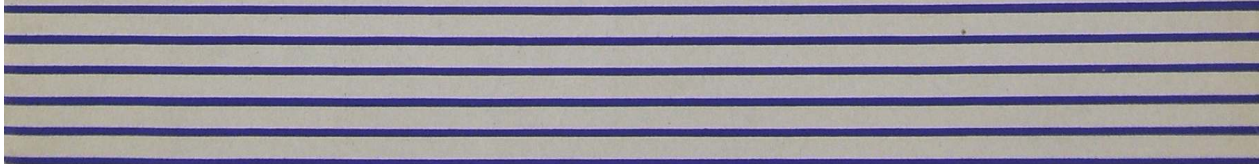


AIRMAN'S POST

NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT, BRANDON, MANITOBA



JUNE 1941



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THE AIRMAN'S POST

Vol. 1, No. 7.

No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Manitoba

June, 1941.

THE AIRMAN'S POST

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Discipline

Definition of Discipline:

Discipline may be said to be the Science of Conduct, or a system of moral ethics relating to conduct.

Sir John Moore, the "Father of British Discipline" terms it "A spirit which will make of the whole (Army, etc.) a living organism to replace a mechanical instrument".

He laid down the following principles:

(a) That it is necessary to have the Officers (and N.C.O.'s are officers without a Commission) efficient before the men, and to require of the Officers (and we add with equal force "of the N.C.O.'s") real knowledge, good temper and kind treatment of the men.

(b) That power (authority) should be delegated—and, the men should be taught to look up to them—

Moore's idea was to encourage, not to suppress intelligence; to make the development of the individual contribute to the effective unity of the whole; to enlist the zeal of all ranks in order to perfect the whole.

He set up as his ideal, and history shows how well he lived up to it, a perfect knowledge and an exact performance, and required of his subordinate a correct knowledge of their profession, ardent minds—order and regularity of conduct and unremitting attention to duty.

Necessity of Discipline:

An undisciplined armed force is a menace to organized society.

Without discipline there can be no orderly effort of any kind. Discipline represents regulated control.

Discipline is not peculiar to the armed forces. It is the basis of any society; where it ceases, chaos rules.

Railways and steamship lines are models of discipline. They have to be, or accidents would multiply and the lines be put out of business.

There is a rigid discipline of the church, of finance, of science, of every human endeavour and activity.

The rights of men and the entire sphere of his activities are irrevocably bound up with discipline.

Discipline More than a System of Punishment:

Discipline is much more than a system of punishment.

Punishment may be termed the negative aspect of discipline.

The positive aspect is seen in the results. Well disciplined officers and airmen will instinctively do the right thing no matter what the circumstances. Individually they are better men, mentally inured to hardships, prepared to sacrifice self in the larger cause; collectively, they are a force to be depended upon—far superior in action, and with greater ability to withstand the vicissitudes of war than are indifferently disciplined personnel.

Discipline results in concerted action—the application of power at any desired point, at a given time, and for a specific purpose.

Civilian versus Air Force Conception:

The term "Military Discipline" to a civilian is almost synonymous with the term "punishment". The term "Air Force Discipline" is almost too new for the public to have any set ideas upon. A good soldier, however, takes a definite pride in his discipline, as, to him, it implies personal efficiency and a high standard of conduct. He realizes that discipline is the bed rock of pride in the unit.

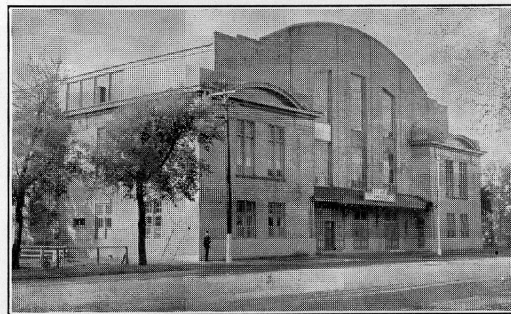
Air Force discipline must be such as not only to engender pride in the individual and the unit by the airmen themselves, but by the public as well.



WING COMMANDER R. M. SMITH

THE AIR FORCE ON THE AIR

No. 2 Manning Depot made its radio debut in a concert over the C.B.C. Network on the evening of May 13th. The half hour program of sing-song, with individual artists contributing, went over very successfully. George Young of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation was Master of Ceremonies.



NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT, ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE,
BRANDON, MANITOBA

Hence by our conduct, shall Air Force discipline be known.

Basis of Discipline:

The true basis of discipline is a spirit of willingness, cheerful obedience and regulated enthusiasm.

It ensures team work, the working with precision and exactness of the multiple parts which make up the Air Force machine.

K.R. & O. for the R.C.A.F. defines discipline as a willing, prompt and implicit obedience of all ranks to superior authority. (Para. 431A).

Elsewhere it has been defined as the habit of instantaneous and instinctive obedience under any and all circumstances. (See also Para. 3, Chap. 1, A.P. 818).

The dispatch of letters to England from Sweden has become extremely cumbersome. To send a letter, for example, from Goteborg to London today, it must be directed via Moscow and Siberia to the United States and thence across the Atlantic, virtually the entire distance around the globe.

Some of the highlights of the broadcast were as follows:

Bill Haynes singing "Careless, assisted by the personnel of the Manning Depot.

Sergeant Gordon Ling rendering "Give a Man a Horse he can ride."

Mickey Beaford's hot version of "Dinah" assisted by personnel.

Tim Howard's Old Time orchestra in a well received number.

Sergeant Hutton singing "Sergeant Major on Parade" with personnel joining in on last chorus.

The No. 2 Manning Depot "Swing Quartette" featuring Buff Esteson on the "Git Stick" assisted by "Peek" Peckhold, tenor sax, George Hartrick, piano, and Jack Simpson, vocal.

A rousing sing-song brought the show to a close.

Judy—My big moment always whispers 'Pet' when he knocks at my door.

Ann—I know; that's your nickname.

Judy—No, silly, that's our pash-word.

TO THE PERSONNEL OF No. 2 MANNING DEPOT

As your Commanding Officer, this, no doubt, will be the last article I will write for "The Airmen's Post," No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon.

It was with a great deal of personal satisfaction that I saw this Depot built and constructed and organized to house the thousands of men who have passed through its gates.

The men in the past, as I know in the future, have had a reputation, and will maintain a reputation, for this their first Depot in the Royal Canadian Air Force. There have been numerous reports from Stations the length and breadth of Canada of airmen who have gone on to other duties as well as Aircrew who receive their initial instruction here.

It is with wholehearted regret that I leave this Station, and I take this opportunity of thanking the officers, N.C.O.'s and men who are now here, also those who have gone to other Stations, for their wholehearted co-operation in making this Station what it has been in the past.

I also wish to ask you to give the same co-operation to the new Commanding Officer, Wing Commander J. S. Scott, who will take command June 9th.

I wish you the very best of success and good luck for the future. I know you will maintain the glorious reputation of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

(R. M. SMITH) Wing Commander,
Commanding Officer.

FAREWELL DINNER

The officers of the Manning Depot met to bid farewell to their Commanding Officer, Wing Commander R. M. Smith at a formal Mess Dinner held in the Prince Edward Hotel. Squadron Leader A. R. Knight acted as Mess President and Flying Officer Sutton as Vice President.

Following the toast to the King, the President presented Wing Commander Smith with a small memento from his brother officers, and in doing so he expressed the regret of all present that he was to be transferred. Squadron Leader Knight stated that the officers had learnt to respect and appreciate the excellent qualities of their Commanding Officer during the time of his command and that it was largely due to his untiring efforts and his noted fairness that he had been able to depend on the willing co-operation of all who served under him.

"We all feel," the President said, "that we are losing not only our Commanding Officer but a trusted friend. We wish Wing Commander Smith every success and happiness in his new command."

SUCCESS AND HAPPY LANDINGS

On all sides throughout this station are heard words of regret that Wing Commander R. M. Smith is shortly to leave this Depot. He has been with the station since its inception and throughout the time of his command has retained the admiration and respect of all ranks.

Many men have passed through these doors since April 1940, and these men have appreciated the work and efforts of their C.O. and readily realized that he had an intense interest in their welfare, and was ever ready to support any effort for their well-being.

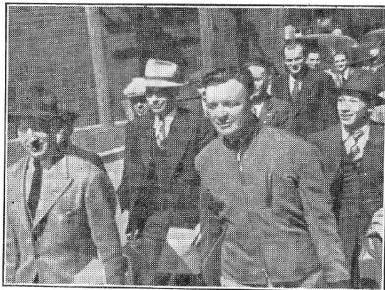
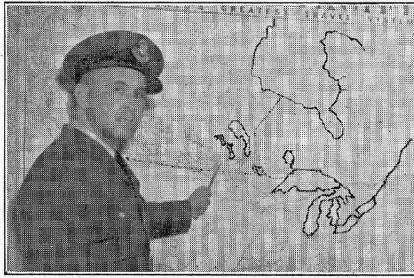
We can assure Wing Commander Smith that he has a host of friends and well wishers from one end of the Dominion to the other.

The Journey of a Typical Recruit Through No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Man.

By Fit./Lt. R. G. McLean

It is here at the No. 2 Manning Depot in Brandon that the recruit first becomes familiar with drill and discipline. He is documented, inoculated, and his teeth are examined and charted. With the aid of the following pictures and brief narrative we will take you with a typical lad through his initial training period. This is the transition period from a civilian to an airman with a new and vital job.

It is suggested that the article on discipline be read in conjunction with the pictures and narrative covering a typical trainee's initial training.



• • •

A group of trainees arriving at a Brandon Railway Station, anxious, enthusiastic and inquisitive about their new life.

• • •

Close up of a typical recruit.

• • •

The trainees are marched to their new home known as "C" Squadron, some 150 yards within easy walking distance from the train.

• • •

The Medical Officers see each recruit a good number of times in his comings and goings here. Each lad is examined immediately after arrival to weed out any illness that he might spread to the old timers at the Depot.

• • •

The recruits having been marched in orderly fashion to the Pay and Records Office are now shown completing Occupational History Forms, Wills, Dependents Allowance, various agreements and other forms.

It is with pride that we point out that application for Dependents' Allowance go forward within twenty-four to forty-eight hours after arrival.



"We Band of Brothers"

By Vincent Sheehan
(Reprinted by permission of RED BOOK)

You will be reading in the newspapers how many English planes met how many German planes, and how often. You will know the disparity of numbers, the comparative qualities of the planes, the incidence of death among them. The absence of air combat during the winter, owing to reasons only too obvious to anybody who knows the English climate, will soon be forgotten; it will seem to the witness (from afar) that there never has been a time when the sky over the south and southeast of England has been free from the clash of combat machines.

What you will not be hearing or reading, of course, is that these young men waited the whole winter long for their chance; that they were chafing at the bit; that they wanted what they are going to get with the clearing skies. You will not have heard or read what they are like.

In the coming struggle England's defense will lie to a very considerable extent in the hands of a few hundred boys of twenty or twenty-one. Among the bombing crews the ages run a little higher, but even there not many men in active service are over thirty years old. It is these boys (the fighter pilots) who will have to attack Goering's waves of bombers again and again if the great offensive is to be beaten off. They are not all English: an increasing number come from Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and the United States. A number of American pilots were in service even during last summer's air war, scattered through the lighter squadrons of the R.A.F., and all enlisted through Canada. Among these was the popular and rich was snooty Billy Fiske, from New York, who was shot down in August. To their number has been added one entirely American Squadron (the "Eagle" Squadron) in recent weeks. And in addition to all the English-speaking volunteers there are also Poles, Czechs, Frenchmen, Norwegians and Hollanders in the service, fighting for the countries they have lost during this fateful year.

Duelists in armor, with wings, they are the romantic heroes of this war, reviving the associations of a long-past era of combat. They would repel any such idea with energy, since they are for the most part averse to fancy words; and yet it is wholly true. What they do demands such high physical perfection and such intrepidity of spirit that they have to be, practically speaking, a breed of heroes. With all of this, they are as brief and slangy as any young men of their age anywhere; they do not appear to have any idea of how exceptional even their most routine work is; and they tend to reject the big patriotic words, phrases, ideas, as wholeheartedly as they reject every other kind of pretense.

To give an idea of how they go about their business, I should like to tell the story of a young fighter pilot named Bill, on a certain day last July. (The R.A.F. is averse to seeing individual names in print, and perhaps Bill would dislike seeing his story passed on, so I do not give his full name: he told the tale to his sister in hospital, and I had it from her.) He had gone up three times on that one day, and had shot down a Messerschmitt each time. I believe his total for the day was actually five—a feat for which he received the Distinguished Flying Cross a month or so later, when he had recovered from his wounds.

At the end of this phenomenal day, Bill found that his own plane was on

fire. He had been wounded; it was high time to get out. He did so, refraining from pulling the string of the parachute for the necessary twenty seconds or so. Then he plummeted through the upper air, getting away from his own and the enemy planes, until he could stand it no longer and opened up the 'chute. This was more than four miles up above the southeast coast, where the winds are brisk; the parachute began to sway from side to side with considerable violence. Bill was very seasick. (They look like children's toys up high in the air, the men swinging almost a half-circle as the parachute oscillates in the wind). Just when he was feeling most sick and sorry for himself—having lost a good deal of blood as well—he heard a Messerschmitt roaring down after him. "So," he thought, "Jerry's coming to machine-gun me." He tried to think of something he could do. The possible range of action is limited under such circumstances; he was in heavy harness, four miles high, in a brisk wind. The only thing he could think of to do was to light a cigarette.

Those who know about such things tell me it is probably more difficult to light a cigarette up there than it was to shoot down five Germans. And of course it was sheer bravado—Bill didn't really want the cigarette; but what would be the point of being twenty-one, and a fighter pilot, if you were not entitled to a little show of bravado at the moment of death? So he lighted it, slowly, carefully, with infinite difficulty. He had to fish out the cigarette first, which was hard enough, and then get it somehow alight with his supposedly windproof lighter. He did it, and puffed once, twice. The German plane was now directly opposite him, the pilot clearly visible.

Airman probably spoke to airman, somehow, in those two or three seconds, passing over the differences of nationality, party creed, "Weltanschauung". The German had Bill at his mercy. They looked at each other straight, for one fraction of a second, and Bill puffed his cigarette defiantly. The German saluted him and zoomed on again into the sky, resuming altitude at top speed.

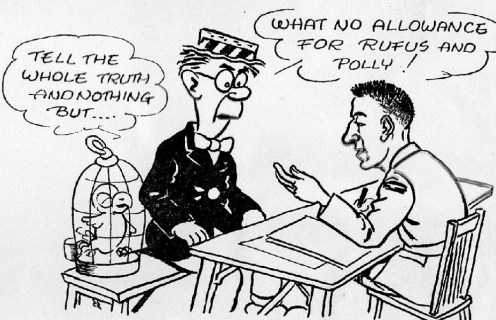
That was peril number one, safely passed. Bill threw his cigarette away and looked down. He was sinking toward the Channel—"the drink", as the aviators call it. Weak and sick as he was, and encumbered by his parachute harness, there was no chance of survival in the water. He was a little dazed now, and had no idea which string to pull to guide (or help guide) the parachute. For what seemed like an eternity, and might have been ten minutes, he sank toward certain death in the water. Then, at a safe distance above the Channel, he fell upon a steady landward breeze which whisked him away toward the English shore. Peril number two—"the drink"—had been safely passed.

But now he was scudding along toward an English town, coming down steadily, and peril number three loomed very large. That was in July, and the country was full of stories about how the angry citizens rushed up to anybody who descended in a parachute: all such were supposed to be Germans. For another ten or fifteen minutes Bill, only half-conscious, suffered acute anxiety. "I got away from the German and the drink," he thought confusedly, "but here's where the English catch me and mistake me for a German." He sank at last, after about half an hour's journey with the parachute on a roof in the town of Worthing. Sick, wounded and dazed as he was, he dreaded the thought of being attacked by his own people.

