

AIRMAN'S POST

NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT, BRANDON, MANITOBA



MAY 1942

GREETINGS TO THE
R.C.A.F.

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R.C.A.F.

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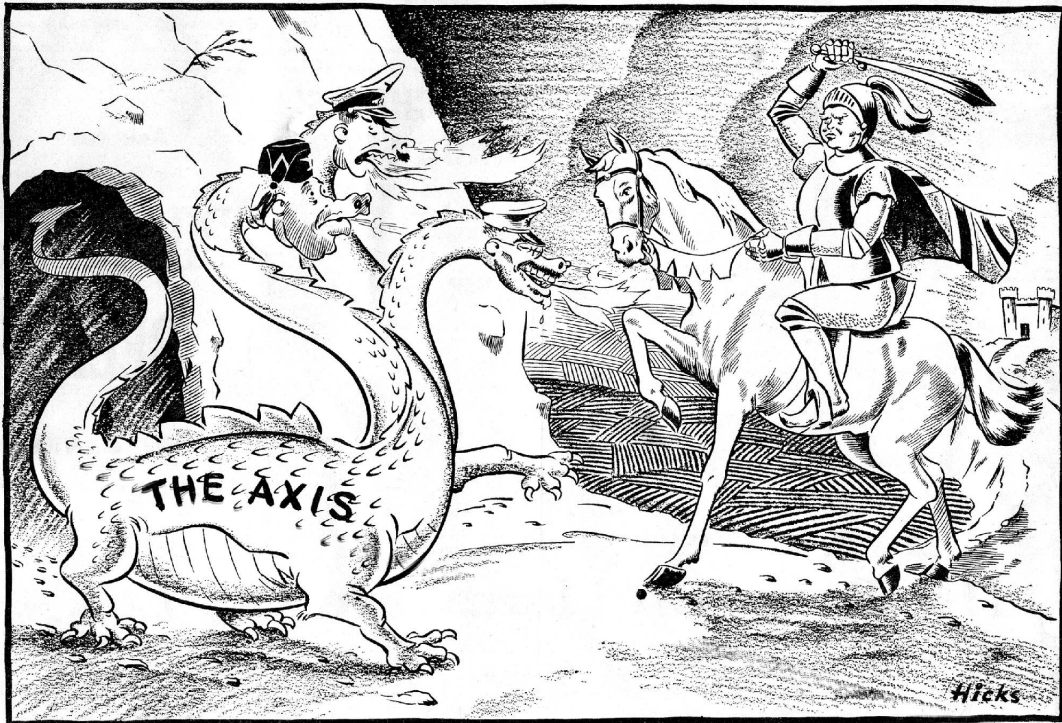
T. EATON CO.
BRANCH STORE
BRANDON CANADA

THE AIRMAN'S POST

Vol. 2, No. 3

No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Man.

May, 1942



ALIAS ST. GEORGE

And I saw Heaven opened, and behold a
White horse; and he that sat upon him was
Called Faithful and True, and in righteousness
He doth judge and make war.

And he laid hold on the dragon, that old
Serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan,
And bound him a thousand years.

—Rev. 19:11, 20:2.

From the point of view of our severest critic (and he has the calendar to prove it by) we are a week late in paying our respects to St. George's Day. We will admit, cheerfully, that our critic is right up to a certain point. May 1st, our publication date, is certainly not April 23rd by a matter of eight days. But we will dispute, strongly dispute, with our critic, the calendar, and anyone else who so claims it, that St. George's Day ended on the stroke of midnight, April 23rd. And we will contend further that April 24th had just as much right to be called St. George's Day as April 23rd, and likewise April 25th and 27th, and yesterday and tomorrow and the day after. The open season on dragons is not restricted to the 23rd of April. St. George is still slaying them, slaying them every day in the year, but you may not have realized it was St. George because he's using a number of aliases nowadays.

Yesterday he was using the name Jones when he hurtled his Spitfire through the skies over Britain to seek out and destroy a dragon that was called a Messerschmitt. And the day before he was Smith, a gunner on a British destroyer, who sent a shell crashing through the steel-plated hide of an under-sea dragon. Tomorrow he may be using the name MacDonald or Sullivan when he drives his tank against a dragon stronghold somewhere on the sands of Libya.

Yes, St. George lives again. He lives again in the minds and hearts of hundreds of thousands of young men in Army khaki, Air Force and Navy blue who have taken up the sword for the avowed purpose of lopping off the three horrible heads that adorn the dragon's body in Hicks' cartoon. It won't be an easy task. It will take all the blood and sweat and toil that Winston Churchill spoke of as the price of victory. St. George's battle with the famous dragon of mythology was child's play compared with the job that confronts us today. And there is nothing mythical about the dragons that we are called upon to slay. Never before in the history of human conflict have the St. George's of this world gone into battle with so little equipment to pit against so many dragons with so much equipment. Yes, these dragons we face today are very real and very formidable, and we will have to toil manfully and wield the sword mightily so that the ending for us will be as happy as it was for St. George on that first dragon-slaying day long, long, ago.

—The Editor.

THE AIRMAN'S POST

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

Editor-in-Chief Robert Tyre, Cpl.
Advertising Manager C. L. Walton, F/O
Circulation Manager J. R. Hillhouse, F/O

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

THE SPIRIT OF YOUNG CANADA



AT FIRST GLANCE WE THOUGHT FLT./SGT. MULLOCK WAS COMMITTING HARI-KARI AND THEN WE SPOTTED THE DIMINUTIVE FIGURE OF MASTER PAUL ROWLEY LOOKING VERY GRIM AND DETERMINED BEHIND THE GUN. YOUNG CPL. ROWLEY LOOKS FIT AND CAPABLE OF SLAYING A COUPLE OF DRAGONS HIMSELF. LOOK OUT, HITLER!

SALUTE TO YESTERDAY

The just and righteous wrath of a Lady Galahad has fallen upon our guilty editorial head. That champion of lost causes, Miss Beth Crawford (she of the winsome smile and sunny personality—P.O. girls please copy!) has drawn our attention to a ghastly oversight—way back in March, we are told, an earth-shaking dramatic presentation took place on the Arena stage and not one single word about it appeared in the Airman's Post! Where were the news-gathering scribes of the Airman's Post that fateful night? Yes, where were they? Probably out courting some sulphurous blonde or swapping lles with the boys over an amber bottle. Crawl away you shameful, wretched delinquents and hide your heads. And now we hasten to make amends.

Away back in the mists of March one night stands forth in memory (not ours we guiltily confess) like a gem of purest ray serene. That was the night the valiant Wireless Operator Air-Gunners of "D" Squadron presented their immortal "W.A.G. Revue" to a marvelling, wondering, bewitched audience, and if you listen carefully you can still hear the ghostly sharps and flats of that memorable night echoing down the corridors of Time. It was (so we're told) a veritable feast of comedy, drama, and song. And so we pay belated tribute to those gentlemen of the "W. A. G. Revue". Not many names of those participating are now available, and so we can only mention Messrs. Castle, Szboo, Marchand, Ringheim,

Arbour, Ruthven, Giambastiani, and Charlie Williams. Good luck to you, fellows, and may your eyes be keen and your hands steady when you spot a Boche and pop him.

GOD OR THE FUHRER

Germans are beginning to see something of the new "German Faith" which, according to the Nazis, is to replace the Catholic and Protestant Churches.

A book which gives a clear outline of this official German religion is called "Gott und Volk," 200,000 copies of which are already in circulation, mainly amongst S.S. and S.A. men, soldiers and in Labour Service camps. The Berlin publishers say that further editions are being prepared and will be ready early in 1942. (This is in addition to the booklets described in Bulletins 105, 107 and 109, though similar in tone and outlook.)

Here are a few quotations from this "religious" book:

"We Germans have been called upon by fate to be the first to break with Christianity. It is to be an honour."

"The Church has had time to begin to mould mankind into a cleaner, higher striving race. A thousand bonds tie us to the Christian belief, but one blow will make us free. To make Germans strong and ripe for this step is our task of holiest obligation."

"Wherever a fight for the souls of Germans is going on, there are fronts. The fronts are clear. One is called

(Continued on page 16)

The Kinsmen Club and The Air Force

By F. O. Meighen, President,
Brandon Kinsmen Club

It is a pleasure to me to be afforded the opportunity on behalf of the Kinsmen Club of Brandon of contributing an article to this publication. Our relations with No. 2 Manning Depot since its inception in Brandon have been most cordial and we trust that we may continue in future to serve the Depot in an increasingly useful manner.

The Kinsmen Club is a service Club composed of young business men of this city and is a member of the Association of Kinsmen Clubs of Canada, a purely Canadian organization with some ninety clubs from Coast to Coast. As the name "Service Club" denotes, the activities of the Club naturally are devoted to community service. In past years general service work in the community was the program of the Club, but with the advent of war this program was curtailed and our energies directed more into War Effort and Service to the Armed Forces. The work is now confined largely to the raising of funds for "Milk for Britain" and to the supplying of recreation and entertainment for the Armed Forces, and more particularly for members of the No. 2 Manning Depot.

Two years ago members of the Club finding no rink available for use of the men in uniform and for the general public, since our former skating rink was used by the Manning Depot, determined to erect a rink to remedy this situation. Lacking funds for the purpose, the necessary money was borrowed on the security of the personal notes of the members and the rink was erected opposite the Manning Depot Hospital. The supervision of the rink was carried on by the voluntary effort of members of the Club. During the past two winters thousands of men in uniform, and civilians too, used the rink, and we hope have derived a good deal of pleasure from this activity.

During the summer of 1941, through the co-operation of the then Commanding Officer of the Depot and of the entire personnel, the rink properly was converted to a recreation centre with a stage, dance floor, reading writing and lounging facilities. The centre was provided for the exclusive use of the Airmen and their friends. Free entertainment was provided each evening and the only revenue came from the canteen operated on the ground. The entire profit from the canteen was used for the extension of these services. Again the operation of the centre was made possible through the voluntary work of the Kinsmen, their wives and friends. Plans are now under way for the operation of the recreation centre again during the coming summer and with one year's operations behind us it is felt that the experience already gained will help us to operate much more successfully.

Recently in an effort to assist in obtaining a more varied type of entertainment for the men of the Depot, the Club undertook to sponsor one night of entertainment each week. A nominal charge is collected and all funds so derived are used to meet the expense of bringing talent from Winnipeg or other centres, and as time goes on the entertainment provided will be greatly improved by this arrangement.

While the service program undertaken by the Club means a heavy call on the leisure time of the members, the work is gladly done, particularly so is this true with respect to the service of the Airmen. Throughout we have had the unflinching co-operation of the Commanding Officer, his Officers and the men of the Depot. We regard it as essential that recreation and entertainment be provided for the new recruits, who during their stay in the Manning Depot are undergoing a complete change in their mode of life and in many cases are away from home for the first time. If in any way we have served to make this transition from civil life more pleasant, our services have not been in vain.

While we all earnestly hope that the successful end of the present conflict will not be too long delayed, the Kinsmen Club looks forward to continuing its work so long as its efforts are required.

In closing I wish to congratulate the Editor of this publication and his associates on the excellence of their work, which has been so favorably commented upon by its readers.

A BOW TO THE ADVERTISER

Cleopatra had her Anthony, Damon his Pythias, Mackenzie King has the National Debt, and the Airman's Post has a very good friend called the Advertiser. And it is this very good friend who makes it possible for you and me to have the Airman's Post each and every month. Such being the case, and because we believe in the old adage about one good turn deserving another, we earnestly solicit our readers to demonstrate their appreciation by PATRONIZING the merchants and business men and women whose advertising appears in the pages of the POST.

If we display our gratitude in this way we can always depend on these good business people of Brandon for the advertising support that is so necessary to keep the Airman's Post a going concern. So remember, Chum, the next time you buy a meal, a diamond engagement ring, book, cough drops, roll of films, or a pair of corsets, do your buying in the ESTABLISHMENT of one of OUR ADVERTISERS.

THANK YOU.

—The Editor.



British paratroops, who took part in the commando raid on northern France recently when a German radio locator station was wrecked, are reviewed here by the King and Queen. Their Majesties are shown here as they watched the paratroops descend from the skies. With the King is Major Frost who led the paratroops on the raid on the French coast.

PADRE'S MESSAGE

"Everyman's Dragon"

Chivalry and courtesy are dying in Germany. That is the natural consequence of teaching everyone to believe that might is the only right. I heard Mr. Kaltenborn say so last Sunday. He cited reports to the effect that customers no longer are greeted with politeness and served with interest by salesmen in German retail stores. A "take it or leave it" attitude prevails now, and the client who objects to this or to any quality of the goods offered for sale is answered rudely or treated roughly. And this is symptomatic of a general condition. Where might is right, people may obey orders with mechanical readiness, but in matters where conduct is a matter of personal choice, they incline more and more to coarse and unmannerly ways. The Dragon Self is let loose.

There are those, of course, in every land who think that politeness is effeminate and altruism servile. Such people lack the wit to understand that chivalry is the highest grace of the strong, that unselfish service is the happiest and most refining of occupations. You and I must recognize that, if we are to be true to our heritage as Britons. It may be a myth that St. George slew a dragon, but it is no myth that every one of us must slay the dragon Self, if we would keep alive in the world the traditions of St. George and Merrie England and deliver our own and all lands from the evils that grow out of the lie that might is the only right. In that and

all great accomplishments little things count, so I contend today for the value of courtesy and consideration. The secret of these virtues is not to think too highly of oneself.

One sees many things in a railroad station. Not long ago I entered one to board a train for an overnight journey. Other people were there with the same purpose, so it was necessary to form a line before the ticket examiner. The majority were quite willing to do this, but there were several individuals who were obviously fretted and annoyed by this democratic method. There were one or two who seemed to think, though their reason for thinking so was not apparent, that they should have special and immediate attention and be spared this business of waiting their turn.

In stores, too, I have seen individuals with this lack of patience and this peculiar notion of personal importance upsetting salesclerks and other customers by their demands to be treated differently.

