

AIRMAN'S POST

NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT, BRANDON, MANITOBA



NOVEMBER 1942

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VANISHING
 The cut upon men's suits is tough!
 My pants are now without the [uff,
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THE EDITOR'S CORNER



This month has been especially notable in Post history for the vast amount of contributions we have been inundated with. Stories, articles, jokes and verse of a particularly high quality have been pouring into the editorial office throughout the past month. And while this has been very gratifying, it has also been rather disconcerting. This unexpected deluge has taxed our critical faculties to the utmost in determining what to use in this issue and what to lay aside for publication another time. However, don't get the impression that we're trying to discourage anyone from submitting contributions, because we're not! Copy is always in demand for the Post to satisfy its voracious appetite.

Our editorial section this issue is featured by an interesting and timely message from the pen of Sir William Glasgow, Australian High Commissioner in Canada. Professor D. S. Traill of Brandon College has written a challenging article for this number under the title of, "Don't Go Fascist on Yourself". And Flt. Lt. Riddell's thrilling story of his part in the Dieppe raid makes exciting reading. Of especial interest to aircrew on this station is the article, "To the Same End" written by Flt. Lt. H. B. Hunter of the Selection Board. Humor, of course, always has a prominent place in the Post and Joe Doaks is back again in more side-splitting antics. Space doesn't permit us to tell you about all the good things that appear in this issue of the Post so we suggest that you just turn over the pages one by one and make that discovery for yourself.

Threading through every page of the Post this month is one persistent and urgent reminder to every man and woman who reads this issue:

Be True To Yourself and Canada—Buy Victory Bonds!

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH HERMAN

Doffing the editor's mantle for a while the other night we slipped into the role of drama critic and sauntered around back-stage to have a look at the Great Herman in action. Watching Herman breathe fire and animation into the pale, perfunctory efforts of a song and dance number was an invigorating experience. The off-the-record dialogue between Herman and his two unresponsive prodigies was going something like this as we approached the scene of hostilities:

Herman: Wait! Stop! It's lousy! You guys ain't chanting a requiem—come on, pep it up! Alright try it again.

Vocalists: (Belligerently) It sounded alright to us.

Herman: Sure. And to the audience it smells. Come on, give it something. Alright!

Vocalists: (Languidly) Tum, tum, de dum, etc. . .

Herman: No! Stop! You're breaking my heart. Look—you got to give it a little more oomph. See? Give out! Entertain! Make the audience happy . . .

Vocalists: (threateningly) Don't give us that banana oil. We know what we're doing.

Herman: Sure, sure, you know what you're doing. But does anybody else? Come on fellows don't get temperamental. Remember we got to put this show on Sunday night!

Vocalists: So what? We'll put the show on.

Herman: Yeah, on the rocks maybe. Look fellows, I'm appealing to you—let's try it again and do it right this time . . .

Quietly we slipped through the exit and left this harrowing scene behind us. Friend Herman had our sympathies. Writing a show and producing it is one of those ordeals that points the way to a strait-jacket. Everybody, including the char-lady, tells the producer how his scripts should be written. Would-be critics who couldn't write and produce a ten second monologue themselves hang over the fence and sneer their disparagement. Sensitive souls flare up at the producer's rapid-fire patter of candid comment and criticism. They fail to realize that there is nothing personal intended in this brisk badinage. It's simply the showman's way of saying: "Look, ladies and gentlemen, let's do our best to give the paying customers their money's worth." Remember, it's the producer who gets the axe if the show flops, and believe me these people really sweat blood producing bang-up entertainment. Give them a hand!

THE AIRMAN'S POST

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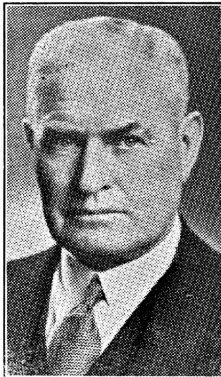


EDITORIALS

TEAM WORK FOR VICTORY

Written especially for the Airman's Post by Sir William Glasgow, Australian High Commissioner in Canada

I believe the Germans expected that, when they had conquered France, the British would decide that further resistance was futile and would come to terms. Admittedly, they had reason to be pleased with their position for the British Commonwealth of Nations alone remained to oppose them. At that time, the United States were able to give little more than moral support. When there was no evidence of our capitulation they thought they could reduce us to



SIR WILLIAM GLASGOW

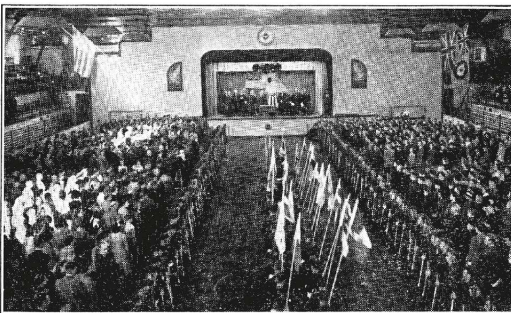
submission by pulverising London. In this, they miscalculated because they underestimated the quality of our Air Force. The courage of our airmen, particularly in the skies over Britain, has kept us in the war long enough to recover from first shocks and permit us to organise industrial production to furnish the weapons for counter-attack.

Less spectacular, but none the less purposeful, has been the effort put forth by our industrialists and every factory hand to make the most of this precious breathing space—sus-

tained and prolonged by the superb resistance of Russia. I have been fortunate enough to see how great a part Canada is playing in our race against time to arm ourselves adequately to strike back before our enemies, strengthened by the resources of newly won territories, become too powerful. The impressive output now of many a Canadian war plant bears tribute to the foresight of those who planned them in our blackest days.

The calibre of our Air Force two years ago made possible our present unparalleled production. Today the calibre of that Force is the same but the former disparity between the numbers of our own and the enemy's aircraft has been bridged. We now have reason to hope that the near future will bring a reversal of the terms on which the British Isles were defended. In the supply of trained aircrew as in the production of aircraft we are reaping the benefit of farsighted and imaginative planning, for the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, administered by the government of Canada, is producing a type and quality of aircrew capable of assuring us of command in the air over an ever-widening area. The choice of Canada as the best location for the Plan and of the Canadian Government as the administrator has long since been vindicated by results.

At last we can see the beginning, at least, of the road to victory; but, the speed with which we will cover that road will depend on ourselves. In this country today we see evidence of the powerful forces which are being mustered in our cause and of the many nations which have ranged themselves against the totalitarian countries. The number of our allies signifies actual and potential strength, but the degree of our strength depends upon our unity. It is imperative that we should have the utmost co-operation and harmony not only between the peoples of each of the Allied nations but also between their respective Services. Further than this, we must develop



At an impressive ceremony featuring the dedication of the Commando Dagger for the Third Victory Loan campaign in the Brandon district, the flags of 29 United Nations, allied against world barbarism, were proudly borne into the arena. Flanking this colorful procession were members of the Precision Squadron standing smartly at the present in tribute to the fighting allies.



R.C.A.F. Official Picture

R.H.H. Princess Alice as she inspected the Air Force Women's Division at No. 12 S.F.T.S. on October 15 during her tour of Air Force stations in the West. Asst. Section Officer Grinke is seen on the left.

the fullest co-operation in every unit in every service, for brilliant and heroic exploits by individuals are not enough in themselves. They are, of course, valuable and even necessary but only in the broader pattern of team work. Ultimate victory will be hard enough with team work; it will be impossible without it.

The Impossible Has Happened Before

CHAPLAIN'S MESSAGE

One hot afternoon in July, I sat in Briggs Stadium in Detroit, and watched Joe McCarthy's Yankees put Detroit's Tigers over the proverbial "barrel". The defeat they handed out was not in the least disconcerting to the home crowd. Everyone in that park went in to see exactly what happened. The Yankees were sure to win, they always had. There was something ultra-smooth about the way they did it. The whole game was classical according to Hoyle. There were no great surprises. It was all very machine like. We all went home satisfied. Everyone was impressed with one main idea. The Yankees were the all-time "greats". They couldn't lose. There was not a danger in sight. They were impregnable.

Later on in the season, someone wrote an article calling the Yankees the "Maginots" saying they would be beat by their own attitude towards the game. There was some other reference about the "Flatbush McPhallures" having found terrible weaknesses in last year's Yankees. It made good reading but no one took it seriously. I was not impressed. Then came the storm. I met it with a phlegmatic calm. No doubt the red-legs from Missouri were good, but I for one could not see them taking the Yankees. The first game strengthened me in my conviction. But the

blustering battering blitzkrieg that followed brought me from a cool comfortable chair to a small stool in front of the radio tearing a bit anxiously at my finger-nails. Finally there was a terrific crash. The mighty Champs fell, swept off their feet in one lightning sweep. They were finished. They were defeated. They were in the ash-can. I had a headache.

I had a headache once before. It was the day France fell. I thought



FLT-LT. N. J. GALLAGHER
R.C. Chaplain

the Maginot line was impregnable. I remember having seen a French magazine with a cover picture of Maginot over the caption "Eduoard Maginot Sauveur de la France". I can also well remember the nausea that I felt the day Singapore capitulated. It seems to me that we were all too aware of our own impregnability and not sufficiently aware of the cunning of our enemy. It was

(Continued on page 8)

FROM ONE SOCK TO ANOTHER



YESTERDAY another group of innocent Norwegians, men and women, fell before the guns of German firing-squads to demonstrate the humanities and decencies of the New Order in Europe . . .

Today in Canada a man said: "No, I can't buy a victory bond this time. Got to pay for some work that needs to be done on the car."

Yesterday in France a gang of Gestapo thugs rounded up another group of French patriots and dragged them away to a concentration camp . . .

Today in Canada a woman said: "No, we won't be able to afford a victory bond this time. My new fur coat is going to cost too much."

Is it possible that these Canadians who claim they can't afford to buy Victory Bonds would prefer to live in a country dominated by Hitler and his gangsters, would enjoy living in the shadow of concentration camps

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE

and firing-squads, would take pleasure in seeing ersatz bread and make-believe butter on their tables? Not likely! These people may be selfish and indifferent, but they're not crazy. They don't want Hitler and the things he stands for any more than you or I do. Then why in the name of sanity, you might ask, do they not do something to help defeat Hitler and keep him away from these shores? Why? Because to these people the war is still something in the nature of a melo-dramatic movie or a Hemingway novel—something to read about in the newspapers, gaze at in the newsreels, and then forget. Too far away to do them any real harm, they are convinced. It hasn't occurred to them yet that one reason Hitler is still on the far side of the Atlantic is because other citizens, more patriotic and intelligent than they, have been

buying War Savings Certificates and Victory Bonds to help keep him there!

Raising money to keep the heels of aggression goose-stepping is a comparatively simple task in totalitarian states. Gangs of Gestapo agents or storm-troopers have a crude but effective method of parting citizen Schmidt from his reich marks. The response is always a 100%.

Democracies, being democracies, make their appeals for money quite without benefit of threat or force. They say in effect: "Look here, you people, loan us your money so that we may use it to create armies, build tanks and planes to ensure that your freedoms and liberties are not taken away from you by the hun—and besides, we'll pay you a substantial bonus for the loan of this money which is to be used for the protec-

tion of your person and property." Where in Heaven or earth could any man find a safer, saner, or better investment for his money than that? And yet, strangely enough, there is still the fellow who says:

"Can't buy a victory bond this time. Got to pay for some work that needs to be done on the car."

The personnel of this Depot, especially those of us who are in uniform, have a real understanding and appreciation of why this money is so urgently needed and how it will be used. Men training here to be aircrew have a right to expect the best aircraft available when they go into action against the enemy. Money is the key that will open the doors to victory. Let us do our part in helping to forge that vital key!

Loan your money to Canada—or forfeit your life to Hitler!

—The Editor

Arrivals, Departures, Stork Reports and Mergers



INTRODUCING OUR NEW
STATION ADJUTANT
FLT. LT. J. M. MACMILLAN

Adjutants are busy men, and our new station adjutant, Flt. Lt. MacMillan, is no exception. Persuading him to take time off from his many complex duties long enough to have his picture taken for the Post was a task that required all our editorial ingenuity and strategy.

There is a somewhat antiquated notion that to be properly effective, efficiency and authority should wear the severe trappings of austerity, but our new adjutant, young in years and outlook, is both friendly and human in his daily contacts.

Montreal is Flt. Lt. MacMillan's home town, and Ottawa his place of enlistment in the R.C.A.F. After a short course at Trenton, Flt. Lt. MacMillan was posted to A.F.H.Q. in January of '41, leaving there to take up new duties at No. 4 S.F.T.S. Saskatoon in April of the same year. Saskatoon said goodbye to him in September of this year when he left that station to take over the duties of adjutant at No. 2 Manning Depot.

Actively interested in sports, Flt. Lt. MacMillan was president of the boxing committee at Saskatoon. Time and duties permitting, we hope Flt. Lt. MacMillan will divert that interest to sport at this Depot.

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Brandon's Buy Way

PERSONAL POSTSCRIPTS

Postings to and from this Depot Officers

Flight Lieutenant H. B. Hunter from Trenton, Ont.
Flight Lieutenant S. M. Brock from Trenton, Ont.
Flying Officer G. W. Spragge from No. 2 T.C., Winnipeg.
Pilot Officer J. M. Bates from Trenton, Ont.
Hon. Flight Lieutenant A. E. L. Caulfield, Protestant Chaplain to No. 7 I.T.S., Saskatoon.
Captain V. A. Clark, C.D.C. from Virden, Man.
Hon. Flight Lieutenant F. G. Ongley, Protestant Chaplain from No. 7 I.T.S., Saskatoon.
F/O J. N. Calnek from Trenton, Ont.

