

# AIRMAN'S POST

NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT, BRANDON, MANITOBA



JUNE 1942



We'll settle this war  
In the flick of a hair,  
Just put Hitler  
In 'our barber chair.

We're on hand again as  
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another issue of the  
Airman's Post.

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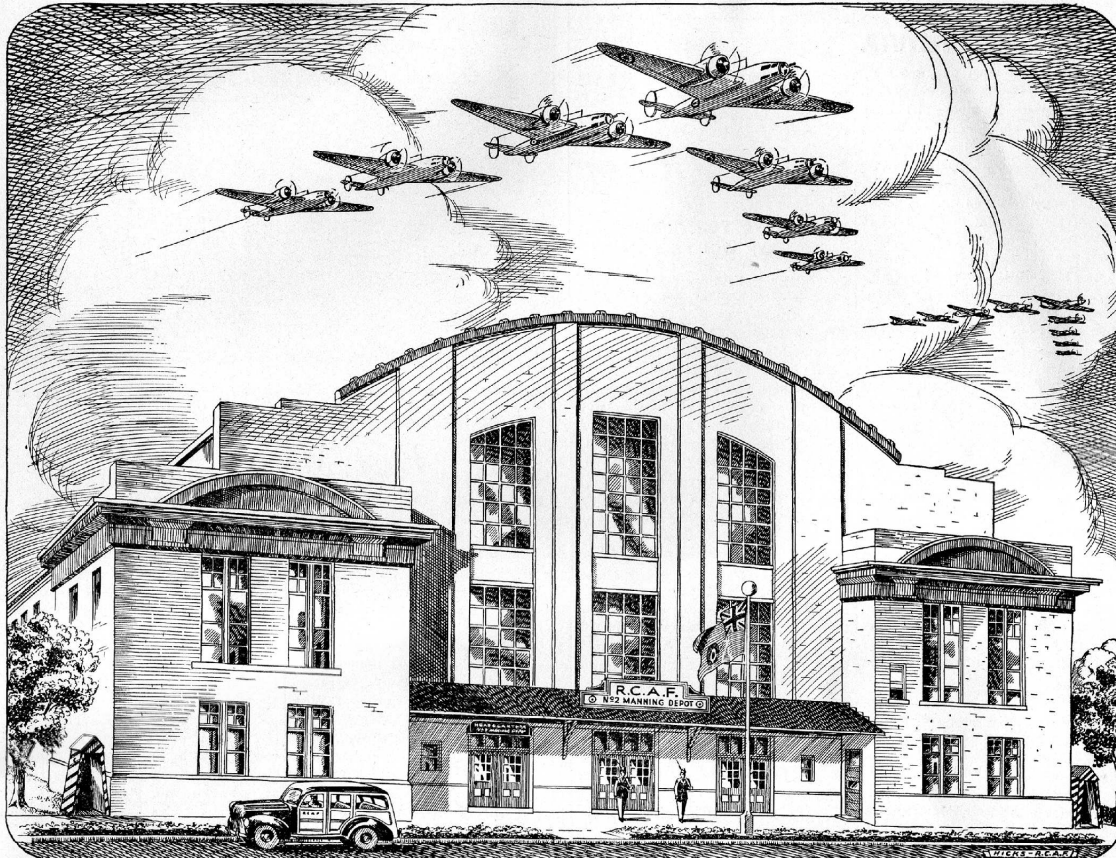
# THE AIRMAN'S POST

Vol. 2, No. 4

No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Man.

June, 1942

## WINGS OVER BRANDON



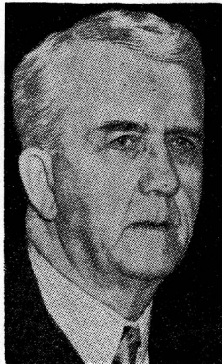
### A Message to The Personnel of No. 2 Manning Depot

From His Honor R. F. McWilliams, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba

My greetings to the men of the Air Force and particularly to those who are just beginning their training.

The Air Force has already demonstrated its supreme importance in modern warfare. It can render great execution on its own account and it is essential as an arm both of defense and of attack for the operations of the Navy and the Army. Your men have rendered a magnificent service in the defence of the Mother Country and on every field of combat, and will continue to do so till victory has been won.

I have two personal reasons for a special interest in the Air Force. One is that both of my nephews are in the R.C.A.F., one a Pilot Officer, now in the thick of the fighting in England, the other, like the men of the Manning Depot, in the first stages of training. The other is that the Air Force demonstrates the soundness of a doctrine that I have been preaching for many years. It set up high standards in its early days and has lived up to them with the result that it has attracted a personnel of exceptional quality.



The Air Force always reminds me of the knights of the days of chivalry about which we read in our school days. The knight, aided by his Squire, his armorer and his train of retainers of all kinds, prepared for the great day of the tournament when he would test his courage and skill against other knights. So the fighting Air Officer, aided by his squires and his helpers of many kinds prepares for the great day of single combat and carries the colours of his country and the honour of his comrades to the supreme test. Our Airmen have proven themselves the supreme knights of the air and by their valour have saved the liberties and civilization of our Empire.

What greater inspiration could the beginners in the Manning Depot have than the achievements of those whom they follow. What greater ambition than to play their part in the days to come with equal distinction. The days of training may seem long and tedious, but your task is one that cannot be performed without the most thorough training.

My best wishes to all of you. Per ardua ad astra.



## THE AIRMAN'S POST

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

Editor-in-Chief ..... ROBERT TYRE, CPL.  
Advertising Manager ..... C. L. WALTON, F/O  
Circulation Manager ..... J. R. HILLHOUSE, F/O

Printed by The Sun Publishing Company, Limited, 24 Tenth Street, Brandon, Man.

### TATTLE AND TRIVIA

This month the Post emerges from the printing presses all decked out like an Esquire glamour girl in a stunning new costume of sapphire blue, and we're just the littlest bit proud of our baby's appearance. Do you like it?

By the way were you up bright and early on the morning of the 15th to see the female personnel of the Depot make an appearance at 7.30 a.m.? It was an event worth recording for posterity, and a sight that may never be seen again within the hallowed environs of this old building. There they were, bravely fighting back massive yawns and a strong impulse to close their weary eyelids and snore, but stronger and nobler motives triumphed and the ladies rushed into the fray with their eyes agleam and their red collection boxes held high like the banners of a conquering army. It was a creditable performance, and the results were gratifying. Bravo, girls! And what if some of them did forget to dress and came down in their lace pyjamas.

And while we're still holding the floor may we make a polite request for contributions for the next issue of the Post. The magazine uses up a lot of material each month and we're always on the market for compositions of merit. Make a date with the Muse and give your immortal soul a chance to express itself. Drift around to our place of business at the rear of "A" Squadron and we'll gladly give you a helping hand to hatch something good for the pages of the Post. Who knows, some day you may achieve fame and fortune writing a best-selling novel about the Battle of Brandon. Don't let a leaky pen discourage you—O'Henry wrote the first of his literary gems on wrapping paper with a stub of pencil.

Another reminder: Glance over the Advertisers and make a mental note to patronise them whenever you can. They're all good friends, and they're helping us to make the Post a smashing success. Reciprocate, and help them. Thank you.

—Editor.

### WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TODAY TO HELP WIN THIS WAR?

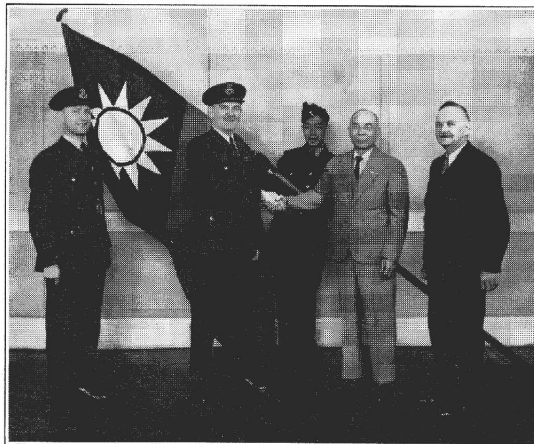
Ask yourself that question before you retire each night, and give yourself a truthful answer. You may be inclined to dismiss the whole thing as something that doesn't concern you—but don't be deceived, friend, it does concern you very much, whether you like it or not. This is your war, too—yes, this is very much your war, and this time you can't leave it all to George and the other fellow to win for you. They have been doing their part at places like Dunkirk, Crete, Libya, and Hong Kong, and don't you think it's about time that you got in there and did a little pitching, too? Maybe you're not qualified to wield bayonet or throw a grenade like George and the other fellow, but there's lots of other ways to help win a war if you're interested and look for them. Reflect for a moment on the ghastly, horrible meaning of the two words "Occupied Country" and you'll do your part to see that this doesn't happen here. "Business as Usual" is a slogan that all of us must lay aside for the duration.

And now, friend, what have you done today to help win this war?

### NO DOUGH, NO WOE

When a man is turned down by a girl because he isn't well off, he really is.

### PRESENTATION OF CHINESE FLAG TO No.2 MANNING DEPOT



Reading Left to Right: Flt. Lieut. Bishop, Wing Commander Reid, AC2 Wong, Mr. Sam Wong (same names, but no relationship), and Mayor F. H. Young.

### East Meets West

It was Kipling who said "East is East and West is West and never the Twain shall meet". Kipling penned those words with the conviction that the modern, realistic way of life of the Occidental world could never find a common basis for political or social understanding with the philosophies and slower tempo of the Oriental way. But Kipling was wrong. Almost half a century later History was to record an alliance between East and West based on a common love of justice and decency and a mutual repugnance to all forms of aggression and tyranny. China, valiant defender of Freedom's Citadel in the Far East, had allied herself with the Western Democracies to fight beside them as brothers-in-

arms in a common cause and on a common battlefield.

Sunday evening, May 3rd, we witnessed a ceremony on the Arena stage which was symbolic of that new understanding and friendship between China and the Empire. The ceremony, which is pictured above, was the presentation of a Chinese flag by Mr. Sam Wong and a number of his countrymen to No. 2 Manning Depot. In his speech of appreciation Wing Commander Reid voiced the hope that the flags of other nations allied with the Empire in this conflict might be acquired and displayed in this Depot to serve as an inspiration to the young men who begin their initial training here.

### FIGHTING MAD

Editor's Note: High tribute as one of the most stirring articles of the war, designed to shake people of this continent out of their passive war psychology, is paid the following, written by Walter J. Weir, copy director for Lord & Thomas, advertising agency of New York City. It appeared in Printers' Ink, and following publication there it brought a deluge of requests for copies and for the privilege of reprinting it. We feel this is such a timely and stirring challenge that our readers should have the benefit of it.

Don't get me wrong—I'm just an ordinary guy. I'm not trying to pose as an expert on the moulding of public opinion. I'm not talking big about what I'd do if it was my job to whip up the country on the war effort.

I'm talking as an average citizen. I'm saying, not what I'd like to tell them but what I'd like to be told. Soon.

Because I'm concerned, and I've been concerned, about my reaction to all that's been happening. Sure, I'm buying bonds. I'm paying taxes. I'm doing with less sugar.

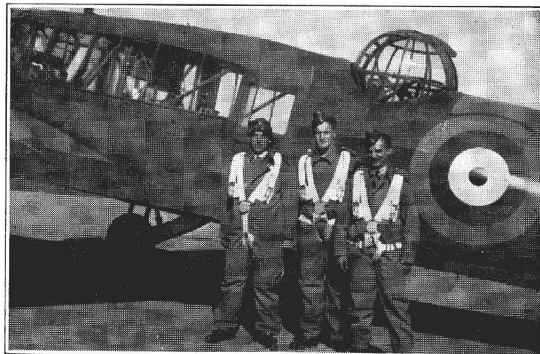
But deep down inside, down where it really matters, something hasn't taken place yet that I feel ought to take place. I'm all a welter of confusion there. It keeps me scratching my head and mopping my brow when I know I ought to be clenching my fists.

You understand? It's like this: I want to be told—not to buy Defense Stamps or Defense Bonds. I want to be told to buy Victory Stamps or War Bonds.

I want to be told—not about the construction of houses in Defense Areas. I want to be told about the construction of houses in War Production Areas.

I want to be told—not to remember Pearl Harbor. I want to be told to

(Continued on next page)



Who said Sergeant-Majors never fly? W.O.2 Hance refutes the charge with this picture. He reports that his two companions were rather air-sick. We'd kinda like to hear their version of the "flip" too.



## Padre's Message

It is gratifying to consider the good health that accrues to the airman from his enthusiastic acceptance of discipline, drill, P.T. and regularity of daily timetable. For it can rightly be assumed that one is enthusiastic about these, being things essentially wholesome though sometimes arduous. I doubt if there are many young Canadians, sons of a race of pioneers, who do not feel considerable ardor for the setting up and tuning up of all one's faculties that follow so logically from life in the Service.

It was a sad revelation when it became known that a very high percentage of prospective recruits were being rejected as physically unfit. I am sure the fit and accepted must be deeply grateful for their fitness and desirous of achieving and maintaining top condition. "There are no riches above the riches of the health of the body."

Instead of the sweeping conclusion that all the unfitness was the result of undernourishment, I suggest that it may have come greatly from a soft life and disorderly habits. Thus war is not an unmixed evil, since it establishes a high standard of manhood. Truly the Service offers splendid opportunities to perfect one's faculties and to live fully.

Yet some return from military life to civilian evidently little benefitted by their experience. And still it is reasonable to expect that once a soldier always a soldier. It's not the uniform that makes the man. We should determine to carry our setting up with us through life. War veterans are naturally the country's favorite sons. But to continue to deserve well of our country we have to maintain our discipline, our restraint and our general fitness through life.

Ordinarily, military experience enhances a man's prestige, not simply because of his valorous deeds, but still more because of the promise his fitness and self-discipline offers. He will go from success to success because he has grown highly tempered in body and soul.

"Health of soul is better than all gold and silver." Philosophy reminds us that every good thing must be integrated, complete. It were folly to seek physical fitness without health of soul. A certain swashbuckling accompanies military valor, but the knights of old prevailed because their hearts were pure and they admitted no compromise with evil, because the strength of the whole man was integrated. "They used as frugal men the things that were set before them."

Why should the convenience and luxuries of our great age detract from ancient chivalry. Why should the priceless pioneering spirit be lost because life has become easier? Why should we justify the dictator's taunt that our civilization is effete? We are rising to our manhood's full stature to suppress his insolence and to refute his charges. Let our refutation be



HONORARY FLT./LT. B. W. MALONE

complete in our integrated lives. In our all round fitness for war and for the peace.

