

# AIRMAN'S POST

NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT, BRANDON, MANITOBA



MARCH 1942

A complete selection of  
**Fountain Pens**  
 by  
 PARKER SHEAFFER  
 WATERMAN  
 at  
**The Willson  
 Stationery Co.**  
 Brandon, Man.  
 Also Greeting Cards, Text Books

**fresh up**  
 WITH  
**7up**  
**IT LIKES YOU**  
**Blackwoods  
 Beverages Ltd.**  
 Winnipeg — Brandon

This space donated by  
**ALEX. M. BROWN**

but being so well known we have decided  
 not to advertise.

**AIR FORCE HEADQUARTERS FOR**  
 Haversacks, Luggage, Kit Bags, Kit Bag Dees, Button  
 Polishes, Button Sticks, Padlocks, Sporting Goods.

**JOHNSON HARDWARE CO. LTD.**  
 Cor. 9th and Rosser

Phone 3234 636 Rosser Ave.  
**LYCEUM CAFE**  
 LUNCH COUNTER AND DINING ROOM  
 WE WELCOME MEMBERS OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES  
 Good Food at Reasonable Prices  
 An Extra Large Variety of Easter Novelties  
 Fancy Boxes of Chocolates to suit anybody: Mother, Sweetheart or  
 Children. Leave your order with us and let us pack  
 and mail it for you.

**CAMERAS  
 FILMS**  
  
 Photo  
 Access-  
 ories  
**BRANDON  
 MUSICAL  
 SUPPLY CO.**  
 711 Rosser Brandon

**COMPLETE STOCK**  
 of  
 Air Force Shirts, Ties,  
 Socks and Shoes  
 The  
**ECONOMY DEPT.  
 STORE**  
 633 - 635 Rosser Ave.  
 For Real Economy Prices

**The Brandon Hardware Co. Ltd.**  
 Rosser at 7th Phone 2145

**Sheet Music, Records, Radios, Mouth  
 Organs and Other Musical  
 Instruments**  
**P. A. KENNEDY MUSIC CO. LTD.**  
 Western Manitoba's Finest and Oldest Piano House  
 ROSSER AVE. & 7th ST. PHONE 2880

A complete stock of  
**OFFICERS AND AIRMEN'S**  
 SHIRTS - TIES - SOCKS - GLOVES  
 and all accessories and  
 R.C.A.F. Officers Raincoats Officers Uniforms Tailored  
 To your order  
**GOODEN'S MEN'S SHOP**  
 908 ROSSER AVE. BRANDON

**FOR YOUR  
 PHOTOGRAPHS**  
 Come To  
**Jerrett's**  
**Photo-Art Studio**  
 115 Tenth Street  
 Phone 2574

**AIR FORCE JEWELRY**  
**Largest and most varied assortment  
 in the city**  
**P. J. Harwood Ltd.**  
**Jewelers**  
 Our location, two doors from Woolworth's  
 Marriage Licenses Issued

**Plain Black Socks**  
**Renown ---- \$ .55**  
**Eatonia ---- .75**  
**Eatonia Hand-  
 kerchiefs - .29**  
**Black Ties.. .50**  
**T. EATON CO.**  
 BRANDON BRANCH STORE CANADA

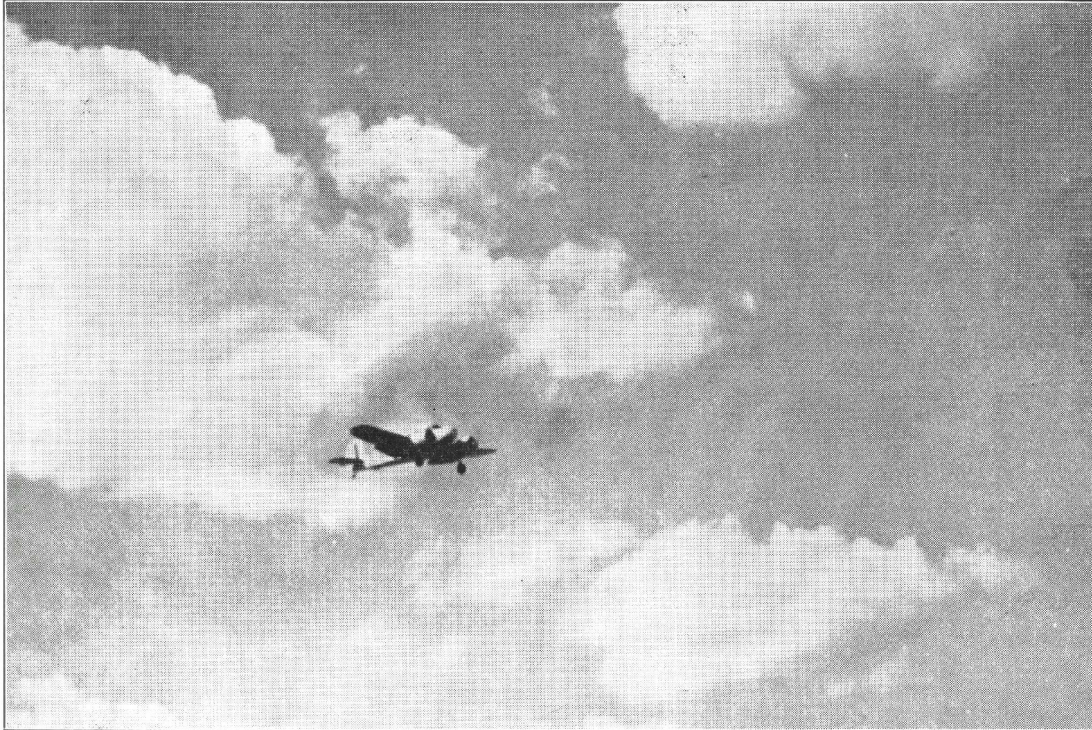


# THE AIRMAN'S POST

Vol. 2, No. 1

No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Man.

March, 1942



—Picture Courtesy F. Maley

## DESTRY RIDES AGAIN

Like the phoenix from its ashes the Airman's Post rises to life again.

The Commanding Officer has sounded the keynote and may our editorial hand wither and die if we ever get off that key.

Approach the Commanding Officer if you will, but be warned that a certain word is anathema to his ears. It is the word "defensive". His fist clenches, and his eyes flash, when he hears it, and when he sees it, too. Use the word in his presence if you will, then dodge, and quickly, or a first-class blitz will blast you.

Our Manning Depot is geographically in three parts, but it is by nature one, as it is one in name. The minor purpose of the New Post is to bind these three together; one for all, and all for one. But the major purpose is to give the Depot a spirit, a new spirit, a driving spirit. Those United States and this Commonwealth of nations have made a marriage and this depot is one of their sprawling brats perhaps born out of time, and nourished too fast, but lusty and vigorous and pushing, destined to be an essential factor when the scales weigh down in the final triumph.

The Commanding Officer is on the war-path. His fixed determination is to send SOLDIERS out of this depot, soldiers of the King, my lads; soldiers ready to fight, straining to fight and FIT to fight. We'll say no more, but you'll see; only this, if you are not chasing each other around the block on bren guns (or something) before this depot is much older, and with the R.C.A.

looking wide-eyed from the sidewalks, then we'll eat our muskrat hat.

Mr. Robert Tyre, of the old Post, has thrown us the torch, and he will not sleep, in that pay-office corner, if we keep not faith with him. He (and this writer) is engaged on a periodical of a higher sort; orders from the bridge; and when it will appear this Depot will not be ashamed to claim it. "Tyres" are scarce, they tell us, but in Robert we have a priority.

In the meantime we have Don Golden. The new Post is his own. No crown, they say, without dust. Be it known that Don raises all the dust in this office, especially in the financial sense, and Terry Kielty is his good right hand.

**"To Arms! And Ride!—God Wills It."** This is our Cry. You will hear it again, and yet again.

We need more perspective, and we need more push.

Up! You novices! And at 'em!

Wield a broom, or wave a rifle. It is all one. Nothing is too small. Nothing is too big. TEAM-WORK is the secret in this very tough war.

Get an all-round perspective, and get all-round fighting mad. And if the new Airman's Post does not lead the way hurl it out of the way and dash forward alone.

Here we come then, as from a sleep, but wide awake again. This is the New Post bowling down the Old Post road. Give us a cheer as we rattle by, and fall in, race in, behind us.



## THE AIRMAN'S POST

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

Managing Editor ..... Flt./Lt. J. L. McGuire  
Editor-in-Chief ..... Don Golden  
Sports Editor ..... Terry Kiely

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

## Trials and Tribulations of an Editor

By Don Golden

The Airman's Post comes to life again after lying dormant for eight months and the present issue is the eighth since the inception of the publication more than a year ago. Much work on the part of the small staff has gone into making this issue a success both financially and editorially and we would like to thank them sincerely for their fullest co-operation.

The Merchants of Brandon are also to be highly commended on the splendid manner in which they have supported this magazine through their advertisements as it is through their co-operation that the Airman's Post is able to carry on and it is up to the personnel of the Manning Depot to show their appreciation by giving them their full patronage.

Needless to say, the job of reviving the Airman's Post after such a long absence was much like starting a new publication, but the previous issues were of such a high order that they were always a source of inspiration as we determined to equal and if possible, surpass the high standard set by previous editors. To one of them, Robert Tyre, the editor of the two preceding issues, we would like to give special thanks, as he was always available to lend his valuable experience in matters of importance.

Terry Kiely, the red-headed sports editor, and assistant to this writer, has been right in the thick of things and we count on him to carry on in succeeding issues. He is stationed at No. 2 Manning Depot and may no doubt wind up as the permanent editor. Best of luck to him.

This article would not be complete without a special word about Flt./Lt. J. L. McGuire, the R.C. Padre, under whose benevolent guidance and strictest supervision the Airman's Post was reborn. We shared offices with the Padre and through our close association found him to be a man of sound judgment and rare good humor. It was indeed a pleasure to work under him.

There were many others who contributed in different ways to make the March issue of the Airman's Post a success and we give them full credit here and with their various contributions throughout the magazine.

One of them in particular, should be given honourable mention. He is



LAC Baron, E. E., an R.A.F. chap who just came over from England to start his E.F.T.S. He has contributed voluminously to this issue as his works throughout the magazine will testify.

Now let us take you into the inner sanctum of an Editor's office and you will find that the prevailing note is one of confusion (just like you see in the movies). Copy is spread over every available table, much is also on the floor and the ash trays are filled with cigarette butts of every size. (Don't rush the office, for we have already appropriated them for "week-before-payday" smoking). Naturally the Editor knows where he can find a particular article among the maze of stories littered over the desk and once he gets his hands on it the red pencil goes to work. Really, dear reader, the stuff and nonsense that sometimes finds its way into the editor's office would astonish you. However, editing copy is not the only task which confronts us, as in this particular issue much like in previous ones, the advertising, proof-reading, layout of the paper and sundry other details is handled by the very limited staff.

Getting articles and pictures from the officers was not as difficult a task as we had imagined, though it entailed much running around before many of them were located. However, once contact was made they showed a keen enthusiasm and desire to contribute

## New Commanding Officer Has Great War Record

No. 2 "M" Depot's new Commanding Officer, Colonel and Temporary Wing Commander Hector Gowans Reid, C.M.G. (1919), C.B.E. (1920), D.S.O. (1917), Brevet-Lieut-Colonelcy (1915), Barrister-at-Law Gray's Inn, has had a varied and interesting military career covering a period of forty years, during which time he has been decorated no less than ten times.

He served in the South African War between 1899-1902 and during that campaign was awarded the Queen's Medal with five clasps. In the last Great War, Wing Commander Reid served in Egypt, Gallipoli, France and Belgium and received the Mons Star (1914-15), General Service and Victory Medals. The year following the war found him in Russia with the British Military Mission, while in 1920-21 he fought with the 18th Indian Division in Iraq, quelling a rebellion. He was mentioned in despatches six times during that period and won further glory by adding the Iraq General Service Medal, Second class Order of Saint Anne of Russia, with crossed swords and the Medaille du Roi Albert of Belgium to his many decorations.

In 1906 Wing Commander Reid served under the Canadian Government for a year and in 1908-09 with the Australian Government. Between 1913-18 he was with the New Zealand Government, and through 1922-24, served with the Royal Air Force in Palestine as Colonel in charge of Administration.

The next move found him with the British army of occupation in the Rhineland and in 1926 he was transferred to the war office in London, in charge of records. He served there until 1930 when he retired and joined up with the Hudson's Bay Company for eight years as Transport Manager of the fur trade department, during which time he was admitted to the bar.



Wing Commander H. G. Reid,  
C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O.

In 1938 Wing Commander Reid went to the British West Indies but the outbreak of war found him again in uniform when he joined the R.C.A.F. in 1940.

The Commanding Officer of No. 2 "M" Depot was born June 6, 1881 and received his education at Upper Canada College and Royal Military College. He was married Dec. 18, 1905 to Edythe Alsop, daughter of the late T. A. Brock of Woodville, South Australia and has two children, George Pelham Gowans, and Carolyn Winona, wife of Dr. James Cook of Trinidad.

The Brandon station is indeed fortunate to have such a great leader at its head, one who knows war and how best to train young men just starting on their military careers.

### FOREWORD

By Wing Commander H. G. Reid, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O.,  
Commanding Officer.

I welcome the re-appearance of the AIRMAN'S POST. It has been sadly missed during the past eight months. When men of all ranks work together for aims and objects which are not for their own personal advantage, there arises among them a spirit and a tradition which it is not very easy for the World at large to understand.

Nobody wants to undervalue guns and machinery but after all they are only ironmongery! It may be the best ironmongery in the World and we must have it. But isn't the morale of a Service a thousandfold more important than its material?

If we could but learn even a little from a famous warrior of old, we might not be condemned to the defensive. David did not have to match Goliath's shield and spear. Relying on spiritual might he was directed to choose and use the humblest slingshot and pebbles, unexpected but effective weapons. More reliance on spiritual and mental factors will enable us to save ourselves in the dark days ahead of us.

The AIRMAN'S POST returns to do its bit . . . to amuse, to instruct and to foster that spirit which will help us to throw off the menace of moral lassitude and, in due course, to abolish the menace of barbarism.

to Vol. 2, No. 1 of the Airman's Post, and the success of the magazine is due in no small measure to the fine co-operation between officers and rank of No. 2 Manning Depot.

Maybe we can't pronounce the names of those Russian towns but the Germans can't hold them.

A byrne shrimp in the embryo stage survived six months in a sealed glass tube, without air.

\* \* \*

Mussolini recently marched several miles at the head of a division. It gives the Italian soldier confidence to know that his leaders are capable of showing him the way in a retreat.





Flt./Lt. H. D. BURTON,  
O. C. "A" Squadron

## Your Job and Mine

During the course of training and more so when you take up your duties as a skilled airman at your permanent station, you will have access to official and unofficial information that it is your duty to preserve. Idle chatter was never beneficial to any organization, and it is certainly most undesirable in any branch of the services.

Most airmen concentrate on one particular trade and eventually become specialists in their own field. Naturally their knowledge is of such importance that it is to be applied to Air Force duties exclusively. Therefore when an airman is engaged in conversation, the subject pertains to Air Force routine, and he might very innocently divulge information that would be detrimental to the well being of the service.

The instruction and training you will receive as a member of the R.C. A.F. is unparalleled in precision, accuracy and integrity. The time may not be far distant when you will be required to use to the best of your ability the skill and knowledge you acquired as a trainee. The effectiveness of your operations will depend on their secrecy. We have a job to do! There are others amongst us, representing the enemy with a similar assignment. Information which you may impart in friendly chats may find its way to these agents of tyranny, who being experts themselves could utilize the information in carrying out their mission of destruction.

Some sections of England played a game similar to baseball long before Columbus discovered America.

The province of Quebec produced mixed grains to an estimated value of \$2,779,000 in 1939.

Noah: "What's the matter with you two snakes? Don't you know all the other animals have left the Ark?"

Snakes (sadly): "You told us to go forth and multiply on the earth, but we're adders."

—Kablegram

## "A" SQUADRON -- THE RECEIVING STATION

To "A" Squadron has been assigned the task of receiving from civilian life the Recruit. His first two weeks in the service are spent in this Squadron and it is while here he is completely outfitted as an airman and instructed as to service regulations and procedure.

Naturally it is a very strange business for a recruit, and in order to give a complete outline let us follow his progress from the time he reports.

On arrival at the railway station the recruit is met by an N.C.O. and escorted to the Arena Building. He is then taken over to the Station Hospital where he is medically examined. No recruit or airman arriving at No. 2 Manning Depot is given quarters until he has first undergone a medical inspection.

After being passed by the medical officer he is brought back to the Arena Building and taken through Blanket Stores. Here he receives three clean blankets, two sheets, one pillow case and one pillow, and issued with a Record of Kit. This Record of Kit is a complete inventory of everything issued to an airman and on receipt of equipment he must initial for same. Two of the blankets issued are charged to him on the Record of Kit and upon completion of service or in the event of his being posted overseas have to be turned in or the cost of them has to be paid by the airman. The remaining blanket, sheets, pillow case and pillow have to be turned in when the airman is posted to another Station.

After leaving Blanket Stores the Recruit is taken to the Barrack Warden who assigns a bed or as we call it, a bunk. Each bunk is numbered and a record is kept of the name of the occupant of each bunk. The Recruit is responsible for the cleanliness and neatness of his bunk. At this time he is given instructions regarding times of parades and shown where the Mess Hall, Recreation Room, Library, Wash Rooms, etc. are located.

The Recruit then proceeds to go through Records. In this office a complete record of the recruit is taken

and from this information he is taken on the strength of the Station and shown as such in the Daily Routine Orders.