F/O A. R. Fortin from Regina, Sask.

Flight Lieutenant J. M. MacMillan from 4 S.F.T.S., Saskatoon, Sask.

F/O F. K. Stewart from Halifax, N.S.

Flight Lieutenant L. O. Bradley, Medical Staff has been transferred to Winnipeg.

Flight Lieutenant W. B. Mitchell, Medical Officer from Trenton, Ont.
Flight Lieutenant C. A. R. Lawrence from MacDonald, Man.

Postings to and from this Depot Airmen

Sergeant G. E. Ford, Corporal S. Mosey, AC1 R. J. McCreary, AC1 A. J. Wilson have been posted to the West Coast.

Sergeant J. Moses posted from Saskatoon, Sask.

Sergeant R. A. Rendle posted from St. Thomas, Ont.

Flight Sergeant W. F. Erdman from North Bay, Ont.

Sergeant F. R. Hey, C.D.C., from Virden, Man.

Sergeant C. T. Bailey from North Bay, Ont.

LAC J. L. Barringer to Patricia Bay, B.C.

Flight Sergeant W. E. Traynor from Trenton, Ont.

Sergeant Bennett, N.C. from Toronto, Ont.

Sergeant J. D. Stennett from Toronto, Ont.

Flight Sergeant H. Buckby posted to Virden, Man.

Corporal G. L. Watson, posted to Trenton, Ont.

Sergeant S. E. Shead, posted to this Unit from Virden, Man.

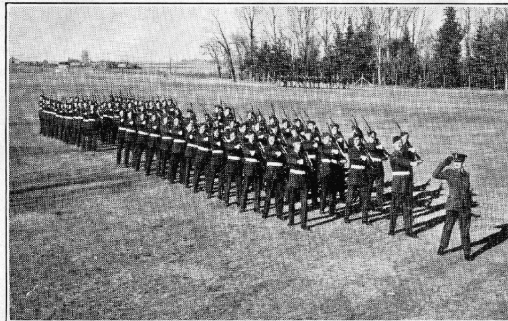
Pte. J. L. McMillan, C.D.C., posted to Dafeo, Sask.

Flight Sergeant H. E. J. Daze to No. 2 T.C. Headquarters, Winnipeg.

Marriages

Sergeant B. R. Arthur was married on the 19th of September to Miss Matilda Syrnick of Dauphin, Man., at Brandon, Man.

Corporal I. S. Sharpe was married to Miss Eleanor Jane Cooper of Brantford, Ont., at Brantford, Ont., on the 15th of September, 1942.



Already gaining a reputation as a crack unit, No. 2 "M" Depot's first Precision Squadron, commanded by F/O Lewis, is pictured above decked out in their smart white bayonet belts and chin straps. From raw recruits to near perfection in precision drill in less than a month is the success story of these boys who put on a fine show at their first public performance in the arena and through the streets of Brandon on Sunday afternoon, October 18.

Corporal W. R. Foucault was married on the 3rd of October to Miss Mary E. Kimber of Blane Lake, Sask., at Sudbury, Ont.

Corporal J. A. Hindley was married on the 10th of October to Miss Mary Elizabeth Sopp of Brandon, at Brandon, Man.

Sergeant G. E. Hough married 10th October, 1942 to Miss Joan Daphne Bater of Fleming, Sask., at Brandon, Man.

Births

Born to Cpl. A. M. and Mrs. Brown, a daughter, Betty Marie, at the Brandon General Hospital on the 1st October, 1942.

Visitors

Squadron Leader F. M. Cleghorn, No. 2 T.C.

Flight Lieut. G. E. Bryce, No. 2 T.C.

Flight Lieut. J. P. Marshall, No. 2 T.C.

F/O G. L. Hobson, No. 2 T.C.

F/O E. J. Black, A.F.H.Q.

F/O S. G. Pepper, A.F.H.Q.

F/Lt. E. H. Crawford, No. 2 T.C.

F/Lt. N. M. Fowler, No. 2 T.C.

Wing Commander B. F. Wood and Wing Commander S. N. Chant, A.F.H.Q.

Squadron Leader H. McFarlane, No. 2 T.C.

F/O T. G. Carter, A.F.H.Q.

F/O H. Spencer, No. 2 T.C.

Wing Commander J. A. Sifton, Principal Medical Officer, No. 2 T.C. and Wing Commander L. A. Matheson, No. 2 T.C.

F/O W. H. Cockburn, No. 2 T.C.

Air Vice-Marshal Shearer visited and inspected the Depot on Oct. 20th.

CAN YOU FIND IT

The Regimental number of an airman at this Depot has been concealed in one of the advertisements in this issue. The holder of this number can acquire two free theatre tickets, donated by Mr. D. B. Roberts of the Oak and Capitol theatres, by presenting himself at the office of the Airman's Post with proper identification. Start the quest now. You may be the lucky winner!

The door of the ladies' hairdressing parlor opened and in came a meek looking little man.

One of the assistants approached him.

"What can I have the pleasure . . ." she cooed.

"Er—could you spare me a blonde hair for my shoulder" he stammered. "I want to make my wife jealous."

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THE LITTLE WOMAN

An English M.P. was entertaining three Polish Officers to dinner, and finding it very difficult to make conversation, he thought it safe to speak on purely mundane matters, particularly as their English was difficult to understand.

So he asked one Officer "Are you married?"

Reply: "Yes."

"Have you any children?"

"No," and after hesitating, "You see, my wife is unbearable."

At this, the second Officer interposed and said "Excuse my friend. His English is not very good. What he meant to say was that his wife is inconceivable."

The third Officer, who had been listening carefully, jumped up in indignation and said "Pardon please. Neither of my friends really speak English very good. What he really meant to say was that his wife is impregnable."

RYE NOTE

Four young soldiers staggered to the railroad station singing and having a general good time. As the train pulled out, with three of the men waving cheerfully from the train windows, the fourth stood on the platform, laughing until he was weak. "What's so funny?" asked a bystander.

"They're shupposed to be sheeing me off!" he replied still roaring.



FAIR ENOUGH

Private McGee: Gimme a match, Bill.

Private McTavish: Here 'tis.

Private McGee: Well, can you beat that I've forgotten my cigarettes.

Private McTavish: Too bad. Gimme back my match.

'NUFF SAID

Honey: "Mother, there isn't any harm in walking with a young man after dark, is there?"

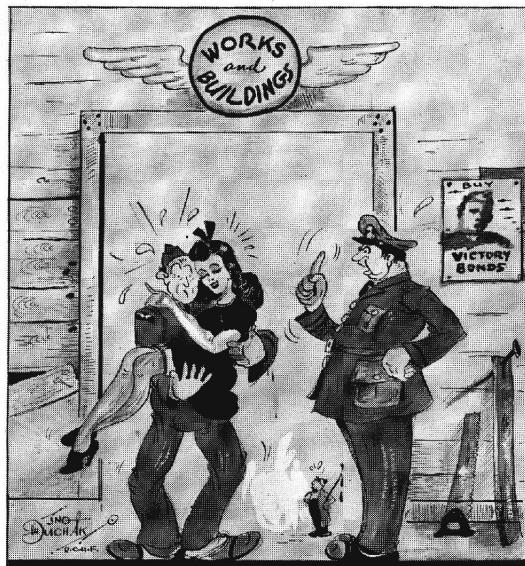
Mother: "No—not if you keep on walking. When I was young I often went walking in the park at night."

Honey: "And did you keep on walking?"

Mother: "Now go to bed, dear—it's late."

SLIP-STREAM-LINES

"Breezy Bits from the Barracks"



"No, no, Doaks—I said, bring me a Wrench—W-R-E-N-C-H"

ANTICIPATION

A draftee went to the movies and saw a film in which a group of girls started to undress to go swimming, when a train passed in front of them. In the next scene, they were shown in the water. The draftee came back to see the picture three times and finally an usher asked him why he came back to see the picture so often. "Well, I'm hoping that one of these days the train will be late."

Do you know the secret of popularity?

Yes.

That's right.

Soldier (entering a massive department store): "Could you please tell me where I could find the lingerie?"
Accommodating Saleslady: "Search me!"

SEE-SAW

Sarge: "See that pile of wood over there?"

Private: "Ya, Sarge, I seen it!"

Sarge: "Watch your grammar. You should say you saw it."

Private: "Maybe you saw me see it but you ain't seen me saw it."

"Halt, who goes there?"

"You wouldn't know me—I just got here yesterday."

Sergeant (sharply): "Button up that coat!"

Recruit (just married): "Yes dear."

GET IT?

"Baby, what would you do if I held you in my arms and kissed you?"

"Yell for father!"

Heavens! I thought your father was in China."

"He is."

WOULD YA' BELIEVE IT?

It has been estimated, that in event of Nazi invasion of New York City, bullets and shell-fire would kill 12 per cent of the enemy, and taxis would get the other 78 per cent as they tried to get across Times Square!

The exasperated drill sergeant pointed a scornful finger at the knock-kneed rookie. "You're hopeless," he shouted. "You'll never make a soldier. Look at you. The top half of your legs is standing at attention and the bottom half is standing at ease!"

Ruth rode in the corporal's sidecar. Out on a Sunday spree: They hit a bump at fifty . . . He rode on Ruthlessly.

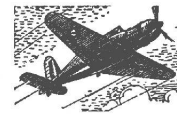
The recruit was undergoing his preliminary examination.

"What is your religion?" asked the officer.

"Militia, sir," replied the recruit.

"No, no. I said religion."

"Oh," said the applicant, brightening. "I beg your pardon. I'm a plumber."



THE TRAINING OF A SPARTAN

War can hold no further terrors:

I can face what comes to pass
Cause I've been the practice victim
Of the Airmen's First Aid class!

I've been wrapped and bound and splinted;

I've been squeezed and bandaged, too.

Fractures, shocks, and faints I've acted

So they'd show what they could do!

I have hobbled home when finished
With new aches and pains which came

From those First Aid practice sessions—

Well, I've just myself to blame!

They have stopped my circulation,
And have bandaged up my face.

They have lifted me on stretchers;
Carried me at even pace.

I've been through those First Aid lessons

(As my stiffened joints will show!)

Come on, War, I'll face your horrors!

I can take it! Boy! I know! ! !

Let the Nazi bombs come falling!

Let Japan's small hornets pass!

I'll brave all—I've been the practice

Of the Airmen's First Aid class!

—Silvia Schuster

WET CHECK

Two draftees were sent to take inventory of the Commanding Officer's office, and they proceeded with these entries: One desk, one chair, one filing cabinet, etc. At last they came upon four bottles of rye, which were properly entered. Then they sampled one bottle. This continued until they came to the last bottle, and after the stuff had gone down the hatch, they crossed off the rye entirely and finished with this entry: ONE REVOLVING RUG!

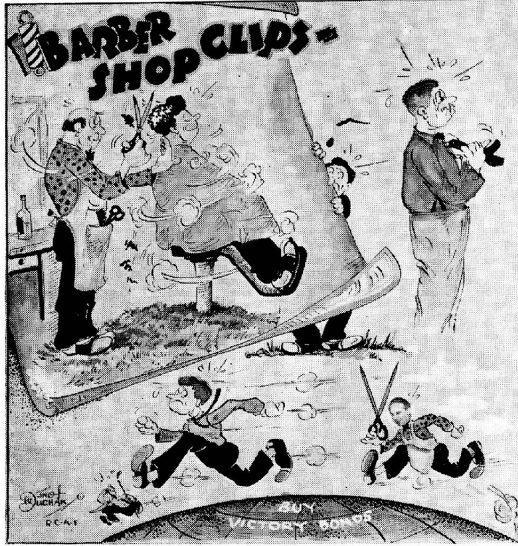
COINCIDENCE!

Mary: "My mistress is so curious."

Ann: "How is that?"

Mary: "Today I looked through the keyhole into her room and she was looking through the keyhole out at me."





PREPARED

A headmaster from Birmingham, the day before evacuation was due, told pupils why they should go, what

they should take, how they should behave.

"How long is it for?" one lad asked. "Perhaps for the duration," said the Head.

Whereupon up shot the hand of a bright thirteen-year-old with a broad smile and very smooth chin.

"Please, sir, hadn't we better take shaving kit?"

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DON'T GO FASCIST ON YOURSELF

By Prof. D. S. Trall, Brandon College

One of the deeper insights which in these days one is thankful to hear expressed is, that we must strive to defeat our enemies without in the process growing like them. They may be those, whether romanticists or pharisees, who are vastly offended by any suggestion that such a deterioration in our standards is possible. We are confronted, however, by the sobering evidence of history. The process by which representative institutions were undermined was going on almost everywhere from about the close of the last war. While its virulence was greater and its results more deadly in the countries now arranged against us, its operation was not absent in those we know as the democracies. Failure to realize this may be acutely detrimental to our cause.

Richly have our enemies merited the detestation of all lovers of freedom. From every land, great or small, where the iron heel has trodden, ascends the cry of misery and lamentation. The immediate effect of this has been to produce amongst many of us in the United Nations the resolve to strike out blindly at the authors of these uncounted crimes. This does credit to heart and conscience, but the planning of a new world demands hearts controlled by heads, and calls for reason as urgently as for conscience. The loathing we feel for the Nazis and all their works is not enough. It will strike down the oppressor, but it will not feed or clothe the destitute. It can punish the people of Germany for their acquiescence in the enormities of the Hitler regime, but it cannot create in that people the willingness to re-enter that European family which in an evil hour they repudiated, to walk the way to barbarism. Yet of this I am firmly convinced, that no "settlement" which fails to obtain the co-operation of the Teutonic people in Europe has the remotest prospect of permanence.

