

AIRMAN'S POST

NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT, BRANDON, MANITOBA



SEPTEMBER 1942

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THE EDITOR'S CORNER



Nothing ever remains quite the same in this changing world, and the Airman's Post is no exception. In recent months we made some colorful changes in Miss Post's cover wardrobe that so completely glamorized the young lady that she was immediately voted one of the most popular publications on local news-stands.

With this issue we again have had the temerity to take certain liberties with the lady's appearance by way of some alterations in the make-up of page one. The feature cartoon usually found there now appears on page two. Page one has cheerfully relinquished

this honor to furnish space for the inclusion of something entirely new—a quick, ready reference to the contents of this issue, page by page. Another innovation is the index to advertisers that appears on page 17. These features have been added to the Post for the reader's convenience—use them! And if you have any other good suggestions for improving the magazine—send them along. It's your publication, remember.

* * *

THE POWER OF WORDS

Words skillfully employed over the air-waves and through the medium of the Press and other publications play just as vital a part in winning a war as do bombs and bayonets. Think what a tragic predicament we would be in if we were unable to employ and disseminate words of truth and logic to counteract the lying propaganda of our enemies. Think how our national morale would suffer if we were deprived of the sight and sound of those brave words and valiant phrases that urge us on when we falter and lift us up when we fall.

And we like to think that the Airman's Post is playing some worthwhile, albeit modest, part in this vital work. Fighting words in battle-dress and air force blue are the kind of words we like to see marching through the pages of the Post. Words that make us very proud and conscious of those ideals of freedom and decency that we fight and die for. Words that foster brotherhood among us, words that strengthen our purpose and sustain our courage. Yes, English words are marching with banners these days, and their goal is victory.

* * *

JOE'S POEM

And now in lighter mood we'll tell you the story of Joe. Joe dropped into the office one day recently and proffered a poem for publication in the Post. We applauded Joe's industry and proceeded to examine his brain-child. It was a pretty good poem—even in those spots where Joe had strained poetic license to the breaking point to rhyme "blood" with "boot". In the first stanza Joe himself did a neat job of destroying six Messerschmitts. In the second stanza he bumped off three or four Heinkels. In the third it was a dozen Folke-Wulkes that bit the dust. Then in the last four lines Joe, weighed down with a load of decorations on his manly chest, staggered home and married the heroine, a blonde named Annabelle. Tactfully we suggested that Joe might make one or two minor changes to improve the general appearance of his prodigy.

"I dunno," said Joe. "I'll have to ask the fellow who wrote it for me." Joe's poem is not appearing in the Post.

* * *

Cpl. Calder's article on "Unarmed Combat" which appears in this issue of the Post should be read and digested with certain reservations. We caution you not to become too enthusiastic about this "Judo" business and straightaway attempt to show your friends how it works. If you do you'll probably lose your friends and get a doctor's bill besides. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing sometimes. So beware!

* * *

In our humble opinion this is one of the best issues of the Post yet, and we hope you'll agree with us when you get a chance to look it over.

—R.T.

THE AIRMAN'S POST

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THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL

A Memo To Hitler on The Eve of The Third Anniversary of The War

Calendar-conscious as you must be after spending a winter in Russia it isn't likely that you need to be reminded of the approach of another September 3rd. How could you possibly forget that date, Fuhrer! That was the day you arrogantly donned the mantle of omnipotence and proclaimed yourself a greater power than Christ. And then you proceeded to prove it. Christ said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." You said, "This is total war—the children must be slaughtered, too." And history will bear witness that your armies carried out that injunction with zeal and efficiency. So will the reddened soil of France, Belgium, and the Netherlands bear witness. No, you are not likely to forget September 3rd, Herr Hitler.

Are you celebrating the anniversary this year? We remember how you exulted when France capitulated. That was a time to celebrate, wasn't it. Of course the Dunkirk episode probably made the occasion less festive than it might have been. Why do you Germans always make the fatal mistake of underestimating British courage and endurance? Come to think of it, you haven't experienced another triumph quite like that of

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1940 since, have you? We remember then how confidently you predicted an end to the war that year and a great victory for the Reich.

But Time proved you to be a rather poor prophet, Adolph. The victory that you were so casually and confidently reaching out for became, for some strange reason, annoyingly elusive and increasingly remote. You, best of all, should remember what happened after the fall of France. Your strategy seemed to go a little hay-wire after that. Or was it your star-reading experts who got the wrong sign from Saturn or Jupiter? At any rate you turned your back on the wounded lion and directed your greedy gaze Eastward. Then your vaunted armies took the road to Moscow. A pity you hadn't been interested in spiritualism instead of astrology—Napoleon might have saved you that long bitter trek to the brink of disaster. That was when you first discovered that bombs, bayonets, and bullets made in Russia were every bit quite as lethal as those made in Germany. That was when you first found it necessary to use adding-machines in totalling up your dead and wounded.

Look back on those three years of war, Fuhrer, and count your profits. No one can deny that you did acquire a great deal more of that "living space" that you claimed to need so

badly, and it seems a pity those hundreds of German soldiers who recently acquired "dying space" in Russia won't be around to help populate those stolen acres for you.

Look around you, Hitler, and see what other reasons you can find for celebrating three years of war. Look across the English channel and see Britain—mightier than ever before in her history. Peer across the waters of the Atlantic and see another swiftly arming Goliath—the United States of America. Count the nations that have pledged themselves to destroy you, and your gospel of murder and pillage. Listen to the bombs dropping on your cities. Listen to the vengeful murmur of the peoples you have enslaved . . . waiting . . . waiting. You know what they're waiting for. Do you sleep sound of a night, Adolph?

What will you think about on September 3rd? Possibly you may comfort yourself with the thought that if the future becomes too dangerous for you and your Nazi Empire you can always stretch out your hand in a gesture of peace to the free peoples who oppose you. First look at that hand before you stretch it out, Hitler. Look at the red stain upon it that marks it, indelibly, as the hand of the foulest murderer in all history. Do you suppose that decent, humane people would ever accept that blood-stained offer of friendship and goodwill? No, Hitler, you would be wise to keep that hand out of sight, and resign yourself to the implacable

judgment that is slowly but surely overtaking you.

In view of these things, and other things, we are not inclined to think that you will find very much reason to celebrate anything on September 3rd.

—Editor.

CIVILIZATION'S CRUSADERS

(Arthur Guiterman in the New York Herald Tribune)

"Another overwhelming victory for Civilization's Crusaders on the eastern front!"—Berlin broadcast.

We're the Crusaders for Civilization:
Is that understood?
Bringing you death or complete subjugation,
But all for your good.

Holland and Poland and France, in contrition
Like Norway and Greece,
Praise our forbearance, our cultural mission,
Our labors for peace.

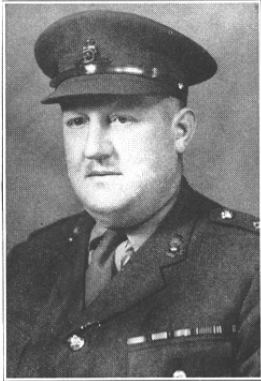
When our New Order controls every nation,
The air and the waves,
Heaven will bless a resigned population
Content to be slaves.

So don't complain that you're bearing the brunt of
Our legions, roughshod;
"Hell!" us politely and line up in front of
The firing squad.

Foreword

By Col. S. S. English, Commanding Officer A4 Artillery Training Centre.

I have been asked to write a foreword to this edition of your magazine. Much advice on various subjects and things is being handed out to young people, and especially to those who serve in the armed forces today. And there is a tendency in all this advice to confuse and cloud the issue which is before us.



COL. S. S. ENGLISH

What is our objective in these momentous times, and in the day of battle? It is to destroy the enemy, to rid the world of those who would make slaves of us forever. In order to attain this objective, we need men of purpose and concentration, men who have one single aim and objective. The men who succeed are they who have thoroughly learned the im-

portance of a plan, and the tragic brevity of time. The defeat that came upon France was due to lack of program and purpose. Great armies were sent into the field without a plan of campaign to guide them. Indecision ruled the councils, and the day was lost. In the meantime the Germans knew exactly what they wanted, and how to do it. Their armies had the momentum of a wedge of iron being slowly driven home by an irresistible force.

It is men with deadly purpose who are needed today. The man who is without a purpose is like a ship without rudder, compass or chart.

You are the governors of the future. To you has fallen the duty of safeguarding what is worthy and worth while in our past, our heritage and our tradition, our honour and all our hopes.

The beauty of the countryside is yours; the green fields and the trees, the rivers, the prairies, and the hills; the treasures of the ages in literature and art. All these are yours. All this accumulated wealth, material and moral, is being, and will be transferred to your account that you may enjoy it. You are the trustees of these things. It requires men of purpose today to fight for, and to hold on to those priceless treasures which we have enjoyed in this Empire to which we belong. Courage, discipline, and efficiency are as necessary to democracy as they are to any dictatorship, and courage, discipline and efficiency only come to men of purpose.

To all of us then who are in training, and wherever we may be today, I would say that above all, let us be men with aim and purpose. Let us know what we want to do, and go out and do it.

IN APPRECIATION

On the eve of my departure for service overseas, it is a pleasure to be able to express my appreciation of the warm co-operation and friendly relations which have existed between officers, N.C.O.'s and airmen of No. 2 Manning Depot, and No. 12 S.F.T.S.

While it is natural for two stations of the R.C.A.F. to co-operate and assist each other in service matters, yet the relationships between our two stations have gone deeper than under ordinary circumstances. It has been developed through warm and unselfish understanding, and through a desire to offer facilities to each other at all times.

In this way No. 12 has been fortunate in securing the services of the Manning Depot band on Wings parades and other occasions, and it is my desire to express appreciation of this courtesy so graciously and freely extended. Friendly rivalry in sports, pleasure in concert parties, and on our part in sending down lectures, have drawn both stations close together, and this was exemplified in marked instance, when both stations co-operated in supporting and training the Brandon Collegiate Air Cadet Unit.

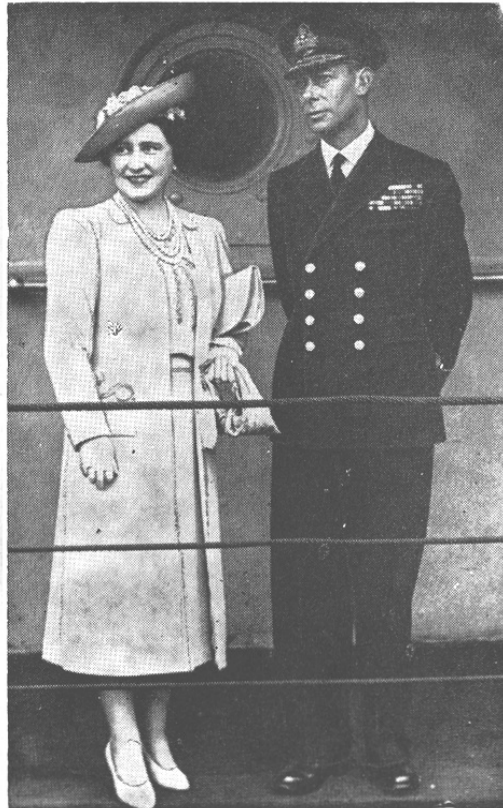


W/C MONCRIEFF

My personal associations with Wing Commander H. G. Reid and other officers at No. 2 have been most happy and enjoyable and in leaving Canada I will take with me many pleasant memories, and predominating among them will be those associated with No. 2 Manning Depot.

In conclusion may I wish your station every success in its important place in the training scheme, and a continuance of the splendid work you have accomplished. Yours sincerely,
E. H. MONCRIEFF, W/C

The King and Queen Inspect Arsenal



The King and Queen, shown here in a recent photograph, have toured a secret British arsenal so big that in two hours they were able to see only 1-30th of it. Situated somewhere in the northwest and supplying British armies on every front with more than 100,000 different pieces of equipment, it probably is one of the biggest military stores in the world.

WING COMMANDER MONCRIEFF BIDS BRANDON FAREWELL

A highly competent officer, and a popular one, Wing Commander E. H. Moncrieff, Commanding Officer of No. 12 S.F.T.S., will soon be saying goodbye to that station and to Brandon when he leaves early in September to fulfil new duties overseas.

The officers, N.C.O.'s, and airmen of No. 2 Manning Depot join with the personnel of No. 12 S.F.T.S. in saying adieu to Wing Commander Moncrieff and in wishing him every kind of good luck in his new assignment.

A farewell message from Wing Commander Moncrieff appears elsewhere on this page.

"WE ARE ENTRUSTED"

(From an Address by the Archbishop of Canterbury)

The service of a great cause is entrusted to us, in resistance to an enemy who has deliberately reverted to the standards of barbarism while employing the instruments of scientific civilization, so that in the result a monster of evil is let loose in the world. We must defeat and chain that monster so that there may be no repetition of the horrors which we have witnessed.

AIR VICE-MARSHAL SULLY INSPECTS DEPOT

Air Vice-Marshal J. A. Sully, air member for personnel, accompanied by G/C C. C. P. Graham, G/C M. M. Sisley, and W/C D. E. MacKell, made a visit of inspection to No. 2 Manning Depot on Saturday, August 22nd.

At a luncheon given in his honor by the Brandon Board of Trade, Air Vice-Marshal Sully expressed great satisfaction with the spirit he had found among Canada's airmen. He was also impressed with the work the women's division were accomplishing.

His tour of western stations completed with the inspection of No. 2 Manning Depot and No. 12 S.F.T.S., Air Vice-Marshal Sully left for eastern Canada again.