From Records the next call is made at the Dental Clinic where the recruit's teeth are dentally charted and he is advised as to the condition of his mouth.

The next call is made at the Accounting Office. Here a record is made of the assignments and dependents of the Recruit. Just prior to entering the Pay Office, the Recruit is given a short lecture on the importance of purchasing War Savings Certificates, the accumulation of which will be of utmost help in re-establishing the Recruit in civilian life at the completion of his military service as well as contributing more completely to the War Effort.

By this time the morning of the Recruit's first day has managed to slip away and he then proceeds to enjoy his first Air Force meal.

The afternoon starts off on the tour through the long counters of Stores and Equipment. Here the Recruit receives his clothing accessories and when at last he comes to the end of Stores he is well laden with 46 articles such as shirts, underwear, boots, fatigues, socks, etc. Immediately after passing through Stores nearly all his equipment is stencilled or punched with the airman's service number.

After depositing his accessories on his bunk he then proceeds to the Tailor Shop where he is measured for his Greatcoat and "Blues". By this time it is late afternoon and after his evening meal the Recruit generally spends a portion of the evening hours putting away his issues into his Kit Bag, cleaning new buttons, etc. and learning how to properly make up his bunk.

The next morning the Recruit attends his first roll call, then proceeds to the Tailor Shop and receives his "Blues", after which he receives his first uniform inspection and is taken to the Photo and Fingerprinting sections.



F/O. THOMPSON, S. K.,  
2 i/c. "A" Squadron

That afternoon he goes to the Station Hospital where he receives his vaccination and inoculations. He then is paraded to the Alexandra School and receives instructional lectures from the Medical Officer, the Dental Officer, the Padre and the Officer Commanding his Squadron. The Recruit returns to the Arena for the evening meal and is confined to barracks for twenty-four hours after receiving his inoculations.

On the completion of the confinement to barracks the Recruit commences his period of training. He is first assigned to a Flight and given instruction in bunk layout and inspection, also given lectures by the squadron Sergeant Major, Drill instruction, Physical Training instruction, Fire Prevention lecture and is kept occupied until such time as he is posted to another squadron for more extensive training and instruction.

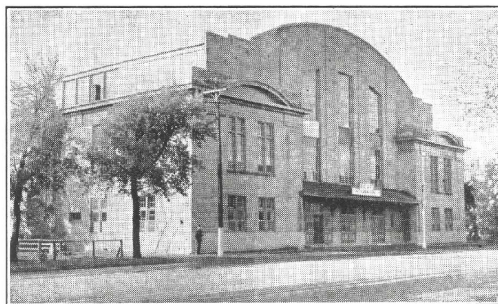
The entire squadron is inspected by the Commanding Officer of the Station at 1015 hours on Mondays.

Each recruit must attend Church Parade Sunday.

A Manning Depot Work Week is every day from Monday through to Saturday.

By the time the Recruit is ready for posting to one of the depot Training Squadrons he has mastered a lot of the essentials that go to make a smart airman.

H. D. Burton, Flt./Lt.,  
O.C. "A" Squadron



No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon

At the first international airplane races, held in Chicago in 1912, St. Croix Johnston, flying a Bleriot XI Cross-Channel monoplane, died of a heart attack while in flight. The plane landed in Lake Michigan without being damaged.

Cottonseed meal has been found to be one of the most satisfactory plant products for raising brook trout.

The Quebec provincial government built 1,490 bridges between 1908 and 1939.



## And The Band Played On . . .

(A Tribute to Winnipeg)

By LAC Baron, E. E., R.A.F.

After a few interesting and enjoyable weeks spent in Canada, there is one experience I shall never forget. Even now, I feel a little dazed when I think of it.

It is true there is a purpose behind my coming here to conclude my training but life could have been so much duller than it has proved to be. And the reason for the R.A.F. chaps having such a good time lies in the heart and soul of the Canadian people.

The memorable incident about which I am writing concerns one short hour's break on a railway journey. We were on our way from a Receiving Station to the Manning Depot here in Brandon. We were several days on the train, and in passing, conditions on the journey were very good. We were told that as the train was halting at Winnipeg would we kindly clean our buttons because some sort of a bun fight was in store for us.

We formed up on the platform and marched into the main hall of the station. It was a most imposing building, and in all honesty I must admit more inspiring than the majority of our railway stations back home in England. Crowds of people were there but as we were on parade we couldn't take more than passing notice of them.

Our curiosity was aroused when they began cheering and clapping and we wondered as to the cause. Surely Winston Churchill hadn't come back to Canada and was de-training at Winnipeg with us. If so, then it had been a well kept secret.

But then it began to dawn on the lads that they were the cause of all the excitement and this welcome was for them.

We were of the same stock and had come a long way from the Old Country, and these kindly folks were making darn sure that we didn't forget it.

Well, we glamour boys are by nature fairly modest, but had we been as conceited as turkey cocks, the Winnipeg welcome would have made us humbly grateful and appreciative.

Instead of our smart marching pace, we shuffled and tripped a bit and 'midst blushes smiled back at our friendly and charming hosts.

And then a brass band struck up. For a moment we paused, thinking that it was a mistake. Maybe some really important person was visiting Winnipeg. Maybe . . . all sorts of different things.

But there was no mistake. To the people of Winnipeg we were the important visitors. We were fighting together against the same enemy in the same way and through good times or ill, we would keep on fighting until we won.

On the second beat of the music we fell into step and marched round the hall in our best parade style, collecting en route, lucky dips of cigarettes, chocolates and pretty girls.



And then a hot diggety number and the lads didn't hesitate to demonstrate ballroom dancing—English style.

It was a very happy hour, though a short one, spent in getting acquainted. On the platform, chatting to the lads, was a much be-ringed senior officer, a Group Captain, and he was taking a real interest in us. It was a great feeling to realize that we had been expected and everybody was ready for us. This by the way is quite universal in Canada. Never, since we have been here have we felt strangers, or that we were even the least bit lost and forgotten.

And then the band played "Fall In". We felt like so many Cinderellas, putting on our coats and caps with the white flashes.

But we had to go, and back we marched to the impatient train. And to cheers, "good-byes" and "good lucks" we steamed out of Winnipeg.

Yes, it was a very happy hour, and she did say that I could telephone her when I was on leave in Winnipeg!

Many Arctic insects continue active living at temperatures well below the freezing point.

Paraguay's flag is not the same on both sides. It has a lion on one side and a star on the other. It is the only country in the western hemisphere to have a two-sided flag. The only other country in the world to have such a flag was Lithuania.

Contrary to popular superstition, frogs and toads do not cause warts.

### Mona's

New Spring Coats, Suits,  
Dresses and Accessories

110 - 9th ST. PHONE 2411

## COMING HOME FROM A 48

By Don Golden

A trainload of boys in blue with the monotony broken by an occasional brown uniform. Blues that are new and blues that are old, distinguishing the recent enlistments from the veterans who have travelled the rails countless times.

Railway coaches filled with boys on active service who have been on week-end leave and are returning on the midnight special from Winnipeg, to Portage, Carberry and Brandon.

The scenes in the many coaches are really a treat to see, though the boys who don't view them are the fortunate ones as they are the lads who are sleeping through the three hour journey back home.

The boys on 48's had left various duties at their respective stations, for the toughest grind of all—night life in the "Big City". Naturally, most of the boys are tired from the many social engagements, and not a few have indulged (though always maintaining the high deportment standards set up by the R.C.A.F.) and the manner in which they attempt to snatch a few hours sleep is indeed a picnic.

The harder types, those whose worn uniforms show they have been in the service for some time, merely assume any position and quickly fall asleep, much to the wonderment of this writer. Others, who have not made the tedious trip too often fold their greatcoats into a pillow and manage to sneak in their forty winks, though they toss and turn many times during the journey.

The newer recruits, amongst them lads who are on their first 48, are seldom able to sleep on the hard seats and while watching with sheer amazement the way some contrive to slumber, they smoke or chat to while away the time. A few, more bold than others, make an attempt to gain the good graces of Morpheus, but alas, their legs are too long, the seat is too hard or someone is "sawing wood" too loud to enable them to greet the sandman.

And in a last vain attempt they try placing their extremities on the seat, under the seat and over the seat, while their heads are rested on window sill, arm, back and even the seat itself. If it is hot, as is the case in most instances, tunics are discarded, belts loosened and shirt collars undone. But if it gets cold, greatcoats are drawn tightly around the body and three and four huddle closely together in order to keep warm.

Fortunate indeed is the lad who can snare a double seat for himself, as then there is no limit to the number of positions he can attempt in his quest for pleasant dreams, though usually of no avail.

But despite these hardships, offer any boy in Blue a 48 every week-end and show this writer the man who will refuse one.

We'll frame him.

## Smile Please!

We must preset a large bouquet to Cpl. Toop and his capable staff of photographers who have produced the majority of the pictures in this issue of the Airman's Post.

Cpl. Toop is certainly no square peg in a round hole. Before he joined the R.C.A.F. he was a professional photographer of fourteen years experience, conducting his own business, and he has proved that not only does he know his job thoroughly, but that by relinquishing his position, he has also a high sense of duty.

The equipment with which these pictures have been produced is hardly first class from the point of view of magazine photography, as the photographers are to be found on duty all day taking pictures of recruits for their identification cards, and therefore we must give Cpl. Toop and his staff the credit they deserve for the excellent and hard work—mostly in after-duty hours—which they have put in.

**CHOICE \*D.R.R. OF THE MONTH**  
A large contingent of Radio Techs will soon be drafted to start their University Training at Brandon College.

(\*Daily Routine Rumors.)

The first air shipment of food was made around a thousand years ago. The Caliph of Cairo craved a dish of the luscious cherries that grew in an orchard about 400 miles away. So 600 carrier pigeons were pressed into service, a small silk bag containing a single cherry being tied to each leg of each bird.

Production of every million automobiles involves use of 350,000 pounds of mohair, product of \$7,500 goats, for making upholstery.

The world investment in radio broadcasting is more than \$1,750,000,000.

### TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT at THE CAPITOL THE OAK

Brandon's Independent Theatres  
EIGHTH STREET  
Admission at Popular Prices

If you have any news of munitions  
Keep it dark!

Ships or planes or troop positions—  
Keep it dark!

Lives are lost through conversation,  
Here's a tip for the duration,  
When you've private information  
Keep it dark!

A warm welcome extended to all men in the services.  
D. B. ROBERTS,  
Manager





F/O. WALTON, C. L.,  
O.C. "B" Squadron

## Wags to Pilots

By A/Cpl. D. L. Aiken

When the decision to remuster Wireless Air Gunners to Pilots had been reached, towards the end of January, the Educational Officers of the Depot gathered together a group of ex-teachers and other qualified personnel to act as instructors. The task of organizing the classes which the "Wags" would attend in order to pass the required examinations, was completed by the second of February, on which date the first classes were held. One hundred and thirty "Wags", divided into four classes, were enrolled and the number of classes was later increased to five.

The Brandon Public School Board has given valuable assistance in providing classroom space in the Alexandra and Park Schools. One of the rooms thus obtained was the School Auditorium, which gave space for two classes. Tables, chairs and extra lights were provided by the Equipment Section and after the first day or two of inevitable adaption, the course began to take shape.

Most emphasis was placed on the work in Maths and Physics, with one period a day devoted to English, a course designed to give practice in precis-writing and the proper use of words. Subjects and periods were carefully arranged in order to give as much variety as possible. Maths, Physics and English being given time in the ratio of four to two to one. Periods commence at 8:45 and break off at 11:30 with a ten minute break in mid-morning. Classes re-assemble at 1:45 and continue until 4:30.

At the end of the first two weeks, drafts took their toll of our teaching staff, those leaving us being A/Cpl. Archie M'Tavish, AC2's H. Edie, W. Chambers and J. Seblang. Corporal M'Tavish had been the "principal" of our "Wag" school and his place was taken by A/Cpl. D. L. Aiken. Other members of the staff are AC2's H. McFadden, G. Reynold, A. Paull, D. Baker, R. Whittaker, J. McMath, J. Hughes and L. W. Rasmussen.

The outline used for all subjects was that prepared by the R.C.A.F.

## What is "B" Sqdn. No. 2 Manning Depot

Briefly, for those ground Airmen whose jobs eventually will be to help keep their flying pals in the Air, it is the second step in their career as Airmen.

"B" Squadron functions as a training squadron; not in the specialized training which many will eventually receive but that training which, while elementary in character, is most essential in any branch of the Service. Physical training for the purpose of developing physique and drill to teach discipline and deportment. The physical training, of which there is one hour each day, is under the direction of qualified physical training instructors. Drill which covers elementary squad, flight and squadron drill is under the able direction of the Squadron Sergeant Major assisted by his staff of disciplinarians.

When an Airman has gone through this period of training, he is ready to be posted either to a school or to a Station, depending upon his trade classification, and is one step nearer his goal as a trained specialist of the R.C.A.F.

"B" Squadron is endeavouring to do one small job in the tremendous task in which we are all engaged; namely the defeat of Hitlerism and all it stands for.

for Air Crew trainees, and a variety of supplementary texts was used. Valuable advice and assistance was obtained from Mr. W. G. Scrimgeour, of the Youth-Training School in Regina.

The great majority of the "Wags" realized the value of the opportunity being presented to them, and worked hard and enthusiastically at their assignments, while the instructors spent much of their spare time in preparation for lectures.

Indeed, many is the time when one of the staff gets into bed with a good book or intent to catch an extra bit of sleep, when up comes a "Wag" with a problem and an hour is gone before it is noticed. The instructors, however, are only too pleased to give assistance out of school hours and one of them, at least, can be found in "D" Squadron Library between the hour of 6:15 and 7:15 daily to give any assistance required.

All those Officers and N.C.O.'s on the station who have come in contact with the school have expressed great interest in it and appreciation of the progress being made.

It might be remarked here that many of those connected with the "Wag" classes have said that this type of course, whether as a refresher for Air Crew or for the purpose of remustering to Pilots those without the required standards, might profitably be made a permanent part of Manning Depot Training.

Finally, the Staff and students have found unflagging interest and effort on behalf of the school in Flt./Lts. Caulfield and Maclean, who launched the enterprise and have kept in close touch with it ever since.



W.O.2 HANCE, C. D.

Sergeant Major Hance has been at No. 2 "M" Depot since April, 1941, and in July succeeded Sergeant Major Blundell as Station Warrant Officer. Included in his many duties is supervision and direction of station bands and it was due entirely to his efforts that the present band was organized. He enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in October, 1939, previous to which he was Regimental Sergeant Major in the Stormont Dundas and Glengarry Highlanders. Sergeant Major Hance saw forty-two months service with that unit and the 2nd Canadian Infantry Battalion in the last war.

When tight  
At night  
Don't site  
He's right!  
The Flight  
Don't reel  
Or spiel  
Or squeal  
To Nell  
No deal!  
Great deal  
Of zeal  
With veal  
At meal  
No heel!  
The tribes  
They pipes  
Slope pipes  
What types  
No stripes!  
—By E.E.B. and D.G.

One of the strangest churches in England is a converted cowshed at Bordon, in Hants. Fitted with central heating plant, electric lighting, and an organ, the cowshed church is attended regularly by 100 persons.

A WIDE SELECTION OF  
GIFTS FOR THE  
FAMILY  
at the  
**ORCHARD  
HARDWARE**  
146 - 10th St. Phone 3710

## PADRE'S MESSAGE

In response to the Editor's appeal for a Padre's message, there is one word that can be said as from all the churches and all the chaplains, for it is the Christian message, and that word is "Remember, you are a child of God".

In a day when it is all too apparent what dangers threaten our whole way of life and our very existence we must all of us think again and think better, too, about our way of life and our faith. There it is, the bald statement of Christianity, "You are the child of God."

Throughout the whole process of transition from civilian life to the life of the Airman, with the accompanying discipline of mind and body; in a world where we are roused out of our lethargy and where we have determined to do our part, whatever the cost; in this whole soul-shaking business our best can only be accomplished when we recognize ourselves as Children of God.

This is not a motto to be reduced to a label or hung over the bed. Its value is not likely to be realized by painting it on a board and hanging it on the wall after the fashion of a "keep smiling" plaque or an illuminated engraving which would suggest that "there is no place like home". It is a statement which will bear investigation. It will test a man's I.Q. It will stand the test of these or any times. It has stood the test. It is the basic principle of a way and philosophy of life which, by contrast, puts to utter shame the pagan credo of our enemies. You will be a better man and a better airman if you note again, and note well, the far-reaching implications for you and for all mankind in that simple statement "You are the child of God".

F. W. Maclean, F/L.

Rose petals are used in Oriental countries to make marmalade and other sweets.

Meet Your Friends at

**LLOYD'S**

Lloyd Shewan

(Next to Strand Theatre)

**BRANDON'S LEADING NEWS STAND**

Complete stock Aviation Magazines, Canadian Daily Newspapers, Pipes, Domestic and Imported Tobaccos.

VISIT OUR MILK AND SANDWICH BAR. TRY A JAMAICA RUM MILK SHAKE. YOU'LL LIKE IT.

For  
HOME COOKED MEALS  
and  
EXCELLENT PASTRY  
visit  
**THELMA'S**  
935 ROSSER

## Reunion in the Arena or The Parade of the Sentimental Ghosts

SCENE: The Arena building in the year 1962. Long gone are the days when the rafters shook to the mighty tread of marching feet. And no longer is heard the blasphemous howl of rage from the N.C.O. in charge of Headquarters parade. Now the dust of time lies thickly over all things. Spiders have spun their thin, shimmering webs across the vast silent emptiness, and bats lurk in the dark, quiet corners of the building. A pair of mouldering, moth-eaten issue trousers hang limply from a broken chandelier. Two ghosts suddenly enter the building.

