 5)

(26) Regulations for the starting and running-up of all aircraft engines.

(27) Refuelling regulations; precautions taken to ground aircraft against static electricity.

(28) Regulations designating the captain of an aircraft and his responsibility.

(29) Regulations governing the conduct of forced landing practice to avoid necessity of aircraft actually landing.

(30) Qualifications of a first pilot in dual pilot aircraft.

(31) Regulations as to storage of loose articles and ballast in aircraft

(c) **Instruction:**

(1) Testing of all civilian instructors at Elementary Flying Training Schools by Visiting Flight, Central Flying School.

(2) Categorization of all flying instructors according to ability.

(3) Limitation of number of hours instruction to be given by instructors to conform with provision of one day's leave every 7 days with an additional 14 days leave every 6 months.

(4) Pupils always to occupy the position in the aircraft from which the aircraft is flown during solo flying.

(5) Reports of Supervisory Officers on pupils at Elementary Flying Training Schools at 20 and 50 hour stages of instruction with final check-up at completion of flying training.

(6) Periodic check-up of pupils and instructors by Central Flying School Visiting Flight.

(7) Boundary areas in which flying by pupils under instruction may be carried out.

(8) Practical flying tests in airmanship and cross-country navigation during Elementary Flying Training, Service Flying Training (Intermediate and Advanced stages).

(9) Height Tests.

(10) Forced landing practices.

(d) **Medical Supervision:**

(1) Physical suitability of pilot.

(2) Special examination as regards oxygen requirements and tendency for apoplectic symptoms.

(3) Responsibility of every pilot to report sick if feeling not fit for flying.

(4) Medical re-examination after any accident whether injured or not, prior to making another flight.

(5) Medical examination after any illness or operation not connected with flying or injuries resulting in an accident whilst engaged in flying, prior to flying again.

(6) Compulsory wearing of goggles fitted with safety glass.

(7) First aid kits carried in aircraft.

The Oldest Airman in Town

On one of my many excursions throughout the City seeking advertising support for our paper I entered the place of business of Yaeger's Furs and introduced myself to Mr. Yaeger. During the course of our conversation it developed that I had run across another airman.

Gus Yaeger is in his 63rd year and last year at the age of 62 he qualified for his aviation pilot's license. Mr. Yaeger has been interested in flying for many years and he did not let the age of 60 or better stop him from fulfilling his ambitions. He has had a very varied career and I do believe there is nothing he would like better than to sit behind the controls of a Spitfire and, in his own words, "spit a few gears in Mr. Hitler's war machines."

Any of you airmen travelling about the town who would like to have a chat with a man who, even though he is 63 years of age is already a seasoned pilot, might find such a chat very interesting and worth while.

Your Editor takes this opportunity to, not only thank Mr. Yaeger for his financial support but also for the opportunity of providing a very interesting news item for our paper.

—Editor.

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CHRISTMAS, HOSPITAL STYLE

By AC2 Keane, W. M.

December twenty-four! Christmas Eve and already that feeling of suppressed eagerness and curiosity was wildly surging up in the hearts of some forty patients.

Here and there a patient would burst into song, his voice trembling with an eagerness to "cut-loose" and raise the roof with the pent up feelings within him. Somehow, however, in that ward those feelings couldn't be brought to the surface.

The evening crawled on in monotony. The arrival of ice cream served "gob-style" broke for a time the monotonous spell. Everyone sat up and took notice, then one by one sank back beneath the blankets to become absorbed in his own thoughts. As the quietness crept into the ward parcels began to drift in from unknown quarters. Orderlies placed them quietly around the base of the gaily decorated tree in the corner of the ward. Those who roused sufficiently to observe soon learned they were "not to be opened till Xmas". Those who were awake now found new food for thought as they speculated on the contents of the various sized parcels. Many a "wise-crack" passed from one patient to another.

Sleep once more invaded the ward only to be driven out by the entrance of ex-patients buoyed up with a fair amount of festive spirits. These lads brightened the atmosphere by pulling the blankets off patients and shouting cheerfully "Merry Christmas" — you! Having decided they had spread enough cheer they departed with a mixture of good wishes and blue air tingling in their ears.

Sleep again came and remained until the breaking dawn announced to all that Christmas had at last rounded the corner of time.

"Merry Christmas", was the word from orderlies wakening patients for six-o'clock "temps". Those awake called the cheerful word to his nearest neighbours. Cheerful smiles and good

cheer prevailed; the festive spirit took hold in earnest.

Daily morning routine over, isolated mild measles patients were allowed to the door of the "up-patients" ward. "Merry Christmas" filled the air and cheers and jeers were shouted sportfully from the "ups" to the "measles".

Suddenly amid all the shouting, singing, whistling and greetings "old Santa" himself burst in on us followed by his faithful helpers, the ladies of the local I.O.D.E. chapter. Santa's greetings were drowned out by the cry "Merry Christmas ladies." Seeing the trend of thought the wily old boy hastened to give out all the gifts placed by the tree then commenced on those brought in by his aides.

Now from his hands came unexpected parcels. From these appeared gaily coloured hats, Christmas crackers, noise-makers, cigarettes, oranges, nuts, candy and other items too numerous to mention! Amid the noise of banging crackers, laughter and cheers, Mr. Claus pursued his calling. For many minutes he was busily engaged; finally with all the parcels and gifts disposed of he prepared to leave for the calmer atmosphere of the open air.

On genial M.O. Flt. Lt. Sinclair, had no intention of letting him go without a word of praise for his good work. In appropriate terms our M.O. thanked Mr. Claus and his "Brownies" on behalf of the patients and the medical staff. Patients backed up his word with thunderous applause. Following this with an equally thunderous applause for the Medical Staff, the patients added a resounding cheer for good luck!

Old Santa now gained the floor long enough to say "good-bye" in the words of Tiny Tim: "Good-bye, Good Luck, God bless you one and all." Then with the cheers of all ringing in his ears he turned and followed by his aides pranced from the ward.

MESSAGE TO THE ADVERTISERS

The Editor of this magazine wishes to express his thanks and appreciation to each and every advertiser in this issue of the "Post".

Not only are you making this magazine possible but you are proving the close co-operation and harmony that exists in Brandon between the city and the Air Force itself. Such a con-

dition is highly commendable and you as business men will find the Service willing and ready to bring their business to you whenever the opportunity arises.

On behalf of No. 2 Manning Depot once more let me say Thank You and may you prosper accordingly.

—Editor.

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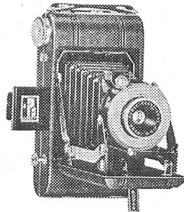
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