

# AIRMAN'S POST

NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT, BRANDON, MANITOBA



FEBRUARY 1943

25 CENTS PER COPY



### NEIGHBOR BOY

He's just a kid I used to know,  
Whose dad I played with long ago,  
He sort of grew up with our Jack,  
Their yard joined ours across the back,  
They used to shin the fence and hide  
Among the bushes on our side.

They built a robber's den one spring,  
With bags and slots and bits of string,  
And mother let them eat out there,  
Snug in the home-made robber's lair,  
With half the kids along the street,  
Crouched in their make-believe retreat.

They hiked and fished and went to school,  
Went swimming in a near-by pool,  
Dreamed boyish dreams, clean lovely things,  
Of golden castles, shining wings,  
The world and all that dwelt therein,  
Was theirs to struggle for and win.

And now—they ride the skies somewhere  
The same great pals, a happy pair,  
Laughing and gay; their letters tell  
They love the work and think it's swell,  
(God keep them safe and bring them back,  
My neighbor's little lad . . . and Jack).

—Edna Jaques



Vol. 3, No. 2

No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Manitoba

February, 1943

## THE EDITOR'S CORNER



**B**ARGAIN-HUNTING is one of those peculiarly erotic pleasures enjoyed by both sexes of all ages. There is no greater emotional thrill experienced by a woman than that of plunging through a mass of heaving bodies and wildly waving arms to snatch up a pair of cut-priced rompers from the bargain counter, fight her way out of the melee again and carry the trophy home in triumph. And what if she only saved three cents and

lost her gloves in the struggle—she got the rompers where other women failed! The male of the species is inclined to view the bargain-hunting antics of the female with some amusement, but just let him hear about a 10% reduction in fishing tackle and the gentleman will race two miles, and climb four flights of stairs to make a half dollar purchase.

Wartime price control and rationing has taken some of the fervor out of bargain-hunting and reduced the range of commodities that once made their appearance on the grab-and-gouge counters, but there are still a few bargains available to the connoisseur of real values. One of these is the War Savings Certificate—a bargain at any price. Money thus spent on the preservation of life and liberty is money that will come home to roost again War Savings Certificate—a bargain at any price. Money thus spent on the have a monopoly on bargains. Once a month we have a very special bargain-counter right here in the Manning Depot. And the merchandise we offer for sale is priced at 40% below cost! Sounds too good to be true, huh? Nevertheless it is true. And what, you ask, is this amazing bargain we're talking about? Well, friend, you have it right in your hand at this very moment! Yes, it's the Airman's Post we're referring to. You buy it for 15c and it costs us 25c to publish! Figure it out for yourself. If we assessed the price on the same basis as butter, broccoli, and beige-bags the Post would probably cost you half a dollar. But we don't do that. We give you a bargain. Bear that in mind the next time you buy the magazine. And don't forget to send the folks at home a copy—they really appreciate it. One distant day, when wars are no more, your Airman's Posts will be priceless mementoes of service life at this unit. Buy them and keep them!

## MAILING RATES FOR THE POST

To destinations on this continent, New Zealand, Australia, and intermediate points in the Pacific (Tokyo excepted) the Airman's Post requires three cents with the envelope unsealed. To addresses in the British Isles it must travel as first class mail which requires postage stamps in the amount of 11c per copy. Additional copies travel at a slightly lower rate.

## CALL FOR CONTRIBUTIONS

While we are still on our favorite subject, the Airman's Post, we would like to draw your attention to an ever present need for contributions. Each month we use up a vast amount of reading matter in the magazine and our cupboards are very often bare when we commence preparation on a new issue. There always seems to be an unlimited supply of talent for our radio broadcasts and stage shows, but excessive modesty or something seems to discourage the budding authors, poets, and journalists from coming forward to claim their rightful niche in the Halls of Literary Fame.

You chaps who have dreamed your dreams about becoming another George Bernard Shaw or John Masefield should get busy and do something about it with a pen or pencil. Wishful thinking never achieved anything tangible in the shape of royalties, radio rights, or Hollywood contracts. For all you know the nucleus of a great Canadian novel may be fermenting in your brain at this very moment. Make your bid for fame through the pages of the Post—always remembering, of course, that we want quality not quantity.



## THE AIRMAN'S POST

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Editor,  
The Airman's Post,  
No. 2 Manning Depot,  
Brandon, Man.

Dear Sir:

In your January number of "The Airman's Post", my attention was specially attracted by an article on pages 8 and 9 entitled "A Salute to our Allies", profusely illustrated with pictures of Allied leaders and flags of the United Nations.

I was painfully surprised by the absence of the Free French flag among those illustrated, and more so disagreeably amazed by the fact that no mention was made in the article about the Fighting French forces of Gen. Chas. de Gaulle.

I prefer to think that it was an oversight and hope that you are not without knowledge about the existence of this valiant ally, ranking fifth in strength presently, among the United Nations, and dearly attached to their cause. But, just in case Mr. Editor, allow me to give you some facts concerning the Fighting French forces, and in fairness to them I hope that you will give them the publicity they so well deserve in your splendid and very interesting magazine.

Without taking into consideration the French forces now fighting in Tunisia, the Free French forces under General Chas. de Gaulle are composed as follows:

Army—Over 125,000 men well trained and equipped and about 25,000 in training.

Air Force—2,500 aviators.

**Naval Forces**—30,000 men, 60 warships, being ¼ of the original French navy before the Toulon scuttling.

**Merchantmen**—About 200 ships of all tonnage.

This naval and merchant navy never ceased to assist the British navy since 1939.

In Libya a strong contingent of the Free French land and air forces has been in action at the side of the British 8th army ever since the start of the campaign. On their flags are inscribed the memorable names of Koufra, Keren and Bir-Akeim, this last name recalling a very brilliant exploit where 600 Free French kept stubbornly at bay a powerfully equipped force of 4000 Germans for nearly three weeks, thus protecting from a flank attack the British forces during their withdrawal into Egypt.

In conclusion let me tell you who the Fighting French are. They are, those Frenchmen and Frenchwomen throughout the world who accepted general Chas. de Gaulle as their chief and symbol of French resistance, to carry on the struggle at the side of the United Nations until the forces of oppression and world conquest are defeated, and our invaded motherland liberated. In the words of Mr. Maurice Dejean, head of the Dept. of External Affairs of the French National Committee in London: "We are rebels against those who have accepted defeat without having exhausted the fighting possibilities. Rebels against those who have betrayed their international engagements without the excuse of "force majeure". Rebels against those who have accepted servitude with an unhealthy fervor. Rebels against those who have profited by the defeat of France in order to seize permanent hold of power and who add their despotism to the foreign tyranny. Rebels against those Frenchmen who prevent their compatriots from coming to fight for the liberation of their land. Rebels against the cowards who shelter behind a great name in order to betray their country. Rebels against those who, in the name of collaboration, invite the French nation to forge its own chains, to dig its own grave.

I wish to remain, Sir,

Yours very truly,

J. O. CALLEDE,

Regional President.

P.S.—I wish you a happy and prosperous New Year, also success for your magazine.

## THE CROSS OF LORRAINE



## THE FIGHTING FRENCH

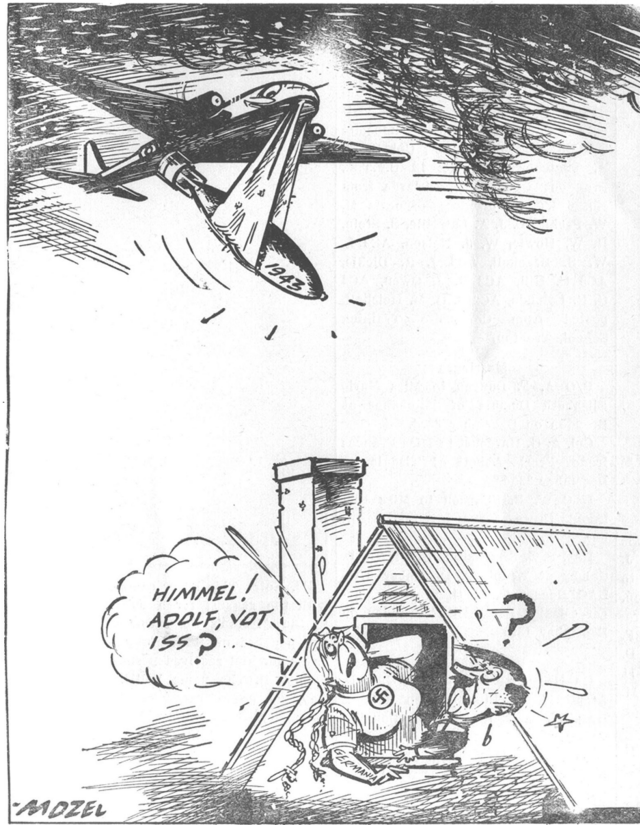
THE letter appearing on this page over the signature of the Regional President of the Free French National Committee was not written for publication, but it was our carefully considered opinion that a document as interesting and instructive as Mr. Calledé's letter deserved a better fate than mere consignment to some dust covered file after it had been duly read and answered. In the January issue of the Airman's Post we paid a pictorial and prose tribute to the United Nations—Fighting France was omitted. It was this exclusion that prompted Mr. Calledé to write his letter.

In replying to this letter, may we say first of all that no one has a greater admiration for General Charles de Gaulle and his fighting compatriots than those responsible for the publication of this magazine. And let us hasten to correct any impression that this omission was an oversight. One does not so lightly overlook such a formidable ally as General de Gaulle and his gallant Frenchmen. Because of space limitations our tribute in the January Post was directed only to those nations who have free and lawful governmental representation at home or in exile—France, because of her betrayal by the Vichy Quislings, did not, unfortunately, fit into either of these categories.

We have paid homage to the fighting men of France in previous issues of the Post, and in future editions of this publication we will, undoubtedly, have greater reason than ever to salute their fortitude and valor. Their's is the quality of true courage and sacrifice that springs from unyielding convictions of justice and decency. In their keeping is the honor of France, intact and untarnished. One day, perhaps not very distant, they will be in the vanguard of a great company marching Westward to compel the liberation of France. God speed that day!



## Blessed Event Over Germany



—Mozel in The Winnipeg Tribune

## HEROISM OF THE BRITISH SPIRIT

(New York Herald Tribune Comments on What Happened After Dunkerque, When Britain, Defended by a Grimly Invincible Determination, Survived Alone from June, 1940, Until the Russian Invasion in June, 1941)

Mr. Churchill's disclosure (made, characteristically enough, only as an incidental passage in a political debate) that on the morrow of the Dunkirk evacuation Britain had less than 100 tanks available against the whole massive power of the German armor is a startling reminder of what is still one of the greatest wonders of the war. When Hitler, with his armies triumphantly deployed along the Somme, decided that he would finish France first because Britain would then be an easy prey; when Mussolini delivered the stab in the back, confident that the war was over and the jackal's moment had arrived; when the dejected and defeated majority of the French Cabinet decided that Britain would certainly be finished in another fortnight and so threw in their hands—when these fateful choices were made, all were more nearly right than any of us dreamed.

\* \* \*

It is only little by little that the truth has come out. Even the less than a hundred tanks remaining were of an inferior design which had proved itself incapable of standing up to the German artillery. It has been said elsewhere that the Flanders campaign and Dunkirk left only three squadrons of fighter aircraft intact in Britain. The pathetic eagerness with which the British absorbed surplus American stocks of antiquated World War rifles and field artillery, or traded the colonial base sites for second-line American destroyers, suggests the desperate nature of the need. Some even believe—though this has been disputed—that when Hitler, months later, finally got around to the attack on Britain he still came within an ace of winning it,

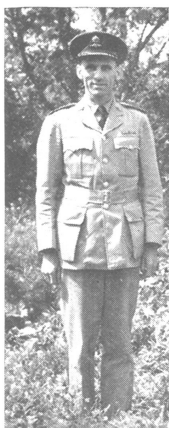
and that if the air assault had been pushed only a little further the British would have been paralyzed. That may not be true, but one can more easily credit it from the figures on the Battle of Britain, only now published, which show that in the winter of 1940-41 more than 43,000 civilians were killed outright, and a larger number were hospitalized, while on three separate nights of horror more than 1,000 lives were destroyed in London alone.