(Continued on page 7)



Joshua arriving on Rufus with Polly. Private transportation granted.



FAIR EXCHANGE

During military operations in the Far East, one side captured the other's general. An envoy was sent to negotiate his exchange.

"We will give you four colonels for him," said the envoy.

The offer was declined.

"Eight majors?"

"No."

"What then?"

"We have given the matter most careful consideration, and the least we can accept are two dozen tins of condensed milk."

THE MODERN WANDERER

"What happened to the mother who used to put a candle in the window to guide her wandering son?"

"Now she turns on the floodlights at the landing field."

HEART TROUBLE

"How's the patient in room 46 progressing?" inquired the doctor. And the nurse retorted, "Not half as fast as he thinks he is, the fresh thing."

HELP WANTED

The circus owner was hiring a new lion tamer. "Now all you have to do" ordered the owner, "is step in that cage and let the lions know you're not afraid of them."

"I couldn't do that," objected the applicant. "I couldn't be so deceitful."

THE DOUBLE NEGATIVE

Two airmen were talking. Said the first, "So your girl friend has the bad habit of repeating herself?" And, replied the second, "Yes, she always says 'No!'"

INVITATION

The beggar stopped a haughty matron and whined, "I beg your pardon, mam, but you wouldn't want to see a poor man walk the streets all night, would you?"

"Well," replied the matron, "it might be interesting to watch, but I have to go home and go to bed."

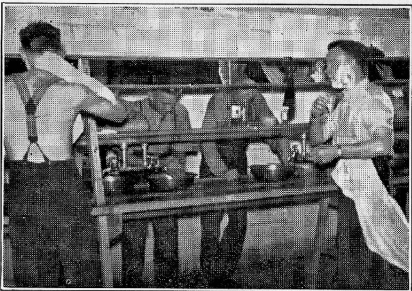


The service provides a variety of uniforms, summer and winter dress and working uniforms. Uniformity in dress is a prime requisite in discipline.



Neatly dressed airmen give an air of efficiency while a slovenly dressed airman denotes an air of delinquency.

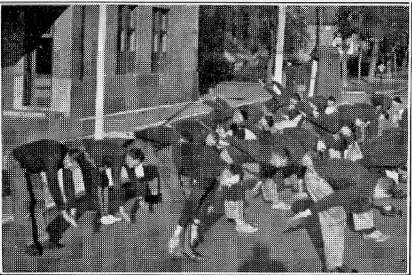
Pictured to the right the trainee is being fitted by the R.C.A.F. tailor.



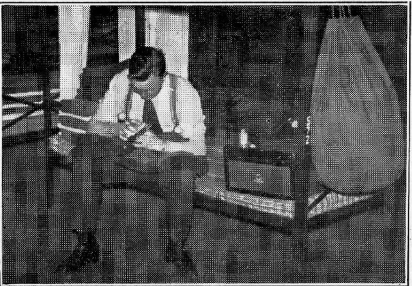
To the left we see the recruit having his early morning wash and shave. Cleanliness is necessary to good discipline.



Sounding of Reveille at a set hour will be a new experience to the recruit, invariably more pleasant than an alarm clock.

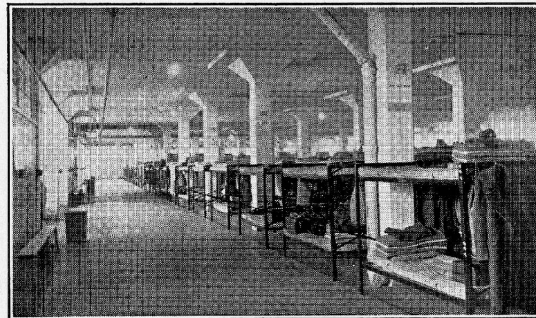


It is recognized that physical exercises, other than obtained in drill manoeuvres, etc., has a value in keeping the body fit. Here we see a group of recruits having their morning P.T.



Here we find the recruit cleaning his buttons, his bed made up, bedding properly folded, clothing necessaries and person articles neatly and uniformly arranged. Frequent kit inspections "stay" the hand of the chronic borrower.

To the right is a picture of the Barrack Room. Uniformity and cleanliness of the Barrack Room is essential. Some recruits are untidy and have no conception of order. These rooms are kept clean and well ventilated. The Barrack Room is the airmen's temporary home.



THE OLD KNIGHT

The old Knight stood by the chapel door
 And watched them ride away:
 The young knights clad in shining steel,
 Helmet on head and spur on heel;
 He watched them ride in pomp and pride,
 Sturdy and strong to right the wrong,
 And keep the foe at bay.

With an aching heart and a glistening eye
 He thought of the bygone day
 When he like them had been wont to ride
 With lance in rest and sword at side,
 Had done his part with a steadfast heart,
 Sturdy and strong to right the wrong
 And keep the foe at bay.

Now as jetsam flung upon the sand
 Useless and torn and grey,
 Never again would he ride with them
 The flowing tide of wrong to stem;
 His soul was sore, for never more
 Could he depart with steadfast heart
 To keep the foe at bay.

But he looked again at the chapel door,
 And something seemed to say:
 "There is a weapon the old can wield
 And 'tis stronger than earthly spear
 or shield,
 Yonder is work you may not shirk,
 Go enter there and kneel in prayer
 To keep the foe at bay.

SHIRT TALE

"She's always looking for a man
 who'll give her the shirt off his back."
 "She's a goldigger?"
 "No, a laundress!"

EATING HABITS

Here's a dollar for you and your family,
 you poor starving fellow,
 I suppose that means meat on the table."
 "I should say not!"
 "Goodness, aren't you going to spend it for food?"
 "Yes, but we're vegetarians."

Wifey—Everyone of those men you invited
 to our party last night tried to make love to me.
 Hubby—Well, what can I do about that?
 Wifey—Invite them here again.

AC2 (dreamily)—Did you ever see the man in the moon?
 Pilot (absent-mindedly)—No, but I've seen a lady in the sun.

BROWN'S DRUG STORE

A complete stock of
KODAKS always in stock
 Priced from \$1.35 to \$38.50
SHEAFFER FOUNTAIN PEN SETS
 \$2.50 to \$17.50

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 Triple Medalist in Pharmacy
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Our Heart and Home Corner

Note: Hortense Heartburn is still dishing out the old guff to lovelorn airmen and their afflicted sweet-hearts. If you have an aching heart or a pain in your gizzard drop a note to Hortense and she'll prescribe something to put you out of your misery.

Dear Hortense: I am a young ambitious airman, and I want to go places in a hurry. What can you suggest to help me? Enterprising.

Dear Enterprising: Put your nether end up against a whirling propellor blade, and how you'll go places in a hurry. Hortense.

Dear Hortense: I am a young girl of eighteen, and very much in love with an airman. But sometimes he acts very queer, such as flapping his arms about like a windmill, and making noises like a combustion engine. Do you think there might be insanity in his family? Alarmed.

Dear Alarmed: There's nothing to worry about. All airmen act that way. It's a peculiar habit they have. But just in case the urge to fly becomes too strong you better put the matrimonial handcuffs on him while you have the chance. Hortense.

Dear Hortense: I am a Corporal in the R.C.A.F. and I yearn for the warm embraces of beautiful women, but all they give me is the cold shoulder. What shall I do? Pensive.

Dear Pensive: Buy a copy of Esquire, you dope, and use your imagination. Hortense.

Dear Hortense: My daughter is just crazy about uniforms, and she spends all her time chasing after airmen. What can I do about this? Worried Mother.

Dear Worried Mother: If your daughter wasn't chasing uniforms, the uniforms would be chasing her—so what's the difference? Hortense.

Dear Hortense: I am an airman, and I fell madly in love with a beautiful Brandon girl that I met at a party the other night. Do you believe in love at first sight, Hortense? Ecstatic.

Dear Ecstatic: Don't ask me what I believe in. I wouldn't tell you anyway? And as for love at first sight, well why not? Many a man has plunged his last dollar on a horse at first sight, and collected some juicy dividends. Many a man has lost his shirt doing the same thing, too. Take your choice, kid. Hortense.

SLUM LADS FIGHT FIRES OF LONDON

One night, when the bombs were falling on London in showers, a group of boys went out to see if they could do anything to help their neighbors.

These boys had grown up in the slums of Wapping Island—and they were tough.

Now every night the Germans start dropping their incendiaries and high explosives, the boys go out to lend a hand.

They are known as the Dead End Kids of Wapping.

Their heroic work, passing almost unnoticed, is invaluable to the firemen on the Thames near Wapping when men who stand guard over the wharfs the incendiaries fall.

Night after night this unofficial defense service has gone into action. The boys have forgotten the number of fires they have put out since they started their work of helping London's firemen.

They have formed themselves into four squads, and they stand by in



H. RICKARD
 The Post's Cartoonist

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YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE
 Tenth St. Phone 3288

Starting Thursday, May 29,
 For 3 Days

1941's Great Glamour Musical

ALICE DON
 FAYE AMECHE
 CARMEN MIRANDA

In

"THAT NIGHT IN RIO"

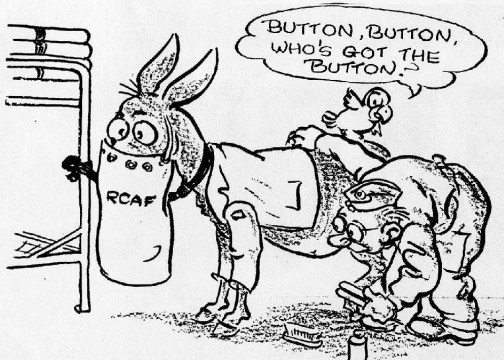
in TECHNICOLOR

COMING MON., JUNE 2nd.

"THE LADY EVE"

The Biggest Laugh Since

Eve Ribbed Adam!



GETTING READY FOR KIT INSPECTION.

the shelter. When the fire-bombs come they go into action.

But the boy heroes from the slums have suffered casualties.

In London's greatest fire blitz the squads had gone out, regardless of danger. Two of the lads were killed while rescuing horses from a burning building.

Another was drowned when he slipped from a barge.

But three more boys joined the ranks immediately.

The firemen in Wapping say that the Dead End kids ought to be recommended for their bravery.

She—Hmm! So you're planning to write a real down-to-earth-story?

He—Sure, sweetie, it's about a parachute jumper!

The big-hearted stranger approached the ragged individual who was sitting on the curb, crying his eyes out. When the stranger asked what the trouble was, the ragged one weeped that his father was a failure.

"Cheer up," soothed the stranger. "Maybe your father isn't a failure."

"Oh, yes, he is," sobbed the fellow. "For twenty years he's tried to make a gentleman out of me, and I'm still a bum."

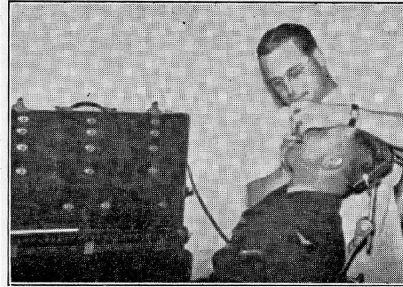


We see here a Dental Inspection and charting of trainee, also X-Ray and Dental Kits. the war immediately created the tremendous problem of supplying comprehensive dental treatment for almost 100,000 men who presented themselves for service, each of whom was found to have an average of approximately seven defective teeth.

One of the greatest tasks confronting this new Corps was the design of the necessary equipment and the choice of the large number of individual items of which it was composed.

The dental kits, above all, must be portable and permit of being rapidly put into action. The contents of these kits will enable a dental operator to perform practically any operation in modern dentistry from the extraction of a tooth to the construction of a bridge or denture.

Other kits, for the dental technician, the X-ray officer and the instrument repairer, are equally compact and comprehensible. Altogether, it is felt that this feature of the organization of the Canadian Dental Corps is quite creditable and will stand comparison with that of any other dental service.



Then begins a journey through a vaccination for small-pox, three injections for typhoid fever and tetanus (lock-jaw) and a Dick test. A few of the lads with Positive Dick tests receive 5 more shots to protect against the ravages of scarlet fever. And ere they pass to distant fields, they must all pass the knowing eye of one of the M.O.'s. Incidentally, because of regular examinations we have never had a serious epidemic and at no time have we had to stop troop movements.



Here we see recruits being shorn of their "curly locks" to receive a military haircut.



Springing to attention when an officer passes is a good sign. It impresses the officer or civilian with the smartness of the airman and his unit. It impresses the airman with his own smartness.

Here the recruit is shown how to salute in a proper manner. It is indicative that the airman who salutes smartly and who does not evade saluting by devious methods is equally diligent in his work. Saluting is one of the important factors in maintaining discipline. Proper compliments are always paid.



"WE BAND OF BROTHERS"
(Continued from page 3)

They rushed up, of course, many of them, but not to kill him: they brought bandages and first-aid kit, cups of tea and all the rest of it. He was handed down tenderly from the roof, surrounded by friendly voices and figures. And the only real loss he suffered from all his half-hour's adventures was this: every button on his uniform was snipped off for a souvenir.

He recovered from his wounds and went to Buckingham Palace a month or so later to receive his decoration from the King. It would be satisfactory to say that he lived happily ever after; but since he returned to the squadron in September, this may not be true. If he is still with the squadron, he is undoubtedly happy, anyhow; for one of the funniest things about this breed of men is that they do seem to be happy where they are. It has been difficult in many cases, to make them take their leaves and rest periods on the scheduled times, and they always return to the squadron with great eagerness.

Their poet is no contemporary, but Shakespeare himself, whether they know it or not—the Shakespeare who wrote: "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers." Remember? Harry the King says it, in Henry V, Act IV, Scene 3, and along with other things: "... he which hath no stomach to this fight, Let him depart; his passport shall be made, And crowns for convoy put into his purse: We would not die in that man's company That fears his fellowship to die with us."

There are squadrons in the R.A.F. which have been wholly renewed since last June. Famous throughout the service, for example, is 85 Squadron: it has nobody in it now who was with it in France in May. I think the last to die of the original fighters in that mighty little "band of brothers" was Dicky Lee, who was shot down over Folkestone at the beginning of September. Dicky was the top ace of the R.A.F. when he died. He had had some of the most astounding experiences of the whole incredible summer. Shot down behind the German lines in France, he landed in his own mess and bomb it at mealtime,—particularly at tea-time, the meal where most men are likely to be present at once—they reap a fine harvest of murder.

he was taken to London to hospital. He was twenty years old.

Another celebrated fighter squadron is 601, made up originally of young men who had been amateur flyers before the war. Squadron 601 distinguished itself in Norway and France before it began its epic career of this past summer. Then, when the air battle over England opened in July, 601 was with 85 and another band (I think 152) at Tangmere, a forward airbase on the Sussex coast. Some day when this war is over somebody will tell the story of Tangmere in full. Owing to its position, it was one of the forward airbases which most constantly sent up planes to intercept the waves of German daytime bombers which initiated the air war and tried to drive the R.A.F. from the sky.

Every day brought its tale of almost inconceivable heroism, taken for granted. (The story I told, of Bill and his parachute, is a Tangmere story.) In August, when the daytime attacks intensified, all of the forward airbases were bombed again and again. Tangmere and Manston got it any number of times; the last time I saw Manston it looked like a total wreck, and yet I believe it is still being used. (It is difficult for any bombing to destroy a runway beyond repair; and the hangars, or some of them were underground.)

