

AIRMAN'S POST

NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT BRANDON MANITOBA



ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE



Season's Greetings

To _____

From _____



Special Christmas Issue

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THE AIRMAN'S POST.

Vol. 2, No. 10.

No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Man.

December, 1942.

THE AIRMAN'S POST

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The Editor's Corner



THE Christmas season dawns once more on a troubled, war weary world, and for a brief interlude the thoughts of men in uniform will turn to those peaceful, happy yuletide scenes of other years. They will remember the ageless story of a silent, holy night long, long ago when the Wise Men of the East scanned the Heavens, seeking a star that would lead them to the cradle of a baby born to save mankind. Today a new star shines in the Heavens. A bright star of faith and hope that gives promise of the dawning of a tomorrow when strife, and hate, and bloodshed will be no more.

This Christmas we have some real cause for rejoicing. Hard blows have been dealt the enemy on all fronts, and the doubts and fears that oppressed us through the dark hours of yesterday have been swept away as we quicken our stride to advance confidently along the road to final victory.

Christmas is coming, yes. But business is going on as usual at No. 2 Manning Depot. This is not a time to relax our vigilance or let our purpose waver from the task of defeating the enemy. Today men are drilling on the arena floor to ensure that the world of tomorrow will not be infected by the germs of Hitlerism. Then, when the job is finished, we can relax and enjoy a Christmas no longer haunted and darkened by the spectre of war.

SALUTATIONS

Throughout the past twelve months this station has enjoyed a comradeship with No. 12 S.F.T.S. and A4 Artillery Training Centre which has been manifest through friendly rivalry in sports and the best of co-operation in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the service. And at this time of the year it is a pleasure to extend greetings from the personnel of this Depot and wish the officers, N.C.O.'s and men of No. 12 and A4 a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

AIR MARSHAL W. A. BISHOP, V.C.

Christmas is a time to hear good tidings, and the news that Air Marshal Bishop is recovering from his recent illness is a matter of real pleasure to personnel on this station. Air Marshal Bishop personifies the spirit that has won so much acclaim for our flying men in every theatre of action, and it is the wish of all of us that he continues to be an active and vital factor in the operation of our great air training establishment.



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A Bridgehead of Goodwill

A Christmas Message to the Personnel of this Station from the
Ven. Archdeacon P. Heywood of Brandon

WE make few enquiries about many of our well-established institutions and customs. We simply accept them for what they are—make use of them, if we are so disposed, and let the matter go at that.

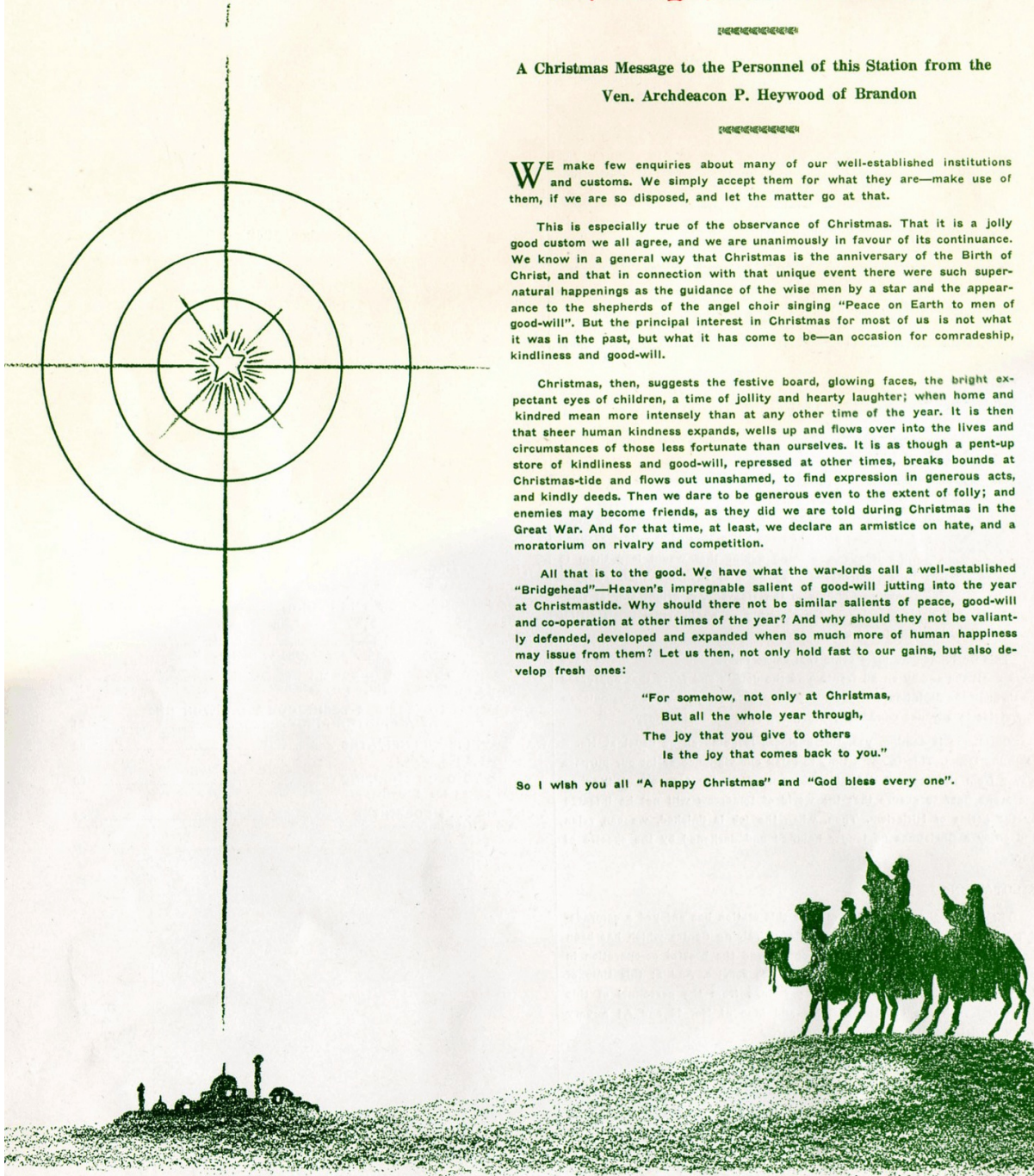
This is especially true of the observance of Christmas. That it is a jolly good custom we all agree, and we are unanimously in favour of its continuance. We know in a general way that Christmas is the anniversary of the Birth of Christ, and that in connection with that unique event there were such supernatural happenings as the guidance of the wise men by a star and the appearance to the shepherds of the angel choir singing "Peace on Earth to men of good-will". But the principal interest in Christmas for most of us is not what it was in the past, but what it has come to be—an occasion for comradeship, kindness and good-will.

Christmas, then, suggests the festive board, glowing faces, the bright expectant eyes of children, a time of jollity and hearty laughter; when home and kindred mean more intensely than at any other time of the year. It is then that sheer human kindness expands, wells up and flows over into the lives and circumstances of those less fortunate than ourselves. It is as though a pent-up store of kindness and good-will, repressed at other times, breaks bounds at Christmas-tide and flows out unashamed, to find expression in generous acts, and kindly deeds. Then we dare to be generous even to the extent of folly; and enemies may become friends, as they did we are told during Christmas in the Great War. And for that time, at least, we declare an armistice on hate, and a moratorium on rivalry and competition.

All that is to the good. We have what the war-lords call a well-established "Bridgehead"—Heaven's impregnable salient of good-will jutting into the year at Christmastide. Why should there not be similar salients of peace, good-will and co-operation at other times of the year? And why should they not be valiantly defended, developed and expanded when so much more of human happiness may issue from them? Let us then, not only hold fast to our gains, but also develop fresh ones:

"For somehow, not only at Christmas,
But all the whole year through,
The joy that you give to others
Is the joy that comes back to you."

So I wish you all "A happy Christmas" and "God bless every one".





A Christmas Message From The Commanding Officer

IN wishing you a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year I feel I can do so with greater sincerity this year than any year since the war began. Despite the hard blows which the United Nations have taken during the past three years they have at last turned from the road that is solely defensive and taken the one which leads to victory.

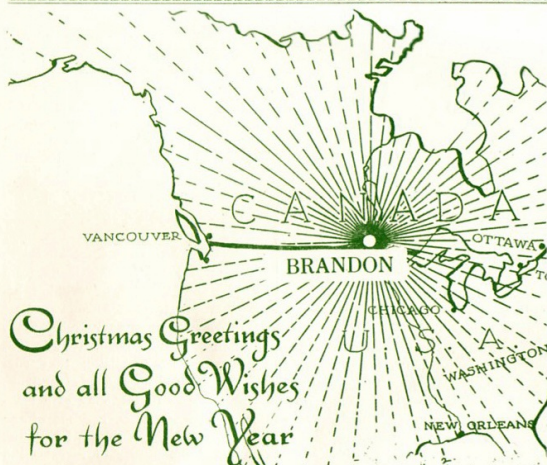
We must harbour no illusions about the war being over. But we can now feel with some degree of certitude that the course of this conflict has now turned in our favor. The cessation of hostilities, when it comes, will not likely witness a repetition of first world war history when opposing political and military leaders gathered to append their signatures to an armistice proclamation. A post war period of political and social reconstruction will occupy the attention of the United Nations before an end to hostilities is legally recognized. This is as it should be. For if the Axis were to suddenly capitulate and a pseudo armistice was in the offing over night, the kind of peace we are so ardently working for would not materialize. What we desire is a peace worthy of the tremendous and priceless sacrifices that have preceded it. We are not prepared for that kind of peace yet.

Justice, must of course, be the foundation of the peace which will eventually come. But the supreme aim will be to insure that that peace will be protected by force as widely supported as possible. We in Canada must be prepared to bear our share of this task.

H. G. Reid
Wing Commander.



WING COMMANDER H. G. REID, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O.



To The Mayor and Citizens of Brandon

AS the festive season approaches once again and the spirit of Christmas brightens for a little while the darkened skies of a world at war, the personnel of No. 2 Manning Depot, extends to Mayor Young, Members of the City Council and the Citizens of Brandon, the heartiest of Greetings and the hand of sincere friendship this joyous holiday period.

Looking back over the past twelve months we remember with appreciation and gratitude the many acts of kindness and hospitality extended by the citizens of Brandon to airmen on this station.

Wherever we should happen to be on Christmas days to come we shall always remember with warmth and affection this friendly heart of Canada—Brandon.

"MOURN NOT FOR THE VANISHED AGES—"

Especially written for the Airman's Post by the Hon. Frank Langstone, High Commissioner for New Zealand.

I think in one of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems there are a few lines which run—

"Mourn not for the vanished ages with its grand heroic men who dwell in history's pages and live in the poet's pen,

For the grandest times are before us and the world is yet to see that the greatest worth of this old earth is in the lives that are to be."

When Hitler and his gangster associates blitzed this war upon mankind they certainly jolted the democracies up to a quick realization that immediate defensive and offensive action was imperative if we were to preserve our own ways of life and common standards of living, so the nations had to get busy and get on with the job.

It must be remembered that Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito had two very unique advantages at the beginning of the war and these advantages put Great Britain and her Allies at a corresponding disadvantage. Had these positions been reversed, the war would have terminated long ago.

(1) The Axis powers had prepared and trained for war,

(2) Germany, particularly while she had Russia as an ally, had a territorial advantage which could not be overestimated. Her bloodless conquests in Austria and Czechoslovakia gave her military machine all the military and fighting equipment of those nations. Her subsequent blitz conquest of Poland, Norway, Belgium, Netherlands, and Denmark, and France, placed in her hands all the power and strength of those nations and increased her fighting power to such a degree that it is unique in the world's history because in addition to appropriating the war machines of these nations, she had the millions of workers producing to strengthen her war machine.

The democracies can thank Almighty Providence for the English Channel, the British Navy, and the R.A.F. for preventing Hitler's march westward. God alone knows what would have been our fate had he succeeded in invading the United Kingdom, because at that time the nations comprising the Western Hemisphere were in a state of flux and anything could have happened.

The Axis powers made two major mistakes (1) Germany declaring war

(Continued on page 8)

Arrivals, Departures, Stock Reports and Mergers



As alike as two peas in a pod, Jimmy and Phil Rheebottom, twin brothers from Winnipeg. As a matter of fact Phil is two minutes older than Jimmy. Mistakes in identification, say the twins, is their principle headache. The lads are enjoying life in the R.C.A.F. and hope to stick together during the business of blasting Hitler from the gun-turrets of a bomber.

PERSONAL POSTSCRIPTS

Postings—Officers

F/O C. E. Spencer to Dauphin, Man.

Sqdn. Ldr. D. Christie from No. 2 Training Command Headquarters.

F/O G. L. A. Daverne from Saskatoon, Sask.

F/O N. D. Campbell from Winnipeg.

P/O J. M. Bates to Saskatoon, Sask.

Capt. V. A. Clark of Dental Corps to Virten, Man.

Capt. M. J. Averbach, Dental Corps, to Estevan, Sask.

Postings—Airmen

Sgt. Goodwin, G. E., hospital staff, to Yorkton, Sask.

Cpl. Irwin, W. M., to High River, Alta.

Flt. Sgt. George, M. A., posted Winnipeg, Man., to this Depot.

