

# AIRMAN'S POST

NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT, BRANDON, MANITOBA



OCTOBER 1942

10 CENTS PER COPY



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Vol. 2, No. 8

No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Man.

October, 1942

## THE EDITOR'S CORNER



In the dim cathedral of memory most of us store away and treasure happy recollections of people and events that touched our lives somewhere along the trail of the years. And very often we keep mementoes associated with those happenings to provide us with a physical link between the past and the present.

One day, perhaps not very distant, this Manning Depot will have become just a memory too, and those of us who have retained copies of the Airman's Post can turn to its pages and spend a happy hour or two

renewing acquaintances with old comrades that marched beside us at No. 2.

Recently we have had many requests for back numbers of the Post, but the demand far exceeds the supply and we can no longer fill orders for these old copies. So in future preserve each number of the Post you buy and put it away among the rest of your souvenirs.

A contemporary publication is appearing these days with two holes punched through its pages to facilitate keeping it on a file, but this, in our opinion, mutilates the magazine to some extent and we are strongly opposed to the idea. If a publication is worth collecting and keeping it is certainly worth the few cents it takes to have the collection bound.

## HISTORY, NOT NEWSREELS, WILL TELL DIEPPE STORY

Certain sections of the Canadian press are registering annoyance over an American news-reel currently showing in Canada which plays up American participation in the Commando raid on Dieppe and obscures the part the Canadians played. This is unfortunate, but not unnatural. Americans are primarily interested in Americans. Books written by Americans for Americans have American heroes. Canadian books have Canadian heroes. The offending news-reel was an American project designed for American audiences. It had a propaganda purpose to serve, too. The States have been at war a comparatively short time and there are still elements in that country that need to be shaken out of their apathy and indifference and instilled with a pride in the exploits of their fighting forces. And certainly no one who is interested in an Allied victory can find fault with any medium that serves that purpose.

Petty bickering over who should get the lion's share of credit for the Dieppe performance will only serve to tarnish the honors our Canadian soldiers won selflessly and without regard for press notices or rotogravure mention. Let's stop that kind of thing. Defeating Hitler is a co-operative venture by the United Nations and not a mad scramble to beat the other fellow to a press headline. Publicity covering the deeds of our fighting men is a good and necessary thing for the home front, although lack of it has never interfered with the fighting efficiency of that forgotten man of the British armies—Tommy Atkins. Besides if we don't like American news-reels why can't we provide our own?

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## THE AIRMAN'S POST

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## EDITORIALS

### ARMS AND THE MAN

World War II has been called the battle of the assembly lines. We have estimated our success by our increased production of planes tanks and guns. Yet, in assessing our prospects of victory, there is another factor that is hard to measure by statistics. We must still reckon as the old poet did, with "arms and the man."

What of this man, diving his Spitfire, pacing the deck of a lunging destroyer, sweating on the production line, on the farm? What is happening in the minds of millions of such men on many battle-fronts, and on the home front of a dozen countries?

We are throwing billions, in money and material, into the balance; but the outcome may be decided in the hearts and minds of ordinary men! To use President Roosevelt's phrase: "We must arm the hearts of men." And the best armament is a great belief in the things for which we are fighting.

Today, let us blazen to the four corners of the world our democratic way of life—not only that men are free, but that they are born free for a purpose; free no longer merely to defend a freedom their fathers died for, but free to re-make the world; free to find a simple honesty between men and nations; free to care, not only for every citizen's rights, but for

every citizen himself; free to demand from each his best; free to give the full service of his life that a better world may be born.

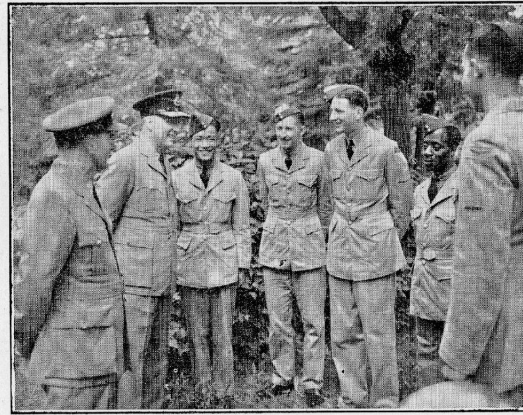
With this as our war aim we will show the world once more that the free men are the best fighting men. No enemy can rob them of their freedom, because it roots in their heart and character.