Before the war a concerted effort was made by higher officers in the R.A.F. to get all the principal airbases put underground—that is, their administration buildings, hangars and mess. The estimate made by the investigating committee was, I believe, higher than Mr. Neville Chamberlain and his economical government thought they could afford. Consequently a wholly unnecessary number of these brave and valuable boys have been killed on the ground. The worst case I know of occurred at a big airbase in Kent, not far from Maidstone, where the Germans dived over the field and bombed the mess at tea-time. Of course they were all there, and not many escaped uninjured—a casualty-list of seventy, dead and wounded was the result.

This recalls another terrible casualty of the present war which the censor—that enemy of the human race—would never permit to be sent out from England. It was the bombing of the Irish Guards in Norway. They were at tea, just like the boys at Maidstone, when the dive-bombers came over and plastered the mess. The colonel and every officer there present was killed—the entire regimental mess was wiped out. This particular accident has happened often enough that we are obliged to think the Germans do it deliberately. If they can find a regimental or R.A.F. mess and bomb it at mealtime,—particularly at tea-time, the meal where most men are likely to be present at once—they reap a fine harvest of murder.

Thanks to the economy of Mr. Chamberlain's government, most R. A. F. buildings were above-ground during the battle of last summer. This was only another of the almost innumerable shortcomings which had to



be made good when Mr. Churchill came to power. In spite of every difficulty of material, labor and money, on which so many urgent demands are made at once; and in spite of the German bombings throughout the winter, an effort has been made and is being made to get many of them underground before the ordeal of next spring begins.

One night at a bomber station in Cambridgeshire I saw the big Wellington bombers take off for Germany and waited for their return just before dawn. They were away about six hours altogether. In a densely black night without moon or stars they came rolling up from their dispersal posts to the flare-path. You could see their green lights glimmering afar off as they started to move; regularly, on signals, they approached from all points of the compass, one by one, to take their places at the beginning of the flare-path. Then, again on signal, one great monster would sweep into the white light and roar down the field to a take-off. Once in the sky, he would circle the field once or twice, giving his recognition signal with the white light ("A for Andrew," or "B for Benjamin"—each plane having the signal of one letter) until he was signalled to proceed. Then, straight as a falcon, off to the east, to the sea

and the Continent. This was repeated at five-minute intervals until all seventeen had taken to the sky, and we returned to the mess to wait for them. They came back toward dawn, tired, hungry, not very cheerful until the hot, strong tea and the ham and eggs had revived them. Their hair was still plastered down from the sweat of their helmets, and the rear gunners (those who occupy that incredible gun-turret of the British bombers) were stretching cramped legs and arms. They had been much beset by anti-aircraft shells; one of the machines had been almost shaken to bits

(Continued on page 11)

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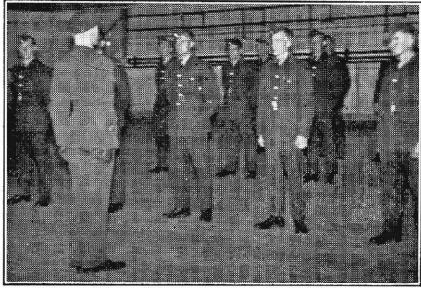
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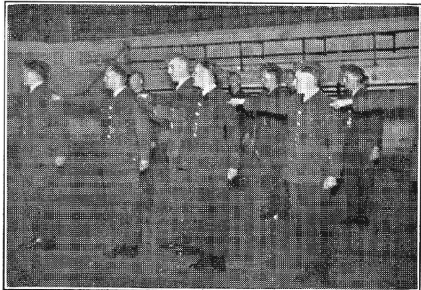
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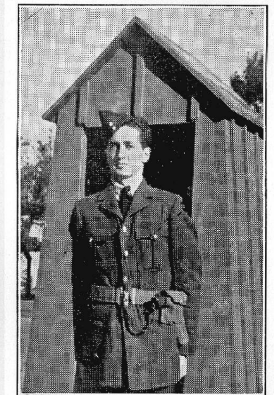
Falling in for the first time. Precision on parade has its counterpart in good precision, in work and action.



Standing at ease.



Right dress.



"On Guard". One of the sentries outside the Manning Depot.



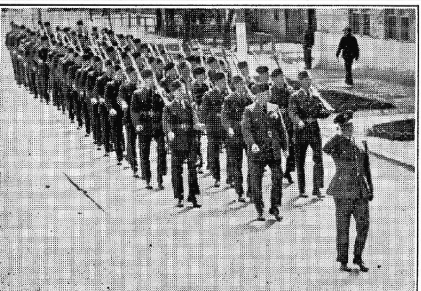
Illustrated here is the proper movement, on the command, "Quick March".



"On the range". Airmen are given a thorough course in Rifle Exercises.



On the March.



The March Past.



WING COMMANDER
E. Q. JENNINGS, D.D.

Formerly the first Roman Catholic chaplain at No. 2 Manning Depot, Wing Commander Jennings is now the Command Chaplain. It is particularly interesting to note that on the eleventh day of June coming, the Ceremony of Wing Commander Jennings' Episcopal Consecration will take place in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Edmonton, Alberta.

IN APPRECIATION

The Airman's Post takes this opportunity of expressing appreciation to Mr. R. M. Coleman, the photographer, for his painstaking efforts in connection with the series of pictures that appear in this issue. Mr. Coleman worked indefatigably to secure these photographs, and make this pictorial feature of our June issue a success.

—The Editor.

OH MY!—We've just heard of a waitress who was so dumb she didn't know whether lettuce was a vegetable or a proposition.

Mary Jones, here lies her bones,

For her death had no terrors;
Born a good girl, died a good girl,
No runs, no hits, no errors.

"Yessir, as soon as we married, my wife fired my secretary."

"Why, I thought she used to be a secretary, herself."

"Teh, that's why she fired her."

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**The Y.M.C.A. in
England**

Canadian Y.M.C.A. War Services in Great Britain sponsored a total of 13,310 different events for Canadian soldiers in 1940 for which there was an aggregate attendance of 3,151,732, reports Captain E. D. Otter, senior Y.M.C.A. officer overseas. This is exclusive of attendance in the Beaver Club which is operated by the Canadian Y.M.C.A.

During the year the "Y" had a total of 81 centres located in 12 different areas in Great Britain; had 13 motion picture projectors in service; circulated 37,244 books and gave out 3,532,750 sheets of writing paper and 1,295,500 envelopes.

The 13 mobile canteens made 2,889 trips and served 445,839 men, who drank 22,292 gallons of tea or enough to fill a small-sized swimming pool.

At the ice rink at Purley there was an attendance of 65,000 of which 43,000 men were in uniform who were admitted free of charge and who had the use of 1,530 pieces of hockey equipment supplied at a cost of \$4,000. In the swimming pool at Northampton 23,829 Canadian soldiers secured free baths and at Christmas 18,842 gifts and 89 Christmas trees were provided for the Canadian troops.

Including 468 volunteer workers, 18 trained Y.M.C.A. supervisors and officers and 33 civilian helpers, the Canadian Y.M.C.A. War Services overseas had a total staff of 563 at the end of 1940.

On transports carrying Canadian troops to England, Y.M.C.A. officers have organized 117 events with an attendance of 36,830.

The information bureau at Waterloo Station, London, has assisted 70,134 soldiers during the past year at a cost of \$2,182 while operating expenses of the Beaver Club from March 1, to December 31, 1940, were \$40,718 and were provided by the Canadian Y.M.C.A.

Captain Otter pays tribute to the British Y.M.C.A. which, with over 800 centres in Great Britain, places all its facilities at the disposal of the Canadian forces. At the Westminster Hostel in London as many as 350 Canadian soldiers have been accommodated in one night.

**Baled Out Twice in
a Fortnight**

A wireless operator in a heavy bomber squadron, a 19-year-old sergeant, has recently had to bale out twice within a fortnight.

On the first occasion he was nearly at the end of a ten hours' flight to Germany and back his bomber had almost reached the east coast when first one engine and then the other cut out. As the machine was rapidly losing height the captain gave the order to abandon aircraft at 3000 feet, and the crew of five jumped.

And the wireless operator came down in the sea.

Be Wise—Buy
**FRY'S
Batteries and
Spark Plugs**
**CONTINENTAL
AUTO SUPPLY
LIMITED**



"I jumped," he said, "and though for a few seconds I hardly knew what was happening, I pulled the cord as if by second nature. There was a terrific jerk on my shoulders and then I saw the great envelope swell out over my head. I soon lost sight of the rest of the crew. Down below was a choppy sea, with land a quarter of a mile away. I hit the sea feet first and plunged straight down. I went right under the water with the parachute on top of me. Though it must have been only a second or two, it seemed ages before I was able to slip off the harness, get free of the parachute and come up again. I was glad to see the moon.

"As I struck out for shore my heavy flying suit held me back, so that I had to fight for each stroke. The land looked very far away and never seemed to come any closer, but just when I thought I should have to give in, I touched ground and crawled out of the sea. The beach was flat and covered with mud. I slumped down and lost consciousness for about an hour. When I recovered I saw a building above a group of small rocks. I made my way there and at once some guards flashed their torches on me. I remember wondering what they would make of me, for my flying kit was covered all over with thick mud. They gave me cocoa and let me rest. Then they told me that I had been swimming through a minefield.

"On another flight about a fortnight later I had to bale out again, but this time over England. Even so, I thought I was in for another swim because I was floating down towards a river. But I just missed the water and landed easily on the bank."

BACK TALK

"I'm doing all right on the stage at the present time, gal, but there's really a much better part just ahead of me."

"Really? And what are you playing at the present time?"

"The rear end of a trick horse."

The Girl—Beast! Do you drink because it makes you see double?

The Man—No, baby, because it makes me feel single.

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Officers Uniforms**

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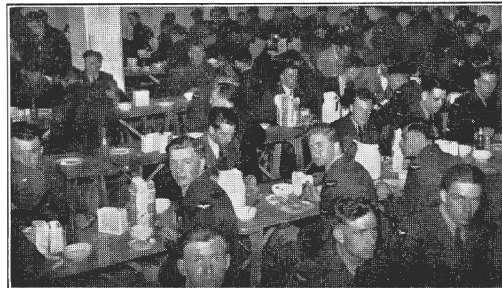
Interior view of the Depot Post Office where all mail is sorted.



The recruit serves himself—cafeteria style.



A big moment in the airman's life is when a letter arrives from home



1400 men can be served in the mess hall in one hour. Personnel of the kitchen have all had long restaurant and hotel experience. And all but three are residents of Brandon.



Our typical recruit enjoying his meal.



Sheet parade. Cool, clean sheets are regularly handed out to the men as part of the rigid program of cleanliness.

"WE BAND OF BROTHERS"
(Continued from page 7)

by them without being hit. It had been a night of poor visibility, and not one of them had been able to find his primary target; they had fallen back upon the secondary targets or had, in one or two cases, brought their bombs all the way back again, since they are not permitted the hazardous bombing in which the Germans delight.

These boys were mostly New Zealanders. One of the things I shall remember longest about them is the way they all rushed for the radio when they had finished their ham and eggs. It seems that this hour of the morning (about five or five-thirty) is about the best time to get New Zealand on the air in England. There was considerable fiddling about with the various buttons on the radio in the big lounge at the mess; some horrible squeaks emerged for a moment; then a jazz band began to play a tune. It was "All the Things You Are", an American tune very popular in England this summer. The young New Zealanders listened contentedly, a sort of far-away look in the eyes of one or two of them. It was an ordinary tune, played a hundred times a day: they could have heard it from London or New York just as easily; and yet somehow it brought them the thought of their far-off green island; it came from home.

The bombing stations and the whole bomber command in general have not caught the popular imagination quite so much as the fighter pilots, the knights of the air battle. And yet the bomber's work is in many ways much harder and more dangerous and in the long run, if the war is to be won, it must be largely by his efforts. The six men who go over to Germany in each Wellington or Blenheim have a long way to go; they are exposed to the fire of the best and most numerous anti-aircraft batteries now in existence; their opportunities to cut a dash, to distinguish themselves individually, are very much less than those of a fighter. They too have had many replacements in this war. (I talked to one South African who was the only survivor of the Wellington squadron which bombed Wilhelmshaven—remember?—in the earliest period of this war, before the Blitzkrieg. He seemed incredibly young, incredibly gay and high-spirited, yet he was the only one left alive out of the hundred-odd gallant youths who had engaged in that daring raid, the first of the war. Some died at Wilhelmshaven; all the rest had gone since.) As they stand around in the lounge, joking and talking, with their glasses of beer and their pipes after dinner, it is hard to realize that in a very short time they will be getting out to the field in harness, ready to take off, and that some of them will not return.

It was a lucky night at that station in Cambridgeshire: they all came back. There was some anxiety about the airplane which had the letter P—called "P for Percy". We watched them come in for about an hour and a quarter or more, several of them circling the field at once, ordered not

to land because there was an air-raid alarm on. P for Percy did not return. When all the rest were safely on the ground, and we had repaired to the mess for food, P for Percy was still absent. I noticed that his absence, although duly noted, was not excessively mentioned—it was in no way emphasized, and there was no suggestion that perhaps he might not come back. He did not come back for a long time; he had lost his way, I suppose; anyhow, it was about an hour later when we heard his engines roar over the field. There was then a great demand to be informed if it was P for Percy, and I realized that all these others had been, like myself, secretly thinking of him all the time.

One of the most celebrated pilots of the R.A.F.'s fighter command once said of these bomber crews something I shall long remember. This pilot is a first-class aviation celebrity, the holder of every decoration he could possibly hold; he has performed dazzling feats of skill and heroism. I was talking to him about his own squadron, the legendary 601. Perhaps, against my best efforts, some hint of the wonder and admiration with which I regard the fighter squadrons penetrated the talk.

"You ought to go and see more of the bomber squadrons," the fighter ace said. His eyes lighted up as he considered the question. "What we do is nothing in comparison; it's all over so quick. Go and see the bombers. Those boys are TOUGH."

CONFUCIOUS SAYS

With all this aerial warfare the stork is going to have a hard time getting around without being forced down.

The brain was made to think with—but the pocketbook forms most of the opinions.

You can tell if you have will power. Just try eating one peanut and refusing to eat another.

Germans disguised a submarine as a fishing boat. Next, they'll be trying to pass bombers off as homing pigeons.

The only thing about the movie hero that we envy is his ability to keep a clean shirt through all adversity.

"We are sailing against England" is the title of a Nazi song, but with the replacement of a single letter it would cover an entirely new situation. Substituting an "F" for an "S" the title of the song becomes: "We are Falling Against England."

You can't fool all the people all the time, a politician states. But you can if you have a good Gestapo behind you.

A man sentenced to death in Germany also had his citizenship taken away. This should make it much easier for him—wherever he goes.



JOSHUA TAKES UP THE MANLY ART.

SO IT CAN BE DONE!



HE SPOKE THE TRUTH JUST ONCE

What are the outstanding qualities of the British Nation?

A famous foreign statesman has defined them: "tenacity in its government" and "the spirit of the broad masses."

The famous foreign statesman said more.

He said that this combination of qualities enables the British nation "to carry through to victory any struggle that it once enters upon, no matter how long such a struggle may last, or however great the sacrifice that may be necessary, or whatever the means that have to be employed."

"And all this," concluded the statesman, "even though the actual military equipment at hand may be utterly inadequate when compared with other nations."

Who was this foreign statesman—this accurate, admiring, and prophetic student of the British character?

He was Adolf Hitler.

The quotation is from "Mein Kampf," Chapter Twelve.

Father—Son, you take accounting at college, don't you?

Son—Sure, Dad.

Father—Then maybe you can account for the silk lingerie you sent home in your laundry last week.

FEATHERED FRIEND

Male—Won't you be ashamed of yourself, appearing for your next dance in a single feather?

Female—Just the opposite. If I were ashamed of myself, I'd wear a lot of them.

Have you heard of the absent-minded cashier who rang up one of the waitresses and kissed his cash receipts goodbye?