Hitler, admitting he will be fighting Russia next winter, claims his troops will be better clothed. How Adolph's boasts have toned down! Three years ago he was going to annihilate the world in a hurry. Now he brags that German troops are going to lose in comfort.

PERSONAL POSTSCRIPTS

Departures

Flight Lieutenant B. W. Malone, Roman Catholic Padre, has left us for duty overseas. Our wishes for a safe journey and the best of good luck goes with him.

Flying Officer L. M. Ness departed August 9th to take up new duties at the Initial Training School, Saskatoon.

Another of the pioneers has left this department with Squadron Leader E. A. Jamieson's posting to the Service Flying School at Saskatoon.

Brandon lost another popular officer when Flying Officer Farley moved his family to a new home on the west coast.

Flying Officer Goldstein of the station hospital is now looking over the sick parade at B. & G. MacDonald.

New Arrivals

Flight Lieutenant J. E. F. Whelan comes to us from the Manning Depot at Lachine, Quebec. And our new medical officer, Flying Officer J. H. Stapleton is from the Initial Training School at Toronto.

Marriages

Lac. S. L. (Smitty) Smith of the M.T. Section to Miss Florence Locke of Moosomin, Saskatchewan, on the 14th of August. Flt. Lt. Caulfield performed the ceremony.

The Visitor's Book

During recent weeks brief visits were paid to this Depot by the following officers: S/L Cleghorn, No. 2 T.C., F/L F. G. Boardman on inspection duties from No. 2 T.C., S/L H. J. Emery on personnel business from A.F.H.Q., F/L J. Morton and F/O J. W. Stephens from No. 2 T.C., F/L Sexton on medical duties from 33 S.F.T.S., F/L E. F. Crossland on temporary duty from No. 3 Wireless School, Winnipeg.

ATTENTION!

Personnel with Radio Broadcasting Experience

Personnel who have had any experience in radio work, such as production, script writing, direction, announcing, or as artists, etc., are asked to furnish the Adjutant with this information immediately. If this concerns you, send your name in at once with particulars of your experience in this line of work.

This request comes from the Department of National Defence Air Service, Ottawa, and your prompt co-operation will be appreciated.

"CANADA'S WAR IN THE AIR"

This timely and interesting story of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan is now available to personnel at this Depot in a special R.C.A.F. edition at the reduced rate of \$2. The book is profusely illustrated with official photographs and is handsomely bound. Requests for a copy of this book should be addressed to: "Canada's War in the Air", 111 Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal, Canada. Postage is extra—in Montreal 11 cents, outside Montreal 28 cents. The cost to men at this Station would be \$2.28.

COINCIDENCE

Pullman passenger: "Porter, what about these shoes? One's black and one's tan."

Porter: "Well, if it don't beat all! Dis is de second time dat's happened dis mawnin'."

FAIR WARNING

New Maid: "There's a man outside who wants to see you about paying a bill."

Man of the House: "What does he look like?"

New Maid: "He looks like you better pay it."



A pictorial record of the Sergeants' dance at the Country Club with Wing Commander Reid and Mrs. Reid in attendance. Squadron Leader McIntosh, Senior Accountant Officer, and Mrs. McIntosh stand at the Commanding Officer's left (back).

THE KING OF HOBBIES AND THE HOBBY OF KINGS

Logan Glendening, M.D., writing in the Brandon Sun says, "The strain of living in wartime makes recreation in some form more than ever a necessity. The puritan traditions which disapproved of idleness or wasting time has gone the way of most puritan traditions. Psychiatrists have long known that recreation of some kind is an imperative part of the treatment of not only mental patients but indeed a necessity for the balance of any man."

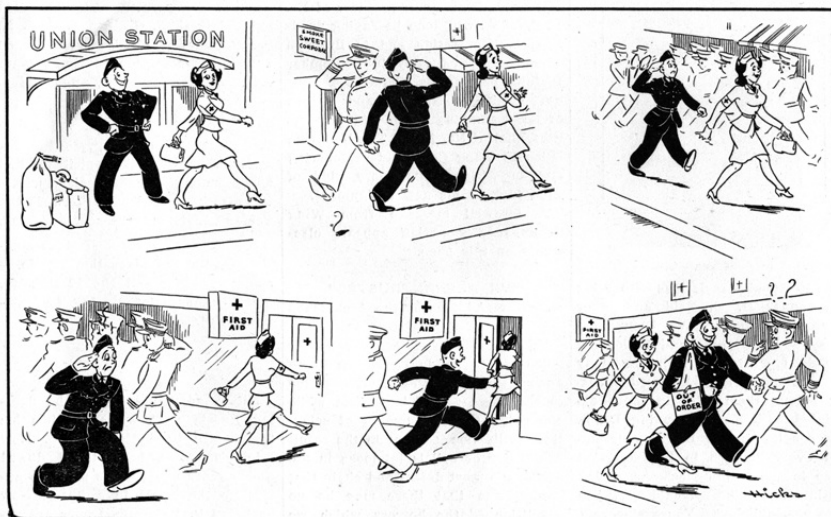
Stamp collecting is undoubtedly the most popular of all hobbies. It can be pursued under unfavourable conditions. The school boy spending a few cents on stamps will derive as much pleasure out of his hobby as the millionaire spending tens of thousands of dollars. It can be put aside for a day, for a week or for a month and then taken up again with the same

enthusiasm as before. In England very many thousands of lonely bored worried and overstrained people can testify to the relief and relaxation they derive from this hobby.

Buying mint current stamps for collections is even more helpful than the purchase of war savings stamps and certificates, for in this latter case one is only lending the money to the government who must pay it back with interest at some future date whilst that derived from the sale of stamps to collectors is clear profit. It costs about 9 cents per thousand to print postage stamps, regardless of their face value, and every cent the government receives over and above this amount is a clear gift on the part of the collecting public. The total amount received in this way is substantial, amounting to millions of dollars annually in the States.

It is rather difficult to understand the attitude of the authorities at the present time towards the stamp collector as apart from the fact that the post office department maintains a philatelic agency at Ottawa from which collectors and dealers may purchase their stamps it does nothing to encourage the sale of stamps to them. The set of stamps just issued is an attempt to tell the people of this country something of our war effort. Unfortunately the designs lack imagination and have no artistic merit.

If the government could be brought to appreciate how much this hobby is contributing to the morale of the people and how much more it could contribute to the revenue of the country if encouraged there is hope that they might do something in the matter. . . . First by taking the design of stamps away from the bank note companies and placing it in the hands of artists with modern ideas and secondly by issuing them in attractive booklets of cheap and expensive sets for sale at all post offices throughout the country.



Gord. Hicks sends along this sample of AC2 ingenuity in combating "chronic salutaritis" in Ottawa.

—H.G.R.



BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES

The Nazi crew of a sinking German raider was transferred to a British vessel, where officers were separated from the sailors, in accordance with the rules of war. British officers were reminded that the captives were to be treated "just as if they were gentlemen."

The next day a German officer was sporting a beautiful shiner. The British captain was enraged.

"Who did that?" he furiously asked the damaged Nazi.

One of the younger British officers was named by the victim, and was called to task immediately.

"You are a disgrace to His Majesty's Navy! What have you to say in defense of yourself?"

"Well, sir, this morning, as I came up on deck, I met this chap behind the aft turret. Before I had a chance to say even 'Good Morning' he said to me:

"'God damn the King!'

"Well, I controlled myself, and said nothing. Then he came closer to me, stuck his face up to mine, and yelled:

"'To hell with the Queen!'

"That was almost impossible to bear, but still I remembered that I am a British officer and controlled myself. But when he walked over to the parapet, grinned at me contemptuously, and spat into our ocean! That sir, was too much. It was then that I lost my temper!"—Charles Derricott.



NEWS FROM NORWAY

A man was arrested by the Gestapo for muttering to himself.

He denied expressing anti-Nazi thoughts.

"On the contrary," he said, "I'm out of work and I was only telling myself I'd much rather work for 10,000 Germans than for one Englishman."

Mollified, the officers offered to help him find a job. His profession? "A grave-digger."

Adolph will never make a successful movie director. He thought he was making a short of the Russian campaign, and here it is a continued serial.

You're in the Army Now!

If gals cavort in short this year
Don't "Yoo-hoo" at each luscious dear,
For, Boys, you're in the army now—
So, stand your ground and holler
"Wow!"

SLIP-STREAM-LINES

"Breezy Bits from the Barracks"



110 in the Shade—Storm Brewing!

With Dick Tracy, Superman, Buck Rogers and various other comic strip heroes enrolled on our side in this struggle, it's a wonder to us the Axis hasn't folded up already.

If he stays out of the news much longer, a good sixty-four dollar question on the programs will be: "Who is dictator of Italy?"

ALL DEPENDS

"What is the difference," asked the teacher, "between caution and cowardice?"

Johnny, who observed things carefully for so youthful a person, answered:

"Caution is when you're afraid, and cowardice is when the other fellow's afraid."

LUMBERING

The village milkman bought a horse for the morning round. It was not exactly a thoroughbred, but it had four legs.

One day he took his bargain to the blacksmith to have him shod. The smith regarded the weary-looking animal critically, paying particular attention to his lean body and spindly legs.

"You ought to have a horse there some day," he said at length. "I see you've got the scaffolding up."

BUT THEY'RE PAID FOR

The trouble with buying only the things you can afford is that you are never satisfied with them after you get them.

LAST MINUTE VIEWS

Add to war bores the fellow who expounds the views of your favorite military commentator as his own before you get the floor—and a chance to expound them as yours.

PLENTY

Recruit: "What's on the menu tonight?"

Cook: "Oh, we have hundreds of things to eat tonight."

Recruit: "What are they?"

Cook: "Beans."

WAR, THE LEVELLER

The new forty-mile-an-hour speed limit is going to relieve drivers of some of our older models of considerable embarrassment.



SETTLE DOWN!

We have a baffling mystery
And you might set us right
On why the rookie airmen
Have to jump around and fight
And kick up such a racket
When they douse the lights at night.

Now, when they're on the drill square
And the corporal calls them out
To issue blinkin' flight commands
Or move the squad about
You can bet your bala-clava
They will stand around and pout.

But the minute they are safe in bed
And the bugle starts to blow
Those high-pitched whispers disappear
And their voices start to grow
And those meek, mild-mannered raw recruits—
You now would never know.

For they all are sergeant-majors
Each with ringing robust voice
Bawling out the squadron drill
With language never choice,
And to think that just this morning
They could hardly make a noise.

The airmen on disposal,
Poor chaps they tear their hair
For trying to sleep amid that row
They've give up in despair;
But the half-wit human fog horns
Never seem to give a care.

So listen, Rookie airmen
When you come to Squadron "A"
There are guys there on Disposal
Who have had a lousy day,
And if you've got to raise a row
Go on outside and play.

—G.C.H. R 163712



A YANK OVER ESSEN

A Yank in the sky over Essen
Desired to teach Hitler a lesson;
As he let go his egg
He said, "Adolf, I beg
You to sample our delicatessen."

DUST REMOVER

It was a sultry day, and the two sailors had just been released from a hot spell of duty aboard.

Immediately they reached shore, they made a beeline for the first public house they saw, and ordered two quarts of ale.

The men emptied their tankards in one draught, while the barmaid looked on in undisguised admiration.

The man who had paid stood a second or two wetting his lips meditatively, and then turned to his comrade with a grin. "Tain't so bad, Bill, is it?" he remarked. "Shall we 'ave some?"

"QUIET PLEASE— MEN READING"

(By AC2 Morley H. Collins)

Barometer of personality it might be called—the busy library and recreation room at No. 2 Manning Depot where the flotsam and jetsam of the pool spend their off-hours, reading, writing, playing or simply idling.

We like our temporary library post-ing for the ringside seat it gives us to the human temperament that

(there are several which we will name upon request) but leave its recreation room and library. It is a popular mecca for the legitimately weary and an illegal retreat for the elusive bar-rack fatigue.

You ask its most enticing feature. We name first its writing tables. Under the bravado and the false veneer which every airman, second class, may disclose to the rest of his flights are times of nostalgia which take expression in prolific letter-writing to those at home who are most precious to us.



streams in and out its doors. It is a living picture of men at leisure where the fatiguing monotony of difficult days gives way to easy hours. The atmosphere itself says "At ease men."

We had a notion that service recreation rooms were mythical playgrounds that the folks back home financed and the lads shunned for gayer amusement. But such is not so. Take anything away from No. 2 Depot

So the letters take shape on the stationery which the Y.M.C.A. provides and flood the mail box night after night. Y.M.C.A. directors supply mountains of stationery to the tables, satisfied that in that alone the important liaison between airman and home is being welded.

Probably equal in attraction are the two pool tables, billiard table and the six ping pong courts which are in almost constant use in after-training hours, not to speak of the liberal attention from those excused duties, attend c'ed or otherwise unoccupied.

Music of all description—from carefully pecked rag-time to the work of the masters bathes the recreation room in all its waking hours from either the well-worn piano or radio.

The library itself, tucked away in a corner of the many-windowed room—is still somewhat a fledgling that would be even more patronized if it reaches full stature. To date there is only one general classification of its volumes, it a purely numerical one. Eventually it may be that authors will be segregated so that such shy retiring writers as A. A. Milne may not have to rub shoulders, literary speaking with such bold, buccaneering authors as Robert Service.

Civilians of the home front contributing their magazines to war-working organizations or into the tin receptacles of patriotic motif that are to be seen everywhere in the city.



A NEW CONTEST!

