

# AIRMAN'S POST

NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT, BRANDON, MANITOBA



AUGUST 1942

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## A BRITISH GIANT STALKS THE WESTERN SKYWAYS



### "OUR FLYING ARMY OF THE FUTURE"

WRITTEN FOR THE AIRMAN'S POST BY MAJOR GENERAL CLARENCE L. TINKER, COMMANDING OFFICER, UNITED STATES ARMY, HICKHAM FIELD, TERRITORY OF HAWAII

TODAY'S warfare is heavily weighted in favor of the military force that can draw on effective air units to support its efforts. We cannot overlook the fact that ground units and naval components are highly important in the successful prosecution of war; still, it would be unrealistic indeed if we did not say that air power is perhaps the greatest single factor in determining the course of the present world conflict.

The campaign in Poland gave us the first full-dress review of the part

aircraft would play in today's international combat. The German smash to Paris, the fighting in Crete, the important British victory at Taranto, and the Japanese surprise raid on Hawaii all emphasize the importance of aircraft as a decisive factor of attack.

Our realization of the importance of the airplane in modern fighting is the basis of a heartening belief that the Allied cause will ultimately triumph in this war. Today the Allies are turning out more planes, better planes

and most important—better trained pilots and crews than are our opponents. True, the Axis powers, (notably Germany, and to a lesser degree, Japan) have had the edge on us so far, due to their long-scale planning for conflict. But air superiority, in the large sense, now rests securely with the Allies, and our margin of leadership will continue to grow. Before this war is over we will see aircraft from the factories of England, Canada, Australia, Russia and the United States carrying the fight squarely to

German, Italian and Japanese soil, and that time will not be so long in coming, I can assure you. Indeed, it may quite possibly happen before this article is published.

And after this war? The Allied superiority in quantity and quality of plane production will in all probability reflect itself in commercial aviation. Also, we will see aircraft firmly established as the heart of the armed forces, both in attack and defense. The term "standing army" may well give way to the name "flying army."

## THE AIRMAN'S POST

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### The Sons of Mr. Democracy

In those days when the air was infected with the narcotic scent of Munich certain alien Eyes and Ears applied themselves to the task of calculating just how a certain celebrated old gentleman would react if someone asked him to avert his eyes and remain disinterested while a bayonet was being driven through the heart of a friend and ally. So the alien Eyes and Ears made their appraisal and decided that the old gentleman could be safely dismissed as a mere has-been, decadent, senile, harmless. They failed to observe that the old gentleman still carried his cane like a swordsman, still walked with the carriage and confidence of a soldier who has fought battles and claimed victories. They forgot too, that this old gentleman had sired many famous warrior sons who had borne names like Nelson, Wellington, Marlborough, Wolfe, Kitchener, Allenby, Haig, and others who had carried his colors victoriously through many historic conflicts.

And when the old gentleman upset their calculations by refusing to remain disinterested they struck at him, too, with their mailed fists and watched him topple.

He fell, but he rose to his feet again and the cane in his hand had become a sword. He faced them, and he no longer looked mild and friendly and ineffectual—he was steel now and iron, fire and flame, defiance and vengeance. He parried their blows with his slender weapon, and defied them with words and phrases that struck

home like bullets and seared like flame. Mr. Democracy was waiting for his sons to rally round him again.

And they came from all the free corners of the earth those sons of his, and they took their stand by the old gentleman's side and raised his colors high in the breeze. They fought for him by land and by sea and by air—they shed their blood for him at Dunkirk and Crete—they drove his enemies out of the skies over Britain, and they fought them with torpedo and gunfire on the waters of the seven seas.

Great numbers of his sons have already answered Mr. Democracy's call for aid, and in every part of Canada many more are learning to fly planes, operate tanks, and man ships in preparation for the day when they will join their brother warriors in some theatre of action. On the evening of July 2nd we were present at No. 12 Service Flying Training School to see a number of young airmen presented with their coveted Wings by the Commanding Officer of this Manning Depot, Wing Commander Reid. We saw them step forward in turn as their names were called, saw this badge of courage and efficiency pinned on the blue breasts of their tunics, saw them turn and march away again—proud, daring, capable, and confident, and we knew them for that breed of free men who count no sacrifice too great which will ensure that Freedom does not perish from the earth. Mr. Democracy has reason to be proud of his sons.

—Editor.



CUPID SHEATHES HIS ARROWS

Flt. Sgt. Fitzgerald and his bride, Miss Edna Mary Brock, parade past the guard of honor. Flt. Lieut. I. H. Eberle of No. 2 "M" Depot performed the wedding ceremony.



Our alert camera-man snapped this picture of His Honor R. F. McWilliams, Lieut. Governor of Manitoba conversing with Wing Commander Reid at the time of the Lieut. Governor's visit to this Depot.

### Death Wore a Swastika

Mr. Smugly was chuckling softly to himself as he closed the office door behind him. His ingenious little falsehood had exempted him from another levy on his pay check. Let the other suckers in the office contribute to the firm's new war saving campaign. He was through being rooked for that sort of thing.

In high good spirits Mr. Smugly arrived at the parking lot where he kept his car and made his usual careful inspection of the tires before driving away—tires were very precious things nowadays. He thought complacently of the two brand new ones that were hidden away in his basement—where they had come from was not for publication.

Reaching home Mr. Smugly was further elated to find that Mrs. Smugly had been busy baking in his absence—his favorite cake was gracing the dinner table.

"Nice, very nice," said Mr. Smugly. "But isn't cake baking a trifle hard on the sugar, my dear?"

"It most certainly is," Mrs. Smugly agreed, "but don't forget we have that extra sugar ration card to help out with."

Life, Mr. Smugly reflected, had some very pleasant moments, and especially if a fellow was smart enough to figure out ways and means of getting around the restrictions imposed by war. Some people, he supposed, might even call his attitude unpatriotic, but then people like that were only witless fanatics anyway. He was just as loyal as anybody else, but that was no reason why he should neglect his family's comfort and welfare. Besides, one of these days he intended to do something really worthwhile for the war effort, next month possibly, if he could manage it.

Perhaps it was the cake he had eaten at dinner, perhaps it was a restless conscience, but whatever it was it was keeping Mr. Smugly from getting to sleep. He turned and

tossed for a long time and then in desperation he resorted to counting sheep. His count had reached quite a formidable figure when he suddenly became aware of two vague forms sitting on the edge of his bed, involved in a heated argument over something. Mr. Smugly's first impulse was to shout for help, and then he decided it might be safer to pretend he was sleeping and perhaps the intruders would go away. He lay very still and listened to the argument.

"I got here first," said one dark shape. "Therefore he belongs to me."

"He does not belong to you," the other one hissed angrily. "You have your quota for this month and I haven't—so I get him."

"Who cares about quotas," the first one sneered. "I claim him because I got here first. And anyway what have you got to beef about—you get them all sooner or later."

This was all very confusing to Mr. Smugly and he was wondering uneasily if the pair could be escaped lunatics when moonlight suddenly flooded the room and he got a better look at his two strange visitors. And what he saw left him shocked and shaken. They were two of the ghastliest looking things he had ever laid eyes on. A pair of darkly hooded skulls with greedy burning orbs and long, gaunt bodies shrouded in black with the sign of the swastika blazoned whitely across the front of each garment. Mr. Smugly was not a praying man but his lips moved now in a soundless, feverish plea to his Maker for help. And while he prayed the horrible pair continued their noisy bickering.

"I'll tell you what," one said finally. "We'll decide it this way—let him choose which one of us is to have him."

"That's fair enough," said the other. "Go ahead and ask him."

The hooded skulls looked over in Smugly's direction and one said sharply, "You there, wake up!"

"I'm not asleep," Smugly quavered. "What do you want?"

(Continued on page 5)



The right approach to a little boy's heart: a big, round, shiny nickel—the donor, Air Vice-Marshal A. E. Godfrey, during his recent inspection visit to No. 2 Manning Depot.

**DEBT TO BRITISH**

(By Harry L. Hopkins in a Recent Speech)

It is true England has met with serious reverses—at Hong Kong, at Singapore, in Africa. It is true that their forces in outposts throughout the world have never been strong enough. But I confess that I am getting tired of hearing people say that the British can't fight.

The defense of Malta against almost unbelievable odds; the supplying of that island month after month under the very nose of the German

**Where Are You Going? Padre's Message**

There are times when it takes more than a compass to tell a man he is moving in the right direction. Of course, we are always moving in some direction; that is obvious enough. Life is all movement. There is no standing still. We are either better than we were at this time last year, or worse. We are either making progress, or we are slipping back. But which is it? Are we on the right track?

**SEE PAGE 5 FOR THE POST'S BIG PATRIOTIC PRIZE CONTEST!**

air force and the Italian fleet proves they can fight.

As our force move nearer and nearer the great battlefields where the war is finally to be fought and won, I, for one, will be satisfied to see our own armies fighting side by side with the stubborn, tenacious British soldiers, sailors and airmen.

We owe Britain a great debt which we intend to repay in full. And Mr. Churchill will carry back to England with him a renewed confidence and assurance in our faith and our military might. A gallant and fighting leader of the British people is our guest. He has but one business here—the planning with the President and American and British military advisers the offensive strategy of the war—and I can assure you that that business is being accomplished.

**LOOSE ENDS**

Pull is something you think you have until you try to pull it!



I am sure you have all known something of those misgivings which now and again oppress even the most courageous, self-despising that haunt the mind when old temptations rise up and mock us, searchings of heart as to whether we really do believe what we say we do, doubts about God and about one's fellow man that make the heart sick with a sense of unutterable futility, moods when in bitterness of soul we are ready to sneer at the whole business of life. At such times we seem to have lost our way. Is it life that is in front of us, or death? It is a great question. A man must have something to steer by when the stars have gone out and the sun fails to shine!

What do you think of this? "We know that we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren." If, St. John says, the deep desires of your nature are really pointing towards human fellowship, and all that human fellowship in its widest sense can mean; if more and more you find yourself trying to enter into the lives of others—the tasks that others have to do, the problems that others have to face, the sorrows and anxieties that others have to bear—if it really mat-

(Continued on page 6)

**COCKTAIL MORALE**

(From the Windsor Star)

Nothing more striking has been said in regard to the public attitude toward the war than the declaration of Hon. J. L. Hsley, in his address here last night, that we need less of the "morale of the cocktail party" and more of the "morale of Sevastopol." That seems to sum up the whole question.

Morale, as the minister of finance pointed out, is not a matter of keeping in high spirits. That can be induced by foolish and unreasoning optimism, and it is not real morale. Real morale is the ability to meet and accept the hard things of the war and still retain the determination to see it through to the end. The sort of morale that crumbles at the first hint of bad news is not worth much.

Around Sevastopol, the Russians are showing what real spirit means. They have little to cheer them. They have no immediate prospects other than a continuation of a grim struggle for life. Yet they do not flinch either physically or spiritually. Their determination to carry on to victory is stronger in adversity than it would be if the going were easy.

We have, of course, much of that sort of morale in Canada, but we have not enough of it. It has to spread until it imbues every person in this nation, and in all the United Nations, before we can be sure that we have sufficient hardness to make victory certain. The sacrifices demanded of us must not be allowed to dishearten us. Rather, each one must be a further driving force to send us another step along the road to victory. Wars that are won easily are scarcely ever worth winning. Those that are won only by hard, bitter struggle are the only ones in which we should take pride.

**OUR "BABY" IS DOING VERY NICELY, THANK YOU**

The Airman's Post continues to receive praiseworthy mention from Canadian newspapers and we modestly repeat here some of the nice things they're saying about our station publication.

The Winnipeg Tribune had this to say on its editorial page of July 14th: Airmen at the Manning Depot at Brandon issue an attractive magazine, The Airman's Post . . . The Post is doing an all around good job at the school and we hope it will continue to serve the airmen and their friends as it has in the past.

And from the Brandon Daily Sun we have this: The most recent issue of the Airman's Post was dedicated as a Brandon anniversary issue. As usual this publication is bright and newsworthy . . . its success is a tribute to the interest the officer commanding No. 2 Manning Depot, Wing Commander H. G. Reid, takes in the publication.

The Mannville Mirror published in Vermillion, Alberta, not only paid us the compliment of an editorial tribute, but also reprinted short items from the July issue of the Post.

The Winnipeg Free Press was also very complimentary in its comments and the paper's magazine editor, Frank H. Williams, used several of our humorous items in his Heard and Seen column.

Let us continue to win the approval of these nationally read newspapers. And remember, the Post travels to many distant parts of this troubled old world. Support it with sprightly, entertaining and instructive contributions. The printed word is a powerful weapon in modern warfare. Get busy with that pen and write something good for the September issue.



High officers of the Canadian forces in Britain are shown at the march-past of Dominion troops to the commemoration service held in Westminster Abbey in honor of Dominion Day. Left to right, Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, Lieut.-Gen. H. D. G. Creerar and Air Vice-Marshal H. A. Edwards, air officer commanding.



### THE WILLING SPIRIT

I can't say "No" to the Air Force,  
And—oh! how I have tried!  
But there's something about the khaki  
That cannot be denied.

The Corporals and the Sergeants  
The first class Airmen, too—  
Even the rookie yard birds  
Are experts at pitching woo.

They have a line that's terrific,  
Impossible to resist,  
And, sister—when they kiss you,  
Believe me—you stay kissed!

Understand—I'm not complaining,  
A fool I'd be to mind,  
But I'm more than a little sorry  
For the girls they left behind.

No, I can't say "No" to the Air Force,  
I'm not even going to try;  
You're asking me the reason?  
It's UNPATRIOTIC—that's why!  
—Ruth Shapiro.

### VACANT

A Norwegian farmer paid a visit to  
a neighbor about a mile down the  
road.

After the usual greeting the host  
asked: "Did you meet anyone coming  
down?"

"Not a human soul," the visitor  
replied, "only an empty troop car full  
of Nazis."

### RIGHT, CHUM

"Please don't mind me, Sergeant  
Major, if I show a little independence  
on the parade ground this morning,"  
said the A.C.2

"Why do you ask that?" thundered  
the great man.

"Well, you see, sir, my wife is look-  
ing through the railings."

### SPRING SONG

Husband: "Another new outfit!  
Where on earth do you imagine I'll  
get the money from?"

Wife: "Whatever my faults, darling,  
I'm not inquisitive."

### FINE JUDGMENT

"No sir," said the defendant, "I was  
certainly not drunk, though I may  
have been intoxicated."