What a deal of trouble can be introduced into life by this desire of some to be considered different and therefore worthy of special attention. It can possess nations as well as individuals, as we are seeing just now. Some one read or quoted in my hearing recently the old saying, "It is the squeaky hinge that gets the oil," and then added, significantly, "But if it squeaks too long and loudly, it will be taken off and replaced by one that behaves properly." That treatment

comes as a surprising and sobering experience to individuals who protest too much their own importance. At great cost, but for the good of all, the nations that believe in democratic institutions are now committed to teaching that lesson to those who most obviously do not. Do let those of us who call ourselves Christians realize that to reckon oneself continually exceptional is to be sinfully selfish and sinfully proud. Let us get it into our hearts and heads that most people are essentially alike, and let us make a greater effort to be tactful and considerate and friendly in our goings up and down through the world.

Of course, most of us want to be exceptional in one way or another. We want to do something or be something out of the ordinary and to be considered remarkable by our fellow men. So, if our intelligence is not of an impressive quality and degree, perhaps we try to win attention by our looks, or our dress, or our mannerisms, or anything we can think of that will make us stand out from the crowd. It's a strange yearning, this desire to be different, for life is much easier and happier for those whose likes and dislikes are as average as their clothing and shoe sizes. If, however, you must be different, do let your differences contribute to the common good.

Don't be selfish and proud and superior. Every man's best is needed today, not for the sake of his own advancement, but for the present maintenance and the future advancement of all that we cherish as fine and good.

Let us resolve this day, each of us for all of us, that with the help of God we will curb our personal selfishness and pride of word and action, and seek to do and be our best always and only for the sake of others. That kind of right is more effective and enduring than any kind of might.

FULL BLAST

The world is full of trouble but this part is not as full as some others.

HELP YOURSELF TO SUCCESS

Opportunities galore await the enlisted man who is interested in improving his education through the medium of the free correspondence courses offered by Canadian Legion War Services, Inc. Through these courses a man on active service may prepare for promotion, or for special services, increase his efficiency, continue his interrupted education, prepare himself for a profitable occupation at the close of the war.

Some idea of the wide range and variety of subjects available or in preparation may be gleaned by examining the titles of the few selected at random and listed below:

Elementary reading, writing and spelling. Introductory English and French. English literature and language. Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry. General Science. Social studies. Physics, chemistry, and biology. Mechanical drawing. Automotive engineering. Principles of radio, Pilotage and Navigation, Elementary Marine Engineering. Soils and field crops, live stock and dairy farming. And a great many more courses to choose from.

Here is a golden opportunity to invest part of your leisure time in something that will pay real dividends now or later. If you are interested and would like more information about a particular course call in and have a chat about it in the friendly atmosphere of the Padre's office.

KNOWING AND HAVING

Onions are among the scarce articles in Britain. Perhaps fate thinks that the British can hardly expect to "know their onions" and have them, too.

DO TELL

A man is a worm in the dust. He comes along, wriggles about for a time, and in the end some chicken picks him up.



CARTOONISTS HICKS AND WILMOT DOING A SPOT OF DRAWING FOR THE POST

**SHAMPOOS DELUXE**

Weep no more, my airman,
Weep no more, I say,
Jack Taylor has a message
That will chase your tears away.

The harsh Assiniboine waters
That changed your blonde to grey
Have now been tamed and softened,
By the hand of science today.

And a shampoo, my friends,
You now can have much oftener,
'Cause our Airman's barber
Has a fine water softener.

April 2nd, 1942.

Dear Cousin:

Your uncle has a job at last. The first he has had in 48 years. We are rich now, \$17.25 every Saturday so we went up to Sears and Roebuck for one of those new fangled bathtubs like you rich people have up North. It came and we had it put up right. You should see it. Over on one side of the room is a big long white thing like the pigs drink out of only you can get in it and take a wash all over at once. Over on the other side of the room is a little white gadget hanging on the wall, called a zink. This is for light washing like hands or face. They also sent us a roll of writing paper but it's kinda cheap I think—it rips too easy.

But over in the corner, WOW! they got a thing there you put one foot in and scrub it 'till it gets clean, then you push a knob and get fresh water for the other foot. Two lids came on the darn thing, but they kept falling down and hitting Grandpa's knees so Ma is using one for a bread board, and we framed Aunt Martha's picture in the other.

Yours truly,

Cousin Abner.

MUCH ADO

The taxi was a very ancient one and had taken an extra long time to reach its destination.

As the passenger paid his fare, he remarked:

"How do you manage when your fare is in a desperate hurry?"

"Ah," said the driver leaning toward the passenger confidentially, "I keeps on changin' me gears and 'onkin' me 'ooter."

LOST HOPE

When talking pictures came in we hoped they'd do away with talking audiences—and we still think it was a good hope.

SLIP-STREAM-LINES

"Breezy Bits from the Barracks"



NO, BILL, IM SORRY BUT THE WAR EFFORT COMES FIRST.

ROLLING STONE

The soldier had been out on a spree, and to finish off he hired a taxi. Unfortunately, when the taxi came to a stop, he found that he hadn't a cent left, and he explained to the driver. "That's the position, old man, and you can't get blood out of a stone," he added, cheerfully.

"No," agreed the 6 ft. 4 in. taxi driver, rolling up his sleeves ominously, "but what makes you think you're a stone?"

EMPTY TRIUMPH

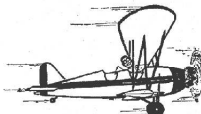
"Any complaints?" asked the orderly officer, entering the messroom. "Yessir!" replied Private Smith. "They've all got bigger dinners than me."

"Well," said the orderly officer, smiling, "they're all bigger lads than you, aren't they?"

"Yes sir," Smithy agreed; "an' allus will be at this rate."

INDISPENSABLE

A bachelor may be just a guy who didn't have a car when he was young.



WELL, HOW DID YOU LIKE THAT LAST FANCY LOOP FENWICK?

DAY OF DAZE

He was a new and very nervous recruit, and dropped his rifle at drill. The sergeant-major's eyes popped out of his head at the sight, and for a few moments he gasped for breath. Then:

"Hey, you!" he roared. "How long have you been in the Army?"

"P-p-please, sir," faltered the miserable recruit, "all d-d-day, sir."

MODERN WAYS

Father (to infant son sucking his thumb): "Hey, son, don't do that. You'll need it when you're old enough to travel."

STRANGE

"A month ago I was crazy about Jack; now I don't care for him a bit."

"Yes, it's strange how changeable men are."

JUSTICE

Male Straphanger: Madam, you are standing on my foot.

Female Straphanger: I beg your pardon. I thought it belonged to the man sitting down.

SOLD!

Mrs. Blank: "Dear, when I was down town today, I saw the sweetest little hat in a window on Douglas Street."

Mr. Blank: "Put it on and let's see how you look."

**"MEN"**

From The Canadian Airman

Men are what women marry. They have two feet, two hands and sometimes 2 wives but never more than one collar or one idea at a time.

Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same material, the only difference being that some are a little better disguised than others. Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes—husbands, bachelors and widowers.

An eligible bachelor is a man of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three varieties: prizes, surprises and consolation prizes.

Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity, especially charity.

It is a psychological marvel why a soft, fluffy, tender, violet-scented sweet little thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco and bay rum-smelling thing like a man.

If you flatter a man it frightens him to death. If you permit him to make love to you he gets tired of you in the end, and if you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning. If you don't flatter him you bore him to death.

If you believe in him in everything you soon cease to interest him, and if you argue with him in everything you soon cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you he thinks you are a fool and if you don't he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colours, rouge and a startling hat he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a quiet brown hat, no rouge, he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in gay colours, rouge and a startling hat.

If you are of the clinging vine type he doubts if you have a brain, and if you are modern, advanced and independent he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly he longs for a bright mate and if you are brilliant and intellectual he longs for a playmate. If you are popular with men he is jealous and if you are not he hesitates to marry a well flower.

MONRO'S

CONFECTIONERY - LIGHT LUNCHEES

Best Milk Shakes in town
1106 Rosser Ave.

FOUR STALWARTS OF THE POST OFFICE



Front Centre: J. Smart.
Back Row, left to right: Cpl. F. Garstone, Cpl. A. T. Battrum, Cpl. C. P. Lee.

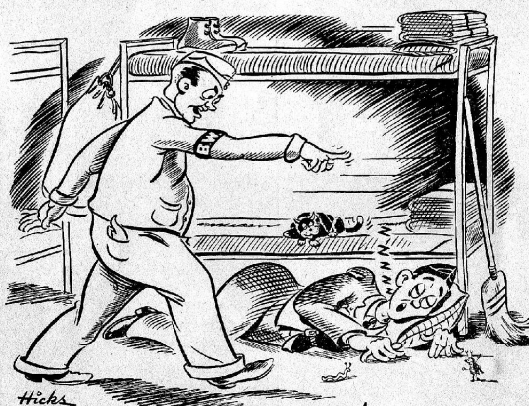
AND SOME VITAL STATISTICS

Aircraftman Smart proudly announces his birthplace as Montrose in bonny Scotland. He served with the 43rd Cameron Highlanders during the last war and was a casualty three times. Saw service at Ypres, Vimy Ridge, Paschendale, and Courcellet. Mr. Smart has a family of five and they are all represented in the armed forces of this country. His home address is Vanduran, Sask., where he was postmaster.

Cpl. F. Garstone was postmaster for 22 years in his hometown Salt-

coats, Sask. He served overseas during the last war with the 1st Division Ammunition Column and Supplies. Cpl. Garstone's son is a Lieut. with the Saskatchewan Light Horse overseas. The Cpl. confesses to a weakness for community singing and MacCallum Scotch.

Cpl. A. T. Battrum hails from his nameplace at Battrum, Sask., where he was a postmaster for 17 years. He served two years with the 10th Canadians in the last conflict and was wounded at the battle of Hill 70.



Hicks
"NO NO SMITH!
I SAID SWEEP UNDER THE BEDS!!"

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the crease lasts twice
as long.

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Alterations.

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Tailor**

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BOYS

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

REESOR'S JEWELRY STORE HAS IT

Est. 1882—Sign of the Street Clock

Cpl. C. P. Lee comes from Kincaid, Sask. and has been postmaster there for 28 years. Cpl. Lee saw two years Canadian service during the last great war and held the rank of Lieutenant. The Cpl. has a fondness for hunting, and has some reputation as a dog fancier.

R.C.A.F.

Public Relations, Release No. 558

Pilot Officer John Gillespie Magee, Jr., an American citizen born of missionary parents in Shanghai and educated at Britain's famed Rugby School, was killed on active service in Britain last December 11th. He was 19 years old and had the cause of freedom in his heart.

Pilot Officer Magee had poetry in his heart too, and, in the form of a sonnet, he left a message to youth which his parents consider may be a greater thing than anything he had done in the way of fighting.

The sonnet was composed last September as the exultant freedom of soaring 30,000 feet over the earth made a word-pattern in his mind. These words were scribbled on the back of a letter after he had returned to earth,—

High Flight

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds
Of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-
silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the
tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hun-
dred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled
and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring
there
I've chased the shouting wind
along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls
of air.
Up, up the long, delirious, burning
blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights
with easy grace
Where never lark, nor even eagle
flew—
And, while with silent lifting mind
I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of
space,
Put out my hand and touched the
face of God.

Pilot Officer Magee sent the sonnet, scribbled on the back of the letter to his parents, Reverend and Mrs. John G. Magee who now live in Washington. Mr. Magee is assistant minister at St. John's Church, Lafayette

(Continued on page 10)

CARBERRY AND MACDONALD
MARCHES ON

Your editor paid a little informal visit to our comrades in arms at Carberry and MacDonald this past month and came away with the conviction that what was being done at these two briskly operating Air Force Stations would contribute in no small way to the ultimate destruction of Hitler & Company.

There is something very fascinating about these schools. Action is the keynote, the spirit, and the modus operandi—action, and still more action. Planes going up and planes coming down, maintenance crews at work, students attending ground school, the Meteorologist working over his weather mathematics, colorful, diversified, exciting. And over the whole huge bustling enterprise the controlling hand of order, efficiency, and discipline.

When one gets a glimpse at some of these smoothly operating cogs in the vast machinery of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan one begins to realize the colossal magnitude of the scheme and its vital, incalculable importance in the Allied war effort. Another day we hope to pay a second and more extended visit to these stations to absorb and understand better their more technical aspects.

TOPS IN
ENTERTAINMENT
AT
THE CAPITOL
THE OAK

Brandon's Independent Theatres
EIGHTH STREET
Admission at Popular Prices

A prophetic quatrain written by a Dutch poet, Joseph Cats, three hundred years ago, about the Germans.

When the Hun is poor and down
He's the humblest man in town;
But once he climbs and holds
the rod
He smites his fellow-man—and
God.

A warm welcome extended to all
men in the services.

D. B. ROBERTS, Manager

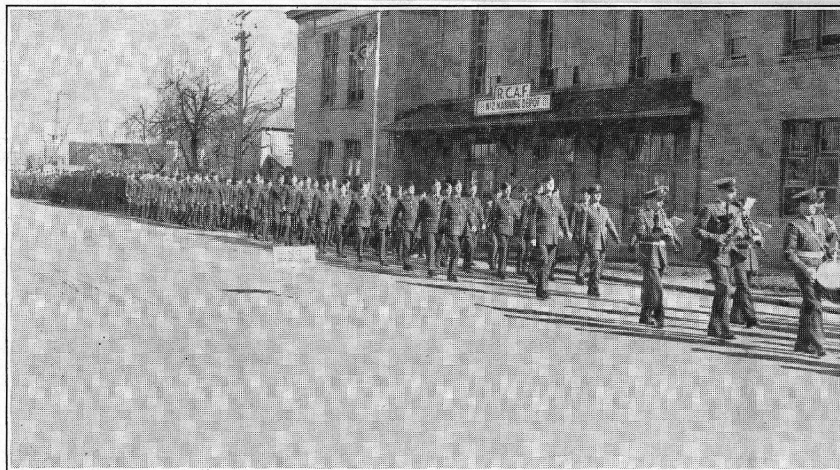
A Tribute to Your Mother
MOTHER'S DAY

Remember the Sweetest
Girl you know "YOUR
MOTHER" on her day, for
we have that swell box of
Chocolates with which to
tell her you haven't forgot-
ten.