First G.: Ah, what a thrill to see the dear old place again. I used to drill a squad on that floor.

2nd G.: Me too. The dear, dear, old place. Many a happy hour I spent here.

1st G.: It still smells a bit strong, doesn't it?

2nd G.: Ha, yes. That dear old familiar odor. You would almost swear there was a couple of Flight Sergeants around here some place.

1st G.: No, it's hardly strong enough for that. I imagine it's a piece of supernatural roast beef haunting the old mess-hall. It makes me homesick for the good old days.

2nd G.: Yeah, it makes me sick, too.

1st G.: Pss't. Look. Here comes another ghost.

2nd G.: Yeah. And it looks like an AC2 Ghost to me.

1st G.: Sloppy looking beggar, isn't he. Needs a haircut, too.

2nd G.: Watch me take him down a peg or two. Hey, you!

3rd G.: Good morning, gentlemen. Could you direct me to the C.O.'s office?

1st G.: Ah, so you want to pay a little visit to the C.O., do you, sonny?

3rd G.: Yes. I want to plead guilty and get it over with.

2nd G.: Plead guilty to what?

3rd G.: Twenty years ago I went AWL and now I've come back to take my medicine.

1st G.: Haw, haw. The poor simp doesn't know the war's ended.

3rd G.: It has! Well, I'll be darned. Who won?

2nd G.: We did of course. And the men I drilled right here on this arena floor were the boys that won it.

1st G.: Poppycock! It was the boys I drilled that licked Hitler.

2nd G.: Watch your tongue, my friend. Remember I was an acting Corporal paid—not unpaid like you.

1st G.: I beg your pardon, Sir.

3rd G.: By the way, what happened to Hitler?

2nd G.: Oh, they fixed him proper. The dirty rat got forty years pack-drill.

3rd G.: Good. And now I think I'll run along and haunt somebody. Good-day, gentlemen.

1st G.: Don't forget to get a haircut, young fellow. You're a disgrace to the Airforce ghosts.

2nd G.: What say we go up and take a look at the pay office. I always had a warm spot in my heart for that place.

1st G.: Good idea. And if we find the accountant officer up there we can touch him for a ten spot.

2nd G.: Yeah, and if there's a blue moon in the sky we might get it.

1st G.: Say, isn't that a ghost sitting there?

2nd G.: It sure is. Hey there, who are you?

3rd G.: Please, Sir, I'm a new recruit.

1st G.: Well, what are you sitting there for?

3rd G.: Please, Sir, a Corporal told me to sit here and wait for him twenty years ago, but he never came back.

2nd G.: Well, the war's over now, young fellow, so you better go and see St. Peter and get yourself re-mustered back to a civilian ghost.



BOB TYRE

3rd G.: Thank you, Sir.

1st G.: Ha, here's the good old pay office.

2nd G.: Say, do you hear a noise in there?

1st G.: I certainly do. It sounds like somebody moving furniture around.

2nd G.: Let's investigate.

1st G.: Oh, oh. It's a ghost pushing a table around.

2nd G.: Do you detect anything else?

1st G.: Well, the air is a little thick in here, but I'd say it was a Flight Sergeant's Ghost or else some more of that supernatural roast beef.

2nd G.: I'll ask him what he's doing. Good morning Flight, you seem to be rather busy today.

3rd G.: Busy! I've been moving these tables around for twenty years and I haven't got them in the right position yet.

1st G.: Say, isn't that another ghost sitting over there in the corner?

3rd G.: Yes. That's our Invoice Clerk. A very patient sort of fellow. He's been waiting for twenty years.

2nd G.: Waiting for what?

3rd G.: Waiting for his Corporal's promotion to appear in D.R.O's.

1st G.: Goodness, what a tragedy! And who is that strange looking apparition sitting over there with the bird's nest in his hair?

3rd G.: Oh, that's the N.C.O. in charge of Non-Public funds. He's been trying to balance the Canteen books for twenty years.

2nd G.: Let's get out of here. This place is beginning to give me the creeps.

1st G.: Me too. Let's go down to the Post Office and see if there's any mail.

2nd G.: Good idea, I haven't picked up any mail for twenty years.

1st G.: Hello! Here comes another ghost.

2nd G.: So it is! Good-day Spook and who might you be?

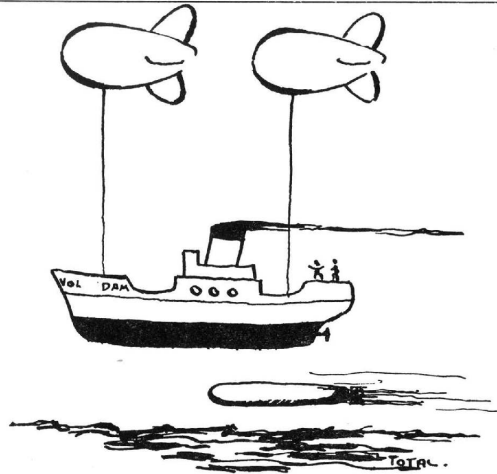
3rd G.: Good-day to you, brother ghost! I'm the Editor of the Airman's Post.

2nd G.: Still publishing, eh?

3rd G.: Yep, still at the old stand and right now I'm looking for Bob Tyre to get a story he promised to write for me twenty years ago.

1st G.: Well, Cheerio Mr. Ghost Editor.

3rd G.: Cheerio, to you, Spook!



I TOLD YOU IT WOULD WORK

2nd G.: By Jove, isn't that someone up there on the stage?

1st G.: Yes. It's another ghost, by crickey!

2nd G.: I'll ask him what he's doing up there. Hey you! What are you doing on that stage?

3rd G.: Just looking for something.

1st G.: Looking for what?

3rd G.: Well, twenty years ago I appeared on this stage in a Hidden Talent Program and I hid my talent so well that night, I've been looking for it ever since.

2nd G.: Poor fellow! I hope he finds it. Come on, we've got to get down to the Post Office.

1st G.: We'll have to hurry, or they'll be closed.

2nd G.: No, we're in time. The wicket's still open.

2nd G.: Hello, in there! Any mail for a couple of busy ghosts?

3rd G.: It's about time you two Spooks showed up, these letters have been here for ten years.

1st G.: Ha, let me read 'n'me. Great Guns! It's a direct posting from Ottawa. I've got to go out to No. 12 S.F.T.S. and haunt an old hangar for the next twenty years.

2nd G.: Boy, are you lucky! I'm posted to an old barn out at the Exhibition Grounds.

CURTAIN

—Robert Tyre.

The Armenians cover a new-born baby's skin with finely powdered salt. After being left on for three hours, the salt is washed off with warm water. A mountain tribe of Asia Minor leaves the baby covered in this manner for 24 hours.

The schoolmaster was very angry with the doctor's small son. "I will certainly have to ask your father to come and see me," he remarked.

"You'd better not," said the boy. "he charges \$5 a visit."

Fireman: "Can I have the afternoon off to go shopping with my wife?"

Chief: "No."

Fireman: "Thanks."

—Bloomfield Work News.

**HIGH-'N-DRY**  
**GINGER ALE**  
**A Quality Drink**

Manufactured by  
**Scott Fruit**  
**Company**

Brandon, Man.

Established 1885

**J. S. LAUGHTON**  
**& SON**  
**Tailors**

Officers Uniforms and  
Great Coats

also  
Caps, Wings, Badges, Cap  
Badges, Buttons, Braid, Stripes,  
Ribbons, Bars, Crests, etc.

701 Rosser Ave. Phone 2910



# Canada At War

"More than two years of war have brought a continuous repetition of the glorious achievements of Canadian airmen in the First Great War."

Air Vice Marshal L. S. Breadner,  
Chief of the Canadian Air Staff

## IN THE AIR

Canadian airmen have been engaged in combat since the outbreak of war. Many had joined the R.A.F. before the war broke out. Since early in 1940, R.C.A.F. squadrons have been operating in Britain, and for more than a year the output of the Air Training Plan has been swelling the ranks of Canadians in both the R.A.F. and the R.C.A.F. overseas.

Canadian airmen are now fighting over Britain, over Europe, in the Mediterranean area and over Russia. They have shot down considerably more than 200 enemy planes. Sixteen R.C.A.F. squadrons are now organized overseas. Some of them are on bomber, coastal, fighter or night-fighting duties. By the end of this year the number of trained Canadian airmen abroad will be equal to a division of infantry. A total of 823 have been reported as dead or missing by the R.C.A.F.

## Plan Almost Complete

The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, first announced in December, 1939, has expanded very rapidly to keep pace with the urgent demands of the war. The Plan has now virtually been completed—seven months ahead of schedule. Airmen are being turned out at about twice the rate originally planned. The Plan now operates 131 establishments of all kinds and about 100 air fields. The R.C.A.F. provides 80% of the pilots, gunners and observers being trained under the Plan. Of these about 10% are American volunteers.

In addition, in the past year a considerable number of R.A.F. schools have been transferred to Canada. This movement will continue until perhaps 30 or 40 R.A.F. schools are operating in Canada. Construction for these schools is proceeding at a pace comparable to that when building for the original plan was at its peak.

The personnel of the Royal Canadian Air Force is today about 60,000 or approximately twelve times as large as it was at the outbreak of war, and its numbers are rapidly increasing.

It is estimated that the Air Training Plan, in the first three years of its operation, will cost \$824,000,000, of which Canada will supply \$531,000,000. Canada provides about 80 per cent of the students. Others come from Australia and New Zealand. British airmen also train in Canada. About 8% of the air crew trained or in training in the R.C.A.F. are Americans, and about 600 American pilots are

serving as instructors for the Air Training Plan.

## For Defence

In addition to despatching men overseas, the R.C.A.F. is a powerful factor in Canada-United States defence. Its planes are on patrol duty in the Dominion daily, and far out to sea on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan will soon have a pool of partially-trained recruit material. The Air Cadet League of Canada is now enrolling youths for a grounding in air force elementary training. It is expected that at least 25,000 will have signed on by September of this year.

The Air Force is now enlisting women for auxiliary service.

Thousands of Canadian radio and ground technicians have for some time been assisting the R.A.F. in detecting night bombers and performing other ground duties.

R.C.A.F. planes operating from Canadian bases have also had their moments of more than routine activity. Squadrons of the Atlantic coastal command took part in the recent search for the "Bismarck" and were ready to go into action, should this have been necessary.

Canada's overseas air strength has grown steadily. At the outbreak of war a considerable number of Canadians were serving with the R.A.F. and have since taken part in its operations over Britain and France and in the Near East. One of Canada's Great War "aces", now Air Commodore Raymond Collishaw, is in command of the R.A.F. Bomber Group in the Middle East and has played a prominent part in British campaigns in that area.

## "All Canadian" Squadron

In the fall of 1939, some of the Canadians in the R.A.F. formed the "All-Canadian" squadron under the famed legless Squadron Leader Douglas Bader. Early in 1940 the first Canadian army co-operation squadron arrived in Britain; it was followed shortly by No. 1 R.C.A.F. fighter squadron and a third squadron. Canadian airmen had some signal successes over Britain and over France in the fall of 1940. No. 1 R.C.A.F. fighter squadron shot down twelve enemy planes in their first nineteen days of operation and put others out of action. The "All-Canadian" squadron of the R.A.F. destroyed at least thirty planes over France and the Low Countries during the Battle of France and by January, 1941, had accounted for more than 100 enemy planes. The squadron had the honour of being the last to leave French soil.

The "All-Canadian" squadron fought over Dunkirk, and over London in the autumn of 1940. On September 7, in the air battle for the docks they chased a large formation from East Lon-

don to the coast, shooting down 4 Dorniers, 6 Messerschmitt-110 fighter-bombers and 2 single seater fighters. On September 9, they destroyed 6 bombers, fighting over the streets of London itself. On September 15, when 185 of the enemy were destroyed, the "All-Canadians" fought twice. In the morning they chased the enemy from Hammersmith to Beachy Head, shooting down 5 Dorniers and a Messerschmitt-109. In the afternoon, fighting over the Thames Estuary, they destroyed 3 Dorniers, 1 Heinkel-111 bomber and 3 Messerschmitt-109 fighters. On September 18, the "All-Canadians" accounted for 14 bombers, out of a leading group of 20 which were trying to reach London. In six fights, the squadron destroyed 55 enemy planes, with a loss of only two of their own pilots.

## Fight in Many Places

Exploits of single Canadian airmen serving with the R.A.F. include the shooting down of an Italian seaplane in the Middle East, an attack on a U-boat off the Norwegian coast by a Canadian pilot of the Coastal Command, and the work of a Canadian pilot who served in France in May and June, 1940, later joined a Polish squadron of Hurricanes and fought over London in September and November, and celebrated his first two days as leader of a Spitfire squadron by shooting down 3 enemy aircraft over Kent. Canadian pilots with the R.A.F. have fought over Libya and Greece.

During late 1940 and in 1941 Canadian airmen have been steadily arriving in Britain. A considerable number of Canadian squadrons are now operating in the British Isles. In June it was announced that the first Canadian Bomber Squadron of the R.A.F. had been formed.

The Canadian aircraft industry was of small dimensions at the beginning of the war, but since that time it has built a large number of aircraft. During the three months ending June 30, 1941, Canada's production of aircraft was 25% greater than that of the preceding three months. Output in the first six months of this year exceeded the total for all of 1940.

In recent months the rate of production has been about 40 planes a week. Canadian plants are now turning from the production of training craft to service craft, and plants already manufacturing service planes are changing their output to meet new needs. The actual output of the airplane industry—measured either in pounds of plane components produced or in man-hours—will continue to grow. The amount of labor and time required to construct a service plane may be anywhere from four to forty times as great as that involved in a trainer.



Congratulations to Sgt. Ldr. E. A. Jamieson, who just recently received his promotion. He is in command of the Training Wing at No. 2 "M" Depot.

Planes already produced by the Canadian aircraft industry include Hurricane fighters, Bolingbroke and Hampden bombers, Lysander co-operation craft, and six types of trainer. Planes soon to be produced include 200 Martin B-26 bombers, 39 PBV airframes and twin-engined Anson advanced trainers. Orders for 400 more Hurricanes and hundreds more Harvard trainers have recently been placed; these, in addition to other aircraft, are to be built in the course of the next two years. Engines for planes made in Canada are imported from the United States or added to the planes in England.

Boxer—Have I done 'im any damage?

Disgusted Second—No; but keep swingin' your arms about. The draught might give 'im a cold.

\* \* \*  
Annual fall of dust and soot in Glasgow is estimated at 820 tons to the square mile, as compared with 248 tons in London.

## FURS

Stored, Cleaned and Glazed  
Repaired, Remodelled  
Relined

at Reasonable Prices

We will gladly give you an estimate, without charge or obligation.

Delays are costly. Write us tomorrow.

**Wheat City  
Tannery Limited**

STORE: 142 - 10th STREET

Phone 3372 Brandon, Man.





FLT./LT. D. THOMSON,  
D.C.M., M.C., O.C. "D" Squadron

## 51,308 HORSES WERE KILLED IN LAST WAR

Horse lovers must look wistfully back on the days when no army was complete without its quota of proud horses. Yet, on scanning the records of the last war, when the horse was slowly, put surely being replaced by snorting mechanical monsters, one cannot help but feel glad that man's most faithful servant is to be spared the horrors and sufferings of a major campaign under modern fighting conditions.

In the last Great War, 51,308 horses were killed by gunshot and 67,532 were wounded. There were 178 killed by gas and 1,868 made unfit by poison gas. These brave animals gave their best, willingly, tirelessly, and often went without food. They lived—and died—unselfishly in the service of man, who though supposedly blessed with a higher nature, could do no better than subject them and himself to horrors and sufferings yet to be paralleled by jungle brutes.

Eight gallons of paint were used on the skeleton of a whale housed in the new \$200,000 public museum at Grand Rapids, Mich. The three-ton, 75-foot skeleton, suspended from the museum ceiling, was of the sulfur bottom variety.

## Founding of "D" Squadron

The Manitoba Provincial Exhibition Grounds, at Brandon, Manitoba, were chosen as the site to accommodate "D" Squadron, No. 2 Manning Depot. This Squadron was organized in July, 1941, with Flight Lieutenant D. Thomson, M.C., D.C.M., as Officer Commanding. The intention when organizing the Squadron was to take care of the overflow from the Arena and other buildings occupied by the Royal Canadian Air Force.

The Squadron was first housed in a tent city which was situated behind the Provincial Building, and at the approach of the cold weather, it was decided to acquire certain of the buildings previously used by the Manitoba Provincial Exhibition Association, and to convert them into suitable airforce establishments.

The Provincial building was converted into a barrack and mess block containing a bunk and recreation area, a mess and kitchen unit combined. This kitchen is fitted with the most modern cooking equipment available, and is most capably managed by Mr. George Pepper, for R. Smith & Sons, caterers. The evidence of the high quality of the meals provided is borne out by the fact that to date no single complaint has been received.

The Mess Building was officially opened on December 1, 1941, with a formal luncheon at which Group Captain J. S. Scott, M.C., A.F.C., presided, and was attended by Mayor F. H. Young and other prominent Brandon dignitaries.

The Automobile Building was converted into the other barrack block of the Squadron and contains a bunk area and drill hall.

Both barrack blocks are equipped with modern shower and ablution rooms.

The Log Cabin is now used as "D" Squadron Stores building and Barber Shop.

The Health building has been taken over by "D" Squadron Works and Buildings section where competent workmen are equipped to look after the needs of the Squadron.