LAC Glenn, H. C., from St. Thomas, Ont., to this Depot.

F/Sgt. Hutton, A., to Winnipeg.
Cpl. Sayer, J. H., posted overseas.
Sgt. Blundell, E., to Winnipeg.
LAC Campbell, R., from Toronto, Ont.

LAC Longstaff, J. W., to Prince Albert, Sask.

Sgt. Kent, A. J. and Pte. McDonald, A. J., Dental Corps, to Virten, Man.

Cpl. Jenkins, W. J. was posted overseas.

Cpl. Pankow, S., to Dauphin, Man.
Pte. Minty, G. K., of Dental Corps, to Weyburn, Sask.

LAC Wylie, R. M., to Rivers, Man.

Marriages

LAC Cavanagh, J. C., was married on October 26 to Miss Laura Amelia Dengo of Carp, Ont.

Visitors

Sqdn. Ldr. L. J. Dyte, from Air Force Headquarters.

Sqdn. Ldr. Morkill, from No. 2 Training Command.

Flt.-Lt. G. N. Warren from No. 2 Training Command.

F/O McWhirter from No. 2 Training Command.

FLT. LT. C. N. MANNING

THE DEPOT'S NEW D.A.P.M.

Flt Lt. Manning comes to us from No. 2 Training Command Headquarters with a background of military service that includes the first world war when Flt. Lt. Manning went overseas as a sergeant with the 9th Canadian Mounted Rifles. He was granted a commission in England and posted to the 28th Battalion in France. Invalided back to England after the battle of Vimy Ridge, and following a period of hospitalization, Flt. Lt. Manning took a course of instruction in physical training and bayonet fighting and became an instructor on the army gymnastic staff. He returned to Canada in 1919.



Our inquisitive photographer caught this cozy picture of a cheerful group enjoying the sergeants' dance sponsored by No. 2 and A4 in the Arena, Nov. 11th.

Prior to receiving his commission in the air force as a security guard officer in 1940, Flt. Lt. Manning was serving as Regimental Sergeant-Major with the active militia. Originally from Kent in England our new D.A.P.M. refers to North Battleford, Saskatchewan as home. Flt. Lt. Manning has two sons in uniform: one serving with an army tank regiment, and the youngest a Sergeant Air-Gunner flying in Libya. Mrs. Manning for the time being is residing in Winnipeg.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Glace Bay, N.S.,

Nov. 12th, 1942.

Each month I receive the Airman's Post from my brother-in-law and I think it is a very wonderful magazine.

Each month you have a place for marriages, and I have been watching very carefully for the announcement of my sister's marriage to James A. Harris, a member of the pay office staff at No. 2 Manning Depot, but so far it has not appeared, so I decided to send you the information in case you would like to publish it.

Yours truly,

Miss M. E. Hillier.

Ed. Note: It's a pleasure, Miss Hillier, and here is the belated announcement:

James Anderson Harris of the pay office staff at this Depot was married to Miss Lois Dorothy Hillier of Glace ceremony was performed by the Rev. Bay, N.S., on July 17. The wedding John MacDonald of Glace Bay.
"Guid luck go w' them".

Pilot Officer R. H. Cunningham

On the eve of going to press we are happy to find space to offer our heartiest congratulations to Sgt. R. Cunningham of Accounts on his recent promotion to Pilot Officer.

A diligent, capable, and conscientious member of headquarters staff for many months, Pilot Officer Cunningham is well deserving of his promotion.

The best of luck, Roy.

THE AIRMAN'S POST

Since its beginning almost two years ago the Airman's Post has been rapidly becoming an institution at No. 2 Manning Depot. Each pay day at the end of the month copies of the Post are exhausted two or three hours after they go on sale. There never has been any question of its popularity. Hundreds of copies circulate far afield each month, and the folks back home welcome its appearance just as much as do the airmen on this station.

After he peruses it himself AC2 proudly writes an address on the envelope and mails it home. And to mother and dad back home it brings reassuring information about the kind of place where Bill or Joe or Jim receives his training. Just to what extent the Post does circulate around Canada and elsewhere will never be fully known, but we do know that it provides interesting and entertaining reading for many people who haven't the remotest connection with this station.

It is apparent that you buy the Post because you like it and want it. And now that its existence is being threatened by a ruling from Air Force Headquarters that prohibits us from carrying commercial advertising after this issue, the Airman's Post needs your support to help maintain it as a going concern. It was the revenue from advertising that sustained the Post in the past and enabled us to sell each copy at a fraction of its cost. Now, because of the loss of this revenue from advertising, it has become necessary to raise the price per copy to 15c. The Airman's Post is your magazine and we are confident that you will support it and not begrudge that extra dime.

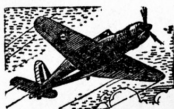
EASY

On Willie's return from his first dancing class, his mother asked: "Well, Willie, how do you like your dancing lesson?"

"Oh," he replied, "it's easy. All you have to do is turn around and keep wipling your feet."



"You're improperly dressed, Briggs! Where's your whiskers?"



FOND FAREWELL

Ottawa warns bananas must disappear from the Canadian market for the war period—News item.

By those who have the best reasons for knowing
Our situation,
We are informed the banana is going
For the duration.

Sadly we'll miss the banana, old fellow,
When it is gone;
Only a memory ripe, aged and yellow,
Shall linger on.

How nice it was, as a dainty to munch on,
Held in the mitt,
Or, let us say, as dessert at a luncheon,
Served in a split.

Peace shall we greet with loud cheer and hosanna,
Triumph acute,
And welcome back the delicious banana,
Victory's fruit.

DRESSED TO KILL

The rookie sidled up to the sergeant, and said, "Gosh, Sarge, you told em the issued clothing must be worn, and I've put on the two suits of underwear, the two shirts, the tunic, overcoat—but darn it—I don't understand how you expect me to put on these two pairs of shoes!"



"AIR MINDED?"

The story is told of two old darkies in the deep south. Both of them over the age of 80. They decided they would get married. So they went to an old colored preacher to have him perform the ceremony. He looked at the two old people and said to the man:

"What you all want to marry for at yore age?"

The old man answered: "Parson ah wants an heir."

The parson turned to the old lady and asked the same question.

She answered: "Parson, ah reckon I is like the ole man, ah wants an heir."

The parson stood and gazed at them a few moments and then said:

"Brother and sister I can see you all is heir minded but I don' reckon how either one of you 'uns is heir conditioned."

SLIP-STREAM-LINES

"Breezy Bits from the Barracks"



"How much higher would you like it, Sir?"

Sarge: "If you're caught hugging a girl, you get ten days fatigue duty. If you're caught kissing her, you get a month in the guardhouse!"
Rook: "Man! I'm going to be court-martialed!!"

C.O.: "You're not a raw recruit?"
Private Jukes (proudly): "No, sir, I'm half-baked. I've been here six months!"

THE WOODEN SOLDIERS

"When I was a little child," the sergeant sweetly addressed his men after an exhaustive two hours of drilling, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. After I had been to Sunday School one day and listened to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity, I gave them to a poor boy in the neighborhood. Then I wanted them back and cried, but my mother said, 'Don't cry, Sonny, some day you'll get your wooden soldiers back.' "And believe me, you thick-headed bums, that day has come."



"Ah," said the customs officer, finding a bottle of White Horse, "I thought you said there were only old clothes in that trunk."
"Yeah, that's my nightcap."

"I envy the fat woman when she laughs."
"Why?"
"There seems to be so much of her having a good time."

The rifles barked and the girl leaped into the soldier's arms and started to kiss him vehemently.

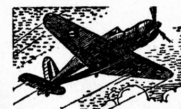
"Hey! What's the matter," queried the amazed soldier.

"The crack of rifles always makes me do that," was the coy reply.

The soldier looked her over tastefully and came back smartly with: "Then you'll get a great kick out of the Artillery . . . C'mon!"

A cop was watching an old hayseed who stood gazing up and down the sleek lines of the Empire State Building. Finally the cop's curiosity got the better of him and he went to the farmer and asked him how he liked the structure.

"Fine," the old bird answered. "You sure could store a lot of hay in that there loft!"



BLACKOUT OVER LONDON

It was a brilliant, moonlit night. The boy and girl cooed at each other lovingly in the perfume-scented room of a boarding house on the outskirts of London.

Suddenly the dread sound of an air-raid siren startled them.

Blackout curtains swished into place. Lights automatically went out and the boy's pulse went up as he pressed closer to the fragrant girl. What happened then?

Answer—The boy got whacked in the puss.

"It was terrible," said Sergeant O'Reilly. "There were twenty Nazis and an Irishman killed in the wreck." "Indeed!" said Mrs. O'Brien. "The poor man!"

A sergeant was telling his men the value of learning to think for themselves in getting through tough situations and assignments. Suddenly, he singled out a rookie, who seemed pretty simple, and out of whom he thought he would have a little fun, and said: "Now, soldier, what would you do if the colonel asked you for a jackass?"

The rookie scratched his head a moment and with a puzzled look, answered: "I guess I'd have to call you, Sergeant."



NEW EXPLOSIVE

"An inventor who made munitions for the Army used to have this room," said the landlady to the new boarder. "He invented a new kind of explosive."

"I suppose them spots on the ceiling are some of the explosive," said the guest.

"No," replied the landlady. "Them's the inventor."

"Pardon me, Miss," said the sentry, "but it's against regulations to swim in this lake."

"Well, for heaven's sake!" exclaimed the maiden, "why didn't you tell me before I undressed?"

"It ain't against regulations to undress, lady."





Headquarters Christmas 1942



FATHERED by military necessity and mothered by K.R. Air there came into being at the beginning of this war an organization dedicated to the task of performing those important but less heroic duties that fall to the lot of the men behind the scenes of the complex organization of Spiffing and Hurricanes. Headquarters Staff is an organization of unsung heroes who play the role of wait, cook, book-keeper, chauffeur, etc., to the men who fly the planes. No war effort can function effectively without them. No military undertaking can succeed if

they are not helping. No victory can be achieved without their contribution. They are the heart and the main spring of the body militant. Such is Headquarters. And in the pictures above you can view a few of the many sections that comprise this complex organization: From left to right across the top of the first page we are privileged to look in at a corner of Headquarters Orderly room, the nerve-centre of the Depot, Picture No. 2 is a pay office scene, and if your olfactory sense is keen enough you can detect the rich frag-

rance of lush green dollar bills. Picture No. 3 in our gallery of fans comprises a group of Works and Buildings specialists—the men who are continually changing the physical aspect of No. 2741 Depot. Picture 4 is a glimpse of our dauntless fire fighting organization complete with ladders and fire extinguishers. The bottom row is "Accounts Section", the guardians of station finance and the sentinels of economy and thrift. Left to right across the top of page two is a corner of clothing stores



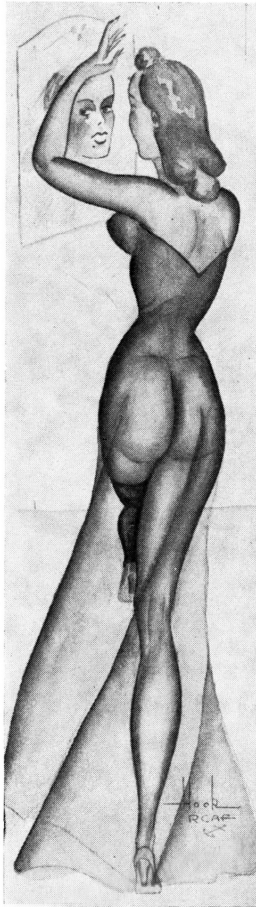
ness largely in the form of boots, brasses, socks, shirts, etc., to a bewildered flock of embryonic Billy



Bishops. Next is the Station Sergeant-Major's sanctum—the hub of all Depot activities. The second row, left to right, introduces another portion of the pay office panorama, and next to that Records Office where vital statistics are compiled and filed. The bottom row starts off with a group of Service Police, that much maligned but very vital and efficient branch of the service. Next is another corner of Headquarters Orderly room, and a photogenic young lady who managed to squeeze into two pictures on these pages. The last photograph

is another view of clothing stores where the records of kit are so jealously guarded. So much for Headquarters cavalcade, but before we pass on to other matters we might mention that the tidbits of pulchritude interspersed here and there between the uniforms are members of the civilian corps who perform behind typewriters and things.





Visibility Unlimited

"Mourn Not for the Vanished Ages"

(Continued from page 3)

on Russia, (2) Japan's premeditated attack on Pearl Harbour. The first relieved the pressure on the United Kingdom, and the second electrified the United States into a war-mindedness immediately and brought into the war on behalf of the democracies an unconquerable power.

The disadvantage of unpreparedness and of having to support armies at great distances apart has been an

insuperable obstacle to cope with, and remains the chief difficulty in bringing a speedy victory to our cause. The war machine throughout now getting into full production and there is no doubt in the minds of the great majority of the North American people regarding the realistic need for winning the war. The struggle will become more intensified as the fighting strength of the United Nations develops and while it is impossible to foresee an early victory, with the growing armed might of the United Powers, and particularly the supremacy in the air, and with more and better fighting equipment for all the armed forces, the odds will begin to show in our favour.