"Well," said the magistrate, "I in-  
tended to fine you twenty shillings,  
but in view of your explanation, I'll  
make it a pound."



## SLIP-STREAM-LINES

Breezy Bits from the Barracks"



"I can't see very much from the rear, Sir, but I would definitely say it was  
a woman."

### FELLOWSHIP OF SUFFERING

Pagodas of a worth untold,  
Rich, broided silks and cloth of gold,  
Jades, porcelains, the jewelled throne  
Of Buddha, dreaming there alone—  
These palaces of man's desire  
Are bombed to rubble, dust and mire.

No more the temple bells will play  
From Ispahan to Mandalay,  
From Timbuctoo to Trebizond  
And in the shadowy parts beyond.  
And many an idol crumbles down  
In Coventry and London Town.

And so, from Sarawak to Kars  
Burns the wild sacrifice to Mars.  
But now, at last, we share the pain,  
Our thinking high, our living plain.  
To aid the battle of the free—  
ONE LUMP of sugar in our tea!  
—J. E. Middleton.

### AYE, VERRA LONG

The old Scottish woman, far up in  
the Highlands, had just heard about  
Dunkirk.

"They say it was terrible at Dun-  
kirk," she said. A mon was here yes-  
terday and said we had a great dis-  
aster on our hands. The poor English  
are so disorganized they may hae to  
give up. If they do, it will be a verra  
long war."

### HOT STUFF

Into the cosy cottage of the dear  
old lady came two billeted soldiers.  
She greeted them with a friendly  
smile, showed them to their room,  
and watched them dump their be-  
longings—tin helmets, gas respira-  
tors, packs, kit-bags, etc.

Then a worried look came into her  
faded eyes as she asked, "Young men,  
are you sure you came by all those  
things honestly?"



### THE WAYS OF THE MOVIES

There are several things about the  
movies that we have not been able to  
fathom. One is how, according to the  
publicity departments, almost every  
other film made is super-colossal,  
super-stupendous, super-gigantic or  
super-something else, guaranteed to  
rend your heart with grief, or to split  
your sides with laughing. Another  
is why theatres are required to buy  
"trailers" of the next feature which,  
more than likely, serve as a tip to  
give it a miss when it comes, and  
another is why the audiences have to  
be bothered with a long list of "cred-  
its" to the people who had a hand  
in the production. After giving a few  
feet of film exclusively to the pro-  
ducer and the director, there follows  
a long list of men and women who  
edited the yardage, fixed the heroine's  
hair, put on the make-up and so on,  
all of which the millions of patrons  
are not the least interested in, and  
if they read it at all, forget the names  
as soon as they read them. We can  
only suppose that it is in the contract  
these people have with the producer.

A Hollywood columnist recently  
suggested that as the materials that  
go into the making of film are useful  
for war purposes, these "credits," con-  
suming several hundred feet per film,  
should be eliminated. The producers  
held a big meeting and decided  
against such an iconoclastic revolu-  
tion.

If this sort of thing were to become  
part of our economic life every article  
that is made should have a label upon  
it giving the names of everybody who  
had a hand in the production from the  
raw material stage to the retail coun-  
ter. Supposing it were applied to  
newspapers, our masthead would run  
something like this:

Produced under the personal direc-  
tion of Bill Jones, assisted by Joe  
Foss; original stories by Tom Catt,  
Spike Davey and Chuck Churchill;  
type set by Harry Hammer; linotype  
by Mergenthaler; paper by the Peppy  
Pulp Co.; proof reading by Gus  
Oomph; corrections by Dusty Miller;  
page make-up by Jack Schnozzle;  
stereotyping by Walt Dizzy; press-  
work by Bob Boozer; distributed in  
Canada, the United States and abroad  
by Hap McSporran.

### FULLY EQUIPPED

"Little boy, do both of your dogs  
have licenses?"  
"Yes, sir! They're just covered  
with them."



**Death Wore a Swastika**  
(Continued from page 2)

"We want you to settle an argument for us," said the skull, "by deciding yourself which one of us gets you."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Smugly moaned. "Who are you anyway?"

"This is no occasion for joking," said the skull sternly. "You know very well who we are—the two greatest scourges of humanity: Death and Famine, and at the present time being sponsored by Adolf Hitler & Company. Now will you hurry up and make a choice?"

"I will not," Mr. Smugly mumbled. "I want nothing to do with either of you."

"That's a stupid thing to say," Famine rebuked. "After all you invited us here."

"I certainly did not," said Mr. Smugly with a show of spirit.

"You're a liar, and we'll prove it," said the figure called Death. He put two fingers to his lips and sounded a shrill whistle. Almost immediately the door opened and another strange apparition entered the room. This one was a miserable looking thing, dwarfed, dull-eyed, and shambling. Death addressed this newcomer, "Smugly here, is giving us a little trouble. He says we received no invitation to come for him. What have you got to say about that?"

"I don't care what he has to say," Mr. Smugly shouted. "I know I didn't invite you here, and I want nothing to do with any of you."

"Be quiet!" said Death sharply, and to the dwarf, "Go on, tell him."

"Mr. Smugly," the dwarf began in a low sad voice, "didn't you tell lies to the head of the firm you work for to avoid contributing a certain sum of money to help the war effort?"

"How do you know, I mean—I did nothing of the sort," Mr. Smugly denied weakly.

"It won't do you any good to deny it," Famine observed sternly. "Continue," he said to the dwarf.

"And you procured two tires for your car illegally," the dwarf announced sorrowfully. Mr. Smugly offered no denial this time. "And then there was the sugar ration card that you used instead of returning it to the proper authorities."

"Alright, supposing I did do those things," Mr. Smugly challenged. "How can that be construed as an invitation to Death and Famine to come here?"

"Let me explain," said the dwarf forlornly. "Whenever things like that begin to happen in a certain place you'll always find me around. And my presence is always an invitation to Death and Famine to make an appearance."

"This has got me all muddled," Smugly groaned. "Who are you anyway?"

"I am sometimes described as a national post-mortem," the dwarf answered sadly. "Men also call me, 'Too little, too late.'"

And so we bring Mr. Smugly's night mare to an end, but let us not



**HERE IT IS!**

**THE POST'S PATRIOTIC PRIZE CONTEST**

**Polish your specs—Read the Rules and Get Going**



Concealed in each of six advertisements is a word that has no reference to the merchandise or services being advertised—these words when found and linked together, reveal a two-fold method for hastening a United Nation's victory over the Axis. Get acquainted with the advertisers right away and ferret out the SIX KEY WORDS. The contest is open to airmen and female personnel of this Depot only. Write your answer, advertisers' names, your own name, Flight No. or section on a piece of scrap paper and bring it or send it to the Publications' Office at the rear of "A" Squadron. The first correct answer received in either class will be adjudged the winning entries. The contest will be officially ended at 1700 hrs. tonight, July 31st. Announcement of the prize winners will be made shortly after. DON'T WASTE TIME—LOOK FOR THE SIX LUCKY WORDS NOW AND WIN A HANDSOME GIFT PRIZE.

forget that in many lands today these things are not dreams—but grim realities. See to it that YOU do your part to ensure that the spectre of "Too little, too late" does not become our national post-mortem in the critical months that lie ahead.

—Editor.

**ATTENTION, MEN GOING ON LEAVE!**

The hospitality of many Winnipeg homes is available to men at this Depot who make proper application on a form provided for that purpose and which will be found attached to the East end portion of the stage wall near the entrance. Or a direct request may be forwarded to the Central Volunteer Bureau, Room 39, 460 Main Street, Winnipeg, their telephone numbers: 29100, 23697. Applications must be sent in at least two days before leaves start. For more detailed information consult the Y.M.C.A. representatives in their office near the Arena stage.

And now, a few simple rules that might be observed when you visit these Winnipeg homes:

- (1) Show your appreciation for the hospitality given.
- (2) Never take an unfair advantage of this voluntary kindness.
- (3) Conduct yourself in such a manner that these hospitable citizens of Winnipeg will welcome a return visit from you or any other member of the Air Force.
- (4) Always remember that the good reputation of the Force is in your keeping while you are a guest in these homes.
- (5) If you find it impossible to accept an invitation after it is given—wire or telephone the hostess that you won't be coming. This is a courtesy that she will appreciate.

**SHORT TRIP**

As the lady was climbing aboard the bus she turned to wave farewell to her friend.

"Good-by, dear," she called. "I'll be with you again soon."

"Sooner than you think, lady," said the conductor firmly. "We're full up."

A Nazi airplane pilot was attacked by his own rubber boat in midair and forced down. It seems that rubber boats are fitted with a tube of highly compressed air—enough to inflate the whole boat in three or four seconds. The German's valves came undone at 5,000 feet and the rubber boat began to crowd him out of the cockpit. He was finally forced to give up the struggle and make a landing.

**ALSO, MORE FOOD**

Hans and Fritz were discussing conditions in Germany.

"Der Fuehrer," said Hans, "has done great work. We now have more living space than ever."

"Is that so" asked Fritz. "Why—because we have more land?"

"No," was the retort. "Because we have less soldiers."

**CO-OPERATION OF BRANDON SCHOOL OFFICIALS APPRECIATED**

For several months now, room space in local schools has been made available to airmen at this Manning Depot for lecture and educational purposes through the co-operation and kindness of the following Brandon school officials, Supt. of Schools T. A. Neelin, Mr. F. A. Wood, Secretary of the school board, Mr. W. A. Wood, principal of Alexandra school, and Mr. H. Hyson, principal of Park school. This accommodation has been of great help in furthering the education of personnel and we extend our thanks to these gentlemen for their courtesy and consideration.

**FOLLOWS PRECEDENT**  
(From the Windsor Star)

No less an authority than Hitler himself has designated the late Reinhard Heydrich as "one of our martyrs." The first one was the degenerate, Horst Wessel, so addition of the "Hangman" to the list is at least an assurance that the low level of Nazi martyrdom is being maintained.

**M. GHITTERMAN**

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ACTIVE SERVICE TAILOR  
Formerly with the R.C.A.F.

**Alterations, Dry Cleaning, Pressing and Repairs**

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We call and deliver Brandon, Man.

**GREETINGS AND GOOD LUCK TO THE MEN OF THE R.C.A.F.**

• • • —

**"Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few"**

• • • —

The

**A. E. McKenzie Seed Co. Ltd.**

BRANDON, MAN.

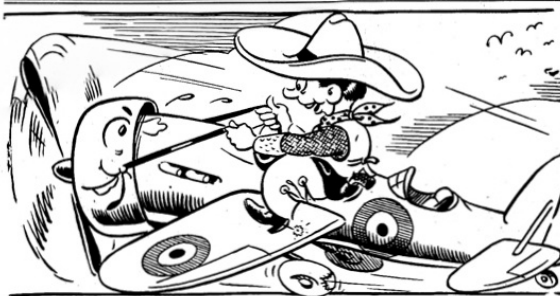
### Where Are You Going?

(Continued from page 3)

ters to you that there should be peace and good will among men, and you are willing to offer your sympathy, your understanding, your comradeship, your service, your life, to that end—then, quite definitely, you are on the right track. Your faith may still perhaps be weak. You may be conscious of many shortcomings. Yet you are moving in the right direction. But, if, on the other hand, your aims and inclinations are not turning that way, if you are out not to give but to get, not to serve but to gain your own ends, if your mind and heart are filled with grudges, prejudices, bitterness towards others—then, however orthodox your professed belief, however regular your pious exercises, however lawful your conduct, you are on the wrong track. You are going in a direction that does not lead to life. And the only thing for you to do is head at once for that path where a man may find his way, if he will, by seeking the love of God in the service of his fellow men.

That is something worth thinking about. It is an acid test. It is both a comfort and a challenge. I leave it to you to think it over. "We know that we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren."

Fl. Lt. A. E. L. Caulfield,  
Station Chaplain (P)



### SKY RIDER

Martha Keller

When the earth's a ball and the ball is spinning  
Round and round and your guns won't shoot—  
If you've said good-by to the underpinning,  
Make your peace with a parachute.

Sit her, boy, she's a circus pony.  
Ride her boy, she's a locoed coit.  
Lift her, boy, if the ground is stony.  
Fly her, boy she's a thunderbolt.

When the sea's a top and the top is turning  
Round and round, and you're coming down;  
If a Messerschmitt sets your tail to burning,

### DEAD-EYE RAY MARK SCORES AS BOMBS SINK TWO SHIPS

With the R.C.A.F. Somewhere in England.—Don't be surprised if you hear that 25-year-old Flt. Sgt. Ray Mark, an R.C.A.F. observer from Winnipeg, has sunk an Axis ship in the far east. A "dead eye" with his bomb release, he has sunk an enemy vessel in each of the two theatres of war where he has served.

Mark, a former auditor with Hudson's Bay company, walloped his first victim shortly after completing his operational training in Britain. On a flight over Norway, he spotted a large German merchantman creeping up the coast and hurled bombs on to the deck. It sank immediately.

Transferred to the middle east, Ray got his second freighter south of Malta. It was another direct hit.

He tangled often with German and Italian aircraft . . . "once my legs were sprayed with shrapnel," he said. "It put me unserviceable for a while."

Now his squadron is in Ceylon. The sharp cries of the Ceylon peacocks sometimes disturb his slumbers in a palm-thatched, palm-walled hut in a coconut grove.

### REDUCTION IN RANK

I. E. Turner, of the Army Physical Training corps, is a sergeant today instead of a company sergeant-major, because in his excitement at going overseas he forgot security regulations. He disclosed information about troop movements in a letter to his wife and was reduced in rank by a court martial.



### "SWING PARADE"

The camera caught this bevy of uniformed sweet-things from No. 12 S.F.T.S. enjoying the station dance with partners from the ranks of No. 2.

### PERSONAL POSTSCRIPTS

#### Departures

The following personnel, officers and airmen, have left us recently to continue their work in some other busy part of this vast air-training industry.

F/O Cockburn has been posted to Winnipeg; F/O Walton and F/O McComb have gone East to Toronto, and F/O Lucas has joined the Western Air Command; Sgt. Major Hance and Flt. Sgt. Fitzgerald have made the long journey to Newfoundland, and Flt. Sgt. Cameron now calls Vulcan, Alberta, his home. We were sorry to see them go, and extend the best of wishes for success at their new stations.

#### New Arrivals

W.O.1 J. B. Chalmers comes to us from Dartmouth as our new Station Sergeant-Major. Welcome to Brandon, Sir! Elsewhere in these pages we have also noted the arrival of our new Equipment Officer, Squadron Leader Hope.