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

## FIGHTING MAD

(Continued from page 2)

take Tokyo, to bomb Berlin, to raze Rome.

I want to be told—not to do my part to keep Nazism or Fascism from these shores. I want to be told to do my part to spread Americanism to all shores.

I want to be told—not to help keep our world and our way of life from being lost. I want to be told to help build a new world and a better way of life.

I want a positive program instead of a passive one. I want something to fight for—I'm sick and tired of having only something to fight against. I'm hungry for something to get pepped up about—I'm repelled from having only something to fear. I want something to do—not just to wait for.

It hasn't been so long since the last war that I forget what happened then. I remember the parades and the speeches and the ringing slogans. Then we fought to make the world safe for democracy. We bought Liberty Bonds. We sang that the Yanks were coming.

We set out to avenge Belgium—not just to remember it. We made a vow that we'd reach Berlin or bust. We toyed with plans to hang the Kaiser. We warned the Hun to "keep your head down, Fritzie-boy!" We girded ourselves for a Crusade—we didn't close the doors for a siege.

We hated the Kaiser—we didn't laugh at him. We likened his upturned handle-bars to the devil's horns—not to anything so harmless and pathetic as the famous hirsute prop Charlie Chaplin plasters on his upper lip. We saw nothing to be amused about in his vain and pompous posturings—as we do today in Mussolini's puffy strutting. We didn't pin our hopes on the defective eyesight of our enemy.

We planted war gardens. We pour-

ed our money into war chests. We had gasless Sundays and yelled "Slacker!" at anyone who dared to venture out in his Winton or Hupmobile or Stearns-Knight. We churned one pound of butter into two pounds and did it with as much will as if we were turning out ammunition.

We took the offensive psychologically long before we took it physically. And if we hadn't taken it psychologically, we'd never have developed the drive to take it physically. And don't tell me we can't do the same now.

I want to sing that today we control our own destiny, tomorrow the destiny of the whole world. I want to sail against Germany, against Italy, against Japan. If they can sail against us and our allies, why can't we sail against them?

I want to construct a greater America co-prosperity sphere. I want to correct the mistakes of the Versailles treaty insofar as they allowed all this to happen. I want to win Lebensraum for the democratic way of life.

I'm fed up with singing plaintive songs—I want to sing battle songs. Don't tell me there'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover. To hell with bluebirds. Tell me there'll be vultures and a deathly silence over Berchtesgaden.

I'm bored with keeping a stiff upper lip—I want to develop a stiff uppercut. I'm tired of being made to feel sad. I want the experience—the purging, marshaling, driving experience—of being made to feel mad. Fighting mad!

You get me?

## NEW STAMPS CALL FOR MORE IMAGINATION

The new stamp issue to be released sometime early in July promises some refreshing variation in pictorial appeal, but some of the new stamps, from the press description, will still bear the influence of the outmoded designs that appear on bank notes. A little more imagination, and originality, would go a long way in producing a more pictorially appealing postage stamp. The bold design and highly effective art style of the modern advertising poster is something the stamp creators might do well to emulate.

Take a look at some of these new postage stamp art creations: Agriculture will be represented by a grain elevator. Pause and envisage the stark, towering, uninspiring appearance of such a design. Why not something with color, life, and genuine pictorial appeal. Agriculture has a variety of aspects that may be drawn upon for this theme.

The purple 20-cent stamp will bear a picture of a Canadian corvette ready for launching. As a tribute to the ship-building yards it is splendid, but beyond that it fails to strike a single responsive chord. Why? For this reason. Action is the key-note of this

(Continued on page 15)



A word from the Second in Command, Squadron Leader  
A. R. Knight

The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan is rapidly becoming what it was intended to be when it was first introduced as a blueprint in December, 1939—a major source of air strength from which fighting air teams will go out in vast numbers to strike at the Axis war machine.

As one of the first officers to arrive in Brandon to assist in the organization and establishment of No. 2 Manning Depot I have followed with keen interest the flying careers of many of the men who completed their initial training here. And it has given me a great deal of pleasure and pride to know that not a few of these lads have gone on to win renown and acclaim for their courage, their daring and efficiency in aerial combat with the enemy.

In weeks and months to come the drill hall of No. 2 Manning Depot will continue to resound to the tread of men marching and drilling in preparation for their departure to more advanced schools. In this building we receive them straight from civilian life as raw recruits and after a few weeks of the moulding processes of drill, marching, physical training, spiritual guidance and educational lectures they move on sounder in body, more purposeful of mind, and imbued with the spirit of sacrifice and service.

This Manning Depot is one of the vital cogs in the vast, sprawling machinery of the Commonwealth Air Training Plan and we are proud of the contribution it has made and the purpose it has served. In months to come we will continue to accelerate this essential work until the Empire has fulfilled its grim promise to darken enemy skies with the Air Forces of Democracy.

## NO REFLECTION, FRIEND

Shortage of wool may cut the amount available for civilian use. That's where our old suits will shine.





### THE QUIZ MASTER BECOMES A FLIGHT SERGEANT

"RIGHT FACE! . . . No, LAC Moran, I said right face. You almost had it, except that you faced the wrong way. You just happened to face left. But it was a mighty nice try, and just for that I'm going to see that you get extra rations for dinner. Now then . . . Present Arms! I'm sorry, AC1 Wilmot. I'm awfully sorry. You were very close, but you just missed. You did right shoulder arms. But you came so near that I'm going to give you a free sample of—er—I mean it won't be necessary for you to go on K.P.

"At ease! . . . Oh. Ha-ha. I'm afraid you slipped up on that AC1 Ellis. I said at ease, not attention . . . Now then, men, we're going to review a few of the things I was telling you . . . Now then, LAC Doran, what would you do if you were attacked by dive bombers? . . . How's that? . . . You'd fix bayonets and charge? Well, no, I'm afraid that's not exactly right. According to the answer on my sheet, you should separate from your companions and scurry for cover. But you were awfully close. You're catching on mighty fast, Doran. . . .

"Now then, LAC Sharpe, see if you can answer this one: True or false? An armored tank is something that horses drink out of? . . . What? . . . True? Oh, too bad, LAC Sharpe. I'm afraid that's false, but that was a fine try, and all of us want to thank you for answering . . . Now here's one sent in by Squadron Leader Smith: What should you do when you encounter a superior officer I'm going to ask LAC Parsons that question. . . . What? . . . Offer him a cigar? Good try Parsons! You practically had it. The correct answer is salute. That's really what you were thinking of, wasn't it? . . . I thought so—and good for you!

"Well, I guess that will be all. So I'll just say 'company dismissed', and I certainly want to thank you for your time and to congratulate you on the answers you gave. You turned in some very, very smart ones."

—With apologies to Park Cummings in the Satevepost.

"Hurry over to the barracks, Doctor. An airman there has something wrong with his eyes."

"It must be serious if you wake me up at this time of night. What's the trouble? Does he see elephants and snakes and things?"

"No, Doc, that's why we called you. The bunk area is full of them and he can't see any."

## SLIP-STREAM-LINES

"Breezy Bits from the Barracks"



SO I DECIDED I'D DO MY BIT FOR THE WAR EFFORT  
AND ACCEPT THE WAR BOND INSTEAD OF THE MINK COAT.

### RELATIVITY

"I tell you how it is," said the sad-looking airman as he finished his beer, "I met a young widow, with a grown-up daughter, and I married that widow."

"Then my father met our stepdaughter and married her. That made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law, and made my stepdaughter my stepmother, and my father became my stepson. See?"

"Then my stepmother, the stepdaughter of my wife, had a son. That boy was, of course, my brother, because he was my father's son, but he was also the son of my wife's stepdaughter and therefore her grandson. That made me grandfather to my stepbrother. Then my wife had a son."

"My mother-in-law, the sister of my son, was also his grandmother because he is my stepmother's child because his stepsister is his wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is also the child of my stepmother. I am my mother's brother-in-law. My wife is her own child's aunt, my son is my father's nephew and I am my own grandfather and I can't stand it."

New recruit: Are there any slick crooks in this city?

Old Timer: Slick crooks! Man—one evening at a dance they stole my pants and hung weights on my suspenders so I wouldn't miss them until they had gone.

### SHOCKED

An anxious looking airman rushed up to the house of a doctor in a small village about 3 a.m. one night and asked him to come at once to a distant town.

The doctor cranked his flivver and they drove furiously to their destination.

Upon arrival the airman asked, "How much is your fee, doctor?" "Three dollars," said the physician, in surprise.

"Here you are," said the airman, handing over the money, "the blamed garage keeper wanted \$15 to drive me over when I missed the train."

We ran across Cpl. McBride setting them up for the boys last night and paused to enquire the reason for the celebration.

"I'm on the road to fame and fortune," Tommy crowed.

"Ah, you must have won two bucks playing cribbage," we said knowingly.

"Wrong," said Tommy, "it's something I'm going to sell to the war department."

"Gosh," we said, very impressed, "and is it a secret?"

"It is, but I'll tell you," Tommy whispered. "I've crossed a homing pigeon with a woodpecker. It not only delivers the message, but it knocks on the door."

### HITLER'S ARRIVAL

The gates of hell were opened wide; "Hell Hitler!" shouted those inside. But Satan yelled with voice irate, "If he comes in I'll abdicate."

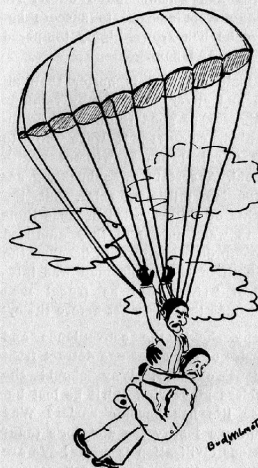


### WOMAN

(From "Reconnaissance")

She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction—  
A woman's the greatest of all contradiction;  
She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream at a mouse,  
But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house,  
She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse,  
She'll split his head open, and then be his nurse;  
And when he is well and can get out of bed,  
She'll pick up a teapot and throw at his head.  
She's faithful, deceitful, keen sighted and blind,  
She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, she's kind;  
She'll lift a man up, she'll cast a man down,  
She'll make him her hero, her ruler, her clown.  
You fancy she's this but you find that she's that.  
For she'll play like a kitten and fight like a cat;  
In the morning she will, in the evening she won't,  
And you're always expecting she will but she won't.

"They say Cpl. Brickman gets all his girls by brute force."  
"Yes, by throwing the bull and putting on the dog."



YOU WOULD LEAVE YOUR CHUTE  
AT HOME ON THE PIANO.



## Mostly Personal

### Congratulations

To Flt. Lt. and Mrs. A. E. L. Caulfield on the birth of a son at Ottawa on May 9th.

To Sgt. Murray of the Equipment Section and Mrs. Murray—a son, James Douglas, at the Brandon General on April 30th.

To LAC Arnold, also of Equipment, and Mrs. Arnold—a boy, Wayne Hartley, at the Brandon General on May 5th.

And to Cpl. Lockhart and Mrs. Lockhart a very special mention for a very special event—TWINS, a boy and girl, at the Brandon General on May 6th.

### A Warm Welcome Home

To the following officers of No. 2 "M" Depot who have just completed an Administrative and Drill Course at Trenton: F/O R. C. McLennan, F/O S. K. Thompson, F/O H. R. Adams, F/O P. J. Burnett, F/O F. J. E. Downey, and F/O W. H. Cockburn.

### Hail and Farewell

To the following new officers taken on strength at this Depot: P/O A. M. Warren, Equipment Section; F/O T. K. Creighton, new Education Officer, located in the Records' Office; F/O L. M. Ness, posted here from No. 5 "M" Depot, Lachine; F/O J. E. Roberts, Administration Officer, and F/O J. F. T. Fenwick. And good luck and farewell to F/O J. W. A. Dolan of Equipment on his posting to Calgary.

### ENCORE

A welcome to Captain J. L. Wariner, of Winnipeg, on his return to the Depot Dental Clinic.

## The Visitors' Book

A survey of our Visitors' Book divulged the information that No. 2 Manning Depot was host to a number of official visitors during the past month.

Wing Commander McCann, senior accountant officer of No. 2 Training Command, visited the Depot on May 5th. Other official guests from No. 2 Training Command on subsequent days were F/L McMurray, F/O Richardson, and F/O Whyte.

Group Captain Lawrence, Senior Personnel Staff Officer of No. 2 Training Command—where he was recently posted—inspected this Manning Depot on May 6th, accompanied by S/L Goulding and S/L Laurie.

On May 6th the female members of the personnel were considerably excited by a visit from F/O Draper of No. 2 Training Command to trade test civilians at this Depot.

Group Captain Crabb, Director of Air Force Manning at Air Force Headquarters, Ottawa, accompanied by F/L Noble arrived here to make an inspection May 7th.

F/L Wynn was another visitor from Air Force Headquarters, Ottawa, on May 12th. No. 2 Training Command was again represented on the same date by F/O McCreary.



Headquarters and Squadron Wing Parade, Thursday, May 17th

### "FUNNY LITTLE GUY WITH BAGGY PANTS"

AC2 Bruce Humber of Victoria, a potential pilot in training at the Manning depot here, and in 1936 a member of the Canadian Olympic team, in an interview here said Hitler appeared to him only as "a funny little guy with baggy pants."

When the Canadian team arrived in Berlin, they were taken to the city hall when they formed up in a long line to shake Hitler's hand.

"It's six years since I was there," Humber said, and "I don't remember all the details. But I do remember he was wearing a sloppy uniform and everybody made a lot of wisecracks under their breath. This, of course, wasn't in keeping with the atmosphere."

The Canadian members waited in a room for Hitler. He came in a back door, clicked his heels and then went ahead with the job of shaking hands with the assembly.

"I don't know how to describe him much. I can't say he had blood-shot eyes or anything else. But he seemed like a funny little squirt—something like Charlie Chaplin in his movie, 'The Great Dictator.'"

The airman thinks that Hitler's greatest asset is his ability to speak. When all the nations lined their contestants in front of him on the opening day, Adolf delivered a long speech in German. "Even though we couldn't understand a word he was saying, we did feel the power of his voice. It's a strange thing."

Graduate of the University of Washington, AC2 Humber is a sprinter.

### SOMEBODY'S SON

By G. L. Creed (Squadron Leader, R.C.A.F.)