The importance of the air arm of our defence services and "Victory through Air Power" is being recognized and admitted by the authorities as the war proceeds. In this connection the combined Air Training organization in Canada is vital. Beginning in 1939, it has developed to be the largest Air Training Scheme in the British Empire. Its success is unique, due to the fact that it has been inaugurated, officered and controlled by big men, inspired by the one purpose of turning out well trained air crews. Never before has the science of flying and the use of the aeroplane as an engine of warfare been organized on such a scale.

One of the outstanding features of the Combined Air Training Plan is the wonderful spirit of comradeship and friendship which exists between the Officers in Command, the Instructors, and the Trainees.

There are also those friendships and associations which are formed by being grouped together—boys from New Zealand, Australia, Canada, United States and other countries, meeting on the common ground of learning, with the one great ideal and purpose in life. This is the spirit which will mould and make the world of the future. All movements and organizations are only as efficient as the personnel is efficient, and the Combined Training Plan in Canada is an outstanding success because all have given of their best to make it so.

Your mission is pregnant with tremendous possibilities. In common with all your comrades in arms and those at home producing in our fields, factories and workshops—let our slogan be "Brave men will not die because I faltered."



In the midst of a program of "The Airforce Entertains", the photographer caught this picture of producer Irving Herman motioning orchestra conductor Sgt. Fairbairn to bring in the music as Sgt. Bob Tyre and M.C. Jim Greer conclude an interview. Pretty Peggy Fyfe, CKX announcer stands ready to say her bit as the show goes off the air. Checking the script in the control booth is Eric Davies, CKX program director.

RADIO ROUNDUP

By Ike Static

Highlighting the entertainment schedules at No. 2 Manning Depot are the frequent radio broadcasts that emanate from the studios of CKX with our own boys performing.

A regular feature is the Friday night shows, heard at 6.30 p.m., called "The Airforce Entertains". This program is supervised by the Y.M.C.A. office with Gordon Maclean in charge.

AC2 Irving Herman of Toronto, is writing and producing these broadcasts, which bring to light the private lives of interesting persons on the station and reveal the talents of airmen in music and acting.

AC2 Jim Greer, of Vancouver, has been master of ceremonies on this program since his arrival in Brandon. Musical numbers have been played on the piano by AC2 Harvey Faithful of Port Arthur and songs were presented by AC2 Arnott Riach of Vancouver. These boys created quite a sensation with their performances on the radio.

Newsy facts about the Airmen's Post were revealed by Sgt. Bob Tyre, the editor, who in an interview several weeks back, explained how well the official organ of the depot was acclaimed from coast to coast. Beth Lockhart, our charming dancing producer, was a guest on the program recently and she told of her past, when in Vancouver, she was chosen as "The Sweet Caporal Girl" and explained how she began her colorful career as a dancer.

During the Victory Loan drive, a special program was presented in

which Irving Herman was heard in Stephen Vincent Benet's "Nightmare at Noon" and the following week a program in dedication to Remembrance Day was produced. For this occasion Sgt. Bob Tyre penned a stirring monologue entitled "If ye Break Faith" which was presented by AC2 Herman, supported by special sound-effects that made this an outstanding broadcast. These are just a few of the many types of variety programs that are aired when "The Air Force Entertains".

Those who have ability to perform on the radio, should contact Gordon Maclean at the Y.M.C.A. office, and arrange to appear on Friday nights.

Another attraction that the management of CKX boasts about, is our station band, under the baton of Sgt. George Fairbairn, who presents a half-hour program of bright martial aires, every week. If you have heard these programs, you too will agree with the current reports, that our band is doing a grand job.

All air-force programs that are broadcast, are presented through the courtesy of Mr. Sellers, the manager of CKX and are arranged with the kind co-operation of Mr. Eric Davies, program director for the radio station, who is consultant producer.

So much for now, but keep tuned to this column next month for another roundup of events on the air, from the depot.

A dime isn't as good as a quarter, but it goes to church more often.—Sherbrooke Record.

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Technicolor Triumph
"FANTASIA"
With STOKOWSKI
It won 3 special academy awards



CONCERT PARTY PRESENTS PLEASING PROGRAM

The rhythmic feet and dulcet voices of the Winnipeg City Police Athletic association concert party provided a fast paced and thoroughly enjoyable two-hour show on the depot stage Sunday, November 15th.

This very excellent program opened with a highland dance number that included Iris Canon, June Gunn, Audrey Davey, Margaret Cameron, and Piper Jack Reay. Songs by Hugh McDonnell were well received by the audience and a clever dance act by the Dale Sisters evoked much hearty applause. High class entertainment on any man's stage was a stellar offering by the sensational colored dancer, Dixie Dusty Rowe. Two vocal numbers very pleasing to the ear were offered by Peggy Gibson and Olive Harrison.

Another professional number that brought rousing applause was a roller skating act by America's Skating Demons, The Two Swifts. Nice entertainment was provided by Charles England staging southern songs in blackface. The talented fingers of LAC J. W. Brown did magic things on the ivories that pleased the crowd very much. Ten second crayon creations by Cartoonist Art Rydeen was well received and applauded.

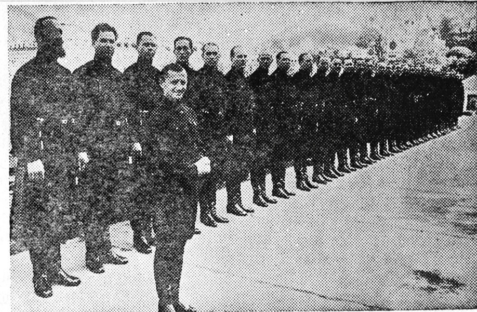
A grand finale with the Dale Sisters, highland dancers and Jack Reay ended two hours of very fine entertainment.

ARENA STAGE COMMITTEE
Chairman
Squadron Leader F. K. Hope
Members

Major W. A. Belden, Flt. Lt. N. J. Gallagher, P/O A. M. Warren, F/O S. K. Thompson, Sgt. G. E. Bristowe, Cpl. A. M. N. Brotherton, Mr. Gordon McLean, Mr. C. J. McGerrigle.

Management

Producer.....Mr. Gordon McLean
Assistant.....AC2 Irving Herman
Assistant.....Miss Beth Lockhart
Talent Scouts.....Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Rowe, Cpls. A. M. N. Brotherton and F. Hockaday.
Dancing.....Miss M. A. Yeomans
Make-up.....Miss Eva Carpentier and Miss Margaret Druce
Costumes.....Miss Marjorie McKenzie
Hairdressing.....Mrs. E. W. Allan
Stage Manager.....F/O S. K. Thompson
Assistant.....Mr. Laurie Goldsborough
Electricians.....Fl./Sgt. J. C. Smith, Mr. Jack Hughes
Curtain.....Mr. Laurie Goldsborough
Properties.....Mr. Jimmy Baseden
Host and Hostess.....Sgt. Major E. W. Allan and Mrs. Allan
Doormen.....Sgt. G. E. Bristowe and Cpl. G. L. Mackay
Seating.....Sgt. Stennet, assistant to Orderly Officer



Serge Jaroff's Don Cossack Chorus Thrills Big Arena Audience

The original Don Cossack Chorus under the direction of Serge Jaroff presented one of its prized programs of songs and dances of Old Russia at the Manning Depot, Brandon, November 26th. This world-traveled ensemble which is making its twelfth American tour, is acknowledged to be the world's greatest male voice choir.

Organized twenty-one years ago by the diminutive Serge Jaroff, these thirty-four singing giants of the Steppes have performed more than four thousand times in almost every spot on the globe.

Jaroff, a choirmaster when the Revolution came to Russia, found himself interned in a military camp in Tchelengir near Constantinople along with other Cossacks who had fought under the standard of Wrangel's White Army in the Crimea. Instinctively he led his fellow prisoners in singing around the evening camp fires.

Finance.....Kinsmen Club
Press.....Major W. A. Belden and Sgt. R. Tyre
Orchestra.....Sgt. G. E. Fairbairn

LIFEBUOY FOLLIES SPARKLING PRESENTATION

Red and gold flashed across the Arena stage in a fast moving two hour program of vocal and instrumental high jinks flavored with comedy and dance offerings that kept the huge audience applauding steadily Sunday evening, Nov. 22.

"Let 'er Rip" opened the program with a bang and the pace never faltered throughout the whole breezy performance. Those in the cast included:

Pat Rafferty, Helen Bruce, Dorothy Merrill, James Devon, Mildred Morey, Irene Hughes, Sasha Dener, Jack Ayre. Manager, R. K. Cheetham. Costumes by Ronald McRae. The show was produced by J. McLaren.

Before long, the energetic little choirmaster had fashioned a brilliant men's chorus whose fame spread outside the prison camp. They were invited to be the official choir of the Orthodox St. Sofia Cathedral in Bulgaria's capital. Crowds flocked from all over Europe to hear them.

Shortly after a visit by an astute concert manager, the Don Cossack Chorus began its ever-lengthening world tours.

Their seemingly inexhaustible repertory is tri-departmental, including sonorous liturgies of the Russian Orthodox Church, nostalgic folk melodies, and wild, elemental Cossack soldier songs. These latter are accompanied by dances which once were never known beyond the undulating Steppes.

This, their first visit here, was under the local auspices of Fred M. Gee, of Winnipeg.

NIGHT LIFE REVUE SCORES BRILLIANT SUCCESS

Originality and variety were the keynotes of Night Life Revue, one of the most artistically pretentious productions thus far presented in the Arena. The authors and co-producers, Miss Marjorie B. McKenzie and Mrs. G. R. Rowe, with their years of experience in Little Theatre work, attempted several interesting experiments in entertainment. The sixty-minute show sub-titled "Joe Doaks' Dream" introduced effective dramatic interludes and built to a stirring patriotic climax. A cast of over fifty singers, dancers and actors plus the special scenery and the use of the "tableaux vivant" all added up to a gratifying total in the way of entertainment. Sgt. George Fairbairn conducted the orchestra, and Mr. Gordon McLean accompanied on the piano.

Denizens of the dream included the Dream Girl played by Mrs. C. S. Stalker, the possessor of a charming

soprano voice. Two elfin Gremflins: Masters Clare Sutherland and Glenn Finn frisked through the show and a dragon and ape added amusing nightmare blackouts.

The rousing quartette delivering Gilbert and Sullivan consisting of Mrs. W. B. Bain, Dilys Davies, Roy B. Lobb and Eric Davies was augmented by Margaret King and Hazel Penman for the old fashioned glee club. Olive Titus and Glenys Davies lent an authentic note to the Terrific Twenties scene swinging its tunes.

Mrs. R. B. Alexander and Eric Davies played the Titanic scene with convincing sincerity while Edith Laycock and Robert A. Clement Jr., put across the burlesque melodrama with verve and color.

Clinton V. Godwin, Harry Shatz and Jack Forbes, opened the show with a barrack room scene and Clinton and Jack slept through the show while Harry carried on for several blackout skits. Cpl. Robert Fletcher doubled for Garbo and other performers and backstage mic voices included Sidney Streek, Jim Greer and Robert Tyre.

The charming Merry Widow dance number was given by members of Manitoba Delta chapter, Beta Sigma Phi: Jean McDorman, Edith Laycock, Lorraine Valens, Helen Tracey, Margaret Ingram, Marguerite Henson, Gwen Dobbie, Mrs. E. A. Birkinshaw and Mrs. N. Unicum. Mannequins in the fashion show included Mrs. C. V. Godwin, Mrs. S. P. McArton, Mrs. T. J. Durkin, Mrs. R. Kitchen, Lorraine Valens and Peggy Sharpe. The Minnet scene was played by Gwen Dobbie and Leo Kennedy with violin accompaniment by Mrs. Mae Selwood. Lois Richardson and Jean Simpson were the two young dancers of the Charleston tap.

Mrs. A. Venables acted as Gram and the young suicidal singer was Mary Kingston.

Appearing in the carnival scene and the parade of the people, other than those previously named were Mrs. W. W. Kidd, Hilda Zink, Sarah Gwenne Glasgow, Marianne English, Margaret Collins, Eleanor Wrye, W. C. D. Pacey, R. B. Alexander, S. P. McArton, Ted Speers and Walter Finn.

The committee departments were managed as follows: Music, Dilys Davies and Florence Conner; costumes, Ruth Little; dancing, M. A. Yeomans and Mrs. E. J. Bedard; stage sets, Roland Kitchen; make-up, Eva Carpentier and Margaret Druce.



Between The Book End

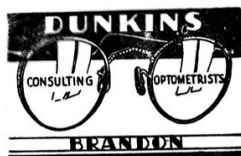
ARCHIBALD JOSEPH CRONIN

OUR Library has five novels from the pen of A. J. Cronin. It is interesting to note that he began his writing career as the result of a handicap. Through an enforced retirement for six months with gastric ulcer, he began his first novel, *Hatter's Castle*. At the end of three months it was in the hands of the publishers and critics later compared it to the work of Dickens, Hardy and Balzac.

He was born in Cardross, Scotland, 1896. The war interrupted his medical course at Glasgow University and during the last two years of the first war he served as a surgeon in the R.M.D.S. After the war he completed his course and practiced for four years in south Wales. Then he secured an appointment with the Ministry of Mines which took him all over Great Britain, studying pulmonary disabilities in the coal fields. In the course of a year he visited 500 colliers and made 200 underground inspections. After that he moved to London and built up a successful practice in the west end.