Also under this heading we welcome a new arrival to Flt. Sgt. and Mrs. McLean, a boy, Andrew Bruce—born at Ft. William on June 28th. The very best of luck, Andrew Bruce.

#### Amalgamations

Cpl. G. E. Weston, Pay Office, acquired a blushing bride on July 18th—Miss Eva Irene Simpson of Winnipeg.

#### Visitors

The following officers paid us a brief visit during the past few weeks: S/L H. McFarlane, F/L J. Martin, W/C J. A. Sifton, all from No. 2 Training Command. And from A.F.H.Q. we had F/O W. T. Hendershot.



### CURIOS

The teacher believed in giving her class lessons in general knowledge. "What is this?" she asked one day, holding up a small object.

"A pay envelope," replied little Freddie promptly.

"Good!" exclaimed the teacher. "And what did it contain?"

"Money," said Freddie; "your wages."

"Very good, Freddie!" she said, beaming around the class. "Any questions about it?"

"Please, teacher," remarked one thoughtful child, "where do you work?"

### GRANNY'S KNEES

Modern Miss: "It is all very well, granny, to find fault with my new frock. But didn't you ever set your cap at a young man?"

Granny: "Yes, my dear, but never my knee-cap."

### TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT AT THE CAPITOL THE OAK

Brandon's Independent Theatres  
EIGHTH STREET  
Admission at Popular Prices

Kelly is dead, as you surely have read—  
Be thankful for men who can fight—  
But if you're a man who serves when he can,  
Then Kelly will know you're all right.

Kelly still lives and the message he gives—  
Is one to remember today:  
"Just do your work" and if you don't shirk—  
Then Kelly will know you're O.K.

A warm welcome extended to all men in the services

Work

D. B. ROBERTS, Manager





**THE PASSING SHOW**

Take a cup of mirth and a pint of melody, add a quart of frolic and a measure of fun, spice it with variety and flavor it with novelty, and then prime it with a lot of personality and you have a mixture for the entertainment punch bowl that will stand an audience on its head and make it beg for more. And that's the sort of heady tonic we've been getting in the past few weeks at this station and we like it. Give us more.

Memory is a fickle thing, but we will not soon forget some of the friendly talented people who have journeyed to this Depot in recent weeks to perform on our stages. They gave us a whale of a good time, and our "thank you" has a lot of real warmth and feeling in it.

Along the way we pause to salute Lilly Courage and the Moterettes—four pretty, piquant, peppy personalities who had the same effect on our weary optics as a shot of Murine.

A voice that filled this aging Arena with glorious sound recently, belonged to Hugh MacDonell. Come and visit us again, Hugh.

Ah, yes, and that personality of the trumpet, Polly Dadsen. A little girl with a big future in the entertainment world. Song writer, too.

Still another memorable Sunday night brought us nostalgic echoes from the last great conflict. We saw the troops of those days swing past again to the strains of "Mademoiselle from Armetieres" as Lieut. Gitz Rice, composer of that famous song and others, rolled back the years with his magic fingers on the keyboard.

Something memory will cherish for a long time was the playing of Brahms Lullaby by Sasha Lukas, the Russian violinist. We have heard it played before, but never as it was played on the Arena stage that night.

Another member of the good-will party was Simeon Karavaeff, Russian dancer. This gentleman's antics both as dancer and M.C. entertained the crowd hugely.

And we should be shot if we forget that very lovely member of the company—Miss Edna Duane, a very beautiful voice and a sweet personality. We salute her good judgment in becoming the bride of a member of Can-



**A Salute to the Artists Who Entertain Us**

Many of them travel long tiresome distances through every kind of adverse weather conditions to reach us, surrendering cheerfully their right to a week-end holiday of rest and leisure, giving of their talents freely, gladly, and without charge, asking nothing in return except the satisfaction of knowing that they have given some measure of pleasure to the men in uniform. And let no one underestimate the value of the contribution these people are making to the cause of a wholesome morale; the entertainment they provide is a tonic for the spirit and a sedative for the

mind. Men who are preparing for the grim business of war need these interludes of music and mirth and gaiety.

The small charge made at the door for admission to these concerts is used only to defray the cost of transporting these artists to the manning depot and home again. This money collected is used for no other purpose, and is only just sufficient to cover transportation expenses. But there is nothing meagre or small in the extent of this Depot's gratitude for the grand entertainment they're giving us. "Thanks a million!"



A quartette familiar to Arena audiences. Back, left to right: F/O Lucas, Flt. Sgt. Hutton. Front: Misses Lillian Bain and Margaret King.

ada's armed forces—congratulations, Captain Mayne.

Something very special also was the night of July 9th when from the pages of the books of Charles Dickens' we enjoyed a delightful visit from Schoolmaster Squeers, Grandfather Smallweed, Uriah Heap, and old Scrooge. Captain Armitage's recreation of these classic characters was splendidly done. And we can think of a host of suitable adjectives to employ in paying tribute to his fine dramatic rendering of the final scene in The Tale of Two Cities.

And in summing up, may we say, that the Passing Show of recent weeks has been EPIC fare.

**SURE THING**

Tommy was meandering homeward much later than his usual suppertime. A friend of the family who happened to meet him, said:  
"Why, Tommy, aren't you afraid you will be late for supper?"  
"Nope," replied Tommy. "I've got the meat."

**THE SMILERS RETURN TO WOO US AGAIN**

Another galaxy of stars performed for us on the evening of the 19th and the "night became filled with music and the cares that infested the day folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stole away."

Yes, that's precisely how it affected us, but if there had been any Arabs around we doubt very much if they would have taken their departure without first seeing the show all the way through. It was good. And we nominate the following artists for the D.E.M. (Distinguished Entertainment Medal):

Toody Qualle, song and tap dance; Ernie Loch, Jim Lowden, and Betty Gelselman of Winnipeg for their hand-balancing act; Jean Varcoe, lovely voice; F/O Brown of Estevan (special mention) for his masterly performance on the violin; Gloria Qualle (a talented family, the Qualles); Muriel Semkbell from Kennay, a very nice soprano; The Three Musketeers from Rivers, Sgt. John Duggan, LAC Jack Smith and Sgt. Jock Bennet, accordion, crooner, and magician; the Ukrainian group, and Marjorie Diller emulating Gene Autrey.



**STATION DANCE VERY SUCCESSFUL**

Our station dance of the 14th has passed into history labeled a "huge success". And we hear that it may be the forerunner of other similar monthly frolics. The R.C.A.F. musicians did a grand job of orchestrating (as usual) and Dicky Scott's trumpet solos kept the Arena in a sweat.

Other artists who contributed to the perfection of the evening included Miss Lucy Kabbin, soprano, from Souris, Man. Earl Dick, tenor, Frank Hockaday in a comedy number, Gloria Qualle, singer, and her sister, Toody, tap-dancer. Humphrey Davies was a very capable M.C.

**SOLUTION**

A filling-station man answered the distress call of a stalled car some few miles down the highway. Arriving at the scene, he found the truttering female driver pulling and jerking and peering—but to no avail.

His brief once-over revealed that the car was out of gas.  
"Oh," sighed the lady with relief, "I'm glad that's the only trouble. But do you suppose it would hurt the car if I drove home on an empty tank?"

**THE CANADIAN LEGION WAR SERVICE ARTISTS ENTERTAIN US**

There was no division of opinion on the quality of the entertainment laded out by the Canadian Legion War Service Artists on the evening of July 12th—it was unanimously voted: Category A1—which is our Air Force way of saying, 100%.

We might add that any show which includes the talented person of Miss Fleurette McCuaig could not be other than first rate. Fleurette is a dynamo of entertainment all by herself. And when a show also includes such bright personalities as, Jessie Gamble, June Callaghan, Kerr Wilson, Olga Irwin, Wilf. Penston, Ken Leyton and others, we have the kind of entertainment that sends people home with a big smile and a warm feeling inside.

It was a variety show that gave us large scintillating helpings of clever dancing and superb singing, spiced with comedy and instrumental numbers.

Please come back in the not too distant future,



## Sport Personalities at No. 2

The Manning Depot continues to maintain its high standard of athletics and athletics, and can boast of several hundred men on the station at the present, who have participated in organized sport, throughout Canada, and other parts of the hemisphere.

For instance, there is AC2 Freddie Woods, who once held the North American Intermediate Speed-Skating Championship, besides having won scores of other trophies in the winter sport. Woods' home is in Winnipeg, from which city AC2 Harry Perlumutter has just arrived. This hefty little bolt of lightning is an all-around athlete, starring particularly in soccer and softball. To his friends back home he is known as Tarzan, not because of the scarcity of clothing he wears, but because of his tough physique. Another great athlete from the capital city is AC2 Ab Collings, who is famous both in Canada and the United States for his hockey ability, while still another representative of that city is Jack Tomes, who intends to add to his fame as a softball and basketball star, by his work in the R.C.A.F. Tomes was one of the outstanding stars for Western Canada cage finalists for the past several years. G. Scott plays almost as many different sports as the number of cities in which he has resided. He hails from Bermuda originally, and has attended college in Boston, Mass., and has finally found himself in the city of Brandon, in R.C.A.F. uniform. He plays soccer and softball and is also a swimming and tennis star. AC2 Baron who is quite a softball and basketball star, comes from Toronto, while A. G. Kelly, whose relatives reside at the Head of the Lakes, was a member of Port Arthur Bearcats Allan Cup hockey team, playing goal. Kelly says he shall in future stop the Nazis just as he used to stop the pucks. Then there is AC2 Bob McKinney, from Winnipeg, quite famous for his swimming, but quite adept at other games, including boxing. Other star athletes from Winnipeg, who are now stationed at No. 2 are Nick Shandre, who played basketball and is a fair hand-balancer; D. O. Nellis, a rugby football star with Roamers Juniors; and J. L. Paterson, who participated in basketball, softball and swimming.

Another versatile athlete at Manning Depot is J. Hornol, of Regina, who starred in basketball, softball and soccer. AC2 J. W. Shurvell, from Isabella, Manitoba, who played hockey for his home town, will now confine his activities to work in the R.C.A.F., but hopes to resume his sport after

## SPORT SPLASHES FROM THE POOL



No. 2 MANNING DEPOT SOCCER TEAM

Picture courtesy R. M. Coleman

winning the war. Another hockey star is AC2 D. L. Hagar from Port Arthur.

Instructing some of these boys in Air Force routine, at the Manning Depot is Sgt. R. D. MacAllister, who is well-known in Eastern Canada for his wrestling ability, while Sgt. J. G. Patterson was quite a professional pugilist before enlisting in the R.C.A.F., as was also Flt./Sgt. A. MacLean.

Amongst the officers of the station is F/O L. Ness who does not lack much in athletic ability. He starred in softball particularly, having no small part in his team capturing the Province of Quebec senior championship five years in a row. He was also outstanding in football, playing for the Eastern Canada title-winners one year, hockey, track and tennis. Mr. Ness does his utmost to help the trainees on the station, with their sports ventures, and is the coach of the station softball team. Another famous athlete amongst the officers, is F/O J. E. Roberts, who established the R.A.F. record in India, in 1920, for the 100 yds. and 220 yds. sprints. Other officers on the station, who were great athletes at one time or other, are F/O P. J. Burnett, swimmer and diver; F/L A. J. G. Park, who was a star baseball player.

—Sgt. Max Avren

### AIR FORCE PLANS FOR HOCKEY TEAM

So many hockey players have joined the air force that airmen said there was some hope that the R.C.A.F. will place a team in the National Hockey league next season.

Hockey players who have joined the air force recently include: Johnny McCreedy, Pete Langelle and Wally Stanowski, all of the Toronto Maple Leafs; Bennie Hayes, Trail Smoke-Eaters; Stan King, Port Arthur Bearcats; Paul Platz, Black Hawks; Joe Kroll and Eddie Wiseman, both of the Brooklyn Americans; Ab. Collings, New York Rovers; Eddie May, Lou Labovich and Stan Molinski.



and a little assistance, he managed to get up on his feet, and although it was evident that he was in great pain, the Sergeant insisted on continuing, and in spite of the handicap under which he completed the game, his play was so good that to the spectators it did not appear that he was hurt at all. As a matter of fact, Sgt. Pearson scored the only goal of the game to give the Manning eleven a 1-0 victory.

However, immediately after the game, the forty-eight young hero was taken to the hospital, where his arm was set up in splints and a sling, and examinations showed that ligaments in his wrist had been torn, where he had suffered a gun-shot wound in the last World War.

It is such courage on the sports field, which is carried by the Canadians into the air, that is making the R.C.A.F. so famous for its heroism in the present struggle for freedom.

## Spirited Bouts Thrill Boxing Fans

Boxing fans of the Depot were treated to a spirited exhibition of boxing on Wednesday, July 15th, at the Kinsmen recreation center. Nine bouts and a blind-fold exhibition comprised the card, and in all except one fray the pugilists were novices.

The bout between Dave Belkin and Frank Morrissey, both Winnipeggers and both in the 160 lb. class, proved to be a real thriller. The rangy Morrissey had the edge in reach; but the aggressive Belkin didn't give him a chance to use it as he forced the issue from the opening gong. Morrissey attempted a come-back in the final stages; but Belkin got the nod from the judges.

The three-rounder between Gordon McNeill, of Moose Jaw, and Pat Warnock, of Howard, Sask., proved to be a hard-pounding affair, and the spectators saw red from Warnock's nose in the second round. McNeill got the decision by points based on his consistent punching.

Jim Frame and Ken Davison, two Saskatchewan boys, showed that they liked waltzing, and were warned by Referee F/O Lewis to show more than shadow-boxing. Frame was proclaimed the winner in this unimpressive battle.

The solid punching of J. Steindel, of Winnipeg, proved to be the deciding factor in his victory over Burdett Wallace, of Stoney Beach, Sask.

Cpl. J. Aijour of the Dental Corps showed boxing class when he met Lou Guay. Aijour outsmarted his rival and piled up a nice margin to have the judges hail him as winner.

Eugene Sabine, of Ethelton, Sask., gained the nod over Vernon St. Cyr,

(Continued on page 9)



SERGEANT "SCOTTY" PEARSON

On the records, he is forty-eight years old, but on the soccer field, he is twenty-eight years young. He plays outside right on the Station eleven, and runs, kicks, and bumps with the rest of them—no favor asked or given.