Moreover, may I venture to point out another danger? In recent days there have been percolating through, from Russian sources for the most part, dispatches which are, essentially, appeals to sheer hatred. One such appeared, two or three weeks since, through the medium of Leland Stowe. The Russian people are enduring untold sufferings, but this hardly constitutes a valid excuse for our allowing the whole tone of our war aims to be deflected into a glorification of that which offers no hope to mankind. That such productions as the one referred to win an audience may be put down to the heroic struggle of the Red armies, but even this popular affiliation can scarcely disguise the moral threadbareness of the appeal. The result of an intensification of hatred may easily be to weaken, or even to obliterate, in us the sense of internationalism. That way lies the terrible abyss of nihil-

ism, with its utter repudiation of values. A macabre picture—the finishing touches to "Germany's revolution of destruction" administered by her conquerors!

Man has in past time failed to garner the fruits of the toil and agony and bloodshed of his warfare. The promise of civilization remains unfulfilled; the treasure eludes our grasp. What is that treasure? Not simply 'peace', at least as that word is commonly used. (By the way, I seriously doubt whether any adequate appeal can be made to youth by invoking the name of 'peace' alone.) It is rather the pursuit and realization of those numerous creative activities which call for peace as the essential pre-requisite. Such endeavours will be fatally jeopardised should the poisons of war psychology get too strong a hold upon our systems. One can become in time a kind of Fascist merely by giving in to force of circumstances, and taking the line of least resistance. Are some of us, I wonder, doing just that?

Let me draw out my conclusions. The fact that we are to fight, I find to be less meaningful than the things for which we are to fight. If we lose our sense for these things and for their supreme importance, our struggle loses in significance.

We should none of us enjoy the experience of stepping unprepared on to a stage, and facing a crowded house without being able to remember a line! Perhaps for some of us this is the typical bad dream, and as such it is frightening enough. But if it were a hideous reality—what then?

This war is the rehearsal, and a grim business it is, calling for every ounce that is in us. But do not, please, forget the play. It will prove, I imagine, even more exacting! The great exiled German man of letters, Thomas Mann, wrote some years ago that "war is nothing but a cowardly escape from the problems of peace." No, Herr Mann, not quite cowardly; you yourself would scarcely write that today. And yet the element of truth in the words is too strong to leave us comfortable. Our cause—compared with that of our enemies—is complex and delicate to a degree, and the issues of success or failure may well be fateful for mankind. That is one of the chief reasons why we cannot afford any dimming of that vision without which "the people perish."

Don't forget that persuasion is a finer, and a more costly and difficult thing than compulsion. Some day you will need all your ability to persuade. Therefore—don't go Fascist on yourself!

SUCCESS STORY

Father: "Well, son, have you made a name for yourself in the army?"

Bugler: "Have I? You ought to hear some of the names the boys call me!"

Thrilling Story of Dieppe Raid Told To Post Editor in Exclusive Interview

SPECIAL to the Airman's Post: Taking part in the raid on Dieppe as medical officer aboard a Royal Air Force rescue launch was the thrilling experience of Flt. Lt. W. G. Riddell, for thirteen months attached to a Canadian fighter squadron overseas and now carrying out the duties of medical officer at our station hospital. Prior to his enlistment in the R.C.A.F., Flt. Lt. Riddell practiced medicine at Beausejour, Manitoba. His dramatic story has not appeared before in any other publication.

Preparations for the big raid, Flt. Lt. Riddell related, were shrouded in absolute secrecy and no hint of time, place, or purpose was allowed to leak out. But officers and men who had been quietly concentrating at coastal points to take part in the assault knew that it was a prelude to action of some kind on an unusually large scale.



FLT.-LT. W. G. RIDDELL

and the boats rocked gently in the channel swell with their prows pointing in the direction of the enemy held coast.

Zero hour at last! And the battle-eager flotilla moved forward to their appointed tasks. In clipped, colorful phrases Flt. Lt. Riddell described the ominous calm and quiet of those first few fateful minutes as his launch cut through the choppy waters of the channel. Somewhere suddenly along the dark shoreline of France a gun opened up and then all hell cut loose in a flaming deluge of smoke and metal. Tons of steel-ribbed death from sea, land, and air transformed the grey dawn into a nightmarish horror of sound and fury.

Swift, new type Dornier dive-bombers made a sudden appearance in force and launched attack after attack on the patrolling rescue boat. Time and time again the sturdy little craft was splattered with flying steel. And then while the crew of the launch cheered thunderously a flight of slim, deadly Spitfires dropped from the clouds and pounced on the Jerry dive-bombers. Shortly afterwards, said Flt. Lt. Riddell, the Dorniers began falling out of the sky like so many slaughtered mallards.

Flt. Lt. Riddell recalls seeing eleven German airmen parachuting down to the water at one time. His launch was responsible for the rescue of seven Germans from the channel after their planes had been destroyed by Spitfires. Five of these Nazi airmen looked to be mere lads of sixteen or seventeen, although they claimed to be older. Their attitude aboard the launch was insolent and arrogant. The two older prisoners,

one a squadron leader, were quiet and subdued.

It was difficult, Flt. Lt. Riddell said to concentrate on any one particular phase of the conflict. Modern battles, particularly aerial combats, move all over the map at such tremendous speeds that it is almost impossible for the human eye to follow the action. And besides, the M.O. added, we were kept busy enough searching for airmen floating about in the channel. And that channel was the busiest place he had ever seen—men and boats and shattered aircraft were floating about like ducks in a marsh.

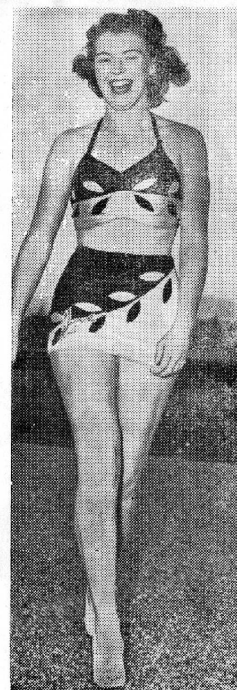
Death struck unpleasantly close to Flt. Lt. Riddell when two men of the launch's crew were killed by bomb splinters. Time and time again the boat was struck by flying steel but it remained seaworthy and carried on with the rescue work. It was a long hard day, the M.O. grinned, from three in the morning until eight at night, and under fire all the time.

Looking back on his Dieppe experience from the strangely peaceful surroundings of Brandon, Flt. Lt. Riddell said it was difficult now to reconcile those deadly, hard-pressed hours in the channel with any degree of reality. The Spitfires and Dorniers duelling overhead, the crash of navy guns, the smoke-filled, flame-streaked skies, the barges filled with tired but cheerful Commandos returning to the shores of England. He had a special word of praise for the admirable way the three services, land, sea and air, combined their operations to make such a success of the assault on Dieppe.

SOME YOLK

Sergeant: "You'll have to remember that nobody ever lay down on

We hope so, too!



WANTS TO TEACH P.T.

Marie Forester, red-headed winner of the Miss Toronto 1942 title, has enrolled at the University of Toronto for the physical and health education course. At the end of three years she hopes to be a qualified "P.T." instructor.

the job and got results."

Rookie: "Oh no? What about a hen?"



And action it proved to be when on that historic August a.m. the furtively moving shapes of a great collection of fighting water-craft of all sizes gathered swiftly and quietly at a point of rendezvous somewhere in the deep channel blackness. It was a scene strangely reminiscent of Dunkirk days—but this time it was an offensive operation!

There in the early pre-dawn darkness men waited tensely for the word of command to go into action; engines were turning over slowly, anti-aircraft guns were poised and ready

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Between The Book Ends

BETWEEN THE BOOK ENDS

In the October issue of The Airman's Post "Between the Book Ends" was introduced with the hope that a few of the best books might catch your fancy and give you an appetite for their perusal. This month we offer you short reviews of a few more books chosen at random from between the book ends.

"THE NEW TENANT"

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

This is a strange tale of a strange man, who although in the world, was not really of it. Acclaimed by thousands, he was friendless. His name was a household word yet his life was a mystery. Bernard Brown "The New Tenant" finds himself involved in a murder and cannot speak either to defend himself or to admit guilt. Even his love, the only girl he has really ever known intimately, and now loves desperately, finds room in her heart for serious doubt. The thread of the story unwinds slowly through the chapters with every event increasing the guilt that is thrown upon Brown. The solution to the complex intrigue, is not a happy one.

For those who love dash and color, this is a book that presents interesting features. Oppenheim is a bit spectacular in presenting certain scenes, even to the point of risking artificiality. It is however true to say that this book is a dictionary of color. There is a sad lack of clarity in the presentation of certain details, vital to the general background leading up to the opening chapter. What is written is well written, but too much is left to the imagination of the reader.

Some no doubt will enjoy the novel for it is a better than usual "thriller". It is without a doubt interesting entertainment, though a bit obvious, and it is a good effort at presenting beauty in a language of commerce.



UNDER TWO FLAGS

By Ouida

The throw of the dice decided it. He would join the French Foreign Legion and in the bitter warfare against the Arabs forget that he had once been an English aristocrat, that he was now being hunted as a fugitive.

Louis Victor found the danger, the thrill, the excitement he was seeking. He also found friendship, which he wished to shun, enmity from his commanding officer, and a love he did not want from Cigarette—that extraordinary mixture of child, soldier, dancer, brigand, spoiled beauty and mischievous gamin.

For real adventure, glamour and romance UNDER TWO FLAGS has few peers. It is a thrilling story against a fascinating background, peopled with vivid memorable characters—a vigorous tale that will live as it has lived for years.

THE EPIC OF AMERICA

By James Truslow Adams

Here is the story of the American people—a graphic but comprehensive narrative interpreting the people themselves, the influences which shaped their characters, the contaminations to which they were exposed and the spirit which has brought them through crises in the past and which must be trusted to preserve them in the troubled future. This is a book which forgoes the usual dull historical method, avoiding the tangled chronicle of dates, campaigns, battles and elections. Instead, by selection the more momentous episodes in the growth of America, by giving us brief but brilliant biographical snapshots of their leaders, and by showing what life held for the American man of city town and frontier. Mr. Adams has presented a panorama of American life from Columbus to the present.

Adams is among the most distinguished historians of today, and this book is perhaps his most distinguished historical contribution.

After reading it Allan Nevins wrote: "Your book will occupy a place of its own. It is the best single volume on American History in existence."

"ESCAPE"

By Ethel Vance

In 1933 there appeared a novel of Nazi Germany which caused something of a sensation. The name of the author—Ethel Vance—could not blind the experts to the fact that this remarkable novel was by no novice, but by a skilled brain familiar with the European situation, and there was much fruitless speculation. However, the secret was closely guarded until very recently, when it was revealed that the author was Grace Zaring Stone, famous for "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" and other notable novels. She wrote under an assumed name to safeguard her daughter who was married at that time to the Hungarian, Baron Perenyi, and was living in Czecho Slovakia after the Hitler invasion, and also to avoid complications for her husband who was then American Naval Attache in Paris.

The story is one of Nazi cruelty and intrigue, and is woven around the character of Emmy Ritter, a great actress of the old regime in Germany, whose declining years have been spent in America. In order to relieve financial difficulties, she returns to Germany to sell the beautiful home created for her by her late husband, also a renowned artist of the earlier days. Because she has been a sympathizer of certain prominent German refugees, and on the pretext that she is conspiring to remove funds from Germany, she falls into the Nazi trap and is condemned to death for treason.

When the story opens she is ill in a concentration camp, and within a week of her execution. Her son, sensing trouble, has arrived in Germany to trace her, but his efforts are frustrated at every turn. Here the story increases in suspense and horror until the final moment of thrilling escape.

Supplementing this theme is the subtle emotional situation between Emmy Ritter's son, the lovely countess of American extraction, and her German lover—the General, who looms with such horrid fascination over the destiny of the others.

Anyone who starts this novel without being able to finish it in one sitting, will spend some uneasy moments until he is able to reach the final stirring conclusion.



"O.K. O.K. O.K. I'll give you a better fit—only stop calling it my soldier suit!"

THE IMPOSSIBLE HAS HAPPENED BEFORE

(Continued from Page 2)

impossible to take France in six months, and Singapore could not be taken by the Japanese navy. France fell in six weeks and Singapore was taken by the Japanese army.

What I really want to say, is that there are too many in our midst who still think that things that were impossible in the last war are still impossible. It would be disastrous if we treated Hitler, and Hirohito, yes and even Mussolini with disdain. We are in a world series of our own. The stakes are a bit higher but the principle is the same. We can't relax for one moment until the job is done. You saw what happened to Joe Gordon at second base just because he relaxed for a split second. The same thing may happen to us. We must work, study, train and fight until the job is done. The enemy is too dangerous, too alert and too ruthless to toy with. We who are just beginning our training in the air force should long remember the world series of 1942. Don't count too much on what History can say. Fight the good fight and win your own laurels.

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PERFORMANCE OF THE R.A.F. AMAZES

(Sydney, N.S., Post-Record)

The Royal Air Force, which came of age during the Second Great War, has truly proved its right to manhood.

In three years of almost constant flying, the R.A.F. has amassed an amazing record of enemy planes destroyed, miles flown and bombs dropped. It has been credited with saving Britain from invasion, with winning the Battle of Egypt, now it is carrying the war deep within Germany itself.

Let the facts speak for themselves:

More than 10,150 German and Italian planes were brought down by the R.A.F. and by Dominion and Allied squadrons operating with it, or by anti-aircraft fire, between September, 1939, and the end of last July. Another 680 planes were destroyed by naval and merchant vessels or by the fleet air arm.