THE OLYMPIA

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AND GRILL

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HEADQUARTERS ON PARADE

STRIKE UP THE BAND

A few breezy notes about who's who and why among the boys who provide the sharps and flats for the parades at No. 2 Manning Depot. For this feature in the May Post we selected fifteen of the more veteran members of the band for our candid portraits of the month. In the next issue of the Post we will deal just as mercilessly and ruthlessly with the remaining members of the band. And here, biographically speaking, are the fifteen members of winged melody:

The tall, very tall liddle who plays the E flat Sousaphone so well is W. C. "Bill" Kimmins from Hamilton, Ontario. Bill started playing in a Salvation Army Band at the age of eight. No wonder he ad libs so much! Bill has a wife and a "little Kimmins" who acts and looks like his papa.

A. E. "Bull" Cooper, 1st alto horn, is a fugitive from a plough in Margo, Saskatchewan. A sandy haired Irishman with a big smile and a large voice. Is the proud father of a wee baby daughter and a husky wee son—sorry, Esmerelda, he shoulda told ya!

C. J. "Tinny" Howard plays "honky" tenor sax and has the rare gift of appearing to be listening to a lecture when in reality he's dreaming up more of those corny stories. Tinny hales from Vancouver and Saskatoon. and was the originator of the Farmers Fiddlers of radio fame, with whom he earned his daily beans before before donning the Air Force blue. He's married, too!

C. R. E. "Charlie" Sreenan, 1st alto sax, and President of the "Jag Club", comes from the Cherry country of Chilliwack, B.C. Charlie played with the Cultus Lake Knights of Harmony in days gone by—which may be why he warbles little ditties to himself after lights out. Single yet, and seems happy.

E. H. "Eddie" Home, 2nd clarinet. Plays 4th tenor in the dance band, and in case you've wondered, he isn't

sleepy. The footlights make him squint that way—sez he! Hales from Cranbrook, B.C. Also studied music in Vancouver. Single—yet, and is very, very, interested in field artillery these days! Fond of dancing and Dagwood sandwiches.

B. "Ack" Ackroyd, 3rd cornet. Played with the Salvation Army band in his hometown Vancouver, and when the need arises beats out the tempo on the big brass drum. Has a secret love somewhere as we had a peek at a bit of one of his letters—and she aint kiddin' Single—as we go to press.

C. "Peck" Pecknold, solo clarinet. Plays 3rd alto in dance band. Before enlisting Peck played at the Empress Hotel in his home town Victoria, B.C. When anyone mentions the sea breezes and green foliage of the coast, he sighs very deeply. Married and likes it.

Sgt. Len Stelck, 2nd cornet, also one of the dance band drummers. Comes from Dauphin, Manitoba, and is the band disciplinarian. Played with the Trail Commanders and "Dauphin Music Makers", before enlisting. Is happily married and getting a few grey hairs trying to keep the wild Indian bandmen in order.

W. "Bill" Lazenby, solo cornet. An Imperial veteran who has played in military bands all his life. Has a home, and wife to go with it at Chilliwack, B.C. Says he'll hang his cornet up after the war and give farming his undivided attention. Bet a buck he'll still sneak off somewhere and blow that horn.

D. "Wee Duncan" Muirhead, bass trombone. Dunc's home is at Edmonton, Alberta. The band is definitely his first love, though at times we have reason to believe that he is sometimes torn between his first love and a smouldering passion for Vera, Babs, Irene, Minnie, Beula, Connie, Peggy, Rose, Elizabeth, Petunia, Margaret, and so on ad infinitum! He'll be a

very busy boy at Xmas if he delivers his presents in person. Dunc hopes to land a job in a dance band after the war. Single still, but why, we can't explain.

Sgt. G. Fairbairn, bandmaster, comes from Crooked River, Sask. and played with the original Farmer Fiddlers in his civilian days and spent a lot of time playing on the C.N.R. boats running to Alaska. Sarge has the most fascinating haircuts at times. We don't know whether to call them short haircuts or long shaves. He plays the piano in the dance band, is married, and very fond of little round peppermint candies.

"Johnny" Kleisinger, 1st clarinet. Plays lead alto in the dance band and bats out the "Clarinet Polka" with much relish. Johnny is from Regina, where he worked in dance bands. He used to make frequent trips there on his forty-eights, but lately he has been touring Brandon on his time off. What's the matter, Johnny, did she move away? J. K. is single and looking for a rich widow—about ninety-nine years of age.

J. "C Sharp" Lytle (alias "The Camp Fire Girl") is solo trumpeter, and was formerly with leading bands of the C.B.C. Spent several years playing with Orchestra aboard Empress of Japan. Shuts his eyes while ad libbing and reaching for the high ones. When not trying to blow his horn out straight, spends his time arguing over topics of the day.

Albee "The Maggot" Mallet, side drummer. Trap drummer in dance band, and really "sends" the boys and gals. Has played with the leading bands in civilian life, such as Art Strauss of International Ice Revue fame, Eugene Hudson, one time conductor of the Winnipeg Symphony, and of whom Albee speaks so highly. Vincent Travers, Bill Munro and many others. Albee is happily married and scoots off to see his family in the 'peg at every opportunity.

J. "Boomer" Donovan is the man who battles the Double B flat Sousa-

phone. Boomer comes from the Evergreen Playground of the Pacific, Vancouver Island. Advertises the fact whenever possible, which makes us think that he is being paid by their Board of Trade. Fond of writing and telling tall stories. Threatens at times to carry a gun to shoot some of those "crows" that emerge from his horn during practice. Single, and in a fog over it.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Ed. Note: We welcome back Madam Hortense Heartburn to the pages of the Post. Madam has been away taking a post-graduate course at Sing Sing and is now more qualified than ever to tell you where to get off at. If you have an affair of the heart that's missing on two cylinders or a problem in bunk etiquette tell Madam about them and she'll tell you plenty, too.

Dear Hortense Heartburn:

I am a young steno in the Pay Office and my initials are Z. B. What color should I paint my toe nails?

Dear Z. B.:

It's pretty hard to decide your particular color without seeing a sample of your big toe. However, taking a stab in the dark we would say off-hand that a nice dark combination of black and blue would look very decorative on your pretty little tootsies. And if you want to get this paint job done cheaply just attend a few more dances in the arena and some big hulk in a uniform will be sure to step on your feet with the desired result.

Dear Hortense Heartburn:

I am a young airman with blonde hair and I very unwisely proposed to three Brandon girls and they've all accepted me. What should I do?

Lothario.

Dear Lothario:

Get rid of the third girl, and then you'll only be arrested for bigamy.

Dear Hortense:

My daughter is just crazy about uniforms and she spends all her time chasing after airmen. What can I do about this?

Worried Mother

Dear Worried Mother:

If your daughter wasn't chasing uniforms the uniforms would be chasing her—so what's the difference?

Dear Hortense:

I am a disciplinarian Corporal in the Air Force and I don't seem to be very popular with women. What can be causing this?

Frustrated.

Dear Frustrated:

Who ever heard of a disciplinarian that was popular with the ladies? Remuster to aircrew, you big boob, and you'll be irresistible.

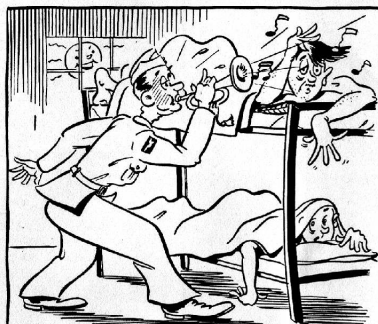
And now, friends, this is Madam Heartburn saying goodnight and signing off until this time next month.

Princess Tea Room

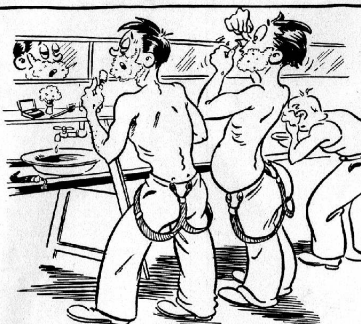
LIGHT LUNCHEES, MEALS,
CANDY, TOBACCO

835 Princess Phone 4671

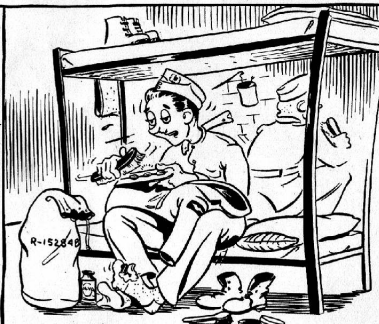
"AROUND THE CLOCK" by Hicks



6:30 AM. SYMPHONY IN 'B' FLAT



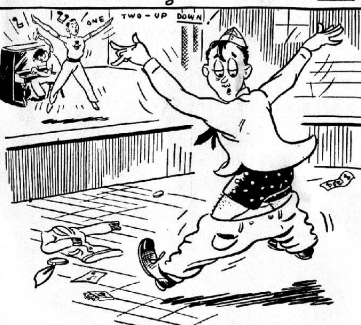
7:00 "CUTTING THROUGH THE RYE"



7:30 "SHINE ON, SHINE ON"



7:45 "PLEASE GO WAY AND LET ME EAT"



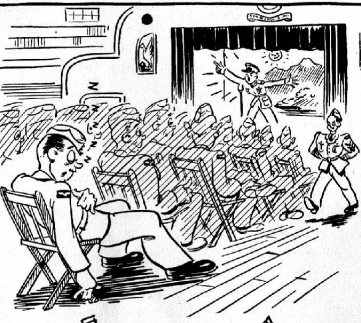
8:30 P.T. "I FAW DOWN AND GO BOOM"



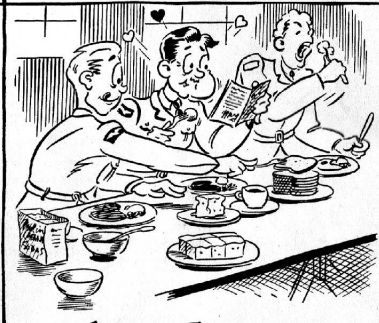
9:30 "HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK"



12:00 "DINNER FOR ONE, PLEASE JAMES"



2:30 "I WAKE UP SMILING (MAYBE)"



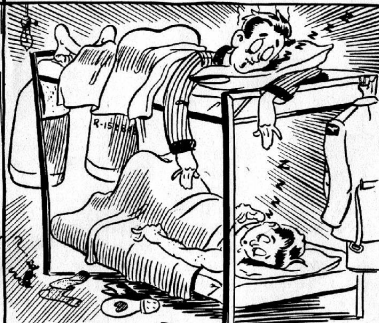
5:00 "EVERYTHING STOPS FOR TEA"



8:00 "WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN WILLIE"



10:30 "AFTER THE BALL WAS OVER"



10:45 "LITTLE MAN YOU'VE HAD A BUSY DAY"

WHAT IS AN LAC

One school of thought on the subject somewhat disparagingly interprets those three cryptic letters to stand for Lazy Aircraftman, but don't be misled by those envious souls who yearn to wear one of those distinctive propellers on the sleeve themselves.

The honorable estate of LAC takes in a lot of territory and covers a lot of trades. First we have the "Sky Adventurers", those lads with the white "badge" of courage on their caps who have completed their training at I.T.S. or its equivalent at a "Wag" school. These are the white-haired laddies, and Sir Galahad himself was never more popular with the ladies. In days gone by we had a lot of these lads waiting around No. 2 "M" for the appearance of the Re-Selection Board. And believe us, when we say that they were not grounded for flying Link Trainers under bridges or too close to glamorous female pedestrians. Those were hectic days at No. 2 Manning Depot when the Ceased Training LAC's were here. Ask some of the old-timers among the N.C.O.'s who had to look after the disciplinarian needs of those swash-buckling aerial cowboys.

Now we come down to earth and take a look at the various LAC's without the white band on their caps. There are the General Duties airmen, the rugged individualists of the service, who aspire to and sometimes achieve their LAC rank after six months service.

Then we have the tradesmen, those super intellectuals who claim (nobody else supports the claim) to be the brains of the Service. These bright boys have trade groupings which run the gamut from "C" to "A". Each grouping is worth 25c a day extra pay, and no ambitious airman resents the effort required to possess one or more of these choice alphabetical delicacies. An LAC with an "A" grouping is quite proud of his accomplishment and parades the fact with a great deal of brag and bluster. A few members of this superior race may be found in the sacred precincts of the Accounts and the Equipment office.

And so, Chum, when an LAC cuts into dinner parade (with a pass to make it legal) don't get the idea he's putting something over on you. The privilege may have been earned by hard work and long service. Some day you too will proudly wear the little propeller that indicates to the world: "I am an LAC".

—LAC G. C. Arnold

"WHUPS, I'M ALL UPSET!"

If the U.S. ever wants a crew for a two-man sub, we'd suggest Abbot and Costello.

NO BUSINESS

A woman isn't necessarily a business woman just because she's interested in everybody's business.



LAC ARNOLD

ENTERTAINMENT

One of the most remarkable entertainments ever to hit good ole No. 2 Manning Depot and one long to flourish in our memories was "Varieties in Rhythm", Sunday evening, April 19th which started at 8:30 and lasted till 11:30. The boys are still raving about it and small wonder.

The main feature of the show was Marsh Phimister and his orchestra, experts in rendering the Sweet and Swing. Marsh and his boys dish it out nightly at their regular stamping grounds. "The Cave" in Winnipeg.

Joyce Knowles, Singer of Blues, introduced a lovely song composed by Terry M. Burt, entitled "Serenade for You", and very charmingly too.

Eve Henderson, Diseuse, was terrific, her little skits were most amusing.

Wally Koster, tenor, held the undivided attention of all the ladies present, of course, the men liked him a lot too.

Cy Gardiner, comedian, who is a big rolly polly apple-cheeked lad, had 'em rolling in the aisles. His version of "Barnacle Bill, the Sailor" as a duet with Marsh Phimister, as the "Fair Maiden", was super. Cy's electric guitar, is something to write home about too, especially his rendition of "Body and Soul". (wow)

Andy Cunningham, master of the trumpet, held us spellbound with his version of "Star Dust". (and how)

The Spinning Tops, Mavis Johnston, Glen Lawson, and Arch McDonnell, nimble footed, roller skating trio, were absolutely slick. The manner in which those two fellows tossed that pretty little girl from one to the other, and all over the place was truly a sight to behold.