\* \* \*

Yet Britain, defended by a grimly invincible determination, a small accident of geography and very little else, survived alone from Dunkirk in June, 1940, until the Russian invasion in June, 1941. The thing today has an inexplicable quality. It is inexplicable that Britain, like the French, like ourselves, that almost every one save possibly the Russians, so grossly underrated the appalling power for evil organized into the Nazi war machine, and were so poorly prepared to meet it. But it is miraculous that they could never quite get that fact through their heads, that they could never believe that they were beaten and as a result saved civilization. Unintentionally, as it were, they bluffed Hitler into two colossal errors—one when, underestimating the British, he decided to complete the French conquest first; the other when, over-estimating German strength, he decided to eliminate Russia before attempting the Channel. In those two decisions the downfall of Hitlerism was written, and each flowed, not from the material force of guns or bombs, but from the indestructible heroism of the British spirit.

*Let's  
Hello Joe.  
I dropped into the manning pool, "at Brandon of course"  
and fought the post, going back to Louis's tomorrow.  
Lawrence.*

## Arrivals, Departures, Stork Reports and Mergers



Fit. Lt. I. H. Eberle, (P) Padre, who left us recently to carry on his work at Yorkton, Sask.

### PERSONAL POSTSCRIPTS

**Departures—Officers:** Pilot Officer T. K. Creighton posted to No. 4 I.T.S., Edmonton; Flying Officer R. J. Coates, education officer, posted to No. 8 "M" Depot, Souris; Hon. Flight Lieutenant I. H. Eberle, Protestant padre, posted to No. 11 S.F.T.S., Yorkton; Squadron Leader D. Christie, medical, posted to No. 11 S.F.T.S., Yorkton; Flt./Lt. D. H. Brown, posted to No. 8 "M" Depot, Souris.

**Departures—Airmen:** W/O2 J. C. Phillips, administration, has been posted to No. 8 "M" Depot, Souris; Flt./Sgt. G. A. Sellers, disciplinarian, posted to No. 8 "M" Depot, Souris; W/O2 McLean, disciplinarian, posted to R.C.A.F. Composite Training School, Trenton; Cpl. J. L. Cousins boiler room staff, posted to No. 8 "M" Depot, Souris; Cpl. M. H. Macara posted to No. 8 "M" Depot, Souris; Cpl. J. Smart, post office staff, posted to No. 8 "M" Depot, Souris; Flt./Sgt. A. Gillespie, Corporals W. G. Abbott, G. L. Clarke, R. W. Fletcher, L. D. Larson, J. E. Timmins, LAC R. Campbell, AC1 A. G. Foster, AC1 M. Gotch, AC1 W. J. Pfeifer, posted to No. 1 "Y" Depot, Halifax, N.S.

**Arrivals—Officers:** Squadron Leader A. I. Jarvis, M.C. Administrative Officer from R.C.A.F. Station, Rockcliffe, Ontario; P/O A. S. Smith, administration, from No. 1 Composite Training School, Trenton; P/O L. McEachern, educational, posted to Brandon Air Force Headquarters, Ottawa; P/O J. B. Fitton from No. 1 Composite Training School, Trenton; P/O R. E. Rees from No. 1 Central Navigation School, Rivers; F/O R. R. Barrett from R.C.A.F. Sta-

tion, Mountain View, Ontario; Flt./Lt. A. W. Hammond, posted from R.C.A.F. Detachment, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon.

**Arrivals—Airmen:** Corporals R. C. McDonald, G. W. Pollard, R. J. McCauley, J. King and J. Bloomer posted to Brandon from No. 2 Composite Training School, Trenton; Cpl. S. W. A. Thatcher from No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon; Cpl. G. H. Edwards from No. 6 I.T.S., Toronto; Corporals M. W. Pechet, L. J. A. Latreille, S. Stein, R. W. Howie, W. J. Nelson, AC2 L. W. S. Beachell, AC2 J. R. Dickie, AC2 E. Hill, AC2 R. J. Owen, AC2 G. R. Lalonde, AC2 S. O. M. Heisholt, posted from Composite Training School, Trenton.

### Marriages

P/O A. F. Duncan to Miss Marie Elizabeth Dumart of Kitchener at Brandon on December 23rd.

Cpl. A. G. Harcourt to Miss Frances Irene Pearl Abbott of Tisdale on December 22nd.

LAC W. B. Simpson to Miss Ella Lucille Cross of Brandon, on December 25th.

LAC B. Z. Brownstone to Miss R. L. Galsky at Winnipeg, December 27th. LAC Densmore, L. G. to Miss Margaret Isabel Beckman of Brandon on December 18th.

### Births

On December 30th to Sgt. G. I. D. Archibald, at the Brandon General Hospital, a son (George Douglas Peter).

On December 29th, to Cpl. G. W. Knibbs, at the Brandon General Hospital, a son (Glen Harvey).

### FLEDGLING FLYER AT DEPOT WAS EX FUR-TRADER IN BAFFIN LAND

From the ice-bound regions of the far North to No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, where he has commenced his training as a pilot is the saga of Walter Buhr of Winnipeg. For the past three and a half years Walter made his home in Canada's far Northland as a fur-trader for the Hudson's Bay Company. Up in those frosty parts of Canada where white men are few and far between Walter learned to speak the Eskimo language to assist him in his work with the trappers who are mostly Eskimos.

The exigencies of life in the North country sometimes impose unusual duties on the fur-traders—Walter recalls the time he had to turn surgeon and amputate the frozen toes of an Eskimo. And the patient lived, said Walter proudly.

After the lonely isolation of Baffin Land Walter is finding No. 2 Manning Depot quite a unique experience. In the not too distant future he hopes to be soaring through European skies on the trail of Hitler's Luftwaffe. After the war, says Walter, I want to get back up North to God's country again.



The broad grins on these faces are celebrating an overseas posting. Left to right, back: P.T.I. Corporals Geo. Clark, Lloyd Larson, and Jack Timmins; front, Bob Fletcher, Bill Abbott.

### The Letter Box

**Ed. Note:** This letter came to light with the request for a subscription to the Airman's Post. Our editorial eye pounced on it gleefully and we asked for and received permission to publish it. The name Pollie, by the way, has no reference to parrots or polyandry. It is simply the abbreviation of a certain AC2's name as coined by his better half.

January 9, 1943.

Dear Pollie:

Just got back to the office after my lunch hour to find the current issue of the Airman's Post on my desk. I was able to get all my work in fair shape before this, so I decided to take it easy and take time out to read the magazine. Say, it really is swell, and surprisingly enough, I find that I went to school with one of the reporters on the staff—Val Werler is the one. He was on our school paper then, too.

I also noticed the editor's comments on the first page about the growing popularity and the scarcity of each new issue, so Pollie, don't forget to get your bid in there early and make sure that you get an extra copy for us at home. I know both Mum and Tudy will enjoy reading it, and by the way, some of the cartoons aren't half bad at all.

This one from an old friend of the Airman's Post.

Dear Editor:

It grieves me to sit expectantly month after month on this dark and dreary station awaiting the regular issue of the Airman's Post. If you realized the import of the message of warmth that they bear to this chilled part you would now feel very grieved yourself to think that you

had neglected to send a shaft my way.

If your brain-child still exists I should like to be added to the mailing list; indeed I should like to have some of the back copies since the last I received was the August issue.

I trust it is meeting with its usual warm reception and anticipate seeing it again.

L. O. Bradley, F.L.  
Senior Medical Officer,  
No. 8 Repair Depot, R.C.A.F.,  
Winnipeg, Man.

### NOTES FROM THE EDUCATIONAL OFFICER

It has become a practice for this department of the service to regularly offer contributions to station publications. In so doing, publicizing the educational services offered, is one important phase of the work. Precedent for so doing has been established here at "M" Depot, and so we will carry on.

In carrying on however, I must first confess that even though a native son of the prairies the balmy breezes of southern Alberta are missed. But whether the winds blow warm or cold, there will I trust be no ill effects upon the educational opportunities afforded service men by the Educational Department.

This department is at the service of airmen who are desirous of improving their educational qualifications, be it Aircrew personnel or those on ground duties. For the general duties personnel, and all tradesmen, the Canadian Legion Educational Correspondence Courses are admirably suited. Should an airman desire to improve his academic standing, the Legion offers correspondence courses up to and including complete Junior Matriculation. As well as academic subjects, commercial courses are offered in Business Arithmetic,

(Continued on page 11)





## OLD BUT GOOD

Finding himself stuck in the mud on a wild, stormy night, about twenty miles from the city, a motorist climbed out of his car and set out in the dark to find shelter for the night. He guided his way to a lonely farm house by a flickering light and knocked at the door. The pretty daughter of the farmer let him in, made him welcome and treated him to a swell meal. The girl sat with him before the fireplace and they talked until midnight while her feeble father was dozing in his chair.

Bedtime came and the beautiful girl showed the marooned motorist to his room. He was tired but still he couldn't sleep. In the excitement he had thoughtlessly left his door unlocked. About the middle of the night, just as he was dozing off, he heard a gentle tap at his door. Then the soft voice of the girl inquired:

"Are you asleep?"

"I should say not!" he almost shouted.

"S-sh! Are you lonesome?"

"You bet I am!"

"Would you mind having a roommate?"

"Not so's you could notice it!"

"Oh, goody! There's another poor motorist stuck out here and he wants to sleep with you."

Host: There are my grandma's ashes over there.

Guest: Oh, so the poor soul has passed on?

Host: No, she's just too lazy to look for the ash tray.



At the old settlers' reunion a very deaf old man sat down to talk with an old lady he had not seen for years.

"Remember, Silas, how we used to play together?"

"Heh, heh!" chuckled the old man.

"Remember when you used to get fresh how I used to spank ye, Si?"

"Heh, heh," laughed the deaf man. "ye wouldn't know the old place now, Marthy."

"This tonic is no good."

"What's the matter?"

"All the directions it gives are for adults and I never had them."

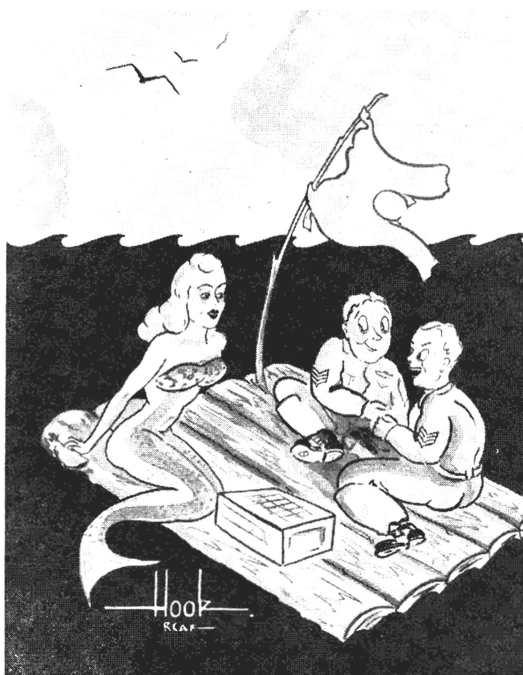
## MILITARY SECRET

A naval officer fell overboard. He was rescued by a deck hand. The officer asked how he could reward him.

"The best way, Sir," said the gob, "is to say nothing about it. If the other fellows knew I'd pulled you out, they'd chuck me in."