CHEAP

Charlatan—For one hundred dollars I will tell you how to get a rich husband.

Girl—Go on! For fifty dollars I can get a divorce.

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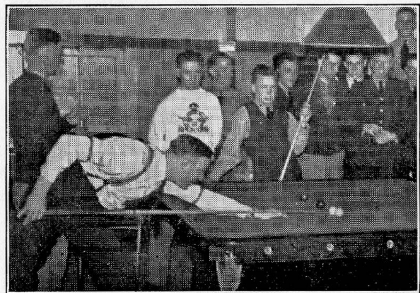
Getting pointers on the town from the Y.M.C.A. representative.



Reading, writing and recreation rooms tend to keep up the morale. And a well organized program of sport is a greater factor in good discipline and general morale than any heavy-handed system of discipline based upon punishment, fatigues and general unpleasantness. Sport not only tones up an airman's physique, but also his mind and spirit. It is a good general tonic.



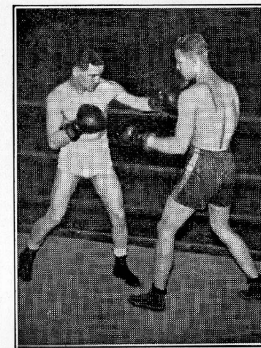
A hotly contested game of snooker in the recreation room.



For his quieter moments the recruit can obtain technical work and fiction from the Depot Library, of which he takes full advantage.



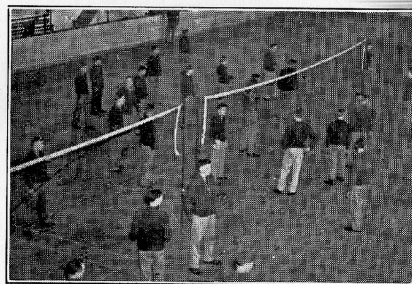
Here is a former bantam weight champion, Davey Peters, now Cpl. Peters, in action. Recruits are all given thorough instruction in the manly art of "self defence".



Canteens are provided where airmen may buy their personal necessities and soft drinks.



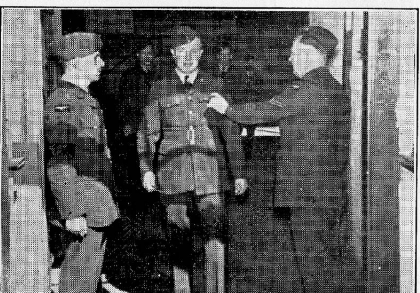
Ideal sport is the sport for all. Organized sport plays a large part in the recruit's training. Here is a typical sports parade turnout for volley ball.



Inspection by Service Police to see that airman is properly dressed before going out on pass.



To the airman, Daily Routine Orders are the counterpart of the Daily Newspaper. D.R.O's. are attached to the Notice Board and must be read daily.



A Word to the New Recruit

"Keep your mouth shut and your ears open." That was the old soldiers' advice to the new soldier, and it could serve as a sound, practical work-a-day slogan for the neophyte airman, too. Not, of course, to be taken too literally. Don't shut up like a clam and go around waving an ear-trumpet. It's still very important for your peace of mind and body that you answer to your name during roll-call, and divulge your identity on pay parade. What we mean is don't make a lot of loud and unnecessary noise with your mouth and miss hearing something that might do your future in the service a lot of good. Pay attention, and you'll get along all right.

The new recruit can make his life in the air force very pleasant if he develops the right mental attitude at the beginning of his service career. The transition from civilian life to military life is something that will require a period of adjustment, but if the newcomer shows a willingness to co-operate and learn it will not be long until he fits himself easily and naturally into airforce routine.

The reckless, madcap spirit of youth, as the contemporary novelists like to describe it, very often demonstrates itself with a good deal of noise and horse-play. And while this sort of thing might be perfectly understandable in the privacy of one's own home or at a football game, it might be more prudent for the new recruit to curb these violent tendencies, if he has them, while he's wearing a uniform. By that we don't mean that the personnel of the R.C.A.F. should go about wearing expressions of pious righteousness, and confine their recreational activities to playing dominoes and drinking soda pop. There is a time and a place for the man in uniform to wrap his fist around one of those buxom bottles with the amber complexion and the square label if he so desires. But let him remember to be moderate in that sort of thing, and he will never run afoul of those gentlemen who wear the red S.P. armbands. A good conduct sheet is something to covet and work for.

The calibre of a man is sometimes judged by his consideration for others. During your stay in No. 2 Manning Depot you will be a member of a very large family. And the great majority of your brother airmen in this family go to bed at night for the sole purpose of sleeping. And because of that they will not be particularly interested in your enthused description of the beautiful blonde you met at the Imperial Dance Gardens—especially if this song of praise is broadcast around midnight. An airforce day starts at 6 a.m. and by bedtime most airmen ask nothing more than to be allowed seven hours of peaceful and tranquil repose. If you feel an impulse to become conversational after lights go out bury your face in the pillow and recite Gunga Din eight times to the pillowcase. Another pain in the neck to those who crave sleep is the fellow

who delights in scraping his suitcase around the floor long after lights are out. Be considerate of your brother airmen at all times, if you expect consideration from them.

The washstand is a place to shave, wash, and brush your teeth, and a lot of airmen have got to go through that same performance in a limited time. You may be a good looking chap with a John Barrymore profile, but don't waste time admiring yourself in front of the mirror. There may be another chap waiting his turn to washup just behind you. If you want a mirror to prink and preen before go down town after duty and visit the tailor-shops.

Promotion in the airforce, as in private business, comes to the chap who earns it. And the opportunity to study and advance one's self is withheld from no man. You have relatives and friends back home who will be watching your progress in the service. Don't let them be disappointed. Buckle down and make the most of your opportunities, and when your period of service is ended you can look back on your life in the airforce and have the satisfaction of knowing that you contributed something worthwhile to it, and derived something worthwhile from it.

—R. Tyre.

THE AIRMAN'S ALPHABET

A is for air force, the service we're in
 B is for bombs we'll drop on Berlin
 C is for Corporal, acting unpaid
 D is for dollars, don't miss pay parade
 E is for eagles, the kind that we wear
 F is for females—air force beware!
 G is for Goebbels, polluted and noise-

some
 H is for Hitler, a new brand of poison
 I is for iniquity, which applies to the huns
 J is for Junkers that fall to our guns
 K is for kangaroo, our cousins below
 L is something they'll give to the foe
 M is Mussolini, the back-stabbing hero
 N is the nightmares we'll give to this Nero
 O is for oceans we'll span with our wings
 P is for pilot, his Hurricane stings
 Q is for Quisling, a species of louse
 R is for Roosevelt, our friend to the South
 S is for Spitfire, the fury that flies
 T is for Teutons she blasts from the skies
 U is for U-boat, the snake of the deep
 V is for valiant, the bold merchant fleet
 W is for wings, our skyway to victory
 X marks the spot where Hitler will quick be
 Y is for yellow—Benny's run-away fleet
 Z is something you try to complete.

—R. T.

LITTLE WILLIE AGAIN

Willie (catching dad kissing the cook)—Well, I guess I've got the goods on you. Kick through or I'll squeal.

Dad—Er, ah . . . how much do you want, son?

Willie—Quiet. I'm talking to the cook. I want three doughnuts, two pieces of pie and a slab of that strawberry shortcake.

DAWN PATROL

There in the waking dawn they stood,
 Twenty airmen true and good,
 The Spitfires motors' shuddering blast
 Washed out all memories of the past;
 They rose before them only lay
 The rising run of a new-born day.
 The Flight-Commander waves a hand
 And twenty Spitfires are quickly manned,
 Into the brightening sky they sail
 With screaming motors, and slip-stream's wall,
 And then like a fleeting shadow they come
 Their widespread wings against the sun;
 They're looking for Jerry to take
 Their toil,
 Twenty brave men on dawn patrol.
 —AC2 Carroll, R.R.

"Doctor, what's the difference between rheumatism and gout?"

"Well, first put your thumb in a vise, and screw it so tight that you can no longer endure it. That's rheumatism. Give it one more turn and that's gout."

Lady: "Young woman you have been bothering my husband."

Blonde (next door): "Why, I've never even spoken to the man!"

Lady: "I know, but you've been undressing with your shades up!"

Tops in Entertainment

at
BRANDON'S INDEPENDENT THEATRES

THE CAPITOL THE OAK

Eighth Street

Sir Frederick Bowhill
 Air Chief Marshall
 and Commander-in-Chief of the Coastal Command of the R.A.F.

says:

"THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND"

FIGHT . . . WORK . . . PAY

Democracies Must Be Free

A warm welcome extended to all men in the Services

D. B. ROBERTS, Manager.

Co-Ed—Your boy friend is said to be very talented in the athletic field.
 Chum—Yes, we park there every night.



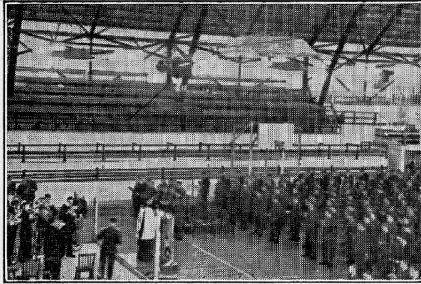
JOSHUA LEARNS TO WALK.



Buy Her Fresh LAURA SECORD CANDIES
 Shipments three times weekly direct from Toronto Factory
 Or Elizabeth Arden Beauty Aids in Attractive Gift Package
 — From —
Smith The Druggist
 730 ROSSER AVE. OPP. WOOLWORTH'S

MILITARY SPORTING GOODS
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O. STARK & SON
 Western Manitoba's Largest Sporting Goods Store
 BRANDON, MAN — PH. 3276

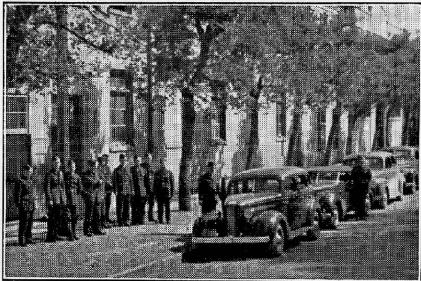
Old Soldiers of the Army and Navy Vets Welcome the New Men of the R.C.A.F.
ARMY & NAVY VETS
 Brandon Unit No. 10
 119-10th St. Brandon



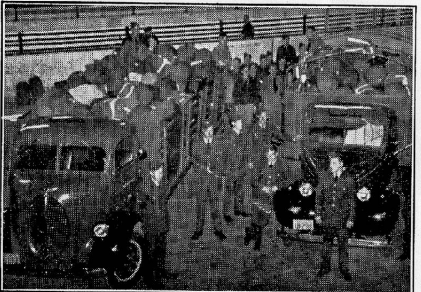
Chaplains are appointed to all R.C.A.F. stations. There are two main sections in this service, i.e., Roman Catholic and Protestant. The Protestant section contains representatives from all the main Christian bodies. The Chaplain not only looks after the religious life of the station but also must help care for the general welfare of the men.



Each Sunday Parade Services are held on all R.C.A.F. stations and extra services are held whenever the need may arise. These services are held in churches, on the drill floor, in hangars and often in the open air. When training is in full swing or on operational or fighter squadrons services must often be taken at odd hours or under most difficult circumstances but always if possible the service is carried on. The object of the Chaplain's Department is to keep alive in the men the need of constant devotion to Almighty God. It is easy to lose touch with religious duties in war time. War requires men's whole time and the intensive training leaves little time for serious thought, yet we are convinced that our need today is for man's full development and not the least important in this development is an ordered religious life.



An example of hospitable Brandon—Cars waiting to take airmen to such beauty spots as Killarney and Clear Lake.

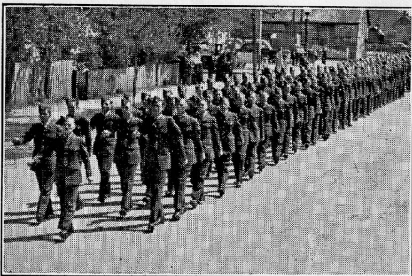
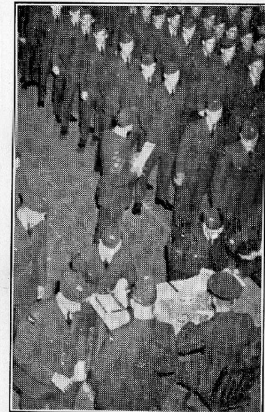


"Pay Parade". A section of the pay parade of a recent posting. Airmen are paid up to and including date of posting.

Regular pay parade of upwards of 2,000 men is handled in approximately one hour.



Motor transport laden with airmen's Kits ready for posting.



There are approximately 40 trades in the Air Force. When the men have completed their initial training at the Manning Depot they are posted to their relative schools. Aircrew go to Initial Training and mechanics to Technical Training Schools. On the left is a typical group of aircrew marching smartly on their way to entrain for more advanced training at another school. We bid them farewell, and wish them good luck and happy landings.

The Y.M.C.A. Column

Many airmen have admired the compact moving picture projector operated at this station by Y.M.C.A. Director A. D. Youmans. Here are answers to some of the questions asked about the outfit. Most common is 'what did it cost'. Well, that would be telling but it was not bought in the five and ten. The Ampro Projector Company of Chicago are the makers and it uses sixteen millimetre sound film. Light for projection is furnished by a 750 watt mazda lamp and there are five radio tubes connected with the sound system. The portable screen is of the very best beaded type which gives a good image to those seated some distance to one side.

Film service is given by General Films at Regina and Sovereign Film Distributors of Winnipeg. They route the programs to various centres and after the circuit is completed take them back for recuperation. The show we see on Friday starts out at Saskatoon S.F.T.S. on Monday and goes to Shilo after we are through with it. Various Winnipeg units show it in between these days.

Some fifty of these machines are in use by the "Y" in Canada to provide shows in barracks, hospitals, and other situations. Beside the shows at the Manning Depot on Wednesday and Friday a special showing is given the Air Force hospital on Friday too. Any airman who has had experience with either portable or theatre equipment is welcome to visit with the operator.

THOUGHTS ON FRIENDSHIP

The only way to have a friend is to be one. Emerson.

Friendship is to be purchased only by friendship. A man may have authority over others, but he can never have their hearts but by giving his own. Thomas Wilson.

When I remember the time we met
I pause for a little, and give God
praise,
That He, of His grace, in my life has
set,
That gladdest, goldenest day of my
days.

A. D. (Fred) Youmans, Y.M.C.A.

She—Want me to tell you why you
can't get in the movies as a great
lover?

He—Darling, I'm all ears.
She—That's it exactly.

Ask For
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ICE CREAM
69 Flavors

TAXI
MacArthur & Son
Ltd.

Phone 4581
24 HOUR SERVICE

The Automatic Cat Ranch Company

Golden Opportunities for Courageous Investors

AC2 McRustic, Esq.,
No. 2 Manning Depot,
Brandon, Manitoba.
Dear Mr. McRustic:

Knowing that you are always interested in a good opening for investments in live business propositions, I take the liberty of presenting to you what seems to me like a most wonderful business, and in which you will no doubt take a most substantial amount of stock.

The object of this proposition is to operate a large cat ranch in Swindleville, Manitoba, where land can be purchased cheaply for the purpose. To start with we will have about 1,000,000 cats. Each cat will have about 12 kittens per year. The skins run from 10 cents each for the white ones to 75 cents for the pure black. This will give us 12,000,000 skins a year to sell at an average of 30 cents each, making our revenue about \$10,000.00 a day gross.

A man can skin 50 cats per day at two dollars, and it will take 100 men to operate the ranch. Therefore the net profits will be about \$9800.00 a day.

We will feed the cats on rats and start a rat farm next door. The rats will multiply four times as fast as the cats. If we start with 1,000,000 rats we will have, therefore, 4 rats a day for each cat. Then we will feed the rats the carcasses of the cats we skin, giving each rat a fourth of a cat a day.

