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MAY 1941



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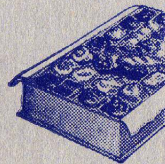
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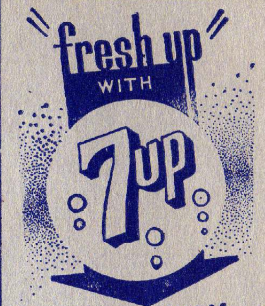
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THE AIRMAN'S POST

Vol. 1, No. 6.

No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Manitoba

May, 1941.

THE SHADOW OF THINGS TO COME



THE EVER INCREASING SHADOW

The Shadow of Things to Come is prophetic of that day of reckoning that must inevitably overtake the Misanthrope of Berchtesgaden and all his evil crew. Cartoonist Rickard depicts Britain's great aerial Armada winging its way unchallenged through the skies while its dark, foreboding shadow falls across the cowed and cringing forms of Hitler and his two satellites, Goering and Goebbels. And the time is not far distant when the sound and the fury of Allied wings will fill the storm-tossed skies above Europe and make that day of reckoning a grim and sombre reality for Nazism and Fascism, and any other isms that challenge the ever growing might of Britain and her sister democracies.

Today in Great Britain, in Canada, in the other far dominions, and in the United States, the factories and foundries are working night and day to form and forge the bomber and fighter planes in numbers that will grow to become that mighty victorious Armada of the future.

From coast to coast across Canada in the flying schools, in the bombing and gunnery schools, and in scores of other schools of equal importance, thousands of the finest young men that this country, that Australia, New Zealand, and Great Britain could produce are being steadily and progressively put through a rigorous system of training that will graduate them one day soon as the fit and capable masters of those great war-machines of the air.

Those of us who are going through the preliminary stages of training here in Number 2 Manning Depot are sometimes disposed to grumble and fret at our present remote role in this vast war effort. We become impatient and resentful of a daily routine that seems trifling and unimportant in comparison with the tremendous events that are taking place almost daily on the other side of the Atlantic. Squad drill and route marches seem a pretty poor substitute for the eagerly awaited task of dropping bombs on Berlin or duelling with the Heinkels and Messerschmitts high above the glittering Thames and smokestacks of London.

What we forget, in our zeal and anxiety to get into the thick of it, is that a man must be ready both mentally and physically before he can do

the job he enlisted for with a maximum of efficiency and effectiveness. And in this conflict, as never before, Canada and the motherland need all the efficiency and skill that mind and muscle can furnish.

And we should remember that those prosaic duties that become so tedious and arduous at times are all a part of that vast training system which will thoroughly equip and prepare us for the sterner and grimmer tasks that lie just ahead.

In a very short space of months we, too, will become the pilots, the observers, the gunners, and the wireless-operators who will take over the responsibility of operating the bombers and fighters that are rolling in steady streams from the assembly lines. And when we do, we will want to do a good job. We will want to uphold and preserve those gallant traditions that were forged in fire and flame in the bitter-fought skies over England and Dunkirk. That is why we must be ready for the job when it comes.

Let us then, accept our guard and fatigue duties cheerfully, and look toward that day when we will join our brother warriors in the clouds and become an essential part of that vast growing shadow that will soon darken and destroy the pathway of the Dictators.

THE R.C.A.F.

From the shores of the far Atlantic
To the waters of the Westward sea,
From the busy marts, and the Arctic wastes
From the ranchlands, and the prairie.

They came, these sons of Canada,
When the call went forth for men
To wear the wings of the eagle clan
And fight for Freedom's cause again

They are young, these eager youth,
Who wear Canada's Airforce blue;
But their hearts are strong, and their eyes are clear,
And their way to victory is straight and true.

Impatient they are, to join the strife
With those who hold the foe at bay,
And the hour is fast approaching when
They will rise and go in a vast array.

Through adversity to the stars
They will climb on their winged steeds,
And the history of Canada's war days
Will resound with their valorous deeds.

—EDITOR.

THE AIRMAN'S POST

Published Monthly at R.C.A.F. No. 2 Manning Depot
Brandon, Manitoba

Robert Tyre Editor-in-Chief
Flt./Lt. R. G. McLean }
Flt./Lt. I. A. Norris } Associate Editors

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A Word from the Editor

This, the sixth issue of the Airman's Post, comes off the presses with a new editorial staff, and some innovations in its pages that might merit a few words of mention here.

The cartoons drawn by H. Rickard of No. 2 Manning Depot were produced in the Post as a new feature which we hoped would provide some additional measure of entertainment and pleasure for the Officers and Airmen of this Station and their friends. In using these cartoons it was necessary, of course, to reduce the number of photographs that usually appear in these pages but this, in our opinion, has in no way diminished the entertainment value of the magazine. In fact, we believe that this new feature has added something good to the Post, and we hope you will feel that way about it, too.

The editorial-cartoon that appears on page one is something quite different from what has appeared on that page before, and we would like to know what you think about it. Our only purpose in making these changes in the paper's format was to vary the regular fare with something new and something novel. And we will try to continue with this policy of providing variety in any future issues of the Post that we have anything to do with.

This issue of the Post owes a debt of gratitude to a small but capable group of volunteers who assisted in no small way with the preparation of copy for these pages. And we hope that future numbers of the Post will reveal a still greater tendency on the part of the personnel of this Depot to take an active interest in the preparation of material for their magazine. If we all work together in supporting it, and if we all take a genuine interest in its welfare, we can make the Airman's Post the most entertaining and informative publication in the Service. Let's make the effort, fellows!

In passing, we would like to pay a few words of tribute to those past Editors of the Post who had to relinquish the task of Editorship because of the pressure of other duties. To them goes much well-deserved credit for building the Post up to its present flourishing and healthy condition. To Flight-Sergeant H. W. Watson, the founder and pioneer Editor of the Post, goes a special word of mention and a special word of thanks for some valuable assistance in the preparation of this current issue.
The Editor.

Help to Keep it Flying from the Topmost Roof

Banners of England not for a season,
O banner of Britain, has thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt
to the battle-cry!

Never with mightier glory than when
we had rear'd thee on high
Flying at top of the roofs in the
ghastly siege of Lucknow—
Shot thro' the staff or the halyard,
but ever we raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our
banner of England blew.

—Lord Tennyson.

How splendidly appropriate as a tribute to England in her present crisis are these great lines from Alfred Lord Tennyson's poem "The Defence of Lucknow" which was written, in 1884. In the hall of death and destruction that has rained upon London, and other British towns and cities in recent months, the Union Jack has always remained aloft to wave defiantly from the topmost roof and the highest tower. The glory that was England in 1884 has never faded nor languished through the passing decades, instead it has grown vastly greater with the passage of the years, and today it waits calmly for the coming of that perilous hour that Prime Minister Churchill has aptly described as their finest.

We who have British blood in our veins, and those of us who are British by adoption and desire, are fiercely proud of the intrepid and heroic deeds that have become almost a commonplace routine to the men and women of that little island kingdom. But pride and admiration alone are not sufficient to provide the sinews of war that are so urgently and desperately needed by those men and women of Britain who are facing a titanic and merciless foe. And if Canada is to do her utmost in supporting the mother country in this great struggle she must have the money that is needed to forge and construct the implements of war.

We, who wear the uniform of his Majesty the King, are doing our bit in this gigantic effort, but couldn't we do just a little more? Couldn't we begin to make regular purchases of War Saving Certificates and increase the flow of that much-needed money to Canada's War Chests? Couldn't we loan Canada a few of those quarters that we often spend uselessly and recklessly? And aside

from purely patriotic reasons it's a mighty fine investment from a strictly business point of view, too. In the years that follow the war those quarters that we loan to Canada now will come back to us with a very handsome profit. And in the meantime we can take satisfaction in the knowledge that we have done something more to help preserve decency, security, and freedom in the world.

The atmosphere in the Pay Office is friendly. Drop in and have a chat with us about War Saving Certificates now!

—The Editor.

A Message from the Padre

Our Editor tells me that we have a large circulation among those who have left Brandon for other Stations. I, therefore, take this opportunity of sending best wishes to them and I hope they have had great success. Best of luck to you all.

To those now on the Station, may I say now, as I have said so often before, that Canadians are proud of their young men. You have come of your own accord to help in time of need and the honor of Canada is safe in your hands.

As your Padre, my own particular work among you is to care for your spiritual welfare, and this is one opportunity of a few serious words.

When we come into the Service and leave our civilian life, we are cut adrift from many of the things that usually mould our life, and it is easy to forget their importance. Yet, the basis of our civilization is belief in God and, if we are to succeed in our struggle to pre-

serve our freedom, we must tighten the bonds that bind us to the Almighty. There will be many temptations during your life in the Air Force that will tend to break these bonds, but I do ask you all to keep your faith and to practise your religion.

Now a word about our Parade Services. I hope these have been helpful to you, but I would bring this before you that our service is not just an individual action by an Act whereby we, who are members of the Air Force, give honour to our God. When you parade, you are representatives of a great brotherhood. Many will be too busy fighting or training to take time off, but we who have the time will pray to our God for the whole body.

I am glad to find that many of you find your way to the office. Please don't forget that if I can help I will gladly do so. Just come and knock on the door.

NEAR ENOUGH

The mouth organ was claimed by three soldiers, and the sergeant decided to arbitrate.

"I'll play a tune on it," he said. "You tell me what the tune is, and the one who's right gets the mouth organ."

A weird medley of sounds followed, and guesses were made.

"I think Alf's won," said the sergeant. "He was nearest with 'Roll Out the Barrel. What I was playin' was As Pants the Hart for Coolin' Streams!'"


"D'you know, Mrs. 'Arris, I sometimes wonder if me husband's grown tired of me."

"Whatever makes you say that, Mrs. 'Iggs?"

"Well, 'e ain't been 'ome for seven years."



THE EDITOR—ROBERT TYRE


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Around the Barracks

A column of gossip, chatter and just plain nonsense

Heard over the busy "B" Squadron airwaves the other night: The orderly sergeant bellowed out, "Settle down!"

Back out of the blackness chirruped an unnamed and unhonored voice, "How the heck can you settle down on a dollar thirty a day?"

Everything is fine when there's nothing doing in Sergeant Lange's business. The singing fire-chief is never happier than when all is quiet. There are two ways of recognizing Sergeant Lange. You can see him or you can hear him. You see him a long way off, and you can hear him at twice that distance, especially when he's laughing. The genial sergeant does a lot of radio singing, and he hails from Vancouver. Which is a pretty good place to hail from.

Gord Pickering tells of hearing a couple of new recruits in earnest conversation. Says one, "how long have you been here?" "I just came in this morning," says the other. "Oh," says the first airman, "you're just a rookie. I've been here since Friday."

Corporal Jimmy Woods reports that they have a pilot in the Motor Transport department. Name of Fishburne. Not long ago Pilot Fishburne made a gallant effort to fly his flivver over a local horse and buggy. As a result of this aerial adventure Pilot Fishburne has a large financial interest in some choice horse flesh.

Pay Office incident: A new recruit was being questioned about family matters for the purpose of completing his documents. The new recruit divulged the information that he had a wife in Shanghai, but, regrettably, no children as yet. Documents completed, the new recruit left the pay office. Half an hour later he was back, excitedly waving a telegram. The new recruit had acquired some children. Triplets—born in Shanghai.

We wish some of these new corporals would get over the novelty and excitement of wearing two hooks. Rumor has it that Bill Veals had a picture taken recently, and according to those who saw the result it's just a picture of Bill's coat sleeve with the two hooks displayed very prominently. We also hear that Corporal Hohtanz takes his tunic to bed with him at night. Al Hall, so they claim, wore his right arm in a sling for a few days so nobody could possibly miss the promotion stripes.

April's most beautiful memory, as far as we're concerned: The three long-to-be-remembered cups of tea that we imbibed recently at the home of a Brandon friend. This was indeed Nectar of the Gods, and particularly so after a diet of the stuff that passes for tea in the mess hall. We might mention that tea is something we're very fond of.

—The Barrack's Reporter.



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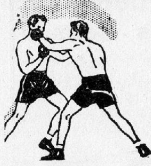
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The Manly Art

Action galore was the byword as another fine boxing show was held at No. 2 Manning Depot on Thursday, April 17, 1941, under the auspices of the Brandon Patriotic Sportsmen's association. Airmen from the depot here in Brandon, as well as the R.A.F. from Carberry and a representative of the R.C.A.F. helped make the show a big success. The crowd was close to 700 and all agreed it was one of the best shows staged here.

The best bout of the evening was put on between Stan Carter, R.A.F., and Don Fossos, R.C.A.F. After being floored in the first round, Fossos made a remarkable comeback in the second and third rounds. He kept sending overhand rights to the Englishman's jaw until he had him on the verge of a knock-out. The bout ended in a blast of istic fireworks, and was declared a draw by the judges.

Another stirring battle was staged between Art Snuggs, R.C.A., and Bob Templeton, R.C.A.F. In the first few minutes of the opening round, both boys were just feeling each other out—looking for an opening when bang Templeton nailed Snuggs with a hard right hook to the chin and down went Artie for a count of nine, the bell saving him from further punishment. In the following round, the boys started to open up and mixed it freely with Templeton landing the harder blows. In the final round, things were about even when Snuggs left himself open and Templeton caught him with a right hook to the head and Snuggs went down for the last time.

The referee for all bouts was Cpl. Davy Peters, featherweight champion of Canada. Flt.-Lt. A. R. Knight, R.C.A.F., and F.O. Ellis, R.A.F., were the judges. Flt.-Sgt. Watson was at the microphone and Johnny Plumb time-keeper.

Results of the Bouts

Joe Harper, R.A.F., won from John Martin, R.A.F. (Decision).
Bill Franklin, R.C.A.F., won from Les Scott, R.C.A.F. (Decision).

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Sport Splashes From The Pool



The R.C.A.F. Basketball Team

William Milliken, R.A.F., drew with Don Davidson, R.C.A.F.
Stan Carter, R.A.F., vs. Don Fossos. (Draw).

Alex Stewart, R.A.F. defeated Joe Ward, R.C.A.F.

Bob Templeton, R.C.A.F., knocked out Artie Snuggs, R.C.A., in third round.

George Simpson, R.C.A.F., won from Gordon King, R.C.A.F. (Decision).

Murray Sawa, R.C.A.F., won from Dick Rynch, R.C.A.F. (Decision).

Pat Templeton, R.C.A.F., defeated Joe Halikowski, R.C.A.F. (Decision).

Ridley Brown, R.A.F., drew with Lawrence Matthews, R.C.A.F.

CPL JACK FOGEL.

We Regret

In previous issues of the Post the preparation of the sports section has been under the capable and friendly management of that genial giant of No. 2 Manning Depot, Corporal Ling. And we regret very much that Corporal Ling's services are not now available to carry on the good work. No one is better informed on matters pertaining to the world of sport than is Corp. Ling, and it is our sincere hope that he will again find it possible, at some future date, to renew his association with the Airman's Post.

Winners of the city basketball championship, and rated at one time during the season as one of the finest clubs in western Canada, the No. 2 Manning Depot team established an enviable reputation during four months of play. Surmounting the handicap of having members of the team drafted for service elsewhere, and not knowing from game to game just who would be available for play, the R.C.A.F. nevertheless won 17 out of the twenty games that were staged.