Aircraft of coastal command have flown well over 50,000,000 miles and in the first two years of the war gave escort to 7,000 convoys including 27,000 operational sorties.

One fighter command station, with its satellite airdromes, has a score of 900 enemy craft destroyed. One fighter command group alone flew 2,000,000 miles during March and April, 1942—the greater part over the English Channel or enemy-occupied France.

Bomber command dropped 300 per cent. more tons of bombs on enemy targets during 1941 than 1940—220 per cent. more in Germany and 250 per cent. more over occupied territories. One hundred and fifty per cent. more bombs were dropped on enemy targets during January-March 1942, than in January-March, 1941.

Some 7,892 separate attacks of varying strength were delivered by the R.A.F. upon 1,357 land targets in Germany, German-occupied territory and the Middle East, up to July 31.

Figures of February, 1941, showed 89 per cent. of the aircraft, 72 per cent. of the air crews and 98 per cent. of the ground personnel in Britain were products and citizens of the United Kingdom. Seventy-five per cent. of the air crews and 99 per

The Post Surveys The World From Brandon



Once more in the role that made him one of Canada's outstanding pilots in the last war, Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, V.C., is shown in the cockpit of a fighting plane during a visit to an R.C.A.F. squadron in Britain.



PRIZE IN FEROCIOUS TORTURE

(Windsor Daily Star)

Many tales of Nazi cruelty have come from the war zones, but the prize for ferocity still goes to the Germans who murdered 50-year-old Alexandre Nikolayenko, mayor of Novaya.

When he refused to give the Nazis information about the Russian troops, they seized the mayor and tied his hands to one whippet tank and his feet to another. Then, while the villagers looked on, the tanks were started in opposite directions and the man was torn apart in front of his people.

The Nazis who did that are the people seeking to impress the world that they are on a Christian crusade.

cent of the ground crews overseas, were from the United Kingdom.

The record is one of which the British Empire as a whole can be justly proud—a notable achievement.

SELECT WISELY IN 1942 GIFTS FOR OVERSEAS

When Canadian postal officials

have nightmares they don't fall over cliffs or race two steps ahead of a flame-spouting dragon. What they may see is a mass of parcels for soldiers overseas and the stopper slowly coming out of a huge vat of maple syrup.

Having asked that Christmas mail for the men overseas be mailed before the deadline date of Nov. 10—if possible during October—officials urge that the mail be properly addressed to facilitate movement.

Then they plead for wise selection of the gifts to be sent and equally wise selection of containers in which they are placed.

Maple syrup has caused endless woe. The folks at home want to send it and the men overseas want to get it. But bottles break and caps come loose, and not only one parcel but a bag of parcels can be ruined. The man receiving the gift will get a few bits of broken glass instead of syrup—and everything else in the parcel is either damaged or destroyed. "Not much of a gift to open on Christmas morning," one official commented.

Cake a Favorite

Apart from these problem children of the post office world, an abundance of toothsome morsels can be sent for Christmas—or any other day and arrive safely.

Officials guessed that Christmas presents of the men overseas are cake as often as anything else. A cake placed in a tin or other strong container is practically sure to arrive in good condition.

Watch for Heat

Canadian postal authorities have been advised from England that parcels to Canadians in the Middle East and in Ceylon should not contain foodstuffs and confectionery likely to be affected by severe heat. Chocolate candies are likely to suffer damage, for instance.

FOREFATHERS DID WITHOUT

Sedgewick Community Press: People who complain because they cannot get some of the luxuries they enjoyed in pre-war days might do well to remember that our forefathers lived without sugar till the 13th century, without coal till the 14th, without butter on their bread till the 15th, without tobacco and potatoes till the 16th, without tea, coffee and soap till the 17th, without umbrellas and lamps till the 18th, without trains, telephones, gas and matches till the 19th, without street cars, automobiles and flying machines until the 20th.

FRAGMENTS FROM LONDON

A sailor, whose courage at sea was the talk of every ship he sailed in, insisted that, as soon as he went ashore, his nerve deserted him completely; in particular, he admitted to a terror of air raids. So, when he was granted shore leave, his shipmates were not surprised when, unashamedly, he tucked his hammock under his arm and announced that he intended to swing it for the night in the deepest shelter he could find.

Having selected his shelter, he was astonished to discover that he was the only occupant; but his mind was made up. With a shrug of admiration for people who disdain to take cover, he slung his hammock and went to sleep. In the morning, when he vacated the shelter, he was greeted by an astonished policeman: "Is there anybody else down there?" "No," the sailor said, "I was quite alone." "Not quite," said the policeman, "there's a delayed-action bomb down there, too, and I've been here all night waiting for it to go off."—London Calling.

What on earth would a man do with himself if something did not stand in his way?—H. G. Wells

All these things may be necessary now, but the high cost of living is certainly not reduced by over-indulgence in their use.

GLADYS FORRESTER'S TROUPE PROVIDES LIVELY ENTERTAINMENT

Sunday night, October 18 saw the return to the arena stage of that colorful and lively troupe of entertainers, Gladys Forrester and her concert party from Winnipeg, after an absence of too long a time—to judge by the applause of the audience.

A variety of numbers featuring the dancing of Miss Forrester and her girls were interspersed by the clever accordion playing of Roy Clark, the comedy routines of Jimmy Middleton and the songs of Margaret Laidlaw and comely Annabelle Stewart, who was also Mistress of Ceremonies.

Two performers that got a special hand from the crowd were Christine Salvo, who did the lively Mexican Hat Dance, and Gladys Forrester in an unusual tap number to the rhythm of the Poet and Peasant Overture.

Other members of the cast were: Joan Pundyk, Joan Saltel, and Georgina Jensen and Pte. Betty Cossar, pianists.

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Make-up.....Miss Eva Carpentier
and Miss Margaret Druce
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Hairdressing.....Mrs. E. W. Allan
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Assistant.....Mr. Laurie Goldsborough
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Mr. Jack Hughes

Curtain.....Mr. Laurie Goldsborough
Properties.....Mr. Jimmy Baseden
Host and Hostess.....Fl./Sgt. and Mrs. A. Hutton

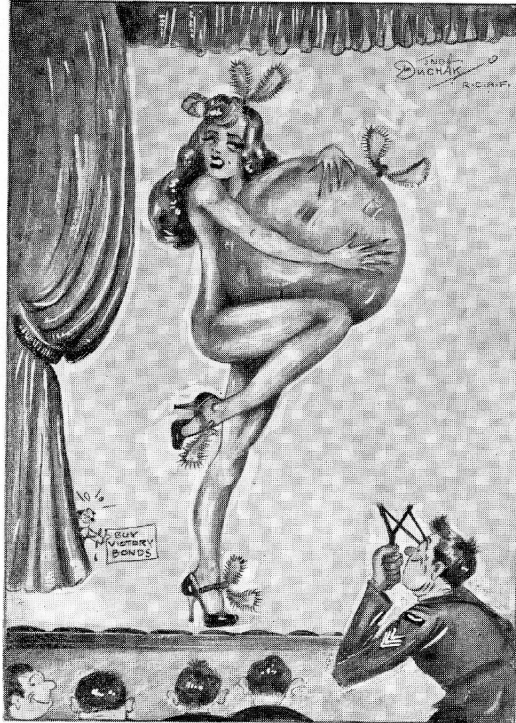
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DEAR JUDY — WILL YOU MARRY ME?

Not all the airmen and soldiers who stood with their chins resting on the footlights and a look of rapture in their faces, while Mart Kenny's hand beat it out in the Arena October 22, were strictly connoisseurs of Le Jazz Hot. More than likely, the majority of them were staring goo-goo eyed at Mr. Kenny's pretty blond canary, Judy Richards.

Over-the-footlights conquests are nothing new to Judy. "I've had quite a number of proposals from the army, navy and air force," she admitted to the Airman's Post reporter. "I've received snapshots of soldiers and airmen in front of their huts, pictures of their pets and mascots, and everything else, but most of the boys I hear from just want

somebody to write to them."

While the twelve male members of the band were busily stowing away their one ton of instruments and other equipment, Judy was strolling around admiring the arena stage. "I think it's just wonderful," she exclaimed.

DON COSSACKS AND LIFEBOUY FOLLIES COMING SOON

The week starting November 22 should be another red letter date on the Manning Depot stage. On that date the new Lifebuoy Follies Review, a lively professional variety show will play at the station. Later in the week, on November 26, airmen and citizens of Brandon will be privileged to hear and see the world famous Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers under the direction of Serge Jaroff.

MOST OF THE AIR FORCE

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Brandon, Man.

HOME OF MANCO PRODUCTS — BUTTER, ICE CREAM

IMPOSING ARRAY OF TALENT PROVIDES GALA EVENING OF FUN AND FROLIC

Hard to beat on any man's stage was the stellar array of both professional and amateur talent, including several internationally known performers, that was offered by the Manning Depot Concert Party Sunday night, October 11.

Undoubtedly the most awe inspiring and best known act was the World's Tattooed Wonder—the Great Oml, tattooed from head to toe. He and his wife, Omette, came to the arena stage from England via a 26 week engagement at Ripley's Believe It or Not Auditorium, in New York.

Another professional show stopper that thrilled one of the largest audiences ever to attend a Sunday night show, was Joe Rattay, Montreal, star of the Rinso Review, now showing in Winnipeg. His unusual balancing acts and humorous monologue were a real treat.

Sgt. Elsie Atkins, C.W.A.C., Shilo, wowed the crowd with her screamingly funny impersonations of Gracie Fields, and it is rumored that she will be back again. Our own Beth Lockhart brought a burst of applause with her fine, dashing presentation of a spirited street dance of Granada.

Other performers who had an equally large part in the success of the show were: Mrs. Charles Mayne, mezzo-soprano; Lillian Bain and her Royal Scots; Marjorie Diller, with her guitar and cowboy songs; Jean Varcoe, contralto, No. 12 S.F.T.S.; and a girls quartette from the Singoosh lake summer music school, under Dilys Davies, of Brandon.

AC2 Jim Greer, former radio announcer from Vancouver turned in a fine professional job as master of ceremonies to make the show complete.

HONEST

Boss—"Can you write shorthand?"
Pretty applicant—"Yes, sir; but it takes me longer."

TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT AT

THE OAK

Brandon's Popular Theatre
Eighth Street Phone 4507
Adm. Adults 30c, Tax Included

We'll be coming back to Brandon by and by.
When old Adolph's in the sweet by and by.
When we've made a mess of Goering and Goebbels is in mourning,
We'll be coming back to Brandon by and by.
We'll cheer our Winston Churchill when he makes our skies more clear.
We will welcome Franklin Roosevelt, and thank him for his help:
To smash the blinkin' Nazis from the sky.

A warm welcome extended to all in the services.

D. B. ROBERTS,
Owner and Manager

ENTERTAINMENT



MRS. CHARLES MAYNE

One warm, mellow summer evening a few short months ago an audience of airmen and civilians thrilled to the lovely voice of the American mezzo-soprano — Edna Duane. On a tour of service camps with a Russian concert party it was Miss Duane's first appearance on the stage of No. 2 Manning Depot, and (with Cupid beckoning from the wings) her farewell appearance as Edna Duane. In a breathtaking romance that made newspaper headlines Miss Duane became the bride of Captain C. W. O. Mayne of A4 Artillery Training Centre, Brandon.

Just last Sunday, Mrs. Mayne's voice was heard again from this depot's stage and one of the biggest crowds on record gave expression to their pleasure with rafter-ringing applause.

Long before Mrs. Mayne paid her memorable visit to Brandon and happily elected to stay in our midst her voice was familiar to American radio listeners from coast to coast. She was one of the original broadcasters with the R.C.A. in Washington. Stations in Oklahoma and Milwaukee featured her singing in their initial broadcasts. And she contributed in no small measure to the popularity of Columbia's Palace Movie Club Hour and the Gold Seal program. New York's famous Biltmore has several times featured Mrs. Mayne as a guest singer, and during a recent trip to the States she again appeared to sing at this celebrated rendezvous of New York's elite.

Radio has lost Mrs. Mayne for the time being at least, but her talented voice is always available to assist in entertaining the men in uniform. With the permission of the army and Captain Mayne we would like to nominate Mrs. Mayne for an honorary membership in the R.C.A.F.

ENTERTAINERS PERFORM VITAL FUNCTION

Nothing is so conducive to poor morale among soldiers and airmen than a lack of suitable entertainment. In large metropolitan centers where entertainment facilities are unlimited there is no problem of this kind. But in smaller towns where large bodies of troops are stationed it requires a lot of ingenuity and contriving in the part of commanding officers to provide this all important amusement and recreation for the men. Today all over Canada patriotic groups of civilians are generously giving of their time and talents to entertain the armed forces.

Two Sundays a month this depot provides its own entertainment, and twice monthly talented groups of en-

tertainers from Winnipeg put on a show for us. This is a very happy and fortunate arrangement and these good friends from Winnipeg and other points can take satisfaction in knowing that their contributions are playing a vital part in turning out airmen whose morale is the best in the world. The problem of defraying the traveling expenses of these visiting artists has been solved by the simple expedient of taking a silver collection at the door.

Cheerful, efficient Canadian soldiers and airmen is a combination the Axis can't beat, so keep up the good work you entertainers from Winnipeg and Hitler's gangsters will never trample on the soil of Canada!

BETH LOCKHART AND AC2 HERMAN SCORE TRIUMPH WITH COLORFUL AND DRAMATIC STAGE PRODUCTIONS

The crowd that packed the Arena Sunday night, October 25, thrilled to two of the most ambitious productions ever put on by the station.