Hatter's Castle, the *Citadel*, (three copies), *The Keys of the Kingdom* (three copies), *The Stars Look Down*, and *Grand Canary*, all by this author, are in the library.

The final test of Christian fortitude is to be a clerk and wait on a do-you-realize-who-I-am woman. — Detroit Free Press.



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THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM

By A. J. Cronin

This is the story of a priest. This priest was a very human man, and being human he had feelings. At times he was happy, at other times his heart was drowned in sorrow. At all times he was sincere. This priest believed in God, but also he believed in his fellow man. He was perplexed to see anyone who believed in God and at the same time distrusted those about him. He could not associate his creed with lust for power, fame or wealth. He could only see on thing, and that was to do his duty as a priest. Strangely enough it was this desire to be a priest and avoid human sin that made him so human in his virtue. He was generally judged as a failure and yet the author and creator of *Father Francis* the priest leaves the reader convinced that this man was truly a great success.

In order to make his point Cronin at times reaches over the line but in general he is more occupied in presenting the virtues of *Father Francis* than the faults of those about him. The style of this book is powerful, and the psychology is superb in its subtlety. Anyone who knows Cronin can pick up this book and realize to the full his expectations. It is a story that is worthwhile for it contains pages of stark realism, a theme of prime importance and it brings its message as a crusade in typical Cronin style.

Finally it brings to the fore the question of Religion in the world today, and yet it can hardly be called a religious book. It is a splendid example of the modern trend of thinking where even those entrusted with the great doctrine of Christianity are portrayed fighting against those powers that would make them forget the creed that is theirs. All see in the end that it is the humility of *Father Francis* that is the key to success. This is a book for all to read.

Road-hogs are dangerous, especially when they're under the influence of ego.—Kitchener Record.

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THE BACKGROUND OF OUR WAR

Manchuria—Ethiopia—Austria—Czechoslovakia—Poland . . . milestones of the long road of aggression . . . milestones which must be remembered in the true meaning of this war for the world.

The nations divide into those who follow the Nazi lead and those who refuse to accept the inevitability of that barbarian wave of the future. The list of milestones continues: Poland—Denmark—Norway—the Low Countries—France . . . country after country going down before the blitz tactics of panzer divisions and Luftwaffe.

The war goes on after France's downfall. England is left alone in the fight which, even then was becoming ours. The Battle of Britain . . . the gallant R.A.F. wresting control of the skies from Hitler's Heinkels and Messerschmitts . . . the civil population "taking" the bombs, putting out the fires, keeping the production going. The Battle of the Atlantic . . . and the war coming closer to American shores, claiming the lives of American seamen.

The Battle of the Mediterranean and the shattering of Mussolini's dreams of empire . . . the tide of war raging back and forth across the sands of Libya . . . the fall of Greece, Yugoslavia, Crete. Then Hitler's armored forces pouring across the frontier against Russia. "The war will be over in three weeks . . . Leningrad and Moscow by the end of summer . . . the Russian Army will be annihilated, is annihilated . . ." But the drive slowed in late summer, stopped in the autumn, and turned back on itself with the coming of

winter. The Nazis had met their match in the field.

And all the while another war is going on in the Far East. Japan pressing against China . . . and southward toward Singapore and the Indies. Japan cajoling, bullying, negotiating . . . and all the while laying plans for the blow. It falls on December 7, 1941. Pearl Harbor becomes a name in American history.

It is worthwhile studying, with maps, the strategy of the enemy generals. They were preparing for this modern war, this total war, while we in the democracies followed the pleasant paths of peace. They have much to teach us; they have taught us much. The lessons are in this book. The story is told simply and graphically.

Here is the story every Canadian and American should read. It tells him why this was, is, in fact "Two Worlds in Conflict." It gives him a basis for faith in his country's war effort, a faith rooted in the military tradition of a century and a half and in the courage and efficiency of a thoroughly aroused people.

The *Background of Our War* was written from lectures delivered to the men in the American army. But this war draws no line between combatant and non-combatant. It is everybody's war; if we are to do our job, we must know all about it. This is the first book which sets the story down in full.

A man was pegging along the street with a walking stick several inches too tall for comfort. A solicitous friend said, "That's a nice stick, but you better have somebody cut a few inches off that end."

"That wouldn't help," the owner answered. "It's this end that's too high."



"But where else would I put a tourniquet for a head wound?"



Did everything seem to go wrong this morning, Chum? Couldn't find your pants, boot laces broke, cut yourself shaving, got fried egg down your neck when somebody's plate went into a tall-spin in the mess hall, arrived late for parade and got the devil! A pretty bad morning, wasn't it? Couldn't understand it, could you? Thought maybe you should change your brand of toothpaste and stop chiselling your chum's Silvo. You even resolved not to think any more unkind things about corporals and sergeants. By doing this you sort of figured that old man bad luck might leave you alone and concentrate on AC2 Jones instead. You never for a moment suspected the real cause of your morning's misfortunes. It never occurred to you that there might be

the funniest looking little creatures I ever laid eyes on. They couldn't have been more than six inches high with tiny horns growing out of the side of their heads. Each had a nose the size and shape and color of W. C. Fields, and a pair of black teddy bear eyes. They were dressed in some sort of green outfit.

"I said, 'just a minute there, have you got a pass to come into this Manning Depot?'"

"Don't be silly," said the one that seemed to be in charge. "We're Gremlins, and Gremlins can go anywhere without a pass."

"Not in here, you can't," I said very firmly, "March out again."

"Not likely," said the Gremlin, and made a motion with his hand. Before I knew what was happening a pair of them had crawled up under my tunic and almost instantly my trousers fell down. While I was busy pulling them up again the Gremlins marched into the Arena and disappeared. I shouted for the N.C.O. in charge and told him what had happened.



deliberate, diabolical sabotage behind the broken shoe laces and the missing pants. Well, that's exactly what it was, my friend, and the culprits were—GREMLINS!

Yes, I said Gremlins. You've heard about them—the queer looking, pint-size gnomes who make life miserable for pilots and observers and air-guns. Well, they're here in No. 2 Manning Depot now. They came in last night after lights out. Let me tell you exactly what happened in the words of the S.P. who was on duty at the door when the Gremlins marched in.

"It was just around midnight," said the S.P. "when the door opened very quietly and in marched a squad of

"Jones," he said sternly, "in future you leave strong liquor alone before you come on duty."

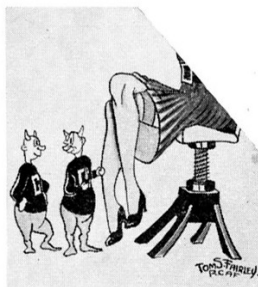
That was how the Gremlins arrived at No. 2 Manning Depot last night, and in the few hours they have been here they have been very active around the building.

In Disposal this morning LAC Dopp jumped from his chair to answer the telephone and fell flat on his face. A Gremlin had tied his boot laces together.

Drunk and disorderly was the charge against AC2 Doaks but AC2 Doaks stoutly defended his innocence and offered this explanation for his heinous conduct: When I wasn't looking a Gremlin sneaked up and

spiked my orange crush with rum. AC2 Smith appeared on parade with his buttons unpolished and upon being taken to task for this omission said plaintively: "A Gremlin made my watch run slow and I didn't have time to polish my brass."

The mischievous little beggars are all over the place and into everything. One of them slipped into Works and Buildings and dropped some termites among the lumber. The first aid class reports that two Gremlins got into the room and persuaded somebody to apply a tourniquet to LAC Fishburne's neck. Fortunately the tourniquet wasn't damaged.



Miss Bell up in the Pay Office reports that she felt something tugging at her silk clad leg, and upon investigating discovered a grinning Gremlin doing his darndest to start a run in her new stockings. That's what he said he was trying to do anyway.

AC2 Irving "Nightmare at Noon" Herman had some trouble with a pair of the little gnomes during the air force program at CKX. One got into the control room and played havoc with the buttons and switches. The

other one crawled up to the microphone and recited "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." Thousands of listeners wrote in to say it was the best program they had ever heard over CKX.

We could go on telling stories about these mischief-makers for hours, but for reasons which will soon be apparent we're going to write fins to this article right now. Just a few seconds ago the door opened very quietly and in trooped half a dozen very determined looking Gremlins.

"You're writing a story about us, aren't you" one said in a rather threatening tone of voice. We confirmed his suspicions with a very nervous "Yes."

The six Gremlins then promptly hopped up onto the desk and clustered around the typewriter. Silently they read the story as we had written it.

"Don't like it," said one. "Don't like it a bit."

"He calls us trouble makers and little beggars," another one growled.

"It won't do," said a third Gremlin. "You'll have to tear it up and write another one that says nice things about us."

"No," we said firmly and flatly. "The story stands as it is."

"If you publish that story," the Gremlins chorused, "we'll do a thorough job of sabotage in here."

"You can't intimidate the press," we retorted shakily.

"Alright, you just wait and see," they snickered, and march out again.

So, here is the story about the Gremlins, and what will happen to us, we think, shouldn't happen to a dog. Come on you Gremlins, we'll fight you to the last paper clip!

100 and 1

Gift suggestions for man or boy back home, sure of hearty appreciation. Attractive Christmas boxes bearing the "McDonald" label gives added distinction.

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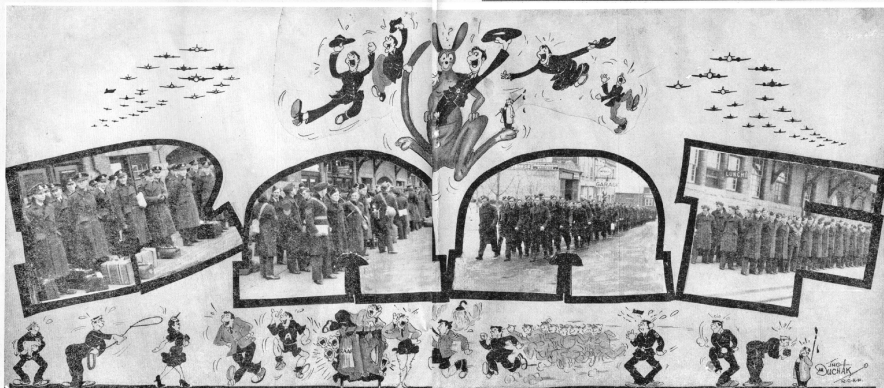
WALTZING MATILDA
 Once a jolly swagman camep by a
 billabong
 Under the shade of a coolabah
 tree,
 And he sang as he watched and wait-
 ed
 till his lilly billy botled,
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda
 with me.
 Down came a jumbuck to drink at
 the billabong,
 Up jumped the swagman and grab-
 bed him with gloe,
 And he sang as he showed that jumbuck
 in his interlocking,
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with
 me.
 Up came the squatter mounted on
 his thoroughbred,
 Up came the troopers, one, two, three,
 Where's that jolly jumbuck you've
 got in your locker-hat?
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with
 me.
 Up jumped the swagman and sprang
 into the billabong,
 You'll never catch me alive, said he,
 And his boot may be heard as you
 pass by that billabong,
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda
 with me.

A rousing melody, coupled with
 intriguing words, has made "Waltz-
 ing Matilda" one of the song hits of
 the war. Although not a new num-
 ber, this marching song of the Aus-
 tralian Forces has become a uni-
 versal favourite, sung by millions.

It seems that once upon the pre-
 vential lines a tramp ("swagman")
 pitched camp near a stream ("billa-
 bong"), in the shade of one of Aus-
 tralia's coolabah trees. As he sat
 there, waiting for his lilly ("lilly")
 to boil and dream of some mythical
 "Matilda," then appeared to him im-
 aginatively mind in the form of his
 lilly-bag, or "tucker-bag," a deer
 ("jumbuck") came down to the river
 to drink.

Without hesitation, the tramp leapt
 at the deer, started the chase to the
 billabong, and went on with his
 dreary thoughts of Matilda—in the
 shape of his tucker-bag.

While so occupied, he was surround-
 ed upon by a farmer and three police-
 men who demanded the deer, but he



"Yes" Morton, claims his home town
 has the "most beautiful gardens in
 the world."

One thing new we found and lik-
 ed in Canada, is the song "Alouette,"
 coined by Sgt. Bockert.

LAC Kenneth Wright, whom his
 buddies call "Chubby" because of his
 conversational abilities, brought with
 him from Sidney his musical new
 LAC. Ray McClelland, also from
 Sidney, wants to be a fighter pilot.
 "My dad's a major in the army and
 my brother is a fighter pilot in New
 Guinea," he stated.

LAC Thomas Schofield, who
 once had a ranch of 3,000 acres, falls
 a similarity in taming horses and
 learning to fly.

"You get the same sort of feeling,"
 he considered. "They both have pe-
 culiarities. Both a horse and a plane
 give you a stiff ride at first."

A reminder of his rodeo riding
 days in Tom's related story, looked
 from a hard fall.

The Airman's Post wanted to know
 something about his farming days.

"Oh, I had a few acres," he admit-
 ted. "About 5,000. I lost 2,000 in the
 drought one year."

Tom had his "vatican" or ranch at
 Cryon, Estango. Estango is derived
 from the native language, meaning
 water hole.