The team which took the floor for the first game last November was probably the strongest the Manning Depot had at any time. Before it was broken up they had won eleven straight games and were getting better each time out.

As an indication of the strength of that first team look over these players and where they came from:

Ernie Goble—St. Catherines Grads.
Bud Eberhardt — St. Catharines Grads.

Don Gordon—University of British Columbia.

George Lambo—Hamilton Dofascos.
Wally Floody—Kirkland Lake.

Howard Daniels — University of Maine.

Ron Costigan—University of Maine.
John Ward—Wilson Universals, Chicago.

Bill Thomas—Jarvis Collegiate, Toronto.

Jack McGillivray—Saskatoon Grads.
Jack Cumming—University of Saskatchewan.

"Lucky" Davison — University of Montana.

Tom Thornton—Penn High School, Newcastle.

Doug. Cranswick—Vancouver West-erns.

Steve Brodigan—Victoria, B.C.
Bill Reilly—Duncan, B.C.

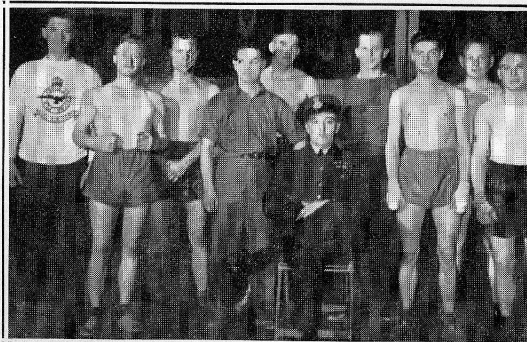
Eventually, drafts carried one player after another to various schools across the Dominion, and Coach Jack Fogel, ex-Montreal Royal football star, and Davey Peters, Canadian light-weight champion who acted as manager, had quite a time getting a full line-up out for league fixtures. But they stuck to it, and eventually, new playing strength came to the depot, and the airmen were again hitting in peak form at the close of the schedule.

After they had cinched their league championship, efforts were made to get home-and-home games with the Winnipeg St. Andrews' senior provincial title holders, but as the latter squad was in the Dominion playdowns the plans fell through. At the present time plans are under way to hold a home-and-home series with the Winnipeg Toilers.

The team has the solid support of the officer commanding No. 2 Manning Depot, Wing Commander R. M. Smith. Flying Officer R. W. F. James has been very active as sports officer, and particularly in the development of basketball in the depot.

A picture of the league champions is shown on page 5.

Twenty-four hours after a house had been bombed in England, men clearing the wreckage heard a peculiar noise, and, after frantic digging, found a four-months-old baby unhurt in a dresser drawer. Its father, mother and grandmother were killed.



WING COMMANDER R. M. SMITH AND SOME OF THE FISTIC TALENT OF No. 2 MANNING DEPOT

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Dancing 9 o'clock to 1 o'clock. Admission 35c.

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R.C.A.F. Camera Club No. 2 Manning Depot

In the April issue of the Airman's Post on page twenty-two, there may be found an article mentioning the fact that certain members of the staff and personnel of the station had been elected to various positions in the "R.C.A.F. Camera Club."

Since that article was written, the meetings have been carried out every Tuesday in the Y.M.C.A. club rooms on Eighth street, which have been kindly donated for this purpose. It is with pleasure that we are able to say that a constitution has been drawn up and the following are a few extracts therefrom:—

"The name of the club shall be: 'the R.C.A.F. CAMERA CLUB' No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Manitoba."

"The aim of the club shall be: To aid and benefit, by mutual co-operation, those interested in photography."

"Any member of the R.C.A.F. No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Manitoba, may become a member of this club."

"A small nominal fee of 10 cents per week is being made to take care of printing, paper, etc."

Regular meetings of the club shall be held weekly at the Y.M.C.A.—Tuesday being the day selected—and the hour of opening being 18:00 hours. Special notice should be taken of the hour and day of meeting, so that anyone wishing to join may be able to attend a meeting and have his name mentioned on the roll.

Members may gain actual experience by lessons in photography from competent instructors in the dark-room. To give some idea as to the activities of the club, here are a few points that will come under open discussion at various meetings:

Dark-room plans, furnishings, and equipment. A Camera Club library,

which we hope to have in the near future. Monthly print competitions and discussion of prints. Monthly print exhibits. Members' yearly exhibit. A special course in photography. These are all interesting to the photographic fan.

In addition to these many phases of the club, there are camera hikes and outings to be taken into consideration and such hikes are something to be looked forward to with eagerness and anticipation. Take it from one who knows.

It might interest those hesitating to join the club at this time, that the materials for the dark-room are on their way, having been ordered, and are expected to arrive at any moment. It is expected that by the time this article appears in print that the dark-room will be an actuality.

We wish to stress the time and place of meetings because, owing to the transfer of personnel from place to place, there is always an opening for a new member, so do not hesitate to attend the meetings every Tuesday at 6 p.m. or, as we say it, 18:00 hours.

Perhaps you know nothing about photography, what's the difference? There are a number of professional and commercial photographers attached to the club who have offered their aid and assistance to those who wish to become more proficient in the art of taking pictures. Do not hesitate to come along next Tuesday. Bring your camera and some of the prints so that you may learn where your mistakes are—if any.

"Boom" went an explosion one night recently, awakening everyone in residence at a boys' school near Oxford. The staff did their duty nobly and well, and just when all the children were assembled to be marshalled into their air-raid shelter, news came that the trouble was only ginger ale bottles bursting in a near-by factory fire.

How \$5 Actually Fights

So that every Canadian who buys War Savings certificates may get the feeling that his or her contribution is an actual missile hurled against Hitler, the Department of Munitions and Supply has issued an interesting bulletin with a personal touch.

Every time a Spitfire pilot fires a burst of 100 rounds of .303 ammunition at a Hun raider, the equivalent of one \$5 certificate has found a target.

When a R.A.F. bomber drops a 500-pound bomb on a German munition factory or railway centre, the explosion costs from \$80 to \$200 (or from twenty to fifty \$5 certificates) according to the type of bomb.

A Bofors 40-millimetre anti-aircraft gun costs about \$12,500. It fires as many as 120 shells per minute at a cost of \$6 a shell.

The big brother of the 40-millimetre gun is the 3.7-inch quick-firer. It costs \$70,000. The shells it sends five or six miles into the sky cost \$20 apiece.

An elementary training plane, such as a Tiger Moth or a Fleet, used in the Commonwealth Air Training Plan, costs between \$8,000 and \$8,500. Advanced trainers, such as the Harvard, run from \$30,000 to \$35,000.

Universal caterpillar carriers cost about \$5,000 each. Bren machine guns mounted in the carriers are worth about \$450 each.

The cost of equipping a full infantry battalion is about \$300,000—or sixty thousand \$5 certificates.

A minesweeper costs about \$575,000; a corvette about \$550,000.

If it is difficult to imagine your certificates as part of a naval craft, think of them as essential rivets.

Your war taxes are made into projectiles too. But the War Savings certificates you buy carry an advantage. You get your money back—with interest.

Air Crew Confidence and It's Cause

(From the "Air Force Digest")

"Safety First," said the pilot as he settled his parachute into position. For months he had hardly thought of it as a parachute, but merely as something comfortable to sit on while in the air. He would in fact be quite surprised if the moment came when it ceased to be a cushion and had to be put to its proper use.

He and the thousand and one others like him in the Bomber squadrons of the R.A.F. have in the months of war, gained such confidence in their aircraft and their crews and in their ability to attack the enemy in his own territory that, if there is any danger anywhere, they feel it is down on the ground among their bombs. Casualties there must be; they know that. But they accept the risk.

Confidence in the soundness of their aircraft means a great deal to the crews. "Out of the frying pan into the Spitfire" is a popular joke, but the men know that only the finest workmanship goes into the manufacture of our aircraft, whether fighters, bombers or reconnaissance types. Not long ago a bomber pilot after visiting an aircraft works reported that it was an experience all airmen should have.

"Seeing the great skill with which the aircraft are put together, I thought to myself: 'They'll take anything that's coming to them!'"

The instruments too are all carefully made, for on their accuracy depends not only the success of the mission but the lives of the crew. A faulty instrument is as rare as engine trouble. This reliability, not of the instruments alone but of the aircraft, is also partly due to the excellent work put in by the ground maintenance crews.

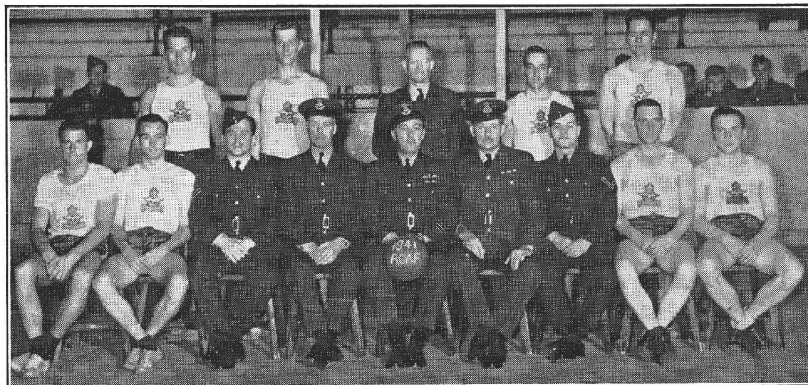
For extra protection each bomber carries a collapsible dinghy. Most reassuring of all, said one pilot, is the knowledge that if an aircraft is forced down into the sea there is bound to be a ship somewhere and it is bound to be British.

Then there is the human factor. The choice of a bomber crew is a delicate business, and is one of the responsibilities of the Squadron Commander. Not only flying skill but temperament have to be taken into account. Men who for some small reason are not suited to work together must be sorted out. A dashing type of pilot does not always mix well with the cautious, slow-thinking observer who can't be hurried. Each is liable to hamper the other's work.

The old time sergeant major would be shocked no doubt. His motto was to drill his men into one uniform pattern with no thought other than to obey orders. But to carry parade ground procedure into the air would be useless.

A happy and successful squadron is one in which pilots, navigators, observers and air gunners all work as one, with complete trust and confidence in the efficiency of the team. The confidence in each other adds up to a grand total of the R.A.F.'s supreme confidence in itself.

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Front Row—A. Goff, J. Seymour, Cpl. J. Fogel, coach; Flying Officer R. W. F. James, Wing Commander R. M. Smith, Squadron Leader L. A. Sewell, Cpl. D. Peters, manager; L. L. Britton, A. E. Anderson.

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The Boys from Down Under

From MacLean's Magazine

What are they like—the boys from Down Under? As the Commonwealth Air Training Plan swings into high gear, Canadians are asking themselves this question. Young airmen from Australia and New Zealand are now on Canadian soil, training on our fields, flying our ships, standing side by side with Canada and Britain in the war against aggression. Soon, in increasing numbers, these young men, raised in sunny southern climes, will be staring wide-eyed at a new country, sizing up a people strange to them, trying to get used to habits and customs they have never seen before.

Like Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders are noted for their hospitality; and like us, they enjoy receiving it as well as giving it. Obviously, the more you know about your guest beforehand the better time you'll be able to give him. We no longer think of Aussies and Kiwis as black men who eat kangaroo-tail soup, any more than they think of us as a brand of superior Eskimo. Still, it may be useful to know ahead of time how we, our customs and our country are likely to strike the boys from Down Under. Although we're cousins from young countries, their background is very different from ours. Take for example, the simple case of what constitutes a good square meal.

If you set before the average young Canadian a meal consisting of chicken soup, a sizzling steak with French-fried potatoes and corn-on-the-cob, blueberry pie and ice cream and a big cup of coffee, chances are he'd be pretty well satisfied. But if you were to offer the boys from Down Under a similar meal, while they'd probably enjoy it, they certainly wouldn't feel at home. If any hospitable Canadian housewife contemplates giving the Aussies and the Kiwis a good time, here's the way to set about it:

Chicken soup goes anywhere though the New Zealander might prefer to heroea; but as this type of southern

clam is unobtainable here, we'll let it go. For the steak, substitute roast beef. Down Under they eat steak for breakfast. However, any cut of beef will be welcomed, for, in countries that lead the world in wool production a change from mutton is considered a real feast. French-fried potatoes are unknown, except as chips, which are eaten with fried fish; so the menu here calls for roast potatoes and genuine Yorkshire pudding, heavy with butter.

Your guests have probably seen people eating corn-on-the-cob occasionally back home, so we can leave it in. As for pie, not only have they never heard of blueberries, but to them pie is a "tart". What we call deep pie, they call pie, and they never eat ice cream or cheese with their pie. In fact, to avoid confusion, your best bet is a fruit salad; and if you can dig up some bottled passion-fruit juice to flavor it, you'll be the most popular hostess in the Dominion. Coffee, in the Antipodes, is counted a high-brow drink. What the boys like is tea—great big cups of it; and they'll down three or four at a meal.

So you see that even in the simple matter of a meal, they are quite different from us. If we move on to the field of sport, the differences become even more marked. The boys from Down Under are great outdoor folk, but their outdoors is not ours. It all boils down to a question of how the mercury stands. In Australia it rarely goes below forty above. You may get the odd freeze early on a July morning (yes, we did say July) but by ten o'clock the sun is high and the frost is off the ground. Imagine how the Aussies will feel about a prairie winter.

Again, in Australia, snow falls only on the tallest mountains, most of these boys have never seen snow in their lives. There was a lad from Sydney who happened to be stopping over in Montreal between trains, during a heavy snowstorm. Montrealers thought he was crazy, for he walked round and round Dominion Square without a hat or coat, holding his mouth open to catch the flakes, and snowballing everything in sight. But New Zealanders won't repeat those

(Continued on page 20)

From a Kangaroooster

We joined opp this 'era hair force With intentions very true, But since we've been in Brinedon Our thoughts are very blue. We joined opp in Australlure To do our little bit, And soon were sent to Kinider To carry on with it. Then came our trip to Brinedon From Edmont. way out west, The people there were swell to us And treated us as guests. But now we're 'ere in Brinedon The folks are just the sime, And if we find 'em unsociable Well, we're the ones to blame. Now Kinider's a swell place, But down under is the best, Where you don't need liquor permits Like we do here in the West. Now the Aussies here in Brinedon The S.P.'s give 'em 'ell; They call 'em Kangarooosters But kangaroos are swell. They throw orf at our language, Our manner and our speech— But there's one thing those S.P.'s can't do,

An' that's speak damn good English. Plight-sergeant named us kangaroos That doesn't mean a thing. He's only out for raggin' us So we let 'im have his fling. Well, I think I've said enough now About this promised land, So I'll close this little session And retire to my stand. But just one thing before I go; I've made some dirty cracks— Just give us some Kinidiens And we'll lick those German rats. LAC McLurg, R.A.A.F.

Hell's Corner Thanks R.A.F.

(From "The Air Force Digest")

To the Air Officer Commanding a group of Fighter Command which is partly responsible for the defense of South-East England there came recently the following letter. It was sent by a resident of a village in Kent:—

"The people of this battered village, somewhere about the middle of 'Hell's Corner' would like to express their grateful and heartfelt thanks for the busy roaring of your Spitfires and Hurricanes' engines during these latter days.