Then there was Delmar and Renita, comedy ballroom team of Los Angeles and Chicago. They were just about the funniest and most clever comic dance team we have ever seen, truly screwball.

Lastly but by no means least, there was Hattie Noel, comedy songstress of stage and screen, and last featured in "Cracked Nuts" with Mischa Auer. Hattie is a typical Deep South Mam-

(Continued on page 18)

FISTICUFFS

Friendly opponents of the R.C.A.F. met in fistic encounter to uphold the standing of the Air Force at a meet in Carberry, Manitoba, Thursday night, April 2nd. There was a good representation of officers of both Carberry and Brandon stations and very obvious interest on the part of the men as a whole by the large number present.

There was zest and enthusiasm from the start, which increased as the tempo of the events got under way.

The first event between Carragher of No. 2 Manning Depot and Wilkinson of Carberry started things off with a bang, for it was clear that Carragher had a slight edge over Wil-

son, when he won by a decision over his capable Carberry opponent McCord. Both of these men seemed to the onlookers, as men well acquainted with the ring and in handling the gloves.

The sixth bout of the evening, which can be remembered by the spectators as a well fought fight, between Mogalki of No. 2 and Smythe of Carberry, ended in the third with a decision in favor of Smythe, who was considered a much more experienced contender.

The closest encounter of the evening, between McKnee of "No. 2" and Brown of Carberry, showed a stubborn and evenly matched bout, and seemed to be anybody's fight



kinson all the way and won this event by a decision.

Also McKenzie of old "No. 2" made a good stand against Cpl. Powls, but the Cpl. seemed to have a slight advantage over our man, winning the bout by a decision.

Schevek of "No. 2" made a game stand against a much superior opponent, Stewart of Carberry, and as it was clear to the powers that be, that these men were quite unevenly matched, the event was stopped in the second round.

Wylie, attached to the dental corps, who is used to working on faces, staged a notable success against his opponent, Owen of Carberry, in a clean and well fought bout and hope we may be favored with his appearance in future boxing events.

Steinhauer, known to his many friends as "Steinie" made a hundred

though to many it seemed that McKnee had the advantage, the decision went to Brown.

The last event was the highlight of the evening, when Alex Lindsay, a competent, capable fighter, obviously experienced as a boxer, disposed of his opponent, Cpl. Milliken, in the first round with a lightning performance.

The presentation of trophies following immediately after the bouts, naturally created profound interest and concluded an enjoyable and instructive evening.

If the members of the R.C.A.F. and R.A.F. continue to show the same spirit and fortitude which was evident at this encounter, when required to meet more disreputable enemies, in the job which is ahead of us, we shall have little to fear for the future.

Cpl. Abbott, W. G., P.T.I.

DON'T GET MIXED

The speed of your car depends on whether you are bragging to a friend or explaining to a judge.

DISHING WISHING

Of course, in this war, we can take it, but when are we going to start dishing it out?

NAZI CLAPTRAP

The German heat is being turned on in Sweden, because of her continued neutrality, continued in spite of the utmost in Nazi pressure. Yet it is difficult to imagine the sturdy Swedes falling into the Nazi trap.



UGH, WANT TO BE PILOT



BOXING AT THE DEPOT

During the spring season, when conditions outdoors did not permit outdoor sports, the attention of the airmen at No. 2 Manning Depot was directed towards boxing. And, due largely to the co-operation of several Officers and Physical Training Instructors, this manly sport achieved great success during the past month.

A great deal of interest was shown by a large number of airmen, who attended classes each evening from six to seven p.m., to learn the art of self-defence. The outstanding boxing achievement of the month was the showing of the No. 2 Manning Depot team, at Carberry, when 8 pugilists, six of whom were novices and fought their first matched bouts then, tied with the more experienced Carberry team, each winning four bouts.

The Station's sports stores boasts a very complete boxing equipment, including a regulation ring, several sets of training and match gloves, two heavy punching bags, several light bags, skimmers, skipping ropes, bandages, mouth guards, head guards, etc.

All the boxing at the Depot is supervised by F/O A. J. Lewis, Station sports officer.

M. Avren, Cpl.

PROGRESSIVE THINKER

There are a number of highly authoritative lists of the "ten greatest thinkers of history." An honorable eleventh place should always be reserved for that estimable guest who "thinks he will go home" and proceeds to do it.

OR ANYTHING ELSE

By the time Stalin is through with him dear Adolf will be ready to admit that Russia is one section where he has no territorial ambitions.

A YOLK AND YOKE JOKE

After noting the number of acclamations given councils we are convinced of two very dead things—a cold fried egg and a wartime election.

SPORT SPLASHES FROM THE POOL



Front Row: W.O.I. McKnight, Cpl. Perpelycia, Cpl. Aseltine, Cpl. Brown.
Back Row: F/O Dolan, F/O Farley, F/O McLean, Flt./Lt. Bishop.

CURLING SEASON ENDS IN VICTORY

The Brandon and district Service Curling Shield was won by No. 2 "M" Depot just as winter was about to depart.

A solid week of cold stormy weather gave us the opportunity to challenge A4 Artillery Training Centre, who had held the Shield and our teams ran up a winning score of 32 to 8.

Immediately challenges flowed in from No. 12 S.F.T.S., Carberry, Vir- den and Rivers. No. 12 S.F.T.S. were accommodated, and again our rinks

stood off the threat, winning by 26 to 16. Flight Lieutenant Bishop skip- ped one rink and had Flying Officer Dolan, Flying Officer Farley and Flying Officer McLean as his support. Corporal A. M. Brown skipped the Air- men's rink and he possessed Corporal Aseltine, Corporal Perpelycia (of golf- ing fame) and W.O.I. McKnight.

As the weather softened, our clut- ches on the Shield for the summer season tightened and No. 2 "M" Depot will be in possession until the 1942-43 season rolls around.

BASKETBALL

Centre proved to have the best team in the league this season, and we con- gratulate them on their success.

The Depot has also an interflight league. This league has two teams representing each squadron, and com- peting against each other for the league title. This splendid arrange- ment was planned and managed by the Committee in charge of sports at the Depot.

There is, perhaps, no better sport than the game of basketball to keep a man's mind and body fit and healthy for the job of licking Hitler. And to those who participated in the sport during this past winter, may we say that you played the game as sports- men, and played it well.

—Sgt. G. E. Bristowe



Soccer Football

One of the feature sports which will be seen at No. 2 Manning Depot, this coming summer is English Association Football, or, better known to Canadians as Soccer Football. Great plans are now underway, to give the men on the Station every opportunity to participate in this sport, which ranks tops in athletics in Britain.

All the necessary equipment is be- ing obtained, and it is planned to operate a Station team, which will be entered in the Brandon Military Ser- vices league, which is now being form- ed. Also, an inter-squadron schedule for the Depot is included in the Sta- tion's plans. This league will be com- prised of at least one team from each squadron, and a team from head- quarters.

The Station personnel, at present, boasts a number of stars, who have played in various cities throughout Canada, and several who hail from the Old Country. Amongst the latter is none other than Flt./Lieut. D. Thomson, who was quite a football player in his youth, in Scotland, and also Sgt. Pierson, who chased the pig- skin in Scotland. Some of those who played senior, in Canada, are: F/O A. J. Lewis, who played in London, Ont.; F/O J. K. Farley, representing Lloydminster, Sask.; Sgt. Woods from Regina, and last year with Brandon Hydros, and AC2 B. Kropp, from Win- nipeg.

Any airmen at No. 2 Manning Depot interested in football, are asked to get in touch with sports stores.

M. Avren, Cpl.

STRAND

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APRIL 27 - 28 - 29

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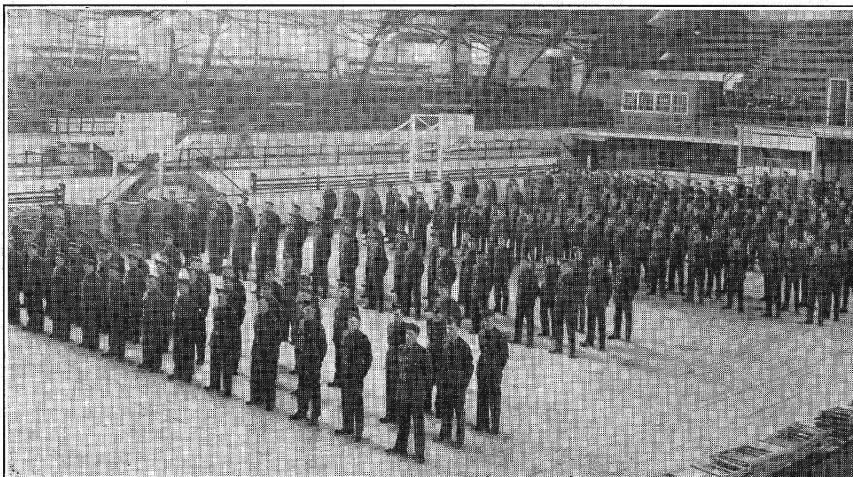
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BRANDON



"B" SQUADRON WING PARADE, APRIL 15th, 1942

Soldier Fights For His Home, Not For Hate Against Enemy

In an address before a joint meeting of the Optimist and Lions Clubs of St. Thomas at the Grand Central Hotel Monday evening, Flt.-Lt. David Gowdy, Protestant padre at the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School, discredited the theory sometimes advanced that the instilling of a feeling of hate against the enemy must be part of a soldier's training.

A man can be a better fighter if he is motivated by something far deeper and greater than a hate for the enemy, said the R.C.A.F. officer. He will have something much bigger to fight for if he realizes that he is fighting in defence of his home, his friends and his family, and not because he hates his enemy.

The topic arose in his speech as Flt.-Lt. Gowdy outlined the duties of a padre in active service camps. He said frequently airmen come to him seeking advice and guidance on this problem of hate against the enemy. "Airmen have come to me," he stated, "and told me that they refused to be drummed into this campaign of hatred, and they ask me if they have the right attitude. I tell them that one of their primary requirements is not to hate, but simply to render helpless a brutal, heartless enemy." To accomplish this, hating is not always necessary, said the speaker.

Flt.-Lt. Gowdy's address was a most interesting and informative talk on the diversified duties of army and air force padres, familiar figures about whom the public are not always well informed. "We have something far more to do than simply the task of giving religious services," he said. "The chaplain is the human contact between the fighting men and the officialdom of the air force and army. The chaplain is encouraged far more than the other officers, in fact it is a part of his duty, to have friendly associations with the men. He touches

the individual lives of the men in the service far more than any of the other officers."

He said that it was rather an unfortunate fact that to the average individual on the outside, all airmen appear the same. Yet there are 20 different trades within the Air Force and it is the duty of the chaplain to become acquainted with all of these branches of training. The advice of the padre is almost always sought first in remustering from one branch to another. Problems of breach of discipline are also an important branch of the padre's job, for frequently the man who breaks discipline is not properly understood, frequently there are circumstances over which the man has no control which are at the root of the disciplinarian troubles. The padre, who maintains a close association with the men, can delve into these questions and see that the

breaker of discipline is given fair treatment under the circumstances.

Flt.-Lt. Gowdy said that frequently there was too much of a distinction drawn between the ground and air crews. One is as important almost as the other, for it is as vital that the planes be kept in flying condition as it is that they be flown at all. But in spite of their importance, he said, seldom are ground crew men on the ground because they wish to be there. Educational requirements needed for air crews is the bugbear which keeps many a would-be pilot on ground, he said, and here was where another important phase of the padre's duties enter the picture. "The padre is largely the only educational officer on the station and he encourages the men to busy themselves in worthwhile and educational diversions during their leisure hours." He outlined the systems of correspondence courses which are available to men on active service and said they were designed to help the soldier and airmen in rehabilitation after the war. But in the Air Force, he pointed out, these educa-

tional facilities are also designed to complete a trainee's education so that he is fitted educationally for an air crew position to which to remuster. All of these educational duties are superintended by the station padre.

"But the creation of morale is second to nothing in the Air Force, and it is here where probably the padre does his greatest work," said the speaker. The change of life is very great when a man enters army or Air Force and seldom is the man encountered who doesn't require advice and assistance in the making of that change. "The man usually has to fight down many things inside him before he ever touches a gun. He has to fight inwardly as well as outwardly. He has to learn a new mode of life and he has to overcome that strangeness of transition from a civil to a combat life. There lies a great deal of the responsibilities of the padre, for men don't make such a great change without themselves without assistance."

R.C.A.F.

Public Relations Release No. 558

(Continued from Page 5)

Square, The Library of Congress, learning of the poem, has requested the original manuscript for inclusion in a collection called "Poems of Faith and Freedom" which includes works of Burns, Clough, Longfellow, Walt Whitman and Shelley.

After learning of his son's death Mr. Magee wrote to the R.C.A.F.— "When my wife and I saw how deeply he felt about the situation in September, 1940, we gave our consent and blessing to him as he left us to enter the R.C.A.F. We felt as deeply as he did and we were proud of his determination and spirit. We knew that such news as did come might come. When his sonnet reached us we felt then that it had a message for American youth but did not know how to get it before them. Now his death has emblazoned it across the entire country. We are thinking that this may have been a greater contribution than anything he may have done in the way of fighting, for surely our American youth must enter this conflict in the high spirit of idealism and faith . . .

"May we thank the R.C.A.F. for all the training and help you have given to our boy. We saw a tremendous change in him when he returned to us from his training, a change that was all for the good. We do not regret that we gave our consent to his going and will be forever proud of him."

He enlisted in Montreal early in October and, on completion of his training at No. 2 Service Flying Training School at Uplands, near Ottawa, he was commissioned from the ranks in June, 1941, and proceeded overseas shortly afterward.



"I DON'T CARE IF JACK BENNY IS ON THE AIR. WE'RE OVER BERLIN!!"

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Tomorrow the Ministry of Information would issue a brief statement announcing the activity of a few hostile air craft over the British Isles on the previous day. Casualties would probably be described as few, and property damage appraised as slight.