## SLIP-STREAM-LINES

"Breezy Bits from the Barracks"



"What do you want for nothing—Hedy Lammar?"

## THE CADS!

It was during the first world war. The army transport was several days out of New York, and running without lights in the submarine zone. Some of the fellows were having a little sociable game of poker. In the midst of some friendly kicking and re-kicking, there was a mighty impact against the boat. All was quiet for a moment and then a voice rang out:

"We're torpedoed!"

All the card players but one jumped to their feet.

"Hold on, fellows!" shouted the one who remained seated. "You can't leave me now, I've got four aces!"

Recruit—"Shall I mark time with my feet, Sir?"

Officer (sarcastically)—"My dear fellow, did you ever hear of marking time with your hands?"

Recruit—"Yes, Sir! Clocks do it."

Sergeant—"Did you shave this morning, Smith?"

Recruit—"Yes, sergeant."

Sergeant—"Well, next time stand closer to the razor."

"And there, son, you have the story of your dad and the first Great War." "Yes, Dad, but why did they need all the other soldiers?"

## THE GOOD EARTH

Two soldiers were engaged in trench digging practice. It was a very hot day and both felt pretty tired.

"Do you remember the big posters saying, 'Enlist and see the world,' asked one.

"Yes, replied his companion, 'but why?"

"Well, I didn't know we had to dig clear through it in order to see it."

Lady—"How were you wounded, my poor man?"

Soldier—"By a shell, lady."

Lady—"Did it explode?"

Soldier—"No. It crept up and bit me."

Jack T.—"Haven't I shaved you before?"

Airman—"No, I got that scar in a fight."

"Keep on fighting, boys," said the general. "Never say die. Never give up till your last shot is fired. When it is fired, then run. I'm a little lame so I'm starting now."

## PHEW!

Mess Cook—"Did you say you wanted these eggs turned over?"

Airman—"Yeah, to the Museum of Natural History."



## ABOUT FACE

Little girls choose dolls for toys, While soldiers are the choice of boys.

But when they've grown up, you'll find That each has had a change of mind.

The girls prefer the soldiers then, And baby dolls the choice of men.

## THE STORK

The hovering stork is a valuable bird That frequents our resident districts; It doesn't sing tunes or furnish hat plumes,

But how it helps our vital statistics!!

## A FEW "DON'TS"

## IN PARACHUTE JUMPING

Don't always head for a skylight on the chance that there may be an artist's model underneath. It may be painful, and artists' models aren't usually worth it, anyway.

Don't try to land head first. It's spectacular but isn't considered good form in the best circles.

Don't smoke during a jump. You might start a forest fire and then what would the field mice do?

Don't cut the strings of your parachute on the way down. That is a pleasure which is greatly overrated.

Don't drink on the way down. Pink snakes and blue elephants can't fly, and that's half the fun of drinking.

Don't ever jump if you're not in full dress. It just isn't being done this year.

Don't jump.



"And remember—don't come on parade again without a collar pin!"

Lady: "Why don't you go to work? Don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss?"

Tramp: "Madam, not to evade your question at all, but merely to obtain information, may I ask what practical utility moss is to a man in my condition?"

# Between The Book Ends

## "PROBLEMS OF LASTING PEACE"

(By Herbert Hoover and  
Hugh Gibson.)

Peace—how man yearns for it—how man is willing to die for it, but strangely—how few men are willing to attempt to think through the problems which make for war and peace. The cover of this book carries this caption "The purpose of this war, the most terrible of three centuries, is to make a lasting peace. We must first win the war. But we will not win lasting peace unless we prepare for it. And we can prepare only by full public discussion, by the cold surgery of analysis."

This book is such an analysis. The authors, Herbert Hoover, 31st President of the United States, and Hugh Gibson, diplomat and public servant, are men whose lives and experience have brought them into intimate touch with the forces and men who make for war and peace. Those who are seriously concerned with winning the peace will find it a "must" book. The book is a new approach to the entire problem. The events of modern history are surveyed by means of a seven-sided prism, consisting of seven dynamic forces which make for war and peace.

These forces are—Ideologies, Economic pressures, Nationalism, Militarism, Imperialism, The complexes of fear, hate and revenge, and the Will to Peace. The belief of the authors is that the history of peace and war is largely a recitation of the operation of these forces, and the failures of men to comprehend and control them. The belief is convincingly demonstrated by their book. The reader has revealed to him in a simple and direct fashion, the years leading to the First World War, the years of the First World War, the days of Armistice and peace making, and the twenty years after Versailles. It is a brilliant outline of modern history.

The closing chapters come to grips with the question of the "Foundations of Lasting Peace." Here are constructive ideas that will prove invaluable to the makers of lasting peace. Enthusiastic reviewers hail the book as a new landmark in thinking and planning in our day. All put it in the required list for those who hope to think intelligently about post war problems.



## "THE ANOINTED"

By Clyde Brion Davis

It's amazing how misleading the title of a book may be. For instance, any red blooded young airman looking over the library shelves, would scarcely choose a book bearing the somewhat sanctimonious title of "The Anointed", but what a rare treat he would pass up.

This is a salty yarn in a naive vernacular, teeming with humor and excitement, but with an undercurrent of homely wisdom and sly satire.

It is the tale of a simple sailor who starts off on his first voyage as a six foot lad of fourteen. The excitement commences when he is persuaded to jump ship at Vera Cruz, by an older man, whose drunken pranks land them both in a Mexican jail. In the long weeks that follow before their somewhat astonishing release, his pal teaches him to become a "scientist"—not the "Christian" variety, but the mastery of rolling the dice. This first adventure nets him a never failing source of revenue, and at the same time awakes in him the determination to find out "all the answers."

On a later voyage he is shipwrecked and set adrift for days in an open boat with three other companions. Even here his prowess as a "scientist" helps to maintain morale.

But many are the amazing adventures and quaint experiences of this modern Quixote, as he confidently proceeds on his never-ending quest to get "behind the beyond."

His naive encounters with members of the opposite sex of various calibre, are both amusing and revealing, until eventually a bright little blue-stocking transforms our doughty hero into a—but that's telling. Find out for yourself, and enjoy yourself mightily in doing so.

The author of this unusually clever book is Clyde Brion Davis, a newspaper man, and veteran of the last war. "The Anointed" was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection when it first appeared in 1937.

## HATTER'S CASTLE

Here is a book that is grim and realistic to the point of exaggeration. It is the Masterpiece of Cronin for in it he reaches the heights of penmanship in describing the sordidness of one man's mind.

The whole theme of the book is built around the unbending pride of one man—pride that is indeed the root of all evil. It is the pride that leads to lust, cruelty, injustice, drunkenness and finally ruin. Not until his home and his family are

gone does the unfortunate father realize that within himself lies the answer to all of his misery. The "hatter" dreams great pipe dreams of his own grandeur and foresees the future of splendor that will come from the successful efforts of his boy. Nothing deters him in this quest for power and prominence. Slowly however as in all of Cronin's novels, the wheels of justice commence to grind. The process is a slow but thorough one, with the final result being tragedy beyond anything real.

The momentum behind the story is as heavy as it is sordid with the result that the reader will close the final chapter and probably seek a breath of fresh air. Cronin must have been writing with someone in mind, but his characters have all the distortions of a caricature. Reading this book is not time lost but to the reader who seeks a fast moving story rather than a study in character it will be a disappointment. "Hatter's Castle" is solid food for hardy digestive literary systems.

## NOT THE BLINDFOLD TEST

"Over in Turkey when a man dies they bury him under the sand for seventy-two hours."

"Yeh?"

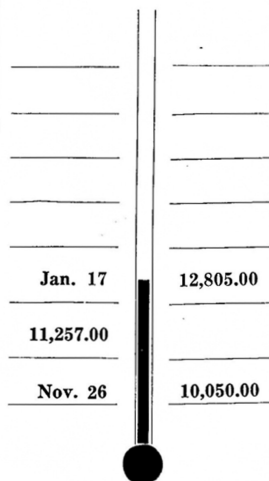
"And then they dig him up again, place him on a white marble slab, ten beautiful maidens march with him through the streets."

"What's that for?"

"If he doesn't wake up then they know he's dead."



## OUR OBJECTIVE \$20,000 MONTHLY



Sales of war savings certificates climb steadily at this Station.





SPIRIT OF HEROIC RUSSIA SEEN  
IN STORY OF HER FIGHTERS

You'll understand the Russian miracle a little better after meeting Grigori Dvynyshev and Vera Krylova.

Their story is the Soviet story. It is told by Walter Graebner, who has just returned from four months in Moscow as correspondent for the magazines *Life* and *Time*.

Grigori Dvynyshev was the first to respond when his commander called for volunteers to clear a field criss-crossed by barbed wire on which hundreds of huge black mines had been strung.

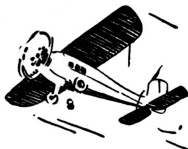
Dragging a cane-shaped branch the wizened private crept to the wires, hooked the branch to the first row of wire and then tugged with all his might. The resultant explosion threw him 15 feet. But, with blood streaming from his eyes, ears and nose, he returned to complete his task and soon the whole sector was cleared. "Forward, comrades," the little man screamed, "the path is open." Then he died.

#### Vera Krylova

Vera Krylova, still pig-tailed at 20, had been wounded four times, but she was back in action when the colonel of a regiment, dying from his wounds, ordered her to take command.

She learned that the colonel, considering the situation hopeless, had told his men to destroy their heavy equipment and try to fight their way individually through the Nazi encirclement.

But after talking to the men she countermanded the order and led the troops as a unit through the German lines to the main Soviet forces. During the many days of bitter fighting, Vera rode modestly on horseback, fell into German hands for three days until her own men rescued her. She killed more Nazis with her small revolver than she can remember.



## The Post Surveys The World From Brandon

Artist Depicts Valiant Russia

НА ЗАЩИТУ ОТЕЧЕСТВА



"For the Defense of the Fatherland!"

—Soviet Poster

#### WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR

(Archibald MacLeish, in the *Atlantic Monthly*)

It is against the Nazi New Order of death and new revelation of old ignorance, that this war is fought. But not against them only. Those who think it is—those who think of this war as a negative, defensive war; those who question what our victory in this war can be—have not considered very carefully the nature of the time we live in; the opening, eventful nature of this time. They have not considered that there lies ahead of us, by every certainty, an opening age, and that that age belongs by right of its own logic to the free—to us and to all free men. They have not realized that in preventing our enemies from conquering that age and distorting that age we must conquer it ourselves; that in driving out and forever forbidding those who would have seized the future, we will seize it; that in destroying by force of arms the suppressive and tyrannical image the Nazis would have stamp upon it, we must inevitably stamp an image of our own . . . We who win this war will win the right and power to impose upon the opening age the free man's image of the earth we live in. We who win this war will win the future.

#### HITLER YOUTH MUST BE KEPT DOWN

(Associated Press)

New York.—James W. Gerard, former ambassador to Germany, declared that the Hitler Youth "must be kept down by an army of the United Nations and watched as if they were convicts," after the war.

"Let the German people shake with fear—it is time that they realized something of the horror for which they are directly responsible," Mr. Gerard said in an address radiocast.

America is not yet ready to decide definitely on a postwar setup, he asserted, adding that "some think we should encourage them (Germans fearful of postwar punishment) by establishing a sort of near communism here."

The Hitler Youth "can never become decent, quiet, law-abiding citizens of a peaceful Europe," he said, so they must be controlled so that "they can never again harm a world which seeks peace and quiet and all the blessings of a decent life."

Lady—"Could I see the captain?"  
First Mate—"He's forward, Miss".  
Lady Passenger—"I'm not afraid. I've been out with college boys."



#### JOBS FOR AIRMEN

"From Canadian Airmen"

To you airmen who want to make flying a career we can tell you that your training in the R.C.A.F. will be of service to you in the future.