It will thus be seen that the business will be self-operating, self-sustaining, and automatic all the way through. The cats will eat the rats and the rats will eat the cats, and we will get the skins.

Awaiting your prompt reply, and trusting you will avail yourself of this opportunity to get rich quick.

Yours faithfully,
Gypsum and Hookem, Brokers.

P.S.—Eventually we will cross the cats with snakes and they will skin themselves once a year, thus saving the cost of the men's wages paid for skinning. Remember this is not a wildcat proposition.

FASTEST PLANE

A "go ahead" signal has been given National Steel Car corporation, of Montreal, to start tooling up their plant at Malton, Ont., and ordering material for new bomber production while negotiations are moving toward completion on a contract that probably will run to some \$30,000,000, it was learned recently.

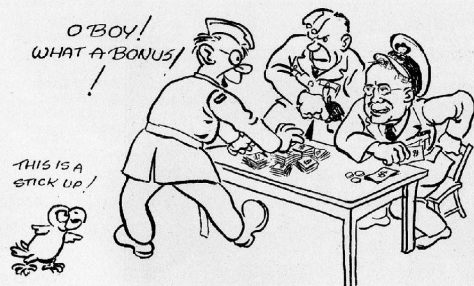
It was believed here the undertaking to build the bombers in the Canadian Car plant would be under license from the Glenn Martin corporation of the United States.

The bombers would be the Martin B-26 type, a medium bomber said to be the fastest plane of its type in the world and capable of making about 400 miles an hour and 350 miles an hour with a full bomb load. This aircraft is a twin-engined bomber.

RENT - A - BIKE

Fishing Tackle	25c	Rifles
Tennis Rackets	ONE HOUR	Ammunition
Air Force Grips	ENJOY THIS PLEASANT DELIGHTFUL EXERCISE	Model Airplane Supplies

LACEY'S CYCLE SHOP
155 - 9th Street



PAY PARADE.



THE FINISHED PRODUCT.

THE SHAME OF IT

Oh! Emerald Isle across the sea
My island home so dear to me
What hast thou done that thou should
be
The scorn of all who love the free.

Your sons have sailed the seven seas
And raised the flag of Liberty
In foreign lands, and brought you
fame
And now must bow their hands in
shame.

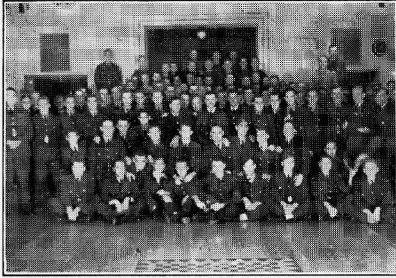
Oh! Ireland dear, this must not be
Throw off the yoke that fetters thee,
Lets stand together, united all
For those divided must surely fall.
—F./O. Semple, H.C.

Sailor: "Do you think kissing is unhealthy?"
Cute Thing: "It would be right now. My husband is looking."

A maiden lady lived in a small house in the country with one maid. One morning the bell rang. The maid admitted the visitor, an evacuee officer, arranging for homes for children evacuated from London, then rushed upstairs.

"Please, mum," she blurted out breathlessly, "you've got to have two babies, and the man's downstairs!"

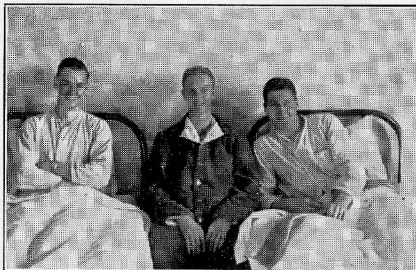
Smoke
WINGS
Canada's Finest
VIRGINIA CIGARETTE



A group of American boys who were entertained at a dance given by the Brandon Auxiliary Services. Since this picture was taken most of these lads have moved on to other stations for more advanced training.



Tripping the light fantastic with the young ladies of Brandon is a pastime the Americans derive much pleasure from.



Three lads from down South who were not able to attend the dance. They saw a movie instead. Judging from their carefree expressions the hospital can't be such a bad place to spend an enforced vacation.

OUR COSMOPOLITAN AIR FORCE

A large number of citizens of the United States and of countries in South America have been training on this station, and through the kindness of the Brandon Auxiliary Services a dance was held for them in the Masonic hall. It was an evening full of interest for the spectator. Men from every state in the Union were present and we found also an airman from Chili, two brothers from Guatemala and another from Argentina. Accents ranged from a southern drawn to a good Yankee twang. The writer talked to graduates from Yale, Princeton, New York university and men from many of the colleges. Other men were found with several hundreds of flying hours to their credit, and everywhere they showed their eagerness to get on with their training so as not to be too late for the show.

The girls who were present seemed to delight in learning new dances and new steps, and our Manning Depot orchestra rose to the occasion and gave all that they had.

Later in the evening we had a visit from the Commanding Officer and Squadrom Leader Knight, and a picture was taken of all present. The Commanding Officer brought forth a round of cheers when he announced that a late leave would be given that night.

We hope that the Americans who have come to Brandon will have enjoyed visiting us as much as we have enjoyed meeting them. We are grateful for their co-operation with us in the job we have undertaken.

Our good wishes go with them as they proceed on their various courses and we hope that after the show is over we shall meet them again.



Two men from a town in a Pacific coast state met at the dance for the first time, and found that they lived on the same street. You have to come to Brandon to meet your neighbors.

Some of the Americans from Rivers heard of the dance and made a special trip to Brandon. They were rewarded by finding men there from their own home towns.

Even the Civil War came into the conversation. One man introduced his girl friend to another airman with these words, "He isn't too bad even if he is a Rebel."

BRANDON

The Friendly City

The centre of Western Manitoba, and the half-way point between the International Peace Gardens and the Riding Mountain National Park.

A city of well treed streets and avenues, beautiful homes and hospitable people, it is also an important railway and industrial centre, and of well established business.

On your motor or railway trips this year, be sure to see BRANDON. Write the Secretary of the Board of Trade for folders or information on Brandon.

TONY THE FISH PEDDLER

I sella da fish, an' I sella da crab.
I'm not a so good, and notta so bad,
I levee on da beach, where da seagull
she screech,
I'm Dago Perroni, a sonna da beach.

I guess you may teenk, I am a big
fool,
Cause I nevir been go to American
school,
An' I don't know so good da American
speech,
I'm just Tony da Dago, a sonna da
beach.

Dey say to me "Tony, why for you
stay here?
You maka more mon, if you sella da
beer."

I say, "I don't care if I nevir be
reech,
I'd rather be just a poor sonna da
beach."

Last week I hear two fella talk on da
san'

'Bout fella call Adolf, beeg dictator
man,

I don't hear so good, wot dey say in
da speech,
But it seems like he too, is a sonna
da beach.

Now I don't teenk dey mean, he be
fella lik me,

Cause he don't levee here on da beach
by da sea,

So I don't onnerstan, maybe him and
me each
Be two differen' kin' of a sonna da
beach.

Vell I'm Tony da Dago, an' glad that
I am,

I'm glad I'm not wot you call dic-
tator man,

Cause someday when I die and Hea-
ven I reach,

Dey will say "Hi Tony, come in, you
sonna da beach.

GEORGE GIVES TONGUE

Of all the strange pets found in
Royal Air Force messes, perhaps the
most entertaining of all is George,
the Chameleon mascot of a squadron
in the Middle East Command. George,
a harmless little lizard, performs the
usual feat of assuming the colour of
any background on which he is plac-
ed, but his strong suit is his tongue.
It is suicide for any fly to venture
within its deadly range. George licks
his chops, flicks out his tongue and
then swallows. The only safe place
in the mess, as one or two of the
more audacious flies discovered, is
George's back. He cannot swivel his
head round far enough to reach it . . .
much to his chagrin.

One day, there was a sweep in the
mess about the length of the cele-
brated tongue. A spot of jam was put
on a tumbler. A fly came along to
sample the jam. George crawled over
to sample the fly. Just as he had lick-
ed his chops and aimed, somebody
moved the tumbler a couple of inches
further away. George advanced and
as he took aim again, the tumbler
was moved as before and George, tir-
ed of the trick, shot the fly down
from where he stood.

A tape measure was produced. The
distance between the jam and George's
face was eight inches—roughly the
same length as his body and tail.

One day, the mess noticed with in-
terest that George had introduced a
boy friend into the mess. Later on it
noticed to its dismay that George had
vanished from his usual stamping
ground on the mess wall.

George had not, however, as the
flies probably hoped, gone to lunch
elsewhere. He was, in fact, perform-
ing the chameleon equivalent of knit-
ting small garments.

One day George appeared coyly on
the wall, followed by a dozen small
Georges, all doing well.

They call George "Georgina" now.
A nice little thing, she is, but what
a tongue!

SMILES AND SMIRKS
A HOME FOR OLD JOKES

RELIEF WORKERS

One of the relief workers was
complaining because he had no
shovel. He finally told the foreman
about it. "Gee whiz," he gee-whizz'd,
"I haven't any shovel!"

"Well, whaddaya kickin' about?"
was the answer, "you don't have to
do any work if you ain't got no
shovel!"

"I know," pouted the fellow, as he
stamped both feet, "but I haven't got
anything to lean on—like the other
guys."—Literary Digest.

Reaping His Reward

A tourist in Ireland came upon two
men rolling in the road. The man on
top was pummeling the other within
an inch of his life. The traveller
looked on for a moment in silence,
then intervened.

"I say, it's an infernal shame to
strike a man when he's down."

"Faith, if yez knew all the trouble
I had gittin' him down, yez wouldn't
be talkin' like that," came the inter-
mittent reply.

Forgot His Spectacles

The workman had placed a ladder
against the clock-tower in the public
square, and was about to clean the
clock face.

"Ah!" said an old lady. "Are you
going to do something to the clock?"

"No, mum," replied the man. "I'm
a bit shortsighted, that's all!"

Golden Hours

"My time," said the magnate, "is
worth \$100 a minute."

"Well," answered his friend casual-
ly, "let's go out this after-noon and
play \$10,000 or \$15,000 worth of golf?"

Financially Embarrassed

It was about ten o'clock at night,
and the two occupants of the police
car patrolling the rain-washed, de-
serted streets were rather fed up.
"Nothing coming through?" the driv-
er asked his fellow policeman, who

"No—wait a second, though. Here's
a message from headquarters." He
began writing.

"Well, what is it?" asked the driver
eagerly.

"Sergeant says to bring in an extra
portion of fish and chips when we go
back for supper. He's got a visitor at
the station."

Captain: "If anything moves, you
shoot."

Sentry: "Yes, sir. And if anything
shoots I move!"

Running to an air raid shelter dur-
ing one of Herr Hitler's daily raids
over London, one cockney scrubwo-
man said to another: "Blimey, if
these bombings keep up we'll all be
blawsted to maternity."

"Righto," replied her fellow worker,
"and with all these blackouts we
won't even know who done it!"

Why didn't you catch that guy?
You had bloodhounds.
Could I help it if he was anemic?

ODE TO A CERTAIN
BARRACK WARDEN

In this dark and dismal sepulchre of
sleep
Amid the rows of bunks that seem to
lie

As empty cocoon cases of a grub that
plans to fly
A tortured soul is heard to writhe and
scream

As in the ill-remembered fragments
of a mis-begotten dream.
They say he is the guardian of a hell
on earth that's planned

For the benefit of airmen and others
that are damned,
And the dreary drudge of torment in
fulfillment of their doom

Is to wield forever endlessly a dust-
pan and a broom.
Like the Old Man of the Mountain he
rides upon their necks.

Their twisted frames and whitened
hair are symptoms of effects,
And the one has never heard of ap-
oplexy in a ghost.

There may be something else that's
just as bad
To which his ectoplasmic essence
plays the host.

And when that happy day at last
arrives
When the insane ego busts the valve
at last

I beg you make in justice on behalf
Of those poor souls; this humble
verse, his epitaph.

—AC2 Howell (A Victim).

At the end of the fifth round the
heavyweight staggered to his corner
in a dazed and battered condition.

His manager approached him and
whispered in his ear: "Say, Joe, I got
a good idea! Next time he hits you,
hit him back."

Landlord: "Young lady, your rent
is way past due. You will either pay
it or go out!"

Shapely Blonde: "All right, darn
it. I'll go out with you!"

Marigold: "So you managed to get
a loan from the bank? You must have
had good paper."

Claribel: "I did. I had some letters
the president once wrote me."

A member of a London bomb-dis-
posal squad, lowered carefully into
the crater of an unexploded German
bomb, sat down calmly on the bomb
and began removing its fuse. Sudden-
ly he yelled:

"Get me out of here! Pull me up!"

His colleagues hauled him up in
record time and ran for shelter. The
man, however, remained at the edge
of the crater, pointed downward and
exclaimed: "Look at that big rat
down there!"

The Compliments of

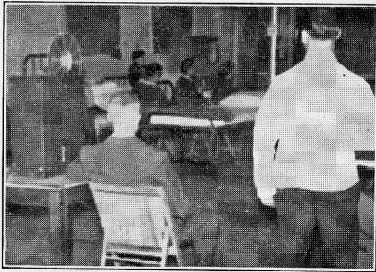
Carter Halls Ltd.

BUILDING CONTRACTORS

WINNIPEG



An orchestra composed of our own boys provided the music for the Americans' dance.



A Y.M.C.A. sponsored movie for airmen confined to the hospital.



And last but not least, the newly organized Air Force band that No. 2 Manning Depot is very proud of.

Women's faults are many,
Men have only two;
Everything they say,
And everything they do.

REESOR'S

JEWELRY STORE

are displaying the largest and best assorted line of Military Jewellery in Western Canada. See our special military window.

Your watch engraved with your name and number, free.

SIGN OF THE STREET CLOCK

**CAMEO
TEA ROOM**

"THE TASTE WILL
TELL"

117 Eighth St.
Brandon

Business is Good
Thank You

War Slang 1940

(From the Readers Digest)

Flap, blitzfu, vackie, to brown off and to scrounge—these appear to be the showpieces of the first crop of English war slang. Flap means a scare or alarm, and originated with the airmen. It is now in general use at the front, though it has yet to make its way among the folks back home. Blitzfu, derived from the German Blitzkrieg, designates the sort of influenza that floors a patient suddenly, and then as suddenly departs. Vackie is a shortening of evacuee, a dreadful word to signify woman, child or invalid sent out of London at the beginning of the war. To brown off means the same as, and has almost completely displaced, the old English to be fed up, and is naturally popular in an army bored for long months by tedious inactivity. To scrounge is a heritage from 1914-18, but it has now moved from the army to the whole population.

The blackouts brought in scrounging on a huge scale. It means the art of picking up inconsidered trifles in the dark—for example, electric-light bulbs from street lamps or railway trains. The English police insist that scrounging is indistinguishable from larceny, but public opinion is against them. "The essence of it," explains the London Star, "is that you should be able to persuade yourself that if you don't pinch it somebody else will."

While the English infantrymen in France appear content for the most part with the slang of 1914-18, the aviators have adopted amusing novelties. For example, station-master for the commander of an airfield, a rat-trap for a balloon barrage, Paul Pry for a searchlight, bearded lady for one that diffuses its beams, and Mae West for a life jacket. They call their mechanics erks, apparently a corruption of A.C., the abbreviation for air-craftsmen.

The English troops again call the Germans Jerrys, but the French have a new name for them, Fridolins. They call the English in general Titeems, from teatime, and the English aviators les Rafs, from R.A.F.

From English slang of the World War such words as ace, bilmp, cootie, Frog, and over the top were absorbed into the American language. It is too early in the present conflict to say which, if any, of the new slang will survive. Blitzfu seems a good candidate.