Recently, on a hot sunny evening, in a strenuous match against the Artillery Training Centre, he was bumped hard by an opponent, and fell on his left arm. With some difficulty,

**Spirited Bouts Thrill Fans**

(Continued from page 8)

of Moose Jaw, in their three-frame battle. Sabine outboxed his opponent, and a long reach had a lot to do with his victory.

A. Afferta, of Moose Jaw was the victor over A. Selgman of 'Peg,' in a bout where both fighters traded blows freely.

M. Rowen, of Elkhorn dropped the decision to E. Howes, of Seprre, Sask., when the latter proved to be a very aggressive battler.

P.T.I. Sgts. Avren and Steinhaur met in the main-go, and provided an interesting four-round affair. Steinhaur proved himself to be a cool, steady fighter; but Avren refused to take a back seat as he piled up points on his consistent attacking. The end of the extra round found the judges still proclaiming the match a draw and the decision seemed to be popular with the spectators.

Sgt. Max Avren, incidentally, is leaving our station, and we know we'll be losing a good sportsman; but all will wish him success in his future work with the R.C.A.F.

Wing Commander Reid was an interested spectator.

The Judges were F/Lt. Gagne and F/O Jones.

The Referee, F/O Lewis.

Announcer, Sgt. Miller.

ACI Irving Harris.

**JESUS MAN**

After a dog fight with 14 Jap planes. Lieut. Clarence Sandford had been forced down for lack of gas and had stripped off his clothes and swum three miles to shore, where he collapsed. When he came to, on the beach of Bremer Island, north of Australia, two black aborigines with spears upraised were standing over him.

"Jap?" asked one of the natives.

"No!" the flyer answered.

"Jesus?" asked the other native, pointing with his spear to a small medallion of the cross which Sandford was wearing on his chest.

"Sure, Jesus man."

At that reply the natives lowered their spears and walked the flyer 25 miles to the home of an English missionary, who cared for him and put him aboard a small sailing vessel bound for Australia.

**DITTO MOVE**

You can't win a war until you think faster, earlier and more accurately than the other fellow.

**NINE MEN RELATE TALE OF TOBRUK**

With Forward Troops of the British Eighth Army, El Alamein—A patrol of South African troops went out in search of a party of prowlers seen roving about just beyond the British barbed wire defences.

The patrol searched among the sand and camel thorn brush. It started back and the leader called.

"We can't find them."

"It's all right. It's only us," said a voice from a hollow in No Man's land.

Nine men stood up and marched toward the South Africans.

"We escaped from Tobruk," one of them said.

**This is Their Story:**

A South African lieutenant and three South African enlisted men had escaped from Tobruk June 22. They joined up with four British Tommies and a South African in the desert during their 16-day trek through enemy held territory.

They walked and rode for 340 miles. They drank water from the radiators of abandoned cars and, holding up a German truck driver and leaving him abandoned, in the desert, they drove on until the truck broke down.

Footsore and weary from walking over the baking desert, they set out to build themselves a truck of spare parts collected from half-wrecked trucks. They spent anxious hours collecting parts and assembling them. Then their second truck gave out and they made the last stage afoot.

"The worst night of all was last night when we reached No Man's land", one of the Tommies said. "We hardly dared breathe. We could hear the Germans talking as we passed their lines. Then we saw the patrol and couldn't make out whether it was ours or theirs. Then we heard the South African call out that he couldn't find them. We were the supposed enemy patrol he was looking for."

**BATTLE OF CRECY STARTS THE SHOOTING**

First authentic record of the use of guns in battle was at the Battle of Crecy in 1346, where they were introduced by the English.

Authorities claim the last time bows and arrows were employed on a European battlefield was in 1813 when the Russian Cossacks were equipped with them at the Battle of Leipsic.



**YOU KNOW BILL, I'VE A FEELING THE PILOT'S MADE A MISTAKE II**

**OFFERS THREE SONS**

A Nigerian chieftain has offered to send three of his sons, with the bows and arrows which his tribes still use, to Berlin to kill Adolf Hitler, the war office announced.

I have many sons, the chief told the British commander in the Nigerian zone of British West Africa. I can easily spare three of them to put an end to the man who is causing so much trouble. They will stalk him like any other jungle beast.

**SURE!**

Father: "Well, son, what did you learn in school today?"

Son (proudly): "I learned to say 'Yes, sir' and 'No, sir' and 'Yes, ma'am' and 'No, ma'am.'"

Father: "You did, eh?"

Son: "Yeah."

**MEMORIES!**

After attacking an enemy ship, a submarine dived and waited for the depth charges.

One of these exploded near enough to the submarine to make it heel over so far that the alarm bell rang and some of the lights went out.

For a moment there was dead silence as everyone waited for what might happen next. Then the ship's comedian came out with:

"Give the gent a coconut, Bill! He's rung the bell!"



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## U.S. Troops Told How To Get on in Britain

The United States war department has issued 32 pages of fatherly advice to American soldiers headed for Britain, advising them on how to get along with their British Allies.

"A Short Guide to Great Britain," issued to every man before he steps on a boat describing the customs, geography, sports, peculiarities and general characteristics of the British people ends with these words:

"In your dealings with them, let this be your slogan:

"It is always impolite to criticize your hosts:

"It is militarily stupid to criticize your Allies."

The book, written in an easy style, is a counterpart to one written for Royal Air Force cadets being trained in the United States and giving them some sound advice on how to get along with Americans and how to promote international comity and good will.

The British pamphlet is generally ascribed to Sir Willmott Lewis, Washington correspondent of The Times of London, but author of the American guide is known only to the war department.

### Must Keep Unity

The American pamphlet points out the fundamental similarities between the British and Americans and the minor differences which Hitler hopes to magnify into a spirit of disunity and disagreement.

The British are reserved, not unfriendly, it says, and warns the soldier not to expect too many conversations in trains or busses. It also warns against British phrases and colloquialisms being used indiscriminately, pointing out that "bloody" should not be used in mixed British company because it is one of their worst swear words and that "I look like a bum" will be taken to mean "that you look like your own backside."

### Other Comment

On money: "British money is in pounds, shillings and pence. The British are used to this system and they like it and all your arguments that the American decimal system is better won't convince them. They won't be

pleased to hear you call it 'funny money' either. They sweat hard to get it (wages are much lower in Britain than America) and they won't think you smart or funny for mocking at it."

On British toughness: "Don't be misled by the British tendency to be soft-spoken and polite. If they need to be, they can be plenty tough. The English language didn't spread across the oceans and over the mountains and jungles and swamps of the world because these people were pantywaists.

"Sixty thousand British civilians—men, women and children—have died under bombs, and yet the morale of Britain is unbreakable and high. A nation doesn't come through that, if it doesn't have plain, common guts. The British are tough, strong people and good Allies."

### Little Shop-Worn

On outward appearances: "Britain may look a little shop-worn and grimy to you. The British people are anxious to have you know that you are not seeing their country at its best. There's been a war on since 1939. The houses haven't been painted because factories are not making paint—they're making planes. The famous English gardens and parks are either unkept because there are no men to take care of them or they are being used to grow needed vegetables.

"British taxicabs look antique because Britain makes tanks for herself and Russia and hasn't time to make new cars. British trains are cold because power is needed for industry, not for heating.

"There are no luxury dining cars on trains because total war effort has no place for such frills. The trains are unwashed and grimy because men and women are needed for more important work than car-washing. The British people are anxious for you to know that in normal times Britain looks much prettier, cleaner, neater."

On government: "Although you'll read in the papers about 'lords' and 'sirs' England is still one of the great democracies and the cradle of many American liberties."

On the British people: "The best way to get on in Britain is very much the same as the best way to get on in America. The same sort of courtesy and decency and friendliness that go over big in America will go over big in Britain. . . .

### Confusing Differences

"In getting along, the first important thing to remember is that the British are like the Americans in many ways—but not in all ways. You will quickly discover differences that seem confusing and even wrong. Like driving on the left side of the road, and having money based on an 'impossible' accounting system, and drinking warm beer. But once you get used to things like that, you will realize that they belong to England just as baseball and jazz and 'cokes' belong to us."

(Continued on page 18)



Fifi took a day off from "clowning" and did some commendable pinch-hitting as an advertising salesman. Here we see him sallying forth to do or die for the good old Post.

### BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

The latecomer to a London concert hall, who imagined he was visiting a variety entertainment, arrived in time to hear a performance not at all to his taste.

He nudged the man next to him.

"I say," he asked, "what's this stuff we're getting?"

"Hush," came the shocked reply; "this is Beethoven's Ninth Symphony."

Well," muttered the non-musical man, "if the other eight were like this, thank goodness I was late!"

### BAD LUCK

"Heard about poor Mrs. Green's bad luck?" said Mrs. Blobbs over the fence.

"No; what is it?" asked Mrs. Nobbs, eagerly.

"Her husband's run away," said Mrs. Blobbs, gloatingly; "and what's more, he's robbed her of every penny she had."

"Well I never!" gasped Mrs. Nobbs. "Poor dear. And she only married him because she was so scared of burglars!"



## THE AIRMAN'S TRIBUTE TO THE MEN IN BATTLE-DRRESS

(A Tribute to the Army)

For you, our pals in battle-dress,  
It's time to take a bow;  
We'll tell the world, in this man's war,  
You've done a job—and how!  
It hasn't been an easy job;  
As we who've watched you know—  
Nor have you shared our luck as yet  
Your stuff in full to show.  
You've had to work like Hell and wait  
For two long years and more  
Nor has Publicity's acclaim  
Held much for you in store;  
But when your time comes, as it must  
By all the Gods of War,  
The Hun will find out to his cost  
What you've been waiting for!

On you, our pals in battle-dress,  
We airmen must depend—  
For what it takes us to begin,  
It's up to you to end!  
Your tanks and your artillery,  
Your armoured cars and guns  
Will clear the earth, as we the sky,  
Of Hitler and his Huns.  
And every bomb we drop is just  
A warning in advance  
That he who's lost his shirt to us,  
To you will lose his pants!  
While we who bear the torch aloft  
May play the opening role,  
The Cause of Freedom in your hands  
Will reach its final goal.

To all our pals in battle-dress  
From us in air force blue,  
Here's luck and best of hunting  
To the last man jack of you!  
The way things look to us right now,  
It won't be very long  
Before, in person, you'll collect  
For comrades of Hong-Kong!  
For every khaki-clad Canuck  
Who made the Sacrifice,  
The Prince of Darkness and his friends  
Will pay a bitter price—  
And Bogus and a busted beer  
Will finally confess  
"I might have licked the world, but for  
These men in battle-dress.  
—By Sqn. Ldr. G. L. Creed, R.C.A.F.

### WITH ROLLED SLEEVE

A man needs something up his sleeve these days and one of the best things is a husky arm—fist attached.

Compliments of

## THE BRANDON RAILWAY CLUB

8 Billiard Tables to entertain the boys of the R.C.A.F.

"We'll Help Keep 'em Flying"

## To Ladies of the Air Force

When Richards cut your hair  
It'll be work that is worth while  
He makes a feature in giving  
Your own particular style.

## RICHARDS BEAUTY PARLOR

Phone 4281

39 - 9th St., Brandon

**HELP YOURSELF TO SUCCESS**

(By P/O T. K. Creighton,  
Education Officer.)

The airman of today, when he comes into contact with the enemy, must be ready to meet fresh problems demanding quick, as well as clear, thinking. Not only must the airman learn to think for himself, but he should feel that it is his duty to help the air force function; for every intelligent man knows that the success of the great military machine depends on the co-operation of all the individuals in it. If it is to function properly, they must be able to use their mental powers as well as their physical powers.



Let's see—what did the instruction book say to do now?

The Canadian Legion Educational Services offer correspondence courses to all men in any branch of the service. The object of these courses is to insure that men in the forces may add to their intellectual equipment, prepare themselves better for their present and future calling and so be more useful to themselves and to the state. Since the principal calling of Canadians is today, and for some time will be, war, the immediate aim of the C.L.E.S. is to help wherever required to do so in providing more efficient fighting men. Beyond that the Services aim at laying the foundations for civil rehabilitation.

**Through these courses:**

- You teach yourself with or without assistance.
- You prepare for promotion, or for special services.
- You increase your efficiency.
- You continue your interrupted education.
- You occupy to advantage a part of your leisure time.
- You prepare yourself for profitable occupation at the close of the war.
- The following courses are listed as subjects best suited to the needs of the Airmen at this Depot:

Introductory courses in English and French, General Science, Mathematics, and Social Studies.

Courses on the secondary level cover work required in all provinces for Junior Matriculation:

Grade nine subjects: English, Social Studies, Mathematics, General Science, French, Latin. Grade Ten offers more advanced work in these same subjects. Grade eleven covers still more advanced work in these fundamental subjects and has in addition, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Music.

Commercial courses are also available in Business Arithmetic, Book-keeping, and shorthand. The technical and vocational courses offer a wide range of subjects which include Mechanical Drawing, Diesel Engineering, Elementary Navigation, The Business of Farming, Poultry Raising and many others.

For those interested, the M.I.R. has been set aside as a study room for airmen on this Depot. A reference library is at your disposal from 1830 hrs. to 2030 hrs. daily. Instructors will be in attendance to help you with your difficulties. Registration forms may be obtained from the Education Officer located in the Records Office.

Drill—discipline—physical response.  
Education—discipline—mental response.

**R.C.A.F. OPENS NEW CATEGORY**

A new category, "air gunner," for air-crew training has been opened, and a high school standing is no longer necessary for enlistment in the R.C.A.F. for air-crew, air authorities have announced.

Men between the ages of 18 and 33 who apply for air-crew training, and have no high school standing, will be tested for their ability to absorb instruction.

If suitable, applicants will be enlisted into the air force and given special educational courses in mathematics, physics and English prior to training.

Formerly, men without high school standing were given pre-enlistment courses. Now they are taken on strength immediately.

Air-crew categories now number three. The first, known as air crew, is split four ways: Air observer, air navigator, air bomber and pilot. The second is wireless operator air gunner, and the third category is air gunner.

The new categories are in keeping with the plan to increase specialization in air-crew sections. This is also being carried over to the air schools, and the bombing and gunnery school at Macdonald, Man., now training both air gunners and air observers, will be changed in the next few weeks to an air-gunner training centre only.

**OR ON A CORVETTE**

That large group of young Canadians whose summer pastime is found on the deck of a sailing craft will not worry greatly over the shortage of gasoline.