Today Lieutenant Schmidt flying at twenty thousand feet over the little coastal towns and hamlets of England on a mission of destruction was not especially interested in what the tally-keepers at the British Ministry of Information would chalk up to his discredit on the grim score-boards of total warfare. Pilot Schmidt was flying on routine business for the Reich. Routine business that involved the machine-gunning of non-combatants, and the dropping of a bomb or two nicely calculated to blow up a hospital or blot out a school-house. The Reich's reputation for barbarity was safe this day in the hands of Lieutenant Schmidt. Four miles above the ancient spires of Little-Bradford-on-Sea the German raider circled twice like a great hovering bird of prey, and then Schmidt pointed the nose of his craft earthward and hurried down to make the kill.

Seven year old Perry Grant heard the scream of the air-raid siren and fully understood the grim warning it conveyed. A little boy who is fatherless because of the action of a certain Stuka bomber at a place called Dunkirk doesn't need much coaching to make him understand about things like that. Perry swallowed the last of his boiled egg in some haste, placed his spoon carefully beside the empty egg-cup and waited, as a guest properly should, for Mrs. Lawson to give him a sign that would send him scampering across the road to his mother and the shelter of his own home. But instead Mrs. Lawson gathered her brood together with one fierce uncompromising word of command which was meant to include Perry as well, and marched them briskly off in the direction of the cellar. Perry started to follow, and then remembering his mother's oft-repeated instructions about running straight home when he heard the air-raid warning, he turned and bolted out the front door instead. He was

The Mills of The Gods

THE POST'S SHORT STORY
BY R. TYRE

half way across the street, running in the great predatory shadow cast by the Boche plane when the first spray of machine-gun bullets struck him down.

Satisfied with his day's offering to Mars and mindful of the British pursuit planes that would soon be on his track Lieutenant Schmidt whirled his craft skyward again and streaked for home. And down below, on a narrow dusty street in Little Bradford-on-Sea a weeping mother stooped to gather a small lifeless form into her arms and carried it home. And the Gods who sit in final judgment on the conduct of man turned to the record of one Lieutenant Schmidt, made an

soldier, whoever he might be, would read the story of Perry's death and fight just that much harder to save other little boys from dying as her son had died.

The day the socks were sent away to that unknown member of the Red army was the same day a certain German Air Squadron stationed in occupied France received hurried orders to move to the Russian Front. Lieutenant Schmidt and his brother officers drank a toast to their new assignment and promised themselves some rare sport in the Russian skies.

Serge Rykoff of the Russian Air Force was young, efficient and sentimental. It was Serge Rykoff and thou-



entry in red and marked it "Unfinished Business."

Perry Grant was buried. The Bradford paper published his picture and the tragic story of his death. The Ministry of Information continued to make their terse announcements of sporadic German air activity over the British Isles. Lieutenant Schmidt was still flying on routine business for the Reich.

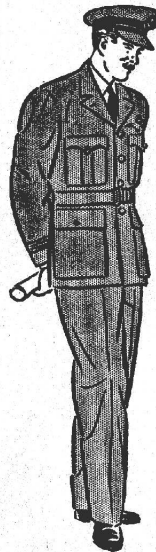
The red tide of war swept on. In the Pacific area a yellow race of dwarfed fanatics did a sleight of hand trick with a dagger and stabbed an unsuspecting neighbor in the back. On the frozen plains of Russia the shadowy forms of Napoleon's cavalry rode again beside the German hordes moving backward from the battle of Moscow. And there was news again of another British advance in Libya. In Little-Bradford-on-Sea the mother of Perry Grant read about the exploits of the Russian armies and was inspired to sit down and knit a pair of warm socks for some unknown Muscovite warrior. And when the socks were ready to be sent away, she impulsively clipped Perry's picture and the story of his death from the Bradford paper and stuffed it in the toe of one sock. She hoped that the Russian

swore that for each of the seven years the English boy had lived, a German flyer would forfeit his life.

But it was Serge Rykoff, the realist, a grim and efficient Nemesis, who went out to prowl the winter skies and make his promise good. And each day when his guns had claimed a victory, he returned to salute Perry's picture and mark a cross on the wall with red chalk until the crosses numbered six. Then came a lull in the war in the air. And for several days the score stood at six red crosses while the Nazis sought repairs and replacements for their tired disillusioned Luftwaffe. Then Serge heard news of a new German air squadron that had come to that part of the Russian front.

"Today," he said confidently to Perry's picture, "I will make the score seven, as I promised." And he flew away on his morning patrol to find and destroy the Seventh Hun. High above the grimmest, bloodiest battlefield in all history, Serge found his adversary and for thirty swift deadly minutes the combat raged across the miles of desolate Russian Sky.

One morning in Little-Bradford-on-Sea an English woman opened her morning mail and found a faded but familiar newspaper clipping with seven small red crosses marked across its black print and a few words in badly misspelled English that told her the story of a grim revenge that had been exacted for the murder of little Perry Grant. And somewhere out on the white windswept terrain of Russia the charred and twisted fragments of that that seventh German aircraft furnished grim, irrefutable evidence that Lieutenant Schmidt would never again fly on routine business for the Reich. The account had been paid in full.



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THE R.C.A.F. OVERSEAS

From The Air Force Review

The bridge of a British Naval craft provided a novel "control tower" for the flight commander of an R.C.A.F. squadron which supplied an "umbrella" for the Commandos raiding German-occupied Norway. In well synchronized forays, Blenheim bombers, rigged as long distance fighters and manned by R.C.A.F. personnel of a coastal command squadron, operated in close harmony with naval craft and the hand-picked troops detailed to carry out the raids.

Squadron Leader E. H. McHardy, D.F.C., an R.A.F. flight commander of the R.C.A.F. squadron, found him-

self in an excellent position to observe the entire operation from the bridge of the ship where he was directing and controlling long range fighters by radio telephone.

"It was curious to be approaching the Norwegian coast at a snail's pace instead of flying into it," Squadron Leader McHardy observed afterward. "The Hampden bombers woke the place up. Immediately on our arrival the whole area became a mass of smoke and flames as the guns from ships and shore began to fire.

"A Messerschmitt dived on us and we ducked behind the bridge. But radio instruction quickly brought the Blenheims on his tail. Then the Beaufighters joined the battle. During the day they shot down four Heinkel III's."

Right in the fore-front of the opening attack were Pilot Officer E. W. Pearce of Winnipeg, Sergeant Pilot J. T. McCutcheon of Montreal, and Sergeant W. H. Cleaver of Toronto, an air gunner.

They were in the thick of fierce aerial combat as they came to grips with ME 109's. Pilot Officer Pearce nearly had a head-on collision with

Bombing Raids

Members of an R.A.F. squadron flying the mammoth Halifax bombers have been singing the praises of a Canadian rear-gunner, Sergeant H. W. (Happy) Porritt of Vancouver. He not only displayed an apt trigger finger in out-gunning attacking Ger-

man fighters over the English channel, but showed grim determination and outstanding courage in sticking to his guns until the engagement had finished, despite wounds to his face and hands. He is credited with having shot down one Messerschmitt, sharing the destruction of another and with fighting off a third.

The battle raged as the four-motored bomber was engaged in a daylight raid on German warships.

"I had no idea Porritt had been hit until after the third attack," the bomber's captain reported afterward. "The first indication came over the communication system when, in a quiet voice, he asked if he could leave the turret."

Sergeant "Newt" Turn, the navigator of Glenforest Road, Toronto, added his commendation for Porritt's fortitude—"He did a darn good job. I heard Porritt's yell of excitement as the first Hun went down. Despite his wounds he was as happy as a lark. When it was all over the second pilot went back and helped him out of the turret."

Many Canadians, graduates of the British Commonwealth Air Training

Plan, are enjoying the opportunity to fly big R.A.F. bombers and they are making good with a vengeance over enemy terrain.

For Sergeant Pilot M. S. "Buck" Schneider of Brandon, Man., carrying out a daylight raid on German battleships was his big moment even though he had participated previously in many raids. It was a particularly heavy attack and some of the Canadians had the satisfaction of seeing bombs headed so directly for the targets that there could be small room for uncertainty.

"I figure we had a direct hit on a target—a German battleship lying in drydock," Schneider said afterward. "The bombs of the aircraft ahead of us just overshot the mark by a small margin. As we let ours go at the same time we must have scored a hit."

"APRIL SHOWERS"

We will not soon forget Sunday's All Star Concert in the Arena. The show, which was appropriately titled "April Showers", provided an appreciative audience of Airmen and civilians with a delightful menu of variety entertainment that included drama, melodrama, comedy, some splendid vocal contributions, and a number of choice instrumental offerings.

The All Star Show was arranged and presented at the suggestion of Wing Commander Reid in aid of the "Milk for Britain" Fund, and was sponsored by the Kinsmen Club of Brandon. The show was a success from start to finish, and its fast tempo and tangy flavor never slackened nor diminished through the whole lively three hour performance.

The program opened with an overture by the R.C.A.F. Band, and then Madame Johnson's colourful Revue occupied the limelight through several delightful novelty numbers that included the opening chorus "V for Victory", a fantasy entitled "Past and Present" and other choice bits that drew rounds of applause from the big audience.

The Smilers Concert Party made its usual flawless contribution to the show, staunchly supported by that popular, personable trio of entertainers—the "Stylettes". And our inimitable Bill Homenuk was very much on hand too, to do magic, melodic things with his violin. Much applause here, and deservedly so.

The best traditions of the Living Drama were ably upheld by the members of the Brandon Little Theatre in a capably directed and well ex-

ecuted one-act play. We hope to see more of these talented Thespians.

After a brief intermission which gave the folks a chance to consume gallons of pop and demolish hordes of hot-dogs, the audience returned to their seats to sample more large helpings of scintillating song garnished with more comedy and drama.

The Schubert choir was next on the program with a number of renditions that were beautifully and sweetly proffered. This was very much enjoyed by the audience.

The Smilers came back to bat again with a black-face male quartette that did right well by themselves singing Southern airs. Yo' ole Mammy's proud of yo' boys!

Next on the list was the C. G. Court Concert Party who furnished their usual brand of high quality entertainment which was well received and applauded.

The Smilers returned once more with an instrumental number—"Dark Eyes" and then we enthusiastically welcomed back that swashbuckling gang of talented roustabouts—the famous Ripchords in a jolly uproarious hour of song, piano, comedy and melodrama. Gerry Death did his usual competent job at the piano and Danny Long was his inimitable self in dishing out the comedy. And as for the melodrama, we'll just say "Ouch" and leave it at that.

All in all it was a grand night's entertainment and we hope to see it duplicated again in the near future. And to those who contributed in one way or another a great big Thank You. Special mention goes to Ft./Lt. Sexton for his superb performance as Master of Ceremonies, and to Mr. S. Rushton for his able direction.

—Editor.

STONES ARE STONES

Diamond cutters in New York are paid \$195 for a working week of thirty-five hours. Most of the world just now, however, is concerned with matters more important to humanity than precious stones.

LEARN AND FORGET

Every girl should learn music. It will mean a lot to her in the future to be able to say sadly she had to give up her music when she married.


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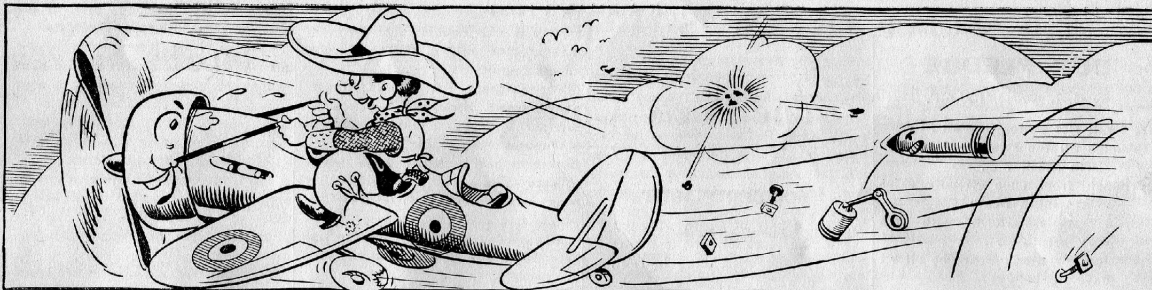
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Puss in (Flying) Boots

From the Air Force Review

Few cats will be able to tell their grandchildren that they have flown thousands of feet above the earth in a Hurricane.

But, in South-West England, there is such a cat. Looking back, he can say justifiably to the expectant circle of kittens: "Yes, my dears, in Hitler's war I served with a Royal Canadian Air Force squadron, flying Hurricane-bombers. I made my first flight in—let me see . . . yes, '42.

"I was strolling past some aircraft which were being prepared for a flight. I jumped on the wing of one Hurricane while the armourers were working and—well, you know how it is—I nipped inside the wing to have a look round. It was quite warm in there, so I curled up for a nap and must have slept for quite a time.

"My awakening was rude and annoying. I was thrown forcibly against an extremely hard surface and I stretched indignantly. At least, I tried to stretch and nearly split my backbone in the process. There was a gentle rocking motion and ahead of me a circle of light to which I crawled. The light, I discovered, was coming through the lamp glass in the wing of the Hurricane. We were several thousand feet above the earth.

"My dears, you never saw such cloud formation! Thick, snowy-looking banks all round us which made you duck your head as the Hurricane tore into them. I was terribly sorry when we landed again.

"My pilot had not fired his guns so the inspection panel was not opened. I reconciled myself to waiting for the daily inspection the next morning. I did try to attract the ground crew's attention through the lamp panel, but they were too busy to notice me and after a time I curled up and slept.

"In the morning I was pretty hungry and stiff and poked my head into the lamp glass again at the same time putting on my best falsetto. At last, a fitter spotted me looking out and yelled, "Say, Timmy's in the wing!"—or something like that.

"You should have seen the 'to-do' while they were releasing me! I think they thought I was going to be hysterical or something ridiculous and stood away from the panel when the last screw was undone.

"I just jumped out on the wing and had a good stretch. It was all boring really, children, but they gave me a

Ten "Nasty" Bombing Planes

Ten "Nasty" bombing 'planes,
Flying in a line;
One dropped and burst in flame,
Then there were nine.

Nine "Nasty" bombing 'planes,
Tried to keep their date;
Met the Dover Anties,
Then there were eight.

Eight "Nasty" bombing 'planes,
Climbed up nearer heaven;
Along came a Spitfire,
Then there were seven.

Seven "Nasty" bombing 'planes,
Got into a mix;
One fouled another's wing,
Then there were six.

Six got to London town,
The "Archies" came alive;
One took a sudden dive,
Then there were five.