"Now at the sound of a 'plane there is a stampede to the door—to get out in time to point up a thumb to the patrolling fighters. To the comforting throb of your engines we have once more got hold of our nerves, can raise our heads and take it on the chin.

"The phrase 'Never has so much been owed by so many to so few' takes on a newer and truer significance.

"This letter is a very halting effort to convey our village's feelings of gratitude for a job that is being so well done."

"From the Y.M.C.A. Desk"

The Air Force co-operates! That is the first and foremost impression of your "Y" representative from his desk in the Recreation Room. In the nine months at this Station, plenty of "voluntary fatigue" work has been asked for. My thanks for all your help, cheerfully given.

Have you seen our new orchestra? "Tim" Howard has the lads practising twice a week and they shape up well. I heard him say a tenor sax would be a welcome addition to the band. They should soon be due for engagements at their present rate of progress.

It has been noticed that Corporals Ewington and Bryan are giving a lot of time to promoting our Camera Club. As the elected officers of the Club, they have done most of the "spade work" and are to be congratulated.

The Learn-to-Dance class has been a boon to scores of bashful Airmen. Who knows what social triumphs have been started from this humble beginning—an evening at the Y.W.C.A. under the watchful care of Miss Joyce Burton, instructress. Any more want to have a lesson?

Our Recreation Room may not be very grand but it is a very useful part of our establishment. As custodian of this room the "Y" man likes to see it clean and tidy. That magazine off the floor—thanks; cigarette cartons in the waste can—thanks; butts in the ash trays—thanks; Do I convey the idea—THANKS!

"POEM"

A horse, and a flea, and three little mice
All sat in the corner shaking dice.
The horse sat down upon the flea.
Ho! Ho! Said the flea,
There's a horse on me.
—"Joe".

Since the war started the "Y" has provided free writing paper to the enormous total of TWENTY-FIVE MILLION sheets. Nearly FIFTY THOUSAND pen points were used. Table tennis balls used add up to FORTY THOUSAND. And you are welcome. The folks back home make the service and the giving of supplies possible. When you write home say "thanks".

Can I help you? Many questions have been answered for Airmen in the nine months I have been at the Manning Depot. Ask yourself an answer. You may get one. This is "Fred" Youmans speaking, formerly of Brantford, Montreal, Brandon, Edmonton, and now of Brandon again. I'll be seeing you.

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R.C.A.F.
Good Food

The Post's Air Quiz

1. Does anyone here know the cruising range of a Wellington Bomber?
2. What is the English name for the Curtis P-40 which is doing so much fine hatchet work overseas now?
3. If you had a fight with a Messerschmitt how would you identify it as the Me 109 or 110?
4. If a chap came up to you and insisted that the Westland Lysander had a retractable undercarriage, what would you say?
5. How many planes make up a section?
6. Between the two of us what do you think a Fiat is?
7. In what part of the air services is the Blackburn Skua used?
8. What is the name of that aircraft carrier the Germans are supposed to have sunk (for the third time) just recently?
9. What is the name of the torpedo bomber that the Italians found so annoying at Taranto?
- 10.—What is the Folke Wulfe Kurier?
11. What is the name of the fastest training plane used by the Allies?
12. Poke around here and see what is the correct answer. The Tiger Moth is:
 - (a) A new ballet dance.
 - (b) An elementary training plane.
 - (c) An insect that preys upon old tiger rags.
 - (d) An animal with wings, seen by people with D.T.'s.
13. In R.A.F. slang an "office" is:
 - (a) A place full of typewriters and women.
 - (b) A hint from one of the boys.
 - (c) Cockpit of a Hurricane.
14. When an R.A.F. pilot "Angels" he is merely:
 - (a) Giving the boys a sermon on the evils of alcohol.
 - (b) Getting married.
 - (c) Making a quick climb after a take-off.
15. If you were with the R.A.F. and your squadron leader said there were some bandits at Dover you would be inclined to think he was talking about:
 - (a) Some guys with rods.
 - (b) Just a mob of kids trying to scare some drunk.
 - (c) A couple of German bombers escorted by fifty or sixty fighters.

(Continued on Page 17)

THE WRONG MAN

The village constable was passing the local inn when noting that it was well past closing time, he saw a man still sitting in the bar.
 He went to the proprietor and remonstrated. "That man should be outside," he said.
 "Yes," replied the proprietor, "but I can't get him out."
 "I'll soon see about that," replied the constable, promptly, and pitched the unfortunate man out.
 "Thanks," replied the boss. "I have tried to get him out for a long time. You see, he's the balliff."—Welland-Port Colborn Tribune.

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Have You a Heart or Home Problem?

This column is conducted for Airmen who have heart troubles and bunk problems.

Note: We have been fortunate in obtaining the services of Hortense Heartburn, the nationally known expert on problems affecting the heart and the home. What Miss Heartburn doesn't know about Heart and Home problems would fill eight books.

Dear Hortense: I am a young Airman madly in love with a beautiful girl but every time I call round to pay her a visit, her father throws me out the front door. These forced landings are beginning to cause my undercarriage a great deal of pain and discomfort. What shall I do.

PUZZLED.

Dear Puzzled: Leave your undercarriage at home the next time you visit your girl friend. **HORTENSE.**

Dear Hortense: I am a Flight Sergeant, aged 35, blond with curly locks and considered good looking. And yet I don't seem to be able to win friends and borrow money. How can I become more popular?

BEWILDERED.

Dear Bewildered: Forget this hopeless craving for popularity of yours and join a good circulating library. Who ever heard of a popular Flight Sarge? **HORTENSE.**

Dear Hortense: I am in love with an Airman who wears two hooks on his sleeve. He says he is a Group Captain but gets only Corporal's pay. This is the reason we can't get married, he says. Do you think we should wait until he gets full pay of rank?

PENSIVE.

Lady, it'll be the far off Friday when your Group Captain gets his full pay of Rank. Now, while it is said that two can live as cheaply as one, this was true only before the invention of the Gold Standard. However, I'd marry the guy and get him to look up a reliable Finance Company. **HORTENSE.**

Dear Hortense: I am going with an Airman who is always telling me how beautiful I am and what lovely teeth, etc., I have. What should I do?

SUSPICIOUS.

Uh, huh, the old etc. line? Well, eternal vigilance, girlie, is the price of a good many things besides liberty. If he says his word is as good as gold, tell him to visit a jeweler and get it made into something a little more definite—like a ring, see? This requires a subtle touch. If he starts mumbling something about being posted in a few days, all is lost. So be subtle, and be vigilant. **HORTENSE.**

Dear Hortense: The fact that I am an Irish Corporal shouldn't be a disadvantage, but the truth is, I'm having trouble. I told my girl friend I had to leave town to see my sick

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wife but she thinks it's a gag to get rid of her. How can I prove I'm telling the truth?

DILEMMA.

Ever since Adam got into a jam some time ago, a wife has always been a bit of a nuisance at times. Refer your girl friend to the Bureau of Vital Statistics. If she doesn't believe the Registrar of Marriages, then bring your wife to town. This may cramp your style but when things are desperate, you have to be desperate too. **HORTENSE.**

The Refugee Europe 1941

Economic expansion and living space Were phrases he only half understood;

He dreamed not that they concerned him Or his few poor acres and hungry brood.

But one day the planes flew overhead And men stalked past in grim-clad ranks; The phrases he had only half understood Were become now bayonets, bombs and tanks.

On a day when cannon thundered near And the baying of bombers filled the air, They came and told him to pack his goods And take his family away from there.

He harnessed the horse to the home-made cart, And emptied the house of its humble chattels, Then with family aboard he drove slowly away From his land that would witness tomorrow's battles.

—R. Tyre

Tattle and Trivia

We know a man so unlucky in love that he declares if he had been Adam, Eve would have remained an old maid.

The chief problem of a dictator is how to keep the stomachs of his subjects full and their heads empty.

In the old days a war was declared and an enemy knew how he stood. Now he's shot at and given three guesses.

Many a man who figured that opportunity was knocking at the door has found too late to his sorrow that it was temptation.

A lot of women who look like prosperity have husbands who look like the depression.

They say that hard work never killed anyone, but it has scared a lot of people half to death.

A Sing Sing warden says college men make good prisoners. That's another clinching argument for higher education.

We can remember away back to the time when an "imperial crisis" meant that Gandhi and his boys were lying down on the car tracks.

An intelligent girl is one who knows how to refuse a kiss without being deprived of it.

It is said in America that high heels were invented by a woman who was kissed on the forehead.

London reports a serious shortage of alarm clocks. How about donating the buglers of No. 2 Manning Depot?

There are only two kinds of people left in Germany—non-Aryans and barb-Aryans.

A certain granite-faced flight sergeant was heard to remark that laughter was the best tonic in the world. How would he know?

"Don't be downhearted," said the steward to the suffering passenger. "Nobody's ever died of seasickness." "Don't say that," moaned the stricken one. "It's only the hope of dying that's kept me alive so far."

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It May Be Your Turn Next

It's Thursday morning, nine hundred hours, and some forty airmen are eagerly scanning the Nominal Roll. "Who's first?" "Where's my name?" "Gee, I'm second last." These, and numerous other exclamations are heard from the boys as they anxiously await the fateful decisions that will influence the course of their lives from that point on. Yes, you've guessed it, these lads are waiting to hear the well-considered judgment of the Re-Selection Board. And very few of these forty airmen will fully understand just how much this impending change will affect their immediate futures. The purpose of this article is to help them to understand where they are going and why they are going.

Did you ever hear of a square peg in a round hole? Well, that sometimes happens in the airforce, too. And that is where our story begins. These lads who are waiting for the Re-Selection Board to decide their respective cases were once fledgling flyers, student observers, and W.O.A.G.'s. But for

many, many reasons, some understandable and some unknown, they were unable to complete their courses in a satisfactory manner. And that is where the Re-Selection Board steps into the picture.

After he has had a clinical examination to determine his physical fitness to continue in aircrew the airman will come before the Re-Selection board who will carefully consider and weigh all the important facts relating to this man and his record. And from these facts they will decide just how this particular man's talents and abilities can best serve the air force and his country. Sometimes a man who has been unsatisfactory as a flyer will make a first class observer or a smart air-gunner. And sometimes they find a man who enlisted as an observer is far more effective and efficient as a clerk-accountant or an equipment assistant.

The Board gives serious thought and attention to each case, and the interests of the Service and the individual concerned are both carefully considered before a final decision is made. But no matter what that decision is, it is based on one unalter-

able and inexorable law — that the Service must have only good pilots, good observers, and good air-gunners. Mediocre aircrew have no place in the operation of the Empire's fighter and bomber planes. And the reason for that is so obvious that it needs no lengthy explanation here. It is simply again just the old adage about the survival of the fittest. Aircrew must be good.

If the decisions of the Board seem harsh at times, there's a good reason for it. We are involved in the most desperate struggle of all time, and there can be no place for sentiment or consideration of personal feelings. The problem must be tackled realistically, and in the best interests of the service. At the same time, no man will be deprived of a second chance who deserves it.

All potential aircrew arriving at this Station, and who read this article, will do well to approach their training in a serious mood and be prepared to give all they have so that they will be good aircrew. And never forget that it takes many thousands of dollars to produce one good pilot, one good observer, and one good air-

gunner. The service is anxious for you to succeed. You do your part to make that success certain.

The chart accompanying this article is designed to show you what will happen to you and where you will go if you should happen not to succeed in your chosen course. Study it and remember that the responsibility for your success is largely in your own hands.

EFTS SFTS AOS WS
If you fail at any of the above training schools, you will come before the Re-Selection Board which remusters you to:

1. Other Aircrew, or
2. Grounds you, or
3. Arranges for your discharge.

Re-Selection Board
EFTS and SFTS: If you fail here, you may be remustered to Observer, W.O.A.G. or Airgunner, or turned over to Trade Test Officer, who remusters you to ground duties or arranges for your discharge.

AOS: Here you may be remustered to W.O.A.G. or Airgunner.

WS: Here you cannot remuster to any other Aircrew and you are turned over to Trade Test Officer, who remusters you to ground duties or arranges for your discharge.

NOTE: Aircrew categories are:

1. Pilot.
2. Observer.
3. W.O.A.G.
4. Airgunner.

With one exception, you may remuster down but not up. A W.O.A.G. cannot be an Airgunner.

—By H. B. Hunter, F/O.

Cannon Equipped Spitfire Destroys Nazi Bomber

(From: "Air Force Digest")

A German bomber shot down into the Thames Estuary was so badly damaged by the fire of a cannon-equipped Spitfire that the flying pieces of wreckage completely blinded the fighter pilot who had to dive clear of the debris.

"It was like having a dust bin emptied into your face," was how the pilot, a 21 years old Flying Officer, described the experience.

The raider, a twin-engined Heinkel 111, was flying at 3,000 feet when it was sighted by the Spitfire pilot, 1,000 feet below.

"I climbed, crept up to within 50 yards of the bomber, and then opened fire," said the pilot. "The result was amazing. I hadn't given him more than a two-second burst when pieces of the bomber blew off like chips from a log, and so blinded me that I had to stop firing and dodge out of the way." When I could see again, the bomber was on its way down and two of the crew had baled out. I had a good look at it as it was going down, and the fuselage had some terrific holes in it.

The raider's crash into the sea was confirmed by the leader of another section of Spitfires who was in the vicinity and who also saw two of the German crew bale out and land in the water.

In the excitement of the combat the young Spitfire pilot left his radio transmitter in the "On" position and listeners at his base could plainly hear such shouted exclamation of triumph as, "I've got him! I've got him!" followed by a pause, and then, "Hell's Bells—he's gone all to pieces."

Germany's propaganda department has released photographs showing a crowd of Guernsey people holding Hitler, with no German trooper in sight to influence them. It is advanced as proof that the Channel Islanders are well satisfied with Nazi rule. What happened was that a band concert was given to attract a crowd, then an officer asked all those who could speak English to hold up their right hand. When all did so, the cameras clicked.

Hungry FOR Chocolate?

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THE AIRFORCE SHOWERS
With Apologies to the Satevepost Warning! This strange room hath A most mysterious shower bath. And man can prophesy no more The strange events behind that door! Abandon hope, all ye who come To bathe in luke and medium, For cold is cold and hot is hot, And meet and mix the twain shall not, The cold will freeze; the hot is blister.

And which is which? Ah! that's the mystery!
So twist the handles to and fro In sweet suspense, nor seek to know What torrent waits, what trickles coming, Such fun we have with Airforce plumbing!

KEEPING IT DARK
"Don't they teach you to salute in your company?" roared the major to Patrick Malone, who had passed him without raising his hand.
"Yes, sir," replied Pat.
"Then why didn't you salute?"
"Well, sir," was the candid reply, "I didn't want to attract more attention than I had to, 'cause I ain't supposed to be out here without a pass."—London Free Press.

GRIN AND BEAR IT
The newlyweds were on their honeymoon and had a drawing-room on the train. The groom told the negro porter not to tell anyone on the train that they were bride and groom. When the happy couple went to the diner for breakfast next morning, they were greeted with the smiles and snickers of their fellow passengers. The groom called the porter and demanded: "Did you tell anyone on the train we were just married?"
"No, sah," said the porter, "I told 'em you all was just good friends."

