

AIRMAN'S POST

NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT, BRANDON, MANITOBA



BRANDON ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
JULY 1942



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THE AIRMAN'S POST

Vol. 2, No. 5

No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Man.

July, 1942

THE AIR FORCE SALUTES BRANDON



On Its 60th Anniversary

BAD news and good news from the battlefields form the ever changing pattern of a nation's day in wartime, but in these summer months which saw the unleashing of a great British air offensive, the passage of each twenty-four hours is seldom without Press mention of new R.C.A.F. successes in overseas' skies, and in these

news despatches we see with ever increasing frequency a simple line of print that reads: He commenced his training in Brandon.

To people in distant parts of this Dominion who know Brandon only as a place in Western Canada where an Air Force station is located this commemorative issue of the Post will perhaps better acquaint them with the city in which many of their sons and husbands were first introduced to a new life in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

This month Brandon is celebrating 60 years of development and progress since its beginning as a tiny pioneer centre in the days when the West

was new, and men and women with vision and courage saw in the vast primeval prairie lands a challenge to their industry and fortitude. And from the sweat and toil and faith of those early settlers a metropolis was born beside the waters of the Assiniboine. A centre that was to become known, far and wide, as the Wheat City of the West.

In other pages of the Post we invite you to read the story of Brandon, past and present—something of its early history, and the city as we see it today: a picturesque place of spacious modern buildings bordered by the lush green riches of endless acres that roll away to far horizons.



THE AIRMAN'S POST

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10c PER COPY

IN RETROSPECT

An Editorial by Wm. Noakes, Editor
of the Brandon Daily Sun

The month of July has been a month of milestones on the checker-board of history for this Dominion. Seventy-five years ago, after much labor and a lot of compromise, the Fathers of Confederation evolved what they fervently hoped would be an united Canada. Seventy-two years since Manitoba was incorporated. It was then politely termed in the east the "postage stamp province." Sixty years ago Brandon was founded. Earliest settlers had established themselves at Grand Valley, a mile or two away, prior to that. But General Rosser selected the present site for this Wheat City on Adamson's farm, now the center of the city. Brandon took its name from Brandon House, a trading post of the north-West company established in 1794 on the Assiniboine River about seventeen miles below the present city.

Glancing back in perspective in 1942 these milestones seem easy of record. Not one of the stepping stones but were the cause of disputes and controversy. All history is a continual saga of struggles and disagreements. Progress can only be made at the price of "blood and sweat and tears." The Act of Confederation did not automatically unite Canadians. There were too many diverse interests among compatriots too loosely held together. There was the problem of language. Several obstacles, some almost provincial, did prevent the accomplishment of an united Canada over long years. Political partisanship, of course reared its ugly head. Sects were antagonistic and there was no bond of tradition. The people had no common sentiment in past history. No great upheaval had arisen to cement the races or citizens. That was until wars came.

It is no uncommon thing that it takes dreadful war to unite a loyal people to face sacrifices and grave dangers as one nation in one struggle. Today Europe shows us even diverse nations, oppressed and enslaved peoples, united in one solemn battle for the triumph of freedom. It may be said the First Great War did much toward proving there was unison of feeling or sentiment among the residents of Canada as true citizens and mostly loyal members of a great race. The years 1914 to 1918 are honored ones in Canadian history and they did most emphatically give us a better notion of solidarity at a time when we needed a Canadian consciousness.

Thus far no terrible war has touched Canada directly. Our heartfelt prayer may be that it may never do

(Continued on page 6)

THE PRICE OF VICTORY

Victory has many prices. In this war so far a gallant company has already paid the supreme price of victory with their lives. And others, many others, stand ready to make that sacrifice without counting the cost. Many more have bought a share in victory to the extent of their means. But the spurious patriot is unwilling to pay any price for victory. He represents the imposition of restrictions on his pre-war way of living. His creed is the creed of the super egotist: self, first, last, and always. He will gladly cheer on the other fellow to die for victory. He will heartily encourage his neighbor to save for victory. He will sternly admonish other people to deny themselves for victory. But he, himself, is not prepared to do anything for victory. From his point of view the price of victory, any price, is too great a sacrifice for him to make financially or physically.

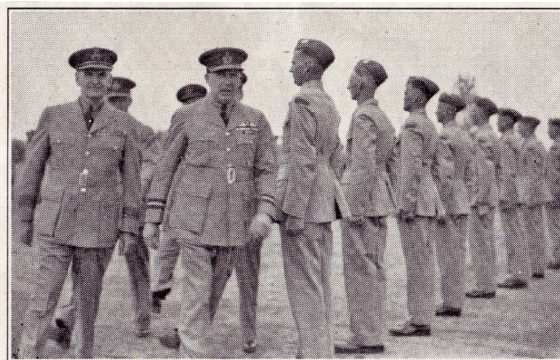
We encountered one of these spurious patriots recently, and listened to him bitterly berate the Air Force for upsetting organized sport in his town. The building where the town's famed hockey teams had played and practiced had become an air-training centre. He was quite mad about it. Apparently it had never occurred to his peculiar

mentality to imagine what kind of sport would flourish in his town if the butchers from Berlin or Tokyo were running things. We also wondered what percentage of his cash register sales were of Air Force origin.

The tepid loyalties of these lukewarm patriots can probably be warmed up by the judicious application of a little heat from those sources whose business it is to see that nothing hinders the effective participation of Canada in this war. "Helping the War Effort" is no longer phrased as a suggestion or an appeal—the will of the majority of the people it is now a nation-wide mandate.

What INVESTMENT IN VICTORY have you made today?

—The Editor.



Air Commodore Godfrey's Inspection of the Depot Personnel June 17th

WAR AND THE MAN

Recently we overheard a woman voice the fear that war would coarsen and brutalise her son serving overseas with the Canadian Army; would destroy his finer sensibilities and make him harsh and hard and cruel. We had a strong impulse to say to this worried lady, "Madam, war is, true enough, a grim, deadly business and killing is its stock in trade, but among decent, humane people who fight from necessity and not from choice its influence is neither coarsening nor brutalising, but instead a powerful soul-purging force that lifts men to incredible heights of heroism, that gives them the courage and faith to endure terrible agony and unimaginable horrors, that inspires them to perform exquisite deeds of voluntary sacrifice.

Where is war coarsening and brutalising when a man will give his last drop of water to a comrade dying on some sun-scorched desert battlefield. Has it made that man hard and cruel who goes forward alone and voluntarily into a veritable hell of flying steel to bring back his wounded officer. Would you say that war had destroyed the finer sensibilities of the men who elected to stay behind to stand as a living barricade between the approaching Hun and the evacuating army at Dunkirk? No, Madam, war will not coarsen nor brutalise your son, but it may quite possibly make him a far, far better man than he has ever been before.

—The Editor.



The blue-eyed bride says a pretty "thank you" to Air Commodore Godfrey

Wedding Bells for Cinderella

The train that brought her to Brandon puffed away again, a huge clattering thing of steel and steam that displayed no further interest in the lonely little blue-eyed passenger left standing on the station platform. Duluth, Minnesota, U.S.A., seemed very far away and remote, and tears gathered in the little bride-to-be's

blue eyes as she waited for Kenneth to come. Kenneth was the other half of a college romance that had blossomed and bloomed away back in '39 in a little mid-western town in the states. And now Kenneth was stationed at No. 2 Manning Depot as a student pilot in the R.C.A.F., and little

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SALUTE TO GREECE

No. 2 Manning Depot is proud to receive the flag of another gallant country whose people still defiantly and courageously offer every possible resistance to a brutal and barbarous conqueror. And for the gift of this flag we are indebted to the following Brandon business men of Greek nationality:

Messrs. G. Adams, Gus Adams, Gus C. Adams, Wm. Bass, T. Bass, Wm. Chrest, B. Sakelos, Geo. Bass, N. Provas, A. Mehas, G. Mehas, G. Mitrou, T. Nicolaidos and S. Evans.



Flint and Feather

The Assiniboine meandered lazily past in the valley below, on the ridge above a clump of oak, gnarled and twisted with age, looked down upon us like sentinels left standing and forgotten by Time. The years rolled back and the shadowy forms of people and things of an earlier time stirred in the tall buffalo grass and emerged from behind the maples. Daniel Boone stalked softly past on moccasined feet with his long rifle ready and his hunting-knife bright and sharp in the sunlight. We heard afar the faint, ghostly rattle of sabres and the creak of saddle-leather, and out of the dim, yellowed pages of yesterday the phantom cavalry of General Custer rode past us on the trail to keep their historic appointment with death and glory. Louis Riel stood suddenly before us with his dark impassioned face turned in defiance and rebellion against the mandates of lawful government. And we heard the war-drums sound, and saw the painted braves ride forth to give battle to the pale-face. They were all around us, moving wraithlike through the tall grass, celebrated figures that made frontier history in the days when the West was new, characters, colorful and vital, from the books of Fenimore Cooper—the lithe, bronze natives of this country with their pennanted lances and feathered head-dress.

The mists closed in again and those heroic figures of a by-gone day faded away into the dim silences of Time. We were back again in the Griswold Indian Reserve, and Corporal Toop was setting up his camera to capture and preserve in pictures one of the few remaining links with that distant past—the aged, dignified figure of a full-blooded Sioux Indian in feathered head-dress and beaded deerskin jacket. In the picture above we invite you to meet Harry Hotain (The Voice). His story, had he been willing and able to tell it in English, would have made interesting and exciting reading. Mr. Young, the Indian Agent at Griswold who made it possible for us to get the pictures, told us that Harry had participated in the ill-fated battle that became known as Custer's Last Stand.

Although approaching the century mark Harry is still very active and



Left to Right: F/L I. H. Eberle, Harry Hotain (The Voice) and F/L B. W. Malone

industrious around the Reserve, and the wisdom of his years is always in demand at the council tables. He is very proud of his well-kept garden, but would not divulge the secret of his longevity. We hope the Spud cigarettes we presented him with will not encourage him to leave his Spartan-like existence for the pleasures and luxuries of city life.

We left the Reserve regretfully, and hope to return another day to renew our acquaintance with Harry Hotain.

HYMN IN WAR TIME

O Lord of air and land and sea
Guard Thou our sons who fight for Thee;
Give them the courage to endure
And hearts whose aims are high and pure.

O Lord of air and land and sea
Guard Thou our sons who fight for Thee.

If pain and anguish come their way
Be Thou their Comforter and Stay;
Enfold the dying to Thy breast
And grant them Thine eternal rest.
O Lord of air and land and sea
Guard Thou our sons who fight for Thee.

Give us the faith which conquers pain
And counts no sacrifice as vain,
Which late or soon will win from Thee.

Man's righteous peace through victory.

O Lord of air and land and sea
Guard Thou our sons who fight for Thee.

—Frederick George Scott.

BOUQUET

The Saltcoats Observer of June 11th has these nice things to say about our station publication:

One of the brightest journals produced by the R.C.A.F. is The Airman's Post, published monthly at No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon. The June issue of the magazine is TOPS in every department and has a stunning cover of sapphire blue.

Thank you, Saltcoats Observer.

PADRE'S MESSAGE WHOLE-HEARTEDNESS

Two men were discussing the cause of another man's failure in business. One said, "I do not wonder that he failed; the man put nothing into the business; he did not even put himself into it."

During my attendance at the school of experience, of which I am still a pupil, I have learned the truth of that simple remark, and I honestly believe that whole-heartedness is a very important characteristic in any worthwhile effort. It will often succeed where brilliance fails. Heart, Soul, Mind and Strength are the requirements of God for living the abundant life, and in the business of training to become an A1 airman, the Heart will play a tremendously important part.

It takes patience and perseverance to adjust oneself to Air Force life. The routine may be somewhat monotonous, drill and P.T. hard on the feet and muscles, lectures a weariness to the flesh, but the important thing to remember is that these daily routine orders are a necessary part of the training. With the right attitude of mind and heart on the part of the trainee, they will contribute to the rounding out of airmen fit to rank with Churchill's "few", who received such great praise in the Battle of Britain.

Some aspects of this service are not as pleasant as others. There are things you will dislike to do. There are corrections from superiors which may be hard to accept. But any profession you may suggest presents difficulties, and the man who succeeds at anything will take things in his stride. Success will crown a whole-hearted effort. The advantage of facing life with a will is that the things we find hard to do are the very things that are most beneficial to us. The little extra effort, the quiet, dogged determination that is demanded of us brings us just that much nearer to becoming men of character fitted for adventurous living.

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Birth of a Nation

By G. I. Todd

Common sense, vision and courage under many difficulties, were used by the Fathers of Confederation who, seventy-five years ago, July 1, well and truly laid the foundation of a nation—Canada—in area one of the biggest countries in the world. This great historical event, the confederation or union, of what was then Canada and the Maritimes, took place following conferences of representative statesmen held at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, and in Quebec. At the time of confederation, Canada consisted of Upper and Lower Canada—now known as Ontario and Quebec—New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Now Canada comprises nine provinces extending from ocean to ocean and includes all of British North America except Newfoundland.

Confederation decided upon, a name for the united colony was chosen. Several names were suggested, among them the "Kingdom of Canada" and "Dominion". Finally Dominion was chosen as mentioned in Psalm 72:8. "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea." This became Canada's motto.

After Confederation the arms of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were gradually adopted as the Arms of Canada. Years later, the adoption of a new coat of arms was authorized by King George V. Canada, founded by men of four different races—French, English, Scottish and Irish, inherits the arms of all four countries. On Canada's shield are displayed the Royal Arms with a "difference"; the old Arms of France are shown in the fourth quarter; on the lower third is a green sprig of maple, the emblem of Canada. The crest is a lion, holding a red maple leaf used as a symbol of sacrifice. The supporters are, with some slight distinctions, the lion and unicorn of the Royal Arms. The lion holds the Union Jack; the unicorn the ancient banner of France. The flowers are symbolic. The maple leaf suggests Canada; the thistle, Scotland; the rose, England; the shamrock, Ireland; the leek, Wales; the lily, France.