Five "Nasty" bombing 'planes,
Couldn't stand much more;
Swing about and one went down,
Then there were four.

Four "Nasty" bombing 'planes,
Started out for sea;
One did a tailspin,
Then there were three.

Three "Nasty" bombing 'planes,
For the coast flew;
Up came a Hurricane,
Then there were two.

Two "Nasty" bombing 'planes,
Still up in the air;
One met a little shell,
No one knows from where.

One "Nasty" bombing 'plane,
Lonely in the sky;
Met up with the coast patrol,
Then it was good-bye.

Ten "Nasty" bombing 'planes,
None of 'em got home;
Adolf Hitler has for sale,
A "Nasty" aerodrome.

—B. Mathews,
High Tor, Sask.

saucer of milk on the wing and for some reason couldn't stop talking about it.

"Human beings are necessary, I suppose. But they haven't the control we cats have. Now run along to bed, children. Good night!"

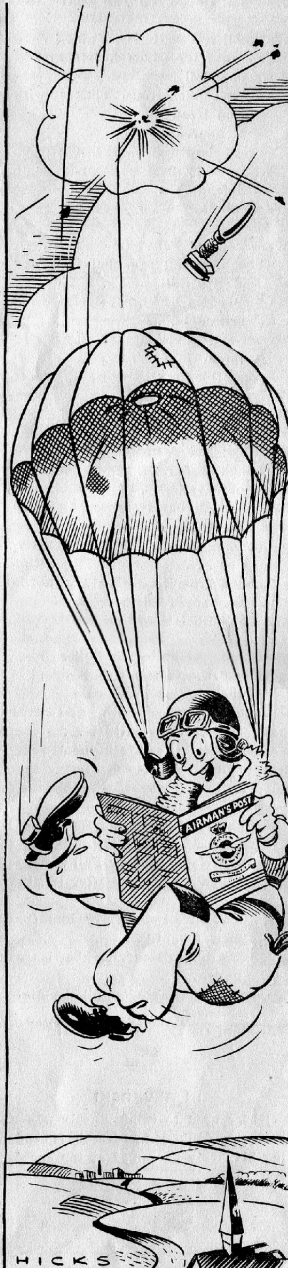
Hurricane IIB Armed with Four 20-mm Cannon

The Hawker Hurricane was basically a five-year-old design when it entered the war in 1939. Slower by some 30 mph. than its running mate, the Spitfire, and close to 20 mph. behind the Messerschmitt 109, it still retained, except for the leading edge of the wing, the old style fabric covered construction. But what it lacked in high performance, it made up for in ruggedness and capacity for work—two qualities which have stood it in very good stead. Today, with almost no modification in design, it is proving itself the most reliable, versatile, and formidable fighting plane on the aerial front.

Like the Spitfire, the Hurricane first went into action with four .303 machine guns in each wing, against a Messerschmitt equipped with a 20-mm cannon and two .311 machine guns. When the Germans, to meet this blast of fire, brought forth their more heavily armored Me 109F, Hawker engineers merely installed two more machine guns in each of the Hurricane's outer wing panels, bringing the total to twelve, and the weight of fire up to 330 lbs. per minute. To pierce the tough armor of bombers, the machine guns were ripped out and four 20-mm cannon substituted. Though these installations added from 1500 to 2000 lbs. to the loaded weight of the plane, the Hurricane could take it, and thanks to a more powerful Merlin engine, without any sacrifice of performance.

The cannon-equipped Hurricane IIC immediately proved itself a formidable weapon of attack in operations against enemy coastal shipping, an achievement which apparently opened up still another role to the venerable fighter. Once again, something new has been added. Today, with a bomb tucked under each wing, and still bristling with guns, the Hurricane heads east across the Channel as a light bomber, dump its load on a coastal target, and speeds back home with all the dash of a first-class fighting plane.

Little Claude's mother had reluctantly allowed her precious child to attend public school. She gave the teacher a long list of instructions. "My Claude is so sensitive," she explained, "Don't ever punish him. Just slap the boy next to him. That will frighten Claude."



OUR PLEDGE

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

We Shall Not Falter Or Fail . . .
Though all the Powers of Hell on
Earth assail . . .
Though from once friendly skies
swift-winged Death
Spew nameless Horror with each
fiery breath . . .
Though Blood and Tears be all we
have to spend—
We Shall Go On To The End!

We Shall Not Falter Or Fail . . .
Though terror-riven hearts around
us quail
As Evil, monstrous, shakes with
iron tread
Honoured Dead
Our ancient Landmarks, shelt'ring
Whose very dust commands us to
defend . . .
We Shall Go On To The End!

We Shall Not Falter Or Fail . . .
Though, to all eyes but ours, the
Holy Grail
Of Freedom be by hopelessness ob-
scured . . .
Ours is the Vision—nor may we be
lured.
From this, our Birthright, easier
paths to wend.
We Shall Go On To The End!

We Shall Not Falter Or Fail . . .
Though all our struggles seem with-
out avail . . .
Though all our treasure go to pay
the Price,
Leaving but Life itself to sacri-
fice . . .
Though from us all but Faith the
foe may read—
We Shall Go On To The End!

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

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

IN REVERSKI

Hitler used to think Russia was a
backward country, and Russia is send-
ing his Army backward at top speed.



The Poets' Corner



BOMBER FLIGHT

The sabel bats of Death wing out
Into the black pit of the night;
The brooding quiet flees in rout,
As upwards thunders Bomber
Flight!

Now all the air is filled with sound—
It leaps to shuddering midnight
skies . . .
Finds thousand echoes on the
ground . . .
Then in the distance, faintly dies.

Out! Out upon the pulsing air
The great ships wing with ordered
haste.

They climb the distance as a stair
That leads across the ocean waste.

The quays of Hamburg lie below
Where, shackled in their rusting
chain,
Like ships whose ensigns never blow
In salt-wet winds of distant main.

Green, orange, crimson leaps the
sword
Of roaring flame to stab the night.
The skyships wheel with one accord.
And—homeward thunders Bomber
Flight!

—R. C. Tiplady,
In Maclean's Magazine

SONS OF THE SKY

Who are these men, whence cometh
they
That fly high in the air?
These gallant hearts, who day by day
The common task doth share.

With never thought of greed or gain
Such as this life may give,
They fly in sunshine, storm and rain
That we in peace may live.

Who are these men of loyal breeding
From every land on earth?
The clarion call of duty heeding,
These sons of loyal birth?

Who are these men, whom hope in-
spires,
Who came at duty's call?
Who answer to the sacred fires
That permeate us all.

Sons of the sky, through shot and
shell,
With wings all ripped and shod,
They flew, and lived a living Hell
For country, home and God.

Written by Ernest E. Reeve.
(An Old Soldier)

THE LAST CRUSADE

There is a trumpet that is calling
to the Great Crusade,
There is a banner that is leading
our Youth, unafraid!
There is a place that needs us,
and we must go,
For how can we sleep, since
we must know
The groaning and the crying
From fields of slain—
From fire-burnt forest and
blackened plain?
We are armed with lightning, we joust
with flame,
We are shod with steel for the last
Great Game,

We fly through the air like the
Valkyrie,
The sound of our wings is a
peacen on high!
We bring Victory to a darkened
land

For against the blackness, we have
set our hand!
We've said goodbye to the maidens
that we love—
We fare forth through the skies
above.

We heed the call of our brothers'
blood—
We're pouring forth in an
armed flood.

We are going out to a brothers'
aid—
We! The Knights of the Last
Crusade!

AC2 Black, R. G.
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OUR AIRMEN

We gather them in from the forests,
The range, the fields and the glen
To our brotherhood of airmen
Our Empire's fighting men.

They come at the call of a bugle
For a cause that no heart can spurn
They come to fight by the Union Jack
And the art of war to learn.

These are the men we depend on
To right that which is wrong
These are the men that if they die
We must remember long.

There are many gone before them
That have set a record high
A record scroled on the march of
time
By all our men that fly.

So we gather them in.
Our new comrade's
You can see them marching by
Our young Canadian airmen
To the battle of the sky.

LAC Conrad Howard

A PILOT'S PRAYER

O Thou, our God who hast created
life,
And who hast spurred us on in this
great strife,
We ask, O Lord, that Thou wilt stay
near by.
And God, wilt Thou be with us when
we die.

We fight for freedom's cause, not only
ours,
For which we hope we shall not fight
in vain,
And God be with us in the lonely
hours,
And also at the side of those in pain.

We pledge our lives, O Lord, in this
great cause.
Give up our homes and friends for
this brief pause,
Grant us, O Lord, a victory crowned
with glory,
And grant that we may live to tell
its story.

And God, when Thou hast lastly grant-
peace.
O build in us we pray, an attitude of
friendliness,
So now that lastly all our wars may
cease,
And Thou, O God, will give at last
Thy happiness.

—LAC R. A. Watson

CROSS COUNTRY

Undeviating, straight and strong
The Air Force trainers wing along,
Through skies of sunlight, rain or
snow,
Upon a charted way they go;

Above the valleys lush and green,
Which paint a warm, enduring scene.

With rivers flaming like a strand
Of silver through the quiet land,
Past country lanes and city lots,
And towns which sprawl like after-
thoughts,

Beyond the forests built of pines,
Cleared here and there by lakes and
mines,

The Air Force trainers wing along,
Their motors throbbing steady song;

Above the level prairie sites,
Beyond the Rockies' snow-girt heights,

Young pilots fly throughout the night,
Companioned by the stars in flight,

And by a moon which brightly burns.
While far below a beacon turns,

Its faithful gleam a guiding eye,
For men who ride the midnight sky.

—By Clara Bernhardt.
From the book *Far Horizon*.

HOLD THAT WING!

To the average recruit the Wing Office and its function has always been a dark mystery but now the truth can be told; so just hang on, dear reader, and you shall soon know what and who keeps the Wing from flapping.

The Wing Orderly Room is located in the rather large "pent-house" on the south end balcony of the arena. It used to be easily identified by a large Air Force crest which has since been diverted to the new stage to camouflage the main speaker. As yet, another crest has not been made to adorn this hive of important activity.



FLT./SGT. WATSON

Wing is responsible for recruits' training and the administration of the training squadrons and a lot of other things from Daily Parade States to postings off the station. "Never a dull moment" has always been the slogan, together with "Keep 'em marching", and "Why isn't the drill floor occupied" and a host of other questions for which there is no answer.

Now for the Wing personnel. A lot could be said about the six members who do all the work, but for a couple of good reasons they won't be embarrassed too much.

The driving force of the Wing is the dapper, immaculate, efficient and, not to mention, good-looking Squadron Leader E. A. Jamieson. He is the Officer Commanding the whole shebang. He pulls a few strings and very quietly tells a few people where to disembark along the road of life and everyone feels uncomfortable over having aroused his polite wrath. He is efficient to the point that when he details someone to do something he

always sends someone else along to see that it is done, and very often goes and takes a look for himself. He was overseas in the last war, was an Air Intelligence Liaison Officer during peace time and has been in the R.C. A.F. since the start of this scrap. He glazes over, and lives for, inspections and more inspections and periodical check-ups. Forewarned is forearmed, so look out, fellows.

The next officer along the chain of command is the Wing Adjutant, Flying Officer A. J. Lewis, who is also the Station Physical Training and Disciplinary Officer. "Barney" Lewis, as he is affectionately known, among the officers, is very proud of the fact that he is "The old man that misses nothing", to put it in his own words. It seems that he has the faculty of smelling out irregularities, and catching a lot of would-be offenders in some nefarious act. What he knows about some people, from this angle, would probably make a very interesting book, but he won't talk. F/O Lewis spent about sixteen years with the R.C.R. as a small arms and drill instructor. He transferred to the R.C. A.F. in 1939 and was commissioned a few months ago, after having reached the rank of Warrant Officer, Second Class. He certainly knows his drill and P.T. as anyone will agree. If you have any doubts ask any of the officers after a drill session in the Armouries.

Flying Officer F. J. E. Downey is the Wing Administrative Officer and up to the time this issue went to press he has done little that would bear criticism. He is a diminutive, quiet chap and inspires belief in the adage, "Still waters run deep". He spent twenty-five years with the Bank of Montreal and was a Company Sergeant-Major in the Calgary Tank Regiment. At the present time he's down East taking a specialized course in things and stuff.

Flight-Sergeant H. W. Watson is the Wing Warrant Officer. He is the fellow with the over-sized red moustache. Anyone with a crop of spinach on his upper lip like that couldn't have any other nick-name than "Hank". It is his job to ride herd on all the N.C.O.'s in the Wing and see that they do a good job in turning recruits from civilians into airmen. He is very particular about his appearance and deportment and thinks other people should be the same, without being constantly reminded of their obligations. Flight-Sergeant Watson enlisted in September, 1939, and has been on this Station almost two years. He was going to run for Mayor of Brandon



A CANDID GLIMPSE INTO YE EDITORIAL SANCTUM OF THE "AIRMANS - POST."

in the last municipal election but somebody told him that the Air Force vote wouldn't be enough to get him elected so he withdrew. He probably would have made a very poor Mayor anyway.

The Wing Orderly Sergeant is Sergeant F. G. Thorneycroft. What a modest fellow. Though conspicuously lacking an aggressive nature, he nevertheless is quite a capable Orderly Sergeant. His duties are many and varied. His reticent, self-effacing attitude gives one the impression that he has just been in some mischief or is on his way to find some. "Thorneycroft" is a graduate of the old "B" Squadron on this station and has been here since his enlistment in August, 1940. They say he will be here when the war ends.

Sunshine is radiated in the Wing Office by the voluptuous stenographer, Miss Doreen M. Sullivan. For a long time nearly all the recruits on the station found a reason to wander by the Wing Office and feast their eyes on her refreshing beauty. So to keep peace, a sign was erected "No thoroughfare for parades". She usually has about a dozen fellows hanging

around trying to take her out,—she says she is going to give them a break and let them all take her out some night. Don't get too excited, fellows, she is young yet, and has to be home at 2230 hours, too, and they say she has a steady. But, anyway, isn't she lovely?

So now you know as much about the Wing as anyone else. Just one word; don't tell a soul—it is a military secret.—FLT./SGT. H. W. Watson.