For the Wives of Station
Personnel



The rules of the contest are very simple. The wife of any airman below the rank of commissioned officer is eligible to participate. Wives of civilian employees are also eligible. Here's what you have to do. During the first fifteen days of September get a receipt for every purchase you make from an advertiser in the Airman's Post. After midnight of September 15th place all your receipts, bills or invoices in an envelope and send it to the publication's office of the Airman's Post. The entry showing the highest total of individual purchases during that period will receive a \$5.00 WAR SAVING CERTIFICATE! Turn to the advertisers' directory on page 17 and plan your shopping strategy now to win this prize.

may rest satisfied their offerings are read. Judging by the riotous disorder into which the magazine deck at No. 2 can reach if briefly unwatched, we know that the magazines are thumb-ed cover to cover. Lately the thoughtful "Y" has inaugurated a system under which it will make current copies of the popular magazines available from the library steward at nominal deposit. Come the new issue of each particular magazine and the subsequent one will be rebunked in the general magazine stand to fare as best it can.

You enquire about the reading habits of the boys? Short stories and articles naturally get first call. Interrupted as service life naturally has to be, it finds airmen loath to wed themselves to anything too extended. The Brits who pass through the pool from time to time for the purpose of drawing rations or being re-mustered, are possibly sharp exceptions. They like their reading worthwhile, if not sometimes to the extreme. Vegetarian and vitrolic G. B. Shaw is still their idol. It is nigh to treason for a humble librarian to suggest that this gentleman is in some's notion more caustic than constructive.

No. 2 library and recreation room receive due notice from the station officers. Wing Commander Reid, the impressive officer commanding the station, lets little escape his alert notice in inspections and makes kindly enquiries as to its facilities and their popularity. The routine of the station brings orderly officers to the room regularly to appraise it, religiously inspect the pool tables for overlooked dust and to firmly indicate that orderliness is the first law of service.

At the outset we suggested that the room was a barometer of personality. "By their reaction you shall know them" are not idle words as far as

the librarian is concerned. Custodian of the recreational facilities, he is in a post of advantage to observe human nature when he insists that there can be no refunds on damaged goods and that even the few must observe all the rules for the benefit of everyone. General attitude though can be marked "good".

One of these days they will move us with that remarkable suddenness with which the R.C.A.F. of occasion can move. We shall go but our experiences in No. 2 Recreation Room and thoughts of friendships made there will be our travelling companion, if not often future company.



A WORD OF APPRECIATION TO THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION

To the photographic section for their interest and industry in providing us with the excellent pictures in this and other issues a special word of thanks and appreciation: To you Sgt. Ibbotson, Cpl. Wes. Toop, and Lac's Gus Tissot and Bob Lawrence. All good men behind the camera—they get the "picture" come hell and high-water.

WINNERS IN LAST MONTH'S CONTEST

Miss Verna Lundy of the Accounts Section, and AC2 K. V. Duffield of Flight No. 1 Disposal Squadron. The winners received a handsome identification bracelet.

FINE!

Magistrate: You are sentenced to pay a fine of ten guineas, plus five guineas costs. Have you anything to say?

Offender: Rather. And if you'll promise not to increase the fine I'll say it.

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STERLING BRAND BUTTER
STERLING CREAMERY
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Boys of the R.C.A.F.

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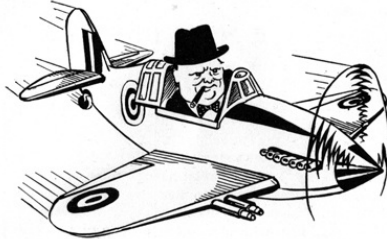
"SERVING THE AIR FORCE"

216 - 10th St. Ph. 2637

CAMEO TEA ROOM

"THE TASTE WILL
TELL"

117 Eighth St.
Brandon



What Airmen Are Taught at Bombing and Gunnery Schools

Must Have Instant Sense of What to Shoot; and When to Fire

When a couple of planes converge at 400 m.p.h. it is handy to have a man around who knows in a split second whether the stranger is a Merlin-engined Beaufort, a Heinkel, or a Messerschmitt 110. The handy man governs himself accordingly—the Beaufighter gets only an unspoken “pass, pal.” The Nazi gets twin jets of something else.

Those are the two chief skills of an air gunner—an instant sense of what to shoot at and the instant ability to let it loose—on the target.

Aircraft Recognition and Armament they call these practical matters at the gunnery schools where wireless air gunners (Wags) come to get familiar with Brownings and Vickers gee-os (gas operated) after their wireless course and where straight air gunners can be turned out in 12 weeks from scratch.

Recognition Room

The aircraft recognition room at this bombing and gunnery school is a place where you find potential air gunners sticking slides into a magic lantern and naming in a few seconds the aircraft that flashes on the screen. On its walls are pasted the shapes of practically every known aircraft, and models of Wellingtons, Dorniers and Hurricanes project from brackets, with lights in their wings to simulate guns.

The presiding instructor here is Flt. Sgt. Crawford Steiss, once of Kitchener, Ont., more recently of the 76th Squadron, R.A.F., whose forwarding address was Norway and way points. Flt. Sgt. Steiss sat in the tail-end spot on Whitley bombers through 157 hours of operational flying. When you ask him whether he saw much action he says “mostly flak,” and grins. That 157 hours gave him plenty of

opportunity to catch onto the ways in which to distinguish a Junkers 88 from a Blenheim.

“The boys have to know everything from a Hurricane to a Breda 65” says Steiss. “We give them the slides of about 80 aircraft, nose on, rear-end views, silhouettes—everything. They get about 30 hours of this in the first six weeks of the course.”

Polish Up on “Splash Targets”

Recognition, of course, is only one of the main subjects taken to turn, say, a fellow who signed up for general duties, into an air gunner who will get his sergeant's stripes, his wing, and a chance for a commission. After six weeks of this, along with map reading, a bit of administration, a brush-up on mathematics, and work with revolver and rifle on short ranges, he goes on to ground shooting from actual turrets, then gets into the air to polish up on “splash targets”—floats fired at from the air—and drogues, targets towed by aircraft, which are the closest thing to enemy planes yet devised. A bit of navigation, along with signalling and map reading, keep these boys busy from reveille to tattoo.

There is no question that they like it. The formation of the course for straight air gunners has opened up new possibilities to many youngsters who may have feared they had no chance of getting on as air crew.



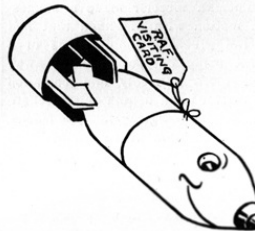
Take LAC Don Kelly of Richmond, Que. Don is 20 years old, has his junior matriculation, and wanted to be a pilot. He was working as a bank clerk when he signed up. A medical technicality ended his ambition to be a pilot, but air gunnery has given him the chance for wings

from another direction. “I like Armament,” he says. “There is a lot of satisfaction in knowing how to strip down and put together a gun. It's quite a bit different from banking.”

CANADA'S WINGS

“Canada's Wings,” a little book by Flying Officer Peter J. Field, journalist attached to the R.C.A.F. on press relations since war began, is of interest to all Airmen and others interested in the work of the Air Force. The book contains forewords by Major, the Hon. C. G. Power, Minister of National Defence for Air, and Air Commodore L. F. Stevenson, former R.C.A.F. commander in Great Britain and now commanding the Western Air Command. The story traces the work of distinguished flyers in the last war, tells a little of the history of commercial aviation and describes briefly the growth and brilliant achievements of the R.C.A.F.

To read the story and come across familiar names of some of those who



trained at No. 2 Manning Depot, is more than a thrill—its terrific. Pilot Officer George H. Fleming, of Owen Sound, Ontario, who trained here in October, 1940, is mentioned as one of a party who put on a “show” over enemy territory. To mention all names of those training or of “home towns” in Canada, is of course, impossible in the 126-page, pocket-size book.

Flight Lieutenant Hubert P. Clark, D.F.C., of Brandon, one of the first men from this district to see active service, is mentioned in the book for his brilliant action which won him the Distinguished Flying Cross. Flight Lieutenant Clark, with both a pilot's certificate and a commercial flying certificate obtained at the then flying school north of Brandon, sailed for England, with a small group of flyers from all parts of the Dominion, in March, 1939. As members of the R.A.F. these men were on active service as soon as war was declared. Flight Lieutenant Clark also took part in the Battle of Dunkerque. It was during the Battle of Britain that he was taken prisoner and sent to a camp in Northern Germany.

“Canada's Wings” is procurable from Thomas Nelson and Sons, Limited, Toronto, at \$1.00. All royalties go to the Queen's Canadian Fund. —G.I.T.

OBLIGING

Small Boy—“Gimme a cent's worth of mixed candy.”
Clerk—“Here's three pieces, sonny. I'll let you mix them yourself.”

De Bunk Area



Well, the “melancholy days” are fast approaching again, September is upon us, and the leaves are rustling uneasily on the Poplars and Pines and Maples. Just the other day we selected a Christmas cover for the Airman's Post and it seemed to bring the cold breath of winter so very, very close. However, it is pretty much the individual point of view that determines whether the fall days are melancholy ones or otherwise. Russia will, undoubtedly, welcome the coming of winter with open arms. Hitler, on the other hand, will view its approach with dark foreboding. He has sombre memories of the last one.

After 12 months of passive resistance our inimitable Jack Moran achieved his hearts desire—Winnipeg. This strange formula for success seems to operate very efficiently in some parts. A puzzled voice poses this question: What price industry and diligence

Definition: Democracy will exist just so long as the President of the company remembers that his office boy is a human being too.

With contributions falling off very seriously, a missionary reports it is hard to keep the native women in clothes. We're mailing him an invitation to our local beach where he'll find the same condition prevalent... it's total war alright!

Space being at a premium this month the De Bunk Area must be cut short at this point and its overflow held over until next time.

—Cheerio.

Almost all our faults are more pardonable than the methods we think up to hide them.



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The Station's "mechanized cavalry" line up with their gas-burners for a picture.

The Boys Who Keep 'Em Rolling

Not long ago we saw a movie entitled "They Roll By Night" and since then we have appreciated better the skill and endurance required of the men who sit behind the wheels of commercial vehicles, trucks, delivery vans, and the big transports. In this article we pay belated tribute to a very important branch of the service, the M.T. Section and its swashbuckling personnel.

We journeyed down to the building where the big machines are housed and examined their trim, well-polished lines with the eye of one who doesn't know a connecting-rod from a line-

pin. We were studiously peering into the watery depths of a chromium-plated radiator when Cpl. Herron popped out from behind an ailing piston and looked at us so suspiciously that we mumbled into our beard and shambled down to a station-wagon that was being lovingly groomed by LAC Mercier. We put out a finger to touch its gleaming loveliness but groomsman Mercier made a suggestive motion with his hand that had all the gruesome implications of a throat being cut so we went away from there hurriedly and corralled the master-mind behind this mechanical menage—Sgt. Jimmy Woods, whose connection with No. 2 "M" Depot dates back two years, three months.

"Sergeant," we began in our very best foreign-correspondent style, "what important message have you got for the reading-public this morning?"

"Pft," was the sound the sergeant made in reply.

"Thank you," we said gratefully. "And now would you care to tell us something about the problems you encounter in this line of work?"

"One," said Jimmy darkly, "Just one. The days they hold sport shows and swim meets and leave us with a skeleton staff to carry on." We murmured our sympathy and reached for another question, but the telephone tinkled and Sgt. Woods pulled up his landing-gear and vanished. So we ambled along down to where Cpl. Mosey and LAC's Robinson, Bedard, Hebert, Nairne and Smith were holding a post-mortem over the disjointed carcass of something that was decorated with nuts and bolts and all tangled up in wire.

"Oh, a washing-machine motor," we said gaily, but our triumph was short-lived.

"This," said Cpl. Mosey very coldly, "is a combustion engine." We said "oh" again in a very small voice and went over to talk to Cpl. Blais who was doing something with a pot of grease.

"Gooley stuff, isn't it?" we observed cheerfully.

"Very," said Cpl. Blais dryly, "and especially if you get it all over that nice clean uniform." We interpreted that as a threat and backing away in some haste narrowly escaped a horrible fate under the wheels of a huge Juggernaut that was being skillfully navigated by LAC's Fishburne and Cormier. Turning around to flee from the hazards of the M.T. section we came face to face with a snorting station-wagon under the guidance of ACI's Favelle and Coates and again we missed sudden death just by a hairsbreadth.

At this juncture we lifted a trembling hand and wrote "fnls" to our story of the M.T. Section. Then we promptly collapsed, and gentle hands gathered us up and threw us into an ambulance. Back at publications office again we solemnly resolved that all future interviews would be conducted in places like the Records' Office where there is nothing more lethal than elastic bands and paper-clips.

CAN YOU FIND IT?

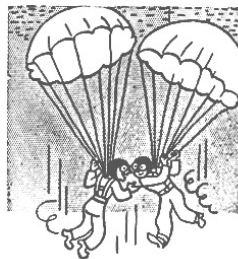
The Regimental number of an airman at this Depot has been hidden in one of the ads. In this issue. The owner of this number can acquire two free tickets to a local theatre by presenting himself at the Airman's Post office with proper identification. Start the quest now. You may be the lucky winner!

A man got off a train one day, green in the face. A friend who met him asked him what was wrong. "Train sickness," said the traveler. "I'm always deathly sick when I ride backwards on a train."

"Why didn't you ask the man sitting opposite you to change with you?" asked the friend.

"I thought of that," said the traveler, "but there wasn't anybody there."