Ten years before Confederation Queen Victoria selected Ottawa as the

(Continued on page 6)



THE R.C.A.F. IN THE NEWS



Two of these Spitfire pilots, all British Commonwealth Air Training Plan graduates, and all pals in an R.C.A.F. Spitfire squadron, have been awarded Distinguished Flying Crosses. They are Flight Lieutenant Ian Ormston (left) of Montreal, and Flight Lieutenant Eugene "Jeep" Neal of Quebec city (middle). The third man, Pilot Officer Don Galeslee of Fairport Harbor, O., is well on his way to matching the record of Neal and Ormston who, between them, have officially destroyed four Nazi aircraft.



KING'S BIRTHDAY HONORS TO R.C.A.F. PERSONNEL

Gallantry in the face of danger, all-round hard work and efficiency are recognized in the list of King's birthday honors awarded to members of the Royal Canadian Air Force in Canada and overseas. Among those receiving the awards were a number of ground crewmen as well as air crew.

Two Saskatchewan corporals, A. E. Sinclair and A. S. Hayton, received the British Empire Medal for action and disregard of personal safety in saving a hangar and 18 aircraft at Saskatoon from destruction by fire.

Flt. Sgt. G. F. G. Gayton of Winnipeg received the British Empire Medal for hard work at the bombing and gunnery school at Mossbank, as a result of which the maintenance flight at Mossbank is now one of the most efficient in Canada.

Acting Sgt. W. H. Smith of Windsor, Ont. won the medal because he is considered the outstanding aero engine fitter in an east coast squadron.

Flt. Sgt. T. A. Callow, of Winnipeg, wireless operator on an aircraft which was forced down at sea, received the medal for sticking to his post for 22 hours attempting to get a message through to his base and other stations.

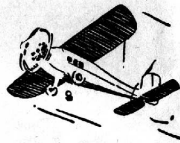
These are only a few names picked at random for the list is quite lengthy. Overseas personnel who received awards for gallantry and good service come from every province in the Dominion.

ENDOWMENT

Mr. Perkinson: "I hear that Norman left everything he had to the orphanage."

Mrs. Perkinson: "Really? what did he leave?"

Mr. Perkinson: "Ten children."



NEW CANADIAN AIR SQUADRON EAGER TO FIGHT

With the R.C.A.F. Somewhere in Wales.—Take a bunch of eager youths just out of operational training units, add three or four seasoned pilots and the result is the newest Royal Canadian Air Force fighter squadron.

The baby band, marked by the youthfulness of the members, moved into this station among the hills of Wales a few weeks ago and is aching for action. So far the squadron's work has been confined to convoy and coastal patrol while the pilots gain experience.

All flying personnel and more than

half the ground crew are Canadians. Eventually R.C.A.F. members will replace remaining R.A.F. crewmen.

Armed with trim new Spitfires, the outfit is led by Sqdn.-Ldr. Fred W. Kelly of Toronto.

In Flying Officer Joseph (Jay) Chasanoff, 24, Selkirk Man., the squadron boasts the youngest adjutant in the R.C.A.F. Its medical officer is Flt.-Lt. R. G. Cadham of Winnipeg.

Another Winnipegger is Pilot Officer Donald Iverach, son of Rev. David Iverach of Winnipeg, and oldest member of the squadron at 29.

Aircraftman Perc Perry, 22, Winnipeg, is a member of the ground crew.

KENT GOING BACK TO WAR FOR REST

Wing Cmdr. J. A. Kent, of the Royal Air Force, 27-year-old native of Winnipeg, holder of the D.F.C. and bar, A.F.C. and Virtuti Militari—Polish equivalent of the V.C.—said yesterday he is going back to the war for a rest after delivering a series of lectures at Canadian air training stations.

"This trip is supposed to be a rest," he said, "but I'd rather go back to a fighter wing for it."

D FOR DONALD FLIES EAST

By Flt.-Lt. Burton G. Johnson

With the R.C.A.F. in the Far East.—This is the story of how D for Donald flew to the Far East, D for Donald being an R.C.A.F. flying boat, part of a Canadian squadron which has entered a new theatre of war.

It was early in the morning when the batman came charging into my room in a Northern Ireland town. "Sir, you are to get aboard the aircraft right away," he said.

In a few minutes we were on the dock waiting for dinghies to take us out to the aircraft.

"Watch out for those eggs," yelled a wireless operator. "I want them fried, not scrambled in the bottom of the boat." Leading Aircraftman Gordon Hooper of Winnipeg detailed to look after rations, did a quick rescue job in the dinghy we were boarding.

We Reached the Aircraft

Then the dinghy bearing the captain, Squadron Leader J. E. Scott of Galt, Ont., and the second pilot, Pilot Officer S. V. Kembry of Calgary, came alongside. The wireless arrangements were checked personally by the captain and with Pilot Officer L. Lumsden of London, Ont., a wireless operator-air gunner.

Sergeant W. J. Jackson of Toronto, our navigator set a course in general direction of Gibraltar. Hours later we made our first landfall. I watched the crew at work, including Pilot Officer A. M. Bell of Montreal, checking and rechecking his guns, and Leading Aircraftman J. Burnett,

(Continued on page 6)

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE



—New York World-Telegram



D for Donald Flies East

(Continued from page 5)

an instrument maker, busily engaged in making breakfast.

No Blackout

That evening we sat on a hotel verandah. There was no blackout.

Next day we were off down the Mediterranean. Evening found us over the Libyan desert, dotted with the debris of battles.

At the next stop we donned tropical kit and gorged oranges.

I made the next hop with Squadron Leader L. H. Randall of Bristol, N.B. and second pilot Sergeant L. E. Gardiner of Woodstock Ont. Others in the crew included Pilot Officer J. Williams of Oak Lake, Man., an observer; Pilot Officer J. Williams of Oak Lake, Man., an observer; Pilot Officer R. A. Lasser of Powell River, B.C., wireless operator, and Sergeant C. G. Kensit of London, Ont., an armorer.

Nightfall found us over the sea. The pilot now was Flight-Lieutenant Fursman and his co-pilot Flying Officer the Hon. Hugh Fielding, and other crew members included Pilot Officer George Vivian of Neepawa, Man., observer, Sgt. Thomas Kelly, Winnipeg, a former druggist.

Our last lap completed, we came down at early dawn. We were met by the commanding officer of our squadron, Wing Commander J. C. Plant.

FEMININE FINANCE

"You want more money to pay your dressmaker?" said her husband. "But I gave you \$25 last week for her."

"Yes, dear," explained the wife, gently, "but it just happened that she did not send the bill."

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LIBERTY SYMBOL DROPPED BY FLIER NEAR PARIS TOMB

On June 13, 1940, German troops entered Paris. On June 13, 1942, a plane, with the Cross of Lorraine on its nose, swooped low over the Arc de Triomphe and dropped the French Tricolor by the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

The Free French pilot paid this tribute to France's dead of the last war. As a reminder to the Germans that all Frenchmen are not enslaved, he machine-gunned German sentries outside the ministry of the navy.

Appearing suddenly out of the clouds, the plane, with R.A.F. markings but the Lorraine Cross of Gen. Charles de Gaulle's army, flew low over the Champs Elysee to the Arc de Triomphe, and, having dropped the Tricolor, went up Rue de Rivoli. Anti-aircraft guns in the Tuilleries opened fire. One of the shells landed in the council-of-state room of the Palais Royal.

A few minutes later, and the pilot might have machine-gunned the German noon parade from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde.

KEEPING BUSY

Gent (engaging chauffeur): "And when you're not driving the car there's the poultry house to clean out, and the dogs to look after, and you can give the gardener a hand in odd moments."

Chauffeur: "Yes, sir. What sort of soil is it?"

Gent: "Soil? Why?"

Chauffeur: "I thought if it was clay soil I might make a few bricks to fill in the time."

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In Retrospect

(Continued from page 2)

so. But the Second Greater War is yet unpredictable and we may have to face, as civilians or servicemen, the grim realities and ruthless hordes from Europe or Asia yet. Thus the present struggle of the civilized world for peaceful ways of living and a decent life may even put Canadians further along the way to an United Canada a truly component part, sharing alike the sacrifices of the entire Commonwealth of Nations, doing our rightful share in the United Nations in the titanic task to once more reshape the world aright. So that out of the tensely and the stress of war Canada may erect another stepping stone on the rugged road to the consummation of Confederation as was dreamed by the Founders whose labors were supposed to have ended on the First of July in 1867.

It is important to us that after this war there will be need of broad open spaces to be filled by war-weary peoples of many nations. We must offer to share our great heritage with the sufferers from abroad. We shall have to open opportunities here for the winning of a more permanent peace. Also we must continue under the flag of the British Empire while offering real plans of assimilation to all newcomers. The British flag was first hoisted in 1612 on the shores of Hudson's Bay by Thomas Button. He named the place Fort Nelson and wintered there. That flag has flown almost continuously over Western Canada ever since. It is up to us to honor its meaning, to live properly under it, to accept the duties and responsibilities with the privileges appertaining to British citizenship faithfully. That was what the Fathers of Confederation designed and fondly hoped for seventy-five years ago.



Birth of a Nation

(Continued from page 3)

capital of Canada. The name commemorates an Indian tribe living in the early part of the seventeenth century on Manitoulin Island and the shores of Georgian Bay, and the river Ottawa, running through the present city. Years before the naming of the city, the little settlement near the Ottawa river, of workmen and military authorities interested in the completion of the Rideau Canal, was known as Bytown, named after Colonel By, officer commanding the barracks built on what is now Parliament Hill.

Canada's birthday July 1. For seventy-five years the foundation laid by the Fathers of Confederation has stood the strain and weight of progress—growth and development from sea to sea. Personal and political liberty has prevailed. That liberty shall continue, men today are making history—carrying on even as their forefathers did before them.

Although he had no ammunition left, a fighter pilot brought down an enemy bomber by getting onto his tail and worrying him so much by a series of stunts that he made a fatal error in turning and crashed.

M. GHITTERMAN

THE

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EXTENDS A WARM WELCOME TO ALL MEMBERS
OF THE R.C.A.F.

Brandon is playing its part in the war effort, and its citizens
will continue to make you feel at home.

Brandon is the Friendly City.

Sixty Years Ago Brandon Was Unknown

Sixty years ago, Brandon, one of the most progressive and withal one of the most beautiful cities in Canada, was unknown and non-existent. A lone shack on a lone prairie was all that betrayed human habitation to the passer-by.

For years this region was known only to migrating Indian bands and to the Hudson Bay voyageur, whose course westward had for long years lain a few miles south of the city's present site.

The ridges on the prairie left by the long train of Red River carts, during their centuries of travel, to the great North West, may still be seen; but Red River cart and pony, Indian drivers and the loads of buffalo skins all have long since passed away, and now the ridges, deep cut in fertile loam and the blue hills of Brandon alone are left mute witnesses of many a stirring and romantic scene in the history of this great lone land.

The "Blue Hills of Brandon" were named many decades ago, and were known then, as now, for their great beauty,—a veritable island of forest in a sea of prairie and plain.

Granary of Empire

From all time, nature had marked this region, with its vast undulating and fertile stretches and its beauty of scenery, as the site of a city of consequence. Here was the granary of an empire.

Crowning the front of the southern bank of the Assiniboine, just above the point where the Canadian Pacific railway crosses that river, the city was placed. To the east and west were the vast sweeps of the beautiful valley of the Assiniboine, to the south the blue hills from which the city was to take its name, while to the north lay the limitless prairie, with its fringe of timber in the remote distance leading away to the Riding Mountain. Lower in the valley lay the sinuous and meandering Assiniboine, its banks fringed with majestic elm.

Hardy Settlers

But now there was the "tread of pioneers." Already bands of hardy settlers were pushing their way ahead of the mighty host to come. Here and there, at scattered intervals were seen the snowy tents and sod shack of the squatter.

Now the steel railway and the iron horse, puffing its slow way over the long miles from the frontier, and now the rushing crowd. From all over the world they come—from old Ontario, the young and strong, carving out a new home, in a land where the furrows may be a mile long and never a tree to cut. From the densely settled Motherland—where the poor are elbowed out and come to a land where the sun and grass are free, and where one's little may be his own.

Today—a prairie—tomorrow a city of tents. Such was Brandon in 1881, and as Brandon is today so was it made by the men of '81. In them was

BRANDON



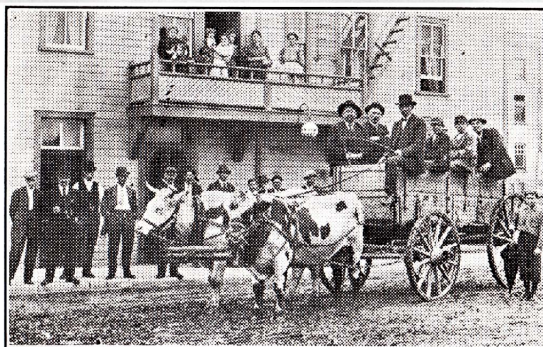
1882

1942

(Acrostic)

Born on the breast of the prairie, she smiles to her sire—the sun,
Robed in the wealth of her wheatlands, gift of her mothering soil,
Affluence knocks at her gateways, opulence waits to be won.
Nuggets of gold are her acres, yielding and yellow with spoil,
Dream of the hungry millions, dawn of the food-filled age,
Over the starving tale of want her fingers have turned the page,
Nations will nurse at her storehouse, and God gives her grain
for wage.

—E. Paulin Johnson



A bullock team at 7th and Pacific away back when

the vigor and courage of the pioneer, strong to endure and conquer, and with the ambition and optimism that spells success.

Not content they with the humble condition, and humbler buildings of the first year. These must give way to better. And so it came that in 1882 steps were taken and completed that in July of that same year, ushered our beautiful city into greater prominence and crowned her the youngest and fairest debutant among the cities of Canada. They of '82 believed in Brandon and worked for her. The mistakes, if any, were of the head and not of the heart. Every citizen was an immigration agent. Hope was the watchword and energy and activity the practice.

More than ten thousand tons of linen drawings and tracings have been collected in Britain, to be used as surgical linen after being laundered.

MY DADDY

My daddy's in the Air Force,
He's lending them his hand
To bomb a man who wants to be
The ruler of our land.