Somebody's Son has volunteered to risk his life for you . . . Somebody's Son is far from home and the things that homefolk do. Somebody's Son for your Freedom's sake is preparing himself for War . . . Somebody's Son deserves your help—for it's YOU he is fighting for!

Somebody's Mother is giving her boy in a Cause that is yours as well . . . Somebody's Wife knows a loneliness that only her heart can tell . . . Somebody's Mother and Somebody's Wife are doing all they can do . . . Somebody prays that some other may care—and the answer is up to YOU!

Somebody's Son in the days to come must meet the bitter Test . . . Somebody's Man for our Freedom's plan in a foreign field may rest . . . Somebody's Job is to care for them NOW—for on them all our hopes depend. Somebody's Job is to dig up the cash—and that Somebody's YOU, my friend!

### MERRY-GO-ROUND

A pleasure driver's tires should not wear out, for they never do any work. They're just on a continual round of pleasure.

## Until Reveille

This tribute to Air-Gunner Alan Robertson, of Reston, Manitoba, who was killed in action last January, was written by Miss E. Chester of Winnipeg.

"They laid him to sleep in Yorkshire Under the English sky, With bugles blowing a last salute, And the great planes flying high.

England shall proudly hold this son In the rich earth of her breast, Who came at the call of honour From Canada's prairie west.

He gave his life for Freedom's cause, That wars on the earth might cease, At the end of the road of duty He rests in quiet peace."

## M. GHITTERMAN

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## Keep Your Body Disciplined

How much do we know about the human body? How many of us have ever studied anything about the human body? Very few, I am sure. And yet, how many hours do we spend reading page after page, book after book, on fiction—reading about the adventures of Charlie Chan; or following the comics regularly; some even reading Shakespeare; and always neglecting to even read, not to mention study, any literature on the most important subjects of all—our anatomy and physiology? It is surprising how many can tell you all about the mechanism of an automobile, and how few know anything about the mechanism of the most delicate machine of all—the human body.

First of all, the body obtains its general shape from the skeleton, which is a framework of over 200 bones, held together, at their joints, by ligaments. The movements of the joints are made possible, and are controlled, by the contraction or extension of the muscles, which are formed by muscle tissues, and which usually are attached from one bone to another. Besides determining the general shape and proportions of the body, the skeleton also forms cavities, which enclose and protect important organs, such as: the lungs, heart, stomach, liver, pancreas, spleen, intestines, kidneys, the brain, etc.

Now, in order to maintain good health, it is essential that all these internal organs function properly. But, if they are not properly placed within the body, some of them may become cramped, or, as often in the case with the lungs, may lose their elasticity. How does this happen, and how can it be avoided? Very simply. Muscles can be shortened or lengthened, by contracting or stretching, or commonly termed in Physical Training as positive or negative action. These muscular actions act upon the skeleton to change the relative positions of the bones, and thus may give one a good or bad carriage.

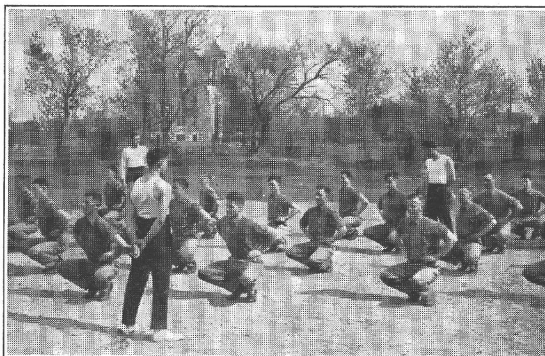
A good example of what can happen is that of a person in an occupation of daily life, such as bending over a desk or work bench, causing some

muscles to become unduly long and others to become unduly short, the result being a bad carriage of the body, with possible injurious effect upon the skeleton and internal organs. Any victim of such circumstances, could, by the judicious employment of corrective exercises, stretch the unduly shortened muscles, and shorten those which are too



long, and thus keep a good average length for the muscles, and thereby obtain a correct carriage of the body, allowing the internal organs to be placed well, and function properly.

The next question, then—what is muscular movement? Every movement of the body is made and con-



trolled by means of the muscles, which are stimulated to action by the nervous system. The action of a muscle is accompanied by the combustion of certain materials, which are supplied by the blood. The waste products of this combustion, such as: Carbon-dioxide, salts, etc., are eliminated from the system, in due course, by means of the lungs, kidneys, and skin. The loss of the materials oxidized or burned, in the process of the

## SPORT SPLASHES

### Sport Personalities At No. 2

The athletes passing through No. 2 Manning Depot during the month of May have filled hundreds of pages with sports news throughout Canada, United States, and even abroad. In an unofficial census taken a week ago, by the writer, amongst the men stationed here at that time, it was discovered that we possessed over 200 athletes, who have participated in organized sports, the majority having played several different sports.

One of the most prominent athletes here was Corporal Lloyd Larson, who has represented Canada in the British Empire and World's Olympic Swimming Championships. Corporal Larson is on the staff of the Manning Depot as a Physical Training Instructor. AC2 W. D. Dertell, a new recruit, is well known for his hockey ability with the Saskatchewan Quakers, but is also quite a ball chaser on the diamond. AC2 D. A. Johnson hails from Revelstoke, B.C. where he played softball and baseball. Before enlisting in the R.C.A.F., AC2 E. Fedorovich did most of his travelling in Saskatchewan, with Moose Jaw, in the inter-city softball league. AC2 D. R. Holloway, from Ottawa, is quite versatile, playing basketball, football, swimming and diving, but will do most of his diving now in a bomber. AC2 J. Leyne made the headlines in Edmonton, playing senior hockey, although he is also a fair footballer and golfer. Prince Albert's gift to No. 2 is a basketball player by the name of J. W. Steuart. It is reported by AC2 R. H. MacDonald, all-around athlete from the University of Saskatchewan, that AC2 J. Metka spurned the offer to wear a hawk on his sweater for the Chicago Black Hawks, in the National Hockey League, for the chance of getting his wings in the R.C.A.F. Another hockey star, who donned the Air Force blue is G. N. Sullivan, who used to net the twine for Flin Flon. AC2 F. R. Morrow, who comes from St. Catharines, Ont., carried the torch for Toronto Native Sons in the Ontario Junior Hockey Association. AC2 R. J. Vagg starred in baseball, softball and hockey, playing the latter with Edmonton Maple Leafs and later Regina Vics. The University of B.C. boasts of T. S. Falconer, for his feats in baseball, football and basketball, and now for

action, must be made good by an increase of oxygen and nourishment, which is carried to the muscles and neighboring parts, including the bones, joints, ligaments, etc., by means of the blood, the circulation of which is automatically increased by the movement of the muscles.

The continued drawing to the muscles and other parts, of this fresh nourishment, gradually strengthens and develops them, providing that the supply of nourishment is kept up by a sufficiency of food.

The object, then, of physical training, is not, as is so often supposed, merely for the sake of muscular development, but for the effects, direct and indirect, on the harmonious development and coordinate action of all the organs and of the body as a whole.

—Sgt. M. Avern.

#### SIMPLE TREATMENT

An experimenter with rubber announces a new treatment of cloth which will make a man's suit wear twice as long. Marriage does that.

#### AN END TO IT SOON

Turkey is still sitting on the fence and every day the bars are getting sharper.



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## FROM THE POOL

his venture into the R.C.A.F. AC2 R. H. Walton was a member of the Granada Speed Skating Club, and was also a track and field man. His home was in Winnipeg, where AC2 B. Kropp played soccer and hockey. Sudbury was once thrilled with the feats of AC2 M. A. Awry, on the baseball diamond. AC2 R. E. Parquette is known to the head of the lakes for his ability as an all-around athlete. W. C. Shepherd, an athletic ace at the North Dakota Agricultural College, hopes to become an ace in the R.C.A.F. R. G. Cook, from Moose Jaw, who used to announce hockey and football scores, expects to announce the R.C.A.F. scores against the Nazis. AC2 E. M. Aldred, who has helped to puncture several soccer balls in Regina, shall in future puncture Heinkels.

The writer is confident that the athletic training received by these men, and thousands of others in the R.C.A.F., shall stand them in good stead in the game they have now adopted in their fight for Freedom.

—Sgt. M. Avern.

### WEATHER OR NO

It is now plain enough that the old habit of talking about the weather had a sound psychological basis. It gives us something more cheerful to talk about than the war.



CPL. L. D. LARSON

### The Depot's Human Seal

A man who tears through the aquapura at terrific speed and leaves a trail of broken records (national and international) behind him is P.T.I. Cpl. Lloyd D. Larson from Hamilton, Ont.

A glance at his record over a ten year period would suggest that Cpl. Larson's natural element is water and not terra firma. Here are some of the highlights:

The youngest member ever to represent Canada at the Olympic Games held in Los Angeles, Calif., in 1932. The British Empire Games held in England in 1934 where he broke the 220 yard record for free style swimming and then the 100 yard record. He was a member of the Canadian team that went to Berlin for the Olympic games held there in 1936. Lloyd's vivid recollection of the Berlin of those days was the garish and elaborate military display that was put on for the benefit of the visiting athletes. A case of coming events casting their shadow before, he thinks now.

Other records demolished by Cpl. Larson's furious water onslaught was the 50 yard breast stroke at Toronto in April of 1941. The 50 yard free style swim at Hamilton in 1935. He broke the free style 800 yard Canadian record in 1940. And in 1935 he established a new record at Hamilton for the 50 yard breast stroke for junior men.

Lloyd gives a great deal of the credit for his swimming prowess to such celebrated coaches as Dave Bellington of England and James Thompson of Hamilton.

Besides excelling in water racing, the Corporal is no slouch at track and field sports, wrestling, etc. And by the way, he holds the Air Force record at Trenton for the 150 yard free style, the 50 yard breast stroke and the 20 yard back stroke. How about nominating him to serve the Empire in the capacity of a one man subma-



rine. The best of luck, Corporal, and long may your water-way be strewn with lots and lots of broken records. You would be a handy man to have around Davy Jones' Locker.

### WHY THE BASKETS?

Our wandering scribe, Inky Tabloid, reports seeing Fit. Sgt. Cameron, and friends, on their way to the Exhibition Grounds the other evening to play softball. Nothing strange in that, our scribe admits—BUT, why were they carrying waste-paper baskets? That was the thing that puzzled our eagle-eyed reporter. Softball and baskets just didn't make sense. Baskets for what? To snare gophers? Carry a picnic lunch? Or were they planning to pick wild flowers? Our reporter was baffled for twenty-six minutes, and then the dreadful truth dawned on him—they were going to use them to catch the ball with. Perhaps we're wrong. Perhaps you have a better answer. If so, we'll be glad to have it to clear up this ghastly mystery. Yes, we'll be glad to hear your version too, Mr. Cameron.

### GOOD READING

We are reading books on gardening. Unlike the modern novel, the reader supplies his own dirt and plot in his own back yard.

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# "ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

ENTERTAINMENT AT NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT

## SONGSTER GWEN BRADSHAW "WOWS" AUDIENCE AT "MOONLIGHT COCKTAIL" PARTY

The editorial eye vainly scanned the dictionary from end to end in search of monumental adjectives that might in some small way attempt to describe the reaction of this Manning Depot to the magnificent melody of Miss Gwen Bradshaw's Voice Beautiful. Miss Bradshaw, of Winnipeg, was singing star of the "Moonlight Cocktail" show produced on the Arena stage Sunday, May 10th.

Another bouquet to this Station's Cpl. Bill Homenuk, of violin fame, for writing and producing some of the musical arrangements of the show. Nice work, Bill.

And a bunch of posies to AC2 Ron Walsh. you may have heard his voice over CKOK and CJRM, Regina, for doing a swell job as M.C. of the show.

The first half of the show, entitled "Tops Variety," was a contribution of the Smilers Concert Party assisted by personnel from the Depot band.

Some of the outstanding features of the first half included a burlesque on the Toronto Happy Gang, The Airman's Lament written by S. Rushton and performed by AC2's Dornan and MacDonald, a comedy vocal by the same pair entitled, "Wouldn't could I but kiss thy hand, Oh babe," Flt Hutton singing, "The Sergeant Major on Parade," a comedy vocal by MacDonald and Dornan, "I don't want to walk without you baby," Fifi the clown's appearance with the Depot work-horse (the Delrio Bros. impersonated the horse).

The first half closed with an enactment of the song, "With her head tucked underneath her arm." This was done in silhouette, and included the execution of Anne Boleyn, and the dance of the skeletons. AC1 Hockaday was Anne, and AC2's Currie, Archer and Platsko were the skeletons.

The orchestra (17 pieces—and our own) opened the second half with the Glen Miller arrangement of "Moonlight Cocktail."

A Swing Ensemble consisting of AC2's Johnson, Finkleman, Crawford, Kut, Stephenson, and "Laurie" played the "Bugle Call Rag" and "The Shiek of Araby." Much applause for these numbers.

Jimmy Gillis, popular entertainer with last fall's concert parties, added more laurels to his crown with "Honeysuckle Rose" and "Liebes-traum."

The Stylettes made their appearance with a vocal arrangement by Kathleen Kennedy, "I think of you."

Then came the big event of the evening—Miss Gwen Bradshaw in four numbers:

(a) "You made me love you"—accompanied by the band.

(b) "I said no"—accompanied by the band string section.



A GROUP OF ENTERTAINERS WITH SGT. O'MAHONY (FIFT)

## SUNDAY NIGHT CONCERT

The stage lit up, gold curtains shone,  
In a setting of air force blue,  
The Band played on in harmony  
The loveliest songs they knew.

Smiling, the Announcer opened the show  
And acknowledged the first ovation,  
Commander Reid and all concerned  
Arrived for the presentation.

The Chinese flag was a symbol,  
Of an Ally's friendly hand  
Stretching across the Pacific  
From that far off Eastern land.

Fifi did some monkey tricks,  
A red balloon went BANG!  
Two gals in tights and spangles bright,  
Danced to the songs they sang.

A man with chalk drew Churchill,  
Upon a piece of paper,  
A Gennulman did magic next  
And down the aisles did caper.

They played, they danced, they laugh-  
ed with glee,  
Upon that lovely stage,  
They lived to love and loved to live,  
And sparkled with persiflage.

(c) "She'll Always Remember"—a salute to Mother's Day—accompanied by the band.

(d) "Lonesome Road"—accompanied by the Rhythm Section of the band. The crowd voted Miss Bradshaw TERRIFIC.