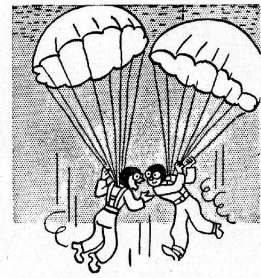
A German refugee entered Baltimore with \$40 worth of gold in spare false teeth. "Uncle Sam" gave him a cheque for \$40 in exchange for the "gold import" of "unrefined bullion."

**SMILES AND SMIRKS
"A HOME FOR OLD JOKES"**

ACTING AND UNPAID
The airman and the blonde were having a marvellous time; the orchestra was fine, the floor was good and they seemed bewitched, (which may explain a lot of things).
"What do those two stripes stand for?" she asked indicating the two stripes on his sleeve.
"Oh that stands for Squadron Leader."
"Oh, I see. What does a Squadron Leader do?"
"Supervises things. Leads a squadron. It's a pretty important job."
"My, that's interesting."
He felt her attitude change, sensed a heightened interest in him.
"Yes, keeps a man busy."
"You're rather young aren't you for such a big job?"
"Well, the Air Force needs young men."
"Do you fly much?"
"No, only on business trips."
Just then another danced past.
"Oh, look at that man with the three stripes on his arm. What's he?"
"Flight Lieutenant."
"Is he higher up than you?"
"No, lower."
The blonde gave him an admiring look and snuggled closer.
"Have you ever been up in a Hurricane?"
"Well I go up once in a while. I have a chum who flies one and he takes me up whenever I want to go."
"Gee it must be thrilling."
"Not bad. Gets monotonous after a while."
Well, to make a short story that much shorter the dance ended and they left. The Squadron Leader took her to a lunch counter and over a couple of cokes he poured into her delicate shell-like ear tales of wonder and imagination.
What a marvelous man, she thought but I wonder why we aren't having

anything more than just a coke. A squadron leader must be well paid.
Later she talked the night over with her chum.
"I met the most wonderful man tonight, Tillie. A squadron leader. He was handsome too."
Tillie had been around and knew her uniforms.
"What did he have on his arm?"
"Two stripes."
"Aw, he's just a corporal."
"Oh, no, you're wrong Tillie, he told me so himself."
"Listen honey, I know a real officer, an air commodore and he says two stripes stand for a corporal."
"Do you really know an air commodore, Tillie?"
"Uh, huh."
"What'd he wear on his arm."
"He didn't have any stripes, just a crown on his cuff and I guess he knows a corporal when he sees one."
"Gee Tillie, will you introduce me to your air commodore friend sometime?"
But Tillie only turned over and went back to sleep. —E. J. Jones

HEARD ON THE HIGHWAY
Constable (to motorist): "Excuse me, sir, but your lights are out."
Motorist: "Oh, thanks, but it doesn't really matter."
"Yes it does. By the way, have you got your driving license?"
"Driving license? Never had one."
"Is that so? And what about your insurance?"
"I never carry that. That's not of much use."
"All right. That makes three charges."
At this point the motorist's wife leaned across and said sweetly: "Don't pay too much attention to what he says, constable; he's always like that when he's drunk."—Hamilton Review.



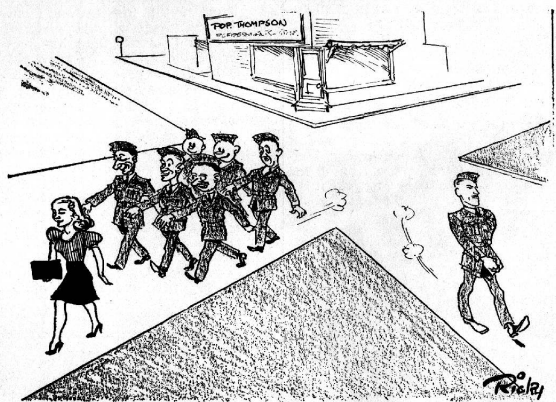
LOVE STORY—
Beneath the moon he told his love— The color left her cheeks— But on the shoulder of his Tunic It showed up plain for weeks.

The Director of the publishing house, Albright-Segati, has been condemned to five years' exile because he declared in a private conversation that he loved his dog better than Mussolini.

NO FUN FOR ANYONE
David Niven, who managed to hold his place in London society during his long service in Hollywood, had a bad time of it when he went down and joined up.
The men didn't like being given orders by an ex-Hollywood star.
After several days of their glowers and apathy, Capt. Niven barked: "If you men think I would rather be here drilling you than in Hollywood making film love to Ginger Rogers—you're nuts!"—Calgary Herald.

LUCKY CAT
"Father," said Jimmy, running into the drawing-room, "there's a big black cat in the dining room."
"Never mind, Jimmy," said his father drowsily; "black cats are lucky."
"Yes," was the reply. "This one is; he's had your dinner!"—Montreal Herald.

A Good Instructor—"Well, young man, ever been up before?"
"Only as a passenger, sir, but I have watched a lot of—"
"Humph, seems that I get all the novices to teach. But, believe me, I TEACH 'em. When they've finished my course of instruction, they're not flying through roofs and killing passengers."
"Now first I'll show you how to handle the stick. Back like this, see. Slow and easy. Always remember, never try to take her up too fast. One accident and, believe me, you'll never want to get off good old Mother Earth again. That's why I feel kind of proud of my record. For twelve years now I've been training young fellows like yourself, and not one of my pupils ever cracked up an elevator yet."



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THE HOSPITAL STAFF AT No. 2 MANNING DEPOT

THE STORY OF A PACK OF CARDS

(As told on the CBC's "Happy Gang")

Program of Thursday, November 23rd, 1939)

This is a story about an English soldier stationed in the barracks in England. It is part of every soldier's kit that he include a Bible.

Now one morning during kit inspection, the sergeant discovered that this particular soldier did not have a Bible in his possession, but instead, had only a pack of cards. Consequently, he was arrested and a few days later brought to trial.

The Judge presiding asked him if he had anything to say in his own defense, and, taking a pack of cards from his pocket, he laid them on the Judge's bench, and said: "Yes, Your Honor, I have. This pack of cards is my Bible, my prayerbook and my almanac. Perhaps to you and this Court that might appear sacrilegious, but its purpose to me is the exact opposite. It represents everything that is most holy.

The fifty-two cards in the deck tell me there are fifty-two weeks in the year, and therefore, fifty-two Sundays in which to go to Church. On the faces of the fifty-two cards, there are three hundred and sixty-five spots reminding me of the number of days in the year. The four suits in the deck remind me of the four Evangelists—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; the thirteen cards in each suit picture for me the Last Supper, at which thirteen attended. The Ace reminds me there is but One God; the deuce, or two, of Adam and Eve; the trey, or three, of the Holy Trinity; the four, of the four major Prophets; the five, of the five Wise and five Foolish Virgins; the six, of the six days in which the world was created; the seven, of the seventh day—the day of rest—Sunday; the eight, of the eight good people saved from the flood; the nine, of the nine Lepers cleansed by the Lord; the ten, of the Ten Commandments; the Jack, or Knave, of Judas—the Betrayer; the Queen, of the Virgin Mary; and the King, of His Majesty King George, whom I will proudly and courageously serve as long as I am able."

The Judge looked at the soldier for a moment then in a kindly voice said: "Case dismissed."

Lady Sherlock—Lady (at party): "Whereas that pretty maid who was passing out cocktails a while ago?" Hostess: "Are you looking for a drink?" Lady: "No, I'm looking for my husband."

OUR SHORT STORY
THE ORDEAL OF AC2 JONES

A thin pale shaft of spring sunshine filtered through the window and slanted downward to cleave a slender pathway of light in the purple gloom of late afternoon that filled the vast, hushed space of the chasm-like building.

The wan shaft of sunlight reached out a wavering finger through the purple haze and lightly caressed the marble-like forehead of AC2 Jones. Like a man hewn out of rock AC2 Jones stood stiff and unmoving in the great silence that prevailed over all living things like the ominous calm that warns of an approaching storm. Only in the eyes of AC2 Jones could one find visible signs of the great inner turmoil that tormented him. Stark, naked fear flickered in the two deep pools of lambent fire that burned feverishly in the ashen whiteness of his face. And once his tongue crept out nervously and furtively licked at his dry, puckered lips.

The fear that was present in that huge arena grew and strengthened with the passing minutes. The rock-like figure of AC 2 Jones wilted slightly. The legs that had stood so stiff and still for so long a time trembled now as the moment of crisis drew closer and closer. Sweat beaded his forehead, and a small faint moan escaped from his shaking lips.

The thin shaft of sunlight faded slowly away like the last remnants of hope itself. AC 2 Jones braced himself for the fatal moment, and his face stared forth pale and ghostlike from the sombre twilight that shrouded him.

In this tense hush that now threatened to explode momentarily in a furious blast of thunder and lightning, a sparrow fluttered down from the high rafters and voiced its contempt for all things human with a disparaging and nonchalant chirp. In the soul of AC 2 Jones welled a silent wish that he too might be given the wings to fly away from all this torment and agony. But the fulfillment of this wish was not granted to Jones, and he strove to reconcile himself to the inevitableness of his fast approaching fate.

The dreaded footsteps that AC 2 Jones had listened for so long sounded suddenly now like a knell of doom behind him. Feet that clanked remorselessly closer with the harsh, inhuman tread of some Frankenstein monster. AC 2 Jones quavered and blanched. His moment of dire peril was at hand. The fearsome footsteps were now directly behind him. A heavy hand descended suddenly and briefly upon his wilting shoulder. Then the deep commanding voice of authority delivered its judgment in one short, clipped word: "Haircut!"

—R. Tyre.

A MEAN MAN

Corporal Ferguson to pretty stenographer: "Are you doing anything on Sunday evening, Miss Lingard?"

Steno (hopefully): "No, not a thing."

Corporal Ferguson: "Then try to be at the office earlier Monday morning, will you?"

STALE NEWS

"I'm afraid I shall have to summon you, miss. You were doing forty miles an hour," said the policeman.

"Oh, you are too late, officer," simpered the damsel. "Another policeman told me that about three miles back."—Toronto Globe and Mail.

GOOD TIME COMING

A Gestapo agent was giving the third degree to the German school-boy:

"Have you a picture of the Fuehrer hanging at home?"

"No, sir."

"Well, have you a portrait of Marshall Goering?"

"No, sir."

"Well, at least you have a photo of Dr. Goebbels?"

"No, sir."

"No one?"

"Excuse me, sir. My father says he will make up for this when he gets out of the concentration camp, by hanging all three of them."—Parade.

THE MEN WHO FIGHT FOR ENGLAND

They fight not for an Empire,
The men who fight for England,
But each one for his corner of the land he loves the best,
Kentish soil or Devon loam,
Where the heart is—that is home.
From the channel to the highlands,
From the east coast to the west.
They dream not of high conquests,
The men who fight for England,
For all their dreams are centred
in a bit of English earth.
Yorkshire moors and Shropshire towns,
Surrey woods and Sussex downs,
The lanes and streets and homesteads
in the country of their birth.

Notes on Our Mess Hall

Some of the lads who came into No. 2 Manning Depot with a trim, slim, size 16 torso, are beginning to worry about their figures. The food at this Depot is just too good to resist that extra helping.

Sighed one new recruit, as he dived into a third piece of pie, "Gosh, if my wife could only bake like that!"
Battle-scarred veterans of the last conflict who arrive at this Station for their preliminary training, rub their eyes in disbelieving wonder when they first glimpse the bountifully laden mess tables and the story is told of one ex-soldier who tried to pay for his first meal. The poor fellow just couldn't believe he was getting all this for nothing.

We don't like to boast, but from the remarks passed by the boys who come from other Stations, Manning Depot No. 2 has reason to be proud of its Mess Hall menus.

The right kind of food is one of the most important essentials in maintaining a healthy body and a keen active mind. And here in the Depot Mess Hall, it is very apparent that all these important food elements are well supplied to us. If you don't think so, get a pencil and note book and check the calories and vitamins that make their daily appearance on the Mess tables and if you are still not convinced, go check your weight once in a while. You'll be surprised!

It has been said, well and truly, that an army marches on its stomach. That being the case, the Airmen of No. 2 Manning Depot should be the champion marchers in the service.

Which reminds us that we must see about getting an adjustment made in our uniform. We too have a passion for apple pie.

Free Speech in Europe—The "Spy Monocle," latest invention to win popularity in Nazi Germany, looks like an ordinary monocle, but instead of being an ordinary glass is a mirror. Held against the eye at the proper angle, it permits the wearer to observe unobtrusively whether anybody behind him is spying on his conversation in search of punishable utterances against the State.

Keep An Eye On Your Cat (From The London Press)—When your husband puts out Tibbles for five minutes at bedtime, you had better send him out with her. Otherwise, puss may not be there when you call her.

Black-out bandits are on the prowl for unattached cats. An epidemic of cat-stealing has broken out in many parts of London.

One theory is that the animals are being sold by the thieves as they are now fetching good prices. Another is that good furs are costly.

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London Kids in the Country

(Excerpts from the "Reader's Digest")
London is now a childless city. A hush lies over the parks. The lawns where primly starched nannies pushed their prams, where children played and dogs raced, are almost deserted. It is as though a modern Pied Piper had swept the city from end to end. And this is true also of other large cities in England and Scotland.

Under the Government Evacuation Scheme, about 2,000,000 children and mothers were taken from their homes in congested metropolitan areas and scattered over the countryside into new homes and new environments. This—the greatest rearrangement of population in modern times—was completed in four days. Already it has cost half a billion dollars. In reception areas the influx has on an average upped the population 25 per cent. That increase, in terms of extra water and food, sanitation, medical care and schooling, is a formidable burden for any community.

When evacuation started, the machinery functioned with incredible precision. Take, for instance, the little boys of Junior School on Commercial Road, East London. At 5.30 a.m. on September 1, they assembled in the schoolyard. Each child had a tag on his coat label with his name, address and the evacuation number of the school, 1017. On his schoolroom desk he found his haversack, also marked, containing a change of underwear, toothbrush, towel, handkerchiefs, night clothes, and a 48-hour ration of bully beef, biscuits and chocolate. After inspection of gas masks, the urchins marched off to Aldgate subway station.

All over England the same thing was happening. Nine of the main roads out of London were turned into one-way evacuation arteries. A continuous stream of buses, trucks and automobiles crammed with singing children reached as far as one could see. So precise were the plans of the railroads that the coming army of London commuters was not delayed more than half an hour. What the

arriving commuters saw, they will never forget. Not that the children were particularly tearful—for most of them it was something like the promise of an extended picnic.

The vicar of the village near Reading took two of 1017's tough little cockneys. Tommy's mother keeps a pub in London's East End; Jimmy's father is a dock worker. Adjustment has not been easy. To the vicar's mystification, the boys scrupulously avoided walking on grass and insisted on playing in the road. Jimmy was appalled at the thought of a bath and Tommy refused to use his handkerchief. Both complained at having rooms to themselves, saying: "We gets frightened, we do." They were disturbed at the idea of climbing into a bed with sheets.