Right now he's a Sarg. instructing
A very eager crew,
And if he caught Hitler in his tracks,
My, what he wouldn't do.

—Kathleen Smith,
age 12

TOUGH TOWN

The visitor who had stayed one night said: "You advertise this as the best hotel in town."

"Yes, sir, it most certainly is," replied the manager.

"Well that may be a good thing for the hotel, but it's a terribly hard knock for the town."



Brandon's First Mechanized Unit

BRANDON GOT NAME FROM POST IN 1794 ON ASSINIBOINE RIVER

Brandon takes its name from Brandon house, a trading post of the Hudson's Bay company founded in 1794 on the Assiniboine river, seventeen miles below the present city. Several years before Brandon house was named, the head of the Douglasses, the eighth Duke of Hamilton, had taken his seat in the house of lords as Duke of Brandon, Suffolk, and the name of the trading post probably commemorates the family's connection with the Hudson's Bay company.

When Thomas Douglas, fifth Earl of Selkirk succeeded in buying 116,000 square miles of land from the company in 1811 he and his friends it is said, held more than \$175,000 worth of stock out of the whole \$525,000. Everything goes to show that the family held largely of Hudson's Bay company stock before the young earl came into his inheritance in 1799 and that he was led to take steps to emigrate to Rupert's Land from this circumstance.

Information from Rev. George Bryce, Winnipeg, says Brandon Hills to the south of the city are found first so named on the map accompanying the report of Hind Assiniboine and Saskatchewan exploring expedition in the year 1858, when the terms Blue Hills of Brandon, or Moose Head mountain, are used.

BRANDON'S FIRST COUNCIL MEETING Oaths of Office Taken and Standing Committees Were Struck

The first meeting of the council of the city of Brandon was held, according to the statutes, in the school-house, Brandon, on Monday, July 3, 1882, at 4 o'clock.

Those present were: Mayor Daly, Aldermen Winter, Sifton, Brock, Evans, Winters, Smart, Bower, Lockhart, Buchan, Fortier, and Horne. Alderman Pilling was absent.

The mayor took the oath of office before Alderman Winter, J.P., and the aldermen were then sworn in by the mayor.

Ald. Buchan was, on motion, appointed to act as clerk pro tem.

Moved by Ald. Winters, seconded by Ald. Winter, that the following compose the general committee to strike standing committees: His worship the mayor, and Aldermen Horne, Lockhart, Evans, Winter and Buchan.

Moved by Ald. Winter, seconded by Ald. Horne: That Aldermen Smart, Sifton, Bower, Fortier, Winters, Pilling and Brock be a committee on officers and salaries.

The meeting then adjourned to meet Thursday, July 6th, at 8 p.m.

T. MARNE DALY, Mayor.
E. MARTINDALE, Clerk.

Upon emerging from his shelter, a man found that his home and his hen-house had been wrecked by the same bomb, but a white Leghorn hen had survived and laid an egg on the wreckage.



Mayor Fred H. Young of Brandon

CITY WELCOMES VISITORS

Brandon has long been known as the friendly city. Tourists and visitors will find not only a warm welcome awaiting them here, but modern accommodation at reasonable prices. The hotel services are unequalled any-

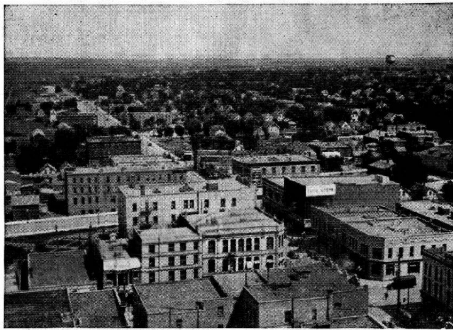
where in Canada for a city of this size, while restaurants, cafes and cafeterias provide wholesome meals at all hours of the day and night.

There are seven hotels in the city with a total of 467 rooms. The Prince Edward, one of the Canadian National railway chain, is the largest with 100 rooms. The Cecil has 50 rooms, and these two hotels operate under the American plan. The Brandon Hotel with 50 rooms and the Beaubien operate under the European plan. Other hotels are the Empire, Crystal's and the Grand Union.

The tourist camping grounds are located in a beautiful grove of trees, within the city limits and five minutes away from the shopping centre. Here are to be found spacious camping lots for those who wish to pitch their tents, single and double cabins wired for electricity, a community kitchen and dining hall, and an efficient caretaker who is always on the grounds to look after the wants of the visitors.

"Has your friend any histrionic aspirations?"

"Oh, he don't bother any about history. He wants to be an actor."



Panoramic View of Part of City Today

THE BRANDON SUN

EXTRA EDITION.

BRANDON, MARCH 20th, 1888.

Tired Waiting

Greenway and Martin on Their Way Home.

They have become Tired of Sir John's Peccadilloes and Sophisms.

The R.R.V.R. will be Built.

They send another State Letter

And will rely upon the United Province to Back Them.

Special to THE SUN.

OTTAWA, March 19, 1888.

The way in which Messrs. Greenway and Martin have been acting for the last twenty-four hours has led me to suspect something was wrong. But for the life of me I could not discover what it was. Things have been said in certain papers which embarrassed the delegation, and caused them to fight shy of newspaper men. Ten minutes ago after another strenuous effort to discover what was on the tapis, I learned purely by a little incident at the Russell House office, that Messrs. Greenway and Martin

LEAVE FOR WINNIPEG

at 8 o'clock this evening. Pursuing the clue I discovered on the best possible authorities that they have been thoroughly disguised for the past

couple of days and after mature consideration they decided to put up no longer with Sir John's peccadilloes and sophistries, but to pack their grips and start for home, as it was quite evident they were being humbugged. Before going they determined to

PUT THEMSELVES ON RECORD

in the strongest possible shape, and at the present writing they are engaged in Mr. Greenway's private room in the Russell House preparing for a vigorous protest in the form of a

STATE DOCUMENT.

which will be sent to the Secretary of State before they leave. What has incensed them very highly is the fact that representations were made them that delay in settling the difficulty, which was due to the absence of

MR. VAN BORNE,

who was expected to arrive from the northwest. He did arrive, but

PASSED RIGHT THROUGH,

never stopping over to say good-bye to any one. This straw broke the camel's back, and the delegates will assuredly start tonight, and in future

RELY UPON THE UNITED PROVINCE

at their back to build the road even should the Dominion Government insist upon its present course. They have all along felt that Sir John should have had his proposition ready when they came down, and be prepared to treat them promptly.

Latest particulars up to the time of going to press will be found in Thursday morning's Sun.

The British public health authorities have rediscovered that one of the best prophylactics for disease germs is incense, and recommend it be used in air shelters.

"And do you love your sister Sammy?"

"Well, I must admit I do, but I can only be a brudder to her—same as you."



Rosser Avenue Looking West from 8th St. in 1890

BRANDON TODAY

Brandon is situated in the centre of one of the richest mixed farming districts in the Prairie Region. The rural population within one hundred miles of the city and naturally dependent on it as a trade area, totals almost a quarter of a million. Brandon has long been known as the Wheat City of the West, but with the development of mixed farming and dairying this has become a misnomer.

The country surrounding Brandon is now the most famous livestock producing area in the West. An ample supply of cattle, hogs and sheep is right at hand for a meat packing industry of considerable importance. Brandon city is the shipping centre

for hides within a radius of 75 to 100 miles.

A splendid road system radiates in all directions from the city, three main lines and twenty-six branch lines provide splendid rail connections with adjacent trade territories.

Brandon's public institutions compare favorably with any city in Western Canada and it is noted for its many beautiful homes and well treed streets. The city's population of eighteen thousand is well provided with recreational and resort centres. One of the most beautiful of Canada's

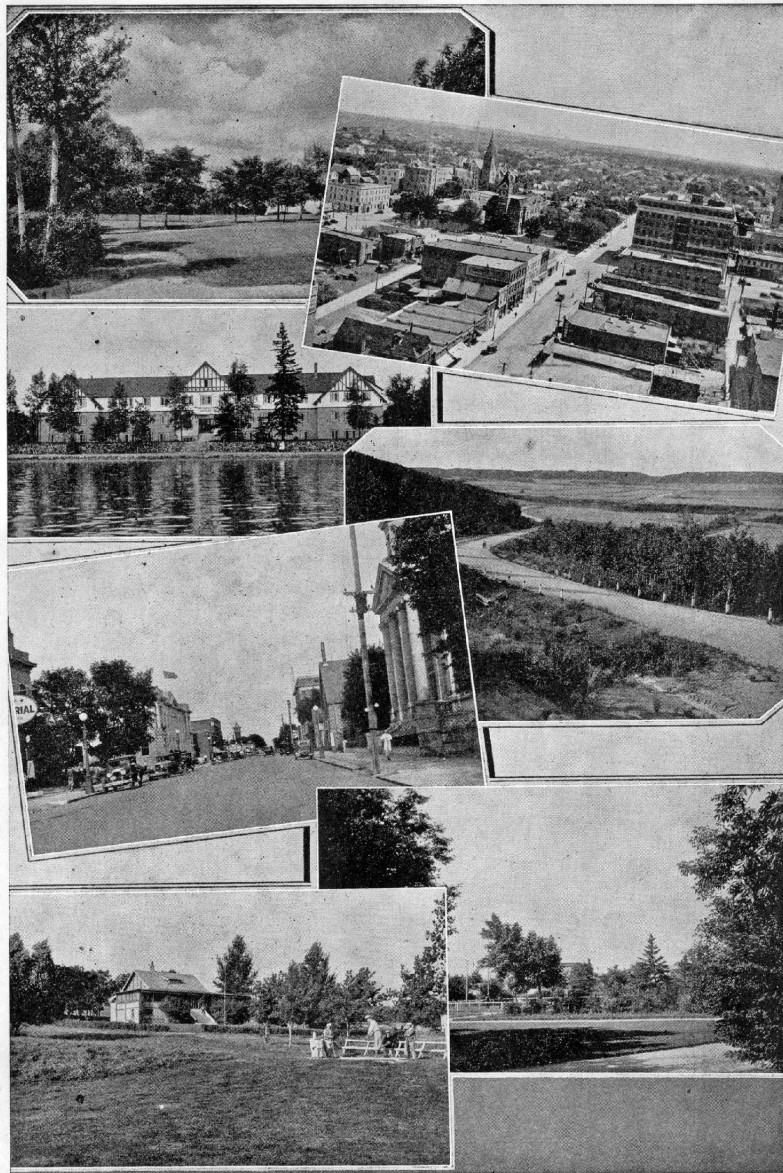
playgrounds, is the Riding Mountain National Park, and it is situated only 60 miles due north of Brandon. Its 1148 square miles of forests and lakes, hills and valleys, abound in wild life of every description.

Clear Lake, the finest summer-resort in Western Manitoba, is in the National Park Reserve. The banks are wooded with pine and balsam and the fishing is good. From the standpoint of natural scenic beauty, abundance of wild life, outdoor sports and ease of approach, Clear Lake is the finest summer resort in the three

prairie provinces.

The Provincial Exhibition of Manitoba is held annually at Brandon and is the one Class A Exhibition in the Province. It was established in 1893, and has since grown to such dimensions that it now yields precedence only to the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto. The Fair attracts tens of thousands of visitors from all parts of Manitoba and the West.

On the occasion of its 60th anniversary this month Brandon can look back down the years to that humble beginning in 1882 and take pride and satisfaction from the knowledge that she has achieved many things worth while through the passing decades.



Brandon and district is favored by nature with many beauty spots wherein her people may enjoy recreation of every type.



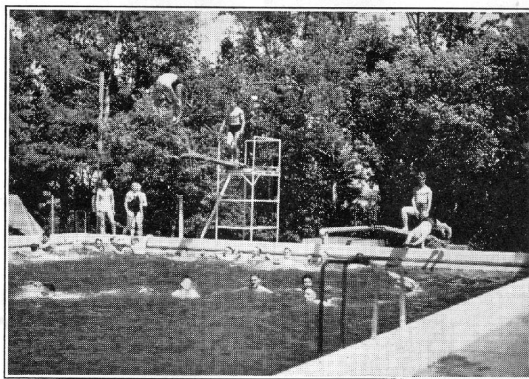
Sport Personalities at No. 2

The only factor which will ultimately win the present world conflict, and which is more important than mechanical power, is manpower. Fortunately, Canada is indeed gifted with this greatest asset; for, although our country's population is not very large, our men are very well conditioned physically, and make up a keen, alert, hard-fighting army, navy, and air force, which will not be defeated.

Month to month, such clean-cut physical specimens of Canadian manhood pass through No. 2 Manning Depot, on their way to display to the enemy the fighting qualities of Canada's sons.

Amongst those who are taking their initial training here, at the time of writing this article, and who have won fame and fortune for their physical wares and prowess on athletic fields are: AC2 J. Chad, who not only entertained thousands with his play in hockey, baseball and softball, but even earned his victuals playing hockey with Chicago Black Hawks. Chad's home is in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. AC2 Smart, who calls Taylorton, Saskatchewan his home, displayed his agility on the soccer field with Coalfields United. AC2 R. Venard, from Treherne, Manitoba, played hockey and baseball for his home town, and now is on his way to fight for his home and friends, so that they may continue to enjoy sport freely, while AC2 L. P. Wilkie, who played rugby and baseball in Regina is out to do likewise. Another hockey star, who enjoyed the fare he earned playing for Detroit Red Wings is AC2 A. Wilder, who knows that if he does not win this war, his freedom shall be lost, while AC2 R. Dertell, who starred for Port Arthur Bearcats, who reached the finals in Canada's Senior Hockey Championship, hopes to star in the air. AC2 T. A. McBeath, of Prince Albert, improved his physical condition by participating in softball, baseball and rugby. Winnipeg's gift to No. 2, G. E. Freeman, hockey player and boxer at the University of Manitoba would like to get Hitler in the ring. AC2 J. C. Henderson, an-

SPORT SPLASHES FROM THE POOL



Next to pay parade the most popular pastime in an airman's daily routine is swim parade. During a brief second when the water wasn't being frenziedly agitated by bobbing heads and thrashing bodies we snapped this picture of one of the lads doing a spot of aerial travelling without benefit of wings.

other airman from Prince Albert played soccer while at home. AC2 K. W. W. Harrison, who played hockey, softball and baseball at Regina, will now utilize his physical abilities in his work with the R.C.A.F. From Balcarres, Saskatchewan, where he played baseball, comes AC2 D. M. Reid, while Winkler, Manitoba, has a representative curler in AC2 W. Dick. AC2 G. G. Presly, from Medstead, Saskatchewan, displayed his physical prowess to Winnipeg fans on the tennis courts, while AC2 W. J. Booth, of The Pas, played rugby in the capital city with St. Paul's College. He will, in future, confine his ability to tackling jerries. AC2 Deverneychuk, who played softball and baseball for his home town of Insinger, Saskatchewan, will make Hitler aware of Canada's strength, while AC2 W. White, a boxer from Regina, says he is going to help deliver the knockout punch to the Axis. Winnipeg has donated two more good Canadian specimens to the R.C.A.F. in the persons of F. A. Hodge, who played rugby at the University of Manitoba, and W. Campbell, who played junior hockey and soccer. These two airmen are certainly physically fit to cause the enemy a great deal of unhappiness. AC2 E. A. Beteridge, who played on a championship softball team in Regina for five years, says he is still with a team of champions, with the R.C.A.F.