LAC Eric Power was a fine bar-
 nener before the war; LAC Ben Poun-
 tain, a motor mechanic.

Eric farmer or motor mechanic,
 the good-looking, spirited Aussie
 has made himself at home in
 Canada. Canadians welcome them as
 comrades in arms and visitors to
 their country.

—Y.A. Wierke

First Student Aviator: "Quick!
 What do I do now, instructor?"
 Second Student: "Holy smoke,
 what's the instructor?"



OUR VISITORS

scaped from their grasp and, still
 clutching his "Waltzing Matilda,"
 leaped into the stream.

The story runs that the ghost of
 the tramp may still be heard from
 the banks of that lilly-bong stream,
 singing this exciting melody.
 So much for the story—but you'll
 like the song. Try it!

London bus conductor: "What's
 that you have on your lap?"
 Air said warden: "It's a delayed
 action bomb. I'm taking to the police
 station."

Conductor: "You don't want to
 carry a thing like that in your lap
 but it under the seat."

Have for brief stopovers en route
 the high-spirited airman in dark blue
 found this wheat city as their first
 Canadian home before they continue
 their training.

Most of the Aussies are leading
 strenuous lives who have completed
 their elementary flight at home.
 Others are sergeant observers and
 commissioned officers.



SEASON'S GREETINGS
 COMPLIMENTS
 OF THE
CECIL HOTEL
 10th St. Brandon

From brush-cutters to school
 teachers in their grower days, the
 Aussies, in their pungent and witty
 way, have a few things to say about
 their new abode.

They like the girls because of their
 "punches and cream" complexion.
 Like the snow, hate the cold weather.
 Bowling always and long underwear
 are new things to them. They miss
 the sun, the surf, horse races and
 charcoal operated motor cars at
 home.

"I'll tell you," put in LAC Jim
 Peterson, of Mumbly, New South
 Wales. "The girls here have the best
 feet complexion but their figures
 aren't as nice as we find them at
 home."

Jim who once operated a sheep
 "station" and then a garage in Aus-
 tralia, finds it difficult to understand

FROM DOWN UNDER

one aspect of Canadian girls he
 notices:

"I can't understand this handshak-
 ing at night when you take the girl
 home," he confessed.

"You take the girl home, she rushes
 behind the gate, shuts it and then
 starts handshaking. Zio, and she de-
 patters inside."

Jim claims the Canadians talk
 through their noses and that they
 talk more like "the English."

"And the dancing," he snorted.
 "Why you step in one bloody place
 and flick your legs about."

"Not considering all these disap-
 pointments," continued Jim with a
 smile, "we think the R.C.A.F. lads
 and the people here are very friendly
 and hospitable."

LAC Ray Ridgway, from Sidney,
 a former mechanical engineer, had
 about the trip from Australia.

"When we crossed the equator we
 gave the ship's American crew a pre-
 sent initiation. We threw them all
 into the swimming pool!"

The trip through the Canadian
 Rockies, he termed a "glorious ex-
 perience."

Clad in pyjamas, the Aussies rush
 out of the train at their first sight
 of snow and begin a snowball fight.

"We have only two skating rinks
 in all Sidney," commented Ray.

"And that's on the dikeum."

"On the dikeum," in Australian
 slang, means "on the level."

Ready with an answer for anything
 anyone has to say, the Aussies say
 it with some of their colorful slang.
 Sheila, a girl, "waggler," a hobo
 because he made his eyes on his
 back; "nabber," friend; "banter,"
 good; "snack," fight; "on the spot,"
 sinks; "dry your eye," quit com-

plaining; "cowcocky," dairy farmer;
 "sucky," wheat farmer.

The like nickname, five of the
 sergeant observers have been dubs
 the "Pitso kids" because of their
 somewhat swasthacking atti-
 tude.

They are: Sgt. "Kant" Tom Howe,
 Dick Howe, Sgt. Jack Logan, Sgt.
 "Shaggy" Bockert, Sgt. Red. Wagh,
 Sgt. "Woolmooooloo" George Cavill.

"What does Woolmooooloo mean?"
 suspended Sgt. Cavill. It's the black
 boy's name for the place where he
 came. It means bloody awful, or
 swaggy territory.

Sgt. Altha Bergant, another obser-
 ver, was a school teacher at Mel-
 boerns. Another Melbourne, Sgt.

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SOON TO FIGHT EIGHT EIGHT MILES UP

Germans and British Rushing Plans for Super Planes

War in the air is tending more and more to reach immense heights. Already the possibility of fights at 400 miles an hour eight miles above the earth has to be taken into account in the planning of future aircraft for both the Royal Air Force and the Luftwaffe.

The Germans are known to be building a Messerschmitt with a sealed cabin which enables the pilot to fly at over 40,000 feet, without wearing special equipment. Another "stratosphere" machine is a Junkers, which with a pressure cabin can be used as a reconnaissance bomber at a height of eight miles.

Speed, they point out is important in aerial battle; but height is as often the decisive factor. Height confers the tactical initiative upon the pilot. When there are large numbers of high-flying bombers and fighters operating the formation of the future will tower ever higher into the sky. And it will be the men at the extreme top, somewhere in the stratosphere, locked in pressure cabins, manipulating guns and controls by some form of remote control, who will play the primary role in determining the formation's safety.

Whatever the Nazis do, however in developing new machines and air tactics it can be said that the Royal Air Force's technical development will not lag behind.

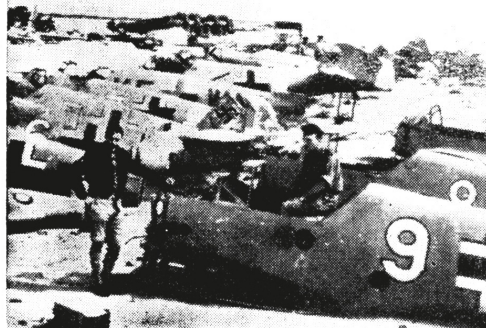
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The Post Surveys The World From Brandon

Axis Warplane "Graveyard" in Egypt



Here are a few of the hundreds of Nazi planes shot out of the skies by the combined British, Canadian, American and South African air forces which gave the Allies undisputed control of the air in Egypt.

PO G. BEURLING RANKED THIRD R.A.F. ACE

Air force officials last night credited Pilot Officer George Beurling, death-dealing Verdun, Que., fighter pilot, with being the third most destructive ace among those still active in the R.A.F.

Considerable discrepancy appeared between official figures at the last count and unofficial totals of enemy aircraft the first five aces have destroyed.

Here are the last official figures: Wing Cmdr. Adolph Malan, 32; Sqdn. Ldr. J. H. Lacey, 25; Beurling, 24; Wing Cmdr. Frank Carey, 23; Sqdn. Ldr. Don Kingaby, 18.

Authorities said, however, that these unofficial figures probably are correct: Carey, 40; Malan, 35; Beurling, 29; Lacey and Kingaby, 25 each.

Among pilots now out of action the late Wing Cmdr. Paddy Flinucane was tops with a credit of 32.

Because of their speed, 150 cargo planes could do the work of 50 ships. And the planes would use only 5,500 tons of metal, while the ships would require 199,000 tons.

NAVY DOES IT

The Navy (London)

When all the claims of all the arms are tested it will, we are convinced, be found that as in all our past history, sea power has been the basis of our survival and the foundation of all the rest.

Again, as in all our history, we began this war with a Navy which we had allowed to fall into neglect. We had committed every conceivable folly. We had sacrificed in vain the one thing that mattered most, pre-eminence at sea. We had increased our own peril in denying to the Navy its own air service.

But the high efficiency and skill and courage of our seamen, whether they served in the Royal Navy or the Merchant Navy or the Fishing Fleets, have pulled us through.

In view of the official statement at Ottawa, that Canada has ample meat, curiosity grows as to where it is being concealed.—Toronto Telegram.

There was once a slogan "a car in every garage." Keep calm, brother, it is coming and coming fast, puncture by puncture.—Kitchener Record.



REX STOUT WARNS AGAINST WHINING

Must Not Grow Soft If Germans Will

Rex Stout, author and chairman of the War Writers' Board of the United States, addressing a Canadian Club luncheon, urged that the democracies harden themselves to the "whining" of the defeated enemy so that "our children or grandchildren" won't have to fight Germans again.

After the last war, Mr. Stout said, the Germans "squealed and grumbled because we showed an inclination to act as if we had won a war, and never for one moment did they stop for 20 years."

They were successful then, he added, for "like a bunch of suckers we let them persuade us that the Treaty of Versailles was outrageous, which was a lie; that payment of reparations was an unsupportable burden upon them, another lie; that they were being oppressed, horribly mistreated, denied the basic rights of existence, all lies."

"Already, in their broadcasts, the Germans, apparently smelling the first faint whiffs of the sickening odor of defeat have started polishing up the same kind of lies with which they achieved so great a success the last time. So beware."

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SEASON'S GREETINGS AND THE BEST OF LUCK TO OUR PALS IN THE AIR FORCE

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A THUG'S CAREER OR THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ADOLF HITLER



The Baby

"Ach, Mrs. Shikgruber, such a remarkable baby he is, the little Adolf."
 "Yes, yes, we are very proud of our little Adolphus, Mrs. Fritz. Never before is there a record of a baby being born with a moustache."
 "Ach, how wonderful!"

Crack!
 "Mrs. Shikgruber! You must not hit your little Adolphus with a baseball bat!"

"I do not wish to hurt him, Mrs. Fritz, but little Adolphus must learn not to creep up behind visitors with his papa's jack-knife."

"Mein Gott! The little brat was going to stab me?"

"Do not worry, Mrs. Fritz. It is just a little game Adolf plays."

"So! Well, I must go now, Mrs. Shikgruber. Goodbye!"

"Goodbye, Mrs. Fritz."

"Adolf, what is that you have in your hand?"

"The old dame's purse, mamma. I snatched it when she had her back turned."

The Boy

"So, children, for homework tonight you will write an essay on how the world always wants to make war on poor, peace loving Germany. And now we will have our arithmetic lesson. You, Adolf Shikgruber, will answer this question: 2 and 2 equals how much?"

"Ten."
 "That is not right, you stupid boy. It equals four."

"Some day, Herr teacher, it will equal ten—if I say so."

"You are impertinent, Adolf. Put that revolver back in your pocket and go and stand in a corner."

The Man

"But Herr Shikgruber you are hanging that wallpaper upside down."
 "Certainly I hang it upside down. I am an artist. I have imagination. To me it looks better hanging upside down. It is more artistic."

"But I do not want it hung that way, Herr Shikgruber."

"It does not matter what you want. Some day when I decree it all the walls in Europe will be papered upside down."

"Very well, Herr Shikgruber, I will not object. And now please do not point that gun at me anymore."

The Soldier

"What is your name soldier, and what do you want at headquarters of the German army?"

"My name is Adolf Shikgruber, Herr Captain, and I want a medal."

"And why do you think you should be given a medal, Shikgruber?"

"For bravery at the front, Herr Captain. Look!"

"I am looking, but all I see is a pair of dirty pants with a hole through them."

"That hole, Herr Captain, was made by a bullet while I was fearlessly leading my men."

"So! But that hole is through the seat of the pants?"

"Where else could it be, Herr Captain? I was bravely leading my men in a glorious retreat."

The Politician

"This man is a nuisance and must be removed. You, Himmler, will visit him tonight and destroy him."

"Very good, Herr Leader."

"And you, Goering. You have the bomb ready for that other job?"

"It is ready, Herr Leader."

"Good! Then go. I will remain here and write another chapter for my book, Mein Kampf."

The Fuehrer

"I am your leader! I am your God! Listen to me, and follow me! I will make Germany great again! I will give you guns instead of butter, I will give you war instead of peace."

"I will give you concentration camps and firing squads! I will take away your freedom! I will make you hunger and starve. I will make your wives widows and your children orphans. All these things I will do for you because I, your Fuehrer, love you!"

"And shall I cross the channel now, Fuehrer, and take England?"

"No, no, my General. You deserve a holiday first. Take a few divisions with you and spend a couple of weeks vacationing in Russia. Send me a postcard when you reach Moscow."

"I will buy a copy of the Fuehrer's Mein Kampf in this house?"

"No."

"You have a choice—Mein Kampf or a concentration camp."

"I will buy a copy of the book immediately."

"You are Herr Schmidt?"

"Yes."

"We are from the Gestapo."

"What have I done?"

"Have you a copy of the Fuehrer's Mein Kampf in this house?"

"No."

"You have a choice—Mein Kampf or a concentration camp."

"I will buy a copy of the book immediately."

"Hello . . . yes, this is the Fuehrer . . . what . . . no, no, Goering, there is no change in my plans. We will find a pretext to invade Poland on the morning of September first. Goodbye."

"Ah, and now where was I, Mr. Chamberlain? Oh, yes. As I was saying. I am a man of honor . . ."

The Conqueror

"Well, General, how many countries have I conquered now?"

"Eight, Fuehrer."

"What! Only eight?"

"I beg your pardon, Fuehrer. Nine including Italy."

"Ah, that's better."

"And shall I cross the channel now, Fuehrer, and take England?"

"No, no, my General. You deserve a holiday first. Take a few divisions with you and spend a couple of weeks vacationing in Russia. Send me a postcard when you reach Moscow."

The Twilight Deepens

"Excuse me, Fuehrer, but I must see you."