A man may build himself a throne of bayonets, but he cannot sit on it. —Dean Inge.



"But I advise you not to waste any time on her sister—she's the face-slapping type."

OUR OBJECTIVE

\$10,000

6,674.00

Aug. 10-17

6,232.00

5,970.00

5,724.00

5,484.00

Jul. 13-18

5,326.00

Sales of war savings certificates climb steadily at this Station.

COMMENDABLE RESULTS
Shown in Voluntary Purchase of War Savings Certificates by Station Personnel

Getting ready for the task of flying fighter and bomber planes against the Axis is not the only contribution the majority of the men at this Depot are making to help win the war. Through the regular purchase of War Saving Certificates these men are doing just that "little bit more" that sometimes means all the difference between winning a battle or losing it. The present objective is \$10,000 and a glance at the results of this co-operative effort above will show that the objective is better than half-way achieved. This is tangible evidence of a spirit that might be fittingly described as "total war effort."

Sporting Goods

—Get Our Quotations on—

Football, Diamondball,
and Baseball Uniforms

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

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UNITED STATES QUESTION FOR GERMANS
(From an Address by Frank Knox, Secretary of the U.S. Navy)

How long will the German people permit their leaders to commit such crimes? Will they rise to denounce this terrorism? Will they permit such orgies to go unchecked? How long do they think the civilized world will continue to separate the German people from their leaders? The German people must sense that unless they make clear their own revulsion, unless they stop sowing seeds of hate, they will reap the whirlwind after the war.

The Poles manage to get word of their resistance out to us. What about the German people? The Czechs are resisting Hitler with every ounce of strength. What about the German people? The Norwegians meet every act of repression with firm and stubborn resistance. What about the German people?



CHINA PRETTY GOOD RICKSHA

The Chinese have a way of saying a great deal in a few words. Maj. Gen. Chu Shih Ming, Chinese military attache in Washington, lived up to this reputation at a press conference.

Asserting that with 500 bombers and fighters, his fellow countrymen could start an effective offensive against the Japanese right now, Gen. Chu added:

"You Americans have the streamlined idea, that everything must be perfect before you start, but we have the ricksha mind and can patch and mend those planes and get them against the enemy somehow."

Thus far the ricksha mind has done a far better job in Asia than the streamlined mind. Gen. Chu has given Washington something to ponder.



The Post Surveys The World From Brandon

SWITZERLAND SWISS TO BE FREE, GENERAL DECLARES

Switzerland's place in the New Europe to emerge from the war will be that of a free nation, Gen. Henri Guisan, commander-in-chief of Swiss armed forces, said in a message to the country's youth.

The general, in an address made on the Swiss Independence Day Saturday but not published until today, urged 20-year-olds just reaching full citizenship to "use all your powers to be and remain Swiss."

"One speaks much today of a New Europe," he said. "None can say what it will be. But Switzerland, in the midst of the continent's peoples, will have her place as was the case in the Europe of the past. That place will be none other than that of a free people."

"Don't let yourselves be beaten down by exterior events, don't let yourselves be won by insidious propaganda," the general stated. Switzerland is small, he observed, but in compensation "nature has made her beautiful and strong."

CAIRO CRY BABIES

Mistaken Identity Brings on Tears Cairo.—Rich women of the Italian colony in Alexandria were revealed to have bought \$5,000 worth of cakes and candies to shower on Axis soldiers, whom they believed were on the outskirts of the city.

Acting on a false rumor that Axis forces had reached the Alexandria suburbs of Mex, the Italian women bought up all the sweets in Alexandria, loaded them into automobiles, and drove to Mex.

When they arrived they found Australian troops—not Italians. The women burst into tears, gave the candies and cookies to the Australians and left.

MOSCOW WOMAN PILOT

Moscow.—Tanya Osokina, woman pilot of the Russian force, has made more than 80 flights over German positions, it was reported Saturday by the army newspaper Red Star. It was the first time the newspaper's despatches from the front have mentioned a woman pilot by name.

COSSACKS RIDE AGAIN



Don Cossacks, many of them retired long ago from the Russian regular army, are riding again into battle in an effort to save their villages. The Cossacks had been pictured as offering furious resistance to the Germans in the Salsk area. But Red Star disclosed that the defenders were in the difficulty with the somewhat negative statement that they were "succeeding in some places to hold the enemy." Thousands of retired Cossack fighters, former members of the first Soviet cavalry army, under Marshal Semeon Budenny, had volunteered to hold their beloved "quiet Don." Both Don and Kuban Cossacks were swinging into the battle.

SELF-DISCIPLINE

"Nazism, Fascism, Militarism, the growing elements of dictatorship in the democracies—are all endeavors to get some kind of order out of chaos . . . Either we are going to have enough people who discipline themselves from within, or else we are going to have discipline imposed on us from without . . . Nothing left loose ever does anything creative. No horse gets anywhere until he is harnessed.

No steam or gas ever drives anything until it is confined. No Niagara is ever turned into light and power until he is harnessed. No steam or gas ever drives anything until it is confined. No Niagara is ever turned into light and power until it is tunneled. No life ever grows great until it is

focused, dedicated, disciplined. One of the widest gaps in human experience is the gap between what we say we want to be and our willingness to discipline ourselves to get there. And the cost in every realm is always self-discipline."—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick.

BUENOS AIRES DIDN'T LIKE PICTURES

Buenos Aires.—A large front window of a German-owned photograph shop which displayed pictures of Hitler, Field Marshal Erwin Rommel and Argentine President Ramon S. Castillo was smashed by unidentified persons.



AUSTRALIA JAP SAILORS MACHINE-GUN LIFEBOAT CREW

Sydney, Australia.—Japanese sailors stood on the deck of their submarine, smoking cigarettes, while shipmates machine gunned the lifeboats of a 200-ton British trawler off the east coast, members of the trawler's crew said.

A special announcement from Gen. Douglas MacArthur's headquarters announced the shelling of the trawler with six casualties, two killed and four wounded, but said the trawler reached port.

The submarine came to the surface of the eastern coast of Australia within point-blank range of the trawler.

Seamen on the trawler tried to get into a lifeboat, while the captain of the vessel shouted the craft was unarmed, and on a fishing cruise.

The Japanese did not hear, or ignored the captain. The trawler was shelled and machine gun bullets splattered among the men trying to shove off with the lifeboat.

Although hit by 12 shells, the trawler remained afloat. The submarine then submerged. In 15 minutes it came up again to fire a few more shells, then vanished.

Hours later another trawler arrived and with a dinghy ferried the dead and wounded aboard.

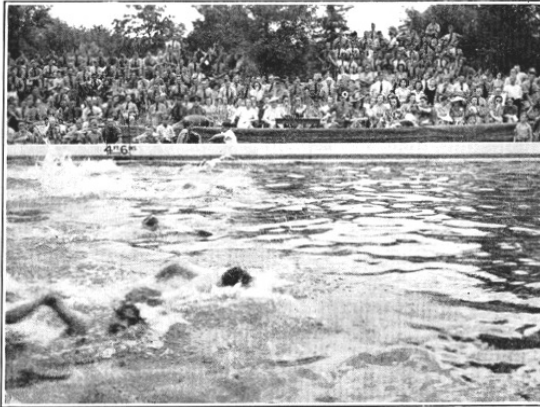
ENGLAND IT'S A FACT

Bull In China Shop Becomes a Reality Windsor, England.—It has happened at last. A bull which escaped from a slaughter house took refuge in an antique china shop near Windsor castle.

There was scarcely a whole piece of china left when drovers came and captured the animal.

Mrs. Maude Crutchley, manageress of the store, said: "I was bombed out of my London home, but it was not more exciting than the quarter hour trying to get the bull out of the shop."





Record crowd views sport at swim meet.

A BIG SPLASH OUR SWIMMING MEET

The Depot's annual swim meet on August 12th was a good show and a highly successful event. The Depot's water denizens of both sexes kept the pool in a flurry of foam all afternoon in a fast moving and colorful program of aquatic sports.

The winners of the swimming meet are listed below:

Ladies 35 yard free style—1st, Doreen Sullivan; 2nd, Dorothy Stark.

Ladies 35 yard open—1st, Dorothy Stark; 2nd, Audrey Carpenter.

70 yard free style—1st, Foote, W. R. Ft. 9; 2nd Klein, P. E. Ft. 4.

35 yard back stroke—1st, Nelson, J. Ft. 7; 2nd, Brownstone, Hqtrs.

140 yard relay—1st, Flight 13, Marr, O'Grady, G. L., Rice, Sytar; 2nd, Flight 4, Klein, McMorland, Blettel, Hardy.

35 yard breast stroke—1st, Beranek Ft. 5; 2nd, O'Grady, Ft. 13.

105 yard medley—R.A.F. Disposal Flight; Flight 4.

35 yard egg and spoon race—1st, Potts, J. W. Ft. R.A.F.; Cameron, Ft. 7.

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orders, arthritis, and skin con-
ditions.

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SPORT PERSONALITIES AT NO. 2

In the sports parade line-up this month we have our usual unflinching quota of newcomers to this Depot who have earned some distinction as athletes in civilian life.

Joe Lachoski made a notable contribution to baseball and football at Riverdale School, Edmonton, Alberta. And Joe is just rarin' to strike a home-run at the expense of Hitler and Company. Frank Blasetti hails from Nordegg, Alberta, where he made the campus ring with his prowess as a softball star. Knox College, Toronto, Ontario, is proud to claim Mac McLean for his starry efforts at basketball and lacrosse. Hockey and football were Ed. Poppel's strong points when he played with the Winnipeg Royals and St. Joseph's, Ed. is now concentrating all his energy on the business of defeating the blonde barbarians in Berlin. Baseball claimed Ross Dixon's energies at Neudorf, Sask. Targets in Germany are due for some accurate pounding when golf-pro Arnold Emerson of the Winnipeg Canoe Club goes into action. Water sports have their representative in the person of Ed. Reed a junior diving champion from Moose Jaw.

Sioux Lookout lost an up and coming hockey player when the R.C.A.F. scored with Ed. Smith. And an encore here for Cyril Gilmore of the famous Flin Flon Bombers. Cyril will do his bombing from the air now. Peter Sarus made a name for himself in hockey and baseball circles at Banff, Alberta. Pete Elchel played basketball with the Michelle Pirates and softball with the Calgary Greyhounds. Hockey was Bert Burton's special talent at Barrhead, Alberta. Pete Strutynski was prominently featured with the St. Boniface Athletic Club as a hockey and softball artist. Hockey and soft-

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and Skirts

Phone 4242 120 Tenth St.

ball had another sealot in the person of Joe Tackney from North Bay, Ontario. Curling has its lone defender in Peter Lorne of Winnipeg, 1941 Dingwall finalist. Peter will be heaving his rocks at Hitler from now on. A member of the Vienna Champs of Elgin County, Ontario, is George Steers—his specialty baseball. John Nykifouk applied his talents to soccer and baseball back in Saskatoon, Sask.

There they are! And as a group they pack a pretty hefty kick—aimed at the seat of Hitler's pants. We'll probably see some of these lads in action at the big sports meet in September, and we're confident they'll help to keep No. 2 Manning Depot well in the lime-light.

"UNARMED COMBAT"

By Corporal Calder

Ed. Note: This is the first in a series of three short articles designed to make the reader better acquainted with a technique of self-defense known as "Judo" or "Jiu-jitsu". Evolved by the Japanese, and now being introduced into the combat tactics of certain branches of our armed forces, "Judo" is becoming of increasing interest to everyone. P.T. Instructor Calder is a qualified exponent of the art and will gladly furnish answers to any questions relating to its application and execution. His second article will appear in the next issue.

The science of self defense has been of absorbing interest to men ever since the world began. "How to protect ourselves from harm," has always had a strange fascination for all of us—and there have been many systems or sciences evolved. You are all familiar with Fencing, Boxing and Wrestling which are, fundamentally,



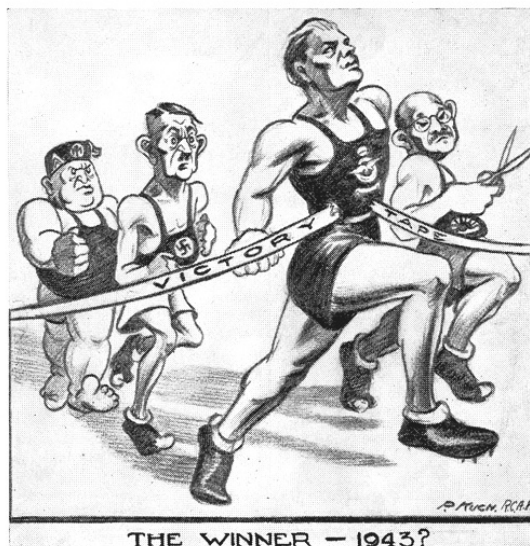
variations on the basic idea of self defense, with many good points as sports—but with many more weak points when application to a "real life" situation is made! It is obvious that special equipment and situations are necessary for each of these methods of self protection and in consequence, are not entirely practical!

The Japanese have evolved an excellent system of combat known as "Judo" or, more popularly, "Jiu-jitsu". This science combines many of the best features of each form of combat previously mentioned and with a few minor additions and variations forms the most modern and practical science ever devised!

This sounds like a dangerous sport—well, it is! Greatest of care must be exercised by both instructors and pupils in the performance of the various phases of each trick as serious injury will most assuredly accompany carelessness!