These recruits are not alone in their athletic achievements or physical fitness, for many of their instructors and officers are also athletes or former athletes of great note. Some of the officers of No. 2 who have been outstanding in sports, before the present war broke out, and who are now endeavouring to maintain the typical

Canadian fitness in Canada's manpower, are: Flight Lieutenant D. Thompson, who was a soccer star in his youth in Scotland, and, although not as young as he used to be still retains his youth by keeping physically active and can be seen in the evenings, booting the pigskin around with the station team, of which he is the coach. Flying Officer R. B. McCormbs, who's home is in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, is familiar with a great variety of sports, having acted in the capacity of coach at the P. A. Collegiate, in track and field and rugby. Flying Officer J. R. Hillhouse, of Winnipeg, is another all-around athlete, participating in softball, soccer and tennis, while Flying Officer S. K. Thompson became famous as a lacrosse star with Winnipeg's Argonauts, when they reached the Canadian finals. The station is also fortunate in having on its staff one of Canada's most outstanding former athletes, Flying Officer W. H. Cockburn. Mr. Cockburn not only captained Winnipeg to a world's hockey championship in 1932, but also starred at baseball, lacrosse and rugby football. Another well known sports figure in the past is Flying Officer A. J. Lewis, who is noted for his achievements in boxing and soccer.

These are only a small number of the noted athletes on the station; there are many others—some more famous and others less famous, but all strong, clean-cut, well-built Canadians, eager to tackle the enemy. It is these physical qualities and esprit de corps which gives Canada an advantage in manpower over other nations. CARRY ON CANADA!

—Sgt. M. Avern



SOFTBALL NEWS

One of the most popular summer sports at No. 2 Manning Depot is softball. On this station we have an inter-departmental league composed of players from the canteen, M.T. Section, Clerks, Band, Works and Buildings, Equipment, Medical Corps, Disciplinarians, P.T.I.'s and officers. The league has provided personnel spectators with lots of sporting entertainment, and a not inconsiderable amount of laughter.

We also have a station team representing No. 2 Manning Depot in an inter-station league which includes Neepawa, Rivers, Virden, No. 12 S.F. T.S., Carberry, and A4 Artillery Training Centre. This league offers a smart brand of ball owing to the fact that many softball stars in civilian life are now in the services. Our station team, after dropping their first two games, swung into their stride by taking A4 into camp with a 17 to 3 score.

Players taking part in the station team are as follows:

Pitching staff—Sgt. J. Van Brunt, G. Millward, and H. Mann.

Catching staff—Cpl. Brotherton, Cpl. Nicol, and Cpl. Berry.

In and Out Field—Cpl. Quinn, Cpl. Abbott, and Cpl. Holden, Sgt. Draper, Cpl. Herron, Harris, Bowman, Morrison, Smade, Sgt. Lalone, Cpl. Linton, Cpl. Waterer. F/O Ness when not too busy with coaching duties plays a sterling game at first sack.

Also we cannot help but mention the man who gets very little recognition but is always on the job in the organization of station sports, Sgt. B. Tournay.

—Cpl. R. M. Coupar, P.T.I.

SAD ACCIDENT

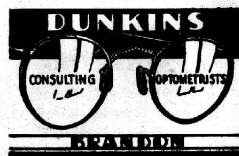
A motorist dropped in at a village inn for a drink. The oldest inhabitant was just finishing his pint, so the stranger bought him another. He swallowed it at a gulp. He was given another and a third. Each time it went down in one.

"Do you always swallow pints like that?" asked the stranger.

"Aye, sir, ever since my accident forty years ago."

"What was that?"

"Why, sir I 'ad a pint knocked over."



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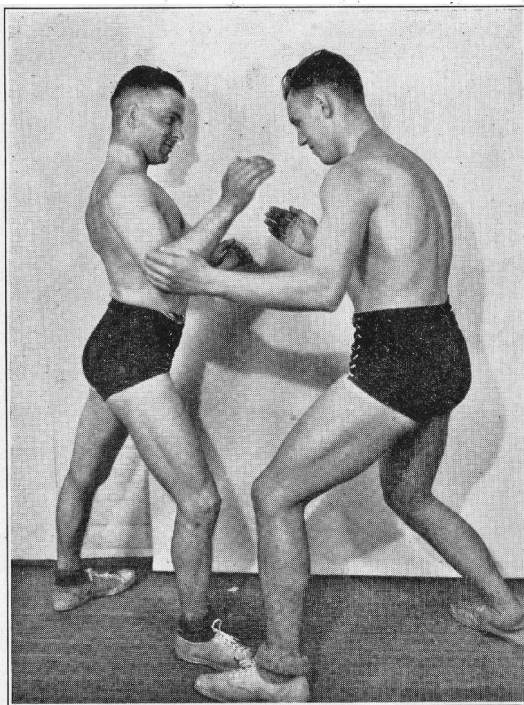
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Brandon, Man.



Sgt. MacAllister and Cpl. Larson pose for action. Somebody's due for a pain in the neck.

HE SPECIALIZES IN MAYHEM

If you're partial to flying tackles and other bone crushing escapades call around and see Sgt. Dick MacAllister and he'll probably go to work on you with his steel-ribbed hands and iron-bound biceps. Quite frankly, we don't recommend the experience—it's a trifle wearing on the vertebra, and not at all a delightful sensation like kissing a maid in the moonlight or eating marshmallows. So perhaps we better forget the whole thing.

Sgt. MacAllister calls Port Colborne, Ont., his hometown, and where, in civilian life, he was employed in the precious metals department of the International Nickel Company.

The sergeant is an athlete of some ability specializing in amateur wrestling—he did some professional grappling too—and was at one time fly-weight champion of Canada. Dick is also a capable horseman. And has been very active in scout work in Port Colborne. He was a member of the Port Colborne Lions bugle band and the band of the Lincoln and Welland Regiment for several years.

So if you're still interested in taking that chiropractic treatment just put yourself in the competent hands of Sergeant MacAllister. We prefer a bag of marshmallows.

Boys of the R.C.A.F.

Your Jewelry needs will be well taken care of here. Our stock of Air Force Jewelry is complete.

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SOCCER FOOTBALL

No. 2 Manning Depot may well be proud of its achievements on the soccer field. In four games played to date, the Manning eleven have triumphed in three, losing the fourth to the R.A.F. squad at Neepawa. In each game played, the Brandon boys, most of whom learned to play Britain's national sport in Canada, displayed keen enthusiasm and sportsmanship, while their ability was, indeed, surprising to those who used to follow the game in the Old Country. Their teamwork and esprit de corps was evident throughout, and was a compliment to the station.

The men who participated in soccer at the Manning Depot are: F/L D. Thompson, F/O A. J. Lewis, F/O Farley, Sgt. Sellers, Sgt. Avren, Sgt. Pearson, F/Sgt. A. McLean, Sgt. McKeown, Sgt. J. Woods, Cpl. Ramage, Cpl. S. Machnicki, Cpl. B. Waterer, AC2 Aldred, AC2 W. McLean, AC2 Nezon, AC2 D. Campbell, AC2 R. Robbins, AC2 Stewart, AC2 Morrison, AC2 B. Kropp and Pte. Wyley.

—Sgt. M. Avren.

TO A CANADIAN AIRMAN OVERSEAS

So, you have gone my boy in blue,
And left deep tears unbidden in my eyes,
You were so brave and so proud too.
A soldier yet unknown to war-torn skies.

Your stored your dreams, to lie in wait,
With the cached treasures of your heart,
To hold the torch. Help him dear Fate,
In full and able measure to do his part.

Here lie the hills, these well-known fields,
Gnarled red maples, glad and free,
Windswept music which stirs and yields
Mute paeans of our liberty.

You know the blackout, the crimson paths,
Shell fire smoldering everywhere
The whirl of wings, the searcher's shafts,
Your guardian angels guiding there.

For you dear lad across the sea,
My tryst unbroken, I'll ever pray
For Victory. And ever and anon my love shall be,
Strewn as blossoms along your way.

Rowena B. Forbes,
Hazel, Sask.



THE BAND PLAYED ON

More candid portraits of Depot band personnel from the facile pen of J. "Boomer" Donovan. Here they are:

Pete "Snake" Sharkey, a clarinet player from Calgary and a hard-rock miner before his enlistment. A quiet sort of chap but he gets around just the same. What's her name Pete?

Gilbert "Rickey" Erickson, also clarinet and erstwhile navigator behind a horse and plough. Emulates Gene Autrey in his spare time, and was recently seen inspecting rings in a down-town jewellers.

John "Curly" Miller, solo baritone from Stony Plain, Alta. Ex-machine-gunner with the American forces in Hawaii which may account for his deft handling of the valves on his horn. John has just been posted to McLeod and the boys all wish him the best of luck. He's a grand fellow.

Allan Grand a cornet, player from Winnipeg who mixes music with letter writing to a gal in Chicago, tek, tek.

Victor Scott, trumpet. Well known to Calgary music circles, and plays in the R.C.A.F. dance band. A young man who is going places musically.

Stewart Buchanan, better known as "Buck" from Brampton, Ontario, where he played with the Peel and Dufferin regimental band. Studied at the Toronto Conservatory of Music and plays a nice clarinet. Sings well, too.

Joe Prystanski, a trumpet player from Winnipeg. Played in the Winnipeg Light Infantry Band before joining the R.C.A.F. Is happily married and momentarily looking forward to a blessed event in the house of Prystanski.

Frankie Moore also from Winnipeg. Played drums with the Gellert Brothers Swing Kings in Yorkton Sask. Is

(Continued on Page 19)

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"GOOD-OH, DIG"

(From Canadian Airman)

An Australian soldier would probably refer to the Germans as a lot of "bloody cows". The Australian doesn't mince words, and his characteristic expressions often reveal—in the curious way language can—the colourful vigour of life on the continent "down under."

"Fair dinkum" is the traditional Australian equivalent to bona fide or "honest injun", the diminutives of the phrase are equally common. For instance, a truth may be confirmed in either of two ways: you'll hear that "it's dinkum" or, sometimes, that "it's so, dinkie die."

"Bonzer" is the Aussie's superlative of approbation. "It was a bonzer do," he'd say for an enjoyable party. "Good-oh" is his word for O.K. Not infrequently will you hear the traditional good-oh further colloquialized to "goody-oh."

"Tucker" is food in general, any meal, while "cupper" is a cup of tea. Part and parcel of any outing, be it an afternoon's ride or a picnic, is the "billy." At mid-afternoon the excursion halts, a fire is made and you "boil the billy"—that is, make tea.

When you stop at a filling station to buy petrol, it is surprising when you are told to back up to the "bowser." The bowser is a petrol pump.

A "cobber" is a pal, and "clobber" is clothes. "Mingy" means stingy and a "throttle box" is the throat. If the food is all gone, or there's not a drop in the bottle, the Australian will tell you there's "not a skerek left," and the empty bottle's a "dead marine."

During the last war the soldiers were known as "diggers". So revered has this title become that today it is a traditional salute. As the Briton might say, "Whatcher, mate," the Australian says: "G'day, dig."

If you want to buy a friend a drink, you say, "I'll shout you to a drink." If he buys you one, he "shouts," and if you both pay for your own it's a Yankee or a Scotsman's shout.

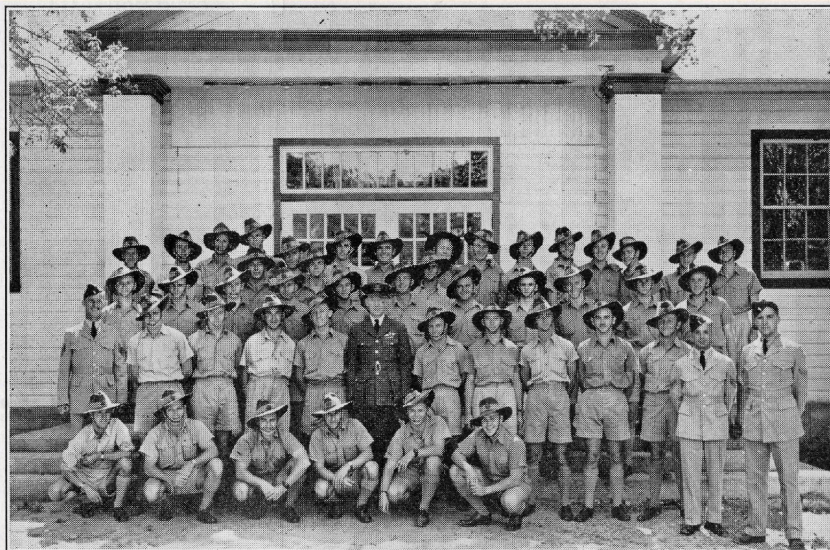
"Yakka" is hard work. If you have to go back to the office after hours to finish a job, you "work back", and if you're up to your eyes in work or doing anything as hard and fast as you can, you're "flat out," which finds its origin in Australia's favourite sport—horse racing.