A machinist in the battle of production put it this way—"We must set up a non-stop assembly-line for creating men of character, with the same speed and efficiency with which we produce planes. For national character is the heart of our victory effort."

### THE ART OF REPOSE

Many times in my life I have repeated Rodin's saying that "slowness is beauty." To read slowly, to feel slowly and deeply; what enrichment!

In the past I have been so often greedy. I have gobbled down books—I have gobbled down work—I have even gobbled down my friends!—and indeed had a kind of enjoyment of all of them. But rarely have I tasted the last flavor of anything, the final exquisite sense of personality of spirit that secretes itself in every work that merits serious attention, in every human being at all worth knowing.



United Nationalities might best describe this cosmopolitan group chatting informally with Air Vice-Marshal Sully at the time of his visit to No. 2.

### CARRY ON!

A message from Mr. J. E. Matthews, Parliamentary Member for Brandon Constituency

I cheerfully accept an invitation to contribute to this issue of your excellent and timely magazine, the Airman's Post.

During nine months recently completed in the city of Ottawa I met many young men, formerly of your Depot, who on being introduced spoke enthusiastically of Number Two, and of their stay in Brandon. They recalled the splendid discipline, the efficient training, the palatable food, the comfortable quarters, and the fine entertainment rendered from a well appointed stage, the human attitude of the officers, both commissioned and non-commissioned, and the uniform kindness extended to them by the citizens of Brandon. Quite frankly it give me a thrill to hear so many generous expressions of appreciation concerning those young men's stay in my home city.

A few days ago your commanding officer, Wing Commander Reid, very kindly showed me over the entire Depot. It was a personally conducted tour on his part, and what a revelation that tour proved to be. At least two hours of unique interest were devoted to a study of the admirable manner in which all space had been utilized, having regard to the comfort and convenience of the men, noting also the cleanliness everywhere in evidence, and hearing something of plans for further improvement and added efficiency. I marvelled no longer at the commendation of No. 2 Manning Depot which I had heard so freely and frequently expressed far from the City of Brandon.

On the following forenoon I had the privilege of attending, along with Wing Commander Reid and other officers, an inspection of some 1400 men on the parade grounds. The smart appearance of the men, their fine military bearing, and particularly

their evident mastery of the drill were most impressive. Then came an interesting visit to the air quarters on the grounds of the summer fair where several buildings have been splendidly winterized, also a visit to the hospital, located in the building that was formerly the technical school. There, too, real genius has been exercised in crowding so much adaptability into so small a space.



MR. J. E. MATTHEWS

I have talked during the last few days with several of the men now in the Manning Depot. I did not find them to be men of the grumbling type, on the contrary their spirit and their attitude was exemplary. Those young men made it very clear that you have donned the uniform not to glorify war, but to learn the art of warfare. In doing so you have squared your shoulders to a colossal task, you have been fired with a great zeal so that you are modern Crusaders in the cause of Christian civilization. You have accepted seriously and without reserve the Challenge of the Torch. May you be granted health and strength, and thus not fail to hold it high. Carry on!



Mrs. Churchill was on hand at the airport when a big Liberator bomber brought her husband back to England from the Moscow conferences. The prime minister's broad smile augurs well for the future.