Every minute of the two hour show, from the time the curtain rose on Beth Lockhart's skillfully staged "Memories" till it fell on the stirring finale of AC2 Irving Herman's rousing "Salute to Russia," was filled with the breath of life.

Co-producer Beth Lockhart did herself proud with her part of the gala programme. As well as directing this gay, retrospective musical, she played one of the main parts, as the young girl being courted by the lovesick swain, played by Jimmy Gibson, of Brandon. This young man has an extremely pleasing voice and we hope to see more of him on future shows.

The station quartette — Margaret King, Lillian Bain, Ft. Sgt. Hutton and AC2 J. Scott also played a major part in making the colorful park scene come to life, as well as doing a number in the second part of the show. By now well known to depot audiences, the four pretty Manettes contributed a snappy dance routine that showed their shapely limbs off to great advantage.

Other players were: Dilya Davies, Mary Kingston, Cpl. G. MacKay, Cpl. Betty Shewan, Frank Hockaday, Olga Boubiak, Dolores Goldsborough, Johnny Smolkolsky, Cpl. Bud Brotherton, Cpl. Bob Fletcher, and Jimmy Greer, as the offstage stage. A chorus of eight pretty young ladies from Brandon and eight AC2s from the station completed the scene.

AC2 Herman, former CBC script writer from Toronto, outdid himself with the writing, producing and directing of his lavishly staged and moving tribute to the indomitable Russian people. For the first time

special scenery was designed for a station production.

The striking setting, a Gypsy camp in the woods, with their caravan in the background, was completed scenically as well as musically by 25 Brandon girls as Gypsy maidens who lent their voices to a typical gypsy medley. Solos that brought special applause were sung by Mrs. Charles Mayne, Roy Lobb and Mrs. J. Goldberg as Sonja the Gypsy. The Gypsy who "made her violin cry" was Mrs. G. Selwood.

One of the highlights of the show was Morris Lechow, Winnipeg, performing the seemingly impossible by dancing the Trepak and at the same time playing the violin.

The two bearded Cossacks who supplied the laughs and sang of a certain gal by the name of Hotcha Chornia Brown, were AC2 Schatz and Cpl. S. Pancow.

Miss Yoeman and her dancers, in another Russian dance, added more action to the scene.

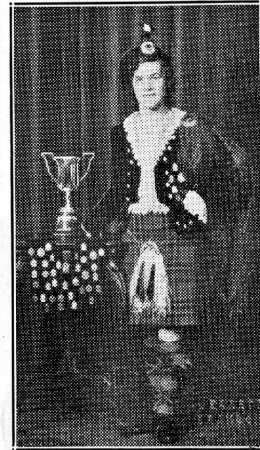
Additional clever comedy was provided by AC2 Johnny Duchak who did a Russian sketch talk. AC2 Duchak, assisted by Cpl. Fred Hook, was responsible for the production of the scenery.

In the smashing finale, the voice of the Russian people was effectively characterized by Mrs. G. R. Rowe as a guerilla fighter. AC2 Jim Greer, the narrator, played no small part in carrying the show and turned in his usual good job.

CHECK

Conductor—"Next station is Long Wait Junction. Change cars for Mauch Chunk, Squeedunk, Quakake and Poddunk, Hokendaqua, Catasaqua, Mecanaqua and Tamaqua."

Green Brakeman (at other end of car)—"Same at this end."



LILLIAN BAIN

Eighty medals, four cups, and innumerable certificates furnish convincing evidence of Miss Bain's dancing and singing talents. No stranger to this station Miss Bain has appeared frequently on our stage and her stellar offerings have always been a source of great pleasure to the men here.

Very few parts of Canada have not at some time or another paid homage to Miss Bain's superb artistry. Inscriptions on cups and medals she has won tell the story of honors earned in such widely scattered parts of the Dominion as Vancouver, Banff, Regina, and Eastern points.

In 1936 she won the Western Canada senior championship for highland dancing in competition with girls from all over Canada.

Radio has also claimed Miss Bain's attention and brought her additional success. Her voice has been heard over stations in Winnipeg, Vancouver, Regina, Bismarck, Minot, and Devil's Lake. As one of a trio called the Stylettes she has frequently sung over CKX.

Besides many solo appearances, Miss Bain has a concert party of her own. Lillian Bain and her Royal Scots have provided concerts for the entertainment of men at Shilo, A4, No. 12 S.F.T.S., and of course at this station.

The fact that both of Miss Bain's parents hail from bonny Scotland may have some bearing on her success as a highland dancer.





TO THE SAME END

By Fit.-Lt. H. B. Hunter

Taking off time arrives. There must be no delays. A crew of seven is not easy to control, particularly on the ground. A dozen or more aircraft are to leave the aerodrome that night, so exact timing is necessary, and this applies to all stages of the flight. A late take-off may mean congestion over the target and landing difficulties on the return."

The time comes; the plane taxis into position. It is a very dark night with a drizzle of rain and accurate instrument flying is essential from the start. The Captain of the craft tests the inter-comm, all members of the crew answering his crisp questions. Then down the flare path they go. As the aircraft crosses the English coast, the gunner asks permission from the Captain to fire a burst just to make doubly sure his guns are in good working order.

The Dutch coast shows. There are hundreds of searchlights ahead. Suddenly the plane is caught in a blinding cone of them. Evasive action is started. Then up comes the flak. To an inexperienced crew it is always startling at first, but experience teaches that the sky is a big place, and that a burst must be very near to cause serious damage to an aircraft. At the same time, familiarity should never breed contempt for enemy defences, and the Captain must continue to take evasive action at the same time retaining complete control over his aircraft in spite of all distractions, well knowing that should he for an instant lose confidence in himself, he will lose the confidence of his crew.

The Navigator must direct the Captain to the objective. They approach the target. This is the time when the team must pull perfectly together, each knowing what the others are doing, even thinking. Now as they come up to the target the Air Bomber takes over. Now they are over the target after a short but steady run. The bombs go. The first stick is wide. Another run up has to be made. This is a trying period of the attack, for the flak is becoming increasingly accurate, and it requires every bit of skill and nerve of all members of the crew, to pull together and bring

the ship around for another attack.

The second stick goes. Out of the corner of his eye the Rear Gunner who is on the watch for enemy interception, sees them burst, hitting the target fair and square.

It is now more than at any time, that an attack must be expected. The flak has stopped and there are only the searchlights. Every member of the crew is keyed up to meet it, and in another moment it comes. Out of the darkness astern appears an enemy fighter at the same moment a stream of tracer passes beneath the aircraft. Instantly the Rear Gunner warns the captain. His first instinct is to answer fire with fire, but he waits until the enemy is at close range and full in the sights; then he lets him have it. The fighter suddenly breaks away and goes into a vertical dive. He has got him.

Still no one can afford to relax for a minute. The vigilance of the crew cannot be diminished until the moment of landing. Although the Rear Gunner's eyes are aching and his hands weary from holding the grips that operate his turret, he must go on telling himself that he cannot afford to relax for a moment.

The wireless operator signals his base. He received a fix and passes it to the navigator, and the return journey is commenced."

This is the kind of work required of a bomber captain and his crew. Their job is not limited to flying. Far from it. The captain has to train his crew, keep himself and them fit, and look after his aircraft on the ground as well as in the air. He must be ready to work with them all day, testing his aircraft and advising the ground crew as to their duties in maintaining it. He must understand their work and imbue them with the same team spirit as that existing between him and his own crew, for they also are working to the same end.

To the same end! All of us who wear the uniform of the R.C.A.F. are working to the same end: to make it possible for highly trained and skilled men to either fight off the invader or to destroy him in his own lair. We are up against a mighty and skilled enemy. We must be mightier,

and more skilled than he. To be mightier and more skilled calls for careful and wise selection of men whom we are going to train as aircrew.

It cannot be expected that every man can come up to the physical and intellectual requirements of good aircrew. In no other branch of any of the three armed services is as much money expended on a man to train him as is the case with aircrew. The dividends he yields can be determined only by his deeds in actual operations against the enemy, after his long and arduous training period.

In order to make the selection of aircrew a more exact process Air Force Headquarters has seen fit to set up at the Manning Depot in each of the four Training Commands a Selection Board whose duty it is to categorize into the various aircrew trades the airmen enlisted at the Recruiting Centres as standard aircrew. Each Aircrew Trade calls for certain physical and intellectual qualities. An airman suited to be a Navigator might lack certain qualities necessary in a Wireless Operator, Air Gunner, or an airman suited by his very make-up to be a Bomb Aimer might not make more than a mediocre pilot. And so on.

Let every man be fitted into his proper niche, and there is a niche for practically every eager, enthusiastic intelligent young man who wears the blue. To put a square peg into a round hole is to play into Hitler's hand. It is the job of the Selection Board to see that that situation does not arise—to see that such a condition is not a hindrance to us working to the same end.



MEET PILOT OFFICER PRUNE

By P/O T. K. Creighton

P/O Prune is a character appearing in "Tee Emm", a Training Memorandum for aircrews, instructors, and others connected with this phase of work in the R.C.A.F. This publication is for official use only and copies can be found in the airmen's recreation room, sergeants' mess, Padre's office, and with the education officer. You'll find it informative and amusing.

Strap yourself in!

The reason for strapping yourself in P/O Prune would say, "Is to prevent you from falling out during aerobatics." We interrupt Prune to say that not only do you damage yourself by falling out during aerobatics, but you can do it as well falling about inside the aircraft, especially during

a forced landing; or you may lose control at a low altitude because of not being properly strapped in.

According to Tee Emm, during six months in 1941 six accidents were caused and nine lives were lost because the pilot was not strapped in.

AIRCRAFT RECOGNITION

There is existent in these portions of the world, still by the grace of God, far from the zones of actual warfare, a popular misconception of modern air tactics.

Aircraft Recognition is to most persons a subject dealing with recognition of enemy aircraft in order to know which plane to shoot down, this although true to a certain extent is only a partial truth.

Let us imagine warfare in the air as being a great game in which each player is either a forward with the object of offensive action or a defence whose object is the prevention of the gaining of points by the opposing forwards. In a game of this sort it is obvious that each player is required to cover his own man to prevent him from becoming a dangerous threat to the home goal. If a player forgets and allows his man to go unguarded, it results in either an enemy gain or the overburdening of someone else.

Reverting now to our immediate question it is obvious that if we were fighter pilots and were told to go aloft to intercept a flight of Dornier 217 Bombers and instead intercepted a flight of Junkers 88s the result would probably be that the 217s would accomplish their mission, while the squadron originally instructed to intercept the Junkers would have spent a few thousand gallons of gasoline in fruitless search for their targets.

In a single flight we may see dozens of enemy aircraft but if our objective does not include intercepting them, we may not precipitate an encounter.

Every enemy seen en route however must be reported as its type and use may preclude certain types of warfare therefore it is necessary that every plane be recognized in order that our tactician may be able to forecast probable enemy action.

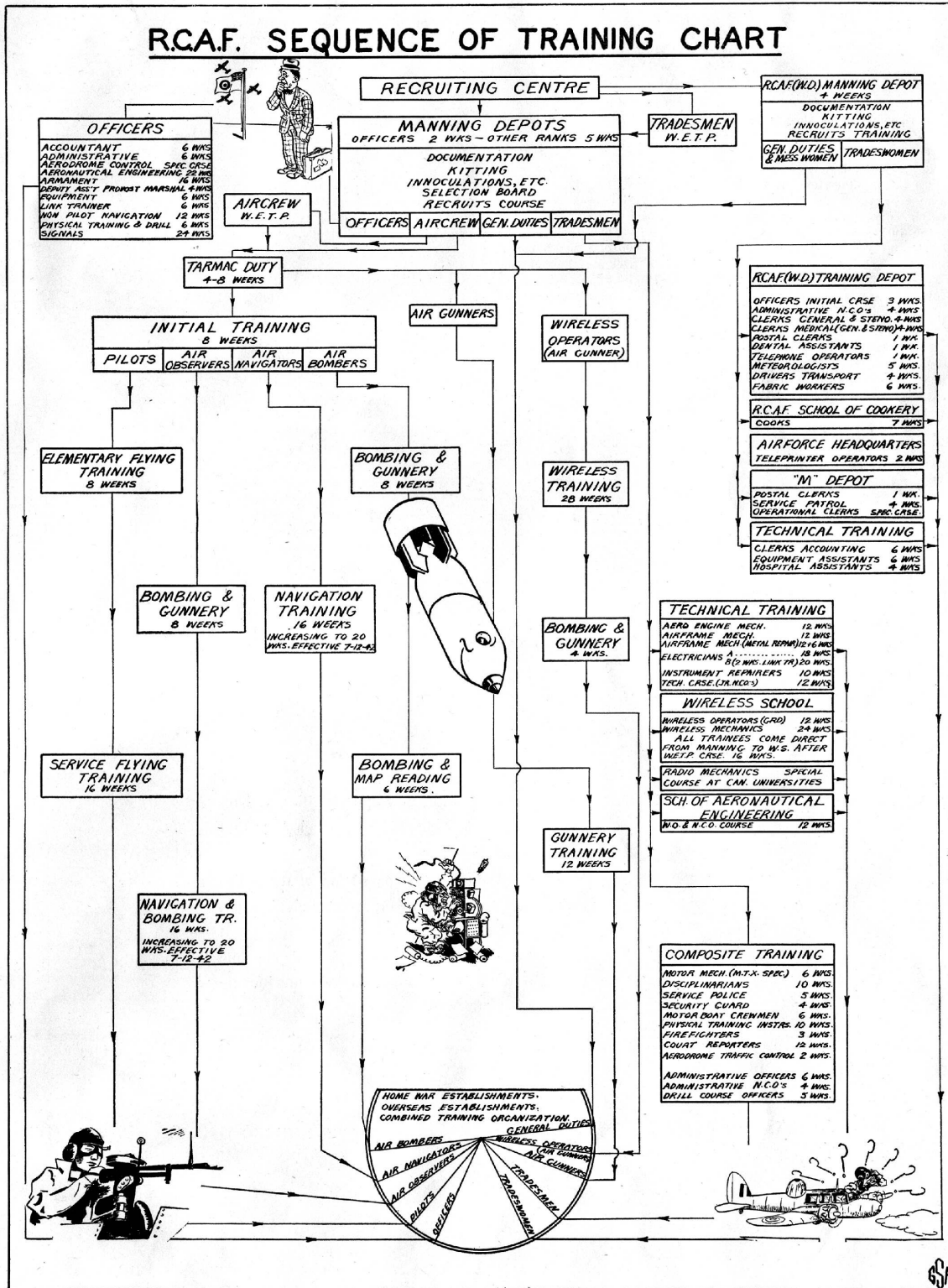
Compliments

of the

**BRANDON
HOTEL**

156 NINTH STREET

PHONE 2154





Letters from a Steno to Her Friend Overseas

No. 2 Manning Depot, R.C.A.F.
Brandon, Man.,
October 24, 1942.