A Swing Trio, LAC's Gillis, Killen and Scott, increased their well merited popularity, playing "Dark Eyes" and an encore.

The Stylettes returned with a well received number, "Skylark." And the band, ably directed by Ziggy Johnson, closed the show with "One O'Clock Jump."

The wench who came from Hollywood  
Told tales and none were daffier,  
The pseudo fight was such a sight,  
The encores loud with laughter.

The M.C. sang a patriot song,  
From end to end with feeling,  
Strains of the Band and Song of the Land  
Wafted high towards the ceiling.

The jugglers three were best of all,  
Enraptured we watched them angle,  
With hoops and eggs and cannon balls,  
Which on a stick did dangle.

In all it was a perfect night,  
War awhile had ceased,  
Fun and folly from every heart  
Its cares had all released.

Come one, come all, each Sunday night,  
Be young, be glad, be gay,  
With one accord you wont regret,  
This end of a perfect day.

—Margaret Brown

It was a great night's entertainment and one of the best shows produced on the Arena stage to date.

## FLOUR OF CHIVALRY

Cairo advices tell of the capture of a gallant Italian officer, found in a barrel in a bakery. This, of course, recalls the days when knighthood was in flour.



## CONCERTS COMING TO THE MANNING DEPOT AND SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL BESIDES

A very interesting schedule of variety concerts has been booked for our Sunday night entertainment at the Depot. Here they are for you to look over:

June 7th—Dorothy Clefts Concert Party from Winnipeg.

June 14th—Bea Fredericks Victory Troupe from Winnipeg.

June 21st—Smilers Concert Party.

June 28th—Gladys Forrester's Concert Party from Winnipeg.

And something about the greatest event ever to come to this Manning Depot. Hold on to your hats, boys. We are going to have none other than the World Famous American Band of LOUIS ARMSTRONG here right in this Arena on Thursday, June 11th. Now isn't that something? I believe it's going to set us back a buck apiece, but who cares. Better make sure of your tickets the day before. Louis and his lads are making a trip to Winnipeg, and with the permission of our Commanding Officer, Wing Commander Reid, we have succeeded in short circuiting them before they go back across the line. So don't forget the date, boys. Maybe I won't be here to see him myself on account of an expected departure to other places and so just in case I'm not

S'long everybody,

—S. RUSHTON.

## UKRAINIAN CONCERT

Something a little different in the medium of entertainment was offered us Sunday night of May 17th, in the form of the Ukrainian Concert Party, of Winnipeg. The outstanding feature of the Concert was the string orchestra consisting of about 28 teen aged boys and girls.

Truly remarkable young Musicians, to put it mildly. The orchestra was dominated chiefly by Violins, Ballalalkas, (Russian mandolin, to you) and the bass fiddle, with Piano in the back ground.

The Ukrainian, and Russian, folk songs and gay dances were excellently rendered along with some old familiar favorites such as "Jeannie with the light brown hair" and others of that caliber.

An Adagio trio, composed of two husky lads and a lissome little lovely, held us spellbound with their scintillating gyrations.

Also worthy of honorable mention were two charming young ladies, who sang liltily, a la solo, our old favorite songs.

—Bud Wilmot.



## FIFI THE CLOWN

Two years ago Sgt. Dick O'Mahony (pronounce it O-Ma-nee, and you'll have a friend for life) made his debut as an R.C.A.F. entertainer at No. 1 Manning Depot in Toronto, his home town. Twenty-five years of professional clowning has made Fifi somewhat of an international figure. His ludicrous, pathetic make-up, with its tragic-comedy effect, is familiar to thousands in this country and south of the Border. Our inimitable clown takes his name from that one-time star of the screen and stage, Fifi D'Orsey. In 1933 Fifi (ours) made a moving picture with Joe E. Brown entitled, "The Circus". Fifi's father was also a professional clown in England several decades ago.

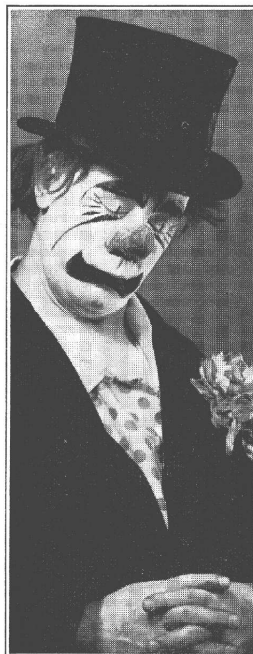
Fifi has made many appearances at Air Force Stations across Canada. Toronto Manning Depot will long remember him gratefully for the time he relieved their acute boredom during a long spell of quarantine by improvising a circus complete with elephants, pink lemonade, and hula dancers.

Morale at the Rockcliffe Station soared like the mercury in an overheated thermometer when Fifi appeared there with his bag of tricks. His side-splitting antics at Camp Borden, Uplands, and Halifax should certainly win him an honored corner in that special Valhalla that is reserved for the world's professional gloom-chasers and laugh-makers. Rockcliffe welcomed him back with open arms when he returned there to entertain the Princess Alice.

Some of Britain's grim, grey battleships anchored at Halifax were completely blitted by laughter and cheers when Fifi appeared on the poop-deck to help them forget, for the moment, the harrowing business of war.

From his second visit to Halifax Fifi traveled to Newfoundland to entertain the American and Canadian Airmen on convoy and patrol duties. And from Newfoundland he brought his droll buffoonery to Brandon. Fifi plans to do some exceptional clowning at our open-air stadium on McTavish Avenue when it opens again. Props are being prepared now for that big event.

Fifi has made a lifetime study of his chosen profession, and outside of



FIFI

his act he is quite a serious and thoughtful sort of individual (so they tell us). We hope to see lots more of him in the future. Laughter is a tonic we need in large doses these days.

### USELESS TO TRY

Bridegroom (at the first stopping place): "It's no use, Clara. We can't hide it from people that we are bride and groom."

Bride: "What makes you think so, George, dear?"

"Why even the waiter has brought us rice pudding."

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## 'ESPRIT DE CORPS'

By R. H. MacDonald

One hot afternoon the parade ground was left deserted as flight after flight was marched off arms swinging shoulder high, heads up, chins in—smartly. Although these airmen were on their way to a lecture on morale they didn't know it.

Down Victoria Street with Corporal Irwin barking the staccato "iff-light-iff-light-iff-light". A "right wheel" turned them in the direction of a schoolhouse plastered with signs reading "airmen please don't light up until outside."

Up one flight of stairs, two flights, three flights and so on, losing about thirty men each time a drinking fountain showed itself. The top floor was selected for the lecture and it didn't take these weary warriors long to collapse in chairs and undo their tunics.

As the speaker lectured on the history of the Royal Canadian Air Force, God bless'er, the writer looked about at each man, trying to read their thoughts. This is what he got:

"I'm an airman because it's the best bloody service there is—I'm an airman because the officers are buddies along with their men. I'm an airman because the whole outfit is like a championship football game and each guy co-operates with the other to win.

"I'm an airman because we're rough and we're tough and we are all out for adventure—because there's a job to be done and we want to be with the outfit doing one of the most important part of that job—I'm an airman because, well hell, don't ask me, I'm just an airman because I've had the seeds of true airmanship in my

heart since I was a kid watching those old crates playing tag with the clouds.

"I'm an airman because I once saw a parade; the so-called senior services, army and navy, marched by and then this 'Junior Service' came along . . . well, brother, they may be the senior services but by the Gods of War the R.C.A.F. is the one for me; you should of seen that smart bunch.

And that is what the writer seemed to hear from these lads. You could read it in their faces. Yes, Padre, we have morale . . . just keep on talking to us though, you're a good guy, a swell officer and you're one of the boys with us. Talk up this morale and you'll see that you have the kind of airmen you would pray to God for.

Kick? You bet we kick; we kick about the grub, the hours, the bugler, the Flight and anything else you care to name—but just try to kick us out, try to take all these things away from us and then, boy, we'll really KICK!

No, these "kicks" don't mean a thing. We love the service, we are happy in the service, and we're out to do the service credit.

We're Airmen!

### AN EYE FOR TROUBLE

The English tell a story about a reluctant conscript asked by the army oculist to read a chart. "What chart" asked the draftee. "Just sit down in that chair and I'll show you." "What chair?" asked the man. Deferred because of bad eyesight, the draftee went to a nearby movie. When the lights came on, he was horrified to discover the oculist in the next seat. "Excuse me," said the conscript as calmly as he could, "does this bus go to Shipley?"

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## TEAMWORK

(By Flt. Lieut. Jack MacCormack)

A shout of "bombs gone!" came over the inter-com, so I turned quickly and headed out of the target area. The weather was bad that night over Berlin. "We had trouble finding the target and I knew we could expect plenty of "soup" on our way back to base.

"Fethers," the navigator, clambered up the ladder from the bomb-aimer's position and gave me the thumbs-up as he moved back to the chart table. I checked with the tail-gunner, the wireless-op and the nose gunner and got a reassuring "Okay, skipper," from each of them.

With all safe and the worst of the flak bursting well astern by this time, I pointed the nose of the aircraft for the coast and waited for Fethers to give me the course. It was going to take more than good navigation to get us back, that I knew, because we were in cloud so thick that it would be impossible for Fethers to get a sight on the stars.

Pretty soon I heard him say over the inter-com to Sergeant Dodge, the wireless-operator-air gunner: "I've got a course worked out for Mick which should take us well out over the sea. But as soon as it's safe get a fix from the shore stations so I can plot a new course to base."

We stooged along with the weather steadily growing worse. When we were well out to sea we ran into a heavy electrical storm and I wondered whether it would be safe for Dodge to run out the trailing aerial to obtain his fix. Usually, in a severe storm, the trailing aerial is reeled in. But this night, with our safe return to base dependent almost entirely on the wireless, we had to take a chance, so Dodge left it out.



Under the best of circumstances the wireless-op in a night bomber has his work cut out for him. He maintains contact with group handles the photographic flares and the camera which is operated by a key from his position in the aircraft. With conditions as they were this night he was the key man in the aircraft.

We had been flying blind for some time now, and I had just begun to wonder whether we were headed in the right direction, when I heard Dodge say to Fetherston:

"Okay now. Here's the fix. You plot your new course for the skipper and I'll try to get through to group headquarters to find out what weather we can expect at base."

In a short time Fethers came forward with the plot and I set course for home. The visibility by the time was nil over England and I was certain that we'd have to make a blind landing on some drome other than ours.

We drummed on through the heavy clouds and I could hear Dodge calling group at frequent intervals. There must have been a lot of other aircraft having the same trouble as we, because group was busy, and the next thing I heard was base on the radio telephone saying that we were right over the 'drome.

Fethers' navigation had put us in the right spot at the right time, but I couldn't see a thing below me. After we had circled the field several times, base came through and told us to go to the field at M—— and land there.

We headed for M——, and when Dodge picked them up on the R/T, he tuned me in on the beam and down I

went for the landing. With each of us listening intently to the beam signal, the wheels touched down. After what seemed an eternity to me, the aircraft rolled to stop.

In a moment I poked my head around the edge of the cockpit door. I waved at Fethers. Fethers waved at me. We both waved at Dodge.

## BRANDON FLIER SHOT DOWN BIG NAZI BOMBER

A Canadian night fighter, PO A. G. Lawrence, Brandon, Man., shot down one of the five Nazi bombers destroyed over Britain during the night.

Lawrence spotted a Junkers 88 over the northeast coast of England and chased the Nazi 15 minutes before he was within suitable battle range. A six-second burst of his Beaufighter's guns set the fuselage of one of the Junkers' engines afire.

The Nazi lurched over on the starboard wing and Lawrence renewed the attack. Another burst sent the Junkers' nose first into the sea.

Another member of the squadron damaged a Dornier 217 during the night.

PO Arthur George Lawrence, now 24, was born in this city, the son of Mrs. A. Lawrence and the late Mr. Lawrence. The mother resides at 117 Fourth street. The young flier attended public schools here and the collegiate and prior to his enlistment was an attendant at the Mental Hospital. He went through the Manning depot here, and secured his wings at Saskatoon last year and went overseas as a pilot officer. His wife and small daughter are at present residing at Bowsman, Man.

## THE R. C. A. F.

### BRIEF BUT HECTIC

#### Canadians Pile Up Air Scores

With the R.C.A.F. Somewhere in England—A R.C.A.F. Spitfire squadron emerged from a recent dogfight over the French coast with two probables and one damaged enemy aircraft added to its record.

Chalking up the scores for the Canadians in a brief but hectic tilt were Sqdn. Ldr. R. B. Newton, an Englishman, and Pilot Officer Wallace McLeod, of Regina, one of the squadron's veteran pilots. The fliers escaped without a scratch but two of their Spitfires were damaged slightly.

Both of the new flight commanders, Flt. Lts. David Ramsay, of Calgary, who spent three months with the R.A.F. in Russia, and David Smith of Toronto, saw action, and others in the engagement included Pilot Officers Paris Bakins, of Minnedosa, Man., a former Winnipeg Free Press sports reporter; William Teule, of Port Arthur, Ont., and Sergt. Gordon Lapp, of Medicine Hat, Alta.

Newton and McLeod each were credited with one Focke-Wulf 190 probably destroyed while the Regina airman also damaged a Messerschmitt 109.

A Canadian Wellington bomber squadron whose members consider themselves as continental commuters with a special interest in German industrial centres reported after a recent attack on Hamburg that it was hot as blazes.

The squadron, under the leadership of Wing Commander Johnny Fauquier, Ottawa, a former bush pilot, encountered heavy concentrations of anti-aircraft fire, but all the bombers returned safely.

Bombs from a Wellington piloted by Sqdn. Ldr. Len Fraser, of Winnipeg, were dropped on a fire started by another bomber. "As we pulled out we could see everything going up in the air as other bombs exploded," he said.

Sergt. Pilot W. L. Scott, of Yorkton, Sask., in another Wellington, reported that after his bombs had been dropped another machine dumped incendiaries on the bursts.

Those taking part in the raid included Sergts. E. T. McGill and J. R. Morrison of Winnipeg, and Flt. Sergt. J. D. Ailey, Port Arthur, Ont.

### COMING: BAMBOO BOMB BOOM!

Today's version: Those who live in bamboo houses should not throw bombs.



On his first operational flight piloting a Beaufort torpedo-bomber, Sgt.-Pilot C. E. Briggs of Calgary has Squadron Leader R. R. Dennis of Ottawa beside him for advice. Their R.C.A.F. Beaufort squadron has sent plenty of Nazi shipping to the bottom.