Other random remarks that turn up in ordinary daily conversation are: "larrikin," a flash guy, roughneck; "ta," which is used even by he-men for "thank you." "My word" means definitely and "my oath," absolutely.

"Nark" is another dinkie-die term. A nark is a disagreeable, annoying old fuddy-duddy. And if someone is annoyed with you he'll be "narked" at you.

Patient: You say that my heart is weak. Do you think it might give out at any time?"

Doctor: "Bless you, no! It'll last a lifetime."



The Australian Observers with F/O Roberts, Sgts. Pearson and MacAllister, and Cpl. McKillop of the R.C.A.F. in charge.

AUSTRALIA CALLING

One afternoon in the early part of June there issued from behind the closed doors of the Publications' Office a bedlam of strange sounds and syllables that fell upon outside ears like something suggesting a re-enactment of the battles of Dunkirk and Crete. Heavily armed S.P.'s and sharp-shooting rifle squad arrived post haste to preserve the freedom of the Press and deliver its Editor from the foul clutches of this unknown invader, but the punitive expedition quickly discovered that its war-like preparations were quite unnecessary—the cause of the uproar being nothing more menacing than a score or so of Aussie air-men energetically firing an endless stream of gold-plated adjectives into a pair of fascinated editorial ears which were quickly convinced of the superlative qualities of Australian climate, Australian cities, Australian fauna and flora, and the Australian fair sex. The Australian tourist bureau should be proud of these young men. We're booking passage on the first Australian bound post-war ship.

These lads from the down under wonder-land of the duck-billed Platypus and the laughing Kookaburra had lots of nice things to say about Canada as well. And they are eagerly looking forward to seeing much more of this country before they return home to help smash the Jap. A stop-over in Winnipeg on the way through to Brandon left an indelible memory of Western hospitality that the Aussies speak of with relish and appreciation. They refer to Winnipeg as the city of beautiful women. The majesty and immensity of the snow-capped Rockies was something else that left a lasting impression with the Australian lads.

LAC Observer E. J. Perkins, who

comes from a place with the hisping name of Toowoomba, declared himself completely captivated by the scenic beauty of Clear Lake. In his own words it was a "gorgeous place" and he thinks it wouldn't be a bad idea to establish himself there after the war and marry up with one of those "beautiful Winnipeg girls".

Two other observers, LAC's F. C. Gaha from Milson's Point, Sydney, and A. D. Ross from Ipswich, Queensland, also had some very complimentary things to say about the pastoral pulchritude of this province, but when they showed signs of getting back onto the subject of Australia again we hastily turned our attention to the only pupil pilot in the crowd.

LAC J. J. White from Sydney has one all-consuming aim in life: To emerge from the training schools as a full-fledged fighter pilot and return home in P.D.Q. fashion to help destroy the treacherous termites from Tokyo.

Next on the list to be interviewed were half a dozen air-gunners who taught us more about Australia in a single half hour than all the text books we had ever crammed at school. And when they told us about a peculiar tropical fruit that is identified by the simple name of Monsteriodelicio we were more convinced than ever that we should migrate to this down under island Utopia. This odd delicacy, by the way, is a combination of banana, apple, orange, and apricot. And we're not pulling your leg, friend.

LAC T. Lynch from Randwick, Sydney, was a linotype operator in civilian life. He likes Canada very much, and said to inform all and sundry that is doing alright for himself here. This cryptic remark might mean anything—perhaps the presence of a lady

not far away. These Aussies have a way with the fair sex.

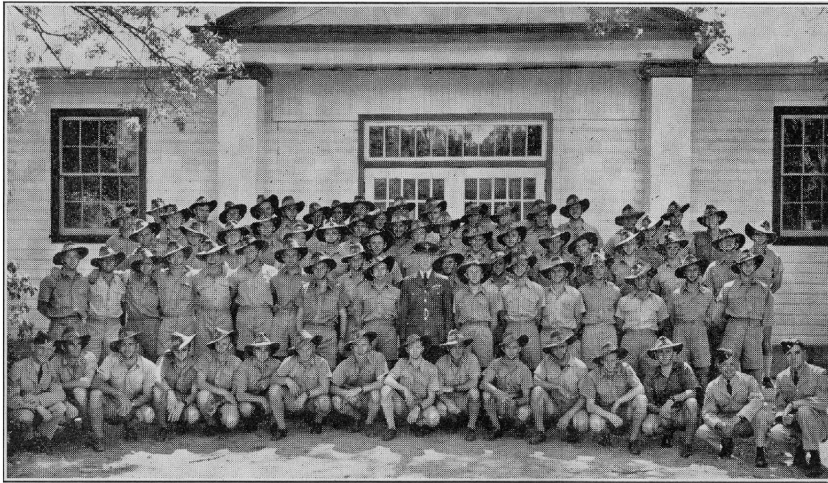
A man who has followed the profession of farming in places like Dalby, Queensland and Horsham, Victoria, is LAC W. J. Collins who considers any farm under 3000 acres a mere back-yard garden. Gunner Collins has a girl waiting for him in Dalby and he's looking forward to the time when he can return to the good earth and the plough again.

LAC E. W. Clark, the "Gunnery Musician" plays the trumpet and halls from Inverell in New South Wales. One of our Sunday night concerts recently featured Gunner Clark and Tenor Arthur Twyman from Orange, New South Wales, in a musicale offering. Both boys are married and anxious to get back home again.

A man who talks with the academic authority of a geography text book is LAC A. J. McLay from Narrandera, New South Wales. And Narrandera, Gunner McLay tells us, is the Gateway to the Murrumbidgee Irrigation area—the biggest natural irrigation scheme in the world. A centre noted for its rice and fruit growing, and a place where folk troubled with insomnia would have no trouble in finding sheep to count.

Air Gunner J. Nancarrow claims to come from the loveliest city in Australia—Adelaide, called the City of Churches, and famous for its many beautiful parks. Here is found the largest iron mining area in Australia—a solid mountain of iron. And appropriately enough LAC Nancarrow was a steel metal worker in civilian life. Speaks wistfully of a certain French Canadian girl he met in Winnipeg.

The youngest member of the Aussie brigade is LAC A. N. Duncanson from Brisbane, Queensland. A city of pro-



Under their slouched hats the Aussie gunners stand fast to be shot at—by the camera-man.

lific sunshine, he informs us, and famous for its beaches and coral reefs. Queensland has the greatest city area in the world, 142 square miles of it. Gunner Duncanson is a professional bicycle rider and has acquired three Queensland championships for his pedal pushing. He was one of the boys who recently entertained us with a dramatic skit entitled the Sergeant's Nightmare. Others in the Aussie cast were LAC's Lewis, Moran, Martin, Sealey and Cliffe.

And that ended our interview with the latest contingent of Australians to come to Brandon—ambassadors of good-will and good fellows all. We're sorry space limitations wouldn't permit us to interview more of them, but those we did mention were fairly representative of every part of Australia. About their trip over the boys had very little to say other than it was very uneventful—which is probably another way of saying that somebody's navy was doing a very excellent piece of convoy work.

Good luck to you Aussies, and we're looking forward to that gift of luscious melon-like pawpaws you promised us. Incidentally, the kangaroo the boys were bringing to Canada as a mascot went A.W.L. at New Zealand and ran off with a seductive Kiwi.

"Father says you don't live within your salary."

"He means I can't live without it, I guess."

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THESE DAYS (By George E. Sokolsky) THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR BUT FEAR (A Condensation)

Ours should be a happy people during the war—happy in the sense that our cause is right, that our purposes are honorable, that when we come out of it we shall be strong and free. When a people feels that way, sacrifices are made readily, as they were made during the last war, and as they are constantly being made by Americans, for instance, when they give so generously to charity and to public causes. A happy people can be solidified behind a cause. The American slogan to all the world might be: "What have you got over there that we ain't got over here." A people has to be happy to say that, happy and sure and without fear.

Mr. Roosevelt was most brilliant when he said to his people that there was nothing to fear but fear, and when he guaranteed them against fear. He would remove from their lives forever any cause for fear. But today, neither he nor anyone else can say that. And it is not the war that is responsible for the change. It is incompetent organization at a time when it is essential that the best intellects and experience of the nation be at the service of the government in the top positions, particularly those having to do with its economic life.

If I were today at the head of the government. I would put my worst

enemy on a productive job, if I thought he could do it better than anyone else. To hell with politics! Let's get production so organized that there will be no fear of the American future. It can be done and it ought to be done.

WASTED EFFORT

Here's an old-fashioned, prewar kind of story about a Negro maid. Her mistress had to speak to her about one annoying failing—ignoring the telephone when it rang, and allowing other members of the household to come running. "After this, I want you to answer the telephone. Clarice," she said. "Yas'm," the maid replied, glumly. "Seems sort of silly, though. Nine times out of ten it's for you."

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A LETTER FROM THE AUSSIES

The following letter was received by Sergeant Pearson after the departure of the Australian draft to other training centres:

To Sergeant "Scotty" Pearson,

Dear Sarge:

Before passing on to our various training centres, we would like to express our appreciation of all that you have done to make our brief respite at No. 2 Manning Depot as pleasant and memorable as possible.

We admit that on occasions we were not particularly amenable to discipline, but at all times with your unfailing sense of humor and atrocious Scotch accent you succeeded in winning the respect and esteem of all the boys.

We wish you the best and hope that one day you will not only learn Australian drill routine but also attain the highest pinnacle of a Disciplinarian's dream and become a D.I. (Ed. whatever that is) in the R.A. A.F.

Cheerio, and best wishes to everybody at No. 2 Manning Depot.

—The Aussies.

"Why do they call it Wall Street?"
"Bump up against it and you'll find out."

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Our Lovelorn Column

Owing to the spring deluge of letters to our Lovelorn Editor (or should we say Editress) after our last issue, Hortense Heartburn developed a few cardiac symptoms herself (the disease being contagious) and had to take refuge in a mental institution for a few days. However her physician prescribed staying out of the moonlight for a few weeks and out of No. 2 Manning Depot altogether, and in time she would recuperate. She did so, but has returned again to advise, condole and sympathize with whomsoever desireth solace for the heart.

Dear Hortense Heartburn:

My fiancé who once was so faithful and true has now jilted me altogether. I am indeed desolate. His new love and sole interest in life is writing poetry for the Airmen's Post. How can I regain his affection and the return of his lost devotion? My arms are empty.

Mabel

Dear Mabel:

I am glad you wrote me. If your fiancé's poetry is anything like his courting, you'll soon have him back. The reception he will get from the poetry-ridden Editor will send him scurrying back to more sympathetic quarters. Just give us a little time.

Hortense Heartburn.

Dear Hortense Heartburn:

I am a young Airman with a very blond sweetheart. I see her on Tues-

day and Saturday nights. My trouble is this. Saturday night being bath night she always keeps me waiting about an hour, till I am quite miserable with suspense, thinking she has drowned. Please dear Hortense, this has gone on so long I am a nervous wreck and have come to you for advice.

Blue Boy

Dear Blue Boy:

You wouldn't love her if she didn't bath sometimes, but calm yourself, here is a sure cure. Next Saturday night buy her a pound of chocolates and while you are waiting eat them. This is a pleasant occupation and will soothe your nerves (ask the Editor of the Post if you don't believe me). I'll warrant after your blonde sees the first empty box, she'll meet you at the door next time. Good luck.

Hortense Heartburn.

Dear Hortense Heartburn:

Hearing you were on the verge of a nervous breakdown over a man, I wish to offer you my congratulations on your complete recovery. My sad experience with the brutes caused me to join the W.A.A.F.'s and I am specializing in bombing and physical culture.

—Bubbling Bertha.

Dear Bubbling Bertha:

Many thanks for your expression of sympathy and your personal interest in my health. Like you I thought of joining the army and may yet, but so far have only reinforced my defenses with practicing shooting rats outside the city limits with a twenty-two. So wait till the next man makes love to me I'll be ready for him.

Hortense Heartburn.

Dear Hortense Heartburn:

I am in love with a beautiful redhead who works in the Equipment section of No. 2 Manning Depot, but cannot even inspire a spark of interest. Please tell me what to do to gain her affection.

Despairing.

Dear Despairing:

Your case requires surgical treatment and the prognosis is most depressing. If you could develop an accent like Charles Boyer or a little muscle (for cave man tactics—girls love 'em) like Johnnie Weismuller for example, things might look a trifle brighter. Take a few boxing lessons, just in case she comes 'round some day, or have your face lifted. They do it cheap these days.

Hortense Heartburn.



This friendly foursome obligingly posed for our perambulating photographer on the night of the big dance: Mr. F. O. Meighen, President of the Brandon Kinsmen Club, and Mrs. Meighen; Mr. E. C. Whitehead, Managing Director Sun Publishing Co., and Mrs. Whitehead.

Wedding-Bells for Cinderella

(Continued from page 2)

Miss Anne Kolquist had journeyed all the way from Minnesota to become his Air Force bride.

But the course of true love is sometimes beset by all sorts of unfeeling obstacles and AC2 Kenneth Lawrence and pretty blue-eyed Anne Kolquist began to find life a very confusing and bewildering experience for two people who simply want to get married and live happy ever after. But just when the future was becoming very dark and dismal a good fairy god-mother appeared on the scene and waved her magic wand. And this is what happened:

A certain Wing Commander of the Royal Canadian Air Force whispered in the ear of a certain Air Commodore of the R.C.A.F., and the Air Commodore beamed all over and said, "Well, let's do something about it." And this is what transpired:

Miss Anne Kolquist of Duluth, Minnesota, became the bride of AC2 Kenneth Lawrence of New Orleans, Louisiana, in a pretty wedding ceremony performed in the Prince Edward Hotel, Brandon. Flt. Lieut. I. H. Eberle of No. 2 Manning Depot officiated, and those in attendance were: Air Commodore A. E. Godfrey, Wing Commander H. G. Reid and Mrs. Reid. Mrs. Reid presented the blushing bride with a bouquet of roses, and the blushing bride presented Mrs. Reid with a corsage and then presented her lips to the blushing cheeks

of Air Commodore Godfrey and Wing Commander Reid. The Prince Edward Hotel then presented the happy couple with a key to the bridal suite, and the Air Force graciously sanctioned a brief honeymoon.