"Com-pa-nee atten-shun!" bawled the drill sergeant to the awkward squad. "Com-pa-nee, lift up your left leg and hold it straight in front of you!"

By mistake, one rookie held up his right leg, which brought it out side by side with his neighbor's left leg. "Aw right, aw right, who's the wise guy over there holding up both legs?" shouted the hard-boiled sergeant.

The Re-selection Board

What happens to Aircrew who do not succeed in their courses

At the beginning of 1941 machinery was set up to handle Aircrew who did not make the grade in their various categories. This set-up was known as the Re-Selection Board. In other words, Pilots, Observers, Wireless Operator-Air Gunners who did not succeed in their courses were sent to the Manning Depots to appear before the Re-Selection Board for remustering to other Aircrew trades, ground trades, or general duties.

Why do some boys not succeed as Aircrew?

This is a very difficult question to answer, because every man who does not succeed is a case in himself. One cannot lay one's finger on specific causes. Just as no two leaves are alike, so are no two airmen alike in physique, mental make-up, attitude or ability to persevere, and so on. It has been fairly well determined that the majority of failures are not due to physical conditions entirely, but rather are due psychological reasons, some of which undoubtedly affect a man's physical condition. There is no doubt however that the more perfect a man's physical condition is, and the more free his mind is of worry, disturbances, or the like, the more likely is the man to succeed.

Are Aircrew Courses Stiff Courses?

Without a doubt, yes. They call for the best that is within any man. Every week the Re-Selection Board deals with airmen who either through lack of application, wrong attitude or inability to learn, are "Washed out" of their courses. Many young airmen think that as long as they learn to handle the controls of a plane, that is all that is necessary. It is to be remembered that more time is spent in the classroom than is spent in the air, and also that many young potential Aircrew are "washed out" because they did not apply themselves in the classroom. To have a thorough knowledge of ground subjects is just as essential in the making of good Aircrew as ability to fly.

Upon what basis is an airman remustered?

Assessment is made of an airman's record, his ability, his motivation to remain in Aircrew, his attitude to—

(Continued on page 19)



THE RE-SELECTION BOARD
(Continued from page 18)

wards his course and instructors, and his spirit. Let it be stated here that one of the most important characteristics to be judged is his spirit. If this is lacking, then the likelihood of him proceeding to further Aircrew is greatly reduced. The Re-Selection Board bases its remustering upon this assessment. All Aircrew will do well to study the accompanying drawing by the Airman's Post cartoonist which illustrates just how the Re-Selection Board operates.

"How did you lose your job at the dress shop, my dear?"
"Just because of something I said. After I had tried twenty dresses on a woman, she said 'I think I'd look nicer in something flowing,' so I asked her why she didn't jump in the river."

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The Post's Short Story The Devil Meets The Dictators

By Robert Tyre

The future was beginning to look very dark and dismal for the axis powers. Hitler's famous blitzkrieg-machine was still operating, but very much after the fashion of Jack Benny's ailing Maxwell. The German people had been existing on sawdust bread for so long that they were beginning to sweat resin and sprout leaves. Goering had shrunk to a mere two hundred pounds and was finding some difficulty in wearing all his medals. Goebbels had taken up flying in preparation for a sudden departure to join his friend Hess in Scotland.

Yes, things were getting pretty tough for the axis babies, and in a desperate effort to do something about this alarming situation, Hitler and his pathetic imitator, Mussolini, had arranged a meeting to concoct some fresh piece of mischief that might help to stave off disaster for the German screwball and the whitelivered wop.

Great precautions had been taken to guard the safety of the illustrious pair while they conferred on ways and means. Doors were padlocked, windows barred, and a panzer division complete with tanks and armoured cars had been stationed in the halls and corridors of the building. Gestapo agents disguised as floor mats and cuspidors had been scattered all over the place. As Hitler explained to Mussolini, you never knew when one of those English Spitfires might come poking around. Mussolini vigorously applauded these precautions, and suggested that the keyholes might better be sealed up too. After the keyholes had been properly barricaded to prevent Winston Churchill from popping in unexpectedly, the precious pair settled down to contaminate the atmosphere of the room with their poisonous ideas and their venomous thoughts. Several hours later anxious guards peered in to see why the unholy conference was so prolonged and found the pair of hoodlums quite satisfactorily dead. They had asphyxiated themselves.

Soon after this memorable event the two little miserable souls of Hitler and Mussolini approached the Golden Stairs and began climbing toward the gates of Heaven. Puffing and blowing from their exertions the pair finally reached the Pearly Gates and knocked loudly for admission. St. Peter popped his head out to examine these newcomers, and turned quite purple about the face when he identified them.

"What do you two want here?" he roared.

"We want to get into Heaven," said Hitler.

"What a colossal nerve!" St. Peter shouted. He put a whistle to his lips and blew it sharply, and an angel appeared in answer to the summons. "Angel!" St. Peter barked, "ask Sir Francis Drake to come down here for a moment to chase away a pair of miserable rogues. And after they've gone get a strong disinfectant and wash down the Golden Stairs."

"But where else can we go if we can't get into Heaven?" said Hitler. "Go to hell," St. Peter snapped, and slammed shut the Pearly Gates.

"We better get out of here, Adolf," Mussolini whined. "I've read about this fellow Drake in history, and he's a terrible man when he gets his mad up."

"St. Peter can't do this to me," Hitler fumed. "I, Adolf Hitler, will not



stand for it. The angels in Heaven must be liberated from this tyrant and oppressor. We will declare an undeclared war immediately. I, the fuhrer, will blitzkrieg Heaven before you can say German sausage."

"But Adolf," Mussolini ventured, "where will you get the armies for this blitzkrieg that you talk about? You forget that we are no longer on earth."

"I, Adolf Hitler, forget nothing, but you Benito forget that those English dogs have already sent most of my



armies and my Luftwaffe to hell. They are down there waiting for me, and I, their fuhrer, will lead them in a great attack on Heaven."

"It is a beautiful plan, Adolf," Mussolini agreed. "And I Benito, the Roman warrior, will do my noblest job of backstabbing among the angels."

"The war is as good as won," said Hitler pompously, "but first of all we will deliver an ultimatum to St. Peter. Hammer on the Pearly Gates again, Benito."

"But, Adolf, we must be careful," Mussolini gulped. "This Englishman Drake is a pretty tough bird."

"Bah," said Adolf contemptuously. "I will blitzkrieg him with my little finger."

"Very well, Adolf," said Benito, and rapped sharply on the Pearly Gates. The gates swung open again, and St. Peter appeared accompanied by half a dozen formidable looking angels.

"Ha," said St. Peter. "I see you two mugs are still here." Hitler put on his fiercest mad-face and opened his mouth to thunder an ultimatum, but

Benito dug him in the ribs and whispered urgently, "Wait, Adolf, wait. Look at those other angels with St. Peter. That big guy is the Duke of Wellington—remember, he licked the pants off Napoleon."

"Yeah," Hitler whispered back. "And who is that angel carrying the big sword?"

"That's Richard the Lion-hearted," Mussolini hissed. "He was a holy terror among the Saracens."

"And that angel with only one arm, Benito?"

"That's Lord Nelson, Adolf. He was the fellow that blitzkrieged the combined fleets of France and Spain."

"Yeah, I've heard about him," Hitler whispered. "And who is that angel beside him?"

"That's the Duke of Marlborough, Adolf. He's an ancestor of that fiend, Winston Churchill."

"Gott strafe him," Adolf muttered.

"And who is the little angel, Benito?"

"That's Sir Francis Drake," Mussolini hissed. "Remember what he did to the Spanish Armada, Adolf!"

"Yes, yes, and who is the angel with the big black moustache, Benito?"

"That must be Lord Kitchener, Adolf. They say he's a pretty tough baby to run up against."

"Stop whispering and mumbling, you two hoodlums," St. Peter barked. "And tell me what you're hanging around here for?"

"Please excuse us," said Hitler meekly. "We're only waiting for somebody to direct us to hell."

"That will be a pleasure," said St. Peter. "Just follow your nose back down the Golden Stairs, and then turn to your right along the road marked Dictators' Folly. Turn left when you reach the avenue called

"Worse than Nero even," Mussolini smirked.

"Talk's cheap," the devil grunted. "Tell me about some of the awful things you've done. Give me some facts. We've got to be careful about the kind of people we let into hell."

"I hardly know where to start," Hitler mused. "I've done so many terrible things. For instance there was the time I sent my Luftwaffe to blast Rotterdam with bombs. And I'm not exaggerating when I say that we murdered thirty thousand men, women and children in less than half an hour."

"Very interesting," said the devil.

"That's nothing," Mussolini boasted. "You should have been around when my airforce massacred the Ethiopians. It was just like mowing down cattle. They had no place to hide, and no guns to fight back with. It was great sport."

"You, and your airforce," Hitler glowered. "What did they ever do that's worth boasting about?"

"Well, maybe they didn't get blasted out of the skies as often as yours did," said Mussolini slyly, "but they were around."

"Yeah, around where there weren't any Spitfires," Hitler retorted.

"Quit quarrelling, you guys," the devil snapped. "And give me some more statistics."

"That reminds me," said Hitler. "One of my favorite pastimes was sinking hospital ships. It was great fun machine-gunning the sick and the wounded as they tried to get away in life-boats."

"That must have been fun," the devil agreed. "Tell me more."

"What about the time I stabbed France in the back," Mussolini crowed. "I'll bet there will never be another assassination like it."

"Sure you stabbed her in the back," Hitler jeered, "but that was because you were afraid to meet her face to face like I did."

"Yeah," Mussolini snickered, "you met her face to face alright, but not until you had almost finished her off with poison potions and knock-out drops first."

"You dirty, yellow Italian jackal!" Hitler roared.

"You dirty flea-infested German vulture!" Mussolini hurled back.

"Stop that nonsense," the devil admonished, "and tell me some more about your murder careers."

"Well," said Hitler reminiscently, "there was that time in the Lowlands when my tanks and armoured vehicles ran down thousands of refugees and crushed them to death. That was an accomplishment that I'm very proud of."

"That was quite an accomplishment," the devil agreed.

"Oh, I've murdered lots of refugees, too," Mussolini yawned.

"But look what I did to London," Hitler boasted. "I guess I dropped a good few million incendiaries on that place."

"You fellows really surprise me," said the devil.

"Wait till you hear the rest of it," Mussolini smirked. "We'll make your hair stand on end."

"You've told me enough," said the devil. "Here, take these keys."

"Keys," said Hitler. "What are they for?"

"These are the keys to hell," said the devil, "and they belong to you two now."

"But why give them to us?" said Hitler. "Where are you going?"

"I don't know where I'm going," said the devil. "But I do know there isn't room enough in hell for me, and another pair of devils like you two."

Wifely Wisdom

A mother may hope that her daughter will get a better husband than she did, but she knows her son will never get as good a wife as his father did.

News from Poland

All the world knows the story of the heroic struggle maintained by Poland's armies against the overwhelming forces of the Reich. Poland never surrendered although her legions were broken and her cities captured. Terrible was her suffering and well might the Poles have considered making an armistice. Yet to the very last until they were caught between two mechanized armies, they continued with a dogged determination to oppose the menace of German domination. Today under the Swastika, Poland is a land where terror and reprisals hold sway more than at any time since the German invasion. The news that trickles out of occupied Poland is a grim account of how the Nazi barbarian treats the victims of ruthless aggression. It is news that should strengthen our determination to combat this evil power, and defeat it. Here is the news from Poland:

Mass arrests and deportations to concentration camps occur at short intervals without any cause or excuse. First this "man hunting" took place in streets, street cars, and various public places. Then Warsaw homes were searched for men between the ages of 18 and 48. Ten thousand were thus seized and deported. Some were sent to labor camps in Germany (where they were allotted the most dangerous jobs and worked under the worst conditions imaginable); some were confined in concentration camps. The conditions are hideous beyond even the most distorted imagination.

The only news that comes from these camps are death notices. They arrive in scores. In frequent cases, pneumonia causes these deaths, the result of improper clothing, intense cold, and the fact that the sick are not given medical attention until their fever reaches 103.5 degrees. Torturing the unfortunate victims contributes its share.

There are high walled enclosures within which terrible tortures are performed. What happens is of course unknown. Those sentenced to the severest punishment are taken there. Their colleagues in the camp hear only terrible cries and heart-rending groans, the sound of which they consider worse than bodily tortures. Each section of the camp has its own official torturer, usually a former criminal, a Nazi athlete especially trained in the technique of tortures.

In the past few weeks proof has been obtained that in the Bavarian labor camps, where numerous Poles are being held, Polish young men are being sterilized. This is being done so viciously that one may take it for granted that the same infamous practice is being followed in other German camps. The above facts have been scrupulously and meticulously investigated and leave no room for any doubt.

An ever increasing number of reports leaking out of Poland tell the tale of a conscious and planned demoralization of the people by the Nazis. The definite purpose thereof, consistently and carefully fostered, is the moral and physical degeneration of those sections of the population,

which because of ill health or old age or other technical reasons remain in the homeland. It is obviously impossible to deport the entire population of a large country to forced labor or concentration camps. The use of alcoholic beverages is being encouraged wherever possible. Its sale is being spread to little shops and small villages. Whenever the Nazi authorities requisition any agricultural product they offer alcohol in exchange. Gambling houses are being opened and people are encouraged to visit them. Only the Germans are forbidden to enter them.

Numerous Germans seek a refuge in Poland from bombings of the R.A.F. Their influx results in the eviction of Poles. In many cities special German districts have been created and have been proposed in others. According to the latest orders of the Nazi authorities, Poles are permitted to remain in such German districts, if a given building is not needed by Germans. Otherwise all have to vacate their premises. It goes without saying that Jews are not permitted to stay under any circumstances in such districts allotted to Germans.

In spite of all these persecutions, Draconian orders, et cetera, the attitude of the population as a whole remains firm. The atmosphere is wholesome in all sections of the country, both among the landowners, the "intelligentsia," the workers, and peasants. Here are a few examples:

On the occasion of a visit of Governor General Frank in Wilanow and Niebrow, the owner of the estate left for Warsaw precisely on the day of the previously announced visit. A general order was issued to the peasants to congregate in regional costumes and greet the governor. Not one of them appeared.

When former Ambassador Wysocki was offered a position in the General Protection Council, he replied that he would accept the offer only on the condition that he would be given sufficient authority to assist the population. The matter was dropped by the Nazis.

That is the news from Poland. News of a nation's suffering under grim, cruel oppression, but also news of a spirit that endures the worst that a diabolical conqueror can inflict; a spirit that waits confidently for liberation and victory.

And for that liberation and victory Poland still fights on beside her ally—Britain. Here is the spirit of Poland in the words of General Wladyslaw Sikorski, Prime Minister of Poland and Commander-in-Chief of the Polish Armed Forces:

"I declare solemnly in the name of the Polish Government that, animated by an indomitable will, we will continue to fight shoulder to shoulder with the powerful British Empire for a free and independent Poland.

"Our place today is in the line of battle. We are fulfilling our alliances with Great Britain. The Polish Nation will persevere in the struggle against Germany to the end.

"Standing unflinchingly at the side of our Ally and her numerous friends, we shall win, bringing to you—Poland—and to Europe your deliverance."

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WING COMMANDER R. C. GORDON
—Royal Canadian Air Force Photograph

No. 12 S.F.T.S.

With the opening of No. 12 Service Flying Training School a few miles north of Brandon, the Wheat City has now what is probably a unique distinction in having the Alpha and Omega of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, within its radius.

It is here at No. 2 Manning Depot that the R.C.A.F. Student Pilot first experiences service training, and it is within the range of possibility, that airmen entering as aircrew at the Manning Depot, may, after attending Initial and Elementary training schools in other parts of the province, return to Brandon and to No. 12 S.F.T.S. for their final training, and reach the goal of their ambitions when presented with their wings, and are recommended for commissions.