One child, seeing a tree laden with plums, exclaimed: "Blimey, I thought they came in boxes!" Another little city girl wanted to know "how many apples they tie on trees." Children used to margarine complained of country butter.

Most difficult to handle have been the mothers. In the village where the 1017's were quartered there arrived a family from London's East End—Granny Smithers, huge and rancous, and three daughters with three children apiece. They were timidly polite at first, even agreeing to live in separate houses when the vicar firmly insisted they could not all live in one room. But when they discovered that there was no pub in the village they brooded disconsolately. "If I can't ave me drop of port, I wants to go back to London," Granny announced. "To 'ell with the bombs! I can't stand this plice," a daughter chimed in. The vicar did his best but finally the Smithers family returned to London, loudly vowing that they would never come again into such an unholy wilderness.

WORN BUT GOOD

A Scotsman rang up a doctor in a state of great agitation. "Come at once," he cried, "my baby has swallowed a dime!"

"How old is it?" asked the doctor. "1894."—Prince Rupert News.

Flying as It Was

(By Frederick H. Becker, from "The Air Force Digest")

In the last war, as now, German submarines were sinking everything they could along the shipping lanes, particularly off the west coast of France and Ireland. They seemed to have information about most sailings and could figure out about where to intercept the more important ships. Some 8,000,000 tons of shipping were sunk during World War I.

The tough problem of the Allies was to get the U-boat out of the ocean. Though military flying was new in those days, the airplane was selected as one of the antidotes to the submarine menace. So a group of us who had been shipped overseas together were taught the technique of flying boat operation, shooting machine guns, radio operation, bombing, dive-bombing, seamanship, etc. It was my fortune to be third in a class of thirteen. A vacancy having occurred in coastal patrol duty by reason of a transfer to other duty, I was assigned to that work with my good observer, Dan Cary, now an alderman in Chicago.

It was the custom where we were stationed to pick up a large convoy of ships as it moved out of the harbor and stay with it along the coast of France. Sometimes it would go one way, sometimes another, but it always moved out of the same secure harbor where the submarine nets prevented subs from doing any damage during the night.

In order to make most of daylight the ships would get under way early, and we had to get out there and had to be on hand to add whatever protection we could.

We would fly over the ocean at about 100 feet. On some days we could not see very far, but most of the time we could detect things a long way from the convoy and then have a close look at them by circling over them. We had all practiced bomb-dropping from this altitude, and for many reasons that altitude was just about right. Of course, you were your own boss and could go as high or as low as you wished, just so long as the all-important searching was carried out.

At first the patrol seemed very impracticable to us, but after a while we became accustomed to the things that had bothered us. We got so good at observing that we actually could pick up an egg crate or an object the size of a newspaper at a distance of ten miles and an altitude of 1000 feet. Constant effort directed toward that one thing—seeing something unusual on the water—developed a knack of observing, and enabled our eyes to penetrate further.

A convoy usually went southward out of Quiberon Bay in the morning and another would arrive from the south at nightfall. It was our duty to be with them on these occasions. When there was no convoy we just searched the area around Ile Tudy

and north to Lorient, past Belle Ile. We always had "either/or" orders and had to follow them or give some good excuse, like a forced landing. The islands mentioned were helpful because we knew that from either of them we had about a half hour's flying to reach our base. They formed an extreme boundary. We needed such a reference, for our maximum range was four and one-half hours. Our ships were Teller single engine biplane flying boats with Hispano engines of 220 horse-power, geared to a big wooden propeller. Each cost about \$16,000. They were beautiful ships, and for a limited use they were very effective. They could take rough seas, carrying in most remarkable fashion a load that would make the ordinary CAA inspector have convulsions. Each plane carried 160 gallons of fuel, a pilot and observer, radio, two baskets of pigeons (two in each basket), a lot of small arms, code books and bombs. On several ships we had mounted a small 27mm. cannon. When you got this all into the air at the end of a three-mile run on the water you really were prepared for the affairs of the day.

The radio was something! At regular intervals the observer sent in a message. The radio man on shore had one of the first loop antennas, measuring 6 by 8 feet. He would get it at the point of greatest volume and thus decide what track the ship was on, and guess how far out it might be. This is somewhat in reverse of present day radio. But when you were down on the water no signals could be sent.

The radio was always causing trouble. My first knowledge of one of Dan's difficulties came when it suddenly appeared to me that he was about to go over the side. He came up fast from the "depths" of the boat where he had been sending in our position. He pointed to a burned hole in the seat of his flying suit, and by short semaphore—use of the fingers—he indicated that he had just been sitting on a short circuit. Of course, the radio went out and the short station figured that we were down. Aid was about to be sent to us when we reached home. Incidents like this were routine. Something was always happening.

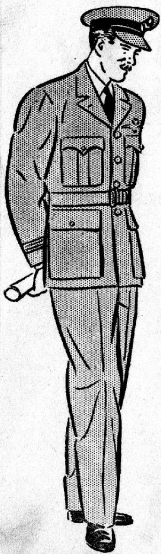
Another time we had to fly the full four and half hours with a compass that was spinning all the time. All courses were set by guess, and the return home was by homing pigeon instinct.

Eight of us were on patrol work regularly. Two planes each with pilot and observer went out at the same time. The senior officer was the commander of the flight. The regular airplane complement was three ships for every two pilots, which meant twelve ships for the station.

We had more than that at times, and less at others. For no reason at all old No. 13 came to our ship. Others came and went but old No. 13 was good and faithful.

We had a little difficulty once when a coat sleeve caught in the throttle and it became necessary to

(Continued on page 18)



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THE FIRST SHOT IN THE BATTLE OF BRANDON



What's the Matter
Are you ticklish? *W. K. G.*

Fired the First Shot

(From the "Winnipeg Free Press")
No claims have yet been made as to the man who fired the first shot in this war. But the Ypres Times, a paper published during the last war, has the following to say regarding the first shot fired by the British army.

"The honor of firing the first shot fired by the British army during the Great War belongs to "C" Squadron of the Irish Dragoon Guards, commanded by Captain C. B. Hornby. This was on August 22nd, 1914. The regiment disembarked at Boulogne on the 15th and reached Hauptmont on the 19th. Contact with the enemy had not yet been established, and "C" Squadron was sent forward for that purpose.

Information gained reported that the Germans were moving forward in large numbers southwards from Brussels. Early on the 22nd, the squadron moved along the main road towards Soignes. Patrols came in contact with German scouts and retreated in the hope of luring the enemy. A number of German Uhlans came on cautiously.

An ambush was quickly prepared. Two squadrons of the regiment placed their horses in cover and made ready to open fire. The Uhlans came on at a distance, then halted and turned, and at that moment, Cpl. Thomas fired the first shot of the war.

Hornby and his 1st Troop of "C" Squadron charged down the road after the fleeing Uhlans and though these were joined by a full squadron the fight continued until the Uhlans were reinforced, suddenly, by several troops of German Hussars. With drawn swords the Dragoons plunged at the heavy-weight German cavalry. Hornby crossed weapons with a German officer and ran him through the neck, thereby gaining the distinction of being the first British officer to draw blood. He was awarded the D.S.O. for his gallantry. The Dragoons routed the enemy, killing many and taking so many prisoners that they required aid in getting them all escorted to the rear.

The Spirit of the Corps

Ever since men have been banded together for the purpose of conducting military operations, just so long has there been a collective spirit of pride and devotion to the common cause. And today, this spirit is a rampant and vital force in the ranks of those who fight for the cause of decency and freedom in a world menaced by the powers of darkness and tyranny. In the brotherhood of the R.C.A.F. this spirit flourishes and strengthens with the passing months—a spirit that has its origin in those hallowed traditions of sacrifice and gallantry that are so much a part of the heroic tapestry of British history. And as long as this spirit prevails among the fighting men of the British Empire no invader will ever trample on the sacred soil of the Mother Land. As we write this, we think, too, of the young men of other nations who have come, some great distances, to lend their strength to our cause, and become a part of our fighting brotherhood. We salute them, and welcome them to that brotherhood.

We hope that the Airman's Post will have some part in fostering that spirit among the personnel of this Depot, and other R.C.A.F. stations that it may reach. It is published and circulated for the primary purpose of unifying and cementing those obligations of sacrifice and service that we willingly and gladly accepted as a part of our task in this great national enterprise. And with your help it can grow and become a vital force in the lives of all of us. It can become a fruitful soil for the growth and extension of our common ideals, our aspirations, and our faith. Give some serious thought to this brief message, and resolve to do your bit in helping to make the Airman's Post an active agency in promoting goodwill, and the spirit of brotherhood in No. 2 Manning Depot, and beyond.

THE EDITOR.

IT'S THE BERRIES

This happened three years ago but it's still a good story. Flight Lieutenant Sheldon Coleman and Aircraftman Joseph Fortey, of the Royal Canadian Air Force, forced down in the barren lands of the Northwest Territories, for thirty days and thirty nights fought starvation by eating berries and squirrels—mostly berries.

But so far as we know, at the time of the rescue, no scribe realized the little touch of irony in it.

Red berries, green berries, yellow berries, purple berries. Day after day. Night after night. For a whole month.

Then, out of the sky, 250 miles northwest of Fort Reliance, there swooped a plane, to land on the shores of Point Lake. From the cabin there waved a veteran pilot—the most welcome face Coleman and Fortey surely ever gazed upon.

He grinned. He spoke. "Hi, fellows," he said. "My name's Berry."

All England is conscious of the debt it owes to the R.A.F. Nevertheless, when a defending plane makes a forced landing on private property, the R.A.F. is liable for damages, which are always paid promptly. Practically all such awards have been turned back to the government.

HEAD-ON PLANE ATTACKS SCARE NAZI AIRMEN

Head-on attacks by British fighter planes to break up German bomber formations, a new attack method in which enemy planes race toward each other at a combined speed of more than 575 miles an hour—are described by a Royal Canadian Air Force pilot.

Flt.-Lt. Harland de M. Molson, of Montreal, who was shot down in a dog-fight over England last October, said this form of assault was more effective than shooting from the rear.

"A head-on attack in modern aircraft," he said in a talk here before a University Club, "is quite a frightening affair. Judging from our own feelings, I think it must shake the Germans pretty thoroughly."

"If you can picture, let's say, 24 bombers in a formation of threes in a sort of 'V' each stepped up behind the one in front, travelling at 275 miles an hour, and then fighters also in threes coming in head-on probably over 300 miles an hour, you can imagine just how much time you have to think about what you had for lunch."

She: "Don't you think it's presumptuous to kiss a girl when you hardly know her?"
He: "Yes, so I presume."

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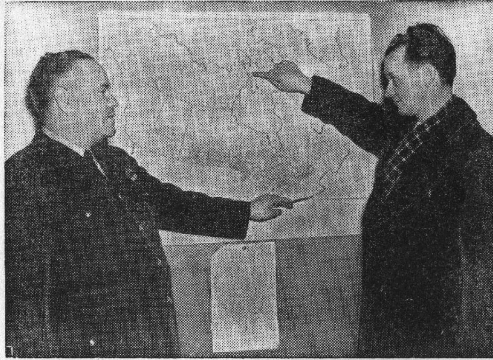
Left . . . Left,
Left - Right - Left.

Hour after hour, day after day,
the steady grind on gravel,
pavement and plank soon takes
its toll of even the best shoe
leather. So when your footwear
is in need of a better class re-
pair job, come to—

DE LUXE SHOE REPAIR

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Near the Post Office
Operated by a former
"gravel crusher"



—Picture by Courtesy of The Winnipeg Free Press.

From Arctic Trails to Western Airways

From time to time, there passes through this station some very odd, some very interesting, and some very famous characters. One of these celebrities, well worthy of mention, is here at present. He is known as Leland "Eskimo" Abbott, and his temporary address is "B" Squadron. His claim to fame is the title of "Champion long distance dog-sled driver of the world." His search for adventure took him on a 3,800-mile trek through Canada and the United States from a Hudson's Bay Company trading post in the Arctic Circle to the New York World's Fair.

Dressed in a fur Eskimo running jacket, beaded gloves, and knee high leggings, the thirty-year-old musher started on a trip that was one of the longest and most difficult of its kind ever made. The start was made at Tavanna, a fur-trading outpost in the Northwest Territories, and the first leg of the journey was to The Pas, Manitoba. Here Leland picked up a companion, Hector Despins, a trapper and fur trader, and the two set out for New York. Their steel-runners komatik was pulled by seven full-blooded huskies, and packed with about eight hundred pounds of supplies and camping equipment. Because the trip was not in any way a commercial venture, they covered expenses by selling pictures of their outfit and giving lectures. Conditioned by seasons of trapping in the north country, the two averaged 35 to 45 miles a day and slept in the open under canvas.

The good-will tour passed through Winnipeg, St. Paul, Madison, Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Pittsburg, to New York. At each stop they were given letters of introduction and congratulations from mayors, police chiefs and city officials.

When the snow gave out at Emerson, Manitoba, the United States Rubber Company donated to the party four balloon-tired wheels and a chassis of steel for the komatik. Blase motorists on the American highways craned their necks in astonishment at the unusual sight and to read the sign they prominently displayed — "From the Arctic Nesting Ground of Ducks Unlimited to the New York World Fair". They presented a true breath of Eskimo atmosphere to a perspiring American populace. To protect the feet of his dogs from the burning concrete highway, Leland fashioned tiny rubber socks for the team. On his arrival in New York the temperature was, ironically enough, dancing up around ninety degrees. There in New York Leland and his companion introduced this unusual mode of travel to countless thousands of fair and theatre-goers, school children and clubmen. The dog team soon accustomed them-

selves to civilization and were petted by children everywhere. While in New York they were on exhibition at the Eskimo Village concession. News photographers and press agents "ate it up" and pictures of the Abbott team appeared in print throughout the country. Leland carries a much prized and often displayed scrap book of his travels with pictures and write-ups of the entire journey.

The tour carried Abbott through various Eastern states with many appearances on the stage. He was on the air with Lowell Thomas, news commentator, to give a report of his experiences. He spent a very enjoyable four days at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, as the guest of Champion Joe Louis.

So keen was the public interest in the chunky barren-lands huskies that they were sold to a New York sportsman's club for exhibition and educational purposes. Only the fact that he could not speak Finnish prevented Leland from taking his husky team to Finland to carry Red Cross supplies for Finnish troops during the Russian invasion a year ago. In New York, at the time of a widely publicised campaign for Finnish enlistment he had offered his sled equipment to the Finnish consul for overseas service.

With the spirit for further adventure, Abbott returned to Canada to enlist in the rapidly growing R.C.A.F. Early in February he was called into the service through the Winnipeg recruiting centre. The day he was taken on strength at the No. 2 Manning Depot was the beginning of an entirely new experience for him; far different from anything he had previously encountered in his northern life. It was simply from the snow to the sky in one quick transition.

Above we have pictured our airman friend with Flt./Lt. Baskerville, Officer Commanding of the Winnipeg recruiting centre. Coincidentally Flt./Lt. Baskerville drove huskies while surveying for the Trans-Canada highway. In the picture Leland is shown pointing to that spot in the far Arctic where he began his long historic trek, and to his future success in the R.C.A.F., we wish him luck and happy landings.