And so love's young dream had its fairy-story ending and the future looks very bright and rosy for a certain Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Lawrence. Smooth sailing to them both on the sea of matrimony.

THE VISITORS BOOK

During the past few weeks the pages of the visitors' book have acquired several notable signatures. In recent days the following have paid brief visits to this Manning Depot:

S/L Costello, R.C. Chaplain from No. 2 Training Command, G/C Sampson and F/L Ball from A.F.H.Q., W/C Sifton from No. 2 T.C., W/C White, NZ Liaison Officer, F/L Dawson, Trade Test Officer, W/C McCann, Command Accounting Officer, W/C Rossie-Browne, R.A.F. Command Chaplain, Air Commodore Godfrey and S/L Aldridge from A.F.H.Q., Air Vice-Marshal Shearer, A.O.C. No. 2 Training Command.

We also had another distinguished visitor in the person of His Honor R. F. McWilliams, Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba.

OVER PROOF

"What's in this bottle?" asked the customs officer.

"It's only ammonia," stammered the passenger.

"Oh—is it," sneered the customs officer, removing the cork and taking a long sniff.

It was.

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THUMBS UP REVUE WELL APPLAUDED

The night of June 14th provided another bit of stellar entertainment that can take its place with other high ranking efforts in the Sunday night concert series at this Manning Depot. Here are some of the highlights of that evening:

Dorothy Johnston's vocal offering of One Night of Love—nice voice, nice song. A well received number by the Accordion Maids was Finicull Finicula. Audrey Gardner's acrobatic offering was something extremely pleasing to the eye. A tap double by Betty Gyselman and Audrey Latteman was received appreciatively. Helen MacDonald performed very sweetly with her violin. And the hit of the show was undoubtedly the Accordion Maids again with their Down in the Heart of Texas. The Military Finale, which brought the show to an end, was also very good.

Florence Court, versatile Mistress of Ceremonies, made a number of contributions to the evening's entertainment, including some back-stage, off the record observations, which earns her the laurel wreath for quantity and volume.

Ruth King accompanied nearly all the numbers and we nominate her also for a very special "Thank you."

To all the artists taking part in the Revue this Depot's gratitude, and may we see you all again soon!

SMALL PORTION

The patient was recovering from pneumonia. He had asked repeatedly for food and finally the nurse served him a mere spoonful of rice.

A few moments later the patient called her and said: "Now I want to read a little. Bring me a postage stamp."

CURTAIN CALL

"Entertainment at No. 2 Manning Depot"



"BROADWAY COMES TO BRANDON"
A picture of Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong's famous American Orchestra thrilling the crowd at No. 2 Manning Depot on the night of June 11th.

THE AIR FORCE ON THE AIR

Talent from the ranks of the airmen at No. 2 Manning Depot will be heard fortnightly in fifteen minute broadcasts over CKX Brandon on Fridays at 6.45 p.m. These broadcasts are sponsored by the Y.M.C.A. and any airman wishing to participate should get in touch with Mr. Gordon McLean at the Manning Depot.

Earl Dick's fine singing voice and Gordon McLean's expert fingers on the piano featured the first broadcast on Friday, June 19th. A propitious beginning to the programs ahead.

HORSES HAVE IT

Blake: "Don't you think it a good idea to rate all cars according to their horsepower?"

Drake: "Not as good as rating all drivers according to their horse sense."

GREAT WEST LIFE CONCERT PARTY ENTHUSIASTICALLY RECEIVED

A concert party from the Great West Life visited this Manning Depot on Sunday, June 7th and provided an appreciative audience of airmen and civilians with two hours of high calibre entertainment.

One outstanding feature of the evening's fun and frolic was a thunderously cheered number by the Jitterbags—an eye-pleasing corps of young mesdames in shorts and shiny leather cavalry boots who did a first rate job of imitating certain celebrated dance bands.

A number of humorous skits were also well received, and singers Edith Motley and Patricia Brown carolled nicely. A bouquet also to Jean Walker for her violin playing.

FALSE NOTE

"Choir practice was out early last night, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"What was the trouble?"

"Someone blew an auto horn outside and the male quartet was all that was left."

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SMILER'S REVUE

Big Show, Big Hit

For the piece de resistance of the week's pre-eminent entertainment feature, our Sunday night concert of June 21, Brandon, A4 Artillery Training Centre, and the R.C.A.F. collaborated to produce a very praiseworthy pot-pourri of melody, mirth, and miscellanea.

A lad who could pipe his way to fame in any scottish company is Master Mac Beaton who assisted Lillian Bain and company to do a colorful and competent bit of Highland Flinging and Sword Dancing.

A hand balancing act with Geo. Senyk, Gord. Millward, and Bert Waterer was highly successful.

Earl Dick was on hand again to hold the audience entranced with his melodious warbling. A young gentleman by the name of Julian Bobiak earns a place for himself in the Hall of Fame for his Ukrainian dance. Scotland marched into the limelight again with two numbers by Lillian Bain: The Road to the Isles, and Whistle to the Thistle.

Dick Trotter from Winnipeg was extremely pleasing with his humorous songs. Eric Greenlaw, a gunner from A4 Artillery Training Centre, produced some nice music from his harmonica, and told some entertaining yarns. A skit by Herb Barlin and Frank Hockaday proved very palatable, too. More melody poured out upon the midnight air from a mixed quartette consisting of F/O Lucas, Flt. Sgt. Hutton, Margaret King, and Lillian Bain.

Fift finished up the program with a choice bit of clowning. All in all a very much worthwhile evening's entertainment.



Our camera-man scored again. Also enjoying the dance were Lieut. Col. English of No. A4 Artillery Training Centre and Mrs. English, Wing Commander Moncrieff of No. 12 S.F.T.S. and Mrs. Moncrieff.

J. A. KEEDY

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Who's Who and Why Around the Depot

Flying Officer A. D. MacLean is the genial Works and Buildings Officer at No. 2 "M" Depot. And that burr in his voice has no connection with the tools of his trade—it's just a wee bit of the "thistle and heather" that journeyed with him to Canada from Dingwall, Scotland.

Mr. MacLean arrived at this Depot in April of 1940 to assist in its organization, and remained with us in the capacity of civilian building superintendent. He was commissioned in November of '41 as F/O in charge of Works and Buildings.

During the first great war F/O MacLean served four years overseas with the 4th Field Company Canadian Engineers. He was wounded twice and gassed once, and saw action on such well-remembered battle fronts as Passchendaele, Vimy, Hill 70, Cambrai, and the Somme.

When he can persuade himself to take a holiday away from the fascinating symphony of busy saws and hammers F/O MacLean finds relaxation with a rod and reel or lawn bowling. Curling claims his attention in the winter months.



Away back in 1914 a youngster named Teddy Blundell donned a pair of his father's long pants, appropriated travelling space on a Montreal bound freight train, stowed away on a boat called the Corsica which was heading for Glasgow, and climaxed this hair-raising adventure by joining the King's Liverpool Regiment. This ambitious lad achieved the rank of Company Sergeant-Major, and upon being recommended for a commission was whisked away to the tradition-hallowed halls of Trinity College, Cambridge, for a course of instruction.

Sergeant Teddy Blundell is the good-natured, efficient N.C.O., recently in charge of Headquarters' Squadron and now Station Orderly Sergeant. In civilian life he was a professional pianist and has played in theatres over a period of thirteen years.



AC2 John Leyne is a student pilot from Edmonton, and in completing the transition from civilian to airman John is simply exchanging one form of adventurous occupation for another. The great Northland was pilot Leyne's happy-hunting ground in civilian life. His job, Purser on the stern wheelers, gas and diesel river-boats that ply the great waterways of the north. John was employed by the MacKenzie River Transport which is operated by the Hudson's Bay Company, and the Manager of that vast Northern transport system was at one time the officer who now commands this Manning Depot, Wing Commander Reid.

John speaks reminiscently and intimately of such remote, ice-ribbed waterways as Lakes Athabasca, Great Slave, Great Bear, the Nelson and Peace rivers, and Aklavik and Tuktoyaktuk on the Arctic Ocean. One outstanding recollection was the time his boat was frozen in on Lake Athabasca, and his enforced exile on the ice-bound ship until spring break up. We wish John the best of luck in his new element—the air.



One of the best known and most popular N.C.O.'s on this station is Sgt. Hutton. The Flight has been here since July of 1940, and during that time many a draft has left this station with the smartness of their bearing and the precision of their march testifying to the completeness and competence of the Flight's instruction.

The Flight has an excellent singing voice, and upon occasion (defaulters beware) he can also use it as effectively as Simon Legree used his whip. That same voice has been used professionally in concert and church appearances.

The Flight is married, hails from Toronto, and refers to his "regimental family" all members of which have donned a uniform of one kind or another.



Americans are scarce these days at No. 2 Manning Depot, but LAC Robert Dale Lawrence of the photographic section ably and energetically maintains the prestige of the Stars and Stripes. Bob comes from Kansas City, Missouri, and claims to be one of the most widely travelled members of the R.C.A.F. in Canada. In the course of his work with a Mobile Photographic Unit he covered 29 R.C.A.F. stations in the Dominion in a five month period. Bob likes Canada and is quite content to do his bit here with the R.C.A.F.



Sgt. Max Avern is a name that appears frequently on our sports page, and properly so for Max is an all-around athlete with an impressive sports record. A boxing instructor at the Y.M.C.A. in Winnipeg prior to his enlistment in the R.C.A.F., Max has also garnered fame as a hockey player, Blue Bomber star, a soccer player of note, and an able participant in basketball, softball and baseball. The sergeant holds several trophies as a middle-distance runner.

Max thinks life in the R.C.A.F. is tops, and is a firm believer in P.T.I. and sports for everyone. Sports articles under his name appear in this issue of the Post.

SUBSISTENCE ALLOWANCE

This short article is directed to those N.C.O.'s of the Manning Depot staff who are fortunate enough to be living in the bosom of their families and who are in receipt of an extra payment of a dollar a day to compensate them for providing themselves with meat and drink (tea, milk or coffee). Since there is partial accommodation on the Unit for N.C.O.'s, permission to live out and draw allowances is granted according to seniority or to those who show particular need as a result of illness or numerical superiority in their families.

The title "Rations and Quarters Allowance" should be substituted for the name "Subsistence Allowance" in order to make plain to the recipient that the purpose is to implement the family revenue so as to provide him with food and lodging, which would otherwise be obtained from the Air Force in kind and not to line his pockets with extra spending money, permitting him to sponge on his wife to the extent of her dependents' allowance and the amount which is assigned to her from his pay. Many Air Force wives look upon a dependents' allowance as their particular "corn in Egypt" to be stored away for the lean years and consider that daily living expenses should be met from the Airman's other income. Admitting the unreasonableness of that impression, it is equally true that very often airmen look upon the granting of subsistence allowance as a raise in pay to be spent according to their own devices while continuing to live at the expense of their wives.

Due to the policy by which living out privileges are granted under present conditions at the Manning Depot, it is possible that an individual who is found to be neglecting to apply the extra payment to the upkeep of himself in his home, will be instructed to occupy public quarters and allow the benefit to be transferred to a more conscientious husband.

The income of a married airman is composed of three parts: viz, pay of rank and group, dependents' allowance and rations and quarters allowance, if living out. While each family must be permitted to make its own internal financial arrangements, it is certain that a more harmonious condition will prevail in the home if the income is expended according to the clear purpose of each of its parts.

Let those who are now drawing rations and quarters allowances review their budgets and satisfy themselves that their domestic expenditures bear a reasonable ratio to their income.

—G. L. McIntosh, S/L
Accounting Officer.

"Did you tell her when you proposed to her that you were unworthy of her? That always makes a hit with them."

"I was going to but she beat me to it."

AIR VICE-MARSHAL SHEARER

Air Commodore A. B. Shearer, air officer commanding No. 2 training command, R.C.A.F., has been promoted to become Manitoba's first air vice-marshal, air force authorities announced, Monday. Air Vice-Marshal Shearer worked his way up to his present position, step-by-step, from the day that he started his career as an apprentice mechanic in Neepawa.

He came to Winnipeg in April, 1940, to organize No. 2 training command. Today he is responsible for the successful operation of a highly important part of the British Commonwealth air training plan comprising some 29 schools and other units located in the region extending from the head of the Great Lakes to the western Saskatchewan border.

Air Vice-Marshal Shearer was born in Lindsay, Ont., and moved to Neepawa, Man., as a boy. There he received his early education and later attended the University of Manitoba.

On the outbreak of the last war, he learned to fly in Toronto in the record time of five hours 20 minutes, going overseas early the following year.

He joined the Royal Naval Air Services and saw service with a bomber squadron operating over the western front. He was wounded in January, 1917, and returned to Canada for a short while before getting back into action again—this time in Italy. He subsequently became commanding officer of No. 224 squadron, Royal Air Force, with headquarters at Valona, Albania. He was again wounded, spending Armistice Day in an Italian hospital. Air Vice-Marshal Shearer returned to Canada in April, 1919, and shortly afterwards returned overseas to take part in an expedition in Russia. He was awarded the Croix de Guerre, with palm, for his services in France, also being mentioned in despatches. For his work in Italy and Albania he received the Silver Medal for Valour and the Italian War Cross and was again mentioned in despatches. From the Russians he received the Order of Ste. Anne.

Back in Canada again he decided on a military career and obtained a commission in the Canadian Air Force on its formation in 1920. A good many years on various appointments followed, including a staff course at the Naval college, Greenwich, England. In 1938 he was appointed director of works and buildings at air force headquarters, Ottawa. In this capacity Air Vice-Marshal Shearer was responsible for production of designs which have been largely followed in erecting stations which now cover Canada from coast to coast as units in the British Commonwealth air training plan. He is an aide-de-camp to the governor-general.

"For the love of Mike' You've smoked all the cigarettes again."
"Yes, old chap' I think so much of you I always take your part."