OFFICERS AT "D" SQUADRON

Front Row: Flight Lieutenant Thomson, D., Flying Officer McCombs, R. B.  
Back Row: Flying Officer Adams, H. R.; Flying Officer Farley, J. K.;  
Flying Officer Burnett, F. J.

The Orderly Room now occupies what was formerly the Nursery Building which provides also quarters for Senior N.C.O.'s and Medical inspection. The Wireless Class Room is also contained in this building.

The Hospital aid building has been converted to wet and dry canteen, recreation room and also post office.

The old Dominion building has been made into the Squadron Library and contains a great number of books of varied subjects to meet the requirements of all tastes.

The strength of "D" Squadron is comprised solely of Aircrew, although we do provide a home away from home for many members of the Royal Air Force and Royal New Zealand Air Force who are in transit to their new stations.

"D" Squadron also provides facilities for teaching wireless and mathematics to all who require instruction in these subjects.

A regulation size skating and hockey rink has been constructed behind the mess building, where much skating is enjoyed, and all Military Services Hockey league games at No. 2 "M" Depot are played here.

Through the courtesy of A4, curling facilities have been provided and many enthusiastic curlers are taking part in this activity.

Recently our first Squadron dance was organized, and was received with such unanimous approval that it has been decided to incorporate this as a weekly social event.

Higgs: . . . and it dropped in the next street . . . I heard it coming down!

Higgs: I bet that gave you a start.  
Higgs: I didn't need any!

## 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!

## BUCK'S SODA FOUNTAIN

Light Lunches, Fresh Fruit, Soft  
Drinks, Confectionery,  
Tobaccos.

Phone 2353 Tenth and Louise



VIEW OF MESS HALL AT "D" SQUADRON



# I FELL 5½ MILES

By Arthur H. Starnes

**Editor's Note—**The following article is reprinted from the January issue of the magazine "The Lion" and should prove interesting to all Airmen, whether flyers or ground men.

It was in 1924 that I made my first parachute jump.

And in 1925 Roscoe Turner taught me to fly.

For about four and a half years I flew around over the Middle West and South, barnstorming, hopping from one cow pasture to another, filling county and state fair engagements, doing stunt and aerobatic flying.

Little was known about delayed parachute jumping at that time, but I included it in my stunt routine because of the extra thrill that it provided for the spectators. It was in 1925 that I made my first delayed jump from an altitude of 5,000 feet. My free fall was 2,500 feet.

## Worked up to a 9,000-Foot Jump

By the time I made a 9,000 foot jump in 1928 I had learned a great deal about delayed parachute jumping, and I arrived at the conclusion that if the human body was properly protected from the natural elements, given oxygen, and with some education—which would assist in removing the psychological barrier of fear—it would be possible for a human being to fall indefinitely and still retain his mental and physical faculties, without partial or permanent impairment of them.

I looked forward eagerly to the day when I would be able to investigate completely the free fall, its possible practical application, safety and advisability.

## Delayed Falls Offer Field for Study

Interest in the aviation industry was growing fast. New fields of engineering in aviation were being developed, and with the advances made in performances and the increased capital being attracted to aviation, I visualized the ship of tomorrow flying higher and faster. This vision led me to believe that in the not-too-distant future delayed falls would have a place—a prominent place—in this great and fast developing industry.

My jumps to this time, and my study of weights, surface area of resistance, contours, and altitudes, had proved to me that the human body falling from a height of 2,000 feet will not exceed a speed of 120 to 130 miles per hour. It was apparent then that a pilot stepping from a plane going over 150 miles an hour at higher altitudes could overcome the risk of physical injury or a torn parachute harness by delaying his fall until the body could decelerate to a safe rate of speed, and then opening his parachute.

## Whole World Lost Interest

I attempted to create interest in my project in 1930, but, as you will recall, the depression was at our doors. Interest in aircraft began to wane, and by the spring of 1931 was almost at a standstill.

It was in 1938 that I tried again, without success, to create further interest in this investigation. In 1939, D. C. Northrop of the Adventurers Club joined me and we pounded the pavements of Chicago and rode many elevators in the Loop only to be met with, "It's impossible." "You're planning suicide." "You're crazy."

Then in the spring of 1940 I met Dr. Anton J. Carlson of the University

of Chicago, interested him, and started the ball rolling. Soon I had the interest and co-operation of Dr. A. C. Ivy of the Northwestern University Medical School, and the use of his department's low pressure chamber equipment.

## Blitzkrieg Knows No Chivalry

And the war in Europe had shown another delayed fall advantage that I wished to prove. From all reports there was not the chivalry in this war that there was in the first World War. When a flyer's plane was disabled in the last war, and it was necessary for him to take to his parachute, it was common for both sides to salute, by a dip of the wing, as the aviator floated down to earth.

In this war it is entirely a different story. Time is one of the prime factors. We read of the blitzkrieg and panzer division tactics now being employed all over the globe, so we can readily appreciate that it is advantageous to the enemy to not only destroy the plane, but the crew as well.

This might be considered in another light—that every flyer killed is one less the enemy has to feed; and an aviator in an open parachute affords an easy target and a defenseless one.

But most air battles today are fought at great altitudes, and while these "dog fights" are going on, anti-aircraft or other ground batteries cease firing. It is obvious that if such ground batteries were in action, it would result in endangering both friend and enemy. But let an enemy plane come low enough, and the anti-aircraft starts firing.

## Flyer Falls as Far as He Dares

A flyer, then, who delays opening his parachute until he is within 2,000 or 3,000 feet of the ground, places his foe at a disadvantage, because his enemy will hesitate to dive to low altitudes and risk anti-aircraft fire as well as permit another plane to gain the advantage of flying above him. By a delayed opening, it should be pointed out, one can jump from a high altitude and not become chilled or numbed by the low temperatures or become unconscious for lack of oxygen.

A delayed opening of the parachute also decreases the likelihood of an aviator being struck by a falling plane or its parts.

To make the advantages of delayed falls hold water, however, I had to prove that the human body, properly protected, could stand the drops from great heights.

During my investigations—for which, by the way, most of the equipment was developed and bought personally with some aid from institutions and individuals—I made six delayed parachute jumps ranging in altitudes from 10,000 to 30,800 feet, with free falls of 8,400 feet to 29,300 feet. My investigations were completed, my advantages proved in every particular, when the sixth of these jumps—the longest delayed opening fall on record—was made.

## Much New Equipment Required

For it I wore an electrically heated flying suit, gloves, boots and helmet with earphones and special oxygen attachment and windbreak. Mounted on a single metal container placed on my chest in front of a special aluminum breast plate was secured a pneumograph to record respirations; a barograph which recorded time of leaving plane, rate of descent and time of pulling rip-cord; an automatic stopwatch which also recorded the time; two radio transmitters, one for heart beats and one for the voice; a movie camera to record body movements during fall; an altimeter to help me select the proper altitude for pulling the rip-cord and by later checking with the barograph determine my sight, mental and physical reactions; the aluminum breast plate for protection of my chest against injury and further to assure operation of the pneumograph and barograph; and a "ball-out" bottle of 35 liters of oxygen.

## Windows Frosted at 27,000 Feet

On the morning when I was to make the record jump, Billy Parker, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Simmons made up the crew. We took off from Rubinkam Airport at 12:05 noon. During the climb there were three radio broadcasts made from the plane to the ground and carried over a major network. Billy and Clarke stayed forward and Simmons was aft with me.

At 27,000 feet our windows began to frost. We had some heat in the cabin and were able to hold the temperature inside the ship at approximately zero. At 30,000 feet we were frozen in solid. Of course we were flying blind, on instruments.

Fortunately there were two radio beams that intersected just over the airport. The use of these beams helped us in selecting a point from which to jump with some likelihood of landing near the field.

## High as the Ship Could Climb

It was sensed by everyone that we had just about reached our ceiling. Our oxygen supply was getting low. I had 500 pounds left. Billy and Clarke had about 700 pounds and Simmons 600. My original supply had been 1,750 pounds. During the climb we had worked out a time schedule whereby Billy could give me a three-minute warning. This permitted Simmons to remove the temporary door which opened inward and at the same time permitted me to take my station at the open door and start preparing myself to leave the plane.

I had six operations to perform: disconnect my head phones from the ship's radio, disconnect my microphone from the ship's radio, turn on my portable radio which was secured to me, start my pneumograph, disconnect my bail-out bottle, and start my movie camera. These six operations were completed within the last minute.

## Jump Finally Made at 30,800 Feet

The last 30 seconds of timing were taken over by Simmons. He counted them off. When he dropped his hand I turned sideways, reached up and grasped my rip cord and plunged through the door with my back to the slipstream into 46 below zero. I was 30,800 feet above the earth's surface.

I was immediately folded, just as one exercising would attempt to touch the toes while standing erect. I turned over and got a glimpse of the belly of the ship to my right at about 500 feet away. Shortly thereafter I apparently reached my terminal velocity. I attempted to find my position in relation to the earth's surface, and without warning I was shut in from the outside world—my goggles had frozen over solid. I was passing through a layer of crystal-laden cirrus clouds. I became tense in spite of the fact that I had anticipated such an experience. For a moment I thought, "am I losing consciousness, or have I lost it?" I gripped my rip cord firmly and with some effort I placed my left hand over my goggles. They were rough, like sandpaper. I said "ice" to myself.

## Had Fallen 15,800 Feet

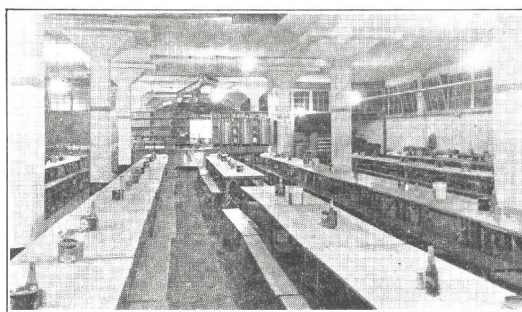
I counted slowly to five and decided to take a peek. Using my left hand, cupping it in a manner to shield my eye, I raised my goggles slowly and watched the needle of the altimeter sweeping past 15,000 feet. I felt that I was at a temperature which would not impair my sight, so I ventured to peek higher.

I was in a terrific body spin. I spread my legs apart and extended my left elbow and the spin broke up instantly. I "wollered" around and came to rest on my back. I crossed my legs and turned over. I still had my left hand holding my goggles up. They were still frozen. This position was maintained for a short while. Then I started to "woller" some more and went into an end-over-end. At 12,000 feet I said to myself, "the worst is over and it's in the bag."

## Cord is Pulled at Only 1,500 Feet

As the needle swept by the 2,000 foot mark I kept glancing at the ground. I was very much alert; my mind was clear; my sight good. Then I started to spin again. I shot my legs out and spread them; glanced at the altimeter and pulled the rip cord as the needle passed the 1,500-foot mark.

(Continued on page 13)



One of the most popular rooms with the men at No. 2 Manning Depot The Mess Hall



# DISCIPLINE

By F/O A. J. Lewis

As Disciplinarian Officer of No. 2 Manning Depot, a most important factor is under my jurisdiction. The basic background of the Service depends almost entirely on what we call discipline.

No organization of any size, large or small, can work together or be in complete unison, unless you have some quality of discipline. This applies, not only to the armed services, but to all walks of civil life. For the primary object of discipline is not only to ensure obedience to authority, but also to produce order and establish unity between individuals comprising the service. With reference to the armed service and the Air Force in particular it is absolutely essential that such unity be obtained in order to have complete success. Whatever duty or operation you may be engaged in, this unity, or cohesion as it may be called, is the foundation of a mutual trust and reliance extended to all ranks from the highest to the lowest.

Besides securing complete co-operation and obedience by the individuals, with the orders they may receive, it creates an intelligent desire to carry out the instructions of superior authority in the letter and in spirit. It also imparts a reliable courage which would otherwise be lacking in large groups of men as we have in the service.

Where you have good discipline, difficulties are easily overcome and apparently impossible tasks are carried out. Where you have laxity of discipline, you have chaos, destruction, inconvenience, annoyance and increased trouble to everyone concerned. In case of war it may mean ruin and destruction. Any one man or section of men, failing to carry out orders implicitly, can quite easily bring about disaster or cause a large loss of life. The confidence of the entire service is shaken if those in authority have cause to feel that their orders may not be carried out promptly, willingly and obediently.

K. R. Air defines discipline as a willing, prompt and implicit obedience of all ranks to superior authority, and without this thing called discipline there can be no orderly effort of any kind. Every man's life, whether in the service or out of it is bound and controlled by discipline. Discipline ensures team-work, the working with precision with each of the many parts of the service, working completely together to ensure the smooth running of the whole. It demands proper leadership, whether of Officers or N.C.O.'s, all of whom must possess such qualities as will compel the respect, confidence, admiration and loyalty of those under them.

Discipline with respect to the service is brought about in many ways. Uniformity of all ranks in dress, conduct, both on and off parade, stand-



ardized regulations and drill are some of the main points on which it is based. In order to maintain the high standard of discipline and efficiency it is absolutely necessary that all personal matters be relegated to the background. The service must come first.

On this station, where the transition is made from civilian to Air Force life, it is particularly important that recruits be given a thorough training in discipline, and that no longer may any one individual be allowed to conduct himself as such, but as a very small part of a great service. The staff of disciplinarian N.C.O.'s under my supervision are well qualified in every respect to instruct these recruits in drill, deportment, dress, conduct on and off parade, barrack room regulations and all matters pertaining to the service. While we, here in this depot are not engaged in actual warfare, I feel that we are doing an important job in fitting these men for whatever work they will be doing in the service, as this is just a stop for them.

A recruit enters a Manning Depot in order to be issued with his clothing, to be taught drill and the rules and regulations before proceeding to schools of various kinds in order to qualify for the particular trade in which he enlisted. After the recruit has been medically examined, dentally charted, inoculated and issued with his service equipment, he is then taught by qualified N.C.O.'s, under my supervision how to stand at attention and how to salute. When he has learned to stand upright, as an airman should, he is taught by progressive stages, squad drill, flight drill and eventually squadron drill.

The R.C.A.F., being more or less a technical service, drill must be emphasized at the Manning Depots and it is only when a recruit has completed his full syllabus of training that he is posted. Due to the fact that only a very limited amount of drill may be given to an airman at his



## PHYSICAL TRAINING AND SPORTS AT THE MANNING DEPOT

A very important part of the training at a Manning Depot is the Physical Development of the men coming from civilian life into the regimental life of active service. To the airman, preservation of his health is of paramount importance.

The first object of physical training is the attainment of such a state of health and general fitness, that all the organs of the body are vigorous and healthy and capable of performing the work required of them. The only means we have of acting on the internal organs is through the agency of the muscles.

The object then, of employing the muscles in all physical training and gymnastic exercises, is not, as is so often supposed, merely for the sake of muscular development; (which, for itself alone, is a matter of secondary importance), but for the effects, direct and indirect, on the harmonious development and co-ordinate action of all the organs of the body, and of the body as a whole.

The gymnasium is in a class by itself. A well-organized program of physical training and sports is a greater factor in the development of good discipline and general morale than any heavy-handed system of discipline based upon punishment and

general unpleasantness. Physical training not only tones up the airman's physique, but also, his mind and spirit.

Under the present system of physical training, continuity of movement is of great importance if the airman is to reap full benefit from the daily lesson. In every lesson are exercises for every part of the body. These are arranged in certain sequence, designed to get the best results from the work. All men must have grounding in elementary work. This is especially applicable to a Manning Depot. After that, the training will be regular and progressive.

During the past year, at No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, a progressive program of Physical Training, Sports and Entertainment has been organized under the direction of F/O Lewis, P.T. and Sports Officer, assisted by a qualified staff of P.T. Instructors. Physical Training classes are conducted daily for all trainees, each class limited to 45 minutes duration, so as not to over-tire men not accustomed to strenuous physical exercise.

To further develop the mind and body of the airman, great strides have been made in organized sport. A continual effort has been and is being

(Continued on page 14)

school, a very thorough training must be carried out at a Manning Depot. This work is very important and requires constant supervision on the part of the N.C.O.'s and myself in order to ensure that every recruit has a thorough grounding in drill and discipline.

\* \* \*

There are parasites that prey on parasites of other parasites in the insect world.

### Photographs of Superior Quality

We can't make all the photos,  
so we only make the best.

**CLARK J. SMITH**

135 - 10th St.

Next Strand Theatre

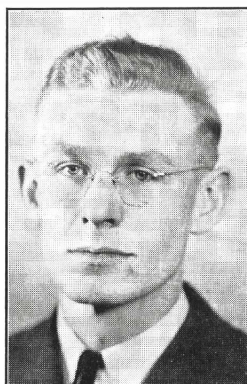


## HOCKEY

That star studded aggregation representing No. 2 Manning Depot during the current season, has earned the reputation of the hottest club in the league. Despite the loss of several valuable players they remain the league leaders. Possibly one of the reasons for their success is due to the able guidance they receive from the honorary president, Squadron Leader A. H. Knight; the president, Flying Officer A. J. Lewis, and their genial coach, Flying Officer W. H. Cockburn. No team can carry on in a progressive sort of way without a competent secretary, so the stalwart shoulders of Sgt. Torney were selected to support that particular burden and needless to say he is carrying on in fine style.