Dear Bill:

Do you remember last Thanksgiving Day when you wrote an ode to "that dear departed bird" the turkey and performed some last rites before its sojourn in purgatory, only it was YOU who experienced the purgatory after eating so much. Well, whether it was the turkey or the little nip of rhubarb wine you had before dinner which caused the distress as well as the sublimated poetic urge, it all died a natural death after I brought forth the soda bicarb and nearly finished you off. Two table-spoons was a big dose, but I found out afterwards it should only have been a teaspoonful. Have you forgiven me yet? We're not having turkey this year, just a nice juicy roast of beef with Yorkshire pudding and pumpkin pie.

I thoroughly enjoyed having your last letter, m'dear o' Bill and was glad you enjoyed your furlough in the north of England and parts of Scotland. The heather hills, if not defaced by defence barrages are truly beautiful and even the recent ravages of war will never efface entirely what is really Scotland. When I was a little girl in pig-tails and we lived in the north of England, my father would take me for long walks along

the river Derwent and past Durham Cathedral. He'd tell me tales of Feudal Barons and Princes and Kings, till I imagined myself a Princess of the Sixteenth Century with long golden hair and long trailing gowns. Then afterwards when we lived at Keswick and the boating on the Lake, the English sportsmen in a race to the top of a small mountain called Latrick overlooking the Lake, and coming down exhausted with the effort to nearly collapse at the foot. I'm so glad you enjoyed those lovely old places, as they're as much a part of England as the Englishman himself. It's really part of what we're fighting for, isn't it?

Now, about this English cousin of yours. She must be sweet and it was lovely of her to take you around when she was so busy with war work. If she wasn't already engaged to that Army chap, I'd be inclined to be the least bit jealous. Another thing Bill dear, you shouldn't really make love to me in your letters like you do. I'm so susceptible to what you say and feel, and I'm just getting back my breath after what you said. I'll promise one thing though, if you insist, I shall not change in the way I feel about you and when we meet again, I will love to have

you tell me all over again what you said in your letter. It will mean forever and forever and forever Bill.

God Bless you and write me soon again, as I shall be waiting for a letter.

Lovingly,
Nickie.

PUT ON YOUR THINKING CAP!

No. 2 Manning Depot's concert party is looking for a new name! "Smilers" is the title that has usually identified our popular station theatre group but this name is going into the discard in favor of something with a little more zip and pep to it. Our brand of entertainment is as good as the best Broadway ever produced and we want a new title that will do it justice.

Resurrect that stub of pencil from your purse or pocket and cook up an appropriate title that has originality, color, and punch! Send your suggestions along to the office of the Airman's Post or deliver them to the Y.M.C.A. office back of the stage.

IMPORTANT

A new government official, who was rather pompous, was staying at a country inn, and as he entered the breakfast room the only other visitor present rose to his feet.

"Sit down, sit down," boomed the official, condescendingly.

"Why?" asked the other. "Can't I get up for some marmalade?"



W.O.2 A. P. McLEAN

Is another old timer on the station who has recently moved up to the status of warrant officer 2.

A native of Fort William, Sergeant-Major McLean joined the air force in October, 1939. He seen service at St. Thomas, A.F.H.Q., No. 2 E.F.T.S., Fort William, and finally Brandon in January, 1941.

Teacher: "Leslie, name something famous created through these three animals. The horse, cow and dog.

Leslie: "Well . . . the horse made racing famous, the cow, milk and the dog popularized the fire hydrant."

THE Wheat City Business College

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Provides Thorough Instruction in the following Courses:

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STENOGRAPHIC
SECRETARIAL
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COMPTOMETER
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Protection, arranged now, will help you to be prepared for whatever lies ahead. It will be specially important to you when you re-enter civilian life. These men are your friendly advisers—qualified to arrange a plan of security for you that will meet your special needs. A talk with any one of them will convince you that they can help you make your income accomplish more for you and for your family.

Arrangements to carry your policy by means of a monthly pay assignment sent direct to North American Life can be made through your Paymaster.

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Phone 2970



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704 TORONTO GENERAL TRUST BLDG.
Phone 21841

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

A Guide to Good Shopping

Conveniently arranged and indexed below are the names and addresses of the Brandon merchants and business people who support this publication with their advertising. Every type and variety of merchandise and service is represented in these ads and we urge the readers of this magazine to use this directory as a "Guide to Good Shopping". In this practical manner we can show appreciation for the support our publication receives from these merchants. COPIES OF THIS INDEX WILL BE POSTED AROUND THE BARRACKS FOR HANDY REFERENCE

MENTION THE AIRMAN'S POST WHEN YOU MAKE A PURCHASE.

BAKERIES AND PASTRY SHOPS
Hopkins Bakery 307 Rosser
Bryce Bakeries 112 - 11th St.
BARBER SHOPS & BEAUTY PARLORES
Jack Taylor's No. 2 Manning Depot

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER
Recreation Bowling & Billiards 10th St.

CAFES AND RESTAURANTS
Aero Cafe 935 Rosser
Bucks Soda Fountain Tenth and Louise
Carlton Cafe 121 - 10th St.
Olympia Cafe 110 - 10th St.
Lyceum Tea Room 438 Rosser
Miron's Cafe 836 Rosser
Terminal Snack Shop Opp. Post Office
The Sisters 918 Rosser Ave.

CLEANERS AND LAUNDERERS
Chrest's Cleaners 1031 Rosser
Home Laundry 539 - 10th St.
Rumfords Rosser West

CREAMERIES
Brandon Creamery and Supply Co. 1421 Rosser
Manitoba Co-operative Dairies 14th & Rosser
Sterling Dairies 319 - 10th St.

DEPARTMENT STORES
Economy Department Store 635 Rosser
T. Eaton Company Rosser Ave.

DRESS SHOPS & ACCESSORIES
Jo-Ann Accessory Shop 529 Rosser Ave.
Lucy's Hat Shoppe 118 - 10th St.
Miladi's 833 Rosser
Mona's Dress Shoppe 110 - 9th St.
The Mayfair 827 Rosser

DRUG STORES
Brown's Drug Store 902 Rosser Ave.
Clement's Cor. Rosser & 9th
Crawford's Drug Store Cor. Rosser & 9th
Hutchings Drugs 10th & Princess
Smith's Drugs 730 Rosser

ELECTRICAL FIXTURES
Norman & Scott 611 Rosser

FLORISTS
Patmore's 138 - 8th St.

FOOTWEAR
Knowlton's Boot Shop 819 Rosser
W. J. Creelman 738 Rosser

FURNITURE STORES
Brookie Furniture 829 Rosser Ave.
Kullberg Furniture 1126 Rosser Ave.

FURS
Shavers Furs 821 Princess
Wheat City Tannery 142 - 10th St.
Yaeger's Furs 602 Rosser

GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONERY
Pop Thompson's 13th and College Ave.

HARDWARE STORES
Brandon Hardware Co. Rosser at 7th
Johnson Hardware Co. Cor. Rosser & 9th
Orchard Hardware 146 - 10th St.

HOTELS
Brandon Hotel 156 - 9th St.
Cecll Hotel 10th St.
Crystal Hotel 9th and Pacific
The Marlborough Winnipeg

INSURANCE
North American Life 1011-1017 Rosser

JEWELERS
Crawford's Jewellery 995 Rosser
P. J. Harwood 739 Rosser
Reesor's 826 Rosser
Wright & Wightman 904 Rosser

LIVERY & RIDING CLUBS
Waldron's Riding Club 145 - 6th St.

MEN'S WEAR
Gooden's Men's Shop 908 Rosser
John A. McDonald 841 Rosser

MUSIC STORES
Brandon Musical Supply 711 Rosser
P. A. Kennedy Rosser and Seventh

OPTICIANS
J. A. Dunkin 36 9th St.

PHOTO STUDIOS
C. J. Smith 135 - 10th St.
Jerrett's Studio 115 - 10th St.

SHOE REPAIRS
DeLuxe Shoe Repair 1009 Princess Ave.
George Barker Shoe Repair 615 Rosser

SPORTING GOODS
O. Stark & Son 147 - 10th St.

TAILOR SHOPS
M. Gitterman 235 - 10th St.

THEATRES
Capitol and Oak 8th St.
Sstrand 10th St.

MISCELLANEOUS
A.C. Engraving Co. Lorne & Tenth
Brandon Harness Co. 130 - 10th St.
Brandon Heating & Plumbing 234 - 8th
Brandon Packers 12th St. N.
Central Sheet Metal 21 - 8th St.
Coca Cola Co. Ltd. 20 12th St.
Fort Garry Brewery Winnipeg
Great West Saddlery Winnipeg, Man.
McDowell & Doke, Tinsmiths 115 - 9th
R. Smith & Co., Caterers Winnipeg, Man.
Sun Publishing Company 10th St.
Wheat City Business College 117 10th St.
Willson Stationery 934 Rosser
Yates, Neale & Co., Heating Engineers 231 - 10th St.



Gosh! I wonder what Billy Bishop would do in a spot like this?

vaccinations, etc., which prevented them from entering the water.

Recommendations:
If the pool is to be operated by No. 2 "M" Depot next season, it is recommended that the walls and bottom be given a coat of white cement bond paint.

It is further recommended that Wednesday and Saturday afternoons be open to the public. It is considered that this along with the hours now open to the public would provide sufficient revenue to cover the costs of the pool.

Expenditure:

Rental	\$350.00
Water	185.25
Sundries	34.95
	\$570.20

Receipts:

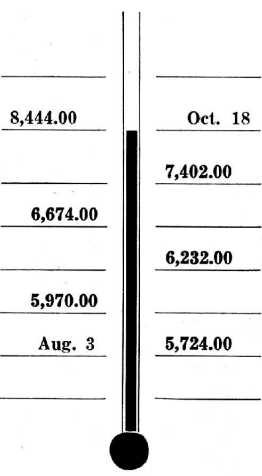
Tickets	\$250.20
Grant Canteen	320.00
	\$570.20

No body ever sees his own face in the glass. What he observes there is a compound, divided into three parts: one part himself as he really is, one part representing what he expects to see, and a third part, what he wishes to behold.—Richard Burton, Little Essays in Literature and Life.

YOU CAN'T WIN

If a man runs after money, he's money-mad; if he keeps it he's a capitalist; if he spends it, he's a playboy; if he doesn't get it, he's a ne'er-do-well; if he doesn't try to get it, he lacks ambition. If he gets it without working for it, he's a parasite; and if he accumulates it after a lifetime of hard work, people call him a fool who never got anything out of life.—Vic Oliver in the Daily Sketch.

OUR OBJECTIVE \$10,000 MONTHLY



Sales of war savings certificates climb steadily at this Station.

VICTORY DOLLARS!

"All out for victory" is the slogan of the personnel at this Depot who are helping to drive the mercury up to the \$10,000 objective monthly.

We're on the home stretch now as this month's figure very clearly indicates, and those men, past and present, who have helped to obtain this result are making a real contribution towards victory.

You new chaps coming in are invited to enlist a few of those vital dollars in the service of your country.

SWIMMING POOL REPORT

The weather during June was on the whole inclement and many swim parades had to be cancelled. The same conditions prevailed during the latter half of August. There were, however, during the entire season 163 swim parades which took care of 10,544 R.C.A.F. personnel. The public were admitted in the evenings and Sunday afternoons. 2,480 of the public were accounted for.

A rigid check was kept for the Chlorine content of the water at all times and a bacteria test was taken every 48 hours by the Medical Officers of the Station.

It is perhaps worthy of note, that there were no casualties during the entire season, due in large part to the fact that there were two capable life guards on duty at all times working under the supervision of an Officer.

On July 15th a swimming team representing No. 2 "M" Depot, competed in a gala at Birtle, Manitoba. In a very noteworthy effort the team won every event open to it and the

members of the team won several first and second places in open competition.

On August 12th, an inter-flight swimming gala was held where diving exhibitions, swimming races and novelty events were staged. This meet was attended by the Commanding Officers, Officers and personnel of the Station, as well as a large number of the general public.

Results of this meet were gratifying, inasmuch as the competition was very keen and showed the result of the coaching given by the instructors. It is recommended that this be given a prominent place on the sports program for 1943.