If the Nazis can send 15-ton tanks by plane hundreds of miles, why shouldn't Airplanes be the freight carriers for commerce.

Think of the opportunities and jobs for the airmen of today, who will be in demand to pilot the planes carrying freight consisting of food, merchandise and building materials to the devastated areas of Europe and Asia.

You are in one of the best paying professions and will be needed after the war.

When freight loads can be conveyed 3000 miles in one day, why should people wait for supplies sent on comparatively slow moving ships. Don't forget that flying is the modern means of transportation.

Every airman will have a good job waiting for him on his return to civil life.



Gen. Sir Archibald Wavell gets ready for a flight over Burma.

## WHAT AN AIRMAN'S OUTFIT COSTS

## CLOTHING

Uniforms, Serge	
Blue (2)	\$27.28
Greatcoat	14.95
Sweater	1.64
Winter Cap	1.02
Woollen Underwear (2 suits)	4.34
Service Shirts (3)	2.79
Shirts, Silver	
Grey (3)	2.91
Collars, Silver	
Grey (6)	.72
Shoes (2 pair)	10.82
Waterproof Coat	5.08
Cotton Underwear (2 suits)	1.30
Socks (4 pairs)	1.40
Gloves	1.29
Mitts	.80
Canvas Shoes	1.78
Braces	.30
Boot Laces (2 pairs)	.04
Overshoes	1.46
Collar Pin	.04
Ties (2)	.42
Cap Badge	.16
Service Cap (2)	1.58
Uniforms, Khaki (2)	11.04
Trousers Service (2 pairs)	2.62
Flying Clothing Suits, Aviation, Winter	57.50
Suits, Aviation, Summer	4.00
Boots, Aviation	7.97
Gloves, Gauntlet	2.43
Goggles	9.65
Helmets, Flying	4.27
	\$181.60



## EQUIPMENT

Hand Towels (2)	\$.50
Sticks, Button	.03
Brushes, Boot	.18
Polishing	.18
Brushes, Button	.15
Brushes, Shaving	.38
Brushes, Tooth	.07
Bags, Kit	1.20
Combs, Hair	.04
Forks, Table	.09
Knives, Table	.21
Spoons, Table	.09
Holdalls	.19
Housewife	.56
Knives, Razor	.40
Knives, Clasp	1.05
Lanyards, Clasp	.02
Knife	.50
Bottles, Water	.30
Helmets, Steel	1.93
Web Equipment	
Belts, Waist	1.06
Braces, left and right	.38
Cartridge Carrier (2)	3.34
Carrier, Water	.50
Bottle	.50
Haversacks	1.38
Rucksacks (2)	4.30
Slings, Rifle	.30
Straps, Adjustment	.55
Straps, Supporting Rucksacks	.30
Mess Tins	.66
Straps, Mess Tins	.20
Rifle	37.25
Bayonet and Scabbard	4.00
Anti-Gas Equipment	
Respirator Container	1.50
Face Piece	2.35
Haversack	1.25
	\$67.51

TO THE NEW RECRUIT  
PADRE'S MESSAGE

The Padres are eager to help you make a quick adjustment to your new environment. Since lack of peace of mind, due to gnawing trouble, will undermine your efficiency, there is a place to come where those little troubles can be ironed out. You will find a welcome in the Padres' office. The R.C. Padre will be available to airmen of that faith, and the two Protestant Padres will stand ready to assist all other denominations. Whether your problem is domestic, financial, spiritual or otherwise, make a friend of the Padre by letting him help you. He'll be tickled to death to know that he's wanted and that his sympathy, judgment and counsel are being required by the men of this depot.

I was a recruit myself once, and I know exactly what you are faced with. I've been lonely many times. I've had to fight temptation in its various forms. I've needed counsel on many occasions. I found that there is no officer so understanding of personal problems as the Padre. He didn't let rank create a barrier between him and his men. He lived and prayed and worked for the men for whom he had a strong affection. So I hope that you will use us by letting us help you.

It is important to your progress that you make the necessary adjustments to this strange new life as quickly as possible. The new routine,

the new dress, the new orders of the day, the new sense of subordination, with the hundred other novel associations that gather around your life, may have a bewildering effect on some of you. Don't let them. Realize that you are in this thing to do a job, and to do it with your might. The ties that bind you to the past, or the immediate confusion of the present, must not be allowed to interfere with the all-important task of training and preparing for the day when you will be ready for the team that will go into action against the enemy. The telling blows that you will deal out will depend upon how you have responded to the training you will receive here and on succeeding stations. So get into the swing as soon as possible and do with your might what hands find to do.

And finally write letters and keep on writing letters. Never give way to the feeling that there is nothing more to tell. The home folks are looking for your letters to refuel their hope and confidence and trust in you. You will help yourself by helping them, for if you cast your letters into the mail they will return to you after many days weighted down with treasures. Put sunshine into what you write home, and keep out any darkness if you see it. The world is so full of a number of things that are good and decent and wholesome, that we should all be as happy as kings. Yes, even though Hitler's war has spread its hideous form over the earth, there are still things that are

## THE HAWK OF BRITAIN

What is that sound, that steady drone?

'Tis the hawk of Britain that swoops o'er the foam

To take revenge on the Beast of Berlin,

To make him pay for his heinous sin.

Its course is winged over sea and land

Yes and even over the African sand.

Its eyes are sharp; its vision clear—

With never a trace of defeat or fear.

It flies by night, it flies by day,

Intent on revenge and to make them pay—

For the lives they have taken in numbers untold,

They'll pay for each one, and in double fold.

Guided by hands that are strong and sure,

Guided by minds that are firm and pure,

The beast of Berlin is doomed to his fate

And is due to reap his harvest of hate.

When the Hawk has dropped his deadly load,

On airdromes, a station or even a road,

He'll fly back again through sky that is clear,

And again that drone, my son, you'll hear.

For that is the drone you hear my son,

It's the voice of freedom after the battle is done,

When the swords are sheathed and flags unfurled

We'll build a new and better world.

Now while I'm gone remember this.

Take care of yourself, Mother and Sis.

For there'll be better and brighter days to come.

When the Hawk sails home and the battle is won.

—Cpl. Frank E. Hockaday

Stella—"My, your heart's beating like a drum."

Airman—"Yeah, that's the call to arms."

true, pure, lovely and of good report. Think on these things and write about them.

And now I wish you luck in this great adventure. We can win. We must win. We shall win. Let our theme, in any event be, through difficulties to the stars.

—F/L I. H. Eberle (P) Padre.

Ed.—Since writing this message F/L Eberle has been transferred to Yorkton. And we can pay him no greater tribute than to say that the fine thoughts expressed in this, his last article written for the Post, are typical of the many splendid qualities that endeared him to all of us.

## THE COLD FACTS



The cold bug is highly contagious. He is responsible for more loss of time from than any other cause. He saps your vitality and often leads to more serious illness, such as influenza or pneumonia.

SO HERE ARE A FEW  
POINTERS  
PLAN OF DEFENSE

First of all, rest. Sleep is great medicine. The cold bug gets you when you're overtired. Avoid undue fatigue. Relax after work - - and let somebody else burn the candle at both ends.



Next, diet. Improper food weakens resistance. Nutrition experts say that each person should eat daily - - 3 glasses of milk; 4 slices of whole-wheat bread with butter; 1 serving of meat; 1 egg; 1 serving of potatoes; 1 serving of green-leaf or yellow vegetable; 1 glass of tomato, orange, or grapefruit juice; 1 serving of oatmeal porridge or whole wheat cereal. In addition: Cod liver oil or other fish oil daily during the winter.

Finally, dress sensibly and exercise in a moderate way. Sudden changes of temperature, exposure to cold and wet, are invitations to the sniffles. Don't face a wintry blast in your shirt sleeves; don't sit too long in a hot room in that heavy overcoat. Outdoor exercise helps to keep you fit - - skating, hockey, skiing or brisk walks.



Avoid constipation. Proper rest, food and exercise help to keep you regular. Never neglect a call.

Give coughers and sneezers a wide berth. The cold bug can travel 10 feet in the air.

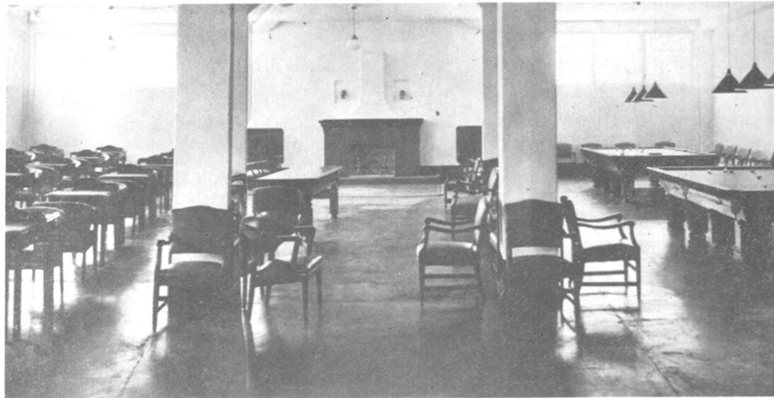
Avoid using unwashed cups and spoons which may have been used by others. Use only your own towel. Wash your hands before eating and before going to bed.

### "THE AIR FORCE ENTERTAINS" MONTHLY RADIO REVIEW

The Depot's half hour radio show now being broadcast direct from the Arena stage each Monday at 10.00 p.m. is gaining new interest and popularity with each program. On the occasion of the initial broadcast from the Manning Depot stage, Monday, January 18, the voice of the Commanding Officer Wing Commander H. G. Reid, opened the show with the announcement that "The Air Force Entertains" is a Manning Depot enterprise designed to provide entertainment and pleasure for the airmen, their parents and friends, and the public in general. A feature of each broadcast will be the dramatization of some phase of Air Force life at No. 2 Manning Depot.

During the month of January many talented young airmen have appeared on these programs to add novelty and variety to each performance. We have been fortunate, too, in being able to enlist the services of airmen who have had previous broadcasting experience. In past weeks you have heard the voices of Jim Greer, Clinton Godwin, and Bob Hill, all former radio announcers.

Interviews have been a feature of most of the broadcasts and many colorful and interesting personal facts were revealed by those interviewed. In recent weeks we have heard from the Station Sergeant-Major, WO1 Chalmers, AC2 Ed. Quigley, dancer, Assistant Section Officer Rosina Buckingham of the Women's Division, Dick Salter, ice skater, and F./Sgt. "Scotty" Pearson, an old timer on the station.



A VIEW of the Airmen's spacious new library which occupies the space formerly used by the Motor Transport Section. These new reading and lounging quarters are 152 feet in depth and 57 feet wide. The fireplace shown in the picture is built of red-pressed brick. Walls and ceilings are of crystallite plaster in a spun stucco finish. The Padres' and Y.M.C.A. offices (not shown in picture) are finished with 3-ply veneer in natural color—the doors are of slab design and finished in dark mahogany. The grill work for the library counter was donated by Mr. Matheson of the Bank of Montreal, Brandon. These pleasant surroundings, amply equipped as they are with comfortable chairs, lounges and writing desks, invite the airmen to relax with a good book, write a letter home, or enjoy a game of billiards. A handsome wall clock, presented by the management of Reesor's Jewellery store, will soon make its appearance above the fireplace. Flying Officer MacLean and his Works and Buildings staff are to be congratulated for doing a fine piece of work.

Performers who made notable contributions to the programs included: Frank Moir, singer; LAC Jack Donovan, comedy; Sgt. McKay, impersonations; Jimmy Huson, cowboy yodeler.

Flying Officer R. R. Barrett, chairman of the Broadcast Committee, is directing these programs, and Cpl. Irving Herman is producer.

Brandon citizens are cordially invited to join the airmen each Monday in the Arena when these programs go on the air. To avoid interruptions during the broadcast 9.30 is the deadline for admission to the shows.