Experience is the keynote of their success, nearly every man has had former experience with outstanding junior and senior teams throughout the country. AC2 Cronk and Cpl. Howard have been guarding the nets, the former being a member of a top notch European team which toured the length and breadth of the Continent. The defense consists of Sgt. Van Brunt, Cpl. Ferguson, AC2 Davis and AC2 Noseworthy, all possessing enough ability and initiative to give any goal-keeper the utmost confidence. The speedsters and sharpshooters up front have compiled a scoring total exceeding that which most teams attain in a whole season. It is not hard to see the reason for such well deserved success, when you have men like AC2 Kunkel previously playing with Regina Rangers, Slippery Snell, a former member of Sidney Millionaires and AC2 Ablett a Kansas City reliable. The other players who have contributed to the string of eight straight wins are no weak sisters either, Cpl. Brotherton, Cpl. Avren, LAC Nicol and Dependable Durkin have continued to maintain a high class brand of hockey.

The play-offs will be starting soon and it is hoped that the personnel of No. 2 Manning Depot if not able to participate actively will get out and support a team you can be proud of.



AC1 TERRY KIELTY  
Sports Editor of the Post

## Quick-March

The Drill Hall at No. 2 Manning Depot has of late been a centre of interest during working hours.

Audiences of all ranks are to be found in the spectators' galleries, and this attendance is due to a keen sense of professional interest.

The reason for this is that a contingent of Glamour Boys—R.A.F. pilots to be—who have been our guests for a few weeks, go on parade twice a day.

These chaps certainly can put it over, and though their style is slightly different to ours, they are extremely smart, and the way they move together is a pleasure to watch.

Under the supervision of Flight Sergeant Hutton, who is an expert in these matters, and the direct orders of Sergeant Neill, who has been father and mother to them at Brandon, the very best has been coaxed out of the lads, so that they are a credit to the Old Country.

We have enjoyed their excellent displays and wish them every success at their flying school.

## BASKETBALL

Truly a Canadian game, just as much Canadian as the man who invented it, Dr. James Naismith, born in Ontario near Ottawa. He first conceived the idea while attending college in Springfield. After making several fruitless attempts to organize a suitable indoor game, suddenly the inspiration came. He rapidly drew up thirteen simple rules, which were and still are the fundamentals of the game that played to more than 80,000,000 people in North America last year.

Nearly every part of the Dominion has been represented by championship teams, so it is only natural that most airmen here will have dwelled in an environment where basketball prevailed.

During the current season the team representing this depot has been severely handicapped by the number of experienced players that have been posted elsewhere. Despite these unavoidable occurrences Coach Captain Bert Oja, had a fighting team at all times, lacking only experience and the opportunity to work together as a team.

Captain Oja was ably assisted by Sgt. Millar, Sgt. Bristowe and Cpl. Hull, in bringing the team around to competitive strength. The team itself was the smartest looking in the league, those flashy new outfits being very much appreciated by the boys. In the last engagement at this depot, the team gave a very good account of themselves, shading the Carberry quintet 18-17.

It is hoped that a greater number of airmen will take an active part in the basketball games to be organized in the near future. Keep your eye on that bulletin board, get out and help make No. 2 Manning Depot the strongest team in the league. Not only will you be helping your depot but you will also derive a great deal of benefit yourself.

Here is the line-up of the team that finished the season: Centre, Wilmont; forwards, Fenton and Cohen; guards, Geller and Hladly. Subs, Sgt. Millar, Cpl. Hull, Harris, Scisson, Hall and Baker.

There are approximately 624,300 different species of insects in the world, of which 20,000 are common to North America. And speaking of insects, only four species have been domesticated by man—the honey bee, the silk moth and the cochineal and lac insects.

## Y.M.C.A. War Services at No. 2 Manning Depot

In a very extensive program of sports and recreation that has been carried out at the Manning Depot the Y.M.C.A. War Services has played a very important part. While it should be borne in mind by the reader that the "Y" is only here to act in the capacity of a co-ordinating body, and to put into effect any type of activity that is required by those in command on the station, there is no discounting the importance of the job we are called upon to do.

One must remember that the "Y" man is not in a position here or any other place to issue orders, but must largely depend on the co-operation of all personnel to do his job successfully. The fact that co-operation of the very best calibre has been extended to us at No. 2 Manning Depot, has made our work here very pleasant, and brought to us a measure of success that we could not have otherwise hoped for.

For those men who are from time to time coming to this depot, it might be well to enumerate some of the services that the "Y" extends to them, with the thought that this information will be of use to them for the first few days that they find themselves here with the very minimum of information as to what they can do with their spare time and the services and help that is at their disposal through the "Y."

First of all, the weekly program of recreational events that occur in the Arena Building is fairly well standardized with regard to type and sequence, and is only varied when events of a very special nature take precedence.

### Monday:

It has been the policy to attempt to run a concert or boxing show on this night. These are free to all Air Force personnel and any friends that they see fit to bring.

### Tuesday:

Tuesday night is Dance Night in our Arena Home. This is a very popular event at the Depot. We are fortunate in having one of the best Orchestra's one could wish to hear to play for this affair and it is the Manning Depot's own. In addition, to take care of those boys who are strange to Brandon, the Y.W.C.A. Hostess Club generally bring in a couple of hundred very attractive dancing partners, and Boy, do we

(Continued on page 13)



No. 2 "M" DEPOT'S GREAT HOCKEY TEAM  
Front Row: Art Nicol, Jack VanBrunt, Buz Kronk, Art Howard, Bud Brotherton.  
Back Row: F.O. Cockburn, W. H. (Coach), Dirkin, Les Draper, Jud Snell, Red Ablett, Jack Ferguson, Sgt. Torney (Manager).

## DANCE

AT

### The Esquire

Every  
Monday, Wednesday,  
Thursday, Friday,  
Saturday

Roy Brown and his Band

### The Imperial Dance Gardens

Every  
Tuesday Friday Saturday  
Albert Johnson and his  
Strings

# Introduction to Wings

By LAC Baron, E. E., R.A.F.

The following article was written by one of the R.A.F. boys now stationed at this depot pending his departure to an E.F.T.S. and it is an informative and interesting account of training at an I.T.W. school in England, which is much like our own I.T.S. school here in Canada.—Ed.

I am lying on my bed, thinking.

I've finished my course at an Initial Training Wing in England and am now awaiting posting to an Elementary Flying Training School (E.F.T.S.) in Canada. Once I get there, I shall FLY.

I shall start with simple trainer-planes. Though flying men whose everyday "Kites" are Spitfires, Hurricanes, Wellingtons and suchlike regard Tiger Moths in the same way that motorists, accustomed to supercharged sports cars regard an old type Austin Seven, I am itching to go up if its only in a trainer. After this real introduction to the R.A.F. I am keener to learn and do my job than ever.

My thoughts though are a little mixed. After all that hurry, hurry, changing into P.T. kit, changing back again, marching to classes in Mathematics, Air Navigation, Law and all the others, then the climax of a week of examinations in ten subjects, I feel somehow tremendously relieved and at the same time extremely impatient. I am relieved because tonight I need not look up any notes or do any swotting, and yet now that the course is completed I am so keen to get on with the job that every extra day spent here seems a day lost.

One hears of men in the Forces thinking about their past careers. Though all have the sure knowledge that whatever their rank or duty happens to be, they are doing their bit to bring back human ideas and a human way of living to the peoples of the world, yet it is natural for serving men to ponder sometimes on lost opportunities, a promotion or advancement in business which the war has prevented, or maybe a diploma which cannot now be obtained.

But I have a new and intensely interesting career. Even in the stress of war, when, day after day, fighting men and civilians alike are sacrificing their lives for their King and Country, I still have a career. Perhaps I am selfish. I want to shoot down Heinkels and Messerschmitts. I want to power dive over the "Target for Tonight." The promotions are here for me to grasp; my wings shall be my diploma, and, if I'm lucky, the D.F.C. shall be my degree with honors. It seems to me that this spirit which is so general among cadets has been greatly encouraged and developed by the Officers and N.C.O.'s here, carrying out the R.A.F. system.

We arrived at the Initial Training Wing one Sunday afternoon. Four of us were put into a room with a big bay window overlooking a town in

England. Really a beautiful and stimulating view. The room was fresh and clean, there were four beds in it, each with "biscuits" blankets, white sheets and bolster. Above each bed was a shelf where we could put razor, brushes and so on. There was a porcelain wash-basin in the room with mirror, and hot and cold water was laid on. A year ago, the building was a first class hotel. We agreed that after the war we will come to stay here for a while. And we shall.

There was no bother; not even petty annoyances. We didn't have to run around the building asking questions from different people. Everything was ready. We just put down our kits, and there we were. As one

the difference in size between a Short Sunderland and a Heinkel 113, or entering into general discussion on the aircraft. We sauntered around the building and found bathrooms, drying rooms, table tennis, library, even a reading room where newspapers and periodicals were provided for a small subscription.

As an ex-Company Secretary with some knowledge of modern business systems, I could only marvel at the excellence of the organization, and at the insight and understanding of the men who did the planning.

I, as a cadet, will eventually have a certain job to do, and I am being prepared psychologically and physically for that job. That the men who passed out before me have deserved this consideration, and that the R.A.F. system is successful, are self-evident facts.

The next morning at 7.45 we were And so we have been every morning

as good. And there were other flights in the squadron; and ours wasn't the only squadron. But I did feel proud to be in such company. From then on, we marched backwards and forwards; from lecture to drill; drill to P.T.; P.T. to classroom. From 8.00 o'clock in the morning till 6.00 o'clock at night with just a short morning and afternoon break, when we bombarded the local teasshops, and of course, our lunch period. Hardly a minute to ourselves.

All the time we were coached and encouraged by men we could respect. Men whose ribbons tell their own story, or by young Pilots and Observers who have completed their specific number of operational hours and have been temporarily grounded for a rest period. There were also specialists who were best fitted to teach certain subjects, and in some cases, even civilians were instructing. Because they are too old or not fit enough physically to wear the blue uniform, they are still considered, if they can be useful as instructors, and thus relieving other men for more active duties, who otherwise would have to do their job. No blue tape.

Marching at 140 paces to the minute all the time. To and from lecture, drill parade, physical training class, or classroom. Encouraged, coached and fitted for the job in mind and body.

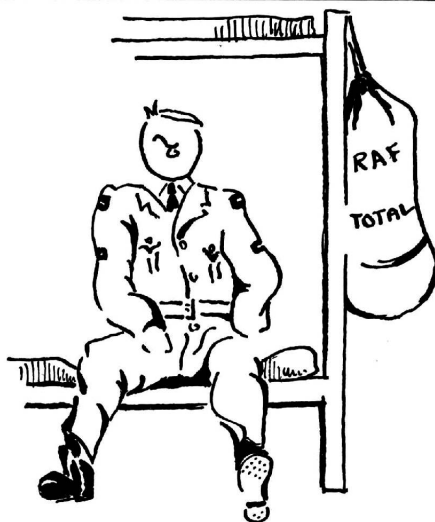
There was of course the recreational side. The main business of the I.T.W. is to get you really fit as well as to help you pass your course creditably in a number of necessary subjects. For the jitterbugs there were squadron dances once or twice a week. The tennis enthusiasts could obtain rackets and balls from the Sports Officer and play on courts set aside for the cadets at no charge. The Committee of the local golf club has given permission for cadets to use the course. There was a letter from the Secretary of the club pinned up on the notice board for all to see, and one could imagine the poor man fuming as he wrote that a cadet had actually driven off from the green using a mashie! I enjoyed my sports, but there was work as well!

And so I am waiting for my posting to an E.F.T.S. which should come any-day now.

I've everything I should have; my everyday kit and my flying kit. Flying kit!

I've a few snapshots of the fellows and a couple of myself. I suppose I look as much like a flying man as anybody. I pick up one photo and my fervent prayer is that I shall be good enough to justify having had it taken.

I may not; I may not be able to land a plane properly when I get to E.F.T.S. Some disability may crop up, impossible to foresee now, which will fail me as a Pilot. If this should happen, then it will be a most severe blow to me. But it won't be any fault of the men who have helped me through the first stages. And I shall always have happy memories and know the benefit of my course at the I.T.W. But I shan't fall. There are too many Germans still alive!



WHERE'S THAT — PLANE ?

man, we four "Sprogs" sat down on our beds and began writing letters to our homes and friends that under normal conditions we should have to pay about six guineas a week to stay here. We didn't even talk it over. We all arrived at the same conclusion after receiving the same impression.

Hardly had we sat down before a certain activity was sensed. There was movement; footsteps. Tea.

We strolled to the dining hall where a most inviting meal was awaiting our respectful attention, and we just had to take our places at a table and tuck in.

All round the hall, suspended on strings were models of aircraft, to scale. At the end of the course, amongst other things, a cadet has to be able to recognize a hundred or so different planes—ours and theirs—by silhouettes and photographs, and already some fellows were contrasting

on the Squadron Commander's parade. since. We were in "A" Flight. As I looked around at the other members of the flight, I realized how impossible it would be for me ever to become conceited here. I thought back to that day when I first appeared before the Aviation Candidates Selection Board. How I felt my chances were very slim of satisfying those officers that I had the right sort of personality, education, brains and brawn. That my heart was O.K.; that my lungs were O.K.; that my eyes and ears were O.K.; that everything was O.K.

I recalled my feelings when I left the Selection Board carrying a document stating that I had been accepted as a Pilot, and I felt very sorry for the large percentage of applicants who had not made the grade. I felt like a million dollars.

Yet here, in "A" Flight, all the other fellows wear just as good; at least



## I Fell 5½ Miles

(Continued from page 9)

I felt the jar as the pack burst open—there was a short lapse, then a terrific jerk. I looked up. The 28-foot chute was open.

I immediately released my 24-foot chute and assisted in feeding it out. It opened quickly and nicely. I noticed my goggles were wet. I was revolving slowly to the left. As I neared the earth, I reached up as high as I could and grasped the riser straps firmly and turned to face the direction in which I was drifting. Pointing my toes, with legs slightly bent, I pulled down hard as I struck the ground and fell on my face. I had fallen through space for one minute and fifty-six-and-a-half seconds. I had averaged a speed of 170 miles an hour during my drop and at one time was falling at the rate of 228 miles an hour.

I was stunned and a bit "woozy," but I cleared up and came to my feet saying to myself, "I hope the instruments worked." I reached up and turned the pneumograph off; felt my radio and camera once more.

I said to myself, "History has been made; a lifetime ambition realized."

I was very happy and very grateful that I was able to contribute to our American defense.

The Greeks sprinkle their babies with salt at the christening, a custom that also marks the naming of children in some parts of Germany. In countries where this custom persists, it is believed that the practice endows a child with health and strength, and that it also wards off evil influences.

"Joe has a glass eye."

"Did he tell you about it?"

"No, it just came out during the conversation."

—Columbia Jester.

## SPECIALTY SHOP

For

Dresses, Lingerie, Hand Bags,  
Gloves, Hosiery, Sweaters

157 - 10th St. Phone 4162

## 35c Pressing 35c

With our Sta-Press System  
the crease lasts twice  
as long.

Air Force Supplies and  
Alterations.

**HENDERSON,  
Tailor**

Phone 4196 129 - 9th St.

**After the Show  
Visit**

**THE CAMEO  
Tea Room**

LUNCHES TOBACCOS

117 - 8th St. Phone 3252

## Y.M.C.A. WAR SERVICES

(Continued from page 11)

have fun. For the Boys up at D Squadron we generally show a movie starting at 1800 hours. This is generally through so that the boys can get down in time for the dance.

### Wednesday:

This is the night that movies are shown in the Arena, free to all airmen and their immediate friends.

### Thursday:

On each Thursday, we have what we think is a very unique program, "Hidden Talent Night." This program is designed to bring to light any talent that has come on the station during the preceding week, and it is from this program that we obtain personnel for the Depot Concert Party from time to time. And while we are on the subject let us urge any of you who are talented in any way to come into the "Y" Office and put your name down to appear on one of the "Hidden Talent Programs."

### Friday:

We have motion pictures again in the Arena Building.

### Saturday and Sunday:

These two days we use the Arena Floor for playing Badminton. Racquets and shoes are provided by the Depot. All you have to pay for are the birds. Also you can bring in the girl friend for a game.

If you want some advice or have a personal problem, the "Y" is a good place to come. We will be glad to help you if at all possible. Travel information, telegraph service are also available.

A few of the other services that you will find on the station are all the stationary and envelopes you require, all the small games equipment you want such as ping pong, cards, checkers, etc. So don't forget fellows, we are always glad to see and help you, so come up and see us sometimes.

## The BLOSSOM SHOPPE

Retail Florists

Remember! Every day is some-  
one's birthday

145 - 10th St. Phone 4331

## CRAWFORD'S JEWELRY

Watch Repairing a  
Specialty

AIR FORCE JEWELRY

905 Rosser Ave.



## England in Peace Time

By E. E. Baron, R.A.F.

I never knew, until I actually landed in Canada, how intensely interested I was in the country, the people and the customs. For all I know your interests too, will not be at their highest pitch until maybe one day you have the good fortune to tread on English soil. It's a grand place.

You have seen pictures, and followed up the news about the Old Country in this colossal war. I shan't reiterate facts and figures of bombings, casualties, or enemy aircraft shot down. You already know a good deal about those. But the England that I know best and the England we are all fighting for, is England in peacetime.

I do want to tell you about that. I'll start with Brandon. No, I'm not trying to trip you up. This Brandon is a sleepy little village in the lake district. On a map you might see it marked about twenty miles East-South-East of Lake Windermere. On all sides are the rolling moors. They have a village street with a shop or two and a church and a pub, and I'm sure there are as many as sixty families living there. Sundry tasks seemed to keep the people occupied. A number of holidaymakers used to look them up in the season and life there was very placid, and everybody was happy. They spoke with a north country accent, vastly different to the manner of speech of the people of other parts of the country, only a few hours journey away.