During the season there were 421 non-swimmers taken on strength at the Depot. Of this number 272 received enough instruction to enable them to swim the required 50 feet.

The balance, 149 trainees, received sufficient coaching to enable them to progress further by their own efforts. Many of this latter group were unable to attend all their allotted swim parades due chiefly to colds,



THE BOILER ROOM STAFF

THESE MEN ARE ALWAYS BLOWING OFF STEAM

If Sgt. Art Coulter and his twenty men who keep the home fires burning around No. 2 Manning Depot suddenly decided to go A.W.L. all at the same time, the life of an airman on the station would suddenly take on an extremely grim and frigid aspect.

Should this mass exodus of the boiler room boys ever take place, the typical day of an AC2 might be something like the following:

Climbing out of his bunk into the barrack room (now running a close second to White River, Ontario, for the coldest spot in Canada) he would shiver his way into another five suits of heavy underwear; shake over to the wash stand to the tune of chattering teeth; break an icicle off one of the hot water taps; slap a little solidified shaving cream on it and have his morning shave.

Later, having piled on three uniforms, overalls, great coat, balaclava helmet and overshoes he is all ready to go into the mess hall for breakfast. Here he sits down to a meal of uncooked bacon, frozen raw eggs served on a dirty plate that hasn't been washed since the night before. This is topped off with a nice glass of ice water. He never does get any dinner because the noon whistle won't blow anymore. To warm up before going to bed at night he may have an ice cold shower, if he can get the water to run at all.

This ghastly dream, however, is not expected to become a reality—at least not while the present boiler room gang of firemen, engineers and coal wheelers are on the job with three shifts night and day.

Heat for the barrack rooms, the rest of the arena, and the exhibition ground buildings, steam for the mess hall cookers and dishwashers, hot water for showers and wash stands and steam for the noon whistle is the direct responsibility of these men who watch the gages, and keep the massive boilers stoked up 24 hours a day.

"No steam, no food" is the way AC1 Ernie Saven, fireman, puts it. He and Cpl. Herb Gow were down

in their subterranean headquarters when we dropped down to see what was what with the boys who really turn on the heat around the station.

"You see that hot water tank on top of the big boiler. That's for the showers only," Cpl. Gow explained. "It holds 1,000 gallons. But sometimes 1,000 men all want a shower at the same time on a hot afternoon. They use an average of five gallons each. We keep busy alright."

Only one of the two huge boilers that have the job of heating the entire arena building was going when we were down there. "Taking the chill off for the boys in the morning is the main thing in this weather."

Even with both boilers going full blast it's no cinch job to heat the main part of the arena in sub-zero weather, but these fellows do it. "The trouble is they have to open the big doors to let out half a dozen flights on parade, and out marches our heat with them," Cpl. Gow lamented.

Although they try to keep it quiet, these men have another responsibility (or liability). They are the keepers of a monster. It's not King-Kong, Frankenstein, or a two-headed AC2, but a mechanical monster somewhat on the robot type, chained outside their door. Although they swear it's a steam roller, there have been differences of opinion on this. The most likely explanation is that the machine is the reincarnation of the dragon bumped off some time back by a guy called St. George.

P.S.: How to become unpopular with the boiler room staff: Walk out and leave the hot water running in the showers.

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SPORT SPLASHES

SPORTS PERSONALITIES AT

NO. 2

Who's who and why in the sports roundup at No. 2 this month reveals another long list of names familiar to the civilian sporting world:

The famous Winnipeg Blue Bombers have a representative in the person of **Herbie Rubinstein**. Herbie is all set to tackle Adolf Hitler now. **Flin Flon** donates another starry puck-chaser by the name of **T. A. Titof**. Another lad with a long record of hockey triumphs is **Cam Shewan** of Winnipeg. Cam began his ice career with the University of Manitoba in 1930, and then graduated to the Winnipeg Monarchs. His record also includes puck chasing with the Wembley Lions and the Moose Jaw Millers. Another Rugby star is **E. D. Potts** who made his touchdowns for the Regina Rough Riders.

Basketball never lacks representation in the ranks of the R.C.A.F. and this time its champion is **G. A. Collins** of Regina. A 1940 swimming title at Michigan State High is the proud honor claimed by **J. M. Cochran**. All set to blow up the Axis is hockey star **J. W. Corbett** of the Kimberley Dynamiters, and if that isn't sufficient he'll use a hefty boot that acquired its skill playing soccer for Elmwood United and Fort Rouge Rangers. St. John's Technical High School proudly sends along **H. M. McRae**, a lacrosse and basketball giant there in 1940.

A hard-hitting lad at the end of a bat is softball player **Ed. White** of Trail, B.C. Equally at home with a baseball bat or hockey stick is **J. Cox** of Winnipeg. AC2 Cox played senior softball with the Norwood Hawks, and so did **J. A. Cunningham** also of Winnipeg. A fast moving projectile on skates is a lad calling himself **D. P. McDougall** who did his stuff for the Granada Speed Skating Club. **H. Eldsvig** of Winnipeg maintains the reputation of golf in our line-up this month. The Niakwa Golf Club was his sporting ground. Another ice-dodger in our midst is **T. S. Fairley** of Winnipeg who played for the Falcons. And if I'm not mistaken puck-chaser Fairley is also an artist of some ability.

Stalwart lads all of them, and frothing at the bit to get in there and paste Hitler.

—Sgt. A. Steinhauer

UNARMED COMBAT (2)

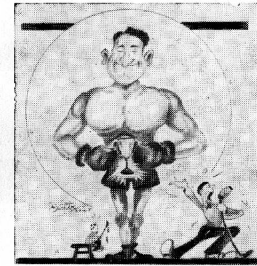
(Be Careful)

The very first "trick" you must learn is "how to fall"—this sounds odd to the beginner because there doesn't seem to be anything to learn about it! This is a very common error. Falling correctly is an art in itself and must be learned thoroughly before one can attempt any of the advanced tricks. There are two fundamental methods—1. Relaxing and rolling with the force or impetus and, 2. Using the powerful muscles of back, legs and arms to break the fall.

It is obvious that the first method is easier and not as tiring to the body as the second and, in consequence, more practice should be obtained in this method.

This whole science is "self-defense"—and is basically a science or method of preserving you from physical harm—not, as so many people seem to think, a method of inflicting severe injuries to others! At times it is necessary to hurt your opponent, sometimes severely, so that you can prevent him from hurting you, but that is one of the unfortunate necessities of fighting of any kind!

My system of actual combat begins with the simplest of combat tricks—quick trips, blows, throws or falls which must be thoroughly mastered before advancing to tricks only used under stress of dire necessity, in many cases disastrous to your opponent and perhaps even deadly! Only an advanced student is permitted to know some of these tricks and great



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FROM THE POOL

care and co-ordination are necessary in the learning of them.

This is a dangerous sport to "fool around" with, but if proper care and concentration of mind and body effort be exercised, there is no necessity for injury to anyone! Statistics of the Kano school of Jiu-Jitsu in Tokio show that no permanent injury resulted to any one of four thousand pupils who attended that school in one year—and in associations to which I have belonged, I have never even heard of anything more serious than the occasional broken bone! Each time this was the result of outright disobedience and carelessness.

If you are interested and would like to talk over the subject with me, I'll be glad to help you along—because, being an ardent disciple of the art, I am anxious to convince the public of its usefulness as a science of defence and also for its use as a body developer and conditioner!

Cpl. Calder (P.T.I.)

DEPOT BOXING CARD PRODUCE FOUR KAYOES

Four knockouts and plenty of clever boxing as well as heavy slugging provided Depot and Brandon fight fans, Friday night, Oct. 2, with a really A1 boxing card.

Sergeant Steinhauer and his P.T.I. men had the boys in tip top shape. Results were as follows:

Ed. Ray, St. Pierre, Man., knocked out Ray Nygaard, Swift Current, Sask.

Frank Landis, Punnichy, Sask., knocked out Archie Pearce, Port Arthur, in second round.

Cpl. E. Jarjour, Winnipeg, defeated Ric Baxter, Weyburn, Sask.

Roger Fournier, Timmins, Ont., defeated Cpl. Quinn, Brandon.

Don Foust, Winnipeg, defeated John Shikwauk, Aneroid, Sask.

Jack Corbett, Kimberley, B.C., knocked out Jack Scott, Keystone, Sask.

Roy Kostick, Kenora, Ont., knocked out Benny Friesen, Winnipeg.

Lyle Faulkner, Trail, B.C., defeated Ray Koester, Rockyford, Alta.

Wyatt Clarke, Winnipeg, defeated Dan Boyer, Drumheller, Alta.

BOXERS FROM NO. 2 MAKE GOOD SHOWING AT CARBERRY

Hard-hitting boxers from No. 2 and fistic talent from the ranks of No. 33 S.F.T.S. provided a fast-moving, action-filled three hour bluff-and-bam session for a large crowd of airmen and officers that filled the big drill hall at Carberry on the night of October 21.

The first event was a hotly contested match between AC2 Boyer of No. 2 and LAC. McKinley of No. 33 S.F.T.S. A cool, calculating fighter Boyer took the initiative from the start and held it with a nice combination of offensive strategy and footwork. Evidence of this boy's courage and stamina was the fact that he went through the last two rounds with a dislocated thumb to win decisively over his opponent.

The second bout was a battering-ram blitz between our own inimitable Sgt Steinhauer and LAC Prasher of Carberry. A clever boxer and in there trying all the time Prasher gave all he had but it just wasn't good enough to withstand Steinhauer's punishing offensive. In the second and third rounds Prasher was showing signs of distress under Steinhauer's battering lefts and rights and Steinhauer took the decision with a clear margin of victory.

Event No. 3 between this station's Sgt. Van Brunt and LAC Robinson of Carberry opened with a furious onslaught by Van Brunt which soon had Robinson in trouble with a cut over his eye that bled profusely. But in the third and fourth rounds Robinson piled up points with a steady, relentless attack that gave him the decision.

The fourth bout between No. 2's Cpl. Quinn and AC2 Dykes of Carberry was a heavyweight contest notable for its fast-moving action and clever footwork. Both men were splendidly matched and they gave the fans a nice exhibition of clean-cut boxing. Quinn was the winner of this event.

Event No. 5 featured LAC Smith of Carberry and AC2 Hector of this Depot. These boys wasted no time in getting down to business. Glove for glove they patted one another un-



The No. 2 "M" Depot Boxers line-up with their Cups for a picture at Carberry.

mercifully and both were showing signs of wear and tear at the end of the third round when the decision was given in favor of LAC. Smith of Carberry.

The sixth event was an exhibition bout between two R.A.F. lads and then time was called for a brief intermission.

The show got underway again with a furious ding-dong battle between LAC. Currell of Carberry and AC2 Roy of No. 2. Both men came out of their corners fighting and swapped heavy blows with no quarter asked or given. In the third round a smashing right from Roy knocked Currell through the ropes but undaunted the Carberry lad went right gack into action. Currell was acclaimed the victor in a close decision.

Bout No. 8 was vigorously waged between LAC Stuart of Carberry and Cpl. Jarjour of this Depot's Dental clinic. Jarjour fought gamely and doggedly but the more experienced and heavier hitting Stuart crowded his man to the rope and time and time again and blasted him with smashing rights and lefts. At the end of the second round Flying Officer Lewis halted the bout to save his man further punishment.

Event No. 9 between Cpl. Smale

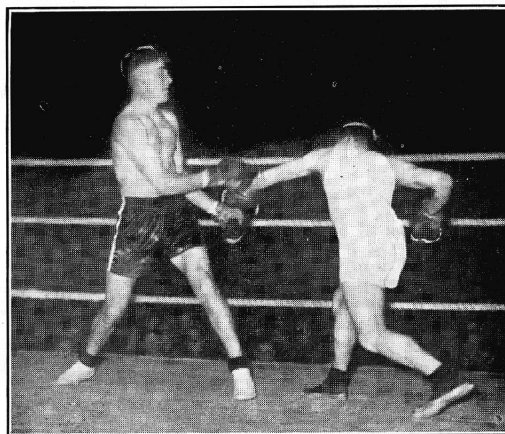
of No. 2 and LAC. Harris of Carberry opened with the contestants stalking each other warily in the preliminary seconds of the bout. Blows were exchanged intermittently and then both men settled down to the serious business of fighting. Again it was a case of better ring-craft and more experience. Harris' slashing attacks soon had Smale in trouble and he was unable to continue at the end of the 2nd round.

The tenth bout featured AC2 Rafferty of Carberry and AC2 Truett of this Depot. Truett opened up with a smashing attack and this battering offensive never slackened. Truett was awarded the decision.

The final event was another hard-punching fracas between Cpl. McCourt of Carberry and AC2 McLennan of No. 2. Both men were well matched and fought each other to a standstill. McCourt was given the decision.

An exhibition bout between two Carberry men ended the show, and a presentation of cups was made to winners and losers, winding up a thoroughly enjoyable and entertaining evening which included food and drink for the inner man.

We will look forward to a visit from Carberry in the near future.



Truett of No. 2 and Rafferty of Carberry mix it up.

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MISS CANADA ON PARADE

It may have been a "man's war" at one time, but nowadays it's very much the affair of the opposite sex, too. And if you want my authority for that statement just ask any of the girls in blue over at No. 12 S.F. T.S. And they'll tell you in no uncertain terms just where to get off at if you have any doubt about it.

Indeed some of these very capable and businesslike young ladies are of the opinion that they could fly the big warplanes just as efficiently as the men.

"I wouldn't be surprised if we could do a better job of it, too," one leading airwoman commented briskly. "Besides we could save the government a lot of expense manufacturing bomb-sights. We would find the targets and bomb them by intuition."