Bashful

Charlie was the most bashful lad in the village. Naturally the family were astonished when he told them one evening he was going courting. After spending an hour or so getting ready, he set out. Half an hour later he returned; looking very pleased with himself.

"You're back soon," said his mother. "How did you get on?"

"All right," replied Charlie with a grin.

"Did you see her?"

"Ay, I did an' all. An' if Oi hadn't ducked down behind the hedge, she'd have seen Oi, too."

Beating the Blitz!

"From McLean's Magazine"

The observer on a Wellington bomber was presented with a box of jumbled mosaic blocks. While en route to Berlin he worked on it, spilling the tiny blocks whenever the plane struck an air pocket. Nearing Berlin, he got it together. It turned out to be a picture of Hitler, so he threw it overboard.

Splinterproof millinery is now worn by some London women. A steel lining is edged with rubber, and a sponge is placed between this and the silk lining in order to obviate any pressure on the head. The hats are designed in all the fashionable styles.

Thousands of homeless people of East London had a free lunch when bombs smashed a packing plant and the stew from the cauldrons had to be distributed immediately to prevent waste.

Motor cars with "tin hats" have appeared in Britain. Their roofs are covered with a steel plate, with a small space between it and the roof top, to provide protection against shrapnel.

There is a parrot in a southeast coast English town that has learned to imitate an air-raid siren. As a result his owners have been streaking for air-raid shelters much more often than anyone else in the town. Not only does the parrot screech like a siren, but he follows his cry with an imitation of anti-aircraft gunfire.

German parachutes which are used to drop mines into the sea are made of turquoise-blue silk, with heavy cords to match. In one English sea-coast town, several English girls have converted salvaged parachutes into blouses, with the cord used as a belt.

Letter from Ilford, Essex: Our town gunner brought down a plane and his mates hung the shell—what was left of it—over their hangar gate. Within a few minutes, it was filled with cigarettes, chocolate bars, etc., etc.

It was a regular "stripper," that bomb that tumbled in front of a young lady and her male companion standing near a London hotel. When the girl regained her feet she found herself dressed only in stockings and bloomers. Someone came to the rescue with a trenchcoat.

A Spitfire pilot, coming down by chute from a great height over the English Channel, found he had ample time to smoke a cigarette as he descended. His lighter, he says, worked perfectly.

During the Norwegian campaign, a British destroyer that had been at sea for eight days ran out of fresh fish. The order was given to drop a depth charge which would bring hundreds of mackerel to the surface. The order was carried out, and up came a badly damaged U-boat, which was promptly put out of commission.

A British Tommy cannot write x x x, for kisses, at the end of his letter to his sweetie—that is write them and expect them to pass through the censors.

Past experience has shown that the x's, and the way they are placed, can designate the number of divisions or air squadrons in certain areas, and was a device much used by spies in the last war.

A Day in the Life of a Heavy Bombers Wireless Operator

At one moment or other during the course of a raid, the success of a mission and the safety of those taking part in it may depend on any one of the crew.

Often it is the wireless operator who is mainly responsible.

There is hardly a more interesting job in the service. When the wireless operator signs on, he may know little about wireless, but after a course in fundamentals and another in operational duties, he goes into the air ready for any emergency. Those emergencies are sometimes exacting and often exciting. He is trusted with valuable secrets, and he may be the one to bring the aircraft back through dirty weather by the signals he receives and sends.

The heavy bomber radio operator's day starts with the careful inspection of his instruments. Any major fault is reported to the flight sergeant, who details a mechanic to correct the defect. Active duty begins with a test of the set while the aircraft is still on the aerodrome. Then if the operator is taking part in an operational flight, with the other members of the crew he goes for "briefing." That is the final instruction before going on a raid. This takes place generally in the early evening, and the signals officer brushes up procedure with the operator and gives him such details as he will require on the journey.

After the evening meal, the wireless operator is at his aircraft about half an hour before the take-off for a final check up.

Once the aircraft has taken off, it is a lone unit, if things go smoothly, until it is well on the way home. The wireless operator, however, maintains a listening watch. In the early part of the journey he takes action to assure that the home stations can maintain full contact, and facilitate speedy rescue should the aircraft be forced down into the sea. On returning, he is interrogated with the rest of the crew by the intelligence officer who seeks to build up a complete picture of the trip—what has been experienced, and what has been done. Then follows an interview with the signals officer, who goes through the log and the evening's work. Errors are corrected and difficulties straightened out.

A good wireless operator is invaluable. When landmarks or other navigational aids fail, he can frequently be of the greatest assistance to the navigator. That is not the whole of his job. In certain types of aircraft he releases flares over the target area, to enable the observer to pinpoint his position, and, should it be a pamphlet raid, he assists with unloading the cargo. He also sees that the electrical bomb is functioning, that the batteries are properly charged, and the fuses in order.

Some bomber aircraft carry two wireless operator-gunners who are interchangeable. The second operator is the rear gunner. Each, however, is capable of handling the wireless instruments and the guns.

Many operators have a long record of operational flights, some are nearing their fortieth raid, but generally after they have become highly proficient in operational work, they are transferred, and in their turn take over the instruction of new operators. Many outstanding feats are to their credit, and more than one crew that has come down in the sea owes its rescue to the cool competence of the wireless operator who got his signal through in spite of the misadventure.

One who recently in the list of awards had had his set severely damaged in an action with the enemy, but

undismayed, he repaired it, while still in the air, and re-established communication. Another had his right hand frost bitten, but sent his signals in Morse with his left hand, and one operator whose aircraft forced landed and crashed, stayed by to send a signal that they had landed safely, with nobody hurt. The operator himself might have been injured for it seemed likely that the petrol tanks might explode.

It is a responsible job that demands good sense, cool courage and great application. In their messes, or on the aerodrome, the operators are a cheerful competent group with a fine fellowship and pride in their "trade."

And How They Grow

I heard a rumor about four hundred Service Policemen being drafted to the Hawaiian Islands for guard duty. They are going out there in troop-carrying Spitfires. Keep it quiet though. A chum of mine heard it from a pretty reliable source.

There's nothing like a good juicy rumor to keep you on your toes. At Regina an airman deliberately started a rumor one morning to see what would happen to it. At noon a chum of his came to him with the same rumor. It had changed so much in the meantime the fellow could hardly recognize it as his own.

One of the latest I heard is to the effect that the Air Force will issue monthly to each airman a pound of salt—to be used while listening to rumors. I don't know if it's true, but the idea is sound.

Rumors got to be such a joke in Regina at one time that everyone used to ask what were the latest Daily Routine Rumors. As well as these, there were the General Rumors, generally false and the Administrative Rumors, which didn't mean much either. All were unreliable, interesting and quite without any basis of fact.

In a Brandon cafe, the other night, a couple of civilians were overheard discussing the arrival of four hundred R.A.F. men. Actually the size of the party was somewhat smaller, about three hundred and fifty per cent smaller, in fact.

Someone ought to make a collection of the choicer rumors that go the rounds. They should be put on file and shown to recruits. Just one of the many things they will have to consider when they enter the service.

Here are a couple to start the collection: Three German submarines were sighted at the foot of Niagara Falls. They were hiding there after sinking several hundred garbage barges in the Great Lakes.

A draft of thirty-five pilots left Ottawa last week by short wave radio for Rome. Their job is to convince Mussolini that he has been making an historic ass of himself.

Keep these under your hat, chum. You never can tell who is listening.

The Nasty Man—With tears on her baby cheeks, little Winnie ran up to the policeman.

"Please," she sobbed, "will you come and lock a nasty man up?"

"What's he been doing?" asked the policeman kindly.

"Oh, he's broken my hoop with his nasty bicycle."

"Has he?" said the constable. "Well, where is he?"

"Oh, you'll easily catch him," explained Winnie triumphantly. "They just carried him into that hospital."

Newspaper venders who chalk up the latest score of Nazi planes brought down have coined a new word for their game—Blitzcricket.

"Sorry--My Mistake"

(From the "Air Force Digest")
A Polish pilot damaged his first Junkers 88 above mid-channel, north of Cherbourg. He saw what at first appeared to be a friendly bomber. His brother pilot flying another Spitfire also thought it was a friendly aircraft and the Pole decided to amuse himself by doing a practice attack. He put his aircraft almost into a vertical dive, but in a moment play turned into the real thing. When he was about 600 yards from the "friendly" machine he noticed the German crosses on its wings. But he was quite equal to the occasion, and as he wheeled away to come back for a genuine attack he called up the pilot of his accompanying machine and said politely "My mistake. It's a Jerry."

Four times the Pole dived to attack. Finally, for good measure, he exhausted his ammunition in an attack that brought him so close to the enemy machine that he almost touched it.

Both the top and lower gunners of the Nazi plane kept firing at the Pole who, by his third attack, had driven it down to not more than 60 feet above the sea. After the second attack pieces flew off the Nazi machine and the Pole was so close that they slightly damaged his Spitfire.

Since he was not able to see whether the Junkers 88 crashed, the Pole is only claiming that he damaged it.

The second Junkers 88 of the day was damaged S.E. of Aberdeen. The Nazi pilot tried to escape when he found a Hurricane waiting for him. The British pilot turned after the enemy machine and was able to make two attacks. During the attacks the Junkers 88 was climbing, still trying to escape, but when the Hurricane pilot last saw it, smoke was pouring from one engine.

Grey Forecast Victory in Battle in the Sky

Thomas Gray, author of "The Elegy," foretold the valor of the R.A.F. in his poem, "Luna Habitabilis," composed in 1737, points out a correspondent to the New York Sun. In these lines, Gray reveals himself as a prophet as much as a poet:

The time will come when thou shalt lift thine eyes
To watch a long-drawn battle in the skies;
While aged peasants, too amazed for words,
Stare at the flying fleet of wondrous birds.
England, so long the mistress of the sea,
Where winds and waves confess her sovereignty,
Her ancient triumphs yet shall bow on high
And reign the sovereign of the conquered sky.

The latest story from Germany. A drunk who had caused a row by calling Goebbels a "schweinhund" was tried and punished for three offenses. First for being drunk and disorderly; secondly, for using abusive language about a person in authority and, thirdly, for endangering the safety of the State by revealing an official secret.

Brave Billy—Little Billy was the centre of a group of admiring men and women. He had crawled out on thin ice to rescue a playmate who had broken through.

"Tell us, my boy, how you were brave enough to risk your life to save your friend," asked one of the ladies. "I had to," was the breathless answer. "He had my skates on."

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Goering was asked out to dinner, but to his intense annoyance only ten of the twelve medals he was to wear could be found. His servants searched frantically through the twelve uniforms he had worn during the day, but without avail.

At last, in came Goering's valet, triumphantly carrying the missing medals. "You left them on your pyjamas, Your Excellency," he said.

Old Soldier—Bill had been in the army so long that he had lost count of his years of service. One day he was hauled up to the orderly room for having a dirty rifle.

"What was your last crime, my man?" demanded the commanding officer.

"Having a dirty bow and arrow, sir!" growled Bill.

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Aviation Types

From MacLean's Magazine

A perfect physique is the first requirement, but a keen mind is necessary too.

In the Magazine "Aviation", Joseph G. Levine, captain in the Medical Reserve and flight surgeon of the U.S. Army, tells what makes an aviator, as follows:

When the question, "What makes an aviator?" was put to a leading pilot, he waved aside the idea that any special genius was his or contributed in any way to the making of any flier. "I think that, in the future," he said, "anyone who can drive an automobile or motorcycle safely and efficiently ought to be able to fly an airplane in safety. Of course, in flying military, transport and mail planes, perhaps something more is needed, but I do not think the idea that it takes an unusual man to fly is at all sound." Asked to name de-

finite qualities necessary, he stressed particularly mechanical judgment. "It is the meticulous care concerning route and meteorology, and the intelligent handling of mechanical equipment that determines the pilot's length of usefulness in the air."

Of course the physical constitution of the flier must reveal no defects in all the essentials. The physical examination must be exacting, and is most difficult to pass; for he is subjected to extremes in flying.

There can be no history of epilepsy, respiratory disease, kidney disease, or any other ailment that may tend to be chronic and recur. The heart, lungs and nervous system must be sound and free from any defect. Often it is necessary for the military pilot to change direction suddenly at terrific speed. This may cause abdominal pooling of blood and brain anemia in those having a faulty circulatory system, with the possibility that the ship might be out of control long enough for an unexplained crash to follow.

The eyes should be perfect or rendered so by a slight lens correction. There can be no color blindness, for keen vision is essential in determining terrain for landing, night flying, bombing, and in distinguishing military objectives at high altitudes. The glare of the sun from desert, water, and snow; rapid variations in oxygen tension; extremes in temperature and weather; and the roar of the motor all tend to aggravate any weak condition in the near-well individual and may even affect the normal pilot. This stress is tremendously increased during wartime flying.

Flying has a significant effect on the middle and inner ear. The magnitude of the ear problem in aviation may be judged from the fact that pilots suffer more frequently from disturbances of this organ than from all other occupational diseases combined. The condition of flight which most affect the ear are changes of atmospheric pressure during ascent and descent, noise, and possibly vibration. It has been pointed out that, at the present time, the atmospheric pressure factor is increasing in importance as a result of recent advances in aircraft design.

From experience, it is known that certain types of physique may make

for better fliers. Medically speaking, man is divided into three classes: the asthenic, athletic, and pyknic, or obese.

Most of the excellent fliers are known to come from the athletic group. This group consistently supplies the first-grade pilots.

Yet it is observed that some of the superlative fliers are derived from the asthenic group. The more active glands of internal secretion of the man in this group perhaps speed up his metabolism or body processes.

His reflexes and power of quick co-ordination are of the hair-trigger variety. He is often proficient in all sports where nicety of judgment, finesse, and polished skilled are required. He may turn out to be a crack pilot.

Men of the pyknic type are rather unsatisfactory. Their excess poundage is the visible sign of slower reflex activity. Many of them may become good pilots, but, as a general rule—to which there are exception—they do not make topnotch fliers. In emergencies they do not tend to do the right thing instinctively. It is not a question of intelligence or courage. Flying, is usually not the field where they excel, though they do succeed in many professions.

Military aviation is the field primarily for the young man. The most suitable ages are between twenty and thirty, preferably around twenty-four. When one has learned to fly in youth, then, with the constant increase of flying experience, he can safely carry on to middle age.

Too Much Trouble

Irishman (to clerk)—"I'll be wantin' a clock."

However, none seemed to suit the customer. Then the salesman showed him a cuckoo clock, wound it up and placed the hands at the hour. Instantly the little door flew open and out popped the cuckoo:

Clerk—"What do you think of that, sir?"

Irishman—"Bedad, and it's not much of it at all I'm thinkin'. It would be trouble enough to wind it up, let alone feedin' the bird."



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London Fireman

Their Incredible Feats in Bombed City Have Won Unstinted Admiration From MacLean's Magazine

Once regarded as a joke, the Auxiliary Fire Services of London has come through with flying colors, states the London magazine, illustrated.

Many grumbled at the Auxiliary Fire Services as an expensive luxury. "Look at them," these people used to say, "three pounds a week for riding around in taxi and polishing brass. Three pounds a week for doing nothing."