## THE COMMANDOS ARE COMING!

IT wouldn't surprise us to hear that German mothers are sending their Nazified offspring scampering to bed these nights with a sober warning to them to be good and go to sleep or the Commandos will come and get them. And along the coast of France the Nazi garrisons must find their repose horribly tormented by nightmares that conjure up prowling, grim-visaged figures who move like phantoms and fight like demons. The Teutonic mind has a perverse genius for inventing deadly contraptions to shock and confound the fatherland's enemies, but although the Hun can dish it out in this fashion he can't

take it himself. He's not built that way. The Commando with his ruthless, unorthodox style of fighting is something the German soldier was not schooled to expect, and he has no stomach for it. Across the length and breadth of the Reich today the Commando has become a national bogeyman, a Frankenstein Monster that comes stealthily by night and kills with sudden, savage efficiency.

Much has already been said and written in praise of the men who made the Commando raid on Dieppe, and this publication would like to add its voice to that growing anthem

to express the admiration which all airmen feel for their brothers in khaki who fight their battles, not in clean, wind-swept skies, but down in the tortured muck and smoking rubble of riven fields and ravaged towns. Brotherhood is the bond, stronger today than ever before, that binds the men of the three services together, army, navy, and air force, and this spirit was never better exemplified than in the combined air, sea, and land assault on Dieppe. No one knows better than the men who fly the skies and the men who sail the seas that the final hour of victory will be decided not by planes

or battleships but by the infantryman with his rifle and bayonet.

In other pages of the Post this month we have featured a number of stories dealing with the arduous and intensive training a soldier receives before he graduates as a Commando. These stories are graphically illustrated and the reader will get some idea of the kind of treatment the surprised and chagrined Hun is subjected to when a Commando pounces on him. And when this war comes to its eventual end the name "Commando" may well become a word synonymous with victory.

—The Editor

## THE BRITISH SOLDIER

FALSE impressions exist about who is doing the fighting in the South African desert. We read often about the Australians and New Zealanders—and they really are performing well. The South Africans, too, are seldom overlooked in the news. They deserve all the publicity they are getting. When Canadian or American fliers participate their exploits are given well-merited recognition. One would almost think that British troops were not in the battleline.

Yet the truth is the British Tommy is right there in the thick of the

fighting, bearing the brunt of the struggle and taking it all in his stride, asking for no favors—and apparently getting none. Recently an official eye-witness of the British war office admitted (the word fits the British attitude where publicity is concerned) that "all the tank crews and most of the gunners engaged against Rommel's African Corps come from the British Isles," and that nearly two-thirds of the total strength of the Eighth Army at the beginning of the battle consisted of British troops.

The eye-witness even went so far as to name the regiments, every one of them famous in other wars and fast becoming so in this: The Royal Tank Regiment, mostly Yorkshiremen; the Coldstream Guards; the Scots Guards; the Worcesters; the Green Howards; the Durham Light Infantry; the East Yorkshire Regiment; the 7th Motor Brigade; the Rifle Brigade; the King's Royal Rifle Corps.

One Sunday the correspondent of the Columbia broadcasting system at Cairo told over the short wave that

the fighting against Rommel was being carried out practically alone by the British, which of course, included troops from various parts of the Empire. He mentioned further that while United States troops, munitions and equipment are not far distant, the work of assembling and building up this new army into a fighting force was still under way and it hinted that it would be some time before it could reasonably be expected to get into action.

Meanwhile the British carry on.



## Arrivals, Departures, Stork Reports and Mergers

### PERSONAL POSTSCRIPTS

#### Postings—Officers

Captain W. I. Jackson, Canadian Dental Corps, has been transferred to Winnipeg.

Captain J. C. Guthrie, Canadian Dental Corps, has been posted here from Winnipeg.

Pilot Officer H. B. Young of the Aeronautical Engineering Branch of the R.C.A.F. has been posted to No. 8 Repair Depot, Winnipeg.

Flight Lieutenant V. E. Gagne, who has been with us for the last two years left Friday, Sept. 4th for the West Coast. Travelling with him was Mrs. Gagne who prior to their marriage, Sept. 3rd, was Miss Doris Savage of Brandon, Man.

Hon. Flight Lieutenant N. J. Gallagher arrived from St. Thomas, Ont. to take over duties as Roman Catholic Chaplain on this station.

Captain V. A. Clark, Canadian Dental Corps, has been posted to Virden, Man.