"Gott in Himmel, Goebbels, haven't I told you that I must not be disturbed while I am in the throes of literary creation?"

"I am sorry, Fuehrer, but this matter is of such importance that it could not wait."

"Well, what is it?"

"A woman is at the door asking a question that I, Goebbels, cannot answer."

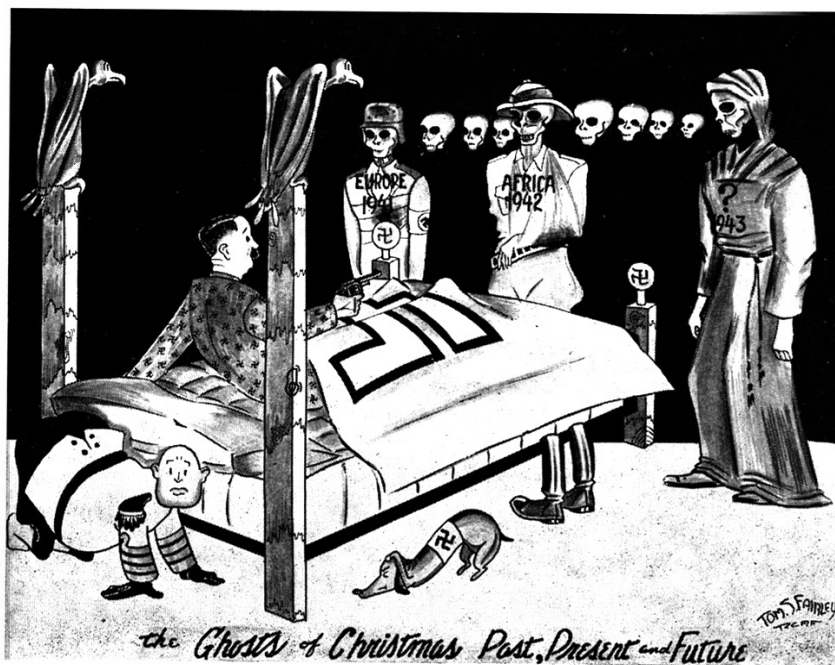
"What! A question that you, Goebbels, cannot find an answer for?"

"It is true, Fuehrer. A question that even I cannot answer."

"What is this amazing question?"

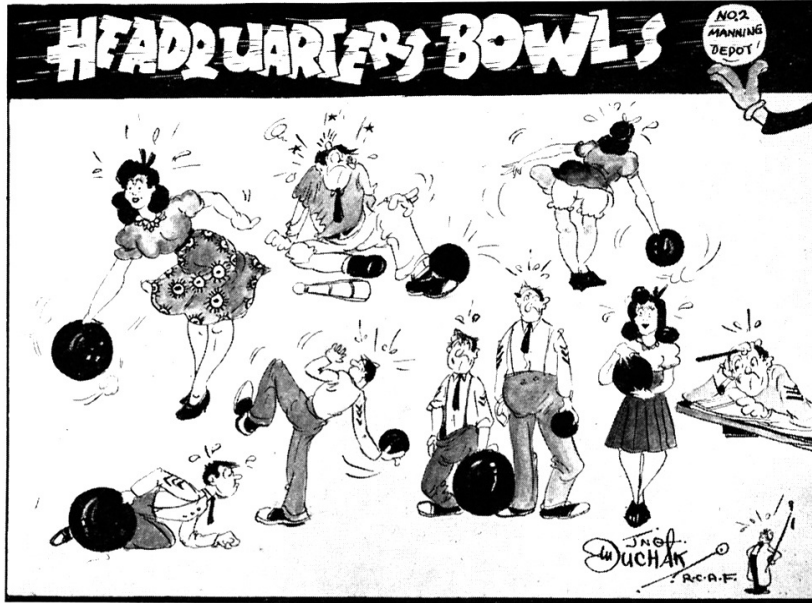
"The woman says that eight times we have announced the complete destruction of the Russian armies, and now she has been notified that her husband has been killed in Russia. She wants to know who killed him."

(Continued on page 16)



the Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present and Future

SPORT SPLASHES



and '41. A track and field star who excelled in the 100 yd. and 220 yd. dash and was a Manitoba champion at one time is W. F. Crisp. Now we return to basketball again and present P. Haas who did his stuff for the Saskatoon Grads. And who also has the distinction of holding the junior Dominion Shot Put record. Intermediate hockey with the British American All Stars is J. E. Scotten's claim to fame. Senior basketball for the St. Paul's College Crusaders illuminates C. K. Parrish's sports background.

Husky lads all of them, and eager to get in there and toss a few hard ones in Hitler's direction.

—Sgt. A. Steinhauer.

AU REVOIR, SERGEANT STEINHAUER

A popular member of the staff at No. 2 Manning Depot, Sgt. Steinhauer has left us to perform the function of Physical Training Instructor at Dafoe, Saskatchewan. Active in all sports at this depot and particularly boxing Steinie will be missed for his unfailing good humor and tireless efforts to build up and foster a sustained interest in the manly art of self defense.

The best of good luck to you, sergeant, and may your efforts be crowned with additional success at Dafoe.

A THUGS CAREER

(Continued from page 15)

"Bah! Tell her anything. Tell her the Russians are like cats—they have nine lives."

"Nine lives—Fuehrer, you are a genius! It is the answer to a prayer. I will broadcast that explanation over all the nation's radios."

"Alright, alright. And now go away and let me finish writing this new chapter for my Mein Kampf. By the way, do you spell obituary with one 't' or two?"

SPORTS PERSONALITIES AT No. 2

Splendid specimens of Canada's youth, radiant with good health and bubbling over with vitality, continue to make their appearance at this Depot as recruits in training and to demonstrate something of the prowess that won them fame in the civilian world of sport. Fit and conditioned by years of athletic activities these lads are just rarin' to go to work on the enemies of democracy.

Here's the line-up this month:

One of basketball's bright luminaries is A. Renton of the Moose Jaw All Stars. AC2 Renton is now all out for a victory over the Axis. Flin Flon, Manitoba, may be a small town, but judging from the number of times it is mentioned in this column from month to month it is certainly doing its share in providing fighting men for the armed forces. This month it presents us with a hockey star from the Flin Flon Bombers, J. L. Staples. Bombing should be right up Mr. Staples alley. Basketball again, and this time it is AC2 D. Milton of the Central Collegiate, Regina, Sask. Senior softball for the Froid Mines

at Sudbury, Ont., was C. W. Strom's strong forte in 1941 and '42. An impressive background of sporting activities belongs to S. Molinski who played hockey with the St. Boniface Athletes (junior) through '39, '40, '41, and '42. Soccer with the West Kildonan Juniors who won the Winnipeg and Manitoba championship.

The Winnipeg Blue Bombers have an unusually large representation in the ranks of the R.C.A.F. and this month brings another one, AC2 D. M. Ross of Winnipeg. A welcome visitor to our column this month is Sgt. F. D. Holdsworth who used to be a member of the police force of Melbourne, Australia. Sgt. Holdsworth has quite an impressive record as a wrestler back in the country down under. With a very appropriate name for this season of the year O. O. Noel informs us that he played senior hockey at Seven Sisters, Manitoba, in '38, '39, '40, and '41. The Falcon Rangers of Winnipeg provide us with another hockey highlight in the person of W. S. Scott.

Senior hockey to the fore again this time A. F. McNally who played for the Redditt Blackhawks in '40.



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FROM THE POOL

PRECISION DRILL SQUAD

The first R.C.A.F. Women's Division Precision Drill Squad from No. 7 Manning Depot, Rockcliffe, Ontario, demonstrate in their drill the result of team work and co-ordination.

The 55 airwomen that comprise the squad execute 138 drill sequences as if they were a single person and do



Section Officer Alice Fahrenholtz
Officer Commanding Precision Squad

so without one word of command. The routine is a review of the basic drill of any Service member but is staged as an entertainment and educational feature. Entertaining—because anyone who is fortunate enough to see these airwomen go through their drill will delight at their manner of presentation. Educational—because it proves to the public that a woman can become as good a soldier as a man in many instances.

Just over six weeks ago they were civilians in all walks of life—stenographers, teachers, clerks, students and salesladies. They drill four hours daily and take their drill so seriously that it breaks their hearts if they have to miss it. They even refuse to go on sick leave they are that wrapped up in it.

However, the girls don't spend all their time putting on drill demonstrations. This is their basic training period and while drill is a large part of that they are given lectures on Service subjects daily. At the conclusion of this tour they will disband and commence trade training which, when completed, will enable them to release men for more active duties. Another group of girls will then be assembled to form the next precision squad.

The necessity of being alert and on their toes throughout the drill demonstration will eventually stand the girls in good stead. This has been demonstrated time and time again by members of the R.C.A.F. Men's Precision Squad at Lachine. In nearly every graduating class, whether it be an aircrew or ground trade, those men who were members of the Pre-

cision Squadron during their basic training will be found near the top.

The squad is under the command of Assistant Section Officer Fahrenholtz who accompanies the girls on all occasions and is responsible for their welfare. During the demonstrations Flight Sergeant Lawrence, a Kamloops, B.C. girl, takes charge. Flight Sergeant Lawrence has been one of the hits of the show wherever the airwomen perform. Her deep-voiced commands amaze people who wonder how a charming and diminutive miss could sound so much like an Army Sergeant Major.

One of the two male members of the group is their instructor, Sergeant Crook. His work is more along the lines of a dance director than drill instructor. In fact, "choreographer" might be a more apt term, for in patterning the routine to be executed by the girls he has used all the skill of a ballet director. The other member is Pilot Officer Vincent Forbes who is responsible for the Air Force band organization throughout the tour.



The first R.C.A.F. Women's Division Precision Drill Squad from No. 7 Manning Depot, Rockcliffe, Ontario, who will put on drill demonstrations at No. 2 Manning Depot, December 1st and 2nd

CO-ORDINATING MIND AND MUSCLES

Time leaves its mark on all things. Some corrode quickly while others endure throughout the ages. The Statue of Liberty and John Bull are examples of the time-resisting articles and concepts, while Adolph Schickelgruber's promises and a man's memory of the multiplication tables are examples of things short lived.

Our educational system has not, during the past twenty-five years, been designed to satisfy the demands the Air Force is now making. The teachers have attempted to teach a little about many things. If a pupil had a fifty per cent knowledge he got by. This will not suffice for the Air Force. A navigator who gets home fifty per cent of the time is making a very poor average!

That is why Precision takes classes each afternoon. Their Precision Drill teaches an exactness of timing and

motion that reflects a correlated exactness and timing in their mental processes.

For this reason, and by these means, those who have the necessary education but are rusty in the use of it enter a Precision Flight and acquire skills and knowledge that will better enable them to get that Messerschmidt and find their way home afterwards.

T. K. Creighton, F/O.

SGT. FRANK LEES

Sgt. Frank Lees, of Paulson, formally of the No. 2 "M" Depot, is the man responsible for the second half of the show on Sunday, Nov. 29. Sgt. Lees has had considerable experience in the show business, has played in the best theatres in London, England, and has done considerable touring with show parties. His work as Master of Ceremonies in the show is an indication of his ability on the stage.

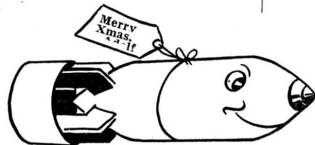
THRILLING BOUTS FEATURE

ARMY-AIR FORCE BOXING CARD

Tall, slim Roy Ridgeway of Sydney, Australia, and stockily-built Frank Smart, of Winnipeg, provided all the thrills any fight fan would want when they met Nov. 12th in the Manning Depot as one of the three-round attractions of a special card arranged between Shilo and the No. 2 Manning Depot.

Results of Bouts

- Cpl. Eddie Jarjour won from Gr. Doug Irwin, Shilo.
- Gr. Kryviak, Shilo, won from AC2 K. Hogan, Manning Depot.
- Bdr. Axel Ulveland, Shilo, won from AC2 John Rechenuc, Depot.
- Pte. J. Smart, Shilo, won from LAC Roy Ridgeway, R.A.A.F.
- AC2 Max Katz won from Sergt. E. McKenna, Shilo.
- Pte. Joe Sebok, Shilo, won from AC2 Ken Owens, R.C.A.F.
- Gr. Joe Phillips, Shilo, won by K.O. from AC2 Chuck Ellis, R.C.A.F.
- Pte. Alex Weselowski, Shilo, won from AC2 Dennis Sebestyen, R.C.A.F.



Wrestling

Alex Skene, Brandon, and Johnny Denchuk, Artillery training centre, in draw.

Sergt. Frank Halsworth, R.A.A.F., beat Cpl. L. Larson, R.C.A.F., in fall.



Aircraft Recognition

To a pilot travelling at three hundred miles per hour every plane nearby is seen only for a few instants between the time that plane is at recognizable distance and that instant at which he must either hold his fire or shoot down an enemy.

There is not time in those few seconds to argue pros and cons as to the plane's identity. Recognition must be instantaneous and were this a universal achievement in our forces, many of the saddest occurrences of this war might have been averted.

An instructor with his pupil flying on a training flight noticed a plane nearby and dismissed it as a Spitfire. Later floating earthward in parachutes, they were machine gunned by what had turned out to be a Messerschmitt. The pupil was killed and the instructor mortally wounded.