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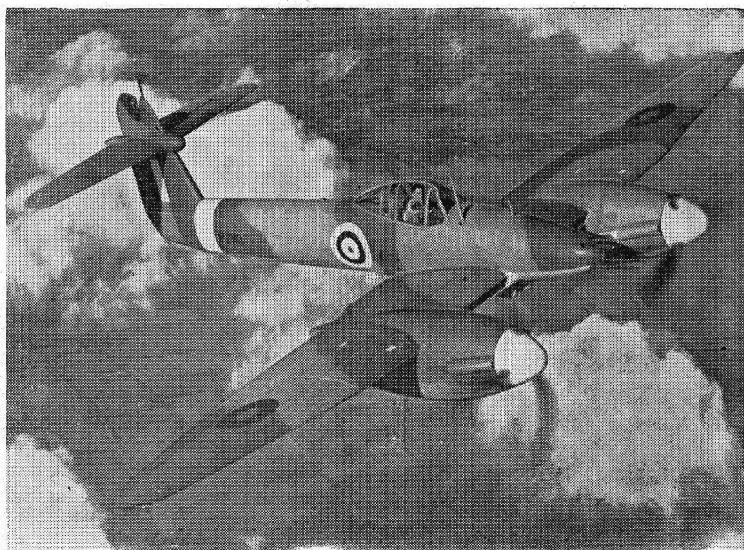
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Plain sailing is the order here for this Westland Whirlwind, a twin-engine single-seater monoplane fighter now operating with the R.A.F. It's fitted with two Rolls-Royce Peregrine engines, 850 h.p. each, and armed with four 20-mm. canon mounted in the nose. Another view of the plane is shown on next page.

The Air Force 1918 Model

By G. S. Schriver

Ed. Note: 24 years ago AC2 Schriver was a cadet at an R.A.F. ground school in Long Branch, Ontario. His story describing the Air Force of 1918 and the service as it is today makes an interesting and unique contribution to the Post this month. Aircraftman Schriver is doing his bit in this conflict as a Meteorologist.

The chief difference in the Air Force of those days and now was in the type of aircraft flown. When one compares the sleek, streamlined rockers of today with the old Jennys and Avro Trainers of 1918 you wonder how those clumsy, old-fashioned airborne coffins ever managed to stay in one piece while they were flying.

The Air Cadet of 1918 was a strange looking apparition along side the airman of 1942. For a uniform he wore the old double-breasted Khaki R.F.C. tunic, breeches, putties, and a wedge cap with a white band all the way round.

The R.A.F. at that time had only recently been formed. Previous to April, 1918, there had been two air services: The Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps. These two were amalgamated and one service, the R.A.F., was formed. Many old customs and traditions from the two old services were retained in the new one.

The N.C.O.'s of that 1918 era were nearly all men taken from the Imperial Army—and, boy, were they tough! Small infractions of the rules, which would be overlooked today, resulted in the most severest forms of punishment. Pack drill was a common occurrence. Changing the guard

was a very ceremonious affair, and any laxity on the part of the N.C.O. or airman officiating would bring the thunderous wrath of the Sergeant Major down upon the offender's head.

A cadet's course in 1918 consisted of the following: (1) An indefinite period at a Recruits' Depot. (2) Cadet Wing, 8 weeks. (3) School of Aeronautics, 2 weeks. (4) School of Armaments, 2 weeks. (5) Elementary Flying School. (6) School of Advanced Flying. (7) School of Aerial Fighting. One was very fortunate to complete the Air Crew course in those days in less than a year, due chiefly to quarantines. When a man caught a communicable disease the whole squadron was quarantined. The writer was quarantined twice in four months and lost about six weeks time on his course.

The food and living conditions in the Air Force today would seem like absolute luxury to the men at the Recruits' Depot in 1918. We slept on wooden bunks with no mattresses. The food was terrible. Drill and discipline was a nightmare. A great many of the cadets were lads under eighteen, and they bemoaned their fate to high Heaven.

I only saw two models of aircraft in those days. The Curtis J.N.4 and the Avro Trainer. The Curtis was a large, clumsy Bi-plane with a ninety horsepower V8 water cooled motor. This motor had a top speed of about 1500 revs. The plane could travel about sixty M.P.H. These ships were equipped with dual controls and little else in the way of instruments. The Avros that I saw were Bi-planes similar to the Curtis but they had a rotary air-cooled motor.

Notwithstanding the difficulties they had to contend with in a service that was just in its infancy the spirit of the R.A.F. was just as good then as it is today, carefree, anxious to get the job done, and proud to wear the khaki then, as we are proud to wear the Air Force Blue today.

NO FRAGILE CHINA

Mr. Churchill expressed something that is becoming more apparent from day to day when he said that it was wonderful how China had fought for five years against an army of the quality of the Japanese.

NEVER CAN TELL

Why is it, asks a Sault banker, that people always write their names more plainly when making out a deposit slip than when signing a cheque?

GOD OR THE FUHRER

(Continued from page 2)

Christianity and the other is Germany. There is no third. There is also no compromise."

"Every epoch has its sign. Two epochs and signs oppose each other today: the Cross and the Sword. The sword is the weapon of the fighter. The sufferer drags the cross."

"We are on the offensive. The front of the cross has a strong and weak wing. The strong is Catholic. The weak is Protestant. We are fighting against both."

"We do not want to tear down cathedrals. We want to fill them with a new spirit. We want to proclaim a new faith in them. . . . The tortured pain-torn figure of the crucified Christ will disappear. Our heroes must again carry swords in their fists instead of a cross on their backs."

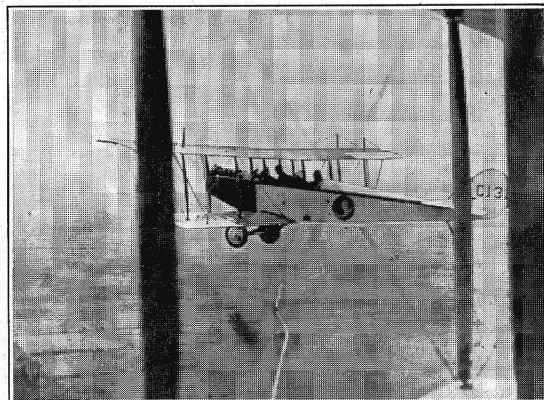
"Baptism and Confirmation: We will receive the newly-born into the community of the nation, not as Catholics, not as Protestants, but as Germans."

"Marriage: In future there will only be a German consecration of marriage. Marriages will not be concluded in the name of the Church."

"Bible: Take the Old Testament and burn it in consecrated places! And thank God that he sent the Fuhrer."

"Civilization: The age of Christian civilization is past. Only German civilization has anything to say. We are German. Therefore we cannot be Christians. The Germans at present has two obligations, earthly and heavenly: as long as he has two masters, the Fuhrer and the Saviour, he will not find his way to Eternity."

"Education: Every day, every hour is lost which our youth spend in church. We want to educate them to tear the faith of Christianity out of their hearts: only Germany has a place there. How do we want to educate our children. As though they had never heard of Christianity."



THIS IS WHAT THEY FLEW IN 1918

Lack of Human Sympathy Was Always Characteristic of the Japanese Intellect

Recent accounts of Japanese atrocities against their war prisoners came as no surprise to persons who had lived in the Orient and who were familiar with Jap character, said George E. Mitchell, until recently a leading shipping agent in Shanghai, who was interviewed by The Times-Journal in St. Thomas on Tuesday. Mr. Mitchell said recent revelations about the Japs may have unfolded a new side of the Japanese character to the Western world but to those, like himself, who have lived in the Orient it is nothing new. He said that he and many others had witnessed that same sort of thing during the past five years since Japan attacked China, it was not simply something which had grown out of recent Japanese war success. It was a type of racial brutality that was inborn in the Japanese.

Mr. Mitchell described the Japs as "a very aggressive, truculent people." He said that the military caste particularly was very ruthless and cruel. "I haven't the slightest doubt that the accounts from Hong Kong are true, for they came as no surprise to me."

Mr. Mitchell said he could tell many tales to illustrate this side of the Japanese character, but he declined to tell much about it. "It is the kind of thing that is best not talked about," he said, and passed it off with that. Later he talked a little about the Japanese treatment of the Chinese which he himself had witnessed in Shanghai. Chinese were forced to tip their hats and bow whenever they passed a Jap sentry and a favorite practice of the sentries was to accuse a passing Chinese coolie of neglecting this obeisance. He had seen sentries knock a Chinese down with a blow of the fist and then kick and maul his body on the ground with the heavy butt of their sentry rifle. After a minute or two of this the unfortunate victim is allowed to rise and stumble away, probably with several broken bones. Others have been left to die of thirst in torrid summer temperatures tied to a tree, or have been left to smother in temperatures of over 100 degrees with their hands and feet tied and with a fume-filled kerosene can over their heads.

He contrasted the Chinese with the Japanese by saying that they were a quieter and more philosophical race, not possessing the same desire for world power and domination. "The Chinese are more like the British than any other Oriental race. But they have a power of passive resistance possessed by no other nation in the world. No nation can ever conquer them."

BE CAUTIOUS

An unexploded bomb was recently removed from the churchyard of a small parish on the South Coast. The vicar, realizing the damage which might have been caused to his church, and possibly to the village and its inhabitants held a special thanksgiving service at which he mentioned that the bomb was found to be a "dud", and therefore could not explode. Some time later he was accosted by a stranger in the village, who reminded him of the service.

"I have come to tell you, sir, that you are a fool, a murderer, and a traitor to your country!" said the newcomer, in grave tones.

"But, good heavens, man, what did I do or say to warrant such language?" queried the clergyman.

"You said publicly that the shell had been dropped by a lone raider on a given date. This enabled the Germans to trace both the machine and the factory from which the shell was issued. Inquiry was made concerning the quality of other shells emanating from this factory, with the result that a certain percentage were found to be worthless."

"Three Czech workmen were consequently forced to face a firing squad as a result of your revelation, and one of them was my only brother!" remarked the visitor as he turned upon his heel and walked quietly away.

J. Proctor, Croydon.

EYES DECEIVED HIM

For an hour the two men in the railway carriage, strangers to each other, had sat face to face. Then suddenly one burst out:

"I always knew my hearing wasn't good, but I never thought this would happen."

"What's wrong?" asked the other. "I must have gone stone deaf. Here you've been speaking to me for an hour, and I can't hear a word."

"Speaking be hanged! I'm only chewing gum."

KNEW HER HABITS

"The spirit of your late wife is here," announced the medium to the sitter, after the usual preliminaries. The husband was silent.

"Don't you understand?" pleaded the medium. "You may speak to her."

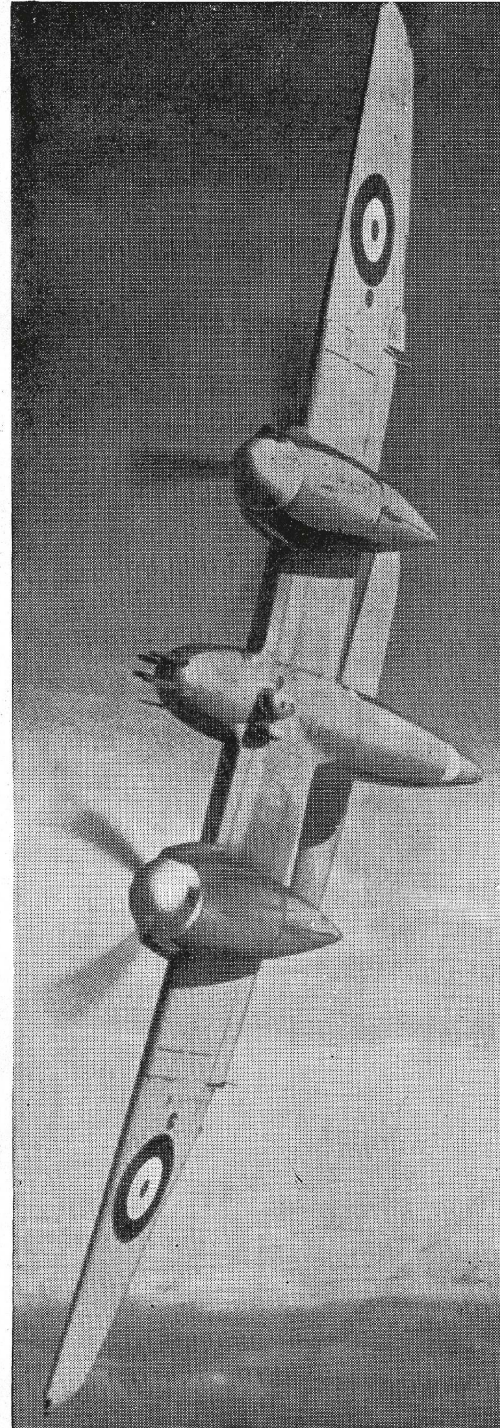
"If that is really my late wife," said the other calmly, "she'll begin of her own accord."

SENSIBLE

The woman had been very trying and the shop assistant's temper was beginning to get a bit uncertain.

"I think you had better fetch the manager," sniffed the customer. "Perhaps he'll have a little more sense than you seem to possess."

"Oh, he has, madam," was the tired reply. "He went out as you came in."



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AUSSIES WIDE AWAKE

Insomnia victims might migrate to
Australia where there are now 123,-
000,000 sheep, largely uncounted.

OR SUMMER

Winter is that time of year when a
ride in a rumble seat is the final test
of true love!

De Bunk Area



By Bunko

Much to our astonishment the column this month is still operating with its health intact and its integrity unblemished. We had heard through the usual underground channels that the female personnel of the Depot were planning and composing a literary blitz that was designed to make De Bunk Area squirm and squeal for its past misdeeds. But nothing happened, and so we are reluctantly forced to conclude that the girls of this day and generation just haven't got any snap to their garters anymore.

Confidential item: Bud Wilmot, able airman and artist extraordinary for the Post, has another talent that he only discloses to his most intimate friends: a gift for designing and remodelling ladies' hats. Some of his creations would make you gulp twice and reach for the smelling salts. No, I'm sorry girls, his telephone number is a State secret. You should hear him imitating Donald Duck, too. The boy's versatile or something.

Reminder to a certain N.C.O. who applies totalitarian tactics as a frail substitute for efficiency—Democracy, like charity, begins at home.