Only a few hours' journey away! England is such a small place really, and your single province of Manitoba is three times the size of the whole of the British Isles. You could be in the big cities and find it hard to imagine that only a few miles out

there is so much beautiful countryside, winding lanes, pretty brooks and streams, snow capped mountains, hills and dales.

You might be in a factory town and admire the Lancashire lassies going off to work in their clogs, or visit a mining town in the County of Durham and watch shifts of automatons at work, and you might even wonder if this is the same country where once the "curfew tolled the knell of parting day". But it is, and there's a bit of every part of it in me and in you.

During my stay in Canada I have felt so much at home, that it is clear to me there are very few differences in outlook between the Canadians and the English. There are some, of course and that is only natural when we realize we must to a certain extent be affected by geographical and climatic conditions, spread over a period of two hundred years or so.

Volumes and volumes have been written on the subject of the English. I recall one in particular, written by a European who called his effort "These English, are they human?" After reading it—he was quite free to get it published by the way—it appears the author could not understand our love of animals, our loyalties, our reserved manner or our dignity. Regarding the last, he can take it from me that even a reserved Englishman find it difficult to maintain his dignity whilst taking a dive on a Canadian ice rink! This, from practical experience! Our love of fresh air was quite beyond his comprehension, and our enjoyment of sport for its own sake, win or lose, seemed to him lacking in purpose. The pleasure we used to derive from taking long country walks with just a dog for a

(Continued on page 17)

## Physical Training

(Continued from Page 10)

made to equip the station with a complete stock of all sports equipment, so that a greater number of men may participate actively in a greater variety of sports, such as hockey, general skating, basketball, badminton, boxing, swimming and during the summer months, track and field, baseball and football. An organized program of inter-unit hockey, basketball, and boxing is now in progress. Inter-flight and inter-squadron competitions are encouraged to develop the competitive spirit (esprit de corps) amongst the men. Representative teams are a means of further developing the airman's interest and loyalty in his particular unit, and can be considered a development of morale as well as of the physique.

To further the mutual interest of all airmen attached to the Depot, a program of organized entertainment, other than sport, has been developed on this station. The Smilers concert troupe at the Manning Depot has provided both airmen and staff with many hours of enjoyable entertainment. From the Hidden Talent program, conducted every Thursday night, are selected the members of the Smilers Concert Troupe. Very popular with the airmen, is the weekly Tuesday dance, admission free, splendid music provided by the Station Dance Orchestra, and dancing partners very graciously provided by the Brandon Hostess Club. In addition to this, motion pictures are shown twice weekly under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. War Auxiliary Services, which also provides equipment for the Recreation Room, such as ping pong balls, cards, checker boards, dart games and an unlimited supply of writing material, and current magazines and newspapers. The airmen at No. 2 Manning Depot also enjoy the use of the Kinsmen's Recreation Centre for skating during the winter months and outdoor dances and concerts during the summer months.

It has been proven by providing the airmen with this variety of Sports and Entertainment, that the tranquility of the station as a whole has been vastly improved. (A contented horse is a good hard worker.)

The old rule still holds good in Morocco. Soups and stews there are dipped up with bread, and chicken and meats are torn apart with the fingers. A meal at the palace of a Moorish pasha may consist of as many as 12 courses, mostly of fowl and lamb; yet there won't be any forks in evidence.

\* \* \*

The newly-weds had just got off their train.

"John, dear," said the bride, "let's try to make the people think we've been married a long time."

"All right, honey," was the answer, "you carry the suitcases."

## WHAT DO YOU DO WITH ALL THAT MONEY?

By Flight Lieutenant G. L. McIntosh,  
Accounting Officer

There is a most intriguing direction sign on the wall of the Manning Depot immediately inside the front entrance to the Arena, which, when caught sight of by a new arrival causes an involuntary gleam in the eye and a brighter smile to appear. Somehow the words "Pay and Accounts" seem to convey a feeling of assurance that with all the adjustments required for this new life, there is yet one link with things left behind, namely, "pay day". Let us consider the functions of the Pay Office as it most directly affects an airman during the early stages of his life in the Depot.

On first arrival the embryo airman is paraded to the Accounts Section where he is required to give full details of his marital status and other facts concerning members of his immediate family who have been dependent upon him prior to his enlistment. It may seem to some that the many forms are unnecessary "red tape" placed in the way of his receiving the Dependent's Allowance to which he considers himself entitled. When one considers the number of Air Force personnel and the large sums of money required to provide for the legitimate cases of dependency, it is understandable that great care must be taken to see that no injustices are committed. A dependent's allowance may not be claimed as a right, but is a grant, based on the individual case for the purpose of promoting the well-being and efficiency of the Air Forces of Canada, by providing a means to alleviate the financial anxieties of temporarily enrolled members with respect to the domestic welfare of dependents while they are in the service of His Majesty.



The Pay Office also requires the airman to complete what is known as the Occupational History Form which is most important to the future of the members of the Air Force. The information sought is for the use of a General Advisory Committee on Demobilization and Rehabilitation, set up by the Government of Canada to study plans for assisting in establishing enlisted men in industrial life after discharge. The object of the committee will be to place men in the positions which they will most enjoy and best perform, thereby contributing to the economic welfare of the whole country and to happiness in the days of Peace for the men who have sacrificed for war.

As at the annual meeting of the shareholders of a large Company, where the chief interest is "Will there be a Dividend and, if so, how much?" so the airman's chief interest in the Pay Office is "When do we get paid?"

## High Steaks

The O'Sullivan (Mary)  
Of Victoria Inn  
Is exceedingly lovely  
And exceedingly slim  
But she promised a steak  
For the day I was leaving  
And it proved the old saw  
That to see is believing  
It looked pudgy and dark  
It was tough-looking too  
The sort tooth and nail  
Will never go through  
But I picked up my knife  
I felt it my duty  
For life's not all tenderness  
Pleasure and beauty  
Yet here's the strange thing  
That steak was a honey  
The kind you can't buy  
Nor for love nor for money  
It was luscious and juicy  
It cut through like butter  
'Twas heaven, the ultimate  
The utter and utter  
And here is the lesson  
Don't judge things by looks  
Don't squint at the cover  
To estimate books  
I don't mean that Mary  
So graceful and trim  
Is tough and forbidding  
And stringy within  
She may be exceptional  
Proving the rule  
That lots of nice people  
Are still teaching school.  
Flt./Lt. J. L. McGuire

and "Why so little?" Fortunately thus far in the war, the question of payment has never been in doubt and pay parade, always well attended, is held regularly in the middle and at the end of each month. The mid-month pay is made in a round amount, calculated at approximately one-half of the monthly credit after deductions for assigned pay and other known charges. An airman is always at liberty to ascertain the condition of his account, but it is desirable that each should keep his own record and avoid the dangerous habit of carelessness with regard to personal finances. In these days it is of prime importance that waste and thriftlessness should be guarded against continually. One who is unmindful of his income, is inclined to live beyond it and become immersed in difficulties. We in Canada, who have so much cause to be grateful for our personal liberties and way of living, must be impressed with the worth of an investment in their continuance. This being so, every member of the forces should feel it a patriotic duty to lend a part of his income to meet the vast cost of providing the tools for his job. In the regular subscription to War Savings Certificates the airmen are given the opportunity to practice the virtue of thrift and in so doing promote the Canadian War Effort.

The primary class in punning might work up something along the line of Hitler dropping his generals, von by von.

## WHAT!! ANOTHER PARADE?



Hicks



## FIRE!!!

By Sgt. P. S. Barrett, Fire Chief.

Fire—a word, a reality, that has struck terror into the hearts of many people—into the pocket books of many insurance companies. Since the beginning of time fire has been a friend to mankind, and an enemy. And as an enemy one of man's most devastating. Fire provides us with heat (a comfortable element in these Western provinces), and power, but as an enemy fire annually destroys millions of dollars worth of property, timber land and human life. Many man's dream of a life time, his home, has gone up in smoke, because of careless disregard for fire prevention measures. Fires can be started by such simple mistakes that could be avoided with the use of a little common sense. Structural damage, buildings, etc., can be replaced with a certain element of time, money and labor, but human life is priceless—none of the former elements can replace a lost friend.

Fire-prevention measures are laid down for two specific reasons. First, and foremost, the safety of human life, and secondly the safety of buildings, equipment, etc.

This safety is maintained on an Air Station by a group of men working behind the scenes—the Fire Personnel. The Fire Fighter's duty on a station carries a great deal of responsibility, in that every building and every man's life is being carefully and watchfully guarded. Most of you are not acquainted with the fire section on a station, therefore, have no idea of the immensity of their scope. The Fire Fighter must not only know how to fight a fire, he must know what is much more important—the prevention of fire. Our stock proverb is, "Stop a Fire Before it Starts."

To maintain precautionary measures a group of regulations are compiled, known as Station Standing Fire Orders. It is the duty of all personnel to read these orders thoroughly, and know them to the extent that they could repeat them if necessary. Above all they must be heeded. When you see a chap running around with a flashlight and an F.P. armband, remember that he has a specific duty to perform and to perform these duties, your full co-operation is required.

I will quote a few common "Don'ts." Follow them and you will never incur the wrath of a Fire Fighter.

1. Don't—smoke in non-smoking areas.



Flt./Lt. J. L. McGuire, the Managing Editor of the Airman's Post, under whose guiding hand the staff was able to carry on so successfully.

2. Don't—use the floor as an ash-tray. Put your cigarette butts in a proper receptacle.

3. Don't—use faulty electrical equipment. If you do, you not only create a fire hazard, you create a very definite accident hazard.

4. Don't—use gasoline or other inflammable liquids to clean your uniform. It would probably prove cheaper to send your uniform to the cleaners.

5. Don't—forget to read your station Fire Orders, and know them.

6. Don't—forget that your station fire fighter is open to all and any questions pertaining to fire that may arise in your minds.

It is hoped that in later issues, we can bring you interesting notes on fire prevention. If you have any suggestions as to what material you would like to see in this publication, bring it up to the Fire Station, we accept them all gladly.

There is just one more point that I should like to emphasize. Please remember that Fire Rules and Regulations are laid down primarily for your safety. When, or if you disregard these rules, you not only endanger yourself, you endanger the life of the man next to you, and the man next to him.

Mistress: "I forgot to ask if you had any religious views?"

New Maid: "No, I haven't, ma'am, but I've got some dandy snapshots of Niagara Falls and the Great Lakes."

—Safe Driver.

\* \* \*  
St. Peter's chair in Rome is said to be the oldest piece of furniture in existence.

### SPORTING GOODS

—Get Our Quotations on—

**Football, Diamondball, and Baseball Uniforms**

Right now is a good time to consider outfitting teams for Sports Uniforms. We will also welcome opportunity to estimate on other sports needs.

**O. STARK & SON**

10TH ST. — BRANDON, MAN.

### SMART'S STATIONERY CO.

LENDING LIBRARY

and

Complete stock of  
MAGAZINES

139 - 10th St.

Phone 4378

## THE NEW STAGE

Since the arrival of our new C.O., Wing Commander H. G. Reid, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., many changes have taken place in No. 2 "M" Depot and one of the most outstanding accomplishments due to his efforts in bettering the living and recreational environment of the men, was the building of the Arena stage.

The important issue of financing this great task was done through the Airmen's Canteen Fund, therefore every man on the station can claim a part in the building of the beautiful structure.

When we view the massive stage we can fully realize the tremendous amount of work and effort which went into the project and full credit is due Flt.-Sgt. Fitzgerald for his great organizational work. Working together with him, in Works and Buildings, was Sergeant R. Fawcus, in charge of carpentry, and Sergeant Smith, who very capably looked after the electrical work. AC1 Morrison handled the art work and the painting was done under the guiding hand of Sergeant Moore.

The stage is equipped with dressing rooms and canteen facilities and is

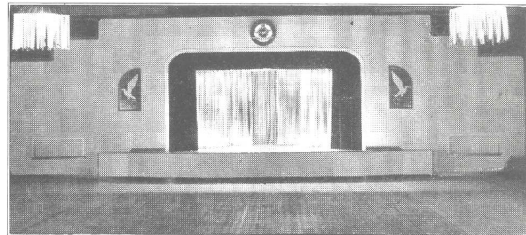
truly a "professional" stage in every detail. There are three curtains, the color scheme being blue, gold and silver. They were installed by George Parker, stage manager of the Metropolitan Theatre in Winnipeg, entirely at his own expense and we offer him our many thanks.

The latest in sound equipment has been installed and the entire illumination totals 35,000 watts.

To give you an idea of the immense size of the stage it might be wise to quote a few figures supplied by the Works and Building Dept. The overall length of the stage is 80 feet, while it is 25 feet high and 25 feet deep. The back stage is 50 feet wide and 20 feet deep which gives plenty of room for even major dramatic productions. The arch or proscenium is 30 feet wide and 15 feet high.

Truly a remarkable project, our new Arena stage, and a tribute to the Works and Building Department of No. 2 "M" Depot.

The weathercock on a weathervane faces in the direction from which the wind is blowing.



## Free Correspondence Courses For Active Service Men

PREPAREDNESS has always been a watchword in wartime. We have come to appreciate its value more than ever before. The men serving in our forces have learned that in their present tasks, as in civilian life, educational qualifications have a high value.

Ultimately this gigantic struggle in which we and our sister Dominions in the British Empire are engaged will be ended—and it can only be ended with the triumph of true democratic ideals. When that time comes we shall be faced with the task of establishing in Canada a better way of life for all—a task for which even now we must be preparing as individuals and as a nation.

The Canadian Legion War Services, with the help and sanction of all the Provincial Departments of Education in Canada, offer free correspondence

courses as one means whereby members of the forces may have a chance to improve their educational standing and so become better prepared for advancement in their respective services and also for re-entry into civilian life.

These correspondence courses are issued in booklet form, pocket size, usually four booklets to a course, each course consisting of twenty papers. Those designated as Introductory Courses are on the upper level of the Elementary School, and may be taken as preparatory to work on the Secondary or High School Level. Courses on the Secondary Level are listed in three sections, A, B, C, each course representing a year's work in each of the subjects indicated. Technical and Commercial courses may be started

(Continued on page 20)

## De Bunk Area



(By R. T.)

The army's glorious tradition of beef and still more beef has been magnificently shattered by the appearance of steaks on the Mess Hall tables. Gracias!

Dental Clinic Blues: Too-thache you in my arms would be heaven darling! Ouch!

Power, like gunpowder, is a dangerous thing in the hands of those who have itchy trigger-fingers.

Our Bouquet of the month to that voucher demon of the Accounts Office Cunningham, who has just nailed the "V" for Victory emblem on his sleeves. More power to you boy. You deserve 'em. Stop Press. And a Third just added. Shades of Santa Claus! You must have had the Flight up for tea!

We hear Messrs. Beaton and Jones of Headquarters' Staff are dissatisfied with their present status on terra firma. The lads aspire to wings. Smooth flying and happy landings, fellows, if you make the grade.

Our reaction to some statistics about the British Commonwealth Air Training Scheme. "What a dish to upset Hitler's digestive processes. We heard he was dyspeptic.

Our Stage now stands a creation of De Luxe magnitude. When can we expect a visit from the Metropolitan Opera Company or from Jeannette McDonald minus her current Boy Friend.

To the airman who was seen trying to snaffle a second helping of ice cream last Friday. Crime doesn't pay, Chum.

Now that the Corporals have been properly put in their place at a separate table, the rest of us can pursue the business of eating with dignity and decorum.

Some of the damsels doing their eight hour (?) grind in Number Two Manning Depot are definitely eligible for the Beaut. of the Month Club. Just the same we're still loyal to Hedy Lemarr.

Supernatural conjecture No. 3689: Wonder what ghosts will inhabit the old Manning Depot when the rafters no longer ring with the clatter of marching feet and the strident voices of N.C.O.'s are silenced forever. It might be interesting to return to our Alma Mater some day after the War and say "Hello" to the Bats and Boogymen as they parade through the cobwebs and dust of the empty arena. One ghost I would expect to find is that of the particular cook who prepared my coffee this morning returning to haunt the scene of his culinary crimes. And if you're still interested in the subject of Spooks turn to page 6 for a hair-raising rendezvous with the Spirits.

The vocal artillery in the Arena these days would scare the skippers off a whole division of Mussolini's Alpine Troops. And who said GAS wasn't being used in this war?

A phase of Canada's war effort overheard near the two blonde menaces who rattle typewriter keys in that sacred territory adjacent to the C.O.'s office: I never seem to get my hair just the way I want it these days....it looks alright....Oh, it does not, it looks terrible....I don't see anything wrong with it....just look at the way it hangs at the back....You know what, I saw the cutest dress in Doig's window this morning, it was the prettiest blue you ever saw....I don't care much for blue....Oh, you'd have loved this one, it was ducky....just look at the way my nails are breaking....yes, its those darned typewriter keys that does it....have you seen Jeannette McDonald in Smiling Thru yet....no, but I think Steve's going to take me tonight....I wish I could do something with this hair of mine, it's a mess....it looks alright to me....Oh, it does not, it looks terrible. And so on ad infinitum.

Wire received from Airman AWL: "Will be back Tuesday Morning. Have pack ready." It was!

Definition of a Snob: The hot-dog that turns up its nose at the spaghetti in the Stenographer's dressing room and then gives a "come-hither glance at the chocolate cookies!

Reminder: Rally round and support the Airman's Post fellows. Contributions will be welcomed from one and all.

Cheerio—See you next month.

Fuzzy caterpillars are disdained by nearly all birds as an article of food. The American cuckoos are one exception to the rule. They have no aversion to devouring as many as they can find, resulting in their stomachs becoming lined with hairs.