Let me explain my statement that this is the most modern of systems: Fencing was popular and practical in the days when all men carried swords—now it is an almost forgotten art, merely a memory in the minds of most of us and valuable only as a sport and as a science from which many valuable facts can be drawn. Boxing and wrestling are both valuable but the former requires a hitting power which is greatly impeded by the clothing which we wear and the

(Continued next page)



THE WINNER - 1943?

SPORT SPLASHES FROM THE POOL



Fast moving events marked every minute of the day at this Depot's annual sports meet, and the camera caught a few of these thrilling moments as limbe-limbed, strong-muscled young men from No. 2 provided the grand-stand with a demonstration of physical-culture at its best. In the centre picture Wing Commander H. G. Reid, Commanding Officer of No. 2 Manning Depot, looks on while Mrs. Reid makes the presentation to Miss Audrey Carpenter, winner of the ladies novelty 60 yard race.

"Unarmed Combat"

(Continued from page 10)

latter depends upon grips taken on the body itself and is also impeded greatly by tunics, shirts or even great-coats! How then are we to overcome this difficulty of clothing? What can we do when we are weighted down with cumbersome clothing?

It is apparent that present day conditions involve numerous problems with which the ancients did not have to contend and by incorporating the solutions to these problems we will have a 'modern' science.

You will see that the whole idea of this Unarmed Combat is, fundamentally, Be Practical! In technical terminology we lay emphasis on the term, "Maximum Efficiency". "Maximum Efficiency" means doing the right thing, at the right time, in the right way! The problems which naturally come to mind are:

1. What is the right thing to do in various situations?
 2. What is the right method?
- I can tell you the answers to the

first question and can illustrate the second, but practice and more practice is necessary to make certain that the correct method is being used! I cannot emphasize too strongly the need for care in practice and that is my chief reason for wanting organized classes where instruction, coaching and careful supervision can be had at all times and errors cut to a minimum!

The entire course is fundamentally based on knowledge of the human body and knowledge of simple laws of leverage which enable a small man to overcome a much larger and perhaps stronger opponent! Such knowledge is valuable only if it is used correctly—and mis-application of a hold or faulty striking of dangerous nerve centers can cause serious damage.

It soon becomes apparent to the beginner that, "In Knowledge there is Strength," and in a very short time the fundamentals of this absorbing science may be mastered even though proficiency in execution comes only after much arduous practice.

Annual Sports Day Very Successful

As a very successful and exciting prelude to the big sports wind-up on September 16th, No. 2 Manning Depot's annual sports day held at the exhibition grounds on July 29th was a fast moving, hotly contested show that provided the big crowd in the grandstand with all the thrills and spills of a three ring circus. Much credit is due those who so ably organized and supervised this colorful cavalcade of sport. The impressive array of athletic talent we saw in action promises a bang-up tussle when we clash with the gladiators from A4 Artillery Training Centre and No. 12 S.F.T.S. in September.

Listed below are the winners of the various events and those who placed second:

- R115938; 2nd, Joynes, N. G.
- Shot Putt—1st, Foot, W. L.; 2nd, Prossack, S. R.
- Softball games—1st, Flight 7; 2nd, Flight 3 Disposal.
- High Jump—1st, McDowell, J. S.

- R177552 (5' 2"); 2nd, McKinney, R. F.
- R177575 (5' 1").

- Pole Vault—1st, Toth, M. S. (10' 9"); Laakso, W. W. (10' 6").

- 100-yard Dash—1st, Liviski, P. E. R166239; Mallory, R. S. R155972.

- Tug-of-war, open—1st, No. 12 S.F.T.S.; 2nd, No. 2 Manning Depot.

- Tug-of-war, Flight—1st, Flight 10; 2nd, R.A.F. Flight.

- 380 yard race—1st, Rolfe, P. N. GB1576985; 2nd, Warnock, G. R. R155894.

- Hurdles—1st, Feldt, E.; 2nd, Duclos, C. O.

- 220 yard race—1st, Mallory, R. S.; 2nd, Duclos, C. O.

- 1 Mile—1st, Marnock, G. R. R155894; 2nd, Way, C. W. GB1314764.

- 380 Relay—1st, Flight 3 Disposal; 2nd, LAC's Reception Wing.

- Running Broad Jump—1st, Waters, Ladies Novelty 60 yards—1st, Audrey Carpenter; 2nd, Marg. Riley.

Congratulations to them all! We're looking forward to seeing them perform again on the 16th of September when they compete with the athletes from A4 and No. 12.



Mrs. W. A. Wood, convener of the Hostess Committee, discusses plans for the next dance with the members. Left to Right: (Standing) Mrs. R. A. Kelleher, Mrs. W. F. Sellers, Mrs. D. H. Scott and Mrs. S. C. Berridge. (Seated) Mrs. W. A. Wood, Mrs. R. B. Hunter, Mrs. P. C. Hughes, Mrs. W. B. Bain and Mrs. A. H. Scott. Absent: Mrs. M. F. Cannon and two varying representatives of the Ladies Auxiliary to the 26th Field Brigade.

Miss Brandon Claims Record in Dance Marathon

"The City of Dancing Feet" has been the airmen's accolade bestowed on Brandon—thanks to the tireless activities of that group of women comprising the committee of the Dance Hostess Service. Men in uniform stationed in local and nearby units of His Majesty's Forces benefit by and appreciate the pleasant social evenings with crowds of bright, pretty girls provided as dance partners through this committee of the War Services.

In 1940 the National Council of the Y.W.C.A. organized hostess service at points across the Dominion where considerable numbers of the armed

forces were in training. Whilst the initiative came from Headquarters, it remained for the local Y.W., assisted by other war service organizations, to carry out the project. The scope and success of the service depended largely on the local committee. The achievement of the Brandon Dance Hostess service bespeaks the ability and co-operation of the twelve ladies acting on the committee. Other organizations represented are: Teck chapter of the I.O.D.E.; the Ladies Auxiliary to the Canadian Legion.

Mrs. Fred Winter, a member of the Y.W. board, was the original convener of the committee. A woman of unusual ability, she gave fine leadership to the group, each member of which sacrificed much time and energy to the success of the project. A happy choice as successor to Mrs. Winter

on her removal to Winnipeg in March, 1942, was made in the President of the Brandon Y.W.C.A. Board, Mrs. W. A. Wood. With charm and tact concealing a prodigious amount of hard work, Mrs. Wood directs and co-ordinates the excellent team work of the committee members.

Dance Hostess service provides dance partners for the weekly hops, summer and winter, in Brandon, Shilo and frequently at Carberry and Rivers. Just as the Air Force and the Army is a representative cross-section of Canadian youth, so are the girls of the Dance Hostess service a cross-section of Canadian girls. They are carefully selected, must be over seventeen years of age and unmarried and are drawn from the ranks of nurses and teachers, debs and domestics, stenographers and clerks. The selectees are reminded that the dances are designed for the enjoyment of the boys in blue and khaki and must be regarded by the girls as part of their war work. Needless to say, it is a very pleasant and popular contribution to the war effort.

The general list of three hundred and sixty names is divided among the twelve matrons. If a dance requires two hundred partners, the choice is limited to requirements. Four regular weekly dances are held in the summer months and three each week during the winter. This demands three or four evenings a week of each hostess and in addition necessitates an average of fifty phone and personal calls on her each week as the routine of tickets, selection and allotment is followed.

Statistics tell the story of how Brandon exceeded by five times any other city in Canada the number of

partners provided for men in uniform at properly supervised dances between May, 1940 and March, 1942. The records show that 32,250 were provided at dances attended by 56,000 men during that 22 month period.

The work of the Brandon Hostess service continues. It involves a great sacrifice of time and energy from the women who constitute the committee, all of whom are engaged in other war activities. The men and staff of No. 2 Manning Depot appreciate their effort and achievement. For those AC2's not yet allocated to Brandon, as well as all others of His Majesty's Forces in the vicinity we urge the Hostess Service Committee to maintain its splendid record and we salute its gallant spirit.

—K.R.



EDUCATION IN A CAPSULE

Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson that ought to be learned; and however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson that he learns thoroughly.—Thomas Henry Huxley in Technical Education (1877).

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AC2 Rupert Schieder, of Port Arthur, looks some of the dance hostesses over. Girls in the group are: left to right—Kay Lewis, Miriam Hunter, Heather Oglesby, Doreen Sullivan and Jean Holysko.

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The Passing Show

In recent weeks No. 2 Manning Depot reversed the usual procedure and took the role of visiting entertainers themselves. On July 27th a concert party from this Depot entertained at the Mental hospital in honor of the departure of Doctor Pinecock to Winnipeg. The R.C.A.F. orchestra with Laurie Goldsborough at the piano provided an hour and a half of real jive and jam.

And on July 25th we gave the Bombing and Gunnery School at MacDonald a highly savory two hour sample of what this Station can cook up in the way of quality entertainment.

For our pleasure on July 26th we had a visit from the Pat's All Girl Band and this was very much appreciated by both the adjudicators of good music and the connoisseurs of stream-lined beauty. Two very outstanding numbers much enjoyed were the bonny pair of lassies in their highland fling and Irish jig offerings—also the two pretty damsels who made us yearn for the romantic isles of the south with their Hawaiian dance.

By the way, do you ever tune in on CKX to hear our Manning Depot program Fridays at 6.45 p.m.? This is well worth listening to and compares favorably with any other similar program on the air. Gordon McLean of the Y.M.C.A. is the moving spirit behind this offering and he's doing a nice job.

The trademark "Smilers" is always a guarantee of good entertainment, and the Sunday concert of Aug. 2nd was no exception. Our station band, by the way, is playing no inconsiderable part in making these concerts so successful. Aug. 2nd's line-up included these familiar names: Earl Dick, Julian Bobiak, Douglas McLeod, George Senyk, Bill Abott, Cpl. Calder, Rupert Schieder, Fred Wood, Gloria and Tudy Quale, Dolores Goldsborough, Frank Hockaday, and Freddy Sebastian.

August 9th brought us Bea Frederick's Victory Troupe from Winnipeg, and we regret that we haven't more detailed information about the individual artists taking part in this very EXCELLENT show. Next time you come to visit us don't go away without telling us more about yourselves.

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THE STRATHOSPHERE KNIGHTS

The above title was most appropriate in describing our Sunday night show of the 16th—it was very definitely away up above the clouds in entertainment value. And the galaxy of stars who performed for us were, without exception, top-notchers.

Vera Roney, even without her dance number, was something we could gaze upon for a long time and never weary. That was a nice pair of legs Cpl. Fletcher displayed in his female impersonation, we thought. Andy Twa's violin solos were very ear-appealing. Lovely instrument, the violin. Your recitation was a bit of alright too, friend Sparrow. And Earl Dick's elegant voice had its usual dulcet quality. Mr. John Goss, our star attraction, was every bit as good as his reputation. We have given him a special paragraph or two elsewhere on this page. Also very deserving of special mention was Alex MacDonald's Sailor's Hornpipe. Fit. Sgt. Hutton's voice was in unusually good form, too.

Cpl. MacKay slid into the program at the last minute and we're certainly glad that he wasn't overlooked. His voice impersonations were one of the outstanding features of the show. Get this boy on the stage again, we like him. Gloria Quayle's four girl dance routine will always be a welcome addition to any show we have. The strong men of the Depot, Senyk, Abbott, Calder and Fletcher presented a hand balancing act that had a real professional flavor. This is good entertainment any time. Good is the word for the duet rendered by Margaret King and Jack Baines. Ditto, Ken Borlarski's accordion number. Likewise Heather and Masia in their Mexican dance. Hockaday's skit was probably good, but we suggest that he uses a microphone next time so we can hear him.

Extra special mention: Bob Byron's performance as M.C. This boy's contribution helped in no small way to put the show over with a bang.

Mr. John Goss, Noted Singer and Novelist, Appears on Depot Stage

Tails and tophats were not in evidence, but the airmen in summer khaki who heard the rich baritone voice of Mr. John Goss were no less appreciative than the distinguished audiences who have listened to Mr. Goss' voice in many parts of this continent and overseas.

A writer of note as well as an internationally famous singer Mr. Goss has just finished conducting a summer school of music at Singoosh Lake near Dauphin, and he kindly consented to make an appearance on our Depot stage before returning to his home in Vancouver. Brandon will probably remember Mr. Goss during his visit here in 1940 to adjudicate at the music festival.

Mr. Goss is a native of London, England, and at the end of the last war he turned in his uniform and began a very successful career as professional singer. He has been touring Canada and the United States since 1929.

Mr. Goss likes Canada very much, but he says he would like it much better if the war had not separated him from his wife and daughter who are still residents of London. He is looking forward to the time when he can rejoin them again, but thinks that Canada will eventually become their permanent home.



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THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

In a recent editorial the St. Thomas Times-Journal takes issue with the answer to a query in the Commons concerning the status of the song "O Canada".

"Canada might well continue to follow the custom of recent years of regarding "God Save the King" and "O Canada" each as national anthems and entitled to similar recognition."

In its editorial the St. Thomas Times-Journal poses this question:

Why "similar recognition?" We have always been under the impression that Canada's national anthem was "God Save the King" and believe Canadians generally accept this view. The increased frequency with which it is being sung while the nation is at war is proof of this. "O Canada" is a national song, just the same as "The Maple Leaf Forever," now declared out of date in some aspects, but more tuneful and with words easier to remember than its dressed-up and hard-to-get-the-tongue-around contemporary.

The St. Jean-Baptiste Society has passed a resolution asking the government to adopt "O Canada" as the national anthem and no doubt this move has the support of French speaking Canada. Nevertheless, we believe most Canadians will resent any attempt to put "God Save the King" into second place. It is the national anthem and should remain so.