### "VARIETIES OF 1943"

#### JOINS HIT PARADE

No. 2 Manning Depot scored again with another great show Sunday evening, January 17th. "Varieties of 1943" was one of our own productions that made a capacity crowd forget about the weather outside for three solid hours of real entertainment pleasure. The grand opening ushered in a dancing chorus of eight streamlined pretties who got a warm reception from the several hundred airmen present. Vocal numbers were offered by Jean Varcoe, Marjorie Diller, Frank Word, Roy Lobb, and Mrs. W. B. Bain, who made a big

days after that. Make a note of the dates and the next time you visit Winnipeg over a week-end pay a visit to the Auditorium and enjoy this fine music.

hit with her sweetly rendered "Annie Laurie". Maestro Clelio Ritagliati, of Winnipeg, was outstanding with his violin numbers; comedy was provided by WO1 Chalmers in his Frank Cluck skit, ably supported by Messrs. Donovan and Hance; Frank Hockaday was on hand with a humorous monologue; humorous impersonations were offered by AC2 Peter Soode; clever acrobatics were performed by AC2's Jackson and Halstead and Miss Miller, of Brandon; attractive dance numbers were performed by Bea Fredericks, of Winnipeg, and AC2 Ed. Quigley, Beth Lockhart and Sgt. Stennet, and the always popular Mannettes. Sgt. Fairbairn directed the station orchestra and Gordon McLean was at the piano; AC1 Irving Herman, Beth Lockhart, and Gordon McLean were responsible for the production.

Among the many Brandon citizens attending the concert, we observed Dr. S. Schultz and Mrs. Schultz; City Supervisor O. L. Harwood, and Mrs. Harwood; Archdeacon P. Heywood and Mrs. Heywood; and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Matheson.



3:00 "WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN WILLIE"

### CONCERTS OF FINE MUSIC

Personnel from this station who make Winnipeg their headquarters when on leave are invited to attend Sunday concerts of fine music given by prominent musicians of Winnipeg for all service personnel.

These concerts, held on alternate Sundays, are given in the Winnipeg Art Gallery, entrance to which is by the southeast door of the Winnipeg Auditorium. Personnel in uniform may take their friends. These concerts are provided by the best artists in Winnipeg, are free and constitute an exceptionally fine opportunity for those who appreciate and enjoy the best in music.

The next concert will be given on Sunday, February 7th and on alternate Sun-

## RECEPTION WING WELCOMES



## THE NEW RECRUIT

### THE RECEPTION WING REPORTER

From our observation it seems that the Air Force loses no time in bringing new recruits to the point of serving their country, in what would seem to be the most painful manner. We refer to the ordeal of losing their luxuriant curls, receiving inoculation and lastly their introduction to P.T. And from his goans and lamentations one would almost be inclined to believe that the Rookie is a martyr to the cause.

However it isn't long before this pained and saddened expression disappears, erased miraculously by the enthusiasm for a hard and fast basketball game, a boxing bout or some equally strenuous activity requiring every vestige of his ingenuity and physical skill.

Soon, very soon, acquiring acquaintances, discovering old friends and new in the same surroundings gives life a new zest. This is the beginning, oft-times, of life-long friendships.



### FLIGHT NEWS, VIEWS, AND VERSE

The self-styled Commandos of Flight 58 fondly imagine themselves as a sort of proving ground or acid test for the various N.C.O.'s who have been assigned to this Flight in recent weeks and who then mysteriously disappear one after the other in short order . . . according to the more docile airmen at "D" Squadron any N.C.O. seen standing in a corner muttering to himself is some poor individual who has been directly or indirectly connected with Flight 58 . . . proud of their new won fame as broncho-busters the men of 58 are seriously considering adopting a coat of arms . . . the one under consideration at present is a snail rampant on a field of molasses. . . Cpl. Resh-itka has recently taken charge of the flight and it is rumored that he will stick with us to the bitter end, which

To enlighten the reader if one may take such liberties, we present a cross-section of a typical group of recruits recently attached to the reception wing.

One might notice a tall dark chap sauntering along with his hands in his pockets mumbling under his breath some unintelligible threat to "Kill the Umpire." This is not a symptom of "non compos mentis," just a characteristic of "The Great Minish," graduate "Magna Cum Laude" of the W.E.T.P. in Winnipeg, a ball player of repute and expert on the mound. Officially he is AC2 Orville H. Minish.

"Bing Moir" another tall laddie is the type to be sitting studiously immersed at the Padre's desk, instead of an exponent of song, an art he so admirably executed on the R.C.A.F. radio broadcast on Monday, Jan. 11.

How about "Davy Groves" the "Bad Boy of the Crew"? He's just pint size and becomes involved in so many escapades the fact that he is still alive to tell the tale is amazing.



proves him courageous as well as popular.

AC2 S. Bettess, reporting for Flight 59, gives us this candid commentary on his colleagues. . . We have one Angell in the Flight, but don't be misled by his name . . . Crewson is the Flight Nightingale or should we just say "gale" and leave it at that. . . Campbell, a man of many parts, has some big attraction outside of the Training Wing . . . blonde, brunette or red head? . . . your guess is as good as ours. . . Gilbert is the man who really wants to know all the answers and he keeps Cpl. Hor-tash busy answering questions. . . Shipman is our quiet man and a great advocate of sleep. . . Lewis, just back from the hospital, has acquired a strange phobia for early rising, darn him! So much for the Fighting 59th.

AC2 Drew has appointed himself the mouthpiece for Flight 61 which he describes as the largest Flight in Training Wing . . . 61 is very proud of its hockey successes. . . the personnel of the team includes: AC2's Faris, Davis, Groulx, Jacobson, Saks, Auld, Eldoros, Stevens, Langrelle, and Middleton. . . In the two games played so far Flight 61 defeated Flights 63 and 64 . . . and they're looking for more victims. . . In general Flight 61 is a cross-section of

Nevertheless he is a source of great amusement to us all and if the guard house shelters this innocent at intervals, Fate decreed it as inevitable. Some people are just born that way.

The famed R.C.A.F. Bombers Rugby team is represented by none other than Lloyd Boivin, star end, who, though making a good account of himself, failed to save the team on their noted expedition east last season.

In every Flight and Section are found men of varying character and with every degree of talent. Not one amongst them is unimportant. Soon after joining the Service, they find their own niche, make friends and embrace new interests, each in his own individual way becoming part of Canada's great army of the Air, the Royal Canadian Air Force.

### Man Who Meets All Trains

The recruit's first official link with No. 2 Manning Depot is provided by the cheerful countenance of Cpl. D.

J. Owens of Reception Wing. Cpl. Owens is the man who meets all trains bearing the slightly under-ripe fruit of each recruiting harvest. Cpl. Owens, a Vancouver man, thinks this business of meeting trains is swell, and the new trainees arriving get a very favorable first impression from that first friendly contact with our Good Will Ambassador, Shepherd Owens.

### IS THAT SO?

Flight Reynolds: "Why have you been AWL for three days, AC2 Jones?"

AC2 Jones: "Well, it was this way. Flight, I got lost the other night and went to the Mental Hospital by mistake."

Flight Reynolds: "And why did it take you three days to get back to the Depot?"

AC2 Jones: "Well, Flight, it took me three days to realize that I had made a mistake."



miss very much when we go . . . he's one of the best!

### Flight 67

Flight 67 were a bunch of scrummy hicks

Until they formed a union with Flight 66,

People on the street now stop and stare

As Cpl. McCauley's voice rings thru' the air:

"Left, right, left" as smooth as a tandem,

The boys are ready to fight the "Battle of Brandon."

These are the lads who brighten the day

With always a cheerful word to say; So Flight 67 don't you cry,

You'll all have a commission by and by.

AC2 J. A. McKenzie gives us some personality paragraphs about the (Continued over page)



Bird's eye view of the Postal staff. Left to right: AC2 W. B. R. Wilson, D. M. Turner, R. Kaye, Cpl. G. F. Mitchell, Sgt. C. Lee, AC2 W. J. Pfeiffer (posted overseas), M. Gatch (posted overseas), J. H. Caldwell. Missing from picture: Sgt. A. T. Battrum, Cpl. J. Smart (now at Souris), and AC1 I. Faintuch.

#### POSTAL NOTES

According to Sgt. Charlie Lee and his corps of postal clerks the average trainee at this Depot spends four hours weekly with a far-away look in his eye and a pen in his hand. Sunday is the big letter-writing day in the barracks. The boys congregate in the recreation room, the study room, at their bunks and even in the canteen to whip up that all important letter. The labor pains of composition are many and varied. Some thoughtfully bite the ends of their fountain-pens, others gently caress an ear or stroke a nose, a few belong to the doodling school, some stare long and earnestly at the wall, but whatever method is used the letter is eventually composed, addressed and mailed. And across the length and breadth of this fair Dominion the 2,000 letters written daily arrive to gladden the hearts of mothers and dads, sweethearts and wives. As a matter of fact the trainee receives a great many more letters than he writes. About 2,500 pour into the Depot every day, most of them bearing the faint aroma of perfume and lavender.

One airman, a cartoonist in civilian life, spends 15 hours weekly writing the girl friend. He boasts that he can count the days he has been in the air force by adding the number of his girl friend's letters and discounting Sundays and holidays. One day his letter stretched to 52 pages. He averages 18 pages daily.

What does AC2 write about? He writes about the daily routine, his uniform, his haircut, his drilling, his inoculations, about the corporals and sergeants, his meals . . . and how about how much he loves Lulu Belle or Sadie.

Airmen call regularly for their mail. The postal clerks know of no more disappointed individual than an airman who fails to get the expected letter. So keep the letters coming, you folks back home who read this.

The story is told of one lonely airman who wistfully made a request for letters through the pages of a daily newspaper. Three days later the score had reached 250 and the letters were still pouring in. He estimated that acknowledgements would keep him busy writing for the duration and two years afterwards.

#### Educational Notes

(Continued from page 4)

Typing, Shorthand, and Bookkeeping. Vocational courses are also available to those interested, e.g. The Business of Farming and other allied subjects. For tradesmen, technical courses are offered including such topics as Principles of Radio, Sheet Metal Working, Practical Electricity, etc. All these courses are offered absolutely free to the student. The student on registration assumes the obligation of working regularly and satisfactorily completing the course. The Educational Officer will be glad to advise or to explain concerning any course an airman may be interested in studying.

For those airmen who have Junior Matriculation standing, courses may be arranged with various Canadian Universities in a great variety of subjects. These courses are offered free in some cases, and in others on payment of a very small fee. Should an airman so desire it, he can make a very good start now towards a University degree. The important thing is to have first the desire to study and improve oneself and secondly the backbone to see it through by consistent and regular work.

We must and shall win the war. But while we are striving for that victory, it is not improper for the individual to give some thought to what will come after. Therefore while private study now will make a better

and more efficient service man, it will at the same time be preparing that man for the opportunities that will surely come when the war is over.

And remember if you are interested in any of the above courses drop in and see us—the door is always open and you are welcome.

F/O R. J. Coates.

#### OUR \$64 QUESTION

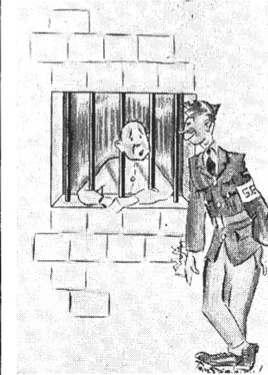
One of the first questions asked of a new recruit as he enters the service, is "What would you like to return to after this fracas" (or words to that effect!) With that query running through our minds, PSB dispatched his lanky self to the habits and haunts of the majority of headquarters staff and, believe me, the answers were numerous, humorous and, in some cases, superfluous. To quote four of the more salient replies:

Cpl. Conacher, of our Fire Section, says: "Give me the good old backwoods, the Thunder Bay district—that's Canada." Conacher spent eight seasons with the Forestry brigade and wants to return to his former practice, believing that his effort can be part of the vital conservation of timber wealth and wild game. This being, for the most part, summer season work, he wants to relax through the long winter evenings, by the fireside. What to do during the winter days? Why, chop wood for the night, of course!