The new station is fortunate in having a staff of trained officers and personnel, for the exacting instruction that the service flying training school syllabus demands, and the Manning Depot welcomes the personnel of the new Station, and will follow with keen interest its operations.

The Commanding Officer of the new station, Wing Commander R. C. Gordon, is a member of the Permanent Royal Canadian Air Force, and his long experience covers the personal operation of all service aircraft, and an intimate knowledge of flying, station operation and administration. Squadron-Leader E. H. Moncrief is the chief instructor, and under his able direction the complete training syllabus is directed and operated.

The Chief Ground Instructor is Flying Officer J. Allan Sherret. Flying Officer Sherret was at one time attached to No. 2 Manning Depot, and is one of the most popular officers to come to Brandon.

In charge of the training squadrons, are Squadron-Leader E. R. Gardner and Flight Lieutenant E. A. Nanton, both of whom have served overseas with the Royal Canadian Air Force in the present war, and are therefore well equipped to impart service flying training knowledge from their actual experiences of war time conditions. Other officers on the flying staff have also served in operational squadrons overseas in the present war, and their experiences should prove of inestimable value to the student pilots.

Brandon citizens have already experienced the steady droning of engines over their heads, but this should be considerably increased once the Service Flying Training School swings into full operation, and the graceful training ships pass to and fro.

In the past Brandon has welcomed airmen to the Manning Depot and seen them go to other schools at the conclusion of their Manning Depot training. Their next experience and thrill will be to see the fully trained pilots leave the city on their way eastwards, where they will soon be flying service aircraft over there in the "Battle of Britain".

BOMBING OF THE ABBEY WILL STAMP HITLER FOR ALL TIME

In the bomb-scarred stillness of Westminster Abbey Rev. Jocelyn Henry Temple Perkins, Sacristan and minor Canon since 1899, calmly finished reading his matins and then solemnly turned to reports and said:

"The Abbey, though undoubtedly damaged gravely, is structurally intact except for a relatively small part of it under and in the immediate vicinity of the Lantern Tower." The Lantern is the central part of the Abbey Church and from it virtually every part of the Abbey may be viewed.

"I can imagine the storm of anger that will sweep over our Dominions and America when the news of this latest exhibition of Aryan culture reaches them," he said. "The story ought to be told and I hope it will be told; it is one which will stamp Hitler for all time!"

Then he waxed warm in praise of fire-fighters who saved the regal structure from destruction, although lamenting the wrecking of the Lantern.

"Despite every effort by a large number of firemen and our own fire watchers," he said, "we were unable to get the flames in hand before incendiaries destroyed the roof of the Lantern, the pulpit and a great many pews.

An Agonizing Sight

"Before this happened we had to endure the agonizing sight of the lovely houses in the college garden, occupied by Canon Barry and Dr. Bullock, going up in flames.

"Then the deanery went, Dr. de Labilliere and his wife inspired us all by the calmness and fortitude they displayed in the face of the loss of their lovely home and every stick of their personal belongings.

"They stood on the lawn with fires burning all around them, concerned only with the safety of others and the efforts of the firemen to save the Abbey from being destroyed.

"After he had done all he could, and not before, the dean consented to snatch an hour or two's rest at my house, but with Mrs. Labilliere, he was up with the dawn, consumed with anxiety for the fate of the Abbey.

"But for the auxiliary firemen and our own fire fighters, who put everything they had into the fight to save it, the Abbey must have been destroyed."

Archdeacon Donaldson said considerable surface injury was done to the chapel of Henry VII though its general structure was intact. A number of clergy houses in the Little Cloisters were destroyed.

"All my records with manuscripts and carefully taken notes of many years' work burned, together with the whole of my library containing thousands of books collected over fifty years dating from school and college days," Dr. Donaldson said.

He also lost a lifetime collection of English furniture—Sheraton, Chippendale and Hepplewhite.

Where Their Majesties Were Crowned

Workmen have cleaned away the debris from the very centre of the Confessor's Chapel, on the spot where the King and Queen were crowned amid pomp and splendor four years ago tomorrow.

The Abbey's lantern tower is directly over the centre of the Confes-

sor's Chapel, which extends slightly above the main roof of the Abbey—and sent stone and timber down upon the spot where the Coronation throne of British sovereigns have been placed for centuries.

The most elaborate church building in Great Britain, Westminster Abbey was consecrated as the Abbey of St. Peter, and British legend has it that St. Peter himself once visited its site and blessed the ground upon which it stands.

Construction of the massive, beautiful edifice was started by Edward the Confessor in 1050 and the building was consecrated in 1065 before he died.

Designed by Wren

Partly rebuilt in 1245, the hallowed, cruciform structure had its interior designed by Sir Christopher Wren and was completed in 1740, after Wren's death.

The main church, built in the form of a cross with an aisled nave and transepts, has six chapels, one of which, the Chapel of Henry VII, standing directly behind the Confessor's Chapel, suffered damage in the week-end raid.

Within the solemn splendor of this magnificent building, King George and Queen Elizabeth received their crowns four years ago today when the Abbey, with statuary, banners and coronation trappings, presented a sight far different from that seen today by the heavy-hearted workmen cleaning away the rubble left by explosives, fire and water.

OUR PLEDGE

by G. L. Creed, R.C.A.F.

We Shall Not Falter Or Fail . . .
Though all the powers of Hell on Earth assail . . .

Though from once friendly skies swift-winged Death Spew nameless Horror with each fiery breath . . .

Though Blood and Tears be all we have to spend—
We Shall Go On To The End!

We Shall Not Falter Or Fail . . .
Though terror-riven hearts around us quail

As Evil, monstrous, shakes with iron tread

Pause and refresh



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Our ancient Landmarks, sheltering
Honoured Dead
Whose very dust commands us to
defend . . .

We Shall Go On To The End!

We Shall Not Falter Or Fail . . .
Though, to all eyes but ours, the
Holy Grail
Of freedom be by hopelessness
obscured . . .
Ours is the Vision—nor may we be
lured
From this, our Birthright, easier
paths to wend.

We Shall Go On To The End!

We Shall Not Falter Or Fail . . .
Though all our struggles seem
without avail . . .
Though all our treasure go to pay
the Price,
Leaving but Life itself to sacrifice . . .

Though from us all but Faith the
foe may rend—
We Shall Go On To The End!

We Shall Not Falter Or Fail . . .
Though hearts bereft shall ache . . .
though lips grow pale
That murmured with a twisted
smile, "Farewell!" . . .
Such hearts shall still hold Free-
dom's Citadel—
Such lips, grim-set, the Tyrant's
Doom portend . . .

We Shall Go On To The End!

We Shall Not Falter Or Fail . . .
Let those who follow after tell the
tale
Of how, for all men's Freedom, free
men fought,
Setting their lives and liberties at
naught—
Deeming that Freedom all else must
transcend . . .

We Shall Go On To The End!

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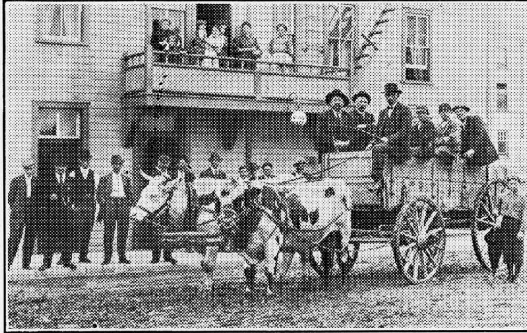
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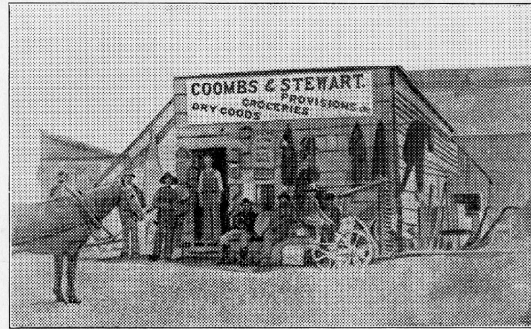
No. 2 Manning Depot

Brandon, Manitoba

1867 -- BRANDON -- 1941



It's a far cry from the slow moving oxen to the streamlined planes, but transportation has speeded up with the passing of the years. This picture of the oxen was taken in front of the Pacific hotel which once stood near the corner of Seventh street and Pacific avenue.



One of the early business houses in Brandon was located at the corner of Sixth street and Pacific avenue. Coombs and Stewart moved their store from Grand Valley and opened up for business on June 11, 1881.

THE distant speck advanced slowly and laboriously across the vast, uncharted miles of virgin prairie. Patiently it moved, and gradually it acquired the form and shape of something that was alien to these broad, level acres of grass-land and shrub. The grazing herds of bison raised curious heads to examine this strange visitor to their lonely realm, and a foraging coyote sniffed the breeze apprehensively, and poised himself for sudden, swift flight. But the lumbering wagon with its canvas top and plodding oxen moved on steadily and purposefully westward. At last, near the banks of the fast flowing Assini-

boine the occupant of the wagon brought his tired oxen to a halt, and prepared to establish the first white man's home on a site that would later give birth to the City of Brandon.

Actually there is no documentary proof available to tell us just how the first settler, or settlers, did arrive in the area that would one day win agricultural fame as the Wheat City. But if that historic event had been recorded for the future it would in all probability be much like the way we have visualized it. The early history of Brandon is a part of that epic tale of pioneer courage and endurance that triumphed over every imaginable

kind of hazard and difficulty to turn a vast wilderness into bountiful wheat-lands.

In the year 1881 Brandon was still largely a city of tents, but the busy sound of the hammer, and the steady rhythm of the saw could be heard day and night as evidence of a spirit that planned to put down roots, and build for permanence. Mud was one of the big problems of that early day. W. J. White, founder of the Brandon Sun, tells something of the mud situation in an article that appeared in the Sun a few years ago. He speaks of the skill that was required to successfully navigate the two narrow planks that served as a sidewalk for Rosser Street in those days, and of the awful fate that awaited anyone incautious enough to slip off into the bog of mire and muck on either side of the planks. He describes how horses became so mired that it took windlasses placed on beams of timber to release them, with little but their backs and heads being visible. How different today is Brandon with its paved roadways, and granolithic walks.

Until the coming of the railroad in '81, three steamers operated on the Assiniboine between Winnipeg and Brandon, and the distance was usually covered in about a week's time. Today that trip takes three short hours by rail. The railway reached Brandon in the fall of '81, and with it came additional thousands of settlers from the East, some accompanied by their wives and families. With the railway Brandon became the distributing point for the West, North, and South. This was a boom period, and it seemed that nothing could stand in the way of Brandon becoming the metropolis of the West. But the time arrived when the railway extended its operations still further westward, and Brandon realized that its influence as a city was to be with-

in a territory much more local than had at first been envisaged.

There are two popular legends as to how Brandon got its name. One gives credit to a Hudson Bay man who, upon seeing the Moose Head hills showing up to the south, exclaimed, "behold, they look like the Blue Hills of Brandon." The other legend is somewhat more exciting and colorful. It claims that a trader was surprised by a band of Sioux and tied up while the Indians made merry with his supply of mout rum. They were completely knocked out by the unusual potency of the fire-water, and the trader seized this opportunity to free himself. Heating some irons he placed a brand on the maulraders where he thought it would do the most good, and the place where this adventure had occurred became known known as "the place where the brand was put on the Sioux", and in time "Brandon". The name Assiniboine comes from the Cree, and means boiling-pot, which is an allusion to the many springs that once poured their waters into that stream, Rosser Avenue, Brandon's main thoroughfare, was named after an old Confederate veteran and C.P.R. official, General Rosser.

One of Brandon's best known old-timers, and foremost cattle breeder of the Dominion, was the late J. D. McGregor. Mr. McGregor was the first man to establish the Glencarnock herd of Aberdeen-Angus cattle, and he made the name Brandon famous in livestock circles the world over. He won the world's grand championship at the International Exhibition in Chicago with the Glencarnock breeds. If you visit the Brandon Exhibition this summer you will discover just how zealously Brandon guards that reputation for raising prize livestock.

Brandon today is not a large city in the sense of area, population, and tall (Continued on page 25)

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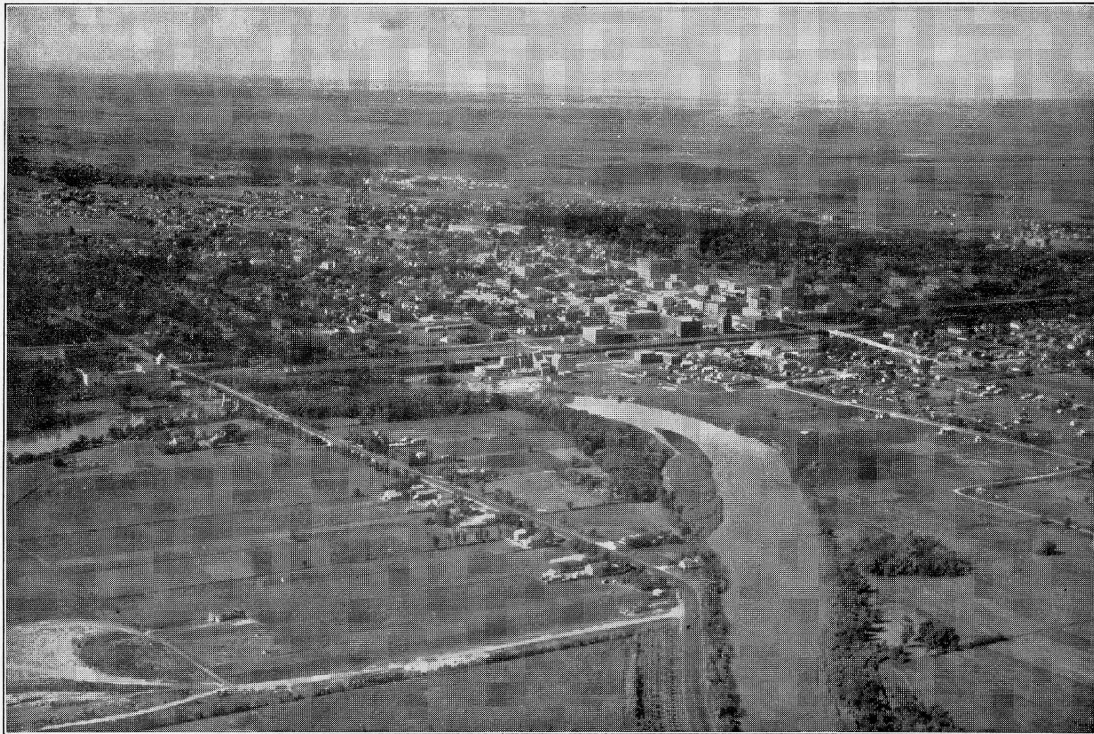
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BRANDON TODAY FROM THE AIR

—Royal Canadian Air Force Photograph

1867—BRANDON—1941

(Continued from page 24)

buildings. And while she may not be able to compete with other cities as a financial or industrial centre, she can certainly point with pride to the green, fertile acres that stretch away to far horizons on every side of her asphalt and steel; acres that never fail to give forth the fruits of the soil to those who seek it with the plough and the reaper. That is Brandon's wealth—and perhaps her greater destiny in the years to come when wars are no more, and Europe's hungry millions look anxiously to the great wheat fields of this continent to supply them with their daily bread.

Brandon's population, some 17,000, are just as brisk and busy and wide-awake as those of larger metropolitan areas. Brandon felt the depression

just as keenly as any other place in the Dominion, but with the advent of war and the establishment of an R.C.A.F. Manning Depot in the district, and other military encampments nearby, Brandon's business life was stimulated to an extent that it had never known before. Business of every description has boomed, and many new stores have opened up since the outbreak of hostilities.