The shortia galacifolia is found only in the state of North Carolina. It is a lily-like flower.

## HUTCHINGS' DRUG STORE

Cor. 10th and Princess

A good spot for  
SHAVING SUPPLIES  
TOILET GIFT SETS  
NEILSON'S  
CHOCOLATES  
(Always Fresh)

CAMERA FILM and  
KODAKS

Leave in your rolls for  
Printing and Developing  
29c per roll

Handiest store to the Manning  
Depot

## One Week From Today

By T. Davis Price

I had grown suddenly tired. The book which I had been reading had fallen on my lap and I lay with my eyes slightly closed, reminiscing of the past. I could see the afternoon sun shining in through the frosted panes, and as I sat and dreamed I thought of my youth, when I left college and started my first job. And I dreamed of my successive positions, of my marriage and of my life, listing off the happenings that had really changed my viewpoints which had given me in some cases greater happiness and understanding through the aspects so presented. These I counted off on my fingers as numbering eight—eight actual happenings each of which had really opened a new field of learning to me. And so my dreaming continued, and I thought of the story I had been reading, one of mystery and the supernatural, until in my mind came the thought that I had never upon any occasion during my seventy years experienced anything whatsoever in this connection. "Funny," I thought, and let it go at that. I had learned much during my time and it had benefited me in strange and unexpected ways. And so I fell asleep.

When I awoke, the afternoon sun was shining in my eyes with that glaring light so common during the winter months when it seems to gain strength by reflecting off the gleaming snow. I stirred, still half asleep, until it came to my foggy mind that somewhere there was a bell ringing. The telephone! Hastily I slipped into my slippers and walked as fast as I could to the jingling instrument.

It was the voice of an old friend's son, whom I had not seen for two years, as at that time he had gone overseas. I invited him for dinner, and he gladly accepted.

Half an hour later we sat opposite each other while the dinner was being served. He had looked well when I last saw him some two years ago, but now there was somehow a slight change in him. I dismissed the thought hastily from my mind, and immediately replaced it by thinking how fine he looked—so tall and slender in his blue uniform, showing in sharp contrast to me in—well enough—simply I am old and entitled to look a bit seedy.

So we sat and talked of his family's health and how he had fared to the present date, but when these topics were dry he fell into a moody silence, and again came to my mind that feeling of the subtle change that had taken place in him since last I had seen him. So I talked of my work—I still have a little to keep me busy occasionally—while he listened abstractedly, murmuring a polite acquiescence now and then. Apparently his thoughts were far away.

Again I changed the topic of conversation telling him of the excellence of the work put forth by the new cook I had hired. This brought nothing more than his polite smile, so maddening and yet so thought-awakening. And yet that strange, indefinable look came and went in his eyes; and yet it was not his eyes—it seemed to emanate from his very being, leaving me with the feeling that he was floating far away to another world. I tried to fathom why I divined something that was so intangible, but could never seem to place it on one item of his being. Perhaps it was the number of wrinkles that had developed around his eyes or perhaps again it was the startled, rapid look of fear that flashed in his eyes when the butler suddenly appeared with the last course.

And yet I questioned myself as to my sureness in this matter, for the man opposite me, though he talked little, managed to keep a certain amount of interest in his surroundings. It seemed those sudden, momentary lapses that put me off, in the search of a reason for it, until finally as the thoughts and doubts, concerning him kept repeating themselves in my mind, I asked him, half in jest and half in earnest, what it was. He smiled and pretended to laugh it off, so I dropped the subject immediately. But still I was sure it was there—somewhere, somehow that sense of preoccupation—that sense of floating away from all earthly things entered my mind when I looked at him. It was a sense or rather substance that seemed to flow from his being despite the cultured answers that came from him.

And so I again broached the subject, feeling that I must be right. He

(Continued on page 18)

For

**TAXI SERVICE**

**Phone 4581**

**MacArthur & Son Ltd.**

**Met. Cafe**

Welcomes Airmen to  
Good Food  
any time

911 ROSSER AVE.



## England in Peace Time

(Continued from page 13)

companion was outside his psychology and our habit of deserting the big cities every week-end, to spend the time in the country, or on the river, or on the coast at places like Bournemouth, Clacton, Torquay, Brighton and so on, was quite beyond his understanding. I had a deal of fun reading his book. You see, there was one thing he overlooked. We have a sense of humour too!

Well, I'm a Londoner, and London is my greatest love. I hardly know how best to describe it to you. I can't work on a definite plan because London just grew up unplanned. When the Phoenicians first sailed up Father Thames to do trade with the Early Britons, they disembarked at the Port of London. Then the Romans ruled from it. Then it was threatened by the Picts and Scots, colonies of merchants from European countries settled there, William the Conqueror was crowned there nearly a thousand years ago, and so on right up to the present day, when it is a centre of learning, the arts, medicine, literature, commerce and government.

A calm, proud city, where even the most hard-boiled visitor is awed by the dignity of it and its tradition.

London is like an old, old gracious lady, who once a year in springtime throws off her age to become a girl again; full of life and charm. Then the parks are green, flowers abound and all is goodwill.

I might be able to stroll down Oxford Street again one spring, to the Marble Arch. A coffee at the Corner House, and then resume my stroll through Hyde Park. I shall pass Speakers' Corner where everybody who ought to be in control of the country but somehow isn't will be there perched on a rostrum, inviting my urgent attention.

Right through the royal park, past the bandstand and crossing over the Serpentine bridge to Hyde Park Corner, where I shall make my way via the Green Park and up Constitution Hill, to Buckingham Palace, and because of my service training, really appreciate the King's Guards on parade.

I might stroll back from there through Whitehall, to Trafalgar Square and gaze up at that ridiculously high statue of Nelson, so high that he can hardly be seen. Only a couple of minute's walk away is the Beaver Club where Canadian servicemen congregate over flapjacks and coffee.

I shall wander round and round this city we are so justly proud of, for when Winston Churchill said it would take a thousand years of steady bombing to lay it low, no truer words were ever spoken.

But cities, yes even London, can be built again. It is the fair land which we must never, and shall never lose, England, my England; England in peacetime!



## Rogues Gallery

Call it what you like—Recreation Room, Rogue Gallery, Bedlam, Hide out, well anything you like and everyone will agree that it is the most popular place in the depot. Oh, we admit that in spite of the living room fixtures—the piano, radio, easy chairs, books and magazines and the general congenial atmosphere, it lacks a favorable comparison to our own living room at home. Or maybe the memory of sitting on the chesterfield with the gal your sister brought home to spend the summer vacation has made you a trifle prejudiced. Be that as it may, but come on in anyway.

But, where else could one spend his time more profitably and pleasantly.

Where else could one become a billiard shark in ten easy lessons? Where else could one, for gratis, hear the strains played by an AC2 "Paderewski" or an AC2 "Father Hines"? Lend an ear and you will be surprised at what talent sits before the keyboard daily. And what, pray what happened to that lad who so persistently searched for "that other chord"? Perhaps it was the lost chord, the lamp cord, the wood chord—or was he the lost chord? Well eventually the attempt ceased. Either the chord was found or the chord was not found or that fellow was drafted. Remember his tee-tee-dah but never a tee-tee-dum.

In what other spot could one stretch out lazily upon an easy chair and sleep the sleep of a tired child? One could, were it not for constant bursting in of such men as Flight Ewington, Corporal Hough, Corporal Patterson and others yelling out, "All 'B' Squadron line up in front of the basins"—so help me. This happened three hundred and fifty-nine times in a single day (counted them myself). Annoying isn't it?

Where else could one listen to his favorite radio program (better glue your hand to the dial or someone will listen to his instead). At any rate everyone attempted hearing Prime Minister Churchill's broadcast last Sunday. Some were fortunate enough

(Continued on page 20)

## SERVICE POLICE

By J. H. Cartledge, F/Sgt.

When I was approached in reference to writing an article regarding Service Police, I was really pleased as I expect to change my trade in the near future and can therefore write it with the feeling of a semi-outsider.

An article in our own station magazine is, in my estimation, an excellent medium of expressing ideas or suggestions which cannot possibly be laid down in official publications. When these publications were drawn up, the writers expected (and rightly so) that every member of the Air Force would have his share of taste, common sense, and self-respect. Keeping this in mind, it will be understood why the expression, "conducting oneself in an airman-like manner", covers such a vast territory. To conduct ourselves in an airman-like manner is, when we figure it out, all that is asked of us. Is that too much? I don't think so.

After more than two years Service Police duties at Manning Depots, I feel confident in pointing out the following observations: Conduct to the prejudice of good order and Air Force discipline, Absent Without Leave, Drunkenness, Insubordination, Failing to comply with an order, and Theft are the six charges (in that respective order) which cause us the most grief. When I say "us", I mean the accused, the person laying the charge, the investigating officer; in short, all concerned. Let's take each of these crimes and discuss them a little.

**Conduct to the Prejudice of Good Order and Air Force Discipline (Sec. 40).**—Now this charge covers practically every offence that isn't specifically covered by any other section of the Air Force Act. Just stop for a minute and try to visualize what that constitutes. Takes in a lot, doesn't it? That is probably why it is first on the list.

You have to be right on your toes at all times in order to stay on good terms with "Old Sec. 40". Be tidy—not just as tidy as you were in civilian life but immaculately tidy. Don't stall or walk leisurely about but march wherever you are going. You must have realized that you are not taught to march just to keep your N.C.O. busy or for the exercise it offers, but to smarten you up. Be gentlemanly. Bear in mind that you cannot expect to learn your harder lessons that will come later if you are unable to learn these simple ones here at the start of your Air Force career.

**Absent Without Leave (Sec. 15).**—Ever since you can remember someone has been trying to get you somewhere on time. According to my records, a lot of people have failed in their endeavour. Most of the boys who find themselves charged with A.W.L., do so because they have not learned the all important lesson of punctuality. Be where you are supposed to be at the time that you are supposed to



be there (parades of all kinds, returning or reporting to stations, etc.) and you will find that you will remain on friendly terms with Sec. 15. More serious instances of A.W.L. can be attributed to weakness, inability to cope with the sudden change from civilian to Service life. Someone dear lives not so far away from the station, so discretion is thrown to the four winds. A little A.W.L. is indulged in and the price must be paid. Unfortunately, a lot of people take a long time to learn what far-reaching distasteful consequences result from being crimed in the early stages of the game.

**Drunkenness (Sec. 19).**—This little item could be referred to by more colorful names such as, intoxication or over-indulgence in alcoholic beverages but the Service desires to leave off the frills. What's more, drunkenness, as far as we are concerned, does not vary in stages. You're either drunk or you "ain't". And who do you think is the judge? Well, it's the man who throws you in the "digger". That is, until your case is heard. And believe me, it takes a whole lot of evidence to prove that you weren't.

But why get drunk? You only become a darned nuisance to yourself and all those with whom you come in contact. There is no law against drinking any more than there is a law against driving a car, but you have to learn to drive a car before you are permitted to do so. If you want to drink, why not take a little time to learn how, to determine your capacity and thereby enjoy the pleasures that can be derived from sensible drinking? Drunkenness is a waste of hard-to-get cash, pleasurable time and self. Every time you look at a drunk (friend or stranger) why not say to yourself, "I'll either learn how or cut it out altogether"? You would probably save yourself and the Service a lot of grief.

**Insubordination (Sec. 10)**—Insubordination is something that a lot of people find themselves guilty of be-

(Continued on page 18)

## ONE WEEK FROM TODAY

(Continued from page 16)

laughed. Then suddenly his face became serious, and indecision showed. I pressed him further, sensing that something was bothering him and that he longed to have it out, until finally under my insistence he gave way, and, with the furrows of worry deep in his brow, he began one of the strangest stories that I have as yet heard come out of this present war.

"I was shot down at Dunkirk," he started, "and during those memorable days I tended the sick and wounded until at last I collapsed exhausted; but strange as it may seem, I could not sleep; well not exactly, for my body was resting whereas my mind kept constantly awake. Finally that too did quieten down from its turmoil thoughts, and I began to dream a dream I have never experienced in my life. It was because of its sheer vividness and clarity that it stayed with me; every little detail is as clear in my mind now as your face is before me at this moment."

"I must have lain like that for some time, fitfully tossing to and fro, before I realized I was being hailed from a small boat pulling in. But the dream—yes I must tell you that. The story would be pointless without it, and though it may sound queer to you I have the feeling that the dream will have a deep meaning in my life. Even as to date it has showed me things I had never believed possible."

"I cannot even truthfully call it a dream, for really my mind was clear and fertile, but the figures and facts that moved and wove themselves into the design remained so actual that all efforts on my part to distinguish it otherwise have remained futile, so from now on we will call it a dream."

"At first my mind followed back to the last hectic week of walking, sleeping, and watching the heartless and pitiless slaughter that kept happening day and night along the road, until at last a film seemed to descend over everything, slowly, oh, ever so slowly it came down, so that a cold sweat broke over my body, and I remember drawing my hand across my face to make sure of the fact that I was still there. And then the mist cleared and before my startled mind there came visions of more fighting. But what fighting? Far from it were the methods used in our modern warfare. This was hand to hand fighting. Man to man. Sword to sword. Gone were the horrors of a mechanized war. And as I looked longer and pondered deeper, it came to me that somewhere I had seen pictures like this in history books. That was it—it was the old Grecian method of fighting. And then I gazed stronger as the forms and faces began to grow clearer in my vision and all things came into

focus. And suddenly I stood there beside a tall blond chap, fighting tooth and nail. The shock was terrible to my system to see myself there in real life almost, and I remember that my body again broke out in that cold sweat. But still the dream remained constant. I watched now with almost bated breath while I, myself, in the dream, fought. The legion was fighting a losing battle I could see, but the gallantry with which it fought almost made me feel like cheering them. And so it raged until at last I fell wounded from a dastardly blow and I saw my tall blond friend pick me up and carry me to the back of the lines and safety.

"We fought many battles after that, and somehow I know that it was for the exact period of fifteen months that we fought side by side. You may raise your eyebrows at that. I cannot answer your questions which I know must come rushing to your lips at the mention of time in the dream, but it is there nevertheless. Fifteen months it was, during which we fought side by side through thick and thin, through heartache and sorrow, and pride and joy. I saw occasional glimpses of that time, but it remained in my mind as scenes of battle, battle, and more battle until at the end of that time my friend died at my side while I fought on, too desperately busy to help him. Two weeks later—I know, that it is the time element that bothers you again—I was killed fighting."

"Then the dream slowly faded before my eyes and again came that cold, unearthly mist before everything. Once again the sweat poured from my body until at last the mist cleared. Slowly my mind became clear again, and I sat up slowly, with the faint call of a 'hallo' in my ears. Looking out I saw a small boat, not far out.

"To my surprise, when I climbed aboard there stood my tall blond friend, or at least an exact replica of him. I said nothing of the dream to him, for at the time my mind was tired and all I could do was sleep. Later on it seemed futile, so that from that time to this you are the first person to have heard my story. It took me sometime to convalesce, for I was laid up with pneumonia after that, but when I finally did get out I found I had been posted to a squadron in which he was fighting. We became good friends and fought together until at the end of fifteen months I was assigned to come to Canada as an instructor, while he stayed on fighting. We parted, wishing each other the best of luck and promising to write. But on the boat over the story of the dream came to me again, forcibly and clearly, persistently and doggedly, so that I could not forget it, until the fact came to me that I had known him for exactly the same period of time as we had fought together in the dream—fifteen months. It returned

(Continued on page 19)

## SERVICE POLICE

(Continued from page 17)

fore they realize what has happened. As a civilian, you may have told the boss to go chase himself or, if necessary, asserted yourself by physical means. If you happened to be more familiar with the manly art of fist-cuffs, you may have come out on top unless he called on the Law. If he did that, you probably ended up behind the eight-ball. Talking back to any superior in civilian life, such as the boss, teacher, or parent, constitutes insubordination, but we are not always checked for it.

In the Service it's a different matter. At the beginning of Air Force life, it is necessary that the tongue be well-anchored and the temper kept in check at all times. When the boss, who in most cases would be an N.C.O., gives an order, jump to it and see that the order is carried out. Don't stall, evade the issue or talk back. Normally, you will not be ordered to do anything that you're not supposed to do but if you feel that you have a grievance, do the job first and then find out from your own N.C.O. whether you had a legitimate complaint or not. If you were right, ask him to assist you in straightening the matter out. If you were wrong, he'll probably show you where your error was and also point out how much trouble you saved yourself by complying. When you are told to do something, do it cheerfully and without hesitation.

**Failing to Comply with an Order—** You will readily understand that this is basically the same as insubordination. As a matter of fact, Secs. 8, 9, and 10 all cover the same general field; that is, not doing what you are told to do, whether you are instructed verbally or by written order, etc. The things you will be told to do may, at times, be difficult but never impossible. So—use your heads, boys.

**Theft (Sec. 18)—** This is the most despicable of crimes. To take something that belongs to someone else is an act that most of you would find difficult to understand. But it happens. Money, radios, jewelry, equipment and almost anything you would care to mention have had turns in satisfying the desire of the rats who stoop so low as to steal. A lot of the blame for the fact that theft is listed here can be attributed to carelessness on the part of the victim. It is up to you to realize that all men are not honest and to take all necessary precautions, take care of your money. If you go to the shower, ask a pal to hold your wallet. If you decide to wear a money-belt, keep your mind on it constantly for the first two weeks. You would laugh if I told you the number of belts that have been turned in to me and where they were found. Don't be overly surprised if some light-fingered gent slits your pillow-case to relieve you of your well-hidden wallet. One lad told me that he always put his wallet in his sock, then wore his sock to bed.