LAC Brownstone of Clothing Stores says that WO2 Racine keeps him too busy to really think about after the war, but feels that, if a clothing business would be as good after the war as it is here now, he'll be fairly comfortable with his wife and children.

"I'm going to finish my University term and go into Dental work, feeling that such work is vital to the health of a Nation, either at war or peace." So sayeth Sgt. "Moose" Morris of the Dental Corps. Moose can often be heard, also, promising to get married—after "demobilization, 1960." We wonder, Moose, old man.

Last but by no means, least, on our list we find that amiable Scotsman, in charge of Precision.

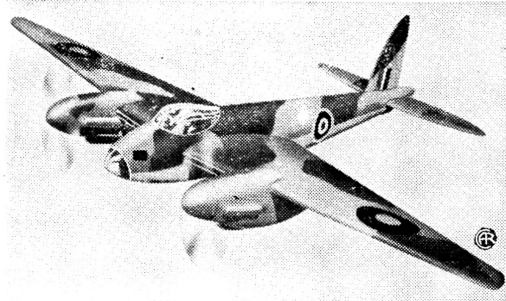


"Did you give the Post Office my change of address?"

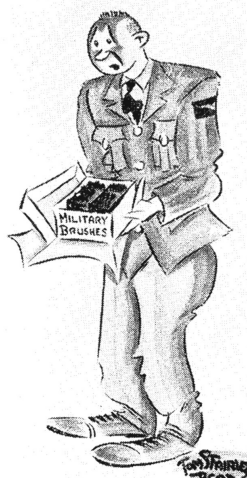
Yes, none other than F./Sgt. "Scotty" Pearson. Scotty has seen service in the last war, with the Army, and served in the khaki during peacetime, transferring to the Air Force early in 1940. He likes the service well—well enough to stay in after this war is won, if he possibly can. If not, well—he says that he is too busy helping to win this war, to seriously think about the future. Well said, Scotty. "Too busy winning the war to think about the future." Yes, that was the invariable answer to the question. Down deep in our hearts, even under the hard shell of the toughest WO, we want most of all to be able to pursue our own individual ambitions and desires and to relax and enjoy the Peace and Freedom that is Democracy—that for which we are now fighting. Perhaps that is why we're "too busy winning the war to think about the future". What do you think?

Mary was sent down to the office to get her aunt's weekly pay. On the way home a robber stuck her up and took the money. She ran up to a policeman and said: "Oh, officer, a robber just stole my aunt's pay!"

"Well, miss, if you'd stop talking pig latin, maybe I could help you," irritably replied the officer.



THE DEADLY "MOSQUITO"  
A Canadian-made Fighter-Bomber



?

## Remember-- "Sap Verb" --

"From Wings"

It would be much nicer for all concerned if the text of this article could be left unsaid. It is not directed to the vast majority of the members of the Royal Canadian Air Force (and other armed services) but to the small minority for whom we must all suffer. To the majority it is unnecessary to address these words, but to that abject minority, words hardly seem sufficient.

It is natural to assume that many of us are going to be invited into private homes to spend a few pleasant hours. Many of us will be invited to the homes of people whom we have never seen or heard of before. It is our duty to show these people that they have invited gentlemen into their homes. We must remember that many of these people have sons and daughters in the R.C.A.F. and they are inviting us because they feel that someone else will be doing the same for their families if they are unable to be at home. Therefore, let us show our appreciation in the proper manner.

Mainly, there are very few points to be remembered, but these must be strictly adhered to at all times. If you are invited to a home be sure to acknowledge the invitation. There is nothing worse than inviting a guest and then not knowing whether or not he or she will turn up. Be sure of the time. No woman likes to prepare a lovely dinner for a certain hour only to find that the guest will be late. We know that it is sometimes impossible, due to the exigencies of the service, to keep an appointment. Usually, though, we have sufficient notice of a change in routine or schedule to advise our host of such change.

Naturally, many of us will partake of the odd "cup," but, let us remember at all times that a gentleman is one who can "hold" his liquor, not one who gets maudlin and sloppy. If you feel you have had enough, say so. Nobody is going to think you must out-drink the crowd to prove you are not a sissy. It is not "smart" when in public places to see just how be-draggled you can look. Your uniform is the smartest suit you will ever wear—keep it looking smart. Nothing is so revolting, to service personnel and civilians alike, as the man in uniform looking as though he had just come out of a fire in a pawn shop. If you want to attract favorable attention be smart. If you want to be pitied and looked upon as a "dub," be the other way.

Don't forget to thank your host in a tangible manner. By this we mean a card or maybe a small box of chocolates, nothing lavish, but, it is nice when you are a host or hostess to know that your efforts have been appreciated and your guest has remembered at a later date.

Finally . . . don't blow! Your host wants to make you feel at home so he talks about your interests, which of course are the service. He isn't looking for information, but an innocent remark may divulge vital information. He, without knowing its importance, mentions it to a friend. That is the way the enemy gets his advance knowledge of our movements. Talk about your home, your hobbies, your families, your travels and your sports—but not about the Air Force.

And finally, in case your curiosity is bothering you, the title of this article, "Sap Verb" is taken from an old Latin quotation which means "A word to the wise is sufficient."

## HE KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT AIR ESCAPES

If you want to know something about narrow escapes, just ask Sgt. Robert Livingston, of Rosebank, Man. Sgt. Livingston, who is a member of the French-Canadian bombing squadron, was on his way home from Stuttgart the other night, when, over the French coast, he and his crew companions were surprised by enemy anti-aircraft. He didn't pay too much attention at first, as he was working hard on his radio, but he jumped when a bullet struck his set.

"The bullet just missed me by eight or nine inches," he said. "It passed through my radio set and fell on the floor. It was an incendiary bullet and it immediately took fire, but I recovered in time to extinguish the flames with my foot."

The radio set was damaged and one of the fuel tanks was pierced by another bullet, but the bomber was brought back safely by Sgt.-Pilot S. L. Murrell, of Gainsville, Texas.

Sgt. Livingston joined the R.C.A.F. in January, 1941. He took his training as a wireless operator at Penhold, Alta., at Calgary and at Dufee, Sask. He has been overseas since last April.

## SPORTS AT NO. 2 "M" DEPOT

Sports here have reached a new high and things are sure under way. We received some new equipment and it's certainly being put to use. The equipment consists of a jumping box, a springboard, two new mats. We also have on order parallel bars, high bars, wall bars, rowing machines. We have voluntary classes every evening and the men are shown different ways and means of using the equipment by reliable Physical Training Instructors and Officers of the station.

Hockey is keen on the station and games are being played every evening between the different flights of men at the Exhibition Grounds. The station team is coached by a capable member of the service, Flying Officer Daverne. Present reports indicate the makings of a good team. Good luck Flying Officer Daverne to you and your team in this hockey season.

Boxing has, and always will be an interesting sport here. There are boxing classes every evening. They are coached by Corporal Faucault, P.T.I., who is quite an authority on it. Flying Officer A. J. Lewis is the manager and he does certainly get things moving.

Wrestling is also under way, there are classes every evening. They also receive the finer as well as the elementary points pertaining to this sport. The instructor is Corporal Larson who has shown his ability in many exhibition matches here at the Arena. Flying Officer A. J. Lewis also manages the wrestling.

Volley-ball is receiving a great deal of interest, the boys having taken a great liking to this game. So far very little has been played but it is understood that in the near future it will be in full swing. The man in charge is Flying Officer J. R. Hillhouse.

Basketball, also an active game and usually every night when possible you will see games being played.



## No. 2 vs. Carberry

Carberry, Jan. 15.—No. 2 Manning Depot and No. 33 S.F.T.S., Carberry, exchanged blows in another exciting boxing card held at Carberry on Wednesday night. One of the most successful glove contests to date the bouts were notable for their fast, clean-cut action. Outstanding fight of the evening was the heavyweight tussle between Babe Mathews of No. 2 and LAC Hall of Carberry. Mathews, former miner and amateur boxer of Regina, displayed a lot of style and science that gave him the edge over his hard-working opponent. Despite a marked disadvantage in weight No. 2's rugged fighters claimed four of the nine events. A return match is scheduled for January 27 at No. 2 Manning Depot.

Results of the card are as follows:  
LAC Jones, Carberry, decision over AC2 Roy Henderson of No. 2.  
LAC Phillips, Carberry, decision over AC2 Ted Ramage of No. 2.

AC Raftery, Carberry, decision over AC2 Jim Hrymak, of No. 2.

AC2 Doug. Snider, of No. 2, decision over LAC Shrapcott, Carberry.  
AC2 Les Baxter, of No. 2, decision over LAC Berkley, Carberry.

LAC Rose of Carberry, decision over Scotty Elliot of No. 2.

LAC Stewart, Carberry, decision over John Galon, of No. 2.

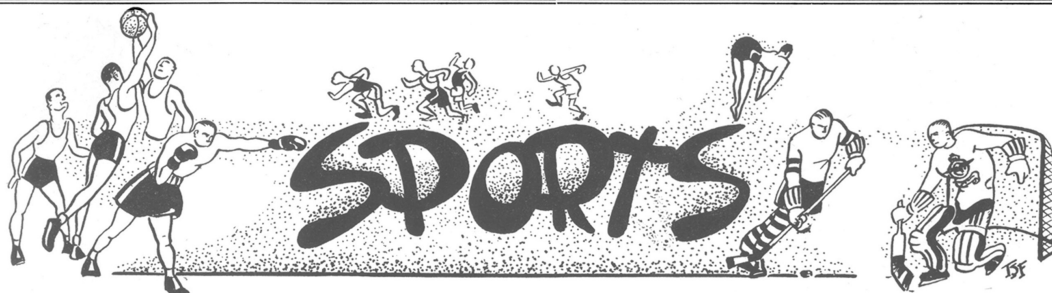
AC2 Babe Mathews, of No. 2, decision over LAC Hall, Carberry.

AC2 Geo. Darrington, No. 2, decision over LAC Ovenden, Carberry.



GLAMOUR GIRLS GANG UP ON GOALIE

"Ouch! That hurt!" cried this pretty American Miss as she sat down on the very hard lap of old man ice.



#### WITH THE BOOT HEEL ARTISTS AT NO. 2

With old King Winter firmly on his throne, the clashing of hickory and singing of steel blades can be heard nearly any evening one wishes to drop around at the Depot's hockey rink in the Exhibition grounds. Despite the cold west winds which stubbornly insist upon sweeping across this frozen expanse, hundreds of airmen monthly perform within this boarded area with the same zest as do their heroic namesakes in Maple Leaf Gardens. With everything from skates up in the line of equipment for the airmen's use in the building at one end of the rink, little is left to be wished for other than the individual's desire.

The hockey situation at No. 2 is in the very capable hands of F/O Daverne who sees to it that the rink is kept at all times in the best of condition. Under his careful supervision one inter-flight hockey league has already been completed and a second one composed of a team from headquarters and 15 teams from the Training Wing is away to a fine start. The boys from the Depot band also enjoy the freedom of the open spaces two or three afternoons a week by exchanging their trombones, cornets, etc., for hockey sticks. Thus it can be seen that many carefree and healthful hours are enjoyed by the airmen at their rink in the Exhibition grounds and many of these same airmen are fellows who performed in the big leagues before entering the service.