## OVERSEAS



"There's the target." Two observers compare notes before their squadron of Boston bombers heads for Hun territory. Sgt. F. Brodeley, (L.) and Sgt. M. Brandon, both Manitoba.

### R.C.A.F. OVERSEAS

From the Air Force Review  
Daylight sweeps by fighter aircraft, escort duties during bombing raids on northern France, heavy night attacks on German territory and large-scale attacks on enemy shipping have been included in recent activities of squadrons of the Royal Canadian Air Force overseas.

During offensive sweeps over Nazi-held territory one R.C.A.F. fighter squadron accounted for three Messerschmitt 109's and damaged a fourth. Another squadron, acting as escort for formations of Blenheim bombers in a successful raid on Mazingarbe, northern France, destroyed two enemy aircraft which tried to interfere. Credit for these two victories went to Pilot Officer G. McClusky of Sudbury and Sgt. G. D. Robertson of 3 Lampport Avenue, Toronto.

In night fighting operations over Britain, a Royal Canadian Air Force night fighter squadron commanded by Wing Commander D. G. Morris, of Oakville, Ontario, destroyed three enemy raiders and damaged a fourth. The three aircraft destroyed—a Junkers 88, Dornier 17 and Heinkel 111—were all shot down by Wing Commander Morris himself, two of them within half-an-hour on one night. The Dornier blew up in the air when hit by cannon fire from the Wing Commander's guns, and pieces of it struck his own aircraft, putting one engine out of action. But he managed to return safely to his base on the remaining motor.

Wing Commander Morris has been awarded the Distinguished Flying

Cross and his observer, Sergeant Rix, has received the Distinguished Flying Medal. Credit for damaging the fourth raider is given Flight Lieutenant F. W. Hillock, 14 Walmsley Boulevard, Toronto, and his observer, Sergeant L. G. Bell of Montreal.

A bomber squadron of the R.C.A.F. took part in heavy raids on Stettin, Hamburg, Essen and Ostend, success-

fully bombing the targets allotted to it. Three veteran crews of this squadron were assigned to participate in a severe raid on Bavaria and reported that the target had been badly damaged.

In recent operations against enemy convoys off the coasts of northern France, Holland and Denmark, a Royal Canadian Air Force squadron of the coastal command scored direct hits on supply ships and tankers.

Wing Commander H. M. Tyles, commander of the squadron, scored direct hits on at least three occasions and holds the high score in his squadron. Pilot Officer Robert Wudds of Toronto is credited with direct hits, along with Flight Lieutenant W. A. Anderson, 12 Whitehall Apartments, Osborne Street, Winnipeg and Sergeant Pilot J. K. Abbott of Toronto.

Two R.C.A.F. squadrons co-operated with the Imperial and Canadian Armies in the recent manoeuvres, recognized as the most extensive in the history of the British Army.

### FORWARD MARCH

We saw them only yesterday,  
Racing the meadow in carefree play;  
Trousers torn at the knees,  
Flying a kite in the breeze;  
Slipping, tumbling, yet going on  
Till the last ray of light was gone.

How swiftly time can pass us by—  
Today they call their home the sky;  
Gaily accepting what each day brings,  
Riding the wind on their silver wings;  
Soaring swiftly to breathless heights,  
Tearing aside the curtains of night.  
They are so young—yet only youth,  
Can conquer evil with their truth;

So face the storm, brave lads in blue,  
In thoughts your world is there  
with you.  
And though the fight is hard and long,  
Your faith will keep you safe and strong.

—AC2 Bridges, W. R.

### Canada Now Has Two New Heroes

There were two new Canadian air heroes today—Sgt.-Pilots Fred Hiley of Toronto and Williams Maitland of Vancouver, who covered themselves with glory when they disregarded wounds to bring back two damaged aircraft in a recent R.A.F. raid on Stuttgart.

The pilots of Hampden bombers, they brought back their machines with one engine in each in flames, and the fuselages punctured by flak.

Hiley, who is 29, was wounded in the wrist. He struggled with his aircraft for 2½ hours before making a crash landing. Maitland, 20-year-old son of the British Columbia attorney-general, R. L. Maitland, was saved by a silver cigarette case in the breast pocket of his jacket which stopped a chunk of flak. He suffered a slight chest wound silently until able to land.

### AIRMEN

By LAC Michael Shane

You're Airmen, men you're Airmen  
And you're fighters through and thru,  
Yes, all of you are Airmen,  
And everyone true blue.

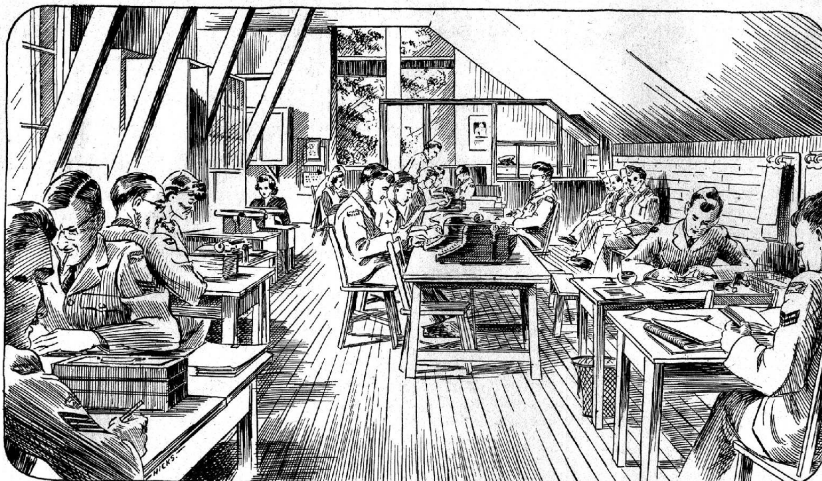
So make yourselves the examples  
Of the lads that are yet to come  
And treat them all like brothers  
Yes all of them; everyone.



"All aboard the Wimpy". "Wimpy" is what these lads of an R.C.A.F. bomber squadron call their big Wellingtons. Off for a bombing raid are (L. to R.) Sgt. A. D. Swansburg, and Sgt. W. D. Emberee, both Nova Scotia; P O R. M. Graham, Sgt. D. A. Blue, Ottawa.



## LITTLE RAMBLES AROUND THE BARRACKS



### PAY OFFICE

We wandered upstairs into the dim, narrow corridor that leads to the Accounts Section, and reverently entered the Parnassian Portals of the Pay Office where King Midas (Pay Master to you) sits enthroned behind his plate glass barriers vigilantly watching the ebb and flow of his green-hued Niagara (wonder what it would be like to smother to death under a deluge of paper currency).

But to begin our perambulating travelogue properly we'll turn back to the Accounts Section door and take a bird's eye peep along the narrow, monastic-like confines of the place that harbors the wealth and financial genius of No. 2 Manning Depot.

At the very outset our marvelling vision encountered the studiously bent back of no other a personage than Flt. Sgt. Gillespie, lovingly absorbed in his lifetime task of preparing a colossal index to all the goods and chattels owned, loaned or boned by the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Not far away from the preoccupied Flight we came face to face with the only living celebrity who has ever foiled, foozeled and flummoxed Newton's Law of Gravity, and he does it with a cigarette that clings tenaciously to his lower lip without benefit of glue, safety-pins, or concealed wires. His name is Sgt. Roy Cunningham, Mr. Ripley.

Further along the way we discovered a slight, bespectacled individual commonly referred to as LAC Moran. And if we had paused to distill the subconscious vaporings of his grey-matter we would probably have acquired ten gallons of gasoline for our pains.

Around the same neighborhood our editorial eye descended upon a young lady icsept Lundy who was making strange marks in a book under the

tender-eyed guidance of one Jack Rhodes, assisted and abetted by a dark complected Corporal who answers to the name of Doug.

We journeyed fearlessly forward and came upon that florid rebel of the non-public funds section, Sgt. Veals, busily twining his lips around a ten cent stogie (somebody must have given it to him). Across the way, vis-a-vis, LAC Sharpe sat with his brow furrowed over some accounting problem the Airman's Post had generously presented him with.

And so we moved on into the more rarefied atmosphere of the Pay Office proper and collided suddenly with something that we first thought was a decorative door-stop, but it wasn't. It was Miss Phyllis Lindgard staring moodily at the passive, unresisting faces of her typewriter keys. A basilisk stare under heavy plate glass passed us by and we touched our cap and said, "Good morning, Miss Reid."

We peeped, yes we did, through the glassed-in enclosure to our left and saw Flt. Lieut. McIntosh grimly scrutinizing a formidable pile of C-13's. (Mr. Rhodes had evidently been doing mass production work on the invoices.)

On we gamboled and arrived presently beside the pert person of Miss Evelyn Hunt looking very plump and pleased with herself while she thrummed a merry tune on her typewriter and daintily nibbled on a carmine colored gum-drop (a donation from Parsons, no doubt.)

Our next personage of note was the staunch figure of Flt. Sgt. Iverach, that master of the unexpurgated quip, and zealous guardian of the Pay Office light bill.

The cheerful, cherubic countenance of Miss Zella Bell hove into our line of vision, and we murmured a gentle

benediction and presented her with a stick of gum.

And so without venturing further into the darker crevices and corners we humbly withdrew from that Olympian region of power and pelf where faith, hope, and charity blossom like nasturtiums in Utopia (have you seen Fantasia?)



### Headquarters Orderly Room

Was our next port of call. The H.O.R. is sometimes referred to as the nerve centre of the Depot, sometimes as the "Disorderly Room," and occasionally as just a plain headache. Pay your dime, and take your choice, friend.

In thru the harbor mouth (door to you) we sailed and from the crow's-nest we espied a very familiar looking landmark, readily identified as

Sgt. Goward—looking very prim, and proper, and efficient behind his binoculars.

Across the way, lurking behind a corner, our reproachful gaze settled on Miss Mary Wilson, who promptly blushed guiltily and buried her head in a D.R.O. And well she might, the traitor. (Where is that contribution you promised us for the Post, young lady?)

Moving courageously deeper into that highly-colored sea of agitated femininity we ran full tilt into a search-light smile emanating from the little "Gestetner Girl" Miss Margaret Aitken, who was standing beside a very formidable looking machine that was disgorging some undigested matter in the shape of printed forms and things.

Sailing along on the crest of the wave we observed a small dark head above a very sweet countenance that could belong to nobody else but Miss Mildred Lewis. (Are you listening, Hollywood?)

Down near the shoals, where the sharks play, we spotted something that looked like the top of Mount Vesuvius spouting fire and brimstone, but it wasn't, it was only the last rays of a fading sun playing hide-and-seek through Flt. Sgt. Cameron's burnished locks. (Elsewhere in the magazine, Mr. Cameron, you will find some pointed comment on your softball prowess.)

We sailed into a quiet bay (corner to you) and discovered Miss Betty Harwood minus her horse and jod-purs, but looking quite capable of taking a spirited nightmare by the forelock and throwing it for a total loss.

Our wandering barque slid up against a busy looking desk where someone, his identity hidden behind three telephones, was barking out words with the staccato rhythm of a machine-gun. We were pondering this strange behaviour, when Sergeant-Major Allan emerged from his telephonic conflict and looked up at us with a gleam in his eye that resembled a posting for somebody to Isolationville—so we dipped our colors in a hurry and diplomatically sailed away to less dangerous waters. Meaning the Records Office.

### RECORDS OFFICE

The Keepers of the Vital Statistics welcomed us rather suspiciously but we quickly disarmed them with a gift of lump sugar and they returned to their respective niches and left us alone to peer and pry about, and gather impressions for the last chapter of our little Arena travelogue.

Hearing a noise suggesting human habitation behind a lofty bulwark of counter we warily crept up and shyly peeked over, and there was Miss Marjorie Caught shyly peeking up at us. "Hello, Miss Caught", we said, and gave her one of the very special smiles we reserve for very nice peo-

ple. And besides being very nice, Miss Caught is also very helpful when we want information for the Airman's Post.

A clattering typewriter snared our attention and we looked over in that direction and beheld the sunny face of the "Sweetheart of No. 2 Manning Depot." Yep, you guessed it—Miss Beth Crawford.

Presenting to the world a face of calm courage and patient toil was a gentleman we have heard referred to as Cpl. Kent. With a thumbs-up gesture we urged the good Corporal on to greater endeavours, and moved on.

Somebody tried to slide away out of our line of vision, but we pounced quickly and cornered the culprit—a



young man who blatantly ignored immemorial tradition and ate his birthday cake without passing along a single, solitary speck to the Staff of the Post and its gaunt, undernourished Editor. We trust you will not make that grave social error again, Mr. Harold Lock.

We ventured deeper into that vital stronghold of facts and figures and peered through a glass partition where genius sat laboring over weighty problems and momentous issues—but the brightly-haloed head of Sgt. Logan never wavered an infinitesimal fraction from the task absorbing him. A quiet, industrious, unaffected gentleman whom we nominate as a good example to anybody.

But what Station travelogue would be complete without mention of Miss Alma Urssel, that suave sophisticate of the Depot, and points north and south bounded by the railroad tracks. Ah, there she was: Posing, characteristically, for a picture by Petty—but look where we would we couldn't see Petty, perhaps he had gone down to the canteen for a cup of Java and a hot-dog.

And so we end our miniature Marco Polo explorations for this month, and if we survive the ensuing weeks we may venture into other odd corners of the Arena building and duly report our findings to a breathless, waiting world.

#### LONG TIME AGO

Remember the good old days when the horses in western movies carried cowboys instead of tenors?

## De Bunk Area



By Bunko

Spring is come with all its attending peripatetic evidences (and spots on the face). From First to Eighteenth Streets the moonlight strollers are in full bloom. Ah, well, I remember when I was young. Those were the good old days when it was Heaven to be alive . . . the moon was witchery, the air balmy (so was I). Life was like red wine, nectar of the Gods, waiting to be quaffed to the last lingering drop . . . but I'd better finish this column and get home, this is the wife's bridge night and I promised to put the twins to bed and help Junior with his arithmetic. Then there's the garden to dig and some wood to chop and the furnace to clean . . . Wotta life . . .

The new spring decorative hangings on some of our female personnel would suggest a new color scheme for a rainbow . . . could nature be improved upon . . . we wonder!

Warning to Aggressors: Anyone contemplating suicide should challenge Sergeant-Major Hance to a pistol duel at twenty paces. And if you don't know what we mean go and take a look at the perforated target cards that embellish the Sergeant-Major's sanctum.