**"These Make Britain Great"**

(From the Winnipeg Free Press)

Belittlement of Britain's contribution to the war effort has been employed by the baffled isolationists of the United States as a way of mental escape from their feeling of humiliation. For their discouragement and for the enlightenment of well-meaning Americans the office of Facts and Figures at Washington has issued this synoptic record of British achievements in peace and war:

By nature a sane and moderate people, the British hated going to war. But at the same time they welcomed the decision with an overwhelming sense of relief. This paradox was the result of the nightmare of alternating

shocks and humiliations in which the people had lived since Hitler came to power. Step by step the tyrant had turned their orderly world into a mad-house. The release from nightmare into reality, however grim, was a release of the national will and spirit.

Their darkest hour came in the spring of 1940, with the sudden collapse of Holland, Belgium and France. In that hour Britain faced the Fascist world alone. Winston Churchill, prime minister, spoke for the people when he said, "Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties and so bear ourselves that, if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will still say, 'This was their finest hour.'"

History may well place that judgment on the story of Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain which followed.

(Continued on page 14)



Nursing Sister Margaret Douglas (left) the first Nursing Sister in attendance at No. 2 Manning Depot's station hospital is shown here with U.S. Army nurse, First Lieut. Dorothy Kurtz at a Northern Military outpost overseas.

WAIT  
TILL YOU SEE OUR MODERN  
RESTAURANT

Newly renovated and now the  
smartest place in town

**Golden Gate Cafe**

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**DUNKINS**

CONSULTING OPTOMETRISTS

**BRANDON**



### Our Lovelorn Column

Dear Madam Hortense Heartburn:

My fiancée who was very much in love with me for two years, met our new Flight Sergeant a couple of weeks ago and has now broken our engagement in order to marry him. This Flight Sergeant also picks on me every day during P.T. and this is even more provoking. I must say I am vexed beyond endurance. How can I obtain satisfaction as they tell me revenge is sweet. I do not use bad language at any time.

The-Man-Nobody-Loves.

Dear Man-Nobody-Loves:

Just wait awhile on the Lord and you'll get your Revenge. Gaze into the dim future and you'll see your Ex-Sweetheart with the Flight Sergeant a number of years hence with seven or eight squalling brats coming up in the rear and a few dozen bill collectors on the door-step. You will still be reveling in single blessedness and will congratulate yourself on your luck. Incidentally my telephone number is 232345, if you would care for a little more sympathy.

Madam Hortense Heartburn.

Dear Hortense Heartburn:

My Mother-in-law insists on kissing me every time she comes to visit us and as she has false teeth which are very loose I always get the impression she is going to bite me. How can I put a stop to this habit before it is too late.

Irate.

Dear Irate:

That's easy. When your Mother-in-law take out her teeth at night to retire, steal unobtrusively into her bedroom and squeeze a few drops of aeroplane glue between the top and bottom plates. This will stick them together for the rest of time. If this method fails, save all your old bones and pile them at the front door and when she arrives she can nibble to her hearts content.

Madam Hortense Heartburn.

Dear Hortense Heartburn:

I am a new stenographer in the Pay Office and I am finding that my work interferes with my romance with a little Corporal who also works there. What can I do about it?

Little Helper.

Dear Little Helper:

You certainly must not let the War Effort interfere with your romance. We will wire Hitler immediately and

have him call the whole war off, or did you know there's a war on?

Madam Hortense Heartburn.

Dear Hortense Heartburn:

I am a stenographer at No. 2 Manning Depot and have been doing my bit to help win the war. Last week I bought a tube of leg-cream to save buying silk stockings, but my trouble is this. Each time I walk to work with my boy-friend all the dogs for six blocks follow us with greedy tongues. This is enough to make any gal mad. What can I do to stop it?

Little Bo-Peep.

Dear Little Bo-Peep:

Your patriotism is commendable child, and to stop this, just get the boy-friend to paint his legs to resemble a fire-hydrant and your canine comrades will very soon be minding their own business.

Madam Hortense Heartburn.

### HERE SHE IS!



We bow to public clamour and publish this informal picture of Madam Hortense Heartburn taken at her summer home at Stop-over Beach, Miami.

### DOUBLE ENTRY

Sims: "And you reckon you save money by going through the household accounts every evening with your wife?"

Grant: "I save dollars, old man. By the time we balance it's too late to go anywhere."

### SQUADRON LEADER F. K. HOPE NEW EQUIPMENT OFFICER

Our new Equipment Officer, Squadron Leader Hope, is a veteran of the last great war and saw service in France as the youthful pilot of a "Camel". And to avoid misunderstanding let us explain that this "Camel" was not of the four-legged, hump-backed species, but instead a very efficient (for those days) make of English aircraft.

Squadron Leader Hope comes to us from A.F.H.Q. where his chief worry was supplying the demand for such weighty merchandise as air-frames, aero-engines, wireless equipment, etc. Twenty-five years ago he was mainly concerned with the business of keeping one engine operating and its air-frame intact.

The Squadron Leader expressed himself as being very pleasantly surprised to find Brandon such a picturesque city. A stranger to this part of the West, S/L Hope had expected to find a monotonous landscape of flat, sun-scorched, bald-headed prairie. He was particularly impressed by the beauty of the trees in Brandon. He is due for another very pleasant surprise when he pays a visit to our very fascinating Riding Mountain National Park.

We wish Squadron Leader Hope a very pleasant stay at No. 2 Manning Depot.

### BITS OF INFORMATION

Many people fail to take seriously the warnings that have been issued against careless talk, simply because they cannot conceive that they may know anything that would be of interest to an enemy agent. This theory should be exploded by the words of General J. C. Murchie, vice-chief of the Canadian general staff, in his warning of espionage activity.

The general impression of a spy is of some sinister person concerning himself solely with important state secrets. That is not the way the enemy organization works today. As General Murchie points out, its agents are chiefly engaged in collecting scraps of information, which they painstakingly piece together until they have a complete picture. Even the most casual word may supply them with the one minor fact needed to fill out the pattern, and that word may be dropped by a person who has not the slightest suspicion that he knows anything of military value. Ceaseless vigilance is the only sure safeguard.

### De Bunk Area



We wonder if anyone remembers the story of Pandora and the box. How when curiosity got the best of her and all the little winged creatures called "Misery", "Sore Feet", "Boredom", and "No Money" were released and escaped into the world, there was still one lovely little mite left whose name was "Hope". She carried cheer, happiness, and a vision of the future where all the little irritations like homesickness and mess hall stew were forgotten and all that was left were peace and love and NO HITLER!

Speaking of love, we have a word of praise for Corp. Connacher—Greater love hath no man than this, that he shares his girl with a friend—or was it twenty friends?

Art Nicol has left this station after a year's travail, and we wish him happy hours at Estevan. Carry the torch high, Art and battle the elements with fortitude and fervour.

The old Depot's going to seem very lonely in days to come. We're going to sorely miss some of those friendly familiar faces, officers and airmen, who have moved on to other pastures. Guid Luck go w' them.

Note to the leather industry: Try our mess-hall liver if you run short of hides.

We understand the Sergeants' brawl at the Country Club was a "howling" success—a number of split personalities clustered around in a circle and bayed to the moon.

Speaking of wolves, here's some advice to new sergeants: Don't go into the Mess minus a collar pin—it's an expensive oversight.

Gordon Hicks (remember him—he drew cartoons for the Post) writes that Ottawa is the busiest place in the world—also the prettiest place: It's lavishly decorated with women. Who wants a posting?

Which reminds us that Sgt. Avren will have shaken the dust of this Depot from his feet by the time this gets into print. The best of everything to you, too, Max. Our loss is Saskatoon's gain.

Sweetest recollection of the month: The cherries from Vancouver that Miss Caught let us sample.

Cheerio—see you next month.

Beautiful  
LARGE PHOTOGRAPHS  
2 Poses 25c Finished while  
you wait.

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CHRISTIE GRANTS

Rosser Ave. BRANDON MAN.

## YOUR STATION HOSPITAL

There is very little said about this department of the R.C.A.F. or the men and women that work therein. We are the forgotten few that work on the sidelines. As far as the recruit is concerned, a trip to the station hospital is gruesome. He has visions of a figure bearing down upon him with a needle.

Perhaps if I give you an idea of who fills the positions in the hospital you will come to see us with a firmer tread and a stouter heart.

Let us begin with Medical Officers. At the time of writing our chief M.O. is Squadron Leader Wilson who is leaving us to take up the position of Medical Officer in charge of the station hospital in Yorkton. We would like to take this opportunity of wishing him the best of luck in his new position. Well now, next on the list is Flight Lieutenant Bradley, a very studious man, this; always on the lookout for something new in the medical profession.

Flight Lieutenant Park is next in line. This gentleman makes the rounds of the wards and the stories that he has to listen to, well, we wonder how he listens so attentively.

I almost missed Squadron Leader Elder and that would be a ghastly mistake for S/Ldr. Elder is our Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat specialist and any time you are passing the front door and hear strange noises, don't worry, it's probably some fortunate young man being separated from his tonsils.

Flying Officer Goldstein is the Medical Officer that looks after Sick Parade and does an excellent job.

And then we have two new Medical Officers on the staff, Flight Lieutenant Newstone and Flying Officer Durkin. So there you have the doctors. And don't forget, men, these officers had to work hard to get the degrees which they hold, and any time that you report sick you have fully qualified medical attention.

Well, let's move on to the "angels

of mercy," the Nursing Sisters Porteous, Lack and McCallum. These girls are a "ray of sunshine" around the hospital, but they weren't given a Nursing Sister's position just to be a "ray of sunshine." They are all Registered Nurses with years of experience and are graduates from some of the finest hospitals in Canada. By the way, the smallest of the "rays" has just gone on temporary duty to Winnipeg and we certainly miss her.

Now comes the N.C.O.'s and men of the Hospital. On the nursing staff we find Sgt. Law, wardmaster with 14 years of hospital experience in a city hospital at Edmonton.

Sgt. Weberling with the same number of years experience in Calgary, also a competent first-aid man.

Then there is Cpl. O'Brien, versed in the gentle art of inoculations, and in charge of the Medical Inspection Room. Cpl. Genest, the little man who provides you with pyjamas, clean sheets, etc., also a qualified nursing orderly.

Cpl. Hindley and Cpl. Treau de Coell, both capable men who will see that you get the best of service.

LAC Dierker who has just been released from Prince Albert penitentiary for the duration. Don't get the wrong idea; he just worked as a hospital attendant at the "Pen." He always went home at nights until he came to Brandon.

LAC Smith and LAC Sprowl are from Mental Hospitals, so you see we have a great combination. By the way Smith and Sprowl were attendants at these hospitals.

Then we have our own "Curly Le Meine" who says he did a little bit of everything before he joined up (he still does a little bit of everything).

Then from Vancouver way we have LAC's Barringer, Prentice and Cates. Barringer used to drive a street car in Vancouver and anyone who rode in his car always needed medical attention, so we acquired a good nursing orderly.

Again from Edmonton we have LAC's Strachan and Yuskwi; both good men on the Nursing Staff.



Personnel of the Station Hospital. S/L Wilson, shown seated between the Nursing Sisters, has recently left this Depot to perform the duties of M.O. at Yorkton, Sask.

From Saskatoon comes veteran "Jimmy" Malcolm, a steady Scotsman. LAC Clay is another veteran of the last show and is doing his job in this one.

LAC's Longstaff and "Chum" Prowse are now enjoying a well earned furlough. All these men are very busy all year round protecting your health and trying to get you back to health and strength so that you might become a good airman to face the hardships of a modern war. And when you step up for your inoculation we are not doing it for fun. We are protecting you from disease.

Then there is the Orderly Room with Sgt. Coutu in charge with the able assistance of Corporal Ziolkowski, LAC Poirier, Miss Ruth McAlpine and the one and only "Corny" Beischer, and if you haven't heard one of his jokes, well, you certainly have missed something.

We certainly can't miss up on Corporal "Vampire" Kendall, our Lab. Assistant and Sgt. Burkett, our Pharmacist. If you have any blood to spare, come along to Cpl. Kendall and he will be glad to do some test or other with it. Both these men are vital to the station hospital.

In charge of Records office is our "Casanova," Sgt. Goodwin (I'm only kiddin' Mrs. Goodwin). This is the boy that records your "knocks" and sees that you don't miss any. In this office also, are LAC's Grossman and Young, and AC1 McClure.

So there you have the staff at the hospital. Men who know what they are doing. Remember, this war is a death struggle and we must have pilots to fly our planes; gunners to ward off attack; observers to drop the bombs; ground men to look after the aircraft and numerous other trades so necessary to the R.C.A.F., and these men have to be healthy; nothing must stand in their way. That is why we have an Air Medical Service. No glowing account is given us by the newspapers, but we are on the job so that others may fight and give their all to put Hitler and his gang where they belong. If that is done we can feel that our effort was not in vain.

Pay a visit to the Station Hospital Get acquainted with the staff. If you are not feeling up to the mark come and see the Medical Officer, he won't bite you.

So here we stand at Brandon, ready to look after the sick, a cheery word for those between the hospital walls and a sharp reprimand for the "lead swinger."

—Sergeant Law, J. J.

## "Your Health"

(By Flt. Lieut. L. O. Bradley)

Recently, Dr. James J. McCann, the president of the Canadian Public Health Association, stated that 44% of the young men called up, were unfit for active military service. This is a disgrace and a discredit to any nation. Fortunately, with the voluntary enlistment of the Air Force, the percentage of rejections, because of physical disability, is just a little above one-third of the above figure. It would appear, superficially at least, that we are a nation in poor health. A good percentage of these rejections are due to physical defects with which the individual may have been born or which he picked up along the course of his young life. Most of these defects could have been prevented or/and could have been corrected early in life but have been neglected until the time of the enlistment medical examination. We are faced with an emergency now and we find our young people in poor health. Think of the wasted manpower.

The remainder of the rejections are made up of boys who are in poor general health; they're in poor shape; they're in poor physical condition; they have bad teeth or tonsils; they are too thin or too fat; they haven't had any physical exercise for years (and they're still youngsters); they're soft.

However, a good number of airmen enlisted are pretty well described in the above paragraph. But why are they enlisted when they seem to be in such poor health—such inadequate

(Continued on page 17)



Our peripatetic camera-man was lurking nearby when this group of ladies visited the station hospital. The airmen patients being fussed over are from left to right, AC2 J. E. B. Campbell, J. R. O'Keefe, and L. E. Sanger. In the background left to right are N/S K. B. McCallum, Mrs. H. G. Reid, S/L Osborne (our new M.O.), Mrs. C. L. Walton, and in the foreground, Mrs. C. E. Bishop.