#### Postings—Airmen

Sergeant W. C. Miller, P.T.I., has been posted to No. 1 "M" Depot, Toronto, Ont.

Sergeant J. K. Trotman, Service Police, has been posted to this Unit from No. 5 B. & G. School, Dafoe, Sask.

Corporal G. R. Leaver, Service Police, has been posted here from No. 2 T.C. H.Q., Winnipeg.

Corporal G. E. Weston of the Administrative Staff has transferred to Aircrew and proceeded to No. 2 I.T.S., Regina, Sask., to train for his new duties.

LAC Tissot, H.G. of the photographic staff has been transferred to No. 3 A.O.S., Regina.

Several members of the Service Police Detachment at this Depot including F./Sgt. R. Gutray, Sgt. D. J. Barnes, Cpl. G. McKenzie, Cpl. H. Morris, Cpl. R. Jickells have been posted to Command Headquarters, Winnipeg.

The following members of our staff have left for duty overseas: W.O.2 H. W. Watson, Disciplinarian; Sergeant H. A. Goward, Clerk; Sgt. G. E. Kendall and Cpl. J. G. Treau De

Coeli of the Hospital Staff, and LAC C. Germek, Equipment Assistant.

Sergeant W. Inkster, disciplinarian, has been posted to this Depot from Paulson, Man.

Flight Sergeant W. D. Iverach of the Accounting Section has been posted to No. 3 B. & G. School, Macdonald, Man.

LAC MacLarnon, P., of the Band, has been transferred to No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal.

Cpl. D. H. Musson, Royal New Zealand Air Force posted to Vancouver, B.C.

#### Marriages

LAC L. G. Killeen, a member of the band, was married on the 3rd August at Winnipeg to Miss Lois Katherine Roche of Winnipeg.

Cpl. G. F. Alderson was married on the 8th of August to Miss Evelyn Esther Ryder of Edmonton at Edmonton, Alta.

#### Births

A baby girl—Beverly Jo Anne—was born to Sergeant and Mrs. G. E. Bristowe at the Brandon General Hospital on the 21st of August.

Born—to Sgt. and Mrs. P. S. Barrett, a daughter, Phyllis Ann, at Brandon General Hospital, Brandon, Man.

#### Visitors

Our station has been honored with visits from the following Air Force Officers during the past month.

Sqdn./Leader D. R. Jackson, Personnel Officer, No. 2 T.C.

Wing Commander W. R. McCann, Accounts, No. 2 T.C.

Sqdn./Leader L. A. Costello, R.C. Command Chaplain, No. 2 T.C.

Flight Lieutenant E. A. Peters, Personnel Officer, No. 2 T.C.

Flying Officer W. H. Cockburn, No. 2 T.C.

Flying Officer G. L. Hobson, Command Trade Test Officer, No. 2 T.C.

S./Ldr. J. W. Roberts, Inspector of Accounts, No. 2 T.C.

S./Ldr. H. R. Low, Educational Services, A.F.H.Q.

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

F./O. J. W. Stephens, Motor Transport, No. 2 T.C.



The rectory of St. Augustine's Church was the scene of a wedding of interest to the personnel of No. 2 "M" Depot September 4, when Doris Jean Savage, of Brandon, became the bride of Flight Lieutenant V. E. Gagne just prior to his transfer to the West Coast. Flight Lieutenant Gagne was for more than two years equipment officer at the Manning Depot.

Wing Commander H. G. Ried and more than 20 other officers from the station attended the quiet noon ceremony, formed a guard of honor, and made the rice and confetti fly as the smiling couple left the church.

Best man was Pilot Officer A. M. Warren, also a member of the station equipment section.

Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. Gagne left later in the afternoon to spend their honeymoon in Vancouver.

Mr. Gerow and F./O. Pepper, A.F.

H.Q., Inspectors of Heating and Fuel.

F./L. J. P. Marshall, No. 2 T.C., Heating and Fuel.

S./L. F. M. Cleghorn, Hygiene