I could spend a little time telling you what to do when you catch a thief



in the act but I'll leave that to your imagination. Maybe you could get some ideas from a member of the Navy. I understand they have a splendid system. Officially, report any suspicious actions to the Service Police. Try to have a witness. Get assistance and, if necessary, drag the culprit to the Guard Room to be searched. Be certain that he doesn't dispose of the stolen article en route. A point to note—a sober man is able to look after his interests better than a man who takes one glass too many. To you rats who do the stealing, remember this—the lad you steal from works as hard and gets the same money as you do. How would you like to be relieved of the cash you are saving for a pleasant week-end or a gift for Mother?

Now for a word on the Service Police. Keep in mind at all times that the man who wears the red arm-band marked "S.P." has a job to do just the same as you have. It is his duty to check you for dress, conduct and deportment. If you need checking and receive it, take it in the spirit it is given. Many a lad has ended up in serious trouble just because he wasn't man enough to take a checking. If you have been drinking at all, don't let what you were drinking do your thinking and talking. Get the idea?

In closing, let me repeat. Be gentlemanly, punctual, obedient, neat, smart and honest; in short, always conduct yourself in an airman-like manner.

It was a capital crime to cut down a cherry tree in an orchard under English law of the 18th century.

Crude weighing machines, based on the balance, were used in Egypt at least 5,000 years before the Christian era.

\* \* \*

The name "Roy G. Biv" gives you the key to the colors of the rainbow: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.

## THE VICTORY CAFE

809 Rosser Ave., Brandon

"The smartest place in town"

If you like good food and you like good service then meet and eat at the Victory



## ONE WEEK FROM TODAY

(Continued from Page 18)

to my mind forcibly also that at the end of this time he had been killed, while I lived on for another two weeks. Therefore it came as no surprise to me, when I landed in Canada to learn of his death, although at the time I was very much startled at the fulfilment. With the first part of the dream fulfilled in this life, though, the full import of the whole plot was thrown at me rather forcibly—the time between his death and mine in the dream was two weeks, and he had already been killed. That was a week ago today, and as I sit here and tell you this, I realize that you must think that the worry and the strain of the last two years have at last told on my mind and that I have become temporarily deranged, but I swear I know that exactly one week from today I will die. I know not how or where or when, but I will. It is predestined. It also stays in mind that somehow, somewhere, or sometime, years hence in another life we will meet again—perhaps this time for a longer period, and God willing, I fervently hope that it does."

And so his narrative closed and we parted, but almost as an anticlimax I ran across this short, terse notice in the local paper—

"Flight Lt. John Adams died in the local hospital at 5 a.m. Thursday

morning from burns incurred while rescuing two students from a blazing plane.

'His next of kin.....'

Old Maid—"I can't decide between the divan and the arm chair."

Clerk—"Lady, you can't make a mistake on a nice comfortable chair like this."

Old Maid—"O.K. I'll take the divan."

—Pure Oil News.

Cremation is the universal custom among the Balinese, but following custom involves many difficulties. If the subject is young, he must, according to custom, wait until the elders of the family have died before it comes his turn for cremation. If he is deemed without sufficient honor, the body is held until a prince of the royal family is to be cremated so that the dead may acquire honor by being cremated at the same time.

Crankcase oil in an automobile engine will be diluted less if a more volatile gasoline is used.

\* \* \*

From its title, many people erroneously believe that Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" implies that depth. The book's title and story really deal with a trip 20,000 leagues in distance through the sea.

\* \* \*

The average five-foot vein of coal is said to represent an accumulation of 100 feet of ancient plant materials.



Hicks.

A teacher was impressing upon her class the fact that you cannot subtract one thing from others unless they are of the same denomination. "For instance," she said, "we cannot take two apples from three oranges. Then a bright boy said: "But, teacher, can't you take four apples from two trees "

\* \* \*

One-half of the flour and feed mills in Canada are located in Ontario.

Magistrate—Now, my boy, do you understand the nature of an oath? Boy—Ain't I your caddie?

\* \* \*

Judge: "One year and \$50 fine." Prisoner's Lawyer: "Your Honor, I beg that the sentence be reversed." Judge: "Very well. Fifty years and \$1 fine."

\* \* \*

Roosevelt dam, on the Salt river in Arizona, was named in honor of Theodore Roosevelt.

### Specialized Permanents

Styles Created

**SCORY'S**

127 - 9th St. Phone 3525

A lovely personality depends on your well cared hands and becoming hair do.

**Richard's Beauty Parlor**

Phone 4281 130 - 10th St.



### Win Your Way to Her Heart

By giving her a nice box of  
Olympia

**CHOCOLATES**

or by treating her to a Delicious

### Olympia Meal or Tasty Lunch

There's an air of friendliness and comfort at The Olympia which men of H.M. Forces and their guests are quick to appreciate—and you can always be sure of getting attentive service. It's the popular place to meet before and after the show and on off hours.

## THE OLYMPIA

CAFE — LUNCH COUNTER AND GRILL

110 - 10th Street near Rosser

Phone 3099

### THE ARCADIA LUNCH COUNTER AND SODA FOUNTAIN

A favorite rendezvous for  
the R.C.A.F.

Cor. Tenth St. and Princess Ave.

### Light Lunches Meals

AT ALL HOURS

### PRINCESS TEA ROOM

Cor. Ninth St. and Princess Ave.  
Opposite City Hall

Ask for

# PILSENER BEER

**FORT GARRY  
BREWERY LTD.**

## MONEY BELTS

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

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

The  
**Great West Saddlery**  
Company Limited  
WINNIPEG REGINA SASKATOON  
CALGARY EDMONTON

## Rogues Gallery

(Continued from page 17)

to be situated close to the radio. Others were less fortunate and among these was Corporal Ross, who stood for some time cocking his ears in vain. Finally he retreated and was overheard muttering to himself, "Never was so much spoken to so many and heard by so few." Immortal Mr. Churchill! Result of this—the corporal has a new radio.

And say—where else could one get his ears pinned back by a flying ping pong ball or an eye gouged out by a flailing cue. Where else could one have the privilege of depositing a ten dollar bill for the use of one of the new fifty dollar gilt surfaced ping pong balls? Know what happened the other day? Well a fellow came in for a ball and as he had no small change he offered a ten dollar bill as a deposit on the ball. Later he returned with a broken ball and was told by one of the library staff, that he had forfeited his deposit. Naturally the fellow was angry and stomped away in disgust or was he so mad that he couldn't trust his voice? Poor sport, don't you think? Fortunately the staff member realized that the deposit had been ten dollars and not the customary dime. The fellow got his ten back and along with it about a million dollars worth of apologies. Where else? Where else? Call it what you like.

Your genial host, Corporal Hull, along with his staff are glad of the growing interest shown in the weekly pool and ping pong tournaments. Come on lads and make them better still. Never mind if your playing is a bit off or if you have never played before. It's all a matter of practice and by next tournament date, the champions of last week will have been drafted to other stations. How about a checker tournament—the boards are there.

Wouldn't be immortal? Well then—join in—win a tournament and have your name indelibly engraved in "Rogues Gallery." Already laurels have been won and hats off to the following ping pong champions—Feb. 2, AC2 Fenton; Feb. 9, Bandsman Grand, A.; Feb. 16, AC2 Cohen. And along with these goes the name of AC2 Atkins, J. D., pool champion of the tournament held on Feb. 5.

Looks as though the boys from "D" have something on the ball. Incidentally, if anyone is of the opinion that table tennis is a game for the old and simple, they had better drop in some Monday evening and change their mind.

Maybe you don't care for billiards, ping pong or checkers, for writing, or sleeping. Now we have it, you are a book worm? Welcome reader, come on in and choose a book. The library is getting larger and soon there will be a wider range and don't forget that a library has recently been opened at "D" Squadron.

And if you don't care for reading the books and magazines, you might spend your time profitably by gazing at the posted signs. For instance there

is one over yonder by the billiard tables, which states, "Do Not Sit on the Tables." Now the reason for that sign is nothing more nor less than to draw people's attention to the fact that if they sprawl on the green covered tables a sort of green gooper feathered fuzz will cling to their clothing rendering them more green than formerly and causing suspicion as to their being ptomain contacts. What's more, it ruins the cushions.

There is also another sign, which reads, "Put Cigarette Butts Here". The sign was obviously posted for no other reason than to draw attention to the new and beautiful designed ash trays. With all that bright red paint a sign appears somewhat superfluous. You have been asked to take particular note of these ash trays so as not to confuse them with the equally new and equally beautifully designed waste paper baskets.

For the past week there has been a deal of hammering going on about the premises. True it is that there are carpenters among the staff. Are we going to put up with this continual bang banging, while we attempt reading? Perhaps, if we consider the source. You see it is this way, the whole staff are radio techs and as a result are shaking doddering old grey beards; true they do lack a zest for living and have long since grown cynical of life itself; true they behave strangely at times, but remember they are radio techs—remember—they too have felt dawn, saw sunset glow, love and were loved. Gad man! I remember well when first they entered here—as young and proud and zealous as yourself.

The strangest building in South America is the Palacio Salvo, in Montevideo, capital of Uruguay. The main building is 12 storeys high and is surmounted by a tower of 14 storeys. The upper storeys of the tower are actually wider than the lower and consequently give it a very strange and decided bulge.

## STRAND

3 Days Starting Thurs., March 5th  
Get delicious with Deanna!  
Get laughing with Laughton!  
Get romantic with Robert!  
DEANNA CHARLES  
DURBIN LAUGHTON  
with  
ROBERT CUMMINGS  
in  
"It Started With Eve"

## Chrest's Cleaners Shoe Repair

Pressing while  
you wait  
Best job in town

We sell money belts  
1031 ROSSER AVE.



THERE'S ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

## For Victory

Shout ye Heavens in gladness,  
Blow ye winds in glee,  
Fill the air with the Story,  
Of a famous Victory.

Whisper in words of sadness,  
Of heroes who died for Peace,  
As down through the ages carried  
The paean shall never cease.

Tell of a Tyrant's madness  
Drunk in his lust for power,  
Give to the coming ages,  
A nation's Peace, their dower.

Give with triumphal flourish,  
As One and All proclaim,  
The trumpet call forever,  
Buy Victory Bonds AGAIN.

—Margaret Brown.

Taxicabs in the United States carry 780,000,000 passengers a year, consume over 200 million gallons of gasoline, with an annual mileage of about two and a half billion miles, doing a gross transportation business of \$125,000,000 a year.

"You're a pretty sharp boy, Tommy."

"Well, I ought to be. Pa strops me three or four times a week!"

## Correspondence Courses Offered

(Continued from page 15)

ed in any section or year, according to the student's previous theoretical and practical training, and students successfully completing these courses will be in a favourable position to qualify for service Trades Training Courses.

Applications from men in Canada will be received no matter where the units to which the applicants belong may be stationed, and courses will be forwarded to them at any time and to any place as directed.

Service men registered for correspondence courses and assigned to a draft going overseas should take their courses with them and carry on there with the same courses under the Overseas Director, Canadian Legion Educational Services, Weybridge, Surrey, England.

### Through these courses

You teach yourself with or without assistance.

You prepare for promotion, or special service.

You increase your efficiency.

You continue your education.

You occupy to advantage a part of your leisure time.

You prepare yourself for profitable occupation at the close of the war.

### ENROLL NOW!

For further information consult your Educational Officer. At No. 2 "M" Depot, R.C.A.F., the Station Chaplains (P) are your Educational Officers. They will be pleased to answer your questions and to complete your registration.

Mr. Blagden, secretary of the Royal Society, remained 45 minutes in a room heated to 260 degrees Fahrenheit.

A "volcanic plug" is plastic lava squeezed through openings in the earth's crust and there hardened.

*Riedles*

EXPORT LAGER  
EXPORT ALE

"Best in the Mess"

The Riedle Brewery Limited

Winnipeg, Manitoba







Yes, I Always Buy  
**BRYCE'S**  
 HOME MADE  
**BREAD**  
 and Kitchen Proved  
**CAKES**

They are always so delicious.  
 Sold at most dealers or direct.

**BRYCE BAKERIES LTD.**

112 ELEVENTH ST.

PHONE 4046

**GREETINGS**

TO THE MEN OF THE  
 R.C.A.F.

**Recreation  
 Bowling Alleys  
 & Billiard Parlor**  
 10th Street Brandon

Old Soldiers of the  
 Army and Navy Vets  
 welcome the new men of  
 the R.C.A.F.

**A. & N. VETS**

Brandon Unit No. 10  
 119 - 10th Street Brandon

**BOYS**

If you want Service,  
 If you want Quality  
 And last but not least, Value.

**REESOR'S JEWELRY STORE HAS IT**

Est. 1882—Sign of the Street Clock

**PERFECT SUIT CLEANING AND  
 PRESSING**

**Airmen's Suits 85c  
 Sponge and Press 35c**

DON'T FORGET OUR LAUNDRY SERVICE ALSO  
 Laundry Room in the Manning Depot Under Direction of  
 Jerry Martin

PHONE  
 2314

*Rumford's*

PHONE  
 2315

Brandon's Sunshine Laundry and Cleaning Plant

**DO YOU LIKE  
 EATING?**

**Of course you do**

But you'll enjoy it much  
 more if you have  
 your meals at

**MITROU'S CAFE  
 & TEA ROOM**

836 Rosser Phone 3039  
 Home-made Candy and  
 Chocolates

We carry a  
 COMPLETE STOCK  
 of  
**HOME MADE  
 CANDY**

Soda Fountain Tobaccos

**Bertrand's**

918 Rosser Phone 2056

**Another  
 Big Hello To**

Another fine issue of the  
 "AIRMAN'S POST"  
 From your Airman's  
 Barber  
**JACK TAYLOR**  
 at his  
**BARBER SHOP**  
 No. 2 Manning Depot, R.C.A.F.  
 Brandon, Man.

**PROTECTED DAIRY PRODUCTS  
 Pasteurized**

**Milk - Cream - Ice Cream  
 Prairie Rose Butter**

Safeguard your health by using only Pasteurized Products

**THE BRANDON CREAMERY &  
 SUPPLY COMPANY LIMITED**

Phone 4197

**Carlton Cafe**

121 - 10th St. Brandon

**We Serve Regular  
 Meals**

CHINESE DISHES  
 LUNCHES

"They're Delicious!"

Lowest Priced Fur Storage in Manitoba  
 Only 1½ %

We are now showing styles that are popular in Hollywood and New York,  
 at prices that cannot be duplicated.



**Beautiful**

**LARGE PHOTOGRAPHS  
 2 Poses 25c**

Finished while  
 you wait.

**PHOTO ARCADE**

719 Rosser

RITCHIE'S AUTHENTIC AIR FORCE OXFORD

in widths A, B, C, D, E, and sizes to 12

Priced at \$8.00

Other Plain Black Oxfords, \$3.50 to \$6.00

**Knowlton's Boot Shop**  
*Limited*

819 ROSSEY



## AIR FORCE

- UNIFORMS
- GREAT COATS
- RAIN COATS
- SILVER GREY SHIRTS,  
By "Arrow", all sizes and sleeve lengths.  
Collar attached or two separate collars,  
\$2.50, \$3.00.
- OTHER GREY SHIRTS, \$1.50.
- BLACK SOX, plain or ribbed, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
- SUSPENDERS, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
- TOPS or SHORTS, 50c each.
- BLACK TIES, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
- WEDGE CAPS, for all ranks.
- OFFICERS FORAGE CAPS.
- HANDKERCHIEFS, 3 for 50c.
- Complete assembly of accessories:  
Chevrons, Badges, Buttons, Haversacks,  
Belts, Sticks, Wings, etc.
- ORDER SUMMER UNIFORMS, made-to-  
measure now. Fit guaranteed. Best value.

PHONE 2991

**John A. McDonald  
& Son Ltd.**

ROSSEY AVE. AT 9th ST.

**Leave Your Films With Us  
DEVELOPING AND PRINTING**

8 Hour Service **29c** Per Roll. All Work Guaranteed.

**Crawford's Drug Store**

Cor. Rosser Ave. and 10th St.

Phone 2976

**Meet Your Friends at the**

**JOLLY ROBIN**

We Serve

Maxwell House Coffee

Hot Plates

Tasty Pastry

220 - 10th St.

Phone 3593

**LOVELY GIFTS**

for

**Mother, Sister**

**Sweetheart**

at the

**VOGUE**

724 Rosser

Phone 2728

**DOIG'S**

ON TENTH STREET

Gloves, Hosiery, Lingerie, Dry

Goods and Ladies' Underwear

**PHOTO ARCADE**

**2 Poses 25c**

Finished while you wait

719 ROSSEY

**CLEMENT'S**

REXALL

**DRUG STORE LIMITED**

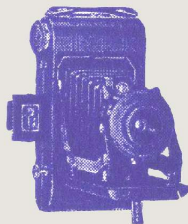
Kodaks

Films

Developing

Printing

Enlarging



Chocolates

Cigarettes

Stationery

Birthday

Cards

Shaving

Supplies

**FREE ENLARGEMENT**

Ask us how to get a FREE ENLARGEMENT  
with Developing and Printing

**"Say It With Flowers"**

**Immediate delivery to all parts of  
Canada, United States and  
British Empire.**

**Patmore's Florists**

138 - 8th

Ph. 3120, 3117

FOR STYLE AND QUALITY

VARIETY AND LOWEST PRICES

**Buy War Savings Stamps**

Modern  
DEPT.  
STORE

**CHRISTIE  
GRANTS**

Rosser Ave.  
BRANDON  
MAN.