Incidentally we would like to suggest to those who maintain "God Save the King" is the national anthem and those who have difficulties with the words and tune of "O Canada" that they stop singing the last line of the verses of the national anthem as "God Save Our King" and utter the correct wording, "God Save the King."

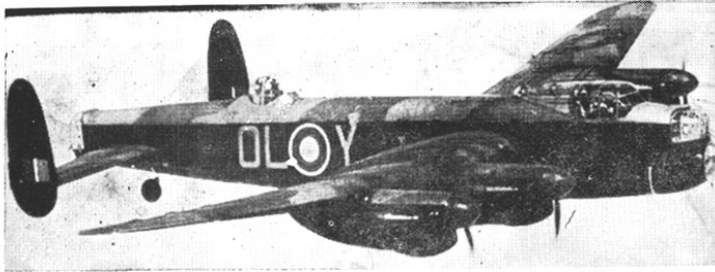
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THE BATTLE OF BRANDON

By AC2 Beeler, C. F.

Single room with bath is the standard accommodation for the AC2 here at No. 2 Manning Depot. It's a fact—a single room to the whole squadron of him.

Other facilities for the airman recruit's comfort are provided to a remarkable degree. Every day his bed is extraordinarily neatly made up (or else—!) His belongings are always close to hand, and kept in good condition, thanks to that same 'or else'. His quarters are kept clean for him by a perfect servant, name of Joe.

A bout of inoculations and whatnot, constant medical grooming, and a course of physical knockabouts keep him feeling fine even if he doesn't want to feel good.

The average downy chick sitting on his lonely yet so crowded bunk has bitter moments persuading himself that stone floors do not a prison make, nor CB a cage. See, even the butterfly verses of Lovelace come out on the

corny side when an AC2 tries to get a hold on the situation!

The roost he has been used to is on the standard of a bed in a room of his own, which he could occupy in any way or time that did not interfere with his fun life. Where he could throw shirts and cigarette butts around if he wanted to, and collect any amount of interesting pictures, tennis rackets, neckties, in yoo-hoo colors, and the like.

His new home is a vast, dark hall, shadowed by the terrible figure of discipline. It is big enough for an indoor ball park, but honey in that way that everybody in his bunk tier soon gets to know whether he wears BVD's or jockey shorts. He threads his way through the long, complicated lanes like a jackrabbit seeking his own stook in a 40-acre wheat field.

Life in barracks is all on the unique side.

An airman in training has two important periods daily when he meets and talks with his comrades with all barriers down, thereby getting to know them as friends. The first is on parade, at attention, which the officers and N.C.O.'s would rob him of if they could. The other is the hour or so flopped on his bunk waiting for lights out. This later hour allows easier freedom, so that he can collect a two-bits bet made and won on parade, swing out his style of B.S. (Bunk Sermons, to you) and sing the blues far into the night.

Here the Committee of Awards gathers around a bunkie to present him with a leather medal for his part

in the day's duty. The P.T.I. announced this morning that he couldn't think of any more nifty exercises and would the class suggest one. This lad handed in a honey, which they all did five times without stopping.

A thick set lad throws his socks against a pillar as he takes them off, remarking for the benefit of his bunk mate that when they stick he knows they should be sent to the laundry.

"AC2 Roberts! AC2 Roberts!" squalls a voice down the hugeness of the bunk area.

Aircraftsman Roberts is not at home, it seems, but a fellow from his flight answers for him.

"Not here! He joined the Air Force."

That answer will be heard on every roll call tomorrow, without a doubt. " . . . To transform the recruit from civil to military life."

The gears go 'round, and he always comes out, but still he must worry. Even with all the good things provided for him.

Officers generally regret any real shortcomings in their station, but that AC2 might just as well have a last one of those deep sighs and rush to bury himself in the pages of this month's issue of the AIRMAN'S POST.

There simply are no CWAAF's stationed at No. 2 Manning Depot.

"Let us see to it that our lives, like jewels of great price, be noteworthy, not because of their worth, but because of their weight.—Seneca.

PAY OFFICE PILLS

It's a veritable "house by the side of the road where the race of men go by" this Pay Office of ours. It's the place of preparation for the first less painful pangs of birth from civilian individualism into a mere regimented unit of Air Force life. The escorting Corporal, a self-sufficient little full-fledged duckling, leading the lambs to slaughter ushers in a dozen or so recruits at once and lines them up for the kill. What a motley host they are this jetsam and flotsam of humanity, irresistably drawn into the vortex of a country at war. Actually they are, without a doubt, the backbone and saviours of mankind, its principles, its freedom, its heritage, its peace, its homes and its children. In they parade these boys, in their green suits, tweed suits and sometimes no suits at all, just a blazer, a colourful striped shirt, a sweater with a maple leaf emblazoned cheerfully across the front, or probably a white shirt and flamboyant tie.

There's a lad over there who needs a hair cut very badly. Wait till he gets his uniform and the disciplinarian sees it. He'll probably tell him he isn't Paderewski or Mozart and a few things besides. That young fellow with the crooked nose and his hair as red as a carrot in full bloom. His slack suit matches his hair so at least he has a colour scheme. He worked in a pseudo Fifth Avenue store in Toronto somewhere for ten years which accounts for it. And that good-looking boy in the striped suit is a Polish Jew, he speaks fluent French, German, Polish and Syrian. He'd make a splendid secret service agent. That intelligent looking chappie (or he would be if he wasn't chewing gum) the one who just combed back his recalcitrant pompadour I'll warrant will be a pilot within a year and scaling the clouds like a veteran and from the look in his eye Hitler will never stop him.

That dark complexioned boy coming in has hay-seeds in his pockets and a couple of fatted calves in the field at home or I'll eat my shirt. Wouldn't be surprised if he had to go back home for a few weeks to help with the harvest and that one next to him on the right in the white shirt and glasses. He was a school teacher up north and is a graduate in arts. He was hoping to make enough money to start a bee farm on the outskirts of Calgary where his home is. He told me he had seven mink in the backyard of the teacherage last year

(Continued from page 19)

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Behind the gleaming pots and pans the custodians of the cuisine get ready to "dish it out."

The Men Behind the Menu

Without minimizing the popularity of the Depot library this station's favorite reading matter continues to be the weekly bill of fare with its seven day program of culinary attractions that excite the palate and delight the inner man. The old saying about an army marching on its stomach still holds good even in this modern day of mechanized warfare. Good grub in quantity is still the basic factor in promoting a healthy morale as well as a healthy body, and here at No. 2 Manning Depot we have no complaint to offer on that score.

The well-planned menus that regularly make their appearance at this Depot are not conceived by amateurs or novices. There is nothing haphazard or accidental about the consistently high quality of the meals that appear on our mess-hall tables. Years of experience in the art of cooking and preparing wholesome food are qualifications common to all the "men in white" who perform this important function at No. 2.

Mr. George Pepper, who supervises the catering for R. M. Smith & Company at this station, has a background of experience in this work that stretches over a period of thirty-five years. Mr. Pepper has been at this Depot for fifteen months and was formerly in charge of the meat section here until his promotion to supervisor. During the last war Mr. Pepper was sergeants' cook with the 82nd Calgary battalion. His son caters for the air force in Saskatoon.

Among the old-timers in the kitchen Joe Compston is probably the best known. Joe has been here since the station opened, and boasts thirty years of service with R. M. Smith & Company. Joe has made a host of friends among the men who have passed through this Depot. His kindness and friendliness are qualities familiar to all of us.

Another pair of specialists in the cooking profession with extensive careers in hotel and restaurant work, are Percy William and Len Moores. These men are old-timers on the station, and are well known to personnel, past and present.

Miss Douglas, the assistant supervisor, is a recent addition to the

mess-hall staff—and a capable one. Her specialty is in keeping a wary eye on the financial end of the business, and her former banking experience serves here in good stead for this important task.

Among the R.C.A.F. personnel at-



We'll give you odds of ten to one that subject under discussion between Mr. Pepper and Sgt. Patterson is FOOD.

tached to the mess-hall and working in co-operation with Mr. Pepper and staff, is Sergeant Patterson and his able assistant Cpl. Robicheau. Sgt. Patterson's connection with the armed services dates back to 1932 when he was looking after food matters for the R.C.A.M.C. He transferred to the Air Force in April of 1939 and has seen service at several stations across Canada. Cpl. Robicheau was a ship's steward in civilian life and became quite adept at juggling dishes and things on the stormy waters around Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

We might also add that the appearance of the mess-hall has been considerably embellished by the innovation of a "feminine touch" provided by several comely young persons in starched white.

TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

How false is the charge that Great Britain has kept needlessly large forces and masses of equipment at home to meet an unlikely Nazi invasion was shown by some figures Mr. Churchill gave parliament.

In the past two years Britain and the dominions with help from the United States has sent to battle zones scattered over the world 950,000 men, 4,500 tanks, 6,000 planes, 5,000 pieces of artillery, 50,000 machine guns and 100,000 motor vehicles.

Each month during the past six months 50,000 men have been sent from Britain around the Cape of Good Hope to Egypt, the Middle East and the Far East. Not a troopship was lost from these great convoys, a truly remarkable achievement.

Malta, too, has been kept supplied until today the little island fortress has more defending aircraft than at any previous time.

MEET MR. LANGSTONE

First New Zealand High Commissioner to Canada

By James McCook in the St. Thomas Times-Journal

An odd jobs man turned diplomat and completely at home in his new responsibility is Hon. Frank Langstone, the first New Zealand high commissioner to Canada.

He brought with him on his arrival in Ottawa a few months ago, bubbling good humor, a neatly-worded abomination of the Axis leaders, a severe burn on a muscular hand, an immense affection for Canadians and all their works, and an utter disregard for the use of the letter "h".

Mr. Langstone speaks like a Cockney and is no giant in stature. In spite of his vigorous speech and his democratic manner, he clothes his office with dignity because of his pride in his native land, his eagerness to attain lasting understanding among the democracies and his long experience in public life in New Zealand.

He says he has held several cabinet portfolios. "But then we're a small country and it's no trick to hold one or two portfolios. We don't have to work as hard as your ministers; there are only about 1,600,000 people in New Zealand."

INDIRECT TAXES

(W. L. Clark, in Windsor Star)

There are indirect taxes in Britain, as any soldier returning from there will testify. For example:

Out of every \$1 paid for tobacco, 78 cents is tax.

Out of every \$1 paid for beer, 70 cents is tax.

Out of every \$1 paid for whisky, 70 cents is tax.

Out of every \$1 paid for sugar, 81 cents is tax.

Out of every \$1 paid for tea, 20 cents is tax.

Out of every \$1 paid for matches, 40 cents is tax.

Those are just a few of the indirect taxes levied on the people. The tax money helps pay for the war.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

The teacher had forbidden the eating of candy in school. One day she became suspicious of a lump in Betty's cheek.

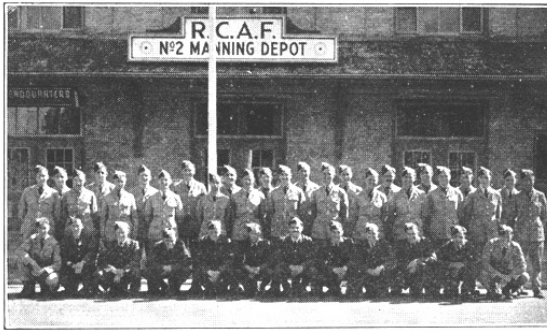
"Betty, are you eating candy?"

"No, teacher," replied Betty. "I'm just soaking a prune to eat at recess"

A FULL LIFE

"Milk bottles make about thirty-five round trips from the dairy," says a bulletin. And start one geranium.





A party of R.A.F. boys in temporary residence at No. 2 before departing to other stations.

"DEAR OLD LONDON"

Dedicated to the boys of the R.A.F.
at No. 2 "M" Depot

For I have travelled many miles
Over land and sea;
But thou! O dear old London,
There is no place like thee.

The mingling of all classes
In her narrow, winding streets;
Her gentry and her Costers
Where's thine equal—one meets.

Did you ever go out shopping,
Down dear old Petticoat Lane?
Where all is fun and laughter,
And you wonder if you're sane.

You hear a Coster shouting,
As he stands beside his stall:
"Come look at these rare beauties,
The finest of them all."

"Come, see my fine Canaries,
As they sing a roundelay—
Come—see their bright gay plumage,
Buy one of them today."

"Just for today, dear Grandpa
They're all two shillings each—
Take any one you fancy dear,
You'll get a blooming peach."

"And here's a cage to put him in,
A half a dollar more,
So come up fast they're going quick,
The crowd began to roar."
For all that gitters is not gold,
It's just as true today

As in the good old days of old,
When Shakespeare wrote that play.
As my pretty little songster
With plumage bright and gay,
Turned out to be a sparrow
When he had his bath next day.

Yes, this is dear old London,
Still standing grand, sublime;
St. Paul's still rears its lofty spire
With sacred soot and grime.

Yes, this is dear old London,
And it shall never fall
While British hearts are beating,
And ready for the call.

The temple bells will ring again,
In those dear old London streets;
No cruel Hun with Swastika
Shall march his measured beat.

While British hearts are beating
In pulsing steady time,
London, thou dear old London
Thou'rt grand, thou'rt great, sub-
lime.

—Ernest E. Reeve



THE FIRST AERIAL DOGFIGHT

Love gets the blame for a good many things. Back in 1806, it precipitated history's first aerial dogfight.

M. De Grandpre, a French balloonist who was wooing a charming dancer, discovered that a fellow balloonist, M. Le Pique, was offering clandestine competition. The enraged Grandpre challenged his rival to a duel. They decided to fight in the sky.