Other cases such as that of the Anti Aircraft battery that deliberately fired on and brought down an Anson, or probably the most tragic loss of all: the shooting down of a Hudson loaded to capacity with some of Britain's best military tacticians.

Many other cases of the kind can be quoted but the few above mentioned will serve as explanation for the great importance now attached to the study of Aircraft Recognition not only by Aircrew but also by every man in uniform, with an object of making every man in the forces letter perfect in the immediate recognition of every plane in use, enemy or friend.

This in itself is an enormous task but preventing the unnecessary death of even one of our men will fully justify the energy so expended.

T. K. Creighton, F/O.



WEATHER WE'RE HAVING, ISN'T IT?

Recently I met a friend of mine on the street, and in the course of conversation I glanced up at the sky and remarked, "It's a nice day, isn't it?"

He gave me a hard stare. "Is it?" he snapped.

That brought the war home to me. As he went on to explain, there should be no loose talk about the weather. No telling who might be listening, and what's the good of stopping the publishing of weather reports if we citizens go blabbing the weather all over the place?

He pointed out that care should be taken as well in repeating news from letters from one's cousins who live in Buffalo. If Cousin Bertha writes, "It's been raining cats and dogs for three days here, but it looks like it's going to clear up now," for heaven's sake don't tell a friend

about it on a crowded streetcar. Even a simple remark such as, "That rascal, Bobby, Bertha said in her letter that he just came in with his feet soaking wet and hung his dripping umbrella in the closet," if overheard by the enemy, may lead him to suspect the presence of precipitation in Buffalo.

My friend thought that we were missing a bet by not conducting a "war of nerves" with weather reports. He had a couple of ideas. One was to have weather reports given on the radio by double-talk experts, as for example: "The weather for tomorrow: harpasutical farpicides probably followed by sternagopples."

Or something like this might prove annoying to enemy listening posts: "The weather for tomorrow; Wouldn't you like to know, Adolf?"

Today I met my friend again, and I remembered my lesson. I looked up at the sky and said, "It's a day, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's a day," he agreed cautiously.

After all, as the old song says, it's always weather when fellows get together.—Scott Corbett.

USELESS LABOR

A bus, filled mainly with old ladies going shopping, pulled up when the air-raid warning sounded. The old ladies scrambled off the bus and ran to the nearest shelter.

"Lummee," said the conductor, scratching his head, "and those are the old dears I've been helping on and off for years."



STAR OF BETHLEHEM

By Opal Winstead

The Star of Bethlehem still shines as clear
As when the Wise Men saw it first appear;
And ringing through each quiet, listening street
The angel voices' sound as soft and sweet.
And cradled safely in the hearts of men
The Christ awakes and gently smiles again.
And praise is in the air, and everywhere
Good will is seen as infinitely dear.
And simple tasks become an offering
Of frankincense and myrrh that each can bring
To Him whose love is Freedom's peace unfurled
Protectively above a quickened world.
Love shines through every anguished interim—
Who says the Star of Bethlehem grows dim?



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NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

Joe Doak's Yuletide Dilemma

By AC1 CORY KILVERT

AC2 Joe Doaks—like many another AC2 with the same length of time in the service—still believed in Santa Claus.

One fine snowy morning when old man winter had pretty well outdone himself by spreading his white mantle on just about everything in sight, Joe Doaks was really put in the mood. In body he was marching along with

"WHERE THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING! I SAID ABOUT TURN!!!"

He came to earth with a jolt. That wasn't Santa Claus, it was the sergeant. There was his flight, 50 yards away and marching in the opposite direction while he was out in the centre of the drill ground all by himself.

tume draped over the back of a chair. He slipped off his boots and his uniform and got into it.

He would have to go outside to see what he looked like in the costume, he thought.

He turned to walk toward the door. But he froze in his tracks. A gurgling sound came from his throat and he opened his mouth wide for what should have been a piercing scream but nothing came out.

Not six feet away, and apparently blocking his way to the door, stood a skeleton!

Every time AC2 Doaks made a move this horrible spectacle would move toward him. Finally, in desperation, he made a mad dash for the door. But his guess was bad. He bounced off the wall.

Two more tries and he made it, slamming the door behind him. It was not until he got out into the alleyway behind the stage that he realized the apparition that had almost scared him out of his wits was himself. He was dressed in a luminous skeleton costume and had seen himself in a mirror.

To say that Joe Doaks was relieved would be putting it mildly. His next thought was to get out of the gruesome outfit as soon as possible.

Chuckling to himself at the humor of the situation, he reached in his pocket for the key to the dressing room. That is, he would have reached in his pocket if he had had one.

Unfortunately, the pocket was in his blue trousers which were now locked in the dressing room.

AC2 Doaks began to break into a cold sweat. There he was—no uniform, no boots, no cap, running loose in the barracks dressed up as a skeleton!

He paced up and down backstage for quite some time before he got the idea that the Service Police might have a spare key. But how to get to the detention room without anyone seeing him. That was the problem.

A few minutes later, a rather nervous skeleton tip-toed along in the direction of the detention room trying hard not to be seen.

He reached a corner precisely at the same time as the orderly officer and the orderly sergeant who were coming in the opposite direction.

When he left that corner five seconds later the orderly officer was stretched out on the floor in a dead faint and the orderly sergeant was out the door, four blocks away from the station and still going strong.

By this time AC2 Doaks was beginning to get a little peeved. Apparently skeletons were not very popular characters, especially at night.

So, as quietly and meekly as he could in his grim get-up, he presented himself at the door of the detention room to ask for the key.

The corporal in charge thought he was somebody intending to go out. He started to speak.

"Here, lad, where's your pa . . ."

Then he looked up. He had handled some tough looking babies in his time but he had never bargained for anything like this.

When the three other S.P.s. on duty heard the falling body in the front room they rushed out.

One look at AC2 Doaks and they scrambled back and frantically tried to lock themselves in a spare cell.

This was too much for Joe Doaks. Then he thought of the hospital. Doctors weren't scared by that sort of thing. Maybe he would get someplace there.

Unmolested he went out and marched into the station hospital. The orderly on duty looked up from his desk as AC2 Doaks, still in his skeleton suit, walked into the room. Then he squinted and looked at him again.

"Tsk tsk," he scolded, "a very bad case of malnutrition. We'll have to put you to bed right away!"

Now it was Joe Doaks' turn to faint. Latest reports say he is resting easy, living on a diet of turkey, steak, chocolate bars and ice cream, and dreaming peacefully of Santa Claus and Christmas Eve.



"I wonder where AC2 Doaks Bunks?"

the rest of his flight on the parade ground, but in spirit he was with Santa Claus at the North Pole.

He could just see the rotund old gentleman now, loading up his sleigh with presents for good little AC2s who always keep their buttons polished and never go A.W.L.

Then he pictured Christmas Eve. Santa Claus quietly stealing down the ventilator pipe by his bunk, slipping an I.T.S. posting or an Earl Carroll girl in his stocking. And then, seeing that AC' Doaks was awake, stepping up to him and saying in his kind, jolly old voice

When he finally caught up with the squad—now halted at the edge of the drill square—Joe Doaks was pretty much out of breath. In fact he was puffing so hard that he never heard the next command. But there must have been one given because the men on either side of him took two paces forward. AC2 Doaks wasn't going to be caught napping again. He took two paces forward with them.

That's how he happened to be in the Manning Depot's Christmas play. The command he hadn't heard was a call for all acting talent in the flight to step forward.

That night the producer was looking over the volunteers for someone to play the part of a ghost. He stood there caressing his chin and looking thoughtful and worried. He walked slowly down the line, eyeing the boys up and down. Then he came to Joe Doaks. His face brightened. "Fine, fine," he mumbled to himself. Then—"You'll do. It's wonderful! You could almost do it without a costume! But we've got one for you in the dressing room backstage."

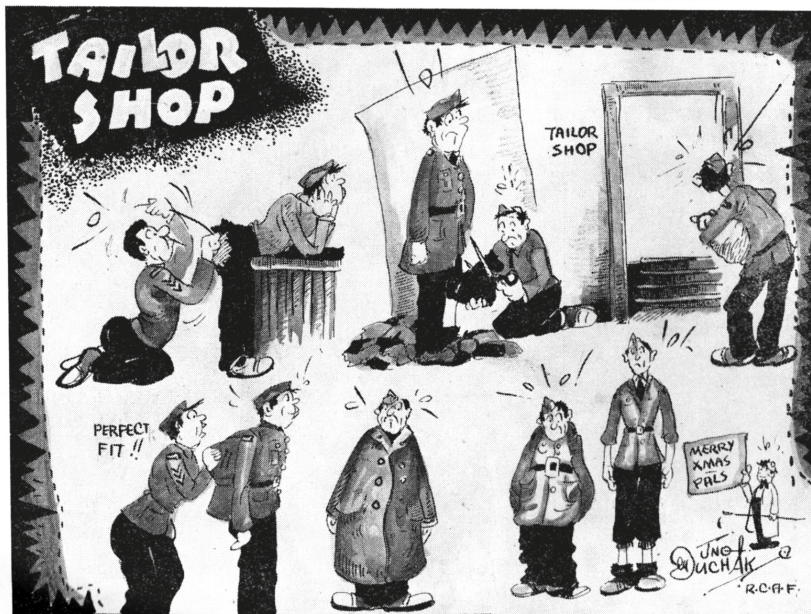
"Take this key, go back there and try it on. But be careful. It's dark back there. And don't lose the key."

Joe Doaks found the dressing room and managed to get in but he couldn't find the light switch. However there was just enough light to see a cos-

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silent. It will not shout to be heard. One must stand and give ear and eye and heart or pass it by, whether it be sunsets or flowers, snowflakes or music, smiles or love. Friendship is silent. A friend just is. If he makes a noise about it, his friendship is in doubt. Truth is silent. Truth will rarely be found shouting from the house tops. Truth yields her treasures only by quiet patience and persistence.

A man called Elijah sought for God in the storm and earthquake and wind and found him not. God was found in the still small voice. Christmas comes with all its magic to warm again the hearts of men. Business has made it noisy and material. The real Christmas is quiet, having to do with a silent night and a new born child opening his eyes in a stable. There were no loudspeakers or headlines or the great of the world to usher in this most momentous day in the history of man. No, God never shouts to be heard. The great abiding things rarely shout.

Fit-Lt. F. G. Ongley.

More newspapers would call Hitler by his right name of Schickelgruber if it would fit into a heading.—Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph.

Padres Message

Ours is a noisy world. Radios blare from houses and street corners. Newspapers shout in noisy headlines. Orchestras dash and batter their way through music turned to noise. Motors roar in the confidence of possession of hundreds of horse power. Factory presses and drills thump out their modern symphony. The blatant roar of gun and bomb send over the world their waves of convulsive noise.

Noise may often reveal power and beauty and strength. But living in a noisy world the ears of our age easily become insensitive to the deeper things that belong to quietness and silence, and power and pomp become associated with the noisy. It is not strange that the screams of a Hitler and the blasts of a Mussolini should be a part of our age. Yet how well we remember the strong quiet tones of Churchill in these dark days, breathing confidence into the hearts

of a stricken democratic world. A truth lies here which we need to learn. Beware of the noisy and take heed to the quiet.

Most of the great things in life do not shout their wares. Courage at its best is silent. Do you remember how in the picture Mrs. Miniver the small launches were gathered in the dead of night to slip quietly across the channel to Dunkirk? Here was no noise or shouting but a quiet courage and devotion to duty. Beauty is

To All My Friends in the Air Force

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CANADIAN ACE DESCRIBES TECHNIQUE THAT WON HIM FAME AS FIGHTER PILOT

The following story was written in a British hospital for the Canadian Press by Pilot Officer George F. Beurling, 20-year-old fighter pilot from Verdun, Que., whose exploits at Malta and his official record of 28 1-3 enemy aircraft destroyed rank him as one of the war's leading airmen.

By P. O. G. F. BEURLING, D.S.O., D.F.C., D.F.M. and Bar



I wonder sometimes if my mother is pleased with what I've done. Sometimes I think she worries about me but I hope she doesn't because there's nothing for her to worry about.

That last day when I got shot down with a small splinter of shrapnel through my heel I was afraid she would think I was badly hurt; and then that day when we crashed at Gibraltar somehow or other word got around that I had broken my leg, and I want to tell her now I am perfectly okay and that even this business with my heel will be cleared up by Nov. 16. Right now I feel fine, but it would be good to get home for a few weeks and see the family.

I am just another fighter pilot. I don't know why anybody should want to hear my story, because there is nothing unusual about it. Ever since I was a kid I've been nuts about flying. In fact, come to think of it, flying is about all I've ever been interested in. I used to hang around the airport at Cartierville and watch the people flying there.

A little later when I got old enough — most people didn't think I was old enough but I knew I could handle it all right — I began to fly myself. By the time I was 17 I had about 46 hours' flying time, and a permit to fly.

I remember when the Finnish war was on in 1940 (I was 17 then). I thought it would be great to go to Finland and fly there. Then in the summer I tried to join the R.C.A.F., but I didn't have enough schooling and the recruiting officer told me I should go back to school for a while and then I probably could enlist all right as a R.C.A.F. pilot.