De Bunk Area



By Bunko

Travel note: Commandeer a horse, bike or pogo stick some time this summer and treat your eyes to a slice of scenic beauty that will make you drool monumental adjectives for a week afterwards. Seriously, don't leave the Brandon district without feasting your eyes on that bit of elysian wonder-land—the Assiniboine Valley. We saw it in all the lush grandeur of its new summer green, and these lines from Tennyson sprang to our lips unbidden:

"There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
That all the valleys of Ionian hills."

Incidentally, an excursion to this verdant Shangri-la can be made even more palatable with a thermos of coffee, some hard-boiled eggs, and a carton of ham sandwiches. Then sit thee down by the sun-silvered waters of the winding Assiniboine and devour nature with your eyes, and hard-boiled eggs with your teeth.

And now to the business of De Bunking: First of all we have this for the records, the Airmen's Post has been THREATENED. Yes, we have been told that if we ever mention a certain somebody's name again in the piquant pages of the Post dire things will happen to us. And the lady's eyes flashed slivers of steel when she warned us. Fear clutched our heart, and our chubby cheeks paled. We shivered and cast about for a place to hide from this avenging Amazon. And then our editorial courage reasserted itself, and we looked very coldly in the lady's direction and said bitingly: "Madam, your name will not be mentioned again—space in the Post is too valuable to waste on matters of non-importance."

Speaking of ladies: Cleopatra, and the face that launched a thousand ships were expert in the artistry of make-up. Wonder if they painted their legs with Sun Tan cream out of a tube to simulate silk hosiery. Maybe some lass will enlighten us on ancient history. Well, anyway, we commend the economy in this day of trial, tribulation and salvage. Maybe the lads could profit by the example and paint themselves a glass of beer to drink.

Note to various varieties of mongers: The Post is not on the market for "Dirt". If you have some to peddle don't bring it here—keep it in the unclean vestibule of your own brain and let your mental maggots feed on it.

New examinations for stenographers: The applicant is taken into a room where there are three objects—

SADDLE HORSES FOR HIRE
Catering especially to R.C.A.F. and
R.A.F. Western, Military and
English Style Saddles.
Stables 1 block east, 1 block north
of Arena.

MCGREGOR'S STABLES
356 10th St., Brandon Phone 4383

a washing-machine, typewriter, and machine-gun. If she can pick out the typewriter she's hired.

We ran into Cpl. Nicol looking very chipper and congenial. What's doing it, Art, the romance or the change of environment?

Can it be the nourishing qualities of vitamin B1 that are adding avoirdupois to the stature of a certain sergeant in the tailor shop?

Joke of the month: Recruiting sergeant to new recruit, "have you anyone else dependent upon you besides your wife and child?" New recruit, "yes, Sir, a cow, two pigs, and twenty chickens."

Cheerio—see you next month.

REVEALING ADVERTISEMENT (From the Chicago Sun)

A gruesome and terrible appeal has appeared in the advertising columns of the Muenchener Neueste Nachrichten, a newspaper which is daily delivered on the doorstep while Hitler is in residence at Berchtesgaden—and, doubtless, pondering. How it ever was permitted to appear is beyond us—for the wording is morale-shattering:

"Crosses for graves, finest oak with cement slab if desired, in exchange for gentlemen's secondhand clothes."

A fearful commentary on what Russia is doing to these men who left their civilian suits behind when they were marched off to slaughter! A business must have been built up, must be in healthy process—if the term "healthy" can be applied to such a ghoulish enterprise. The soldier no longer needs his gayer garments, the trappings of peace and happiness; but his dear ones need a cross of "finest oak with cement slab if desired."

For Der Fuehrer there is grim prophecy between the lines of this ad in his favorite Munich newspaper.

ENGLAND IN SPRING

—I wonder if England ever looked more lovely in early Spring than she has at moments looked this year. Have woodpeckers ever laughed more gaily? Have birds ever sung more defiantly? Have the buds ever burst more obtrusively? Has the youth of the land ever renewed itself more triumphantly? No doubt the prosaic explanation is that we notice all these things more acutely because they are the anodyne of stress and because they seem to make a magic contrast with the sombre background of reality. But I like to think that all this beauty and hopefulness was never so before. At all events the age of miracles has never passed.

"That, I presume, is the portrait of one of your former admirers?"

"Don't be foolish, hubby. That is a photograph of yourself when you had hair."

You deserve the best in food so why not have your meals at
MITROU'S CAFE where the best of food is served.

MITROU'S CAFE & TEA ROOM

836 ROSSER PHONE 3039



THEY SAY HE HAD HIS COAT HANGER
UNDER HIS PILLOW!!?

THE R.C.A.F.

Lord, hold them in Thy mighty hand
Above the ocean and the land,
Like wings of eagles mounting high
Along the pathways of the sky.

Immortal is the name they bear,
And high the honor that they share,
Until a thousand years have rolled
Their deeds of valour will be told.

In darkest night and light of day
God will bless them on their way,
And homeward safely guide each one,
With glory gained and duty done.

O God our help in ages past,
Our hope in years to come,
Subdue the cruel and treacherous Hun
And Thy will shall be done.

—DAD PARKER.

SLIGHT DIFFERENCE

A woman whose husband had joined the Navy gave a note to the minister the following Sunday. The note said: "Mr. Tom Smith, having gone to sea, his wife requests that the congregation pray for his safety."

The minister was nearsighted and as he read aloud, the congregation heard: "Mr. Tom Smith, having gone to see his wife, requests that the congregation pray for his safety."

A recent football match in England was in progress when an air raid warning was sounded. Both teams left the field for the dressing rooms and shelters. While they were away, a crowd of the spectators swarmed onto the field, took charge of the ball and staged an impromptu match of their own.

WARM WEATHER CLOTHES HEADQUARTERS

For The Officers and Men
of The Services

Khaki Shirts

In a Variety of Materials

1.50 \$2 2.50 \$3

Khaki Longs

Drill Longs in All Sizes

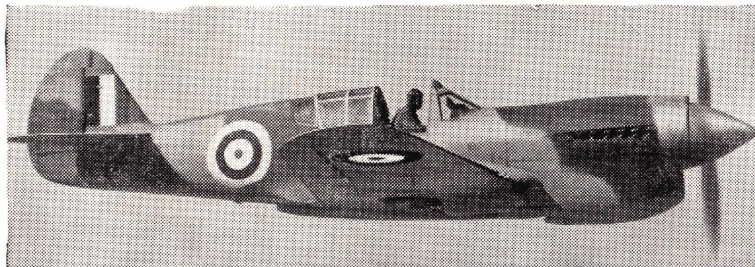
2.25 2.50 \$3

— Officers Tropical Worsteds Uniforms —

Made to your measure or ready to wear

John A. McDonald & Son Ltd.

ROSSER AVE. AT 9th ST.



THIS KITTYHAWK IS LOOKING FOR A MESSERSCHMITT TO SINK ITS TALONS INTO

MUSIC OF PLACE NAMES

From The St. Thomas Times-Journal
North American place names, of Indian derivation, possess a lilt and a rhythm in the arrangement of their syllables that the names of other lands cannot match. Names such as Ontario, Toronto, Mississippi and Arkansas which roll smoothly and effortlessly off one's tongue are so commonplace to us that the fluid, rolling quality of their pronunciation is seldom recognized, but when they are compared consciously with staid names such as New York, Elgin, St. Thomas and United States the music in them becomes apparent. Their pronunciation is colorful Americana. The early pioneers in choosing names for their settlements, rivers and provinces recognized the music inherent in Indian names and used them frequently. For the most part, we are unconscious of that music in names today but it does not pass unnoticed by foreigners. Citizens of United States and Canada can thank the uncivilized Indian for hundreds of picturesque pronunciations which set our truly American names definitely apart from those of European origin.

There are hundreds of cases in America where the Indian tongue has been used to supply place names, and practically all of them are recognizable by their distinctly musical quality. The name "Canada" itself comes from the Huron-Iroquois word "Kanata" meaning "a town." It was first used by explorers in connection with the Indian village of Stadacona, now Quebec City, but through common usage it eventually came to refer to the entire country. The name "Ontario" was first applied to the lake of

that name and later became the name of the province. Translated from the Indian it means "rocks standing high and near the water," and probably it originally had reference to the Niagara escarpment. Quebec, Manitoba and Saskatchewan are other provinces Indian names. Quebec is Algonkian for "the river narrows here." Manitoba is derived from two Assiniboine words meaning "lake of the prairie." Saskatchewan is Cree for "rapid river." The name "Toronto," certainly one of the most musical of them all, is a Huron word meaning "place of meeting." It was originally applied to the portage route northwards towards Lake Simcoe, but later was chosen for the city to replace its first name of York.

A study of the origin of America's place names is an interesting pastime. It is unfortunate that the origin of many of them can no longer be traced, and though they are distinctly recognizable Indian names, their meanings have long since disappeared in the mists of unrecorded history.

BRITISH TRAINING IS TOUGH AND REALISTIC

The Invasion Army Will Be "Hard", Mentally and Physically; Real Blood and Bullets

They will be the "toughest" army Britain has ever landed on the continent—and that is saying a great deal.

The tactics taught to the "Commandos" are now practically being extended to the entire army. The 1914 drill-book training is as outmoded as the bow and arrow days. What are known as "battle schools" have been set up in every division of the

army. The 1914-18 routine is superseded by combat training, so that if a battalion is split up the men will carry on as groups, and if the groups are scattered each man can carry on individually, knowing how to make the utmost of his skill in offence and defence. Men are made accustomed to ducking down in trenches or holes while heavy tanks pass over them. They advance into a fusillade of Bren guns just deflected enough to miss them. Every movement is made "at the double," which means on the run, and they even run to meals instead of strolling along. They learn to go without food for a whole day, covering up to 40 miles afoot in 16 hours, and must be ready to fight at the end of it. They are taught to fight with spiked "knuckle-dusters" and short knives. A large proportion of them are being trained as paratroops. They learn how to reconnoitre, or spy, in enemy territory. They are taught the ancient Japanese art of ju-jitsu wrestling so as to overcome an enemy sentry in silence (the Commandos at Saint Nazaire first almost choked and then killed a German sentry that way) and they knew enough about enemy weapons to turn them to good use.

The motto of the new army is "Attack." The word is posted everywhere around the grounds of the battle schools so as to implant it in the mind of every man.

BEHIND THE STORY

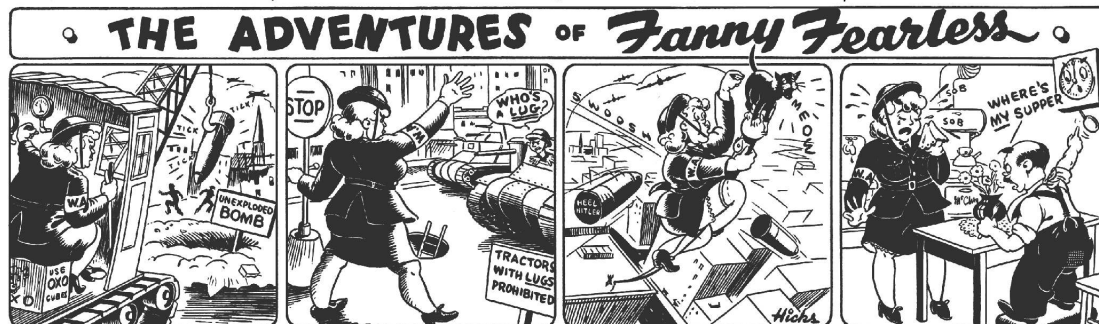
The story behind the stories of Canadian fliers' daring deeds overseas, which appear in your newspaper a few hours after their battle-scarred planes land in Britain, was told in Winnipeg, Thursday afternoon, by

Squadron Leader Rod MacInnes, chief public relations officer for the R.C.A.F. overseas, who is visiting air commands throughout Canada before returning to his post in Britain next month.

The news-gathering service of the R.C.A.F., credited with being the most go-ahead organization of its kind in Britain, had to break down an old custom of the R.A.F. that no names should be mentioned in news despatches about airmen. Some of the older R.A.F. officers favored news despatches which were short and vague, but they were gradually won over to the Canadian idea of giving the public the full story. The attitude towards air force publicity was expressed by Air Vice-Marshal Harold Edwards, commanding officer of the R.C.A.F. overseas, who said the war was too big to be confined to the services and that everyone was interested in it.

How It Works

This is how the system works. When the fliers of a Canadian squadron return from a raid, they are interviewed by the squadron's intelligence officer, who gets the story. Working with him is a field public relations officer, who immediately wires the story to the central public relations office in London. The central office has to submit each story to the senior air staff officer of the command to which the squadron belongs, and then to the air intelligence section of the British air ministry. When it has been passed, the central office releases the story to the news-gathering agencies who cable it to their offices in New York, which distribute it to Canada.



The Band Played On

(Continued from page 11)

preparing to become a husband shortly. We want an invitation, Frank, all of us.

Keith Wellar from Duffield, Alta. Plays baritone and has the distinction of being the youngest member of the band.

Brian Kitson of Toronto is a clarinet player, and is contemplating a walk up Orange Blossom Highway, if we know the signs.

Dick Bolt, trombone player from St. Thomas, Ontario. Dick is happily married and sports the most magnificent moustache on the station.

Sammy Macri of Winnipeg is clarinet, and a very versatile musician who has a son Thomas and a daughter Jean following in his footsteps.

Art Corrigan, cornet player from Ottawa. Art played with the Commerce Screenaders before enlisting. His engagement to a local gal is recent news.

Bill Simpson, clarinet from Edmonton, where he played in the famous school boy band. He makes frequent visits to Victoria Avenue, and we don't blame him. She's adorable, Willie!

Peter McLarnon, alto horn from Montreal, was born in Cork, Ireland. Somebody keeps Pete very busy in the evening. Is she Irish, Pete?

Leslie Parkinson, alto sax from Edmonton, and he too played for a long time with the school boy band. Parky takes in all the dances and carries a joke book around in his pocket to give the hostesses a laugh now and then.