Since German day bombers first set a part of London's Dockland and the East End on fire to serve as a beacon for night bombers, and London's A.F.S. moved in with their regular comrades to extinguish that gigantic beacon amid salvos of bombs—all of us look upon them as the front-line heroes.

The A.F.S. outnumbered the regular fire brigade personnel by about ten to one. And in the beginning there were grave doubts as to whether the A.F.S., with its ranks drawn from men who had spent all their lives in civilian jobs, could master the highly skilled job of fire-fighting.

But never has a hybrid organization emerged so triumphantly. For that we have to thank the amazingly good initial planning by the chiefs of the brigade and the Home Office experts.

Heart of London's fire-fighting system is the great central control room.

Hidden away far out of the reach of bomb or fire, protected against gas and stocked to outlast a siege, it is comparable in its interior organization with operations rooms at R.A.F. commands.

From this room Major Frank Jackson, D.S.O., the chief of London's Fire Service, handles the combined A.F.S. and regular staffs of about 33,000 firemen.

Telephonists and clerks of the Women's Auxiliary Fire Services control a signals network which uses almost every known mode of communication—telephone, radio and the rest. Whatever may break down through bomb or fire, the network will still function and information and orders will go in and out.

At the other end of these lines are Major Jackson's chain of about 380 main and substations. A further grid of stations beyond the London area can be called on to help.

On the walls of the room are visual signals which show at a glance the exact "state" in men and appliances at all the stations at any given time. On another wall is an "action chart," which shows fires reported and fires being dealt with, and the number of appliances in action.

If the control room is the brains of the system, the chain of main and sub-stations form the fighting front. Here a staff of two hundred live—eat, sleep and work together—men of the A.F.S. and the "regulars." They serve the same spells of duty, forty-eight hours on, twenty-four hours off. That, at least, is the official schedule of duty. But during intensive air attacks on London many stations were continuously on duty without assigned "rests."

And even when appliances were back again and cleaned down, the continual air-raid warnings, during which it is compulsory for the whole station to be dressed and standing, robbed most of them of sleep. But A.F.S. and regulars "take it together"—the rough with the smooth.

The navy-instilled "spit and polish" tradition of the fire brigade (most of the regulars are recruited among ex-navy men) persists in time of war.

Brasswork is polished even during a raid.

When appliances come in, no matter how long they have been out or

how tired the men, the first thing they must do is to clean down, examine hose for glass cuts and replace with dry hose so that the appliances are ready again for instant action.

There are lots of navy touches, too, about the fire brigade in action. An appliance and its crew never goes into a fire. It "moves up to it," just as a ship "moves up" to its station or to action.

The brigade, too, likes flag signals. At a big fire you can see lots of signals flying from appliances. A white flag indicates a need for water.

A green flag means that petrol is needed for the motors.

And the "navy touch" is shown by a little story, not generally known, of how one unit of the brigade faced the hazards of heavy bombing while putting out that first great fire in the East End.

When bombs began to fall among the firemen, they came as a surprise. The roar of the flames drowned the sound of aircraft engines or whistling bombs. The glare of flames made searchlights invisible. But the work had to go on.

Then one of the section leaders posted a man well away from the sound of the pumps but within sight. All this man had to do was to listen for the whistle of falling bombs. When he heard that he waved his arms in semaphore fashion and the men round the pumps flung themselves to the ground.

The plan worked. Soon the idea spread all round the units in action, and no doubt many men were saved from death or injury.

In this story there is implicit all that tradition of courage and resource which our fire brigades have always displayed and which are needed even more today.

Important Announcement

"Has this man got an account here?" asked the caller at the bank in the wild and woolly West.

"Why, yes," said the manager. "Then why did you return his cheque to me marked 'No funds'?"

"Oh," replied the manager, "that doesn't mean this man has no funds. It means the bank has no funds."

Technically Speaking

The quiet man in the crowd had grown tired of the boastful talk of the others. So, when there was a lull in the conversation, he began:

"This morning I went over to see a new machine we've got at our place, and it's astonishing how it works."

"And how does it work?" asked one.

"Well," was the reply, "by means of a pedal attachment a fulcrum lever converts a vertical reciprocal motion into a circular movement. The principal part of the machine is a huge disc that revolves in a vertical plane. Power is applied through the axis of the disc, and work is done on the periphery, and the hardest steel by mere impact may be reduced to any shape."

"What is this wonderful machine?"

"A grindstone."

Newspapers in unoccupied France quote French soldiers as reporting that German motorized units "tank up" from a water tap. This corroborates a report that German chemists have produced a synthetic gasoline in tablet form, which when dissolved in water provides a fuel capable of operating the army motors. Whether it will operate airplanes is not yet known.

Answers to the Air Quiz

ON PAGE 7

1. Well, the cruising range of the Wellington is 2500 miles.
2. The British name for the Curtis P-40 is Tomhawk.
3. The Messerschmitt 109 is a single-engined craft; the 110 is twin-motored.
4. You're wrong there, chum, the Lysander's undercarriage is fixed.
5. A section of Hurricanes is composed of three planes.
6. Fiat is an Italian fighter bi-plane, cold turkey for any Hurricane in the neighborhood.
7. The Skua is used by the Fleet Air arm as a dive-bomber.
8. The Ark Royal. The German sunk it in the Atlantic, the Italians sunk it in the Mediterranean, and any day now we may expect somebody to say they sunk it in the Pacific.
9. Fairey Swordfish.
10. A new four-motored long-range German bomber.
11. Miles Master.
12. An elementary training plane.
13. Cockpit of a Hurricane.
14. Making a quick climb after a take-off.
15. A couple of German bombers escorted by fifty or sixty fighters.

RECIPE FOR SLEEP

When you can't sleep, try this: Lie flat on your back. Lift a leg an inch or two. Hold it up while you take from twelve to twenty deep breaths. Then drop the leg like lead. Do the same with the other leg. Do it with your arms in turn. Next, lift your head. Breathe twenty times while you think of your skull as an inert cannon ball! Let it drop that way. Now for the grand and complete crash! Hoist your body up, supporting yourself on your head, shoulders and feet. After twenty more deep breaths, collapse on your bed!

By this time you should be so unconscious that even a Flight-Sergeant's bellow will not rouse you. On the other hand if all this effort fails to prevail over morpheous, then you just better holler for the Barrack Warden, and have him sing you to sleep with a soothing lullaby.

In at least one English town, a man whose duty is to remove time bombs, wears a tin hat painted white, instead of the usual brown or black, and this hat entitles him to instant right of way through all traffic.

Carefree

Smiling cheerfully, the young man walked into the pawnshop and dumped an alarm clock on the counter with the brief comment:

"How much?"
"What's the idea?" asked the pawnbroker.
"Shan't be needing it any more. After today the Government's calling me up."

The prize German complaint is that the British are setting false fires in their own cities and towns in order to mislead Nazi aviators accustomed to route their flights by the blazes from their bombs. This, the Germans say, is a typical trick of the tricky British.

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—Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill

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FLYING AS IT WAS

(Continued from Page 12)

make a very awkward forced landing well up on a beach. Three days' work was required to get the plane afloat again, but when that finally was accomplished, it did not leak and nothing was broken anywhere. The only time lost from duty by this plane was the three-day period on the beach. The plane was out on patrol duty at the time the Armistice went into effect. Then Fate went against her. She went down, the crew was saved, but we never saw old No. 13 again.

Each bomb weighed about 120 pounds and really started a fuss when dropped. One pilot got into some difficulty on one take-off, so he released his bombs to reduce the load. They promptly blew the tail off his ship and left him sitting in the water with the front of the ship badly out of balance. When dropped in the water, these bombs would raise a column about 300 feet high so we had to be above that altitude to bomb safely. Those heavy, round-nosed things always bothered me whenever we had difficulty taking off. But it would have been silly, of course, to go on patrol without them. You cannot sink a submarine with a pistol or machine gun.

An old wreck in the mouth of the channel leading to St. Nazaire lay in such a position that the casual observer would have mistaken it for a submarine planting mines. Though the spot was marked on our maps and everyone knew about it, that old wreck was bombed several times, anyway.

For instance, one day as we approached our base the outgoing tide caused an eddy about the stern of the wreck that gave us the impression of a propeller kicking over. Was this a submarine? Just as a precautionary measure we gave her one bomb, circled, and were on the point of letting another go, when it appeared that we had done as others before us had—bombed the wreck.

About eight miles northwest of Ile D'yeu there was a spar buoy. The first time we noticed it our engine quit and we finally drifted ashore on the island and lived with the natives for several days. After much hardship and dangerous flying we got back to our base at Le Croisic, and in due time were sent out again on routine patrol. This led to the same spar buoy and down we went again! The usual recovery from a sea disaster followed, but from that time

until the end of the war no intelligence officer, no skipper, and no orders ever got me within ten miles of that place!

Escorting convoys was excellent duty. We never tired of it. There was something to do all the time. The planes were sent out in pairs, and the work was divided up so as to have each cover the entire area in turn. You worked over the convoy, but made your own circles. If you were forced down you were within range of help from one of the ships. The tough duty was flying all over the sector without seeing anything below. The ominousness of the ocean was overwhelming; it became worse when you had a forced landing. Also, the chances were excellent that you would get very, very seasick.

One day we drifted for a long time after a forced landing which occurred about 10 a.m. about 60 miles out. We got so seasick that it was necessary to lie on the wings of the plane. It seemed a little easier out there on the wings, but of course the rough water tossed us around like an egg-beater.

In the late afternoon a ship came into sight out of nowhere. It was a great surprise for we had flown over the whole area before being forced down and had seen nothing. A small boat was quickly lowered and we were taken off. The flying boat was tied to the stern. Captain Stone and Lieutenant-Commander Rose of the U.S. Coast Guard Service, sailing the J. P. Morgan yacht "Corsair" had come along at a crucial moment.

Within a week from that time we had to go a long way out to intercept a French submarine. After locating her, we made a dash in the direction of Spain, and down we went again! Engine failure. This time we were beyond the ship lanes. We were sure nobody knew we had gone down and nobody had been informed that we had gone into this particular area. The other plane had not followed us.

As we drifted we found that a cracked carburetor bowl had allowed all the fuel to escape. The method of getting the fuel up out of the hull was to force the air into the tanks which, in turn, forced the gasoline up to the carburetor. Naturally, when an opening appeared it ran out into the ocean. Our plane was old No. 5—a cannon ship. The front cockpit was large; the 37 mm. cannon was mounted at the front of it. If you fired it in the air it scared the freckles off your nose, so everyone hoped he would never be forced to use it.

The sea was somewhat rough that day on the Bay of Biscay and the cannon soon became a real headache. Because of it, the ship began to take water over the bow and would soon fill up if allowed to continue. Dan was small and light so he went forward while I went aft in an attempt to balance the ship longitudinally. It was his mission to throw the gun overboard and thus lighten the front of our ship.

In the confusion of getting this done we did not see a small squall, for which the Bay is famous, approaching us. It hit furiously and there was Dan trying to get the gun

over the side alone. He could not do it; he needed me, and he needed me quickly or we might go over. When I was about half way to him a stiff wave struck the plane and over we went, so quickly that we could not think of anything except to struggle for the high side, but things got very bad for us in a hurry.

One thing stands out clearly in my memory. It was always a practice to carry four homing pigeons as a means of sending signals, when all others failed. These pigeons were temperamental. On good days they would play about on the way home and not arrive until nightfall. If the weather was bad, they would go home directly. At times when released too far from home and they did not know which way to go, they would simply come back and perch on the top wing and look us over. When this happened it was the practice (unauthorized) to shoot at them with a Very pistol. This sometimes scared the pigeon sufficiently to persuade him to make an honest effort to find his way home.

As old No. 5 went over, one of the two remaining pigeons somehow was freed, and you should have seen him go for shore! That "baby" didn't need any shooting to add to his scare.

The water was cold. Since there had been no ship in sight when we landed the situation seemed hopeless. Still, one never can tell. This was our fifth trip "down." We had been rescued four times out of five. Right then we wanted five out of five and wanted it badly!

Under the hull of the ship was a breather pipe that allowed air ventilation at take-off. It had been found that these ships could be taken off best with an excess load when these pipes were installed. This was lucky for us, because the hole was just large enough to permit us to get three fingers inside and hold on when, as now, the boat overturned.

We clung to the plane for a long, long time. Other squalls came and passed. Each time a swell raised us from the preceding one that had dropped us, it seemed to me that there was a definite time lag. In other words, the hull was filling us and sooner or later it would go down. The wings had already been snapped off. We wore lifebelts, but they were no protection against the cold. There was nothing to do, and nothing to say—and no one said anything. The end seemed not far off. Both of us knew it.

After much more waiting a sound came to me from over my left shoulder. I didn't mention it to Dan because it might not be anything, and if it was something it would come again. It did! This time Dan caught it too. He could see it, as he was facing that way. As far as I was concerned it was getting to be too much effort to turn around. Besides, a slip might put me down in the "drink" just a little further than at present, and this was no time to take chances.

It seemed about a week later when a strong sailor grabbed me by the scruff of the neck, the most welcome feeling ever to come to me. He got both of us into his boat without a moment's delay.

Then we were pulled right up the side of a big ship of some kind that was directly behind us. The doctor removed our wet clothes. The boys rubbed me so hard they made me dizzy.

Next day we discovered that we were on board the Corsair again. As a matter of fact it was the skipper and Lieutenant-Commander Rose had not picked us up before, they would not have found us on this occasion. It seems that the earlier rescue had made such an impression on the crew that the skipper watched us closely when he saw us earlier that morning. When we did not reappear, the crew became concerned. They were sure they would get a sight of us when we returned, if we were needed, and came back.

So he veered from his course to look around. After a while he was ready to give orders to return to the original course, and was hesitating, when the forward lookout announced: "Something on the water off the starboard bow."

He looked and ordered full speed ahead. Just after the rescue the skipper went up on the bridge to look around and to consider what to do with the wrecked airplane. The report he got from the lookout was that it had gone down a short time after we were taken off.

There remained but one entry to be made on the plane's log, and that was: "Ship sank."

To Mr. Morgan, the Coast Guard, Captain Stone, Lieutenant-Commander Rose and the crew, Dan Carey and I again express our thanks for the dual rescues.

THE PILOT'S SONG

When we are flying skyward
Where the black Swastikas soar—
We'll never stop, and we'll never
swerve
Till we reach the Danube's shore.

For it's men like you,
And it's lads like us
That make the airforce fine,
And we'll keep right on a flyin'
Till we cross the Seigfried Line.

For it's twist and dive, bank and turn
While we're on old Jerry's tail,
And we'll keep right on a flyin'
Though the tracers rain like hail.

For it's men like you,
And it's lads like us
That make the airforce fine,
And we'll keep right on a flyin'
Till we cross the Seigfried Line.

—AC2 F. F. Parfitt,
"B" Squadron

Cause for Alarm

Playwright: "Well, what did you think of my play?"

Producer: "I would make one suggestion."

Playwright: "What is that?"
Producer: "Make the villain shoot himself instead of poison himself in the third act."

Playwright: "But why?"
Producer: "It'd wake the audience up."