While on the subject of hockey we must not forget our pride and joy, the Station Team, also under the management of F/O Daverne and coached by none other than Ken Doraty, former Toronto Maple Leaf star. Entered in the Brandon Services league the Depot team has broken even to date on their games played, losing the first and winning the second. Composed of a number of former junior stars the team has a great obligation to live up to, namely defending the Manitoba district championship which was won by this station last year, and from where we are looking, everything seems to be quite rosy. Changing from time to time due to postings the team never-the-less, mainly through the tireless efforts of F/O Daverne and Ken Doraty, can be counted on to give a creditable account of themselves whenever they are in action



An exciting moment near the Shilo net during the recent game between A3 and No. 2.  
—Picture by Sgt. Barrett.

although new faces will be seen from time to time. Following is a lineup at present of our great team:

Goal, AC2 Groulx; defense, F/Sgt. Van Brunt, AC2 Molinski, AC2 Jackson, AC2 Kennedy; forwards, AC2 Bubniac, AC2 Staples, AC2 McMunn, AC2 Hayes, AC2 Murray, AC2 Staples, AC2 Gordon, Cpl. Pechet, AC2 Allan.

—F/Sgt. VAN BRUNT.

#### SPORT PERSONALITIES AT NO. 2

A trio of pucksters who played for the Falcon Juniors Winnipeg North Division last season are now at No. 2 Manning Depot getting limbered up to play a part in the Big Event scheduled for 1943 with A. Hitler & Company as the opposing team.

P. E. Normandeau hails from St. Boniface and is noted for his fast skating and tricky stickhandling.

H. A. Halderson, from Winnipeg, a fast skating forward, also played for the Falcons last season and for the smooth St. Boniface Athletics for the beginning of the '42-'43 schedule.

R. L. Stephenson completes the trio of alumni from last years Falcons. The three lads hope to make the No. 2 Manning Depot team as a complete forward line, having had previous experience playing together.



J. N. Ateah of Victoria Beach played senior hockey with his home town team in a league that boasted of having many outstanding performers.

Another hockey star of note is S. Hawrysh, who played junior hockey with the Kenora Thistles for the '37-'38 season and has since been active with the Dauphin Intermediate Hockey Club.

"Chick" Chikowsky, well known in Winnipeg sporting circles, has had two seasons with the champion Winnipeg Blue Bombers. Playing at end, "Chick" was noted for his deadly down-field tackling. He was also prominent in basketball, lacrosse, and softball.

R. Baldwin, former end with the University of Saskatchewan football team, hails from Saskatoon. Ray also figured prominently in track and field events.

E. J. Klyn has long been associated with hockey and softball in Winnipeg, in the capacity of both player and coach, and hopes to continue if his particular talents are needed at No. 2 Manning Depot.

His impressive record includes: Playing with the Green Briers, last year's city intermediate softball champs; coaching the Ranger juvenile hockey team for the past five years; playing with the 1940 City Mercantile hockey league champs, and last but not least, blowing a whistle for the past three seasons in his duties as a hockey referee.

Bobby Unwin, a starry member of last season's North Division champions, the St. Boniface Athletics, has not yet shown his wares in Brandon. How about coming out for the Station Team, Bobby?—T. FAIRLEY, AC2.

#### "WATCH THOSE HURRICANES!"

##### Bowling Operations Hit Blitz Tempo

After a month's layoff the Headquarters Bowling League glided into the second half of the schedule on January 13, with all seven teams shooting for a play-off spot against the Defiants.

Van Gooderham and his henchmen representing the Harvards, were just too hot for Cpl. Pettigrew's Lysanders. The Harvards were best by a couple of hundred pins in the first two games, but it took that (three hundred man) WO2 Allan to pull the third game out of the bag by striking out in the last frame.

Sgt. Bowman piloted the Spitfires to a two to one victory over Sol Cooper's Fairey Battles, and in so doing rolled up the high single of the season with 323. Cpl. Blais with 253 and Miss Bell with 252 were helping to keep the Spitfires flying high. A pair of 251's rung up by Miss Montgomery and Cpl. Lock enabled the Battles to take the first game.

The Hurricanes who were officially dubbed the "cellarites" in the first half of the schedule showed a little more speed than the Hudsons. When the smoke had cleared and the last pin boy was laid to rest it was observed that they had come through with a perfect three point landing.

Those dangerous Defiants didn't seem to be satisfied with winning the first play off berth but went out and forced the Tiger Moths down to a three to nothing defeat. Cpl. Kent had the Defiants climbing all the time, and at no time during the evening did they lose altitude. While the Moths developed some engine trouble before they got off the runway and apparently there were no capable mechanics on hand to lend any assistance.

At the present time Miss E. Hunt is holding down the women's high single with 309 and also the high triple with 766. Sgt. Bowman is leading the men with a high single of 323 and Sgt. Asetline has the high triple with 710.

For several weeks the bowling league has been subjected to a little sabotage, but since the Aussies have been posted everything is back to normal and the girls' averages are improving. Five will get you ten if you take this tip from the Sneez Mob, "Watch those Hurricanes."

—EIGHT BALL.



## STAFF PERSONALITIES

The N.C.O. in charge of the Medical Inspection Room, Cpl. O'Brien, is one of the old timers on the staff. He arrived and commenced duties here in February, 1941. His able handling of "You Gents" on arrival on sick parade, and his management of the working end of the inoculation parade and the numerous treatments given, make "O.B." a busy man, for the M.I.R. is a busy burg. If he has appeared a little grim and taciturn of late, it was because of an exchange of incisors, cuspidals and molars, for dentures by the C.D.C., and an inherent horror of liquid diet. He can smile again now—an Ipana smile. His untiring service richly merits the promotion we fondly hope is coming his way in the near future.

LAC Prentice arrived here in June, 1941, from the West Coast, and since that time has been awaiting a posting back there. One of the best liked members of the staff, he is quiet, unassuming, and diligent. He doesn't really want to leave Brandon, and if the unexpected ever happens we believe he will be as sorry to go as we will be to lose him.

The good natured bean pole on the staff of hospital assistants is LAC Strachan. His duties here began in October, 1941, and he hasn't wasted much time in Brandon since then, either on duty or off. He grinned his way into matrimony in September, 1942, and his grin has got broader or his face narrower ever since. A valuable member of the hospital staff, tried and trusted, knows what to do and how to do it.

Mellow old Jim, LAC Malcolm, is a stanchion of the staff, and he arrived here in August, 1941. Strong on volunteering, he volunteered for the last war and for this one, and has volunteered his services ever since. His latest volunteering has been in First Aid instruction which—believe it or not—he says he enjoys. He is as thorough and painstaking in that as in his duties in the wards. You like him—so do we!

—Sgt. H. Weberling

IMPRESSIONS OF THE STATION HOSPITAL  
By a Patient

In my own estimation I was a pretty sick fellow and apparently I was right because after the "M.O." checked me over I was issued my hospital "bed outfit" and immediately sent upstairs to bed. I was no sooner there than the service began, my case diagnosed, medicine prescribed, and action taken to get the medicine into me in short order.

It seems that as long as a fellow is sick his wishes are commands and

Heard Through The Stethoscope  
STATIC FROM OUR STATION HOSPITAL

all are granted. This of course cannot go on forever and so when one gets better the service slackens off a little and a fellow is obliged to do more for himself and some things for others sicker than he.

Never having been in another R.C. A.F. hospital I have nothing with which to compare this one, so all I can say is this: If they are all as clean, as warm and as bright, if the nurses, doctors and orderlies are all as obliging, if the food is as good and everything run as well in general then for sure there will be a minimum of wasted man hours due to airmen spending unnecessary time in bed.

Brandon has the lowest sickness rate of any Manning pool in the Dominion and I feel quite sure that the credit is due to the station hospital staff who stop sickness before it has a chance to develop and snuff it out of existence. Keep up the good work! The airmen of "No. 2" know you are doing a swell job of keeping them healthy and it is really appreciated.

AC2 MARTIN, R. F.

"The time has come," the M.O. said

"To talk of many things:

Of bones—and burns—and tourniquets—

Of haemorrhages—and slings—

And why the brow is clammy wet—

And whether heat's the thing."

The upper floor of Park school has been a busy spot the past few months for our First Aid lectures and examiners. Many flights of trainees have been instructed in the mysteries of the how, when and why, of St. John First Aid. We will miss F/L Park as we carry on this work, because his able supervision solved many a problem.

We welcome F/L F. R. Attridge, LAC's Gibson and Mattson, and AC's Lalonde and Heisholt, to our midst. May they like us and their work here.

F/Sgt. H. D. Kemp.



"HE BAILED OUT OF AN UPPER BUNK"

## MEDICAL MISCELLANEA

The Hospital staff were truly sorry to say goodbye to Squadron Leader D. Christie, and Flight Lieutenant R. J. G. Park. Their genial manners and co-operative efforts will be difficult to replace. S/L Christie has assumed the position of Senior Medical Officer at No. 11 S.F.T.S., Yorkton, and F/L Park, who had been with us since May, 1941, has filled an establishment vacancy at No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers. These stations are indeed fortunate in their acquisitions and we unfortunately in our loss. We wish them the very best of everything in their new work. In Dec. we lost the services of F/O E. P. Carruthers. He had been with us but a short time when he left for Paulson. We liked him—we know Paulson will.

## GARGLES &amp; SPRAYS

## Dedications:

To S/L Osborne:—A Hospital filled with patients all making model aircraft.

To S/L Elder:—Juicier tonsils and more deflected septums.

To F/L Riddell:—A special Treatment Sheet carefully marked q.i.d.; t.i.d.; b.i.d.

To F/L Durkin:—A brand new crop of histories.

To F/L Attridge:—A bottle of special purple ink.

To F/L Park:—Our sincere good wishes at Rivers.

To F/L Newstone:—More opportunities for spotting rare diseases.

To F/L Mitchell:—More "mature" aircrew with perfect vision.

To S/L Christie:—Lots of luck at Yorkton.



## THINGS WE ARE WONDERING

If AC2 Quirk is going to make or sell model airplanes after this war.  
If AC2 Andy Bell can still face cookies and cakes.

If AC2 Laubenstein really likes peeling potatoes.

When AC2 Kernen is giving his next wrestling exhibition.

If AC2 McNeil still likes orange juice and glucose.

If N/S Emke enjoyed working over Christmas.

If Sgt. Burkett has the recipe for Syrup of White Pine.

Where Sgt. Genest spent his New Year's Leave.

What that odd shaped, well packed, gift was that S/L Elder received for Christmas.

## LANGUID LIMERICKS

We have a F/Sgt. called Law  
Doesn't smoke, doesn't drink, doesn't  
chaw.

He appears to be mild  
Has the smile of a child.  
But don't cross him, he'll blister you  
raw.

Yes at last the linoleum's laid  
By the men who practice that trade.  
And the S.M.O.'s rages  
Caused by waiting for ages  
It is hoped will now wither and fade.

## DRAMA!

She started in the M.I.R., a box in one hand, a fork in the other, and a determined expression on her face. I watched her go through Ward I, she glanced from side to side but didn't stop—up the stairs to Ward II, as she reached the top of the stairs there was a gleam in her eyes, and the hand with the fork in it twitched for action. A deep thrust and a twist of the wrist and it plunges home deep and sure, another and another, and then into the holes she had made she thrust some of the contents of that mysterious box—a sigh of satisfaction and off she went to Ward III—more thrusting and digging and the satisfaction was becoming greater. Finally, with a triumphant step into Ward IV, and a final deep thrust from the sharp fork and more of the mysterious contents from the box were plunged home. Ah! She had done it again! Sister McCallum had given the plants another Fertab.

—K.B.M.