We have it on good authority that a certain pay office Flt.-Sgt. and a certain disciplinarian Flight were the proud recipients of Mother Day cards from their affectionate compatriots of lesser rank. Motherly souls, no doubt . . . at home.

Our attentive ear caught whisperings of internal revolt among the lassies at No. 2. And the Causus Bellum appeared to be the recent Civil Service reclassifications . . . does toil and virtue bring no reward cried honest Abigail. The chorus led by sweet Jo-Ann chimed in with, Oh! why must Languid Lou and Tardy Tess reap the harvest for doing less. Maybe somebody hands out a good line to the right people or uses Fitch's shampoo. The gals apparently can't think of any other good reason. Ah, well, who expects justice in this war-weary world.

After all there is something to be said about Eternal Peace . . . when the Flight is away on leave.

Sigh of the Month from Moran: Ah, what I wouldn't give for a good dish of Irish stew. (and, of course, a little more gasoline). Try some salted peanuts. Jack . . . they'll build you up for a commission.

Things we wonder about: The identity of the young lady whose wet-nursing proclivities are not received any too enthusiastically by the other members of the female personnel . . . the peccant expressions on certain faces after an old time dance at the Ukrainian Hall . . . why we congratulated Sergeant Murray if the

## Pertinent Observations

(By AC2 MacDonald, R.H.)

Did anybody ever think of chaining a button brush and shoe brush to the walls of "A" Squadron so the boys could smarten up on the double without digging into their kitbags? It would mean smarter looking airmen and neater looking kitbags.

One of the new recruits was wondering why John Charles Thomas, Nino Martini, Lawrence Tibbet and other noted singers never came through Brandon. Just then Flt. Sgt. Hutton walked by and one of the lads from "B" Squadron pointed at him and said, "There's your reason—those guys may be in the money but their voices could never stand up against the Flight's."

What this "M" Depot needs is a good soft two-bit cushion. According to remarks around and about anyone getting the concession on the sale of such a useful piece of equipment would walk out of the place a millionaire.

Gordon Myles, AC2, Regina, said—when a program came on the air over the recreation room radio telling about the R.C.A.F., its history and accomplishments — "That's sure like carrying coal to Newcastle."

What the R.C.A.F. needs is a good rubber kitbag. The lad who discovers such a thing will get a good round of applause from any poor AC2 who has ever attempted to "put your summer uniforms in your kit bags and don't leave the bloody things hanging on hangers."

Famous last words as the poor AC2 stood up to his eyes in uniform at the tailor shop—"Just right!"

AC2 Joe Metka, Moose Jaw, always speaks with a southern accent when making up his bed or when folding his sheets. He explains it by saying "Whenever I'm handling bed clothing it reminds me of a porter on a train."

One recruit not yet in uniform was asked for his pass at the "M" Depot door. "By gosh, I haven't got it." Sergeant Barnes asked him if he could prove he was a recruit. After thinking for a while he reached into his pocket and drew out a blue handkerchief with R.C.A.F. wings crocheted on the corner. "How will that do—my aunt sent it to me," he asked hopefully.

You can't beat the tailor. One recruit stood with the belly of his tunic scraping the floor. Said Sgt. Tallor Wilkins: "You'll fill out—we always allow for a gain of 15 pounds."

Another would-be Spitfire pilot stood with his pant legs up to his knee and three inches of shirt showing between his tunic and trouser tops. Said LAC Adams of the fitting room: "You'll take off weight when you start doing P.T. under Opl. Cooper."

baby looks like him . . . why we haven't blinds for the Arena windows when there's a movie on.

And so until next month—Cheerio!



## OUR LOVELORN COLUMN

Here she is back again to mend broken hearts and prescribe for flat-feet, yes, it's our very own Madame Hortense Hearburn, the little lady with the whiskers on her chin and the basso-profundo voice. She's looking your way, brother, and she's got a mean glint in her eye. Look out!

Dear Hortense: I am a young stenographer at the Manning Depot and I have a "steady" I love very much and intend to marry some day. However, at the present time he insists on taking me for long walks on Sunday afternoons, and my heels stick in the mud. Please tell me how to get him to stay home with me and sing hymns. **BUBBLES.**

Dear Bubbles: This is a tough one, but suggestion number one is that you wear moccasins. If that doesn't help, refrain from singing hymns and try "Roll out the Barrel," then prepare some angel food and serve with "Cokes." If he still insists on walking you better look for someone with corns or ingrowing toenails. This should be easy around a garrison town.

Dear Hortense: Please tell me an easy, painless way to commit suicide. I have just been jilted by the most beautiful girl in the world (or at least in Brandon) and life is no longer worth living. **DESPERATE AC2.**

Dear Desperate AC2: Glad to oblige. Just send another Mother's Day card to a certain Flt.-Sgt. and sign your name to it. Your departure from this Vale of Tears will be swift and sudden.

Dear Hortense: I am a young airman going on leave to Toronto next week to get married. My wife will be quite young and inexperienced and I have a very delicate digestion, is there anything I can do?

**PERPLEXED.**

Dear Perplexed: The solution is very, very simple. If the gal spoils your dinner occasionally just slide up to the barracks and fill up on STEW. After that you'll be able to stand anything—even your mother-in-law.

Dear Hortense: I am a young stenographer in the Orderly Room with flaxen hair and a blank expression. What can I do to get rid of my babyish lisp and acquire an intelligent physiognomy? **HOPELESS.**

Dear Hopeless: You can't change nature, gal. But you might try eating strawberries. This will probably give you hives and keep you so busy scratching you'll look like the "Whirling Dervish" and people will never get a chance to observe your physical defects. Many a person has achieved unwarranted fame by using this method of animated deception.



### THE LITTLE BOATS OF BRITAIN

A Ballad of Dunkirk  
By Sara Carsley

On many a lazy river, in many a sparkling bay,  
The little boats of Britain were dancing, fresh and gay;  
The little boats of Britain, by busy wharf and down,  
A cheerful, battered company, were trading up and down.

A voice of terror through the land ran like a deadly frost:  
"King Leopold has left the field,—our men were trapped and lost!  
No battle ship can reach the shore, through shallows loud with foam;  
Then who will go to Dunkirk town, to bring our armies home?"

From bustling wharf and lonely bar, from riverside and coast,  
On eager feet came hurrying a strange and motley host.  
Young lads and grandsires, rich and poor, they breathed one frantic prayer:  
"O send us with our little boats to save our armies there!"

Never did such a motley host put forth upon the tide;  
The jaunty little pleasure-boats, in gaudy painted pride,  
The grimy tugs and fishing-smacks, the tarry hulks of trade,  
With paddle, oar, and tattered sail, went forth on their Crusade.

And on that horror-haunted coast, through roaring bomb and shell,  
Our armies watched around them close the fiery fangs of hell,  
Yet backward, backward to Dunkirk, they grimly battled on.  
And the brave hearts beat higher still when hope itself was gone.

And there beneath the bursting skies amid the mad up-roar,  
The little boats of Britain were waiting by the shore;  
While from the heavens, dark with death, a flaming torrent fell,  
The little boats undaunted lay beside the wharves of hell.

Day after day, night after night, they hurried to and fro;  
The screaming planes were loud above, the snarling seas below.

### GLAMOUR GIRL '42 MODEL



THIS SMART NEW BLUE SUMMER UNIFORM WITH BRASS BUTTONS WILL SOON BE SEEN ON THE GIRLS AT No. 12 S.F.T.S.

And haggard men fought hard with sleep, and when their strength was gone  
Still the brave spirit held them up, and drove them on and on.

And many a grimy little tramp and skiff of painted pride  
Went down in thunder to a grave beneath the bloody tide,  
But from the horror-haunted coast, across the snarling foam,  
The little boats of Britain brought our men in safety home.

Full many a noble vessel sails the shining seas of fame,  
And bears, to ages yet to be, an un-forgotten name,  
The ships that won Trafalgar's fight, that broke the Armada's pride,  
And the little boats of Britain shall go sailing by their side!

#### OR NO RIGHTS LEFT

"The pedestrian has rights as well as the motorist". But is isn't always wise to stand on your rights where a car can clip you.

### SHAM BATTLE FROM THE AIR

High through the windswept air we sailed,  
Free as a bird in June,  
Hills and dales, cascading paled,  
And etched again at Noon.

Trees were shadows, lakes were glass,  
We rocked and dipped in rythm,  
Clipping the air, we swung and passed  
Kissing the face of Heaven.

Wind in laughter wrapped us round,  
Whistling in merry tune,  
Soft in the cumulus we found,  
A shortcut to the Moon.

Beneath was the river winding by,  
The valley dressed in green,  
Close as the earth's warm breast drew nigh,  
A city's spires a gleam.

Lost in a blanket of noontide light,  
Wound a train on its westward way,  
Crawled like a worm and steel and might  
Were lost in the distant sway.

Spires loomed larger, rooftops baked  
We circled and banked and spun,  
Peace was shattered the silence waked,  
At the firing of a gun.

Swiftly a change had o'er it come,  
Near the sun a shadow flew,  
Planes drawing near at once begun  
On formations forever new.

Smoke belched forth as the army battled,  
The peace was a clanging din,  
As down through the street equipment rattled,  
For a war they're out to win.

Passing by in the noonday heat,  
We sailed away in the sun,  
The human ant in its large conceit,  
Believing the race well run.

Peace once more reigned o'er the world,  
The sky to us was blue,  
Our path quite clear as the craft we hurled  
And on and on we flew.

Fields untouched, unblemished stand,  
The children still at play,  
Unconquered ever, this glorious land,  
Will shine along the way.

—Margaret Brown

## THE ADVENTURES OF Fanny Fearless



## DIVE-BOMBER

The Post's Short Story

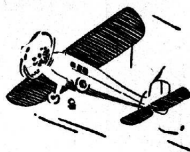
Last night they had come without warning—suddenly, savagely, out of nowhere, and in seconds—split seconds—the quiet, peaceful, hours of midnight had been churned into an inferno of sound and fury—just one ghastly hour of carnage and terror that had seemed like an eternity of pure unadulterated hell. The horrible droning rhythm of that mass aerial attack still dinned and reverberated against his shattered ear-drums.

He struggled to silence that maddening, prophetic little voice that beat so persistently and pitilessly against his skull and found an echo in every nerve-racked part of his body, repeating over and over again: "Tonight

minutes with its unanswered cry for mercy, horror that would find its nadir in the very depths of hell. His mind crawled and cringed against the ghastly expectation of it.

It wouldn't be quite so bad if they they had some way of fighting back, but to lie there huddled up in a blanket, helpless to offer any resistance . . . waiting, listening, tensed and fearful in that stygian gloom as the deadly drone approached nearer and nearer, louder and louder, and then the swift, diving attack of unseen wings on their hapless, human targets.

He remembered the maddening helplessness of the night before. The man in the bunk beside him mutter-



they will come again, tonight they will come again, tonight—" He had tried to divert his thoughts away from it; tried to persuade himself that there was nothing to worry about; told himself that he was supposed to have courage and self-respect, and to stop acting like a frightened child or an hysterical woman. But he was only kidding himself, and he knew it. Deep inside the dark jungles of his mind fear prowled, black and loathesome, and nothing he could say or do would drive it away.

He glanced at his watch. The minutes were ticking away, steadily, relentlessly, apathetically. Minutes that became hours; hours that sped day's end, and brought the night. Black night that no power on earth could prevent from coming. Blackout—and then the swift, murderous onslaught of the winged enemy. Terror that would rob the night of its sanity, pain that would stab through the black

ing impotent curses, someone nearby whispering with a note of hysteria in his voice, the blackness that hemmed them in like the bars round a prisoner's cell, and over all this the sound of those deadly darting wings as the enemy took his bloody toll and flew away.

He was supposed to be a soldier, an airman. He was supposed to be an example of courage to civilians. He was supposed to lie there tight-lipped, uncomplaining, and unresisting while the enemy attacked him. It seemed stupid not to do something—anything. A grim resolve formed in his mind. Tonight it would be different. Tonight he would fight right back at those flying fiends. To hell with regulations. He would turn on the lights in the bunk area himself. And this time he would kill every damned mosquito that tried to bite him.

—R. Tyre.

### LONG LINE

The club bore was boasting of his family's patriotism.

"I'm joining the Army next week," he stated. "My father fought in the last war and my grandfather fought in the Boer war. My great-grandfather, I've been told, fought in the Zulu war . . ."

"Really," drawled a thoroughly bored listener. "On which side?"

Inhabitants of a Norwegian fishing village—so a current war story goes—witnessed the forced landing of an airplane offshore. A fisherman set out to rescue the pilots but soon returned without them. "They were Germans," he explained.

"But weren't they alive?" someone in the crowd asked.

"Well, one of them said he was, but you know how these Nazis lie."

### VERSUS SNOWBALLS?

Two neighbors were arrested for throwing coal. Wish one of them would move next door to us.

### MUSICAL BIRD

A man has made a flute from the thigh bone of a turkey. Previous to this, the bird's only contribution to music had been the drumstick.



### New Stamps Call for More Imagination

(Continued from page 3)

war—action, speed, color, and drama. And unless we get a little animation and drive into these new stamp designs they fall in their intended purpose.

Another stamp, the brown ten-cent issue, will display a picture of the Parliament Buildings. Very nice, too. But certainly also very unoriginal and trite. We have had other issues, several of them, bearing pictures of the Parliament Buildings. Something new is indicated here.

Munition plants are to be immortalized by an illustration of one of these buildings on the brown 50-cent stamp. This is fitting recognition of a vital war industry, but it will require some nice imaginative art to make the picture forceful and dramatic on the small area of a postage stamp. And certainly if the artist is influenced by outmoded methods of designing it will not have a very powerful appeal to the public eye.

Let us get away from this wallowing in intricate designs which may still be suitable for bank notes, but which certainly do not represent the modern trends in design so far as postage stamps are concerned.

### MIX WHAT

Ad.: Young man wanted as milk-wagon driver; must be clean and neat and a good mixer.

### REFLECTIONS '42

We lived our life in the sunshine, Then came the shadow of war; We understood not the shouting Or what the fighting was for.

We heard talk of the blitzkrieg— Of Europe fighting the Hun, We feared invasion of Britain's Soil; So we left our place in the sun.

We'll fly up out of the sunshine, With hope we'll take to the air, Where-ever the war clouds gather, Then we'll be willingly there.