Joyce Kilmer, the author of that lovely poem "Trees", would have a warm spot in his heart for Brandon if he could see it as we have seen it when the ever recurring miracle of spring had brought back the lush green beauty of the trees that shade and shelter most of the city's streets and avenues. There is something particularly fine about a city and a people that will still strive to preserve and cherish something of Nature's

handiwork in a world that is concerned mainly with things of steel and concrete.

Approaching Brandon at night by bus or car is another pleasant experience for the connoisseur of panoramic charm and scenic novelty. Around the last bend, and down the sloping highway the bus travels, and

you look out the window to see a fairy city, with its network of tiny lights and the dwarfed silhouettes of its buildings snuggling away down there in the hollow. It's a pretty scene—give your eyes a treat sometime.

(Continued on page 26)

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1867—BRANDON—1941
(Continued from page 25)

Game on the hoof or game on the wing—Brandon can provide it for the sportsman with a gun. This district in the fall season is a paradise for the hunter. Deer, partridge, and chicken are all plentiful, and likewise the water-fowl. And at this spring season of the year the sportsman can derive a lot of fun, and do the farmer a good turn at the same time, blizzing gophers with a .22. These small, destructive rodents are multiplying rapidly, and threatening to become quite a serious menace. Here's good practice for the fall hunt.

Prime event of the year for Western Canada is the Brandon summer exhibition. Thousands of visitors from all parts of the Dominion will pour into Brandon to view and admire this pageant of livestock aristocracy. Every branch and department of farming is represented at the fair, and with a good variety of midway attractions to provide entertainment and fun the exhibition this year should have a most successful showing. Brandon's summer classic is well worth seeing.

And so we conclude this salute to Brandon and its hospitable citizens. Perhaps when this war is over, some of us who have passed through No. 2 Manning Depot will return to visit the little Metropolis on the Assiniboine and hear the busy sound of the hammer and the steady rhythm of the saw as those early settlers heard it back in the thriving days of '81. Good luck, Brandon.

—R. Tyre.

When asked why a judge had to look so impassive during the course of a trial, his honor stated that if they showed the slightest interest in what either of the lawyers was saying during the trial that said lawyers would never stop talking.

Hospitable Brandon

What can we do to make the Air Force welcome. That was the cry in Brandon when it was learned that there would be a Manning Depot here. The reply was the Brandon War Services Committee which was formed early in 1940. All social and recreational services for men in uniform have been co-ordinated by this body which is formed from representatives of all organizations doing this important work. Prominent at the initial stage and at present members of the executive are Brigadier General James Kirkcaldy, chairman; W. G. Rumball, vice-chairman; J. Addison, secretary-treasurer; and W. F. Sellar, chairman of the entertainment committee. All are veterans of the last war.

Club rooms for men to drop in and visit were provided by the Canadian Legion. They have a three storied building close to the main avenue on Eighth street, by the Salvation Army on Princess avenue at Ninth street,

and the Y.M.C.A. building on Eighth street. The "Y" gymnasium and baths were also made available at certain times. Our men have been made very welcome at these places and they deserve our thanks.

Way back in May and June of last year St. George's church started a series of concerts on Sunday evenings that attracted large crowds of airmen. Later, Beta Sigma Phi Sorority undertook the famous band concerts in Stanley Park. During July and August that was the place to take your girl on Sunday evening. These concerts will be in the capable hands of this same group of public spirited young women again this summer. With the coming of cooler Sunday evenings many Brandon churches provided a social hour after church. Airmen and local artists would entertain, then the ladies would appear with coffee and cake. These occasions were very popular, both with the airmen and the young women who attended.

Have you been at the huge Saturday night dances at the Armouries? A great record of consistent performance lies behind this function. Starting last June, these well conducted dances have been held every single Saturday night since that time. Last summer it was often over ninety degrees at night but still the dance went on. Last winter through forty degrees below they still operated. The chaperones had from two hundred to four hundred girls present for partners, according to the number of men expected. On the job as master of ceremonies you will always find "Bill" Sellar, and in charge of the "gate" "Wilf" Rumball.

Management of the dances is in the hands of the Brandon War Services Committee, with the Y.W.C.A. Hostess Service providing the girls and chaperones. The Y.W. also takes its turn in charge of refreshments along with the I.O.D.E., Ladies Auxiliary of the Canadian Legion, and the Royal Canadian Artillery Ladies Auxiliary. All profit is spent on further service to men in uniform. Our own unit has benefited more than once. See you at the Armouries next Saturday. Perhaps we will meet a blonde.

We append here an excerpt from a letter received from an airman who passed through No. 2 Manning Depot, and is now stationed elsewhere. He pays this very fine tribute to Brandon hospitality:

"The matter of your hospitality has been a wonderful lesson to me. I know the reaction of each of the many fellows you have entertained must be of unbounded gratitude. The only worry it has left me with is: How will I ever repay such kindness? The only answer I have for the present is a resolve to emulate wherever and whenever I can your truly Christian example. Thus, the good you have done will not die in the doing."



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

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

<p>Brandon Representatives:</p> <p>M. R. MCKENZIE, C.L.U.</p> <p>J. G. WEST</p> <p>R. A. HENDERSON</p> <p>J. G. MCKENZIE</p> <p>J. W. PERKINS</p>
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NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

THE SPORTS CORNER

AIRMEN'S INTER-UNIT BOXING SHOW A HUGE SUCCESS

The first boxing show to be held in Carberry's new arena on Wednesday night, May 14th, was one of the best ever staged between the R.C.A.F. and the R.A.F. The show ended in a draw for both units. The score at the end of the evening was nine points for each team.

Both teams had the best talent available on their stations, and the setting for the show had been very artistically arranged with red, white, and blue bunting. The ropes were well padded, and the ring was raised four feet above floor level, with steps leading to each corner.

The best bout of the evening was three action-crammed rounds between George Simpson of the R.C.A.F. and Stanley Carter of the R.A.F. Carter gave Simpson a tough battle, but the R.C.A.F. boy had a slight edge to take the decision. Both fighters received a grand ovation from the crowd.

In other action-filled bouts John Warbritten was declared winner by a K.O. over Charles Forest in the second round when he landed a terrific right smash to Forest's jaw.

Pat Templeton, R.C.A.F., was also winner by a technical K.O. over Corporal Dewar. The fight was stopped by the referee when Dewar could not continue after thirty-six seconds of the first round. One other bout was stopped when Ward of the R.C.A.F. received a bad cut over the right eye and his seconds refused to let him come out for the second round.

All bouts were conducted in the English or army style of fighting with the referee sitting in the ring-side—something new for the boys of the R.C.A.F. All winners were presented with silver medals in the ring by Wing Commander R. M. Smith, Commanding Officer of No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon.

The complete line-up for the show was as follows:

- AC2 Horrocks, R.A.F., won over AC2 Harper, R.A.F.
- AC2 Ward, R.C.A.F., lost by a T.K.O. to AC2 Steward, R.A.F.
- AC2 Templeton, R.C.A.F., won by a T.K.O. over Corporal Dewar, R.A.F.
- AC2 Nicholson, R.C.A.F., lost to Sgt. Cross, R.A.F., by a decision.
- AC2 Mack, R.C.A.F., won a decision over AC2 Doupe, R.C.A.F.
- AC2 Hayes, R.C.A.F., no contest with AC2 Sedgwick, R.A.F.
- LAC Simpson, R.C.A.F., won by a decision over AC2 Carter, R.A.F.
- AC2 Templeton, R.C.A.F., lost to AC2 Millikin, R.A.F., by decision.
- AC2 Warbritten, R.C.A.F., won by a K.O. over AC2 Forest, R.A.F.

The officials for the bouts were as follows:

Group Captain H. E. Walker, Commanding Officer of No. 33 S.F.T.S. Carberry, referee. Judges, Squadron Leader Jones, Carberry, Flying Officer James, Brandon, Pilot Officer Ellis, Carberry.

—Cpl. Davey Peters.

Italian Pursuit

Amenity of war, caught on the British radio: "If you see an airplane flying backward, it's an Italian pursuit plane."

ON THE SPORTS MENU

The manly art of self defence is still attracting many enthusiastic newcomers to the environs of the squared circle. Corporal Davey Peters reports that between forty and fifty airmen are now taking lessons. Any aspiring Dempsey or Tunney can join this busy group on Monday or Wednesday evenings. Time 6 to 7 Mondays and 6 to 7.30 Wednesdays. Soft ball practice is also on the bill of fare Mondays from 7 to 9. These games are held in a field at 18th and Victoria streets. Tuesdays, baseball and soccer football—6 to 8.30—same place.

The menu for Wednesday includes basketball and volleyball, and of course, Mr. Youmans' movies at 8.30. The inter-squadron boxing show is held on Thursdays at 8 o'clock.

Friday offers quite a variety of things to do: Softball, soccer and movies.

CAMERA CLUB HOLDS CONTEST

The executive committee of the Camera Club, No. 2 Manning Depot, take great pleasure in announcing the winners in the Amateur Photographers' contest staged during the month of May.

The contest was for pictures of points of interest in Brandon, and many contestants missed out by photographing objects which were not considered to be in that category.

The first prize was won by AC2 Jack de la Paule. AC2 A. E. Bishop took the second award, and AC2 R. S. Smith was third. All pictures submitted were meritorious from a photographic standpoint, and Mr. Coleman, who judged the contest, found it very difficult to award the prizes, and had to take the point of interest as the basic element in making his decisions.

The Executive Committee of the Camera Club wish to extend their deepest appreciation and thanks to the Airman's Post for donating the prizes in this contest.

Cpl. J. D. P. Nolan,
Secretary-Treasurer.

THE AIRMAN'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
And grant that no other airman take
My shoes and socks before I wake;
Keep my bunk upon its feet
And make my dreams real soft and sweet,
And in the morning let me wake
Breathing whiffs of sirlolin steak;
And Lord, I ask but one more boon—
Please make me a Spitfire pilot soon.
—AC2 Carroll, R.R.
"A" Squadron.

Or Hitch-Hike

At the end of the first week away from home on a new job the young husband wrote to his wife:
"Made foreman, feather in my cap."
After the second week he wrote:
"Made manager—another feather in my cap."
But after the third week he wired:
"Sacked—send money."
His wife telegraphed back: "Use feathers. Fly home."

Friendly Argument

"Police seize fourteen in Irish scuffle" at Belfast. Any brawl in Ireland which numbers fewer than fifty or sixty participants is just a bit of a go.

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(From the Air Force Digest)
Six Spitfire pilots sit hunched over their controls high above the British Midlands. The flight leader has sighted twelve He. 111K's accompanied by a strong escort of Me. 110's headed directly for the great industrial heart of Britain. He gives the signal and the Spitfires dive to the attack. In the ensuing dogfight they succeed in breaking up the bombing mission and routing the enemy squadrons—but at a cost. One Spitfire goes down in flames, two return home, while three are shot down out of control but their pilots bale out safely with parachutes.

This is a story, which with different details, is written every day in the skies over England. There are many pilots in Britain today who have taken to their parachutes not once but half a dozen times. Veritably the life preserver of the air gives them the fabled nine lives of a cat. It wasn't that way, unfortunately, in the last war because parachutes had not then been developed to their present degree of utility and safety. It would be difficult to estimate the increase in striking power with which the air force has been endowed by these fragile canopies of silk—but the lives saved already run into the thousands.

Two-score girls sit hunched over tables, eyes glued on flying, jumping, dancing needles.

Silk threads run through in seemingly never-ending rhythm. Single-stitches, double-stitches, triple-stitches, needles that hop crazily around in seven different directions, tie a knot when they're through the seven movements, then cut off the thread and start all over again. That's just one of the near-hundred steps in the making of parachutes.

Here at Fort Erie, in the plant of the Irvin Airchute Company, they're

Under Bombardment

I, who am known as London, have faced stern times before, Having fought and ruled and traded for a thousand years and more. I knew the Roman legions and the harsh-normed Danish hordes; I heard the Saxon revels, saw blood on the Norman swords. But, though I am scarred by battle, my grim defenders vow Never was I so stately nor so well-beloved as now.

The lights that burn and glitter in the exile's lonely dream, The lights of Piccadilly, and those that used to gleam Down Regent Street and Kingsway may now no longer shine. But other lights keep burning, and their splendour, too, is mine. Seen in the work-worn faces and glimpsed in the steadfast eyes When little homes lie broken and death descends from the skies. The bombs have shattered my churches, have torn my streets apart. But they have not bent my spirit and they shall not break my heart.

For my people's faith and courage are lights of London town Which still would shine in legends though my last broad bridge were down.

—Greta Briggs.

working on a \$1,108,000 order of parachutes for the Royal Canadian Air Force. Actual figures are military taboos. But each chute costs approximately \$300, \$300 for a man's life, and they are producing approximately 100 a week.

It's an exacting job, this manufacturing of parachutes. There must be no mistakes, no weaknesses in the thousands of yards of pure woven silk, in the hundreds of miles of silk shroud lines that will have been used before the order is completed. Even a dropped stitch is a danger factor that must be avoided if some pilot's life is to be saved in a time of emergency. That's the reason for half a dozen different inspections during the process of manufacture.

Operators of sewing machines working on the silk canopy must not use less than eight nor more than ten stitches per inch. Less than eight isn't enough for strength. More than ten weakens the silk. Sewing on the linen harness, there must be not more than five, nor less than three stitches per inch—and for the same reason.

Prior to the delivery of the parachutes to the R.C.A.F., each is taken

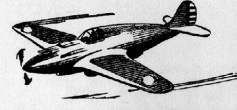
to the Fleet Aircraft field at Fort Erie, taken up, two at a time, and test-dropped.

Rubber dummies weighing 176 pounds each, and built in the shape of a man, are used for these test-drops. The dummies variously christened "Oscar," "Confucious" and such names, haven't the power to pull the ripcord themselves, so an ingenious device has been rigged to pull it for them.

When the pilot with his dummy aboard is over the field he pulls a release and the floor drops out of the plane where the dummies are "seated." A cable ten feet long has previously been fastened to the rip cord. When the dummies have fallen ten feet, the cable pulls on the rip cord, and automatically releases when the rip cord pulls out. The dummies then float serenely to earth.

Old-Time Authors

The writer of fiction was not unknown in the Stone Age, declares a historian. When submitting manuscripts, of course, he always enclosed an ox team in case of rejection.



BLITZ FIGHTER FLIES TO FIRES

Commander A. N. G. Firebrace (an appropriate name for the chief of Britain's 200,000 fire-fighters) lives in the fire control room of his headquarters in London surrounded by telephones and maps with his ear tuned in and his eye on a series of discs which show wherever enemy planes are active throughout the country.

When he sees a fire-blitz growing serious, he hops into a plane or car or train, according to the distance from London, and dashes to the spot, leaving his control room to other experts. Once on the scene he stays there directing the battle and posting fresh firemen from paid-free towns as others fall out exhausted.

"There are some secrets I cannot reveal," said Commander Firebrace, "but I can say that every time the Germans rain incendiaries on a town my little room knows just how big the fire is, how it is developing and what equipment is available.

"When a fire gets fierce the local brigade ask their district fire officer for help. If that is not enough the district ask regional headquarters, and if still more help is needed regional headquarters appeal to this little control room."

Gratitude

Two Broadwayites sat in a restaurant. At the end of the meal one requested a loan.

"Can I borrow \$20 for a week," he asked.

"Sure," replied the other, counting out the money.

As they rose, the latter spoke again. "Remember," he reminded, "that's only for a week."

"The borrower turned a vivid red. "You'll get your money," he screamed. "Stop hounding me!"



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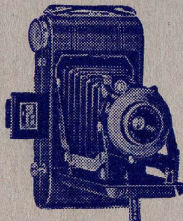
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