WITH one exception the Gremlins at No. 2 Manning Depot were a mischievous, trouble-making lot of little beggars—the lone exception was Gus Gremlin. Gus was a quiet, thoughtful little gnome who wandered about the barracks perpetually puzzling over things like "why does a chicken cross the road?" and "why do women say 'no' when they mean 'yes'?" While other Gremlins were roaming around the Depot like a pack of little wolves snapping stenographers' garters and interfering with the C.O.'s parade Gus would be up in the Recreation room working out a problem in astral navigation or reading up on the Sex life of the Sardine. Why Gus was like this and not like other Gremlins probably goes back to the time his mother was frightened by an encyclopedia just before Gus was born.

One day reading about the exploits of his kin folk overseas, those intrepid little Gremlins who ride with the R.A.F. on their forays over Germany, Gus got the urge to do some flying. Pondering ways and means to realize this ambition Gus decided to consult the commanding officer and without further ado he marched into the Great Man's office. Unfortunately for Gus another Gremlin had just finished perpetrating some mischief in the C.O.'s office and the C.O. was not feeling very kindly towards Gremlins. He looked at Gus very bleakly and his hand closed around an ink-well. Not perceiving these danger signals Gus cleared his throat and spoke his piece, "I want to fly, Sir. Can you arrange it for me?"

"Indeed I can," said the C.O. with great relish. And in less time than it takes a tell, a well aimed boot sent poor Gus soaring through space with all the grace and speed of a miniature Flying Fortress. Gus was certainly flying! How far he might have travelled in this manner will never be known because the Adjutant suddenly appeared from behind a corner and Gus made a wholly unexpected 12 point landing on the lower portion of said Adjutant's anatomy. When the Adjutant had picked himself up



## The Adventures of Gus Gremlin

### HE WANTED WINGS

he looked at Gus with a strange glint in his eye and said, "Help keep 'em flying, eh?" It was the boot trick again. This time Gus sailed off across the Arena and made a painful landing on solid wood somewhere behind Disposal Wing. When he had withdrawn all the slivers from his sit-down region Gus sorrowfully shook his head and remarked to the sparrow that was dozing on the seat beside him, "I guess I should have told them that I wanted to do my flying in an aeroplane. This way is too hard on a Gremlin's trousers."



Gus was the quiet, thoughtful type.

"It must be," said the sparrow sympathetically. "Why don't you go over to No. 12 S.F.T.S. They have planes over there."

"Thank you," said Gus. "I'll do that."

No. 12 S.F.T.S. offered no objection when Gus made his request to fly. Gremlins just naturally get their own way about things like that. Gus enjoyed his first trip up immensely, but something puzzled him. He spoke to the pilot about it. "Say, Sergeant, why do we keep circling over that cemetery?"

"That's not a cemetery," said the pilot. "That's the city of Brandon." Gus was a little depressed after that. He began to realize that he was getting into a rut. There were so many wonderful places to see—places like Toronto, Ottawa, Carberry and London, and here he was wasting his life in a place that looked all the world like a cemetery at 5,000 feet.

"The heck with being a small-town Gremlin," Gus thought. "I'm going to travel." After that split-second decision Gus packed his club-bag and scrambled. It was all very simple, too. Just a matter of hitch-hiking from one flying station to another. And before you could say Adolf Shicklegruber, Gus found himself standing on the tarmac of an R.C.A.F. Bomber station somewhere in England. Five minutes later he was fly-

ing over the channel bound for Germany.

"Gosh!" Gus gulped, and swallowed the wad of gum he had popped into his mouth just before leaving Brandon. The Germans were so glad to see the bomber that was carrying Gus that they opened up with a 21 gun salute that tore a hole in the belly of the plane—a hole just big enough for Gus to fall through. Gus fell! The worst part of it was when he stopped falling. The ground was so hard! Gus was plenty mad about the whole thing. He thought he had finished with that kind of flying after his first painful experience at No. 2 Manning Depot. And to make matters worse he found himself suddenly surrounded by a score of unfriendly-looking foreigners who prodded at him with their rifles and recited the word "spy" with a great deal of repetition and venom.

"If this is a new kind of game," said Gus grumpily, "I don't want to play." At this moment a newcomer appeared. This new arrival looked like the answer to a Salvage Committee's prayer. His huge bulk was festooned with more medals than a pawn shop window. He towered over Gus and belched, "I am Reich Marshal Goering! Who are you?"

"Herring, are you?" Gus snapped back. "You look more like a whale to me."

"Donner and Blitzen!" Goering roared. "I asked you a question—who are you?"



"I am a Gremlin from No. 2 Manning Depot," said Gus with dignity.

"I am a Gremlin from No. 2 Manning Depot," said Gus with dignity. "And please stop shouting. I'm not deaf." The Reich Marshal's attitude underwent a sudden change. He patted Gus on the head and smiled jovially. "Welcome to Germany, Herr Gremlin!" Then he addressed himself to the soldiers, "Fools! Is this the way to treat a Gremlin? Do you

want them to pester us the way they plague the Royal Air Force?" He patted Gus on the head again. "And now, Herr Gremlin, what can we do for you?"

"If this is Germany," Gus snapped. "I want to see your Sewer immediately."

"Sewer?" Goering repeated wonderingly, then he brightened. "But of course! He means our great Berlin sewer. A masterpiece of engineering. Yes, yes, Herr Gremlin, you shall see it immediately."

In no time at all Gus and Goering were rolling towards Berlin at top speed. When they arrived in the city workmen were already busy with picks and shovels ripping up the street. Soon the pipes of Berlin's sewage system were brought into view and Goering pointed to them with pride, "there, Herr Gremlin, is the sewer!"

"Who are you trying to kid?" Gus snorted. "The Sewer I'm talking about has a cow-lick and a moustache. In fact that's his picture on that bill-board over there advertising ersatz coffee." Goering looked at the bill-board and his face blanched. "Gott in Himmel," he whispered, "that is a picture of our Fuehrer."

"Fuehrer, Sewer, what's the difference," said Gus, "that's the fellow I want to see."

"I will arrange it," Goering stammered. "But please, please do not call him a Sewer."

(Read about the further adventures of Gus Gremlin in the next issue of the Post when Gus comes face to face with Adolf Hitler. It's a real fun fest! Get your copy early.)

—R.T.

### HIGHEST AND LOWEST

#### (Pathfinder)

The highest and lowest points in the United States are in the same state, only 60 miles apart. They are Mt. Whitney in California, 14,501 feet and Death Valley, 300 feet below sea level.

## No. 8 MANNING DEPOT, SOURIS

Sergeant Major Phillips sends us this interesting description of the new Manning Depot at Souris, Man.

No. 8 Manning Depot, is situated about 4½ miles East of the town of Souris, Man.

In construction it is not like good 'ole No. 2 Manning but was built for and will be a Service Flying Training School and is very similar to Brandon's own No. 12.

As one enters the main gate the inevitable guard house is passed, then the Administration Building and on a tour around the Station one passes the Equipment and Motor Transport Section. There is a large and well equipped Hospital, a Dental Clinic, Officers and Sergeants Messes and four large two storied double Barrack blocks of modern design taking advantage of every inch of space. A Supply Depot houses an R.C.A.S.C. Unit which supplies the necessities of life for the men on the Station. One passes a Post Office; a Works and Buildings Unit, Messing Halls and Canteens. The Station is also supplied with a large recreational hall, a vital necessity on a station of this nature, where games and sports are played and up-to-date movies shown three times a week. In short No. 8 Manning Depot is a small village in itself.

Several one time familiar faces about the Arena Building at Brandon are now seen here at Souris; Squadron Leader A. R. Knight, who assisted in the opening of No. 2 Manning is again burdened with the trials and

tribulations of opening a new station and is Commanding at Souris. He has as capable assistants Flight Lieutenant V. P. C. Sutton, Administrative Officer, a former Adjutant at Brandon, Flight Lieutenant C. H. Brown was recently posted here from No. 2 Manning as Adjutant and Flight Lieutenant F. A. Boughton, a familiar figure about the Arena a year or so ago is O.C. Training.

W.O.2 J. C. Phillips recently of No. 2 is in charge of Headquarters Orderly Room. Big soldiery looking Flight Sergeant Harold Buckby is Station Sergeant Major; Flight Sergeant Edward Daze of No. 2 Manning Depot is plenty involved in the work of obtaining and issuing equipment for the new Station. Sergeant Max Avren, Physical Training Instructor, is also here together with Flight Sergeant P. Sellers, Sergeant J. Patterson and Corporal J. Simpson, all ex-No. 2 Manning Depot N.C.O.'s.

Several times during the week prior to the opening of the station special trains arrived from the different Manning Depots across Canada and hundreds of young airmen poured out of the cars to commence a special eight weeks course of training involving experiments in Drill, Physical Training Instruction and Educational Training.

Before closing this article possibly a few words on the town of Souris would be of interest. Souris was founded in the year 1881 by the Snowden party from Melbrook, Ont. and today, is a town with all modern conveniences. A golf course and a large

park—Victoria Park—provide rest and relaxation in the summer months. Souris also boasts of a rink, dance hall, theatre and bowling alley and today, like so many other towns and cities in Canada this little town in Southern Manitoba is taking on a decidedly blueish tinge as hundreds of young men in the uniform of the Royal Canadian Air Force walk about its streets, patronize its stores and places of amusement and enter its friendly homes.

## THUMBS UP REVUE GOOD ENTERTAINMENT

Rated one of the best shows to appear at the Manning Depot this month, Thumbs Up Revue delighted a capacity audience of airmen and their friends who thunderously demonstrated their approval from beginning to end.

Spiced with novelty and variety, drama and comedy the show moved along with all the speed and zip of a stream-lined corvette. Entertainment highlights of the evening featured Helen MacDonald and her violin selections, songs by Florence Court, Mistress of Ceremonies, who got a big ovation, a drum solo by Kae McBride, the acrobatic antics of Dale Clark, dance novelties by Audrey Latteman and the Clark sisters, June and Ethel with their chiming guitars, song offerings by Dorothy Johnston, the Corn Huskers with their Hill Billy number, piano solo by Ruth King.

The concert was sponsored by the St. Boniface Kiwanis Club.

Playboy (assisting show girl with shopping): No, no, I don't like that coat on you, either. It doesn't look a bit attractive.

Show Girl: Then for heaven's sake, pick out something you'd like to see me in!

Playboy: Okay, let's go to the lingerie department.

## WILL HISTORY REPEAT IN '43?

Allied Headquarters, North Africa, —Some of the Frenchmen who believe in the periodic recurrence of historic events, advance this chain of circumstances to support their belief that the war will end in 1943:

The French Revolution took place in 1789. The German revolution took place in 1918, 129 years later.

Napoleon became emperor of France in 1804. Hitler came into power in 1933, 129 years later.

Napoleon started his campaign against Russia in 1812. Hitler made the same mistake in 1941, 129 years later.

Napoleon abdicated in 1814. In 1943, 129 years later, Hitler—

The old gentleman was lost in a London fog so thick he could scarcely see his hand before his face. He became seriously alarmed when he found himself in a slimy alley. Then he heard footsteps approaching.

"Where am I going?" he asked anxiously.

A voice replied weirdly from the darkness: "Into the river. I've just come out."

This Canadian Airmen's Gift Has Been Received by Hitler Now



These ground crew men of a Royal Canadian Air Force bomber squadron overseas spent loving hours preparing this gift for Hitler. The present went to Adolf by special delivery. The airmen are: Leading Aircraftman F. E. Ritchie, Toronto; Aircraftman H. J. Cole, Toronto; Leading Aircraftman J. H. "Molly" Molyneux, Calgary; Leading Aircraftman R. B. Wells, Alberta; Leading Aircraftman W. "Scotty" Whyte, South Porcupine, Ont.; Leading Aircraftman Bill Rawe, Galt; Leading Aircraftman "Burn" Davies, Hamilton; Cpl. Bill Robertson, Windsor; Leading Aircraftman Harold Shillinglaw, Toronto, and Flt. Sgt. Harry Wright, Montreal.



# RCAF. SEQUENCE OF TRAINING CHART