A pernicious disposition reaps its own harvest: a crop of blackeyes and a bumper yield of animosity.

Sporting event of the month: Jack Moran vs. the Oil Controller in ten two minute rounds. Our money is on Battling Moran.

We rather regret our impetuosity in inviting all and sundry to bring their troubles to De Bunk Area. The result was a virtual avalanche of sad-eyed airmen with problems physical, mental, and emotional. We were buffaloed for a while and then a great light dawned—why not bring that celebrated counselor, Madam Hortense Heartburn, back to the pages of the Post to distribute her pills of wisdom and potions of cheer. So we did! And from now on Madam Heartburn will prescribe for all your woes and worries.

Congratulations to Olive Moore of the Pay Office on her forthcoming dip into matrimony. This is a fitting climax to her long and delightful spell of inertia among the filing-cabinets and typewriters.

Sick Report: We hear two of the P.O. female advocates of a more leisurely war effort are minor casualties in the grim battle of ennui. The gals sprained their wrists reaching for another bon-bon the other day. No flowers by request, but if you have any old magazines or parlor games to spare, send them up.

Stop Press! Cupid must have been posted to the Pay Office. We hear Art Nicol is contemplating double harness, too. Ah, sweet romance—and grocery bills and things.

Cheerio—see you next month.

'INOCULATIONS' OR 'NOKS' TO YOU

In days of old when knights were bold
They went to war to fight.
They slew their foe; so we are told
And soon set things a-right.

With plumes still bright, their victory great,
Came home with wounds still raw:
To live in peace—but ah! cruel fate,
They died with dread lock-jaw.

This story has no moral;
This story has no end;
This story only goes to show
That if an M.O. had been around,
This knight of old would still be sound.

But man went on and wars did too.
They still went forth to fight;
They gave their lives, this gallant crew,
To prove that might's not right.

Of life in the forces, in stables for horses,
Of life in new stanches and smell.

The lad's soon fittid; by sergeants' he's twitted
And life's not the dream he once had;
But he's only just started; his old life's departed
And definitely, things now look bad.

This story has no moral;
But this story has an end;
This story really goes to show
That with spit and polish and a sergeant's hi-pe
This lad first green, soon turns quite ripe.

Another day dawns, at sunrise he yawns



They all went forth to seek their fame.
They marched and fought and died,
But not by words or guns—for shame,
For typhoid fever raged inside.

This story has no moral;
This story has no end;
This story only goes to show
That the M.O. didn't know in days of old
As much as now he knows—I'm told

In days of old, in Russia's cold,
They fought for years and years
To stop the foe of warriors old,
That filled the Tzar with fears.

But it wasn't the Russians on fiery steeds,
That turned the invader onto the rocks.

In spite of their might and all great deeds,
They died with dread small pox.

This story has no moral;
This story has no end;
This story only goes to show
That if all the warriors had been vaccinated
Old Russia would soon have been liquidated.

Now, ages have passed; we're in Brandon at last
And there's a new story to tell

Unaware of the terrors it holds.
A NEW corporal calls, "Off to Medical Halls"
At last, this story unfolds.

Our lad's heard in spots, of the dangerous 'shots'
That the medical man has in store;
Each yarn becomes bigger—to preposterous figure—
The M.O. will get him—he's shore.

This story still has no moral;
We hope it soon has an end;
This story only goes to show
That if these new recruits had heard less talk;
About their injections, there'd be less squawk.

So, over they come, their long faces so glum
Afeard that life is expended;
They're stripped to the waist, in a shivering haste
And put into lines undefended.

But to their great surprise, they escape their demise
While they take the shots on the run;
And, contrary to rumor, the M.O.'s in good humor,
The 'Noks' have been—almost—good fun.
This story has a moral;

This story will soon have an end;
This story only goes to show
That if talks of 'Noks' had been less vicious,
This lad, of the M.O., would be less suspicious.

The time is propitious, to wax repetitions
About the protection of 'Noks'.
To M.O.'s it's no pleasure, to give you this treasure,
Although you'd think so from squawks.

For one day near, perhaps even this year.
This lad may be off to far fields.
And against this new danger, you M.O. is no stranger;
Right now, he's abuilding your shields.

This story now has a moral;
This story now has an end;
This story plainly goes to show
That though 'Noks' are shocks, they're the M.O.'s say
To keep you healthy o'er the whole dark way.

—Flt.-Lt. L. O. Bradley

ENTERTAINMENT

(Continued from page 8)

my, with her Bandana, and 275 lbs. (roughly speaking) of swaying rhythm. Her blues songs and wise-cracks brought down the house no foolin', the encores were many and we just couldn't get enough of her. We all hope she will one day visit us again.

The master of ceremonies, Gordon Giffikin, did a fine job, and also introduced a new song entitled "Men of the R.C.A.F.", composed by himself and Andy Cunningham.

We at the Manning Depot and all Brandon too, hope they will come back again some day soon, as we surely go for that kind of stuff. Yowsah.

Bud Wilmot

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From A Hospital Bed

By AC2 Hartnell, F. J.

It was a moment of supreme pleasure! My left arm encircled the slim waist of Daisy Mae, and my right hand raised the glass of sparkling champagne to my eager, parched lips. Oh, glorious, happy interlude! I squeezed Daisy Mae again and again, and quaffed great gusty mouthfuls of the heady nectar. Oh, blissful, exquisite hour! And then, alas, came the rude awakening:

"Listen, Buddy," said a stern official voice, "stop trying to swallow that thermometer, and quit necking with your feather pillow."

And thus another day begins for the patient in No. 2 Manning Depot's hospital. The radio goes on with a resounding blare that would waken the dead. I desperately try to escape from that dreadful sound by burying my head ostrich-fashion under the bed covers. Comparative peace for a second or two, and then a ruthless, implacable hand rips the covers from me again, and the voice of authority speaks in a manner that suggests no compromise or hope:

"Get up and get that bed made." And so I gingerly shove one reluctant foot out from under the cozy blankets and tentatively try it on the chilly floor. Ouch! The foot is swiftly withdrawn and plunged under the covers again. Furtively I look around to see where the ogre in starched white is, and then I slip happily back into the arms of Daisy Mae again.

But not for long. That MAN comes back again, and so I resign myself to my fate and yawn my way through a wash-up and shave. Ablutions over I return to the task of making up my bed. The job is very nicely and laboriously finished when that voice rattles in my ear again:

"Did you turn your mattress, Buddy?" So the bed is ripped to pieces again and the mattress dutifully turned.

Breakfast is over, and ward duties commence. I am politely introduced to a broom and begin the delightfully entertaining business of sweeping the floor. A few corners are missed, and here and there a small sawdust oasis marks the path of the broom. Result: the whole blessed job has to be done over again.

Ward duties end, and the M.O. begins his rounds. Pathetic tales of terrible aches and colossal pains are poured into the medical ear. Spines are prodded, hearts are auditioned,



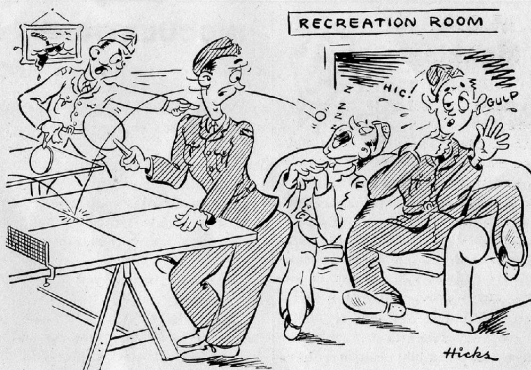
F. J. HARTNELL

and big toes are examined. The M.O. makes his cryptic comment on each case and moves on to Ward two. The rest of us relax and jeer at one another's ailments.

Then comes the time of bitter ordeal! The clock strikes the fateful hour of ten. Strong men pale, and weak men take refuge under the beds. The dreaded footsteps are heard approaching. She appears—our Florence Nightingale. Gally tripping down the hall, but not with the historic lamp this time. Our lady of the hospital is carrying a cod-liver oil bottle. Patients wince and cringe, but our Florence Nightingale shows no mercy. Spoons are filled and emptied without regard for heart-rending groans and pleas that would melt the heart of a brass monkey.

After that nerve-racking ordeal the ward is very quiet until lunch-time. And after the mid-day meal the patients resume the even tenor of their ways, tranquilly and lazily until seven o'clock when the sympathetic visitors begin arriving. Romance buds and blooms all over the place, and men who had no temperature all day acquire one now under the impelling influence of a dimple or a pair of tender brown eyes.

And so the day wends slowly to its end. 10.30 arrives and the lights blink out. The patients settle down under their covers and another hospital day is finished. A sigh here and there, a muffled whisper, and then a beautifully discordant symphony of snores. I sink blissfully back into the arms of my Daisy Mae again, and reach for my bottle of dreamed-up champagne.



FAIR ENOUGH

Now that weather broadcasting is prohibited, would it be all right for a broadcaster to say the weather is unspeakable?

WITH ONE HAND IN THE GRAVE

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Motion Pictures

An excellent schedule of motion pictures have been booked for the month of May. These are from Sovereign Films, and Twentieth Century Fox, and will be shown in the Arena each Wednesday and Friday evening. In this connection we are going to be confronted with some difficulty with regard to light, ways and means are under consideration to darken the Arena, and we hope to find a fairly simple solution before long.

Concerts

The Sunday night concerts have proved very popular, and will be continued through May. One of the outstanding concerts of the month will be the Beacon Theatre Group. Other similar entertainment groups have been invited to participate in our programme.

An ever increasing number of people are attending these shows, and interest in this part of our programme is widespread. The nominal charge of ten cents made to airmen and their friends is used exclusively to defray the costs of transportation that are incurred in bringing these artists here.

Sports

The regularly scheduled inter-squadron basketball league should wind up about the middle of May. Competition has been very keen, and a good deal of friendly rivalry has been stirred up between the squadrons.

With the approach of warmer weather it is evident that our sports programme will have to be moved out doors. Softball will probably prove one of the most popular events for league competition. There will be ample facilities for volleyball, deck tennis, horseshoe pitching, and our two tennis courts will be put in shape as soon as the weather permits. Consideration is being given to set up an extensive archery club. This sport is finding fast favour in all parts of the continent, and is good training for eye and muscle.

The Brandon and District Sportsmen's Patriotic Association and the Brandon and District Services Athletic Association are getting together to plan inter-services leagues for the various summer sports. It is hoped that about six of the surrounding stations and training centres will be entering teams. Hardball is out as far as I can gather at the moment, but there will be lots of other sports to provide the thrills and spills. Any teams entered in this league will be able to work through to the provincial playdowns. At least two inter-service track and field meets will be run off during the summer.

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One for All, and All for One



The Kin Centre

Last summer a very extensive programme was carried out at the Kin Centre and it will in all probability be duplicated again this summer.

We are not just sure what's cooking officially with regard to this, but a strong rumor is current that we might manage to get a hard surface put on the enclosure, so that it could be used for sports such as volleyball, tennis, basketball and dancing. This, however is strictly off the record. However it is a fact that a good programme of concerts and other entertainment is being planned for the summer evening in this popular outdoor centre.

About the Hidden Talent Program

This part of our program has become a tradition at the No. 2 Manning Depot. The first hidden talent night was run off on July 24th, 1941, and was originated by Cpl. Bob Sable, Sgt. Miller, Sgt. McKinley, and S. Rushton of the Y. Ever since that night, a hidden talent show has been held every Thursday and a lot of 48 hour passes have been dished out to those who have participated. The main idea behind this program has been, to bring out into the open any latent talent that might come to the Depot from time to time thereby enabling us to keep up our concert party personnel. Some outstanding talent has been discovered from time to time, and the program has served the dual purpose of providing a lot of fun and entertainment every Thursday night, and furnishing the Depot concert party with a lot of material. So here's a request that I am going to make to you new chaps coming in. "If you can do anything in the entertainment line, give your names in at the Y office at the earliest possible moment and make an appearance on this program."

Personal Services and Counsel

Perhaps we should mention at this point, that if there is anything that

the Y can do for you in the way of helping you with advice or counsel on matters personal, we are always here to do the best we can. We want everyone to feel free to drop in and see us whenever they feel the urge. There is just a chance that we might be able to iron out some of your personal problems. Come and see us anyway and get 'em off your chest.

S. Rushton,
Director Y.M.C.A. War Services,
No. 2 Manning Depot, R.C.A.F.

Y.M.C.A. MOVIES

Friday, May 1st, "Destry Rides Again" (James Stuart, Marlene Dietrich); Wed., May 6th, "The Rains Came" (Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy); Fri., May 8th, "Ships With Wings" (John Clements, Jane Baxter); Wed., May 13th, "Tall Dark and Handsome" (Caesar Romero, Virginia Gilmore); Fri., May 15th, "I Was a Prisoner on

Devils Island"; Wed., May 20th, "Little Old New York" (Alice Faye, Richard Green); Fri., May 22nd, "Tropic Fury"; Wed., May 27th, "Rose of Washington Square" (Tyrone Power, Alice Faye); Fri., May 29th, "He Came For Breakfast."

SOME MONTHS

Judge—What is your age, madam?
Fair witness—twenty-two years and some months.

Judge—Just how many months? You know you are on oath.

Witness—A hundred and twenty.

ENCORE

By popular demand we reprint this picture of the "Boys from down under". And if any suspicious mortal questions our use of the words "popular demand" we very snootily refer him to abstracts from the very genuine letters appended below. Letters that gladden ye editor's heart and fill him with great rejoicing. Here they are:

LAC L. B. Whinham, No. 5 A.O.S. writes in part: There are a number of New Zealanders on the station here who would like to get copies of the Airman's Post with our picture. Please send us thirty-four copies.

Writes LAC R. E. Skeen, of No. 7 A.O.S. Enclosed find on dollar. Please forward one dozen copies of the Airman's Post.

And from LAC Carroll No. 3 Wireless School, Winnipeg. Enclosed please find one dollar. Please send me a dozen copies of the Airman's Post. Yours is a GRAND MAGAZINE, the BEST we have seen yet.

Thank you, gentlemen.



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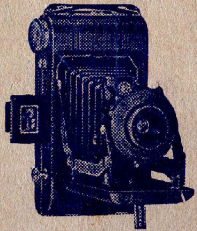
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