The Germans wanted this warfare, Let's seek the Jap and the Hun, We'll win for now and for ever And hold our place in the Sun.

—By E. S. Wilkinson and R. J. W. Hey

## The BAY

extends a cordial invitation to Airmen, to make this store their meeting place when in Winnipeg.

4 PLACES TO EAT  
Restaurant, Cafeteria,  
Lunch Counter, Coffee Shop

POST OFFICE  
REST ROOMS  
MILITARY SUPPLY SHOP  
PHOTO STUDIO

**HBC**

### REESOR'S

Carry one of the largest stocks of Military Jewelry in Canada, and have made a specialty of the best designs at lowest prices, in R.C.A.F. jewelry of all kinds. Also, a full stock of all popular military watches.

### REESOR'S

Sign of the Street Clock



## Reporting For "Drill"

By Cpl. George Morris, C.D.C.

Through the long night he had lain in his bunk sleeping the restless slumber of a condemned man. Every now and then he awoke in a cold sweat from some terrible nightmare only to fall asleep again. At last in the east the first slate grey signs of dawn appeared and the light soon spread over the world bringing a new day. Slowly he got up, bravely he dressed and in a very white-faced manner he ate a breakfast. The breakfast was truly a wonderful meal, but somehow his ravenous appetite now seemed not to notice its wholesome goodness.

At seven thirty he was sitting on his bunk, the palms of his hands wet with nervous perspiration. Would they never come for him he thought. Lord, how this waiting seemed interminable. At eight o'clock there was a strident roar and a noise of marching feet. Bravely he stood up, pulled his black tie straight and nervously slicked down his hair. In a vain attempt of utter abandon, he placed his blue cap jauntily on his head and marched on, down the long, cold, concrete corridors, down the long stairs and across the wide arena. There they were, at the opposite end—a group of men standing at rigid attention with rifles straight at their sides. His fate was surely sealed. Lips pressed tightly he marched straight towards them, on, ever on, his pace never slackened. Now he was passed them and mounting the stairs, presented himself at the Dental Clinic.

Surveying his surroundings, he felt his courage oozing slowly. He looked at his watch, a quarter past eight. After a long wait there came suddenly to his ears a noise like a group from one of Hitler's panzer divisions, then round a corner came, not one of the strutting, stuffed shirts, a black shirt, nor any kind of a shirt except a clean one belonging to the gang of the little painter, the early morning vanguard of the Canadian Dental Corps, the fighting, frightening, formidable men of the C.D.C.

These fighting men swept passed our shaking quaking Airman, and soon were in earnest conversation, brief snatches caught his interest—"Who was that cute skipper I saw you with last night?" "That was no skipper, that was the Sergeant's wife" and as the voice continued, closer this time and with a hissing sound "Beat it Bud, come back at nine hundred hours—Nine o'clock to you."

As the future pilot sat on the bench and pondered over the extreme torture in store for him, he watched the stream of happy life around him.



AFTER READING CPL. MORRIS' ARTICLE YOUR EDITOR WENT UP TO INVESTIGATE AND THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM

Pitiful countenances passed him by and entered the inner sanctum, and mournful groans occasionally wafted outward. Over and over again; the nerve-racking suspense was terrible; then, nine hundred hours, a hideous apparition dressed in khaki opened the door and screamed out his name—"AC2 Fauntleroy." Monty sprang to attention . . . "No, not yet" was the message. "This was just to find out if you were still here . . . Come in the next time you are called". An-

his mouth gingerly. Down into the cavern peered the Dentist. For a few minutes he looked, probed, hunted and pondered, till finally with an unhappy sigh he muttered . . . "No work to be done there lad—you can go." Oh, happy day, relief exquisite it was too much, AC2 Montague Z. Fauntleroy stretched out in a dead faint.

You might think, after reading the above listed adventures of our boy in blue, that the Canadian Dental Corps Clinic in No. 2 Manning Depot might



MAJOR BELDEN AT THE CONTROLS

other interminable wait, then "Drop that cigarette Buddy and come on in." Suddenly a fit of trembling, his knees shook, his forehead wet, but he kept his feet until he found himself seated in an enormous chair surrounded by a maze of instruments. Death-dealing bludgeons. Creeping up on him from behind came a white-gowned figure with a fistful of army implements and he was instructed to open his mouth. Desperately fearing the whole equipment would be dropped in but equally fearing to disobey, he opened

be a place to be feared. But in this clinic under the skillful guidance and direction of Major W. A. Belden, Officer Commanding the clinic and his other operators Capt. N. J. Quigley, Capt. V. A. Clark and Capt. B. A. Oja, dental treatment of all types, varieties and kind can be handled in

this modern, smart, up-to-the-minute clinic. For those in the service requiring special dentures (known to the usual name of "plate" or "false teeth") a completely equipped and modern laboratory is able to faithfully reproduce these as accurately as is within the realm of scientific possibility. In the Clinic besides the officer-operators are eleven other ranks and five of these are employed in the lab. as they affectionately call it. It seems that this place is the centre of interest—to everyone and whenever a person passes it, he is bound to hear the buzz of conversation—usually about women—or the strident roars of an argument as the one non-Winnipeg member who hails from some cow-town in Alberta faithfully stands and defends his West against the furious, deadly onslaughts of the Winnipeg boys. And to-date it seems that he's winning too.

So for your own personal oral health—and well-being this clinic is here for your protection. Some fellows—who complain about its service fail to stop to realize the number of men it is necessary to handle on this station. So please remember that if your dental work is not completed on this station, that wherever you go or are posted, there will be a clinic there too and on that station you will be able to have your teeth fixed to accurate perfection by skillful well-trained men.

## THE AIRMEN'S LAMENT

We're so frightfully bored, and tired of it all,  
And we feel so upset since we got our call  
To come to the Air Force as AC2's.  
We really got quite a bad jolt at the news.  
The Corporals and Sergeants are such nasty fellows,  
They disturb us no end with vociferous bellows,  
The way that they holler out orders and rave,  
Is enuf to arouse the dead from the grave.  
And sometimes we wish we had not got our call,  
We're so frightfully bored and tired of it all.

(Continued on page 20)

## Carlton Cafe

121 - 10th St. Brandon

**We Serve Regular Meals**

CHINESE DISHES

LUNCHES

"They're Delicious!"

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:  
FOR YOUR SMARTEST SUMMER  
WEARING APPAREL, VISIT US

**THE ECONOMY  
DEPARTMENTAL  
STORES**

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Tinsmiths, Heating and Ventilating,  
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Local Agents for  
Laura Secord Candies  
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Du Barry Beauty Preparations  
Waterman Pens  
Kodaks and Films

Let us help you select your gifts.  
We pack them ready for mailing.  
**SMITH THE DRUGGIST**  
730 Rosser Ave. Phone 2925



## What is Leadership?

(From "Reconnaissance"

No. 4 S.F.T.S.)

A senior officer on the Station was heard to say in an informal discussion the other day that "a man who is capable of doing something worthwhile for others is capable of leadership." He was speaking of the necessity for a greater spirit of teamwork and helpfulness among the personnel of the Station, for a larger measure of what we often call in a vague sort of way "esprit de corps."

Every officer and man at No. 4 Flying Training School has a particular duty to which the Air Force has assigned him. Some of us are accountants, others airframe mechanics or aero engine mechanics, still others are flying instructors or students. Almost all of the personnel of the Station are specialists of one kind or another, but the discharge of our special duties is not, as many of us sometimes fall into the error of thinking, the limit of our Air Force activity.

The Air Force is definitely not a place like a factory or a department store or an insurance office where one does a job of work, gets paid for it and goes home at six o'clock in the evening to forget about the whole affair until eight the next morning. Being in the Air Force is not a "job" at all; it is a sacred communion of comradeship created by men bound together in a glorious cause of arms.

But real comradeship brings responsibilities with it, and it knows no limits of time or duty. For the officer or airman who has finished his day's duties there may still be things to do about the Station. They may not seem important things—attending a meeting to discuss some sports activity, helping out with the Station newspaper or the library, or even leaving the wife at home on an occasional evening and spending a social hour with the boys.

The ability to help others, to impart cheerfulness wherever one goes, to build up a better spirit in one's flight or section, and even in the smallest way to improve the standard of efficiency and teamwork on the Station, is the surest mark of leadership. Only he who is willing to place himself unselfishly in the service of others can consider himself a leader.

### SQUADRON LEADER ON THRILLING RIDE

(From "Boom" R.C.A.F., Sydney)

"Tex," the Army Co-operation unit's ace pilot, took a Squadron Leader for a flip last month and according to all reports, really showed him how the C.A.C. dive bombs.

Before very long the veteran Squadron Leader did a most unairmanlike thing, much to the elation of "Tex." Flying Officer Bins, the Security Officer, who told the yarn with much gusto, has not yet stated whether he, in turn, would like to emulate his worthy superior.

## THE R. C. A. F. AT HOME

STATIC FROM OTHER STATIONS



### OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE

(From "Wings" No. 11 S.F.T.S. Yorkton)

Old Bill had been discharged from the air force, so thought he would write a letter to the Department of National Defense, (Air).

This is how his letter read:

"Dear Sir: I am now out of the service and back in civil life. I should now like to take my pen in hand to tell you and the whole air force to go to Hell."

Having unburdened his lacerated soul, Old Bill just lay back and awaited developments. One day, a large official looking envelope reached him, and inside was an air force form, or memo, with a covering letter:

"William Billious, Esq.,

"Sir—I am directed by the Secretary of State for War to acknowledge your communication of the 14th ultimo, and to advise you that all suggestions relating to the movement and destination of troops should be noted in Air Force Form XYZ—1237."

### REASSURING

"Mr. Chairman," said an orator who was being severely heckled, "I must appeal on a point of order. I have been speaking now for over a quarter of an hour, but there are so many interruptions and so much ribaldry from all parts of the hall that I can scarcely hear myself speaking."

"Cheer up!" exclaimed someone. "You're not missing much."

### LOST

"Offisher," said the inebriated one, "I'm looking for a parkin' plashe." "But you've got no car." "Oh, yesh, I have. It's in the parkin' plashe I'm looking for."

### WELL, I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I?

(From "The Albatross" No. 18 S.F.T.S. Hagersville)

If ever I have cause to grow into a dignified C.O. I'll give the LAC's a break And dish out just what they can take. I'll make their passes good 'til dawn And when they come in pale and wan With greenish gills and cloudy eyes I'll stop to think and realize That, after all, boys will be boys, Entitled to their fun and noise. And when I make a chap C.B. I'll tuck him in and give him tea So that his sobs of loneliness Won't confiscate my happiness. I'll never yell, or swear or smoke Or make them laugh at every joke; But give them privileges galore, Without the usual C.O.'s roar; All this I know I'd like to be ... But thank the Lord I'm not O.C.!

### THE MECHANICS CREED

(From "The Aircraftsman" T.T.S., St. Thomas.)

Maybe we're only the ground crew, And perhaps we'll never fly; We only work on the grounded planes To get them back in the sky.

We don't get pretty golden wings, And we lack the crowd's applause; We can't tell tales of fights and things— We just find out what the trouble was.

Maybe we won't fly the big ones, But you'll find us over there; Maybe we won't be firing the guns, But we'll keep the planes in the air.

## LAC Has Nine Children But Gets No Allowance

(From "Contact" No. 2 B. & G. Mossbank)

This is the sad story of LAC Stubby, who, like the old woman, has so many children he doesn't know what to do.

LAC Stubby is a member of the personnel of an R.C.A.F. air training station "somewhere in western Canada." He likes the station, he likes the food, and he likes his job. There's just one thing that worries him.

He has nine children, and the R.C.A.F. won't grant him dependents' allowances. And Stubby has to look after them, because they can't locate the kiddies' mother.

You see, but don't breathe this to a soul, they're not exactly sure who the mother is.

The adjutant of the school, feeling sorry for the father, wrote a letter to the commanding officer, telling him what a sad plight LAC Stubby is in. The commanding officer, feeling sorry for the father, consulted regulations. And the regulations, feeling sorry for nobody, state that LAC Stubby is not entitled to an allowance.

Why? Because LAC Stubby can't produce his marriage certificate.

As the C.O. said in his reply to the adjutant:

"Regulations do not permit LAC Stubby to obtain dependents allowance. As LAC Stubby cannot produce his marriage certificate, I can only presume that he is not legally married. To alleviate the situation, LAC Stubby has my permission to do a little extra scrounging at the back door of the Airmen's Mess."

However, the situation has since improved a little, as LAC Stubby has been promoted to the rank of Acting Corporal, paid, but he'll probably continue his scrounging at the door of the mess.

A member of the R.C.A.F. is begging for food?

Oh, maybe we forgot to tell you. Stubby is a dog, adopted by the air force as their station mascot.

## STRAND

FAMOUS PLAYERS THEATRE

COMING JUNE 1-2-3

Back in Their New Laugh Riot!

WILLIAM MYRNA  
POWELL LOY

"SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN"

## DUNKINS

CONSULTING OPTOMETRISTS

1221 BROAD



## MR. WONG

A resident of Brandon since 1910, when he established the Carlton Cafe on Tenth Street, Mr. Sam Wong is one of the city's most popular and respected business men.

Mr. Wong is a native of Canton, in South China. He left his homeland in 1904 to come to Vancouver, and after four years spent in getting acclimatized to Western ways he took time off for a trip home to the land of Confucius. On his return in 1910 Mr. Wong came direct to Brandon and established his present business. Mr. Wong is the proud pater of three sons and two daughters—all of them very Canadianized and extremely appreciative of the opportunities afforded them in Canada.

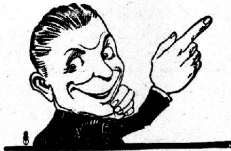
Mr. Wong is Secretary of the Chinese Red Cross, Brandon District and is very proud of the results he has achieved during the present campaign to raise funds. He is a leading member of the Chinese Association on whose behalf he made the presentation of a Chinese Flag to No. 2 Manning Depot.

We wish Mr. Wong many more years of success and prosperity. He is a splendid example of the superb qualities that are characteristic of his race.

"Chung Kuo Wan Wan Sui."

## EAT THE SEEDS

Scientists have discovered great medicinal value in crushed apple seeds. Apparently in our efforts to keep the doctor away we have all been eating the wrong part of the apple.