So one clear and sunny spring morning in 1808 found the two combatants, their gas balloons and seconds assembled on a field adjoining the famous Tuilleries. A large crowd had gathered, expecting a race.

Shortly before nine a.m. Grandpre and Le Pique, armed with blunderbusses, climbed into the baskets of their balloons. Each was accompanied by a second who would handle the balloon while the duelist handled his gun.

The signal was given and anchor ropes cut. The balloons rose slowly in the moderate wind, staying within eighty yards of each other. They had just reached 2500 feet when Le Pique fired, and missed. Grandpre answered immediately, and the heavy charge from his blunderbuss ripped into Le Pique's gas bag. There was a sharp noise and the balloon collapsed suddenly. The basket plunged earthward, crashing onto a house-top and killing Le Pique and his second.

A few minutes later Grandpre safely guided his balloon down to the field, winner of one of the most remarkable duels on record.

—Harold B. Rusten.

Dollars For Future Delivery

Brandon
Representatives:
M. R. MACKENZIE
C.L.U.
J. G. WEST
R. A. HENDERSON
J. G. MACKENZIE

Today, with startling suddenness, life offers us new opportunities. We are ready and willing to take them, eager to contribute all we can. But what of our personal and family responsibilities?

Protection, arranged now, will help you to be prepared for whatever lies ahead. It will be specially important to you when you re-enter civilian life. These men are your friendly advisers—qualified to arrange a plan of security for you that will meet your special needs. A talk with any one of them will convince you that they can help you make your income accomplish more for you and for your family.

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REPRESENTA-
TIVES
ARE AT YOUR
DISPOSAL
DAY OR NIGHT

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Phone 2970



WINNIPEG OFFICE
704 TORONTO GENERAL TRUST BLDG.
Phone 21841

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

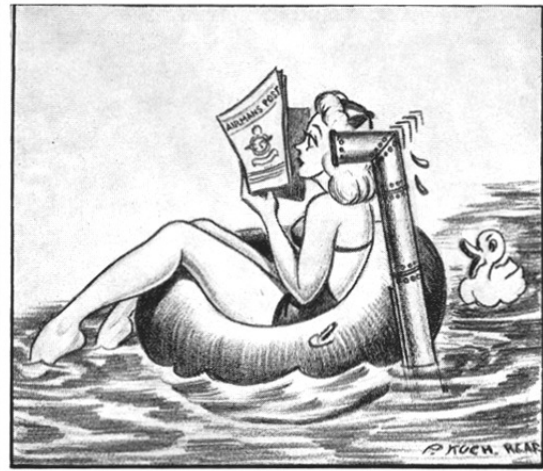
A Guide To Good Shopping

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.

MENTION THE AIRMAN'S POST WHEN YOU MAKE A PURCHASE.

- BAKERIES AND PASTRY SHOPS**
 Hopkins Bakery 807 Rosser
 Picardy's 31 - 8th St.
 Bryce Bakeries 112 - 11th St.
- BARBER SHOPS & BEAUTY PARLORS**
 Elite Beauty Salon 132 - 6th St.
 New Bus Depot Barber Shop Opp. P.O.
 Jack Taylor's No. 2 Manning Depot
- BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER**
 Brandon Railway Club 8th St.
- BOOKS AND STATIONERY**
 Willson's Stationery 934 Rosser
- CAFES AND RESTAURANTS**
 Cameo Cafe 117 - 8th St.
 Carlton Cafe 121 - 10th St.
 Golden Gate Cafe 735 Rosser Ave.
 Metropolitan Cafe 911 Rosser Ave.
 Olympia Cafe 110 - 10th St.
 Riz Cafe 406 - 10th St.
 Terminal Snack Shop Opp. Post Office
 The Sisters 918 Rosser Ave.
 Bucks Soda Fountain Tenth and Louise
- CLEANERS AND LAUNDERERS**
 Christ's Cleaners 1031 Rosser
 Home Laundry 638 - 10th St.
 Rumfords Rosser West
 Sing Hings Laundry 314 - 10th St.
- CREAMERIES**
 Brandon Creamery 1421 Rosser
 Sterling Dairies 319 - 10th St.
- DEPARTMENT STORES**
 T. Eaton Company Rosser Ave.
DRESS SHOPS & ACCESSORIES
 Jo-Ann Accessory Shop 929 Rosser Ave.
 Lucy's Hat Shoppe 118 - 10th St.
 Miss Robinson's Dress Shoppe 120 - 10th
 Mona's Dress Shoppe 110 - 9th St.
 Housain Brothers 114 - 10th St.
- DRUG STORES**
 Brown's Drug Store 902 Rosser Ave.
 Clement's Cor. Rosser & 9th
 Crawford's Drug Store Cor. Rosser & 9th
 Hutchings Drugs 10th & Princess
- ELECTRICAL FIXTURES**
 Norman & Scott 611 Rosser
- FLORISTS**
 Patmore's 138 - 8th St.
- FOOTWEAR**
 Knowlton's Boot Shop 819 Rosser
 W. J. Creelman 738 Rosser

- FUEL DEALERS**
 T. E. Elviss Co. 216 - 10th St.
- FURNITURE STORES**
 Brockle Furniture 829 Rosser Ave.
 Kullberg Furniture 1126 Rosser Ave.
- FURS**
 Shaver's Furs 821 Princess Ave.
 Wheat City Tannery 1st and Pacific
- GROCERY STORES**
 Paragon Grocery 302 - 10th St.
- HARDWARE STORES**
 Brandon Hardware Co. Rosser at 7th
 Johnson Hardware Co. Cor. Rosser & 9th
 Orchard Hardware 146 - 10th St.
- HOTELS**
 Ceell Hotel 10th St.
 Crystal Hotel 9th and Pacific
- INSURANCE**
 North American Life 1011-1017 Rosser
- JEWELERS**
 Crawford's Jewelry 905 Rosser
 P. J. Harwood 739 Rosser
 Reesor's 826 Rosser
 Wright & Wightman 904 Rosser
- LIVERY & RIDING CLUBS**
 McGregor's Stables 356 - 10th St.
 Waldron's Riding Club 145 - 6th St.
- MEDICINAL CRYSTALS**
 Manitou Products 932 Rosser
- MEN'S WEAR**
 Gooden's Men's Shop 908 Rosser
 John A. McDonald 841 Rosser
- MUSIC STORES**
 Brandon Musical Supply 711 Rosser
 P. A. Kennedy 142 - 10th St.
- OPTICIANS**
 Dunkin Optician 36 - 9th St.
- PHOTO STUDIOS**
 C. J. Smith 135 - 10th St.
 Jerrett's Studio 115 - 10th St.
- SERVICE STATIONS**
 Gerring's Service Station 12th & Rosser
- SHOE REPAIRS**
 DeLuxe Shoe Repair 1009 Princess Ave.
 George Barker Shoe Repair 615 Rosser
 Nu-Way Shoe Repair 146 - 8th St.
- SPORTING GOODS**
 O. Stark & Son 143 - 10th St.
- TAILOR SHOPS**
 J. H. Laughton 7th & Rosser
 A. Watt 827 Princess
- THEATRES**
 Capitol and Oak 8th St.
 Strand 10th St.
- TRANSFERS & HAULING**
 Lane & Company 5th & Rosser
- MISCELLANEOUS**
 Brandon Dye Works 248 - 10th St.
 Brandon Sign & Stamp Works 110 - 9th
 Central Sheet Metal 21 - 8th St.
 Fort Garry Brewery Winnipeg, Man.
 Great West Saddlery Winnipeg, Man.
 Manitoba Power Commission 10th St.
 McDowell & Doke, Tinsmiths 115 - 9th
 R. Smith & Co., Caterers Winnipeg, Man.
 Scott Fruit Company 21 - 10th St.
 Sun Publishing Company 10th St.
 Yates, Neale & Co., Heating Engineers 231 - 10th St.
 Wheat City Business College 117 - 10th
 Brandon Packers 12th St. N.



OUR LOVELORN COLUMN

Dear Madam Hortense Heartburn:
 I have at last acquired a lonely Airman for my very own. He is nice looking except for a broken nose and cauliflower ears. My trouble is this. He used to run a fox farm and he still permeates a certain atmosphere (I presume a natural one to the foxes) and when he is around all my friends and relatives vacate the premises. What can I do to make him smell a little sweeter.
 O. Dorono.

Dear O. Dorono:
 You are not the only one who complains about the atmospheric pressure when this gentleman is around. (Ask the fellow in the next bunk to him). However there are always two sides to every question. Weigh the pros and cons. Do you prefer your relatives or the sweet incense of the foxes' lair? Write me again if you have trouble coming to a decision, and I'll give you the directions to a large lake where you can push him in.
 Hortense Heartburn.

Dear Hortense Heartburn:
 Do you believe in early marriages? My sweetheart is very anxious to get married but as she is a little anemic and toes in I have suggested that we wait until after the war. How can I persuade here that this will be better for both of us.
 AC1 Discretion.

Dear Discretion:
 The Instruments of War are varied. Maybe if you can find one sharp enough you could have her toes straightened to an angle of 45 degrees. As for the anemia, read Pop-eye and see what he did with Spinach. This might take awhile, but by that time the War will be over and you will be safe. The best of luck.
 Hortense Heartburn.

Dear Hopeless:
 My preference is blonds with blue eyes, but the ones I have met since coming to No. 2 "M" Depot are all booked up for the duration. What can I do?
 Hopeless

Dear Hopeless:
 The bombs you will one day encounter will be also of varied hues. If you wait for one the right colour you will just get what you want. Take what you can get laddie and be justly thankful.
 Hortense Heartburn.

TERMINAL SNACK SHOP

A Good Place to Eat and Quench Your Thirst

OPP. POST OFFICE ON PRINCESS

Victory

Compliments of the

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Billiards and Snooker

Snooker 20c

23 - 8th St. Ph. 2193

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Pasteurized Milk - Cream - Ice Cream

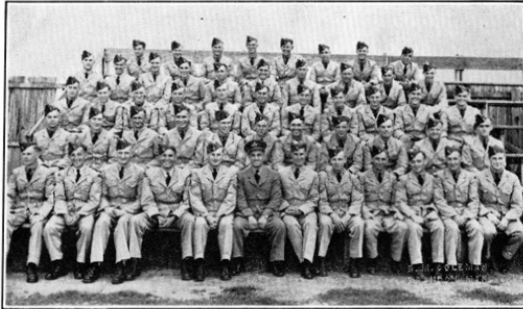
Prairie Rose Butter

Safeguard your health by using only Pasteurized Products

THE BRANDON CREAMERY & SUPPLY COMPANY LIMITED

Phone 4197

FLIGHT EIGHT



FLIGHT EIGHT OF NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT HOLD DELIGHTFUL GATHERING

In its infancy Flight Eight at No. 2 Manning Depot foresaw the necessity of perfection in drill and in order to bring about the greatest degree of efficiency a fine was imposed on those whose movements conflicted with the ideas of the majority. After several days these fines accumulated into quite a reserve fund and the disposition of this fund next became the pertinent question.

The unanimous answer to this question was to hold a party and Flight Eight entertained in a most delightful manner on Monday evening in the Prince Edward hotel main dining-

room. Good fellowship and fun was the order of the evening.

LAC Richard Cannon, a camera enthusiast, helped the boys to retain the memory of the fine atmosphere of the evening by continuous flashes with his candid camera.

AC2 Robert Byron made a most congenial master of ceremonies for the evening's program which consisted of community singing, story telling and cards. Contributing was AC2 Nick Kalternyk with humorous readings, which were enthusiastically received and AC F. McLennan, whose contributions will long be remembered by those present. AC2 R. C. McAuley gave a reading in Scotch dialect and as a concluding number to the program AC C. M. Hughes recited "Us Soaks."

A buffet lunch was served to conclude a very happy evening for members of Flight Eight.

FRIENDSHIPS

Out of the war will come many new and deep friendships. Whilst there are perhaps no friends like old friends yet war friends who go through the stress and hazards together must often grow deeply attached. Or one might say the greater the stress of living the stronger the desire for friends, good friends with



Letters from a Steno to Her Friend Overseas

No. 2 Manning Depot, R.C.A.F.
Brandon, Man.,
August 28th, 1942.



Dear Bill:

I was glad to receive your last letter and to know Europe had been so well entertained with such pretty fireworks over the Continent. Your antics must have been worth watching (at a distance). Bet a cookie that before very long the Heinies will run like scared rabbits every time they hear a sneeze.

The old pruning ground at No. 2 "M" Depot is still doing a tremendous business. And Laddie you should see some of the specimens we turn out, it would do your heart good. Some of the chaps are so tender when they arrive, they'd shy at the sound of a buzz-saw, but a week or two here and they "mow you down". I tremble to think of the "Hell Hitlers" to be nipped in the bud.

One lad came in the other day for documentation and he was so lonely he had tears in both eyes. After just three days here he was so tough it took three sergeants and four corporals to pick the scrap iron out of his teeth for the salvage corps. They had to do it while he was asleep too for fear of hydrophobia. And the language he uses, you should just hear him. The day he came in he said "My Gosh" and "Darn", now he really uses correct English and a few other words as well. He said "Cripes" the other day and got three days C.B. for not using that pronunciation. He said a few more things before the three days were up and all the disciples were sitting around him on his bunk with pens and pencils jotting down the new words he used. I heard he'd intended going on a short honey-

moon the day he was C.B'd and was slightly disappointed. When we went to work one morning the air was blue and we couldn't quite understand why.