Chief topic of conversation among the airwomen was a visit just paid them by H.R.H. the Princess Alice. It was difficult to get the girls to talk about anything else.

"She was so sweet, and so very interested in the work we're doing here," the girls enthused.

Every nook and corner you explore over at No. 12, and that includes administration, hospital, messes, hangars, control tower, post office, M.T. section, parachute section, etc., you'll find brisk, busy, blue-clad young women doing a job that was once the sole prerogative of the male, and doing it well.

Leading Air Woman G. Butler, of Regina, informed us that she was one of the old timers on the station with seven months service there. Law. Butler works in the post office. "They keep us busy, but it's interesting work," she commented.

Rifle shooting, basketball, and dancing in the canteen every Thursday are among a variety of recrea-



R.C.A.F. Official Photo
H.R.H. Princess Alice has a smile for
LAW. Pat Murray.

tions that keep the girls occupied in their leisure hours. A station dance is held once a month in the recreation room with an orchestra from Brandon furnishing the music. Another popular place to spend off duty hours is the well-stocked station library.

One doubtful advantage of air force life is the tendency of the girls to put on weight despite the amount of energy they use up in the course of the day's labors. "The food is just too darned nourishing," Airwoman E. K. Clark of Truro, N.S., remarked ruefully.

To an enquiry regarding Cupid's activities around the station, Airwoman L. M. Anderson of Regina shrugged her shoulders and observed: "Well, there's a couple getting married tonight on the station, if that proves anything."

Section Officer F. A. Service commands the girls at No. 12, and they speak about her with a great deal of

warmth and affection. Assistant Section Officers Grinke, McClelland, and Langford are also held very high in the girls' esteem. Two very efficient young N.C.O.'s who hadn't time to stop and talk about themselves or the air force were Cpl's. Wilson and Martin of administration.

One thing we were left in no doubt about—the girls without exception enjoy life in the air force. And you would travel a long way to find a healthier and more wholesome looking group of young women.

BREAD UPON WATERS

A charitable woman, much interested in a poor neighborhood, noticed that whenever she went through the street a down-and-out man stood at the corner. One morning, feeling sorry for him, she slipped a dollar into his hand and whispered, "Never despair."

Next time she saw him, he stopped her and handed her nine dollars.

"What does this mean?" she asked. "It means, mum, that Never Despair won 8 to 1."



WO2 PHILLIPS

If Diogenes is still pursuing his ancient quest for a man of honest principles and convictions we heartily recommend him to interview a very recent addition to the clan of warrant officers—Sergeant-Major Jim Phillips of Headquarters Orderly room.

Our soft spoken sergeant-major joined the air force three years ago in St. John, N.B., his hometown. He has seen service at Dartmouth, Halifax, and Moncton. He arrived at this Depot in April of '41.

Along with his wife who is with him in Brandon, Sgt. Major Phillips has a penchant for golf and swimming in the summer months, and skating in the winter.

A popular and hard-working member of the staff, we wish Sergeant-Major Phillips continued success in the service.

BRIEF

A lady, checking over her grocery bill, found this item: "One tom cat, fifteen cents." Indignant, she called up her grocer and demanded to know what he meant by such a charge.

"Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Blank," he replied. "That's just an abbreviation for tomato catsup."

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JOE DOAKS' FIRST KIT INSPECTION, OR THE CASE OF THE MISSING HOUSEWIFE

By AC1 Cory Kilvert

"They also serve who only sit and squirm . . ." AC2 Joe Doaks thought to himself devouring his last finger-nail with relish as he shifted once more on the hard bench outside the tailor shop. For days he had waited here, there and everywhere.

He looked expectantly at the corporal. Then he heard: "Next four men . . . you, you, you and YOU." He jumped up, tripped over the railing and almost fell into the arena. He was on the last lap for his kit.

In no time he had been stuffed, poured, or otherwise fitted into several uniforms, a greatcoat and a rain-coat.

Piled up above the eyes, he staggered out the door to navigate back to his bunk. After barging into two orderly rooms, the sergeants' mess, and the Padre's Office by mistake—due to errors in navigation—he finally reached his quarters by dead reckoning, leaving a trail of socks and collars behind.

AC2 Doaks surveyed his bunk. It sagged with the weight of a mound of assorted items . . . everything from his collar pin to a pair of overalls that must have been turned in by Frankenstein's monster when he received his discharge.

He spent the next three days getting this gargantuan pile neatly stowed away in his kit bag. He laboured through dinner hour, supper hour, and far into the night. Finally he had everything in order.

Five minutes after he finished the long job he was told there would be a kit inspection in one hour. He smiled contentedly thinking of his ship-shape kit.

Then someone told him what a kit inspection was.

AC2 Doaks was a strong man. The M.O.'s sharp hypodermic needles had not produced even a quiver in him at inoculations.

But, at this news, he promptly fainted.

When his bunkmate threw a little cold Silvo on his face Joe Doaks came to. It was not a minute too soon. He only had half an hour to do a job that would have stumped both Houdini, and Einstein.

To make matters worse, he had an upper bunk.

Frantically he struggled into his blue tunic, only to find that it was so tight across the shoulders that it cramped his style. He couldn't reach up to his bunk. With the aid of two innocent bystanders, he managed to struggle out of it again.

For the next fifteen minutes AC2 Doaks worked harder and faster than he had ever worked before. He dumped out his kit bag. He measured along the folds of his shirts, towels, and fatigue trousers to the last sixteenth of an inch.

He arranged and re-arranged the articles. He squinted along the top



of his bunk. He folded and re-folded and generally clambered all over like a monkey with St. Vitus Dance.

At last he had everything in exact place as shown in the diagram. Not a collar or a sock was even a hair's breadth out.

Next came his uniforms and great coat. He took them off the hook. Then he gulped. He had no place to fold them.

So he had to clear the top of his bunk and start all over again.

All you could see for the next quarter of an hour was a blurred cloud of air force blue and khaki. And you could feel a strong wind every so often.

This was Joe Doaks.

The inspecting officer was starting to hover around, but, by this time our speedy hero was all set.

There was only one thing wrong. He didn't have any pants on. He had folded them and carefully placed them at the bottom of the pile!

Inspection had already started at the other end of the row.

Somehow Joe Doaks wormed his blue trousers out from under that teetering pile and started to put them on.

Then out of the corner of his eye he saw his stack of uniforms start to waver like a willow in a high wind. He dropped his trousers and made a quick lunge to avoid disaster.

The officer was now at the foot of his bunk. There stood Joe Doaks, his trousers draped around his ankles, and one hand steadying his wavering pile of clothes.

The officer didn't seem to notice him but his eyes were fixed at a point about the middle of Doaks' bunk. His eyes widened. He frowned. Then he turned and whispered to the flight sergeant.

The flight sergeant turned slightly pale and looked severely at AC2 Doaks. There was a dead silence for a few seconds, then he spoke.

"Where . . . where is your housewife?" he almost stammered.

Joe Doaks blanched, then turned red. His mouth dropped open a foot but he never said a word.

The flight sergeant was beginning to get impatient.

"Didn't they issue you with one?" he asked.

Joe Doaks went to pieces. He didn't have the haziest idea what they were talking about but it all sounded highly indecent.

He was puzzled. He scratched his head. Then he looked over his shoulder. He got down on his bare knees and looked under the bed.

All this time the officer and the flight were staring wide eyed at him as if they thought he had gone mad. Finally he got up again and shrugged his shoulders hopelessly.

"I . . . I didn't know we were supposed to have one, sir," he stammered, "but . . . but, I've got a girl friend back on the farm . . . would that do"

Nobody could believe what they had heard for a minute. Then a rookie in the back row tittered. Then somebody started to guffaw. The whole building shook with laughter. The officer and flight sergeant were practically doubled up with mirth, supporting each other, with the tears rolling down their cheeks.

Joe Doaks just stood here like a neon sign, switching white, red and green by turns, from the neck up. Finally the flight sergeant managed to speak.

"Better fall out by the wall lad, and we'll see that you get fixed up."

AC2 Doaks snapped to attention, stepped smartly out with his left foot . . . and fell flat on his face.

He had forgotten to pull up his trousers.

The last we heard from him was that he liked it in the hospital. So quiet. And no kit inspections.





British Tanks in the Great War 1914-18

(Continued from October Issue)

In the autumn of 1914 it became apparent to several thinking soldiers, sailors and civilians in England that no indirect means of protection could be discovered which would enable infantry to overcome the combination of wire, fire and trench. Suggestions were, therefore put forward to both the Admiralty and the War Office to build a mechanically propelled machine which would crush down wire entanglements and cross trenches and so open a path to the infantry assault. Two types of machines were proposed, one a machine with huge wheels some 40 feet in diameter and the other a machine on the lines of the caterpillar tractor. After considerable delay and discussion the latter was adopted and a wooden model was made in September, 1915. In February the following year the first experimental machine was produced—the Mark I Tank—and 150 were ordered.

The operations of the British tank corps in France fall under two distinct periods. The first from September, 1916 to November, 1917 and the second from this latter date to the end of the war. During the first period tanks were used outside their limitations that is to say on ground so cut up by heavy artillery fire and soaked with rain and surface water that the greatest difficulty was experienced in moving them across it. This period included the battles of the Somme, Ancre, Arras, Messines and Ypres III. The second period opened with the battle of Cambrai (20th November, 1917) and from this date on to the end of the war tanks, being used over ground they could negotiate, proved a decisive factor of success in every great battle fought.

The first time British tanks took the field was on the 15th September,

1916, on which date they entered the village of Flurs, on the battlefield of the Somme, to the cheers of the British infantry. On the 25th of this month one tank proved its worth by "mopping up" 1,500 yards of trench line and forcing the surrender of no less than 363 prisoners. In this action the company of infantry following this tank only sustained 5 casualties.

At the battle of the Ancre tanks were not a great success on account of the difficulties of the ground, nevertheless on one occasion 400 Germans surrendered to two ditched machines. At the battles of Arras and Messines, in April, and June, 1917, ground again proved the main difficulty. Nevertheless tanks played an important part in the former battle, especially so in the capture of the village of Monchy-le-Preux and in the latter in the reduction of the Costaverne line of trenches.

All former difficulties were, however put to the blush during the third battle of Ypres, when the condition of the ground beggared description. When it is realised that over great stretches of the battle-field a man on foot could not walk without risking drowning in the slush and mud it will require some imagination to picture how machines, weighing nearly 30 tons, were ever got to move at all. Nevertheless they did move. British pluck and endurance compelling them forward through the "porridge" of mud which extended for miles. On the 31st of July, the first day of the battle, tanks assisted the infantry on 51 occasions and on the 19th of August they carried out a finely executed little attack in which the Infantry co-operating with them only sustained 15 casualties. Had not the tanks been used it was computed at the time that the operation would have cost the attacking force from between 600 and 1,000 men.

On the 20th November, 1917, the first great tank battle in the history

of warfare was fought in the vicinity of Cambrai. In this attack some 300 machines were used and their effect was stupendous. In a few hours from a base of 13,000 yards a penetration of 10,000 yards was effected; 8,000 prisoners and 100 guns were captured and without counting the enemy's killed and wounded these prisoners alone were nearly double our own infantry casualties. A day or two later when the bells of London clanged forth in celebration of victory, unconsciously though it may have been to their listeners, they tolled out an old tactics and rang in a new—the tactics of direct protection by armour. The Knight had once again appeared but now as a mechanic, and the war cart of the fifteenth century moved over the battlefield in the form of a mechanically propelled armoured battery.

VICTORIA CROSS MADE FROM ENEMY CANNON

Most exalted of all decorations given the armed forces for heroism is the Victoria Cross.

It was established in 1856 by Queen Victoria, on the suggestion of the Prince Consort, as a reward for individual acts of supreme gallantry by either officers or men.

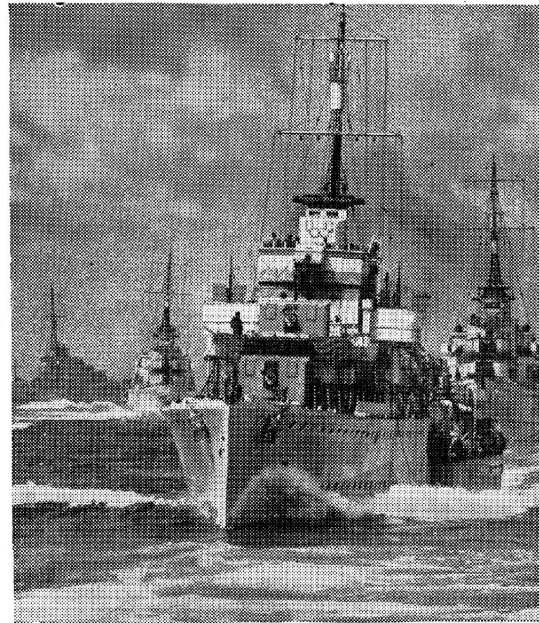


The Victoria Cross

In the royal warrant it was ordained that "the cross shall only be awarded to those officers or men who have served us in the presence of the enemy, and shall have performed some signal act of valour or devotion to their country."

The cross is of modest bronze, cast from captured cannon. On the obverse is the royal crest of a lion above the British crown with a ribbon beneath it inscribed "for valour." On the back of the suspender from which the cross hangs is recorded the name, rank and other particulars of the recipient. The back of the cross carries a record of the act for which the decoration was awarded. The holder is entitled to V.C. after his name.

In the event that it is won twice by one man a replica cross is added in the ribbon. This has happened only twice in the approximately 1,000 times it has been given.



A division of British destroyers forming line ahead during practice exercises at sea.

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