But I couldn't have stayed at school because flying had got into my bones. I figured my

best bet was to go to England and try to join the R.A.F. I hadn't very much money so I signed up with the crew of a freighter and crossed the Atlantic. When I got to England I went to an R.A.F. recruiting centre and told them I want to be a pilot.

They asked me how old I was. I told them and they said I'd have to get written permission from my parents before they would allow me to enlist, and also I must produce my pilot's license and a few other documents.

Rather than wait to get these sent over, I signed up on another freighter and went back to Canada. When I landed I had quite a bit of money and I knew my mother loved driving in the mountains, so I hired a car and took her up for a long trip.

Then I got all my necessary documents together, signed up on another freighter and came to England. This time the R.A.F. accepted me. After my training they made me a fighter pilot. That was what I'd always wanted because I thought then, and still think, it's the best fun in the world.



The hero of Malta, P. O. G. F. Beurling, D.S.O., D.F.C., D.F.M. and Bar is shown here with his father and younger brother.

People keep asking me what my system is. There's nothing particularly complicated about it. It's a matter of training and practice and it's perfectly simple for anybody to follow if they only apply themselves. It's a matter of training your eyes to focus swiftly on any small object that's out there.

It's the Man Who's First

I think this is the most important because the longer I fly and the more operations I see, the more I'm convinced that in this racket it's the man who spots the other man first who comes out on top in the end. Given good eyesight and lots of practice, there's no reason why any pilot shouldn't be able to train himself to do this.

But after he's spotted the enemy the next thing is to shoot him down. I personally say that no pilot can ever get enough shooting practice. It so happens I've been interested in shooting ever since I could hold a gun and since I became a fighter pilot I've devoted a lot of time to shooting with particular reference to air firing.

The trickiest part of this is deflection shooting or in other words shooting across the beam of an enemy aircraft travelling 300 miles an hour or better. It means you fire well ahead of it if your bullets aren't to pass hopelessly behind. I've never stopped practising this and as long as I'm a fighter I never will because you can never know enough about it and you're always picking up new ideas.

Profit by Your Mistakes

You have to profit by your mistakes, too. I know I've made lots of mistakes but I like to think I only made the same ones once. When I know I've made a mistake I try to figure out the reason for it and make sure it doesn't happen again.

You have to know how good the other fellow is and what his weaknesses are and how you are going to get him. Then you have to go ahead and apply what you've discovered to conditions of air fighting as they arise. I never get jittery before operations because I feel I've some idea of what is required and that in the Spitfire I have an aircraft which is capable of coming out on top so long as I make no mistakes.

There must be lots of Canadian boys now training all across Canada who will be fighter pilots soon and I want to say to them that if they want to make a success of it they must never stop practising—practising by shooting all the time and training their eyes to be sharp.

I don't think they should find it very hard.

I pay attention to my guns and make sure they are aimed properly and in good working order. I know at what range they are harmonized to give maximum concentration of fire and I always try to fire from that range—no more, no less.

Sometimes it is necessary to fire from closer in. I know if I do this my fire is going in two streams instead of one and that there is danger, especially if I am firing in a banking attitude, of two lines of fire passing over and under the target.

A Very Short Burst

I try to allow for this to make sure one of the lines of fire in such cases is hitting home. I find when I've carried this out, that if I am flying properly and aiming properly, it is necessary to give only a very short burst in order to destroy the enemy.

It is not necessary to keep cannon and machine-guns chattering away for seconds at a time. By using the shortest possible bursts I've usually had enough ammunition to deal with a second enemy after I've knocked down the first one and I've always felt that in Malta, where the Germans and Italians come over in droves, it ought to be possible to get at least two when they attack.

I've never felt satisfied if I got only one and I've always felt a little angry when all I've managed to get is a probable or a damaged because I know there has been something wrong with my shooting.

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On behalf of the people and the Government of Canada, I am happy to send this citation with my thanks for your cooperation

AMOUNT ATTAINED \$20,100.00

J. R. Kelly
Minister of Finance

October
November
1942

NEW SERVICE PAPER TO BE CALLED WINGS

Wings, new service paper to be published at Air Force Headquarters, will make its initial appearance sometime early in the new year. Wings is to be a monthly, tabloid-type publication for all personnel of the R.C.A.F. in Canada. Its job will be to tell the story of what's doing everywhere in the Service and the story of the men and women in Air Force uniforms who are doing it. Action pictures and clever cartoons will also be a feature of the new

publication. Good short fiction, poetry, and humor is sought for now by the editors of Wings and more detailed information about these requirements may be obtained from the editor of the Airman's Post.

Air Force Headquarters makes it very clear that the new Service paper is in no way intended to substitute for the station paper, a point which is stressed. Moreover the hope is expressed that stations which have never published local papers may find it possible to do so as it is realized that the job which is to be done

for the entire R.C.A.F. by the new paper can only be done for the individual stations by a local publication.

WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Saving While Serving

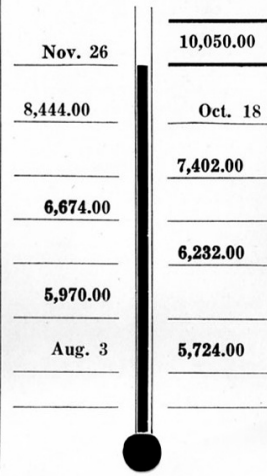
THE personnel of No. 2 Manning Depot may well be proud of the contribution which they are making to the financial prosecution of the war. A total of \$20,100.00 was subscribed by cash payments and assignments of pay to the Third Victory Loan just closed. It is a splendid commentary on the intention to put everything they have into the fight and to spare no sacrifice and self denial in order to finish the job.

The success of the Victory Loan Campaign in the Depot was in itself a sign of the sincerity of purpose behind their membership in the Armed Services, but some figures concerning War Savings Certificates will show that the small contributors are making an immensely greater addition to Canada's War effort than is generally realized.

Since the middle of January, 1942, 2400 assignments have been effected at the Depot and a total of \$10,200.00 is now being deducted from pay accounts as a result of the continuous campaign, less approximately 10 per cent for cancellations. The total War Savings from this source will have amounted to about \$60,000.00 by the end of December. As most of the assignments will remain in effect, it is safe to estimate a total of \$110,000.00 from these subscriptions in 1943, in addition to new assignments in that year.

If there is another Unit in the country, which can dispute our claim to first place in the matter of War Savings initiated, we will be happy to

OUR OBJECTIVE \$10,000 MONTHLY



Sales of war savings certificates climb steadily at this Station.

accept a challenge for the coming year.

There are still many persons, members of the staff, as well as trainees, who are not making any contribution from their monthly income, and they are urgently advised for their own sakes, to give serious thought to the future and to consider their unhappy position when the war is won, and they have no backlog of savings to tide them over to re-establishment in civil life free of anxiety in money matters. Save now and be in a position to bargain with employers when the time arrives.

S/L G. L. McIntosh.



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A Guide to Good Shopping

Conveniently arranged and indexed below are the names and addresses of the Brandon merchants and business people who support this publication with their advertising. Every type and variety of merchandise and service is represented in these ads and we urge the readers of this magazine to use this directory as a "Guide to Good Shopping". In this practical manner we can show appreciation for the support our publication receives from these merchants. COPIES OF THIS INDEX WILL BE POSTED AROUND THE BARRACKS FOR HANDY REFERENCE

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 Wheat City Business College 117 10th St.
 Willson Stationery 934 Rosser
 Yates, Neale & Co., Heating Engineers 231 - 10th St.



"Now remember—right after, we're all coming back for the tree"

A WORD OF REGRET AND A SPECIAL "THANK YOU" TO THE ADVERTISER

Ending with this issue is the happy and cordial relationship that has existed between the Airman's Post since its inception almost two years ago and the Brandon business people who helped to support it with their advertising.

A new ruling laid down by Air Force Headquarters prohibits the Post and other service publications from soliciting and displaying commercial advertising after this month. Many of our regular advertisers have

already voiced their regret at this change in policy which no longer allows them to support the magazine. For over and above the special appeal the Post had for the men on this station it also had a very enthusiastic reception among the citizens of Brandon and elsewhere.

Although deprived of this important source of revenue the Post will continue to appear each month, and it will at all times help to promote the interests of those friendly merchants and business people who favored us with their advertising support in the past.

Send

Flowers for Christmas

Immediate delivery can be made to all parts of the British Empire and Allied countries, by telegraph.

Cost is \$2.00 and up, plus the cost of the telegram or cable.

This is a delightful way to remember the Home Folk at Christmas.

Patmore's Florists

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A Happy Christmas to All

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Gifts that please for the
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It won't be long before everyone who is not on a board, committee, investigating survey, administrative group, inspection service will be an odd number.—London Free Press.

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A CLASSIC . . . MODERNIZED
(With proper apologies to Robert W. Service)

From Western Wings

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Kaiserhof Hotel, Hitler and Himmler, the Gestapo Chief, were paving the road to hell.

Back of the bar with his medals on, was Goering, that hunk of cheese, While poor old Hess in an awful mess, was searching himself for fleas.

When out of the air raid shelter below, and into the din and the blare,

There stumbled a little rabbit-toothed man, named Goebbels, with greasy black hair,

He looked like a man with a foot in the grave, and he certainly looked like a louse,

As he Heiled old Adolph several times, and started to lie to the house.

Herr Ribbentrop collared him right away, and asked him, "Vat is der news?"

"Der Britons iss starving," Goebbels replied, "and der Yankees quake in der shoes."

Then Hitler spoke up, "Iss dat the truth" and Goebbels replied with a grin,

"You know darn well how we fool the troops, it doesn't mean a thing."

Then all of a sudden the light went out, and outside was heard a roar.

The lights went on and who do you think was standing at the door? It was Benny the Duce, the Dago's pride, and stupid as a mule, While clutching his hand was his son-in-law, Clano, the simpering fool.

Then Benny turned, and his eyes grew dim, and then he started to cry,

"Oh, Adolph, ain't the British beat—if not, oh why, oh why?"

You promised me over three months ago, you'd be in Britain by now, But you've let me down and my poor darn troops are getting short of chow,

Their water is low, and the British Fleet, you promised to annihilate, Are keeping supplies from my Libyan troops, act now, or 'twill be too late."

Hitler looked sheepish and hung his head, then stammered and started to swear,

"The blame's on Goering, that hunk of cheese. He promised to clear the air."

Then Goering stumbled across the room with a clank that all could hear,

He looked at Hitler and Mussy, the Duce, and his face went green with fear.

BOMBSHELL ON GERMANY



If all the R.A.F. bombs dropped on Germany since the war began were rolled into one, the explosion would undoubtedly be terrific. The map shows how hundreds of raids, each with hundreds of bombs, have hammered the Reich's western industrial areas since September, 1939. Some cities hit by relatively few raids have experienced greater destruction than others with larger numbers of attacks because of the great forces of bombers used by the R.A.F. in recent months.

"Herr Ribbentrop told me," he spluttered out, "the British were awful crummy, But the way they chased my bombers away, it isn't even funny; Der R.A.F. my number's got. It's a thing I can't deny."

But Raeder turned, and his cheeks they burned, and he spoke and his voice was grim, "Der British Fleet won't let me out, and I can't ask my men to swim; I've destroyed a lot of refugees, and scuttled a ship or two,



Will History Repeat?

A leaflet dropped behind the Allied lines by the Germans in October, 1918

The German People Offers Peace
The German people offers its hand for peace

The new German democratic government has this programme: "The will of the people is the highest law."

The German people wants quickly to end the slaughter. The new German popular government therefore has offered an Armistice and has declared itself ready for Peace

on the basis of justice and reconciliation of nations. It is the will of the German people that it should live in peace with all peoples, honestly and loyally.

What has the new German popular government done so far to put into practice the will of the people and to prove its good and upright intentions?

- (a) The new German government has appealed to President Wilson to bring about peace.
- It has recognized and accepted all the principles which President Wilson proclaimed as a basis for a general lasting peace of justice among the nations.
- (b) The new German government has solemnly declared its readiness to evacuate Belgium and to restore it.
- (c) The new German government is ready to come to an honest understanding with France about Alsace-Lorraine

(d) The new German government has restricted the U-boat War.

No passenger steamers not carrying troops or war material will be attacked in future.

(e) The new German government has declared that it will withdraw all German troops back over the German frontier.

(f) The new German government has asked the Allied Governments to name commissioners to agree upon the practical measures of the evacuation of Belgium and France.

These are the deeds of the new German popular government. Can these be called mere words, or bluff, or propaganda?

Who is to blame, if an armistice is not called now?

Who is to blame if daily thousands of brave soldiers needlessly have to shed their blood and die?

Who is to blame, if the hitherto undestroyed towns and villages of France and Belgium sink in ashes?

Who is to blame, if hundreds of thousands of unhappy women and children are driven from their homes to hunger and freeze?

I've done as much as Von Tirpitz did, vat more do you want me to do?"

The bickering suddenly died away, then it burst like a pent-up flood, And Hitler screamed "Mein Gott, we're beat," and his lips were flecked with blood.

He stumbled and staggered across the room, then fell in a heap on the floor,

As a string of bombs from the R.A.F. burst just outside the door.

Those are the simple facts of the case—and strictly between you and I,

To conquer the world, you've the British to beat. So you needn't even try.

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