Do you remember an old-timer here called Corporal W. T. Smith who was always endeavouring to increase his assets. He had twins the other day which probably won't be any surprise, and he hasn't been on duty since. It was hard on him. I believe he'd realize on them for any good offer right now.

And that Sergeant Dolittle you once chummed around with went home on leave and got married. He evidently couldn't persuade the young lady before he joined up, but I told you the Air Force made 'em tough and that proves it. Did he send you some wedding cake?

I forwarded you a parcel the other day, so probably by this time you will have received it. I made the cake myself and when I had it weighed at the Post Office, the Postmaster asked me what made it so heavy. When I told him he just shook his head and looked at your name telling me he'd watch the casualty lists. He always was a morbid sort of person though. I also enclosed some cookies, but they were a little hard. However I sent them anyway and if you can't bite them just drop them over Berlin. The Germans would probably appreciate anything.

Will be glad to hear from you soon and if you see Mr. Churchill give him my regards eh.

Sincerely,
Your Old Pal,
Nickie.

deep mutual attraction. It has been well written: "Our friend is an unconscious part of every true beat of our heart; a strength, a growth, whence we derive God's health, that keeps the world alive."

Whilst many beautiful things written in praise of freindship might be quoted, the point would only be that freindship has been universally conceived of as the highest of human joys. It is something that we should be open to in all directions. For to receive of freindship's largesse is to return it. In his benevolence, my friend gives me of himself and to accept that priceless giving is all that my friend requires. For freindship is a benevolence, a kindly sharing of oneself, unselfish and uncalculating. In a way it surpasses love which is more concerned about recompense. Good friends are priceless treasures

well worth acquiring and we can never have half enough of them. For real freindship, personality is the spark that lights its beautiful flame. Personality in this sense being that better self, that worthiness of soul which causes us to seek always for what makes for the life of the spirit, that renunciation of the lower things that goes towards the cultivation of the greatest of all the divine freindship.

And so to all my good friends of No. 2 Manning Depot in saying adieu with deepest thankfulness for all your goodness to me during these few pleasant months we have associated, I pray the dear God to bless you all and in every way but especially in your freindships.

—Flt./Lt. B. W. Malone,
R.C. Chaplain No. 2 "M" Depot

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and
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STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES
FRESH FRUITS and VEGETABLES
IN SEASON

302 Tenth St. Phone 3108

MR. D. B. ROBERTS

The Airman's Post is always glad to pay tribute to a good friend and staunch supporter of this publication and all that it stands for. And in the generous, genial person of Mr. D. B. Roberts, manager of Brandon's two independent theatres—the Capitol and Oak, we have such a friend. Not a few airmen who have passed through this Manning Depot will long remember Mr. and Mrs. Roberts for the hospitality enjoyed in their home.

The show business is a comparatively new adventure for Mr. Roberts and one that he derives keen enjoy-



ment from after twenty-five years spent under the strain and stress of the grain business in Winnipeg. And although wholly inexperienced in operating theatres, Mr. Roberts, through common-sense management and cheerful outlook, has made a splendid success of the undertaking.

During the last war Mr. Roberts was a member of the Winnipeg Grenadiers with the rank of sergeant. His military career, however, was short-lived. The British War Purchasing Mission was organized and men with Mr. Roberts' experience were commended to handle its important function. Mr. Roberts was established in Winnipeg in the capacity of accountant and office manager for the local wheat export section of the mission.

In his youth, in Liverpool, England, Mr. Roberts had a fondness for such rugged recreations as boxing and soccer, but nowadays, when time permits, he likes nothing better than a good game of bridge or a quiet hour with a book.

This publication salutes Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Roberts.

The Barber Shop Book

By AC2 Beeler, C. F.

"Why do you want my name in your book?" asked a new AC2 the other evening in the station barber shop.

"Read a few of the names in it," Jack Taylor explained. "You may find some of your friends there. We just want you to stick your name there for the same purpose."

"You might find some great names too", said a flight-sergeant in the chair. "But don't expect it."

"Well, there's AC2 M. G. Holland, find his name there," Larry interposed. "He was the smallest airman to go through No. 2 Depot, perhaps the smallest in Canada. He was only 4 ft. 11 in. and wore a size 3½ boot. We have a picture of him standing beside W/O1 Jim Sullivan, our first station sergeant-major."

"You'll find Major Sullivan's name there too, in our first book, and all the old timers of the station."

Jack Taylor began his barber shop book May 1, 1941, which was some time after the opening of the station. Yet he, Larry Emond, and Walter Chandler trimmed 7021 noddles, most of them several times over, in filling their first book with names and addresses.

Manitoba and Saskatchewan are represented practically to the smallest hamlet, intersprinkled with a freshet from Ontario and the other provinces, a large quantity of Montanans, Britons, Aussies and New Zealanders. Addresses that are typical are Carman, Halifax, Omaha, Muskego, Miami or Florida, Russell, Kentucky, and even Shanghai, China.

The first name is that of Wing Commander R. M. Smith, the first commanding officer of the station. The original administrative personnel is well represented. Still here are W/O1 Austin C. McKnight, Tailor-sergeant R. R. Wilkins, Flt.-Sgt. Eddie Daye and Sgt. Jack Aseltine.

Cpl. Alex. Perpelycia, who won the Western Canada golf title while on the strength here, left only recently on aircrew remustering.

The first man to sign the general list was Cpl. Tom J. McBride, of Avonmore, Ontario.

LAMPPOST LEANERS

A neutral in the world today can't kick if he does get some person's elbow in his eye once in a while. This world is no place for a neutral now.



"What are we supposed to do, Sir—shoot them or trample them to death?"

Pay Office Pills

(Continued from page 14)

which he'd raised himself and he was thinking of increasing the number this year, but joined up instead. He sold the mink and bought War Bonds. He's a nice kid. He has mustered as a clerk accountant and I'll guarantee he'll make a good one.

That last boy in the row, he's as black as sin and hair as curly as I wish mine was. Was born in Winnipeg and has been a carpenter for the past four years. His people come from 'way down south in Georgia, but came to Canada thirty years ago to make a living. He says this country is his as well as anybody's and wants to do his bit so gave up all his 'shortn'n' bread' to help win the war. Hope the boys treat him right as he's a good sort.

And that youngster with the wallet half out of his pocket. Better tell him to be careful with his money. If you don't he'll find it out for himself as that's no way to go around a'tempting folks.

Yes, it's a great place, this pay office, and that's not the half of it.

—Margaret Brown

PREPARED

"How goes it with your business?" queried one store crony of another. "Oh, better," was the reply. "Better, do you say?" "Yes, much better—than next year."

"FORTY-EIGHT"
I sit aboard the midnight furlough train,
Amid a babble, ceaseless as an all day rain.

As I sit, almost sad, alone am I,
My face I press against the window pane
And watch the black night slide by.

A "forty-eight" is so short,
There is so much to do;
It seems, at home, you have scarcely arrived

And like a refugee upon freedom thrived,
Leaving you blue

When your time is through,
Like I, upon a midnight furlough train.

I sit and wonder; when, they and I again shall meet,
For my training period is now complete,

And any day,
I may be posted and sent away.

Away to where a "forty-eight" would be insufficient time
To do any good.

Away to where I would not find myself upon a midnight furlough train
Leaving those dear to me behind.

—AC2 Earl Dick, 1942



TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT AT THE CAPITOL THE OAK

Brandon's Independent Theatres
EIGHTH STREET
Admission at Popular Prices

Not what we have, but what we use;

Not what we see, but what we choose—

These are the things that mar or bless

The sum of human happiness.

A warm welcome extended to all men in the services

D. B. ROBERTS, Manager

SEND HOME AN R.C.A.F. PENNANT AND CUSHION COVER with the No. 2 Manning Depot Imprint From **The Willson Stationery Co. Ltd.** 934 ROSSER AVE. Everything in Writing materials, Fountain Pens, Pencils, Paper, Ink.

MOST OF THE AIR FORCE in this vicinity deal at **REESOR'S JEWELRY STORE** "Sign of the Street Clock" because they find they get better service and satisfaction, and a larger and more varied line of goods to choose from. Our windows are always attractive and offer many gift suggestions. Every gift you choose is attractively boxed and gift wrapped, free.

Photographs of Superior Quality We can't make all the photos, so we only make the best. **CLARK J. SMITH** 135 - 10th St. Next Strand Theatre

"JUST ANOTHER APPEAL"?

From the Winnipeg Tribune

Perhaps we are all "news-drunk." We have read so much of death and suffering, of heroism and sacrifice that words, pictures, do not mean so much to us as a single personal experience, even a very minor one.

For almost three years it has been dinned into our ears that the Battle of the Atlantic may be the crucial one of the war. Add to that, now, the battles of the Pacific, the Indian and Arctic oceans. Yet many people in Canada never grasped this with their whole minds until they suffered a few pinpricks—gas rationing followed by rationing of sugar, tea and coffee. They started to look at the long lists of shipping losses unofficially published in the United States. Then they began to "get the idea."

But for three years the seamen of the United Nations have been going through hell—the hell-fire of torpedoes and bombing, the torture of blizzard, ice and fog, the never ending threat of drowning, all too often realized.

"Britain delivers the Goods." The men who made that motto are among the top heroes of this world war—the British Merchant Service, the Royal Navy, the Canadian Navy, the Seamen of the United Nations.

There is no adequate way of repaying these men. Yet little things can be done, little enough but ever so important. Take survivor's kits, for example. Just a few clothes that mean nothing much to you or me, but mean a lot to the survivor of a torpedoed ship—a shivering man soaked in icy water, coated with oil.

Take ditty bags. Just a few comforts and some warm clothing. The Women's Auxiliary of the R.C.N.V.R., and the Navy League are doing great work on these. Take a turn on the Iceland run some winter and see whether you think that a ditty bag means nothing much.

Fur-lined jackets for sailors—a magnificent job has been done on these right here in Winnipeg. And so on down the long list of "little things."

The Navy League of Manitoba is appealing to the public for support. Subscribers will be approached and a tag day will be held later in the month.

The work of the Navy League is entirely dependent on public support—except for its work in Seamen's Hostels which alone does receive government subsidy. The Manitoba League has done a grand job. It is at present training 425 Sea Cadets and former Sea Cadets have made a great name for themselves in the Navy. These are the boys who will man this country's ships hereafter.

The oceans of the world are grim these days. Many who have crossed the Atlantic lately will tell you of flotsam and jetsam, patches of oil, the occasional corpse floating face upward, so peacefully at last.

You are compelled to cut down on your tea and coffee, now, to save lives

**"CONVOY"**

(Tribute to the Merchant Navy by an Airman)

By Francis Hamill Jordan

A squat-nosed tramp put out to sea,
War-painted lady liner on her lee.
The tanker loaded on her weather side,
The grim voyage started for the channel's tide.
British destroyers dashing here and there,
Canada's escorting bombers watched in the air.

Strained grim faces from bridges peer ahead,
Now arranged in lines, no confusion, no dread.
Signal from warship, full speed ahead, steady,
"Eastward Ho", hatches battened, guns ready.
Convoy, midst terrors lurking in the deep,

and conserve shipping space for war essentials. But when you drink that cup of tea or coffee that you still can get, raise a toast to the men who brought it, along with more essential supplies, and remember the men who died, going down with other such cargoes.

The Navy League—is that just another appeal, just another tag day? Or is it, rather, a grand opportunity to show some little mite of gratitude for the men who go down to sea in ships, who live with peril night and day.

INHUMAN RACE

It's a race between Hitler and civilization to determine which has a nervous breakdown first.

JAP-HAPPY

The Japs always are happy to die for their country. Let's keep 'em happy.



He's giving his life! What are you giving?

The swish of bows cuts forward, rendezvous to keep.

Sixty little worlds moving, all under one,
Sailing on, East to Victory, ton by ton.
'Tis like a ghost fleet dancing on the sea,
Britain's life line to keep the world free.
No wireless, no lights, all is black at night,
Eastward convoy, carry on in spite of Hitler's might.

Mother's, wives and sweethearts, quietly pray.
God speed our brave seamen on their way.
Reports from many lookout men, lurking sub is seen,
"To guns, stand by, fire, crash, smoke screen".
All is well, all is order, sub smashed to ocean floor,
Carry on convoy, watch, stand by, for more.

Storm at sea, wind through riggings scream,
Decks awash, mounting waves, ships rolling beam to beam.
The impact strong is like a victory song,
Smash, carry on convoy, smash, carry on.
Down into a green, cold, spray-tossed hollow,
Brave staunch vessels, each other follow.

This great convoy, bless God, is channel bound,
All dangers lie astern, all is well, all is sound.
Oh, Great Britain, you have cause to cry,
Hail to our seamen, not one afraid to die.
The flags of the world still fly so brave,
They are in convoy, for freedom or the grave.

The squat-nosed tramp is with us still,
And the lady liner, with nary a frill.
The tankers in, too, very light now,
Yes, they all made port, bow to bow.
Salt-crustured, tired, fearless, ready for more,
These ships are the life lines of England's shore.

AIRGRAPH SERVICE NOW TWO-WAY

Airgraph service from Great Britain to Canada and Newfoundland is being instituted immediately, post office officials said today.

Rates on airgraph messages from Britain will be the same as those here—15 cents when addressed to civilians and six cents to members of the forces. Announcement of the British service marks the success of lengthy negotiations between the two postal services.

Airgraph messages are written on special forms provided at post offices and are photographed on micro-film which is flown across the ocean, developed and enlarged there and forwarded to the destination.

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