## FURS

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## BRANDON

## THE BRANDON AIR CADET CORPS

Fit, efficient, keen-eyed, and enthusiastic is the way we would describe the youthful members of the local Air Cadet Corps who will one day answer Canada's call to fly the fighting ships, man the gun-turrets, and take charge of the astrograph.

These Brandon lads of No. 82 Squadron are eagerly looking forward to a certain day early in July when they will go over to No. 12 S.F.T.S. for a week's participation in actual training operations. The boys will have an opportunity of seeing for themselves many of the aircraft they have been studying, and get a real idea of just how the mammoth British Commonwealth Air Training Plan operates.

One evening recently we were present at an interesting ceremony held in the Brandon Collegiate auditorium when the Ford Motor Company of Canada presented the Cadet Squadron with a Ford V-8 cylinder assembly. An added feature of the evening was the presentation of air cadet lapel badges to all of the boys by Mr. J. H. Irwin, commanding officer of the squadron. The program was presided over by Mr. H. B. Smith, local chairman of the civilian committee.

A warm tribute to the local cadets was paid by Flt. Lieut. Sherrett, of No. 12 S.F.T.S. Mayor F. H. Young also spoke in praise of the organization and its work. He was sure that the boys would fulfil their duties with credit to the city.

Some of the lads will soon be smartly apparelled in their new cadet uniforms, and the remainder will be fully equipped for the fall term.

Brandon has a right to be proud of these patriotic lads who have pledged themselves to study hard and earnestly so that they may be ready one day to competently serve their country in the air and uphold those traditions of gallantry and courage that will be their legacy from the Empire's airmen who fly the stormy, war-swept skies before them.

HISTORICAL HIGHWAYS OF  
BRANDON

By G. I. Todd

Whether marching or strolling along the avenues in Brandon, men of the services are treading highways commemorating pioneer people and incidents of historical significance. R.C. A.F. No. 2 Manning Depot fronts on Victoria Avenue, named for Victoria the Good, for sixty-three years Queen of England. The rear entrance to the Depot is on McTavish Avenue, honoring J. H. McTavish, the first land commissioner of the Canadian Pacific railway and an early member of the staff of the Hudson's Bay Company. Van Horne Avenue just south of McTavish, commemorates a man whose breadth of vision and sheer ability to overcome difficulties resulted in the completion of the Canadian Pacific rail-

way from coast to coast. William C. Van Horne (later Sir) had charge of the construction of the first railway lines through Western Canada. College Avenue, south of Van Horne, on which the Alexandra school is situated, is named for the river "College" in Northumberland, England, and also commemorates the establishment in 1899 of Brandon College.

A dashing cavalryman in the Civil War, General Rosser, who later came to Western Canada as the first chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific, was honored when Brandon's main thoroughfare, Rosser Avenue, was named. General Rosser had charge of the survey party that marked the road for the rails west of Winnipeg. The town of Rosser, Manitoba, is also named for him. Pacific Avenue, north of Rosser, gets its name from the Canadian Pacific railway, just north of the avenue.

When the "pathfinders" or pioneers came to this district in 1879-1883, the Marquess of Lorne, later the ninth Duke of Argyll, was governor-general of Canada. So Lorne Avenue received its name. Along this avenue are some of Brandon's finest churches, and Brandon College extends across the avenue at Eighteenth street.

Princess Louise, the fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, married the Marquess of Lorne. So Brandon has Princess Avenue, a busy business thoroughfare with the city hall and post office along the way. Also Louise Avenue, the site of many a pioneer home in the early days. The Collegiate Institute, near Sixth street, and St. Matthew's Pro-Cathedral at Thirteenth street, are on this avenue.

Thus did the patriotic pioneers link Brandon with British historical events. There are many other avenues in Brandon with interesting names. This is the story of the avenues in the central part of the city.

## BRANDON'S BIG SUMMER EVENT

Manitoba's outstanding summer event is the Provincial Exhibition held in Brandon, June 29th to July 3rd, inclusive. This year make your plans to take in this big party! There are splendid tourist camps and camping facilities of all kinds. The Railways are giving cheap excursion rates so that it will be possible for everyone to attend. The Grandstand attractions this year are productions "ON TO VICTORY"—a dazzling array of super talent from around the world, assembled for a song-spun extravaganza sparkling with color, laughter, rhythm and thrills. This show will be presented each evening in front of the grand stand during the Exhibition.

For your entertainment Harness Races will be held four days, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday afternoon of Fair Week. Two miles of spectacular, brilliant, fun-raising Midway shows and rides.

## BRANDON'S POPULAR DANCE SPOTS

To the airmen of this city the name Imperial Dance Gardens is synonymous with good music, gala surroundings, and all the glitter and gaiety of the dreamy waltz and the fast moving tempo of the fox-trot.

The Imperial Dance Gardens under the management of J. R. Jewsbury opened Feb. 17th, 1933 and provided Brandon with its first up to date Dance Spot. The band selected to play for the opening season was Bob Stewart and his Orchestra.

The '33-'34 season was featured by the appearance of the "Olympians Imperial Orchestra" dishing out the Jive to the Hep-hungry "Jit Bugs" and "Gators."

A popular drummer, now of Edmonton, brought his band to Brandon for the 34-'35 season. This was Frank McLeavy and his Commanders. Bus Totten and his music provided the main attraction for '35-'36.

"The Little King of Sweet and Swing," Johnny Bering and his music came to Brandon from Winnipeg as the orchestra highlight of the '36-'37 season. Johnny introduced the swing music that was becoming so popular at that time. The popularity of this band called for an encore and they played through the '37-'38 season as well.

Other popular bands made their appearance through the seasons and then the orchestra of Roy Brown with his famous Vibra-harp came, played, and conquered. This band is playing its third consecutive season here.

In July of last year Mr. Jewsbury entered into partnership with Mrs. E. Brown, wife of the band leader, and they purchased the spot now known as "The Esquire," and the new popular rendezvous of the dance crowds. The building was modernized in every respect and now boasts one of the finest dance surroundings in Western Canada.

At the Imperial Dance Gardens the partners set a new tempo of dance rhythms by engaging a unique all-strings orchestra, the first of its kind in Brandon, under the leadership of Albert Johnson, and featuring his Electric Guitar.

In addition to the regular units popular bands from Winnipeg, Regina, Toronto and other centres have been brought to town by the management of the Imperial and Esquire.

Since the beginning of the war some 18 employees and musicians of the two spots have joined the armed services and they are scattered from Hong Kong to England. Several members at the time of writing are at No. 2 Manning Depot.



Something for every member of the family! Every minute of the day! Remember the Dates—June 29th to July 3rd, inclusive!

## Aircrew Pool for Allies Looms

(From the St. Thomas Times Journal)

Standardization of air training methods with a view to making possible a certain degree of pooling of aircrews among the United Nations is seen by Air Minister Power as one of the objectives to be sought at next week's air training conference.

At a press conference today, the Minister said the ideal situation would be the pooling of all trained men, just as aircraft are pooled, but difficulties such as human nature, language and national pride made that possible.

"But it should be possible," he said, "to work out some way whereby, making all due allowances for the very obvious and necessary difficulties and objections, we can get to some kind of co-ordination."

Maj. Power said the official name of the conference is "The Ottawa Air Training Conference."

It was brought about as a result of the recognition by all the United Nations of the importance of air power. There had been scarcely a single victory achieved or defeat suffered in which air power was not a factor. The United Nations were taking more and more to the training of the human element in air power, the air crews.

"It takes longer to produce a pilot, an observer or a gunner than it does to make an airplane," said the minister.

### Training Twelve Types

Owing to developments, a greater specialization in air crew training had come. The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan started with training three types of specialist, the pilot, observer and wireless operator-air gunner. Now 12 types were required and 10 are to be trained in Canada.

"This means changes in training technique which need to be standardized as between nations fighting on the same side," said the Minister.

Maj. Power said he believes the basic systems of training used in the United States and in the British Commonwealth are the same. Both use the "Gossip System" which was developed during the First Great War.

While the conference was primarily a training conference, co-ordination would also be discussed in connection with employment of aircrews after training, but it was unlikely large strategic questions would come up for discussion.

"We want to get the greatest co-ordination possible, first of training and secondly in what we do with the trainees afterwards," said the Minister.

### Large Attendance Expected

About 80 to 100 representatives of the other participating nations are expected to attend, the largest delegations coming from the United Kingdom and United States. Discussions get under way Monday when it is likely an agenda will be agreed upon. The formal opening takes place Tuesday.



Formation of a United Nations aircrew pool would enable any fighting nation to draw aircrew personnel from the common supply built up by the training facilities of the various participating nations, of which the largest single producing agency at the moment is the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan group of schools in Canada.

Observers of the course of the war have more than once noted the advantage enjoyed by Germany, Italy and Japan, due to the fact that they are fighting on the inside of circles while the United Nations are on the outside.

The German-Italian circle at the moment is most of the continent of Europe and part of Africa. The Japanese circle is territory occupied by Japan in China, Malaya, Burma and the islands of the Pacific.

Within their respective circles the Axis forces can move their air strength at will, to stab hard at particular points to launch big offensives or to meet attacks.

On the other hand the United Nations must maintain forces more or less permanently stationed on the fronts around the circle as they can not move them quickly to threatened points.

The Germans can launch a huge air attack on Malta one week and in a week or two more use the same men and planes on the Russian Front.

The Allies must have their planes at all times in Malta, in Africa, in the United Kingdom, in Russia, in India, in China, in Canada, in the United States, in Australia, ready to meet attacks.

At the moment, it is understood, the supply of aircrew in the United Kingdom both for defense and for the bombing offensive against Germany is satisfactory having regard to aircraft available for them to operate.

The same may not be true of other fronts but if the pilots, air observers, gunners, and other air crew trades of all the United Nations were trained to play the grim game of air warfare in the same way and a pool-

ing arrangement were in effect, airmen trained in Canada might be directed to serve with the American air forces in the Pacific area or with the Chinese.

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## THE GAMBLER'S THROW

By Chester A. Bloom, in Winnipeg Free Press

Washington, D.C.: In the Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte by De Bourrienne, the French conqueror's personal secretary, there occurs a striking passage which might well be taken to heart by both our strategists and our people who are suffering from a later edition of Attila. One Raoul, an aide-de-camp to Napoleon, in describing the Napoleonic catastrophe of Waterloo, emphasizes Napoleon's mistake in ordering the final, fatal charge of the Guards—the last, desperate stroke where failure wrote this.

"He (Napoleon)," said Raoul, "was wont to set everything upon a cast—his game was all or nothing! Even the battle of Waterloo might have been retrieved had he not charged with the Guards.

"This was the reserve of the army and should have been employed in covering his retreat instead of attacking; but with him, whenever matters looked desperate, he resembled a mad dog."

The aide-de-campe was struck by Napoleon's complete loss of self-control in haranguing the Guards before he drove them on to death, glory—and defeat: the failure which finished Napoleon and the revolution.

However historians may differ with the biographer on the chances of retrieving the battle of Waterloo, none of them dispute the French conqueror's total disregard of consequences in risking, as the aide-de-camp says, "everything upon a cast." The lives of his people, the future of his nation, even his own, weighed as nothing when this madness was upon him. Few will have difficulty in drawing the modern parallel.

From the day that Hitler won his first cast—the occupation of the Rhineland—against the advice of his cautious generals, he has proceeded steadily and successfully on the "all or nothing" theory. Austria, Munich, Sudetenland, Danzig, Poland, Norway, the low countries and France and the winter campaign in Russia are all names that record this reckless dicing with the lives of millions against fate itself. How does one suppose the man came by that sly, south-German nickname of "teppich fresser"—carpet eater? It was the mad frenzy which drove him to roll in fury on the floor, grinding his teeth, when the more cautious among his gangsters sought to restrain his fanatic haste. Such ridicule had short shift once he ascended the tyrant's throne.

But there comes a time, in the end, when the gambler's law itself operates against the great dicers. Subconsciously, they feel the approaching catastrophe. None can read

Napoleon's last correspondence of the famous hundred days without perceiving his mounting fury of fighting against fate as petty obstacle after petty obstacle piled one upon another to balk his struggle against time.

This is the mood of the mad dog. They must be blind readers, indeed, who cannot perceive it in Hitler's latest exhortations. It is again the mood of the last cast—all or nothing; of poison gas and the lives of German millions burned as so much paper; of a final stroke of hatred at hated England. Nor forgetting this: that Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and even Winnipeg are rapidly becoming way stations on the great circle routes of the new, long-range bombers.



## AIRMEN'S LAMENT

(Continued from page 16)

The girls of this town are such innocent creatures.  
For they must have had most unorthodox teachers,  
If we ask them to dance or go out for some fun,  
They just glare at us grimly, and keep chewing (their) gum.  
It's all so disturbing and grossly unfair,  
That we have a good mind to give them the air.  
So they'd better be careful the next time we call,  
We're so frightfully bored and tired of it all.

At times when we come in rather late at nite,  
Those stupid S.P.'s seem to think they've the right,  
To ask where we've been, and why we are late,  
They get quite huffy at times I am sad to relate,  
And it quite often seems we're behind the 8-ball,  
We're so frightfully bored and tired of it all.

We thought that we joined this darned outfit to fly,  
And become daring, glamorous knights of the sky,  
But all that we've done since we came to stay here,  
Is go into training for a housemaid's career.  
We mop up the barracks and sweep all the floors,  
They expect us to do such undignified chores,  
We make up our bunks and polish our brass,  
And daily get lectured by some silly ass.  
Sometimes we're afraid that we heard the wrong call,  
We're so frightfully bored and tired of it all.

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Tho we try to be democratic and free,  
The C.O. hasn't yet asked us over to tea,  
Perhaps he's afraid we'd be too hard to please,  
And, in our debonaire presence feel quite ill at ease.  
The officers too, seem embarrassed and shy,  
Never stop for a chat when they're passing by,  
Perhaps they don't know their actions are wrong,  
So we try to ignore them, and just get along.  
But each morn at reveille, when we hear that call,  
We're so frightfully bored and tired of it all.

Yet tho we are tired and bored with it all,  
Sometimes we are glad that we did get our call,  
Cause we feel that old Hitler will be quite perturbed,  
When he hears that two fellows like us joined the herd,  
And old Mussolini will sure get the blues,  
When some tactless chump, up and tells him the news,  
Then when the Mikado learns that we've signed up  
He'll scurry to cover, like some mangy pup,  
So in chorus we'll hear the three of them bawl,  
We're so frightfully tired and mauled with it all.

—Sydney Rushton

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