## Attention

(From "Contact," National Magazine of the R.N.Z.A.F.)

War brings out the worst and the best qualities in human nature. Hatred, deceit and the vilest forms of cruelty flourish. Indeed these evils are encouraged and harnessed in the service of the engines of war. Amidst these weeds of the human soul grow the strong vines of charity, hope, unselfishness, faith and courage.

Courage—no quality of the finer sort is more necessary or more in evidence today than this. On all sides we see the quiet courage of the more spiritual type and the strong courage of the physical kind, unflinching in the face of the gravest personal danger. Since the threat of attack from Japan the quiet type of courage has become more apparent amongst us. But there are still some of us who lack this life-giving virtue. Without courage our endeavours are almost wasted efforts, mere mechanical gestures devoid of the vital pressure which makes them effective.

Courage implies tenacity of purpose. The man who cannot do more for himself and his fellows than dig a slit-trench in his own backyard lacks the kind of courage that gets him out of his spiritual bondage and eventually out of his material entanglements. He is like the man who, having neglected to learn to swim, finds himself wrecked at sea, his chances of survival seriously limited, and the risk to his fellows greatly increased by his own incompetence. A clear purpose, tenaciously pursued, takes all opportunities into its service. Moreover, it brings everyone nearer his goal and makes every step of the journey a minor but satisfying achievement.

Courage is the moral metal that welds together the finer virtues, making of them an unassailable fortress. Without courage the qualities of faith and love are weakling, and life itself is full of nameless fears. With courage all things are possible.

Consider the courage of Winston Churchill, a man laden with the cares of the world's greatest Empire. How easy it would have been, and still is, for him to secure a compromise with Hitler. Weighing Britain's unpreparedness with Germany's armed might who in his place would not have been tempted? But Churchill's courage, typical of that of the majority of Englishmen, brings the seemingly impossible British victory into the bounds, not only of possibility, but of certainty; and Britain flings defiance at her enemies.

Consider the courage of the English people who have suffered for more than two years the dangers, the deprivations, the horrors of front-line warfare. These people, our own flesh

and blood, have taught us the supreme value of steadfastness, self-sacrifice and English good humour, all those qualities in fact that we think of when we talk of "Courage."

Consider the courage of those countless thousands of people living in the occupied territories, seeing each day armed soldiery marching in their streets, fearing the vengeance of the conqueror, being robbed of the necessities of life to fatten the foreign parasites.

Consider the courage of our sailors afloat on all the oceans of the world, of our soldiers at home and abroad, of our airmen on land and at sea, of the munition workers, and of the men and women serving in all the auxiliary forces.

Consider the courage of those who wait at home for news of their kith and kin overseas, anxiously scanning every casualty list, watching with apprehension the telegraph boy whistling his way along their suburban streets.

Consider finally the courage of the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters and wives who already know that one at least will never return to them.

Consider then this vast positive force, this will to win, and be not discouraged! Enthroned courage upon the highest pinnacle! "Courage" is the watchword for 1942!

For our encouragement John Galsworthy wrote these two remarkable verses. Remember them:—

Courage is but a word, and yet, of words

The only sentinel of permanence;

The ruddy watch-fire of cold winter days.

We steal its comfort, lift our weary swords,

And on, for faith without it has no sense;

And love to wind of doubt and tremor sways;

And life forever quaking marsh must tread.

Laws give it not; before it prayer will blush;

Hope has it not; nor pride of being true.

'Tis the mysterious soul which never yields,

But hales us on and on to breast the rush

Of all the fortunes we shall happen thro';

And when Death calls across his shadowy fields—

Dying, it answers: "Here! I am not dead!"

### BUT DON'T WAIT

"The people murmured" spelled trouble for Moses and it has spelled trouble to leaders ever since. Watch for signs of it in Germany.

### REAL DUSTING

A Pullman porter paid his income tax of \$60.50 in quarters. It takes the government to brush a man down!



Caught in the draft

### PROUD MOTHER

London.—Mrs. W. L. Evans is a proud woman. Six of her eight sons are in the army, another is in the merchant navy, and the youngest, 15, is a cadet. Five spent leave at home together and two of them told how they met for the first time in 10 years, aboard a ship at Durban. One was returning from Libya and the other was a survivor from H.M.S. Cornwall, sunk by the Japanese.

### BUSY BIRD

The doctor was visiting Rastus' wife to deliver her twelfth offspring. Riding along with Rastus, he saw a duck in the road. The doctor asked: "Whose duck is that?"

"At ain't no duck, doctuh," said Rastus. "Ai's a stork wid his legs wore off."

### GO SLOW FAST

Don't get jittery, says a bulletin from Ottawa. Complacency is dangerous, says another. It seems the ideal condition is to be calm and excited!

### "These Make Britain Great"

(Continued from page 11)  
immediate task was to rescue 350,000 men—the shattered remnants of the British and French armies from the beaches of Dunkirk. By June 4 the job was done.

The next job was to prepare against a Nazi invasion. That summer of 1940 Britons worked as they had never worked before. Their factories had to replace the vast quantities of weapons and equipment left on the fields and beaches of Flanders. Britain had to be converted into a fortress to repel invasion. Road signs came down, pillboxes went up. The cliffs and beaches became a maze of barbed wire and gun emplacements. The British had little time. On August 8 the Germans began intensive daylight raids on England—the "softening up" process preliminary to invasion. Their objects were, of course, to demoralize production and civilian life, and to drive the R.A.F. out of the skies over Britain. In both of these objectives the Nazis failed.

The Battle of Britain, the greatest air battle in history, lasted from August 8 to October 31. It cost the Germans 2,375 planes destroyed in daylight alone, and many more at night. On one day, September 15, 185 German planes were brought down over England. The Battle of Britain cost the British 375 pilots killed and 353 wounded; 14,281 civilians killed and 20,325 wounded. But war production went on. This was because British workers soon decided to stay on their machines and benches during raids. Indifferent to the throb of planes and the thud of bombs, they worked furiously, fifty-six—sometimes sixty-four—hours a week until exhaustion forced them to limit the hours of work.

After October 31 the German squadrons abandoned mass daylight raids. But they continued to pound away at night until the following June when the British night flyer and radio detector made the cost too high.

The Battle of Britain was won. The German invasion was foiled. A handful of young R.A.F. fliers had saved Europe and perhaps the world from destruction. Again Winston Churchill spoke for his people: "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

Foiled in his plans to invade Britain, Hitler turned south and east and the British began to fight campaigns far from home—in Greece, Crete, Libya, Iraq, Syria, and Iran—determined to strike at the enemy wherever he could be reached. As a result, both of these campaigns and of Russia's magnificent stand, both Suez and the oilfields of the Middle East remained outside Hitler's grasp.

Meanwhile Britain was fighting another defensive war on the Atlantic against the fierce German submarine campaign. Again the Germans failed in their objectives—to cut Britain off from her Empire and the United States.

In the past year the British have made daring Commando raids on the

(Continued on page 18)



## AIRMAN'S POST CONDUCTS AMAZING EXPERIMENT

Scientific Survey Reveals Private Life of Barrack Rumor

Where do rumors come from? How are they born? What do they look like? Are they vegetarians or carnivora? Do they whistle, growl, bark or sneeze, crawl, run, swim or fly? Are they blonde or brunette? Can you snare them with mouse-traps or destroy them with Flit? For centuries these questions have been asked but never answered. And now in one of the most important scientific experiments ever made the Airman's Post is able to furnish a complete authoritative life history of a Daily Routine Rumor from the time it is spawned to the time somebody's boot grinds it into nothingness again.

The great experiment was sponsored by the Skinsmen's Club of Grandon and a number of distinguished guests were on hand for the launching ceremony—these included the noted Canadian savant and political commentator, General Fabrication; Miss Betty Babblar, the famous ethnologist and Daily Scandal correspondent; Sir Billous N.U. Endo, a distinguished scientist from Shangri-La, and AC2 Phillip Fable of fiction fame.

At exactly 2 o'clock on the afternoon of July 29th the Rumor (which is scientifically known as a Gossip Grackle) was hatched just outside the doors of the Publications' Office. In this infantile stage of its wandering career the fledgling Rumor was fashioned in this manner: Fifi found a flea in his fleece-lined flannels. Such was the experimental Rumor at birth—that and nothing more. And while the distinguished gathering watched the proceedings with intense interest Miss Betty Babblar raised the new-born Rumor high above her head and gave its tail feathers a good sharp pinch—and this strange bird of fancy said "ouch!" and promptly spread its wings and soared away to enhance its reputation and furnish its plumage around No. 2 Manning Depot. A new Rumor had gone into circulation!

As soon as the Rumor had taken wing the crowd, with shrill cries of "Tally-ho", set off in pursuit. Past the Padres' offices and down the passageway we galloped but the flying Rumor swiftly outdistanced us and disappeared. Pausing at Works and Buildings to get our bearings we discovered that our Rumor had already changed somewhat in appearance. It was now a garter snake that Fifi had found under his pillow. Hot on the scent of our chameleon-like prey again we followed it into Clothing Stores and learned that it had now become an escaped circus lion hiding under Fifi's bunk. We saw the marks

of its paws on the stairway as we stalked it into the Pay Office where it had suffered still another transformation. It was now a very delectable blonde that Fifi had found lurking in his kit bag. Away we rambled again and traced our elusive Rumor to Dental Clinic where we were informed that our blonde kit-bag refugee was an enemy siren who was trying to entice Fifi away to entertain the Axis troops in Russia (possibly to make them forget the hard winter ahead). Leaving Fifi in the hands of the enemy siren we sped down to Headquarters' Orderly Room and discov-



ered that our Great Experiment had experienced a drastic revision. It was now Fifi who had been found hiding in some unidentified young lady's hope chest. Still hard on its trail we arrived at Records and paused while a breathless young lady revealed to us that Fifi had been abducted by the fat lady at the Fair and was last seen riding out of town tied to the back of an elephant.

Exhausted by our marathan efforts we went slowly back to Publications' office and THERE was our Rumor come home to roost ahead of us. But we would never have known the darn-

ed thing if it hadn't shown us its identification card. For our harmless little Rumor had now developed into this: "Say, did you hear about Hirohito being found in a garbage can in the Airmen's Mess?" Yes, that was what vitamin B1 had done for our Rumor, and if you don't believe us just take a look at the picture of that Japanese face peering out from under the garbage-can lid. And so, gentle reader, let this be a lesson to you not to spread unfounded Rumors that grow into elephants and things.

### "SO LONG, SON"

(Reflections of a father as his son leaves for the army.—Howard Vincent O'Brien.)

There was no band, no ceremonial. It wasn't even dramatic. A car honked outside and he said: "Well, I guess that's for me." He picked up his bag, and his mother said: "You haven't forgotten your gloves?" He kissed her and held out his hand to me. "Well, so long," he said. I took his hand but all I could say was "Good luck."

The door slammed and that was that—another boy gone to war.

I had advised waiting for the draft, waiting at least until he was old enough to register. He had smiled at that, and assured me that his mind was made up. He wanted peace, he said. Without peace, what good was living?

There was finality in the way he said this—a finality at once grim and gentle. I had said no more about waiting.

After the door closed behind him I went up stairs to what had been his room. It was in worse chaos than usual. Clothing was scattered about—dancing pumps, a tennis racket, his phonograph records, letters, invitations to parties he now would not attend.

I went then to my room. On the wall was a picture of a little boy, his toothless grin framed in curls—the same boy who had just taken my hand and said: "Well, so long." Not much time, I thought, between the making of that picture and the slamming of the front door.

Suddenly a queer thing happened. Objects came alive—whispered to me. The house was full of soft voices.

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She will admire your taste and choice

THE OLYMPIA

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### TERMINAL SNACK SHOP

A Good Place to Eat and Quench Your Thirst

OPP. POST OFFICE ON PRINCESS

Victory



They led me up to the attic—to a box of toy soldiers, a football helmet, a home-made guitar, class pictures, a stamp album, a penny bank with the lid pried off . . .

The voices led me on to a folder stuffed with papers: report cards, letters—among them the wall of an exasperated teacher: "Though he looks like an angel . . ."—a baptismal certificate, a ribbon won in a track meet, faded photographs, one taken on the memorable first day of long pants.

I sat down and thought how time had flown. Why, it was only yesterday when I had held him in my arms! That, somehow, made me remember all the scoldings I had given him, the preachments, the exhortation of a virtue and wisdom I did not myself possess.

I thought, too, of my last inarticulate "good luck," and wished that I had somehow been able to tell him how much I really loved him. Had he perhaps penetrated my brusque reserve? Had he guessed what was in my heart?

And then I thought: What fools we are with our children—always plotting what we shall make of them, always planning for a future that never comes, always intent on what they may be, never accepting what they are.

Well, curly-head—you're a man now. I hated to see you go, but I would not have halted you if I could. I cannot pretend I am not sad. But I am proud, too. So long, son.



### HOT WEATHER COMFORTS

SUNBURN CREAMS	
Ungentine	50c
Tangel	50c
Mentholum	25c
Noxzem 1	19c, 59c

FOOT REMEDIES	
Foot Powder	25c
Corn Plasters	25c, 35c
Niko Germicidal Soap	25c
Absorbine Jr., 4 oz.	\$1.15
Rubbing Alcohol, 4-oz. and 8-oz.	

HAIR DRESSINGS	
Olive Oil, 4-oz.	35c
Tux Liquid Brilliantine	25c
Vitalis	54c, 99c
Kreml	59c
Brylcreem	50c
Fitch Hair Tonic	50c
Palm Olive Brilliantine	30c

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Summer's Newest Styles

At THE MAYFAIR

Fashion Centre for Women  
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## A PAGE FROM THE PAST



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

1918

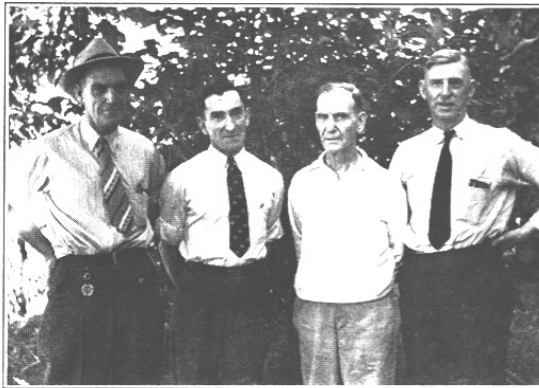
The Queen joins me in welcoming you on your release from the miseries & hardships, which you have endured with so much patience & courage

During these many months of trial the early rescue of our gallant Officers & Men from the cruelties of their captivity has been uppermost in our thoughts

We are thankful that this longed for day has arrived, & that back in the old Country you will be able once more to enjoy the happiness of a home & to see good days among those who anxiously look for your return

George R. I

The personal message Mr. Wilson received from the late King George the Fifth following Mr. Wilson's release from the prison camp.