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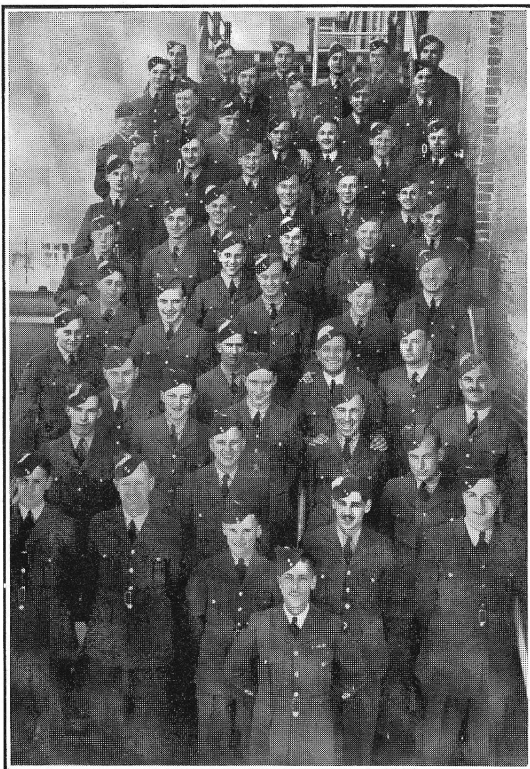
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Welcome to Brandon

The boys pictured above are a group of R.A.F. men who came direct from the mother land to their first Canadian station in Brandon. Tired after their long wearisome journey by boat and train, the boys were glad to settle down on terra firma again. They report the journey over was uneventful and without any visible sign of Jerry. After a short stay in Brandon the British lads will be assigned to various flying schools across the Dominion for additional training.

SOME CANDID COMMENT

There is the story of the weary pilot who shot down so many Nasties he broke out and said:

It wouldn't be so confoundedly boring

Shooting down jolly old Goering. Nor would it be nearly so dull sending A. Hitler to hell.

Say this over a couple of times: Gobbler Gocbels garbles garbage.

A Nazi would probably die if he ever got a taste of liberty.

I understand the four-legged rats have left Germany. Too much competition from the ones that wear swastikas.

The theory of the origin of species is reversed in Germany. Those monkeys descended from man. And the original gorilla is on display at Berchtesgaden.

My idea of a nightmare would be to dream I was an Italian lost in Ethiopia.

The Nazis are said to be trying to grow trees containing vitamins. So they can get more nourishment out of their diet of sawdust bread.

Judging by the news, there's more than one nigger in Mussolini's woodpile right now.

Even Break

The Pridely family decided to have their picnic in a farmer's field. Having got the farmer's permission, the feast began.

Two hours later the farmer arrived on the scene and stared with disapproval at the litter on the ground.

"I'm afraid we've made rather a mess of your field," said Mr. Pridely.

"Never mind," returned the farmer with a shrug of his shoulders, "you should see the mess the village youngsters have made of your car."

Deafness, which used to bar men from the army, should be treated as an asset. E. H. Whitefield, president of the Vancouver Adult Deaf Association, argues. In England deaf-mutes are engaged in shot blasting. Because of the tremendous noise, only deaf-mutes are able to stand the strain.

The ears of children hear peculiar things. One afternoon, in her absence, a little girl's dog was run over. I forget into how many pieces the unhappy animal was divided; but one thing is certain—it was suddenly and swiftly killed. The house trembled. Who would dare to tell the little girl of her Paddy's death?

The task fell on the old nurse. When the little girl returned, the poor woman, with a face like a tragic mask, said, "Darling. I have something to tell you."

"Yes?"

"Something horrible."

"Yes?"

"Paddy's dead."

"Oh, is he?"

"Yes, he was run over."

"Oh, is tea ready?"

The nurse was overjoyed, yet dumb-founded. The little girl had her tea. Then she said, "Nanny . . ."

"Yes?"

"Where's Paddy?"

"But I told you. He's dead, dear."

At this, the child let loose a wail which shook the room, and caused passersby to stop and shudder.

"But you didn't cry when I told you before, dear," said the startled nurse.

"I thought you said daddy," the child sobbed.

Fair Exchange—The two men had been partners in business for more than fifty years. But now the partnership was about to be dissolved, for one of the two lay dying.

The sufferer called his friend to his bedside.

"I know I haven't much longer to live, old man," he said. "Before I go I've got a confession I must make. During our years of partnership I've swindled you out of thousands of pounds. Can you forgive me?"

"That's all right," said the other cheerfully. "Don't you worry about it. I poisoned you."

The Australian Red Cross is employing Australian cockatoos to solicit funds. The birds have learned to say, "Cocky want a penny," and seldom do they fail to get a donation.

Scarcity

When the American millionaire travelling through a small European country, called for his hotel bill, he observed an enormous charge for eggs, and remarked: "My eggs must be scarce in this country?" "Oh, no," replied the proprietor, "eggs are not at all scarce, but millionaires are!"

A Bit Tight

A shoemaker in Scotland guaranteed each pair of boots to last six months without repairs. Imagine his surprise when one day a man returned a pair of boots he had worn out in three months.

"What's the matter with them?" asked the maker. "Do they not fit?"

"Yes," answered Sandy, "they fit me all right, but they are a bit tight for my brother on the night shift."

ELEPHANTS ARE AFRAID OF MICE

As Mr. Winston Churchill put it in his recent broadcast to America, the dictators are afraid of words and thought:

"... words spoken abroad, thoughts stirring at home—all the more powerful because forbidden—terrify them. A little mouse of thought appears in the room, and even the mightiest potentates are thrown into panic. They make frantic efforts to bar out thoughts and words; they are afraid of the workings of the human mind."

—New Statesman and Nation, London.

—E. J. Jones.

A synonym is a word used when you don't know how to spell the one you first thought of.

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THE BOYS FROM DOWN UNDER

(Continued from page 6)

tactics. Most of them live in the shadow of the Southern Alps; and though the climate is mostly warm, the 10,000-foot snow-capped peaks are always there.

All this accounts for the difference between their sports and ours. Games that we can play in the summer only, they can indulge in the year round. Golf, tennis, swimming and yachting are things that never have to wait on the weather in the sunny south. It's true they will never know the thrill of hockey; in fact, the game is so little known that they call it ice-hockey—hockey being something you play on a muddy field. But there are other compensations. For instance, they can surf one day and ski the next, without having to move from the Laurentians to Florida to do it. Football—rigger—is the great winter pastime, and in summer, of course, it's cricket.

Like the English, Australians and New Zealanders think of baseball, if at all, as rounders, and are almost fanatical in their devotion to cricket.

There probably isn't an airman from the Antipodes who hasn't wielded the willow at one time; and it's a pretty safe bet that between flips a cricket team will grow up on every airfield in Canada. On the other hand, if we try and teach the Aussies and the Kiwis to play hockey or baseball, they'll be apt pupils. Living the bulk of their lives outdoors, they're pretty good at any sport they take up.

This applies to both country and city dwellers. Out on the big ranches—sheep stations, as they're called—men are practically born in the saddle; and they're bred lean, tough and sinewy, sure of eye and swift of hand, on the arid plains of the Great Outback. As for the cities, they are very different from ours, most of which are inland. Almost every city dweller Down Under has the mountain at his back door, and the surf at his front—great long combers rolling in from the Pacific and the Indian Ocean. They get into trim with a surfboard, or else they join one of the hundreds of surf clubs.

These volunteer organizations of bronzed young men not only keep members in perfect physical trim, but annually rescue thousands from drowning and from sharks. Sharks in the water and snakes on land are two items that must be regarded with respect in the Antipodes.

Outdoor life Down Under seems to breed two distinct types. The country produces the tall lean, hatchet-faced men who, serving with the Anzac Forces in the last war were the

delight of cartoonists. But in the cities you're apt to get a powerful stocky type, known locally as "Nugget". These two are familiar in the comic papers of Australia and New Zealand, and no doubt both will be seen on our airfields.

Aussies and Kiwis are a pretty tough breed; but Canadians may feel that it's easier to be tough in a warm climate. For instance, take their attitude to our clothing and our houses. Rubbers, gloves and umbrellas are regarded as sissy accessories Down Under, and spats always raise a laugh. Parkas and windbreakers are as rare as daisies. Used to balmy sunshine, it will probably take our guests some time to realize that frost-bite is the penalty you pay for being too hardy—"cracking hardy" as they say. The same applies to heated houses. Heat is so rare in Maoriland and Australia that they talk of it as "central heating." They live in bungalows with wide verandahs; and when a cold snap comes (cold being around fifty above), they don't turn up the furnace, but don heavy underwear.

Heated trains, too, will strike our visitors as queer. They have the Englishman's love of drafts, and not to be able to open a window is for them a minor tragedy. Besides, they are used to Spartan conditions Down Under. Even on those chilly July nights, the only heat provided is by the old type of footwarmer. This is a cloth-covered can of chemicals which when shaken is supposed to get hot. It may stay hot for half an hour; but in the meantime some healthy countryman has the window open, and a rush of cold air, sparks and soot rapidly cools you off.

Speaking of sparks, the Aussies, at least, will find our matches extremely interesting and surprising. In Canada many Australians have never seen we use matches that strike anywhere, these in their lives. The reason? Every summer, bush fires take a heavy toll of forest, property, and even life; so any types other than safety matches are prohibited by law, in the hope of reducing the danger. To the Aussies it's quite an experience to find a match you can strike on a wall or the seat of your pants instead of only on a match box. I once watched a couple of Australian lads on a transcontinental train. They spent half a day getting the steward to help them master the technique of striking a match on the thumbnail.

So much for customs, but it might be in order to give a few pointers regarding the speech and the slang of the boys from Down Under. Most Canadians believe that Australians and New Zealanders speak in Cockney. Actually, it's Cockney with a slow drawl and a much broader accent. Down Under speech is as dif-

ferent from true Cockney as Canadian speech is from East Side New York. But while you'll find that our visitors are pretty familiar with Canadian colloquial speech—owing to the movies—certain words in common use Down Under will be apt to faze us completely. Here, for example, is a passage of Antipode slang which most Canadians would find almost impossible to understand:

"Bill and I took a couple of bonzer sheilas to the flicks last night. My oath, they were a bit all right. Back of us was a real wowser. He was a fair cow. Looked like Dave from Woop-woop, with a big ziff and a face like Joe Blake. He kept grousing about young people being up late. Bill stonkered him, though. "Ace it up, wire whiskers," he says, "or I'll take and bounce a gibber off your crust." "Good on you, Bill," I says. "That's good-oh." The wowser saw he was up a tree, and he looked pretty crook and walked out. No error."

Here's the translation:

"Bill and I took a couple of swell girls to the movies last night. They were honeys; you bet. Behind us was a real kill-joy. He was the limit. Looked like Elmer from Podunk Corners, with a big mustache and a face like a snake. He kept grousing about young people being up late. But Bill fixed him. "Lay off, wire whiskers," he says, "or I'm liable to give you a poke in the nose." "Good for you, Bill," I says. "That's fine." The kill-joy saw he wasn't wanted, so he just looked sick and walked out. It's a fact."

It's all right, if you take it slowly. Lastly, let's take a quick look at our country. There are two things we take pretty much for granted here, both of which amaze Australians. The first is the enormous number of lakes and rivers we have in Canada. The largest lake in Australia is about half the size of Lake Ontario; but most of the year it's a sheet of glistening salt. In the whole of Australia, which after all compares in area with the United States, there are scarcely a hundred lakes, most of them salt or brackish. As for rivers, they have only one comparable to ours, the Murray which flows 1,500 miles into the Bight. They have plenty of small rivers; but the big ones start inland from the coast mountains and lose themselves in the desert. In winter there'll be a roaring torrent; in summer a chain of stagnant pools.

As for our cities, what the boys from Down Under will miss are great parks and boulevards fringed with palms, 100-foot-wide streets squares and plazas. But they'll gape at the skyscrapers, for the tallest building in the Antipodes is only fourteen floors high.

But, after all, it's hospitality that really counts.

Our visitors may miss the kangaroos, and feel homesick for the rolling surf, yet thrill to the Rockies and feel at home on the prairies. And, if we do our part, they'll remember Canada not only as the place where they trained for the war in the air, but as a country which, despite differences, has as warm a heart and as open a hand as the Dominions Down Under.

THE FLY-BY-NIGHT

I guess you've heard of a fly-by-night. So you know what I mean when I say, That a man who has been a fly-by-night Finds it hard to change his way.

He's been used to a life of idleness, And there's mighty few pleasures he's missed;

But he figures there's time to make amends So he makes up his mind to enlist.

This fly-by-night now flies by plane And he has no vain regrets, For he's doing something worthwhile now.

And his past the world forgets.

He flies by day, and he flies by night, And he fears not dusk nor dawn. For when he flies his mind is right And his worthless past has gone.

He thrills to the song his motor sings, And the grip of his deadly gun, He thrills to the power of his mighty wings And a battle fought and won.

He's not afraid of danger, mate, Any more than you or I; But he's tasted life, and he's learned to hate, And he'll end both these in the sky.

So this fly-by-night who used to think it was better to play than do one's bit, Has learned its far more fun to ride On the twisting tail of a Messerschmitt!

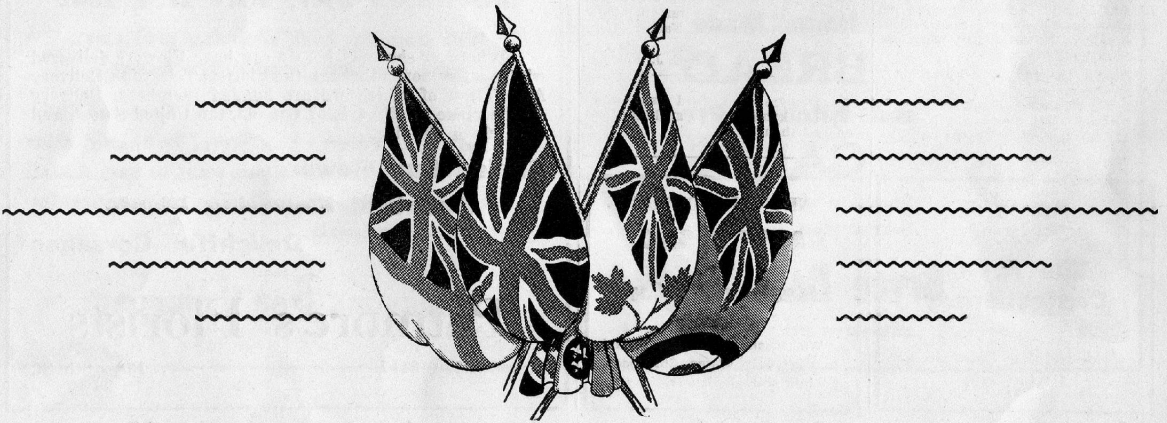
—Corporal G. Hohtanz, Manning Depot, Brandon.

WITHOUT APOLOGY

The fat man and his wife were returning to their seats in theatre after the interval.

"Did I tread on your toes as I went out?" he asked a man at the end of a row.

"You did," replied the other grimly. The fat man turned to his wife. "All right, Mary," he said, "this is our row."—Calgary Albertan.



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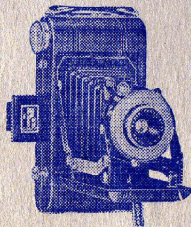
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