Russel "Peanuts" Hance, trombone player from Cornwall, Ontario, where he played with the Cornwall O.C.O.T. boys band. Peanuts is a pocket edition of his father, the Station Sergeant-Major, less moustache, of course.

George Reid, alto horn from Vancouver, where he played with the Salvation Army Band. George has been bit by the bug too and will probably be a brand new husband by the time this gets into print.

Frank "Bunny" Baratgin, alto horn from Saskatoon, played in the Light Infantry band there and studied music in England. Is very fond of dancing and doing the rounds.

Larry "Helfitz" Killean, solo slush pump from Winnipeg, and very proud of the fact that he was a yo-yo champion in his adolescent years. Boasts that he only took two music lessons in his life.

Walter C. Irwin, clarinet from Meyroome, Sask. Served overseas during the last war and has a son with the St. Thomas band now.

Cliff Risby from Winnipeg was a cornet player with a Salvation Army Band, and in civilian life worked as a paymaster with an Eastern construction company. Cliff dearly loves to be duty bugler! The early morning air is invigorating, he says.

Martin "Mac" McLean, trumpet player from Winnipeg. Mac was a bit homesick here for a while, but he met a nurse not long ago and the future began to look much brighter.

Padre's Message

(Continued from page 3)

If a man is doing his bit in the war effort it is evidenced by his friendliness, his smile, his willingness to co-operate, and even by his salute. The half-hearted fellow who is thinking of the free and easy life he lived before the war, when there was no reveille or roll calls or P.T. to disturb the even tenor of his way, will grumble and find fault with everything. He will be slovenly and careless. Poor fellow! He is missing a great chance to become a real man. He is losing the opportunity to develop mentally, physically, socially, and spiritually. After the war the new order will need men who are trained and disciplined and tempered in the flame of battle. These men will help to build a better world.

I like to contrast the hard training which is required to make men of the aircrew with the ship that enters the lift-locks. At first it is hemmed in by great concrete walls on either side. As the huge gates swing into position, it is confined entirely to a narrow space. Soon, however, the sluice gates are opened and the water pours into the lock. The ship then rises higher and higher until it reaches the new level when it is set free to steam out into the wide expanse of water. You young men are at the lift-lock stage in your training. You will, in due time take off to a wider expanse of service and be fitted to deal some of those knock-out blows which will help bring victory to the world.

So be patient. Submit gladly to discipline. Welcome correction. Accept commendation. And in your great adventure will you remember this injunction, "Whether winning, whether losing, trust in God and do the right." "Do you fear the force of the wind, The slash of the rain?

Go face them and fight them;
Be savage again,
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane;
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheek will tan,
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,

But you'll walk like a man!"

—Flt. Lieut. I. H. Eberle,
(P) Chaplain No. 2 "M" Depot.

A bomb that demolished G. F. H. McCormick's home lifted his two children from their beds and flung them to the ceiling. Their night clothes became hitched to the rafters and they hung there uninjured until rescued by A.R.P. workers.

If you are moving your family to Brandon you'll want Furniture to make them comfortable.

We carry a full stock of the kind of furniture that pleases.

KULLBERG FURNITURE

1126 Rosser Ave. Phone 4009



BOMB STORIES

When the sirens warn that Nazi bombers are over London, Mike O'Connor, a laboring man, crawls into a massive stone coffin. 400 years old, in the crypt of Christ Church, in the Spitalfields section of London.

The moon plays an important part in blacked-out London, and news agents do a big business in twopenny charts which show when it will rise every night for a three-month period. On full-moon nights West End restaurants are thronged, air raids or no air raids.

A refugee German chemist, Leo Katz, recently demonstrated to subsistence officers of the U.S. Army, Navy and Marines, a ration can which heats itself by chemical reaction. Blitz beans, no less.

A little girl, coming with her family from a shelter to their bomb-wrecked house, searched for her pet kitten. She only found a part of its tail and loudly bemoaned its fate. But next morning pussy showed up for breakfast, in the best of spirits despite its bobbed tail.

"Patrick," said to have been the fossilized remains of an Irish giant eight feet tall, was left at a British railroad station for two years while two men disputed his ownership in court. Recently he was put to use as filling for a bomb crater.

A Canadian Army officer, walking in London, came to a house the side of which was completely blown out. But in the exposed dining room a man was nonchalantly eating his dinner.

ner. The table was properly set with polished silverware and a spotless linen cloth, and a maid was serving him.

DON'T FORGET OUR ADVERTISERS

And so another highly successful issue of the Post, thanks to the interest, co-operation, and support of the ladies and gentlemen of Brandon who advertise in its pages.

Good friends all, and deserving of our patronage and trade. Give it to them, fellows. Consult the Post and give your business to its advertisers.

This month we might mention specially the druggists who have always supported our publication. Here they are, the leading pharmacists in Brandon:

Brown's Drug Store, 902 Rosser Ave., Clement's at 9th and Rosser, Crawford's Drug Store, cor. Rosser and 10th, Smith's Drug Store, 730 Rosser Ave., Hutchings' Drug Store, 10th and Princess. Bear these names in mind, and patronize their stores.

Next month we'll make special reference to other of our advertisers.

SUMMER DRUGS AND TOILETRIES

HAIR CREAMS AND TONICS:
Brylcreem, Liquid and Solid
Brilliantine, Vaseline Hair Tonic, Vitalls, Krenl Tonic.

SHAMPOOS:
Halo Shampoo, 35c, 50c.
Fitch Shampoo, 35c, 69c.
Drene Shampoo, 18c, 67c.
Olive Oil Shampoo, 35c.

FOOT REMEDIES:
Corn Plasters—Blue Jay, 25c;
Dr. Scholl's, 35c; Cress Salve, 50c; Lig Corn Cure, 25c.
Foot Powders and Foot Balm, 25c, 35c.

SUN TAN OIL AND CREAMS:
Let's you tan without burning.
Soothing Skin Creams and Oils.
Ungentine, Jangel, Nimea Skin Oil, Olive Oil, Nozema, Subtle, Skin Balm.

CAMERA FILM:
All sizes Verichrome and Super XX. 8-hour service on developing and printing. In at 9 a.m. Out at 5 p.m.

SHEAFER PENS AND PENCILS:
Come in and try a real pen. Pens, \$3.50 up. Sets, \$4.50 up.

HUTCHINGS' DRUG STORE

PHONE 2814 10TH & PRINCESS

Brandon in 1882

a city of tents on the Prairie. Brandon in 1942—a city of trees and gardens.

For 58 years we have been supplying the citizens with everything in Horticulture.

Patmore Nursery Co.

ESTABLISHED 1883 — BRANDON



AND SO FAREWELL

By AC2 J. Leyne

With a rapidity that was almost breath taking, two months have passed since we arrived in Brandon full of enthusiasm and the determination to make a few minor changes in the Royal Canadian Air Force. The enthusiasm remains unabated but the determination to re-write parts of K.R. Air suffered an immediate and awful death at the hands of Station "Discips."

Our arrival was the forerunner of many surprises. Some pleasant and others that can only be recounted in the still of night after the Orderly Officer has made his rounds. We were bidden farewell by the train crew that brought us here with sighs of relief and lined ourselves up rather self consciously beneath a huge sign that peremptorily stated, "Air Force Recruits Assemble Here". No please, no thank you. Just, Wait Here. We did. Next, with no fan fare of trumpets and no station band we were neatly and with dispatch lined up in threes and headed for No. 2 Manning Pool.

The N.C.O. who was forced to accompany this alleged parade was, in himself, a pleasant surprise. Along with others I have always entertained the popular conception of an N.C.O. Mainly that they were chosen chiefly for their ability to raze whole city blocks with the majesty of their voice. This N.C.O. whom we immediately and unconsciously referred to as "ours", while patently bored to tears with his assignment was quite pleasantly and agreeably soft spoken and while eyeing us with mingled pity and amusement endeavoured to answer the thousand and one questions that were fired at him. We later and not much later either, learned that one does not talk while on parade.

It is doubtful if any two Airmen's preconceived idea of No. 2 Manning pool would coincide and the remarks passed as we entered these hallowed halls were classic to say the least. Then and there with dispatch we shed our last vestige of civilian identity and individuality as we were paraded through Blanket Stores, M. I. R., Dental and Accounts. The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire is a small volume in comparison with the data compiled on each Airman by the Accounts Section as he wends his way in bewilderment from desk to desk. Then came instruction on how to make our bed. Air Force procedure in this respect is vastly different from that adopted by many of us in civilian life which is possibly a good thing.

From then on we moved at a more leisurely pace as we were issued with Uniforms, Kits, Greatcoats and the various accoutrements necessary to our welfare. Along with this we re-

ceived lectures, lectures and more lectures. In fact we were unable to pause a moment for breath but what we were quietly herded into a corner for one more lecture. Mass dissemination of information apparently being the order of the day with little regard as to the amount of information being assimilated. Running throughout all this were our much feared "knocks" which came in wholesale lots and so frequently that whenever a Medical Officer was sighted we all started to remove tunics and shirts.

Finally came the morning when we were all outfitted and were assigned a Flight Commander and a Flight Number and our Training was to begin in earnest. Day after day of drill, drill, drill and the ever attendant evil of P.T. until we were firmly convinced that no one loved us anymore and least of all the Station Disciplinarian Officer. And who could blame him those first few weeks. But with the help of our Flight Commander whose patience appeared inexhaustible and whose good nature seemed unshatterable we finally learned to differentiate between Air Force Right and the ordinary common variety of Right, and could march the few blocks to the Drill Grounds with a moderate degree of smartness.

Well do we remember our first Wing Parade as we stood for what seemed years and years and how proud we were when the man next to us fainted and we moved neither right nor left but stood without a move until told to carry him to the shade. Lucky fellow sitting there while we stood and stood waiting for the Commanding Officer to go by with a glance that we were so sure had missed our diligently polished shoes and brass of which we were so proud.

But, as all things must come to an end sooner or later so did our Training and we were thankfully, I presume, turned over to Disposal Wing with its attendant Joe jobs. Life from then on was nothing but one continuous round of rumors as to where and when we would be posted. The fiction writers flights of fancy and poetic license are as nothing compared to Station Standing Rumors for pending drafts. With consummate skill and rapidity we were posted from one end of the Dominion to the other and our departure was scheduled for at least every morning and afternoon for the three weeks that we spent in Disposal. What hopes, what plans we made for our postings that was culminated in our being posted exactly five miles from here to No. 12 S.F.T.S.

So, now we are posted and it is farewell to No. 2 Manning Depot and while some of us will go on and eventually receive our coveted Wings and others will drop out along the way it is doubtful if we will ever forget our two month sojourn here. And happy as we are to be on our way finally it is with a vague feeling of regret that we leave to pack. For while the transition from Civil to Military Life is abrupt and arduous it is not entirely unpleasant and we have, one and all, formed friendships here in Brandon that we are reluctant to leave so we won't say good-bye but Adieu and we'll be seeing you somewhere sometime.

A bomb, dropping near a piggery, paralyzed ten fine pigs. The farmer-owner reconsidered his first decision to destroy them, and after four days they resumed their customary way of life, none the worse for their shell-shock.



AIRMAN FLIES ATLANTIC TO SAVE HIS BABY

A 5,000-mile train-plane dash from an air station in the Canadian prairies (No. 33 S.F.T.S., Estevan, Sask.) by Leading Aircraftman Jim Challis of Stratford, Eng., was believed by physicians here to have saved the life of his three-year-old daughter, June.

The baby, who is seriously ill with diphtheria, cried and fretted for her father so much that doctors felt she would not live unless Challis came to see her.

But Challis was stationed at a Royal Air Force training school 5,000 miles away in Canada. They cabled him, and also contacted R.A.F. authorities in Britain to assure them of the urgent need for Challis to return home as quickly as he could.

Authorization for the aircraftman to return to Britain was cabled to Canada, and a few hours later Challis took off from the prairie airfield in a Royal Canadian Air Force plane, heading toward Britain.

He covered 2,000 miles the first day, by plane and then by train, to an eastern Canadian airport. There he boarded a giant Liberator bomber and arrived in Britain.

Then Challis peeped into the hospital ward to see his daughter for the first time in many months. He was greeted with tears of joy by the little girl in the bed.

Later doctors stated the meeting had done June a world of good, and that she probably will recover now, although she is still desperately ill. She is expected to remain in hospital for another three months.

First Plane Trip

It was Challis' first plane trip, although he has been in the R.A.F. for the last two years. The father grinned as he told of his trip across the Atlantic.

"I was sitting next to an air vice-marshal on the way over. Then I fell asleep, and when I awoke I found I had been sleeping with my head on his shoulder," he said.

When he arrived at a British airport, a service plane was waiting to rush him to the hospital.

R.A.F. authorities decided to keep Challis in England, where he can visit Baby June frequently. He has been given a compassionate posting to a British air station.

Though the baggage limit is 40 pounds, Challis was allowed to take a 150-pound kit, including dozens of oranges for June, which he delivered as soon as possible after landing.

In leaving Canada Challis took precedence over important officials awaiting passage.



MONEY BELTS

**Specially Made for
the R.C.A.F.**

Protect your valuables with a money belt. Popular models at popular prices. Manufactured and distributed by

The
Great West Saddlery
Company Limited
WINNIPEG REGINA SASKATOON
CALGARY EDMONTON

DOIG'S

ON TENTH STREET

Gloves, Hosiery, Lingerie, Dry

Goods and Ladies' Underwear

BROWN'S DRUG STORE

ALEX M. BROWN

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Pharmacy

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PHONE 2680

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Lingerie, Hosiery, Blouses
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CRAWFORD'S JEWELRY

Watch Repairing a
Specialty

AIR FORCE JEWELRY

905 Rosser Ave.

BLUE BIRD CONFECTIONERY

LIGHT LUNCHES
Candy, Tobacco, Cigarettes,
Milk Shakes

Phone 4238 240 Tenth Street

A Wide Variety of Gifts
For The Airman's
Sweetheart, Wife, Mother
Ladies' Wear

Jo-Ann

Accessory Shop

Phone 3666 929 Rosser Ave.

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Auctioneering, Crating and
Storage.

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For something chic and
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