Civilian personnel at this Depot who experienced the horrors of a German prison camp during the last war. From left to right: Mr. T. S. Wilson (whose story is told elsewhere on this page), Mr. Chris Fox, of central warehouse, spent 9 months in a German prison hospital in East Prussia; Mr. A. F. Burton was captured at Ypres in June of 1916 and spent 2½ years in a prison camp. Mr. T. Humphreys, our general duties foreman, was wounded and taken prisoner at Lens in July of 1917—he spent 17 months as a prisoner of war.

**FAVORABLE**  
"I've been asked for references for our last maid. What on earth can I say in her favor?"  
"Well, she has a good appetite and sleeps well."

**ALL SET**  
Husband: Confound it! I've locked the keys inside the car.  
Wife: Never mind, dear. It's such a nice night we might just as well ride home in the rumble seat.



Photograph of a group of British prisoners taken at Holzminden prison camp in 1918. An X marks the position of three officers familiar to personnel at this Depot. W/C R. M. Smith appears in the third row from the front. And in the first row left to right (indicated by an X) is S/L J. C. Huggard, and Lieut. T. S. Wilson.

### Veteran of Last War Relates Memorable Experience

"Our target, Stuttgart in Bavaria, was below us—above us, and plummeting down like so many screaming furies from hell was a formation of 41 Boche fighters grimly intent on scattering our formation of 8 DeHaviland bombers and then picking us off one by one. Nevertheless, we fought them off and dumped our explosives on the target, but not without casualties. I was one of them. My smoking DeHaviland fluttered helplessly earthward. With my observer dead, and a machine-gun bullet through my back I made the best possible attempt at a not too disastrous crash landing on German soil. And after that landing the score stood at one perforated back, one broken hip, one fractured collar bone, and slight concussion. And that was how I became a prisoner of war in the early months of 1918."

That was the story of a memorable experience that happened during the last great war, and the narrator was formerly Lieut. T. S. Wilson of the Royal Flying Corps—and now our very efficient Barrack Officer. And if you think Mr. Wilson and his DeHaviland Four encountered a lot of bad luck on that 1918 bombing excursion, we don't! Any man who carried around a Regimental number like 13333 should thank his lucky stars that he's still alive to tell the story!

Despite the multiple injuries that he sustained as a result of that crash Mr. Wilson's generous captors allowed him just ten days of hospitalization and then removed him to a prison camp at Friburg where he was immediately placed in solitary confinement for two weeks. Food conditions at these camps, Mr. Wilson relates, were pretty bad, and it was only the food parcels arriving from home that prevented a state of near starvation.

It was at once of these camps that Mr. Wilson made the acquaintance

of a former commanding officer of this Depot, Wing Commander R. M. Smith, who was also a prisoner of war. Squadron Leader J. C. Huggard, recently in charge of recruiting at Winnipeg, was also among the prisoners in this camp.

At the present time a member of the Officers' Reserve of the R.C.A.F., Mr. Wilson's interest in aviation continued actively after the last war. He was the original organizer and director of the Brandon Aero Association which was formed in 1929. This association did some splendid work in providing flying experience for many young men who later distinguished themselves as fighter pilots in the present conflict.

Of the two photographs which appear elsewhere on this page, one is a picture of British prisoners taken at a German camp in 1918. Among these prisoners are W/C Smith, S/L Huggard and Lieut. Wilson. The other group comprises members of our civilian personnel who were also taken prisoner during the last war, this picture also includes Mr. Wilson as we of the Depot know him today.

#### TEN SONS IN UNIFORM (Halifax Herald)

Ten sons in the armed service of Canada. Such a record is indeed outstanding. It reveals not only the patriotism of the sons themselves in thus engaging voluntarily in the active service but also the spirit of the parents which promote this outstanding record of service.

Such a family is that of Gus Shaw of Bloomfield, Prince Edward Island. Three of his sons are in the navy, four in the army, two signed up and still awaiting their calls, and the tenth still too young to enlist in the active service army has joined the reserve.

**Your Health**

(Continued from Page 13)

physical condition? Because fortunately, a good deal of the damage resulting from poor health can be repaired and remedied with proper care.

How then, does this poor health show up? As a rule, the individual in poor health is in poor physical condition, though this is not always true. Because of poor eating habits or poor selection of foods, he is undernourished (too thin), overnourished (fat and flabby), or malnourished (his diet is deficient; he may be too thin, too fat or may look well). His teeth, if remaining, may be bad. Physically, he may be out of wind after a flight of stairs or aching after a block of route march. And last but certainly not least, he may have a poor mental make-up. Because he's in poor health—in poor shape, he finds the work hard; he's slow to learn; he's continually tired out, with the result that he begins to grouch about the service. If he but realized that he was at fault, what a shake-up it might be.

What should the airman do to improve his health? The first requisite is that he must honestly want to improve his health. Some intelligent effort with persistence is required. It cannot be done in a day or in a few days. Perhaps if the average thoughtless individual realized how valuable good health was, he would be more anxious to have it.

Good health means a 100% improvement in general appearance. Good health means a several hundred per cent increase in stamina—the physical and mental ability to finish a job well. An 8- to 12-hour trip in a long range bomber requires a lot of stamina. A successful trip can easily be ruined by a faulty landing and only because the crew isn't in a good fighting trim. Good health means an improvement in reaction time. An improvement of reaction time—the time it takes to act after we see or hear something, e.g. ducking a baseball—of 1/10 of a second means 19 yards in a Spitfire. It means 15 to 20 yards for the Observer or Gunner in tripping the bomb or gun trigger. This is the difference between success and failure. To the observer it means the width of his object, e.g. a destroyer; to the gunner, it is more than the length of the attacking plane. And most important is the 10 to 1 improvement in the chances of combat.

Unfortunately, the student or graduate fliers forget themselves (their health) because of the intense interest in learning and improving their flying. At this moment, it may seem a long way to the fighting front but this preparation takes time. It can't be made up in a few days after you're in there punching. If you don't start now, it may be too late when you get in there to do your job. Remember

that all carefully trained reflexes and brain routines won't hold water if you haven't a healthy body to keep the brain functioning healthily. If an airman has the desire to be in good health, the opportunity is open in the air force.

What is the Air Force doing to put this lad in a state of good health and to keep him there? There are many divisions and we have time only to enumerate them.

Firstly, the dental services attempt to give this airman a clean mouth to enjoy meals and all that goes through this channel.

Secondly, the medical services, by means of inoculations rule out any chance of Small Pox, Typhoid Fever, Tetanus or Lock-jaw, Diphtheria and Scarlet Fever. By regular examinations many contagious diseases are picked out. And the M.I.R. is set up to take care of the airman in the early stages of disease—at the time when something can be done about it.

Thirdly, your administrative services attempt to teach you regular habits. Your hours are partially regulated. Your diet and meals are carefully examined and checked to see that you get the right amounts of the right kinds of food. In addition, all your foods and drinks are government inspected and passed.

Fourthly, your P.T.I. services take you through P.T., drill and active sports. Here lies the greatest fault. The average airman fails to take advantage of the facilities offered in the Air Force. He does not take the opportunity to develop a healthy body. Unwillingly, he does the necessary and nothing beyond that. Experience thus far in this war has shown that modern combat requires a well trained man with a well developed physique. The mechanization of modern war has demanded young active men who think quickly and act quicker. It's a young man's war. Now is the time to begin. Let's not be too late or too little for the task.

And lastly, with a healthy body should go a healthy mind. The Greeks decided this long ago. The general program of education and enlightenment of the Air Force has this in view. You are provided with good surroundings and good companions. Because you are volunteers, your morale is good. Your Padre's and the War Services have a large part in keeping it high—and so does the Paymaster.

You have a natural set-up to insure good health. The Air Force is anxious that you use it.

Think now to act at once.

**DAYLIGHT SLAVING**

This new routine means going to bed when you are not sleepy and getting up when you are.



**A NEW HAZARD IN THE SERGEANTS MESS!!!**

**HERE IS OUR STRENGTH**

(From the Flag Day Address of President Roosevelt)

The belief in the four freedoms of common humanity—the belief in man, created free, in the image of God—is the crucial difference between ourselves and the enemies we face today. In it lies the absolute unity of our alliance, opposed to the oneness of the evil we hate. Here is our strength, the source and promise of victory.

We of the United Nations know that our faith cannot be broken by any man or any force. And we know that there are other millions who in their silent captivity share our belief.

We ask the German people, still dominated by their Nazi whipmasters, whether they would rather have the mechanized hell of Hitler's "New" Order or—in place of that—freedom of speech and religion, freedom from want and from fear.

We ask the Japanese people, trampled by their savage lords of slaughter, whether they would rather continue slavery and blood or, in place of them, freedom of speech and religion, freedom from want and from fear.

We ask the brave, unconquered people of the nations the Axis invaders have dishonored and despoiled whether they would rather yield to conquerors or have freedom of speech and religion, freedom from want and from fear.

We know the answer. They know the answer. We know that man, born to freedom in the image of God, will not forever suffer the oppressors' sword. The peoples of the United Nations are taking that sword from the oppressors' hands. With it they will

destroy those tyrants. The brazen tyrannies pass. Man marches forward toward the light.

**FACE 'EM**

It's no use side-stepping any of the big issues that are confronting us at present. There are so many big ones that when you dodge one you step right in front of another.

**CALL TO ARMS**

Women like new uniforms—Ottawa note. Especially on a handsome airman.

**WE KEEP 'EM ROLLING  
YOU KEEP 'EM FLYING**

**Best Wishes to  
the R.C.A.F.**

For

From

**McARTHUR &  
SONS**

Brandon, Man.

**Boys of the  
R.C.A.F.**

Your Jewelry needs will be well taken care of here. Our stock of Air Force Jewelry is complete.

**WRIGHT &  
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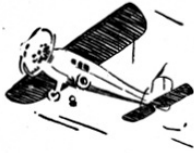
**Football, Diamondball,  
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Right now is a good time to consider outfitting teams for Sports Uniforms. We will also welcome opportunity to estimate on other sports needs.

**O. STARK & SON**  
10TH ST. — BRANDON, MAN.

**BUTTER ICE CREAM**  
**MANITOBA CO-OPERATIVE DAIRIES LTD.**

Brandon, Man.



## I MISSED THE BUS AT I.T.S.

By LAC W. S. Hawthorne

I am a wash-out. My training as a pilot or observer was discontinued on the recommendation of a Selection Board composed of some fifteen officers. I was a square peg in a round hole, and the decision to discontinue my training was reached only after a most painstaking examination of my case had been made by these Air Force Specialists. It was wiser to divert my energies elsewhere rather than to continue spending public funds in an effort to make me into something that I hadn't the right qualifications for. Trainees pick up some queer ideas about what is in store for them in the course of their training. Some of those ideas are based on tales told by unsuccessful students, whose imaginations have been fired by their offended pride. Well, I am an unsuccessful student and I would like you to hear what I have to say.

The Selection Board is provided with very complete information concerning the qualities and ability of every man whose case they consider.

I can't express too strongly my belief that no officer on a Selection Board wishes to see an airman washed out. He will make every effort to see that you have a chance to try, try, and try again, before you are finally declared to be unsuitable for further training. While your training continues, you are watched at all times with interest, and even envy, by your instructors, a great many of whom earned their wings in the last struggle. Any man who shows interest and other deserving qualities can easily obtain any assistance he requires when he runs up against a problem.

The course is only as difficult as you make it yourself. That is to say, your returns will be in proportion to your investment of interest and ap-

plication. It's not easy, but if an airman on entry into I.T.S. can understand how vitally important it is for him to build a firm foundation in his ground work, he can look forward with confidence to Elementary Flying School or Air Observer School.

Navigation is the stumbling block for most men. Not that you need a university education to understand the stuff. The requirements are application, interest and enthusiasm. It will all be very vague for a couple of weeks, but if your perseverance is equal to the patience of the instructors, you'll get on to it after a bit.

No don't proceed to I.T.S. with your energy weakened by the fear of being washed out. Just make sure that you take it very seriously, and, if you play the game, you'll realize your ambition. The Selection Board will see that you are sent on to complete your training for the part you wish to play. Wings wait for the man who will work.

I can no longer look forward to that very special event—Wings Parade—but wherever I go and whatever I do in the future—that job will get the best that I have to give it. I have profited by my experience.

## "These Make Britain Great"

(Continued from page 14)

German-held coasts of Norway and France. Small bands of highly trained infantry and parachutists—the counterpart of our own (United States) Marines—have surprised German garrisons, blown up docks and oil tanks and other installations and made off with prisoners.

Although the campaigns in Norway, France, Greece, Crete, and Malaya ended in tragic defeat, Britain today is immeasurably stronger at home than ever before, after two and one-half years of war during which she has borne the brunt of the battle on many fronts.

Britain's armies have fought ten campaigns and garrisoned strategic bases such as Iceland, Malta, Gibraltar, India, and the Middle East.

Britain's fighting forces have suffered 183,500 casualties—seventy-one per cent of all the Empire dead and wounded.

600 ships at sea, has sunk 5,250,000 tons of enemy merchant shipping and convoyed 100,000 United Nations ships with losses of only one-half of one per cent of these convoys.

Britain's Air Force fought and won the greatest air battle in history; its Coastal Command has flown more than 50,000,000 miles.

Britain's factory workers produced, in 1941, twice as many finished weapons as the United States—exporting five planes to every one imported, fifteen tanks to every one imported.

Britain's people contributing almost sixty per cent of the national income for war. This means giving up all luxuries and many necessities—a drastic reduction in the standard of living. The British income tax rate, always high, is imposing a severe burden on the people. A married man with two children earning \$2,400 a

## NO COMPARISON

In seeking precedents for Hitler's savage butcheries, the writers and commentators of the time have taken of late to comparing him with Genghis Khan, the Mongolian war lord who in the thirteenth century overran the eastern world from the Dnieper to the China Sea. The comparisons undoubtedly please Hitler, but they are libels on Genghis Khan.

Genghis Khan, during his years of aggressions, put millions to the sword. But Genghis Khan was merely an ignorant savage to whom battle, carnage and plunder was the rule of life. His people, for several millenniums before him had lived by killing their neighbors and died with their boots on. With them, it was kill or be killed and they knew no other rule than the rule of force.

To compare Hitler with Genghis Khan is to draw a parallel where none exists. Hitler is the product of the twentieth century, a century in which civilization reached its full flower. What is understandable and excusable in ignorant savages is completely infamous in supposedly civilized people. By the intensive application of its collective intelligence, mankind in the twentieth century succeeded in raising the living standard of the people to a peak never before reached. With peaceful and intelligent direction, the lot of the people everywhere could have been improved.

Yet in face of this, Hitler embarked on his unparalleled and unprincipled butchery of millions of inoffensive people. And for what? With Hitler it is killing for the sake of killing. In his three years of warfare, he has already been responsible for as much killing as Genghis Khan was in 25 years.

year now pays about \$480 in income taxes, as compared with the American of similar income who pays \$5. Under existing rates in Britain, it is virtually impossible for anyone to have more than \$20,000 left after paying his taxes, no matter how large his income. The British are "stripped for action," as Lord Halifax has said.

During the year in which Britain and her Empire faced the Nazi world alone, her island became a haven for the free governments in exile and the fugitives from conquered nations whose sole idea was to go on with the battle against the Axis. Following in the footsteps of Benes and the Czechs came the representatives of Free Poland, Free Norway, Free Holland, Free Belgium, Free France, Free Luxembourg, Free Greece, and Free Yugoslavia. All found refuge in London, where they pooled their remaining resources in the service of the United Nations.

Britain became the training ground for the free legions of all these countries. Polish and Dutch fliers, Czech, Belgian, and French soldiers, Norwegian, Greek, and Dutch seamen all found their chance to serve freedom in Britain.

## U.S. Troops Told How to Get on in Britain

(Continued from page 10)

On sports: "... cricket will strike you as slow compared to American baseball but it isn't easy to play well. . . . You will find that English crowds at football or cricket matches are more orderly and more polite to the player than American crowds.

"If a fielder misses a catch at cricket, the crowd will probably take a sympathetic attitude. They will shout 'good try' even if it looks to you like a bad fumble. In America the crowd would probably shout 'take him out.' This contrast should be remembered. . . . they are good sportsmen and are quick to recognize good sportsmanship wherever they meet it."

On becoming friendly with British soldiers: "You can understand that two actions on your part will slow up the friendship—swiping his girl, and not appreciating what his army has been up against. . . .

### All Did Their Share

"You can rub a Britisher the wrong way by telling him 'we came over here and won the last one.' Each nation did its share. But Britain remembers that nearly a million of her best manhood died in the last war. America lost 60,000 in action. . . .

"Don't play into Hitler's hands by mentioning war debts. . . .

"Neither do the British need to be told that their armies lost the first couple of rounds in the present war. We've lost a couple, ourselves, so do not start off by being critical of them and saying what the Yanks are going to do. Use your head before you sound off and remember how long the British alone held Hitler off without any help from anyone."

General advice: The British don't know how to make a good cup of coffee. You don't know how to make a good cup of tea. It's an even swap.

"Remember that crossing the ocean doesn't automatically make you a hero. There are housewives in aprons and youngsters in knee pants in Britain who have lived through more high explosives in air raids than many soldiers saw in the first class barracks in the last war. . . .

### Don't "Eat Up"

"One thing to be careful about—if you are invited into a British home and the host exhorts you to 'eat up, there's plenty on the table,' go easy. It may be the family's rations for a whole week spread out to show their hospitality. . . .

"Most people get used to the English climate, eventually. . . ."



In her long history Britain has fought a succession of European tyrants—among them her own Charles I, Louis XIV, Napoleon, Wilhelm I and Hitler. That great tradition is being carried on today.

## WM. DEMPSTER & STAFF

salute the

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

"Happy landings and good hunting"



Dashed if I know how they do it, Sir, but they've just shot down another one!

**BRANDON MAN WINS AIR AWARD**

Two westerners were included recently in a list of awards which, the Royal Air Force ferry command said, had been won by members of its personnel.

Donald M. McVicar, 27, of Oxbow, Sask., was one of three ferry command men honored with civil commendations from the King for their part in a hazardous survey by air of a certain route. It was not otherwise identified.

Alvin L. Wheeler, 25, of Brandon, Man., was one of four men receiving letters of appreciation from the air council for their fine work during a hazardous survey by air.

**BIG HEAD**

The old shepherd's daughter was going to marry a town-dweller. Wishing to make her father look smart when he gave her away at the altar, she got him to agree to wear a hat. The shepherd went into a store:

Clerk: "What size, please?"  
Shepherd: "I don't know."

Clerk: "We'll try a six and a half first."

Shepherd: "Six and a half be hang-ed. I wear a sixteen-collar, and I know my head is bigger than my neck."

**WHOA IS ME!**

If we still had parlors the three shortage would lead to parlor dates, if there were any boys at home to date.

**DESERT SOLDIER NEEDS A SHOVEL AND A GUN**

The front line soldier in the desert needs a pick and shovel as much as a rifle or sub-machine-gun. Each man digs his own position, a hollow scooped out of the sand and limestone varying from one to three feet in depth, depending on the industry of the individual.

The British Tommy or Australian Digger puts a few rocks or sand-filled gasoline tins in front of the hole, if they are available, or piles sand around it. He puts his rifle or machine-gun in position for fire, rolls himself in a sweater and a couple of blankets, for the nights are as cold as the days are hot, and sleeps until 5 a.m., unless something happens before then.

In active sectors there is no time to string barbed wire or lay mine fields, so no man's land is a bare strip of desert a mile or even less wide. The infantryman must keep his eyes open for prowling tanks. Most days he swallows dust with his meals and breathes it in between. The nights are starlit.



**"HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK"**

By AC2 Ben Sturrey

The word "drill" had its beginning in early antiquity. History records that Adam "formed fours" to reach the forbidden apple, and then moved off "on the double" when the serpent took after him. Eve probably "picked up her dressing" and ran too.

Every airman considers himself an authority on military drill after he has had his allotted 28 days of training at a Manning Depot. The author has just completed this period of training and is bursting with enthusiasm to show the world that he is prepared to accept an Air Vice-Marshal's commission at once and proclaim himself an expert on squad drill.

Drill is the outgrowth of an ancient custom whereby soldiers were trained to sleep while standing up and thus confound and befog the enemy. Today, this method of training is still carried on, but the original purpose of it is lost sight of in the general confusion which follows after a leather-lunged corporal barks, "Hep, pause, hep, about ta, pause." Consternation runs roughshod through the ranks, brains reel, and the resultant movement translated into words without music may sound like this, "Hep, pause, hep, shuffle, stumble, fumble, fall, pause, yawn". No wonder corporals and sergeants go berserk occasionally.

Seriously speaking "drill" is of great value in building up the physical and mental abilities of a soldier. Co-ordination and quickening of reflexes are essential to a well-trained army, and therefore physical training is also included in the syllabus of drill. The first few days of P.T. and drill are usually a nightmare and the recruits mind turns to homicidal thoughts about physical training instructors, who we sometimes think are descended from the black-bearded torturers of Spanish Inquisition days. After the first few days kinks are ironed out, backs straightened, muscles loosened, and we begin to feel like eating not only the horse but the harness too when we come in for our meals. This war, if it does nothing else, will help build our Empire's manhood into rugged, healthy, alert people.

To round out the curriculum of training, rifle drill is added mainly, we believe, because the Govt. found it still had some rifles left over from the Fenian raids of half a century ago, and because of their value as antiques could not be sent for use overseas.

Drill, as we said before, is alright so long as it is not carried to an extreme. The Black Emperor of Haiti once marched a regiment of his men over the edge of a cliff to their death just to impress some visitors, but this, in our opinion, is carrying the thing too far.

To the uninitiated plebian masses this article, may in spots, be somewhat vague and uncomprehensive, but the gang at our Depot will get the

general drift of what this is all about and will no doubt recognize in it the ravings of a poor but appreciative novice.



**BOMBER - PILOT**

Glide through the tranquil morning air, cool dew  
Of dreaming summer meadows scarce sun-drawn;  
Pulsating, throbbing into heaven's quivering blue,  
Your plane a bird and you the soul upborne;  
Your gaze from England's shores of sea-lapped sand  
Withdraw, a lark-born song upon your heart;  
Across the seas dividing land from land  
Speed to your duty, proud to play your part.  
Now is the consummation of the game  
You played in jest so few, few years ago,  
When, arms wing-spanned, you zoomed your way to fame  
And dealt grey death upon a deadly foe.  
Now you fly fettered unto liberty;  
O then, the wild child heart of you was free.

Cpl. Bernard R. Youngman.

**THINK OF IT**

A bomber flying from London to Berlin and back requires as much gasoline as that used by twelve average passenger cars travelling from Halifax to Vancouver and back. Conserve gasoline.

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CHILDREN UNDER 16 NOT ADMITTED

**Best Wishes to the Boys in Blue**

From the  
**METROPOLITAN STORE**

Brandon, Man.



The inauguration of the American North Atlantic air mail service in June this year took place exactly twenty years after the first official mail was successfully flown across the Atlantic by Alcock and Brown. Owing to the intervention of the Great War, the prize of £10,000 offered by the London Daily Mail in 1913 for the first non-stop Atlantic flight was still not won, but the cessation of hostilities was the signal for feverish activity on the part of several aspirants. Conditions of the contest were that the flight must be between any point in Great Britain and any point in Canada, Newfoundland, or the United States; that it must be direct, and that it must be accomplished within 72 hours.

Most of the competitors decided to make their attempt from Newfoundland. By May 1919 the number of aspirants was four—i.e., Hawker and Grieve with a Sopwith machine, Rayn-

ham and Morgan with a Martinsyde machine, Admiral Mark Kerr and Major Brackley with a Handley Page machine; and Alcock and Brown with a Vickers Vimy.

The U.S. Navy Department had been planning a flight across the Atlantic, and although they were not competing for the Daily Mail prize, having chosen the safer crossing in stages via the Azores, they had succeeded in reaching the Azores on May 17. In a last effort to achieve the honour of being the first to fly the Atlantic, both Hawker and Raynham began their flights on May 18. Both aviators had arranged to carry mail.

Hawker and Grieve were the first to start, at 6.48 p.m., followed shortly afterwards by Raynham and Morgan, who, however, crashed in taking off. Nothing more was heard of Hawker and he was given up as lost, when the incredible tidings arrived that he had been picked up by the Danish steamer Mary, which, being unequipped with wireless, was unable to communicate the news until passing the Butt of Lewis. It later transpired that

they had been rescued after accomplishing 1,000 miles of the flight. Their machine with the mail was abandoned, and was taken in tow by another steamer and brought to Falmouth. The mail was delivered in London on May 30. While Hawker and Grieve were being feted in England, Commander Read of the U.S. Navy Department succeeded in flying the last stage of his journey from the Azores to Lisbon, where he arrived on May 27, but the Atlantic was yet to be conquered by a non-stop flight.

There still remained in Newfoundland two competitive crews, but their preparations were not so far advanced, and it was June 14 before another attempt was made. Both carried 3 lb. weight of mail, the first bag to be made up at St. John's being post-marked June 9, and sent to Harbour Grace for the Handley Page machine. The other bag was kept at St. John's for Alcock's Vickers Vimy, and this was the first mail to be flown across the Atlantic, for Alcock and Brown took off on June 14, and 16 hrs. 12 mins. later landed at Clifden, Ireland,



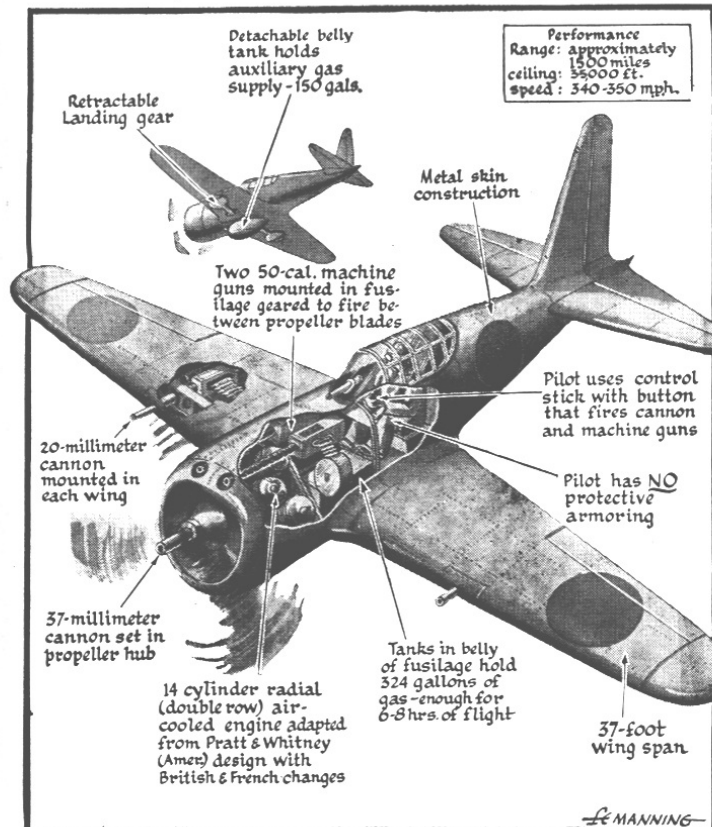
#### SHOWS THE NAZI SENSE OF HUMOR

Bogota, Colombia.—Officers of an Axis submarine stood in their conning tower and laughed while crewmen machine-gunned the sailors and passengers, who included a woman and an infant, of the Colombian schooner Resolute, a survivor charged.

The office of the president made public an account of the June 24 submarine attack as furnished by Misael Santana of San Andres, after announcing that no Axis nationals would be permitted to live within 62 miles of Colombia's coast, and freezing all German, Italian and Japanese funds.

#### RUBBER SLUGS

Uncle Sam is now substituting copper for nickel in U.S. nickels. The real puzzle is what to substitute for copper in the coppers.



This diagram, showing construction of the Japanese "Zero" fighter the top single-seater combat plane of the Japanese air force, shows how the design leaves the pilot with little protection against attacking aircraft. The Zero has shown up well in air warfare with the single exception of its vulnerability to attack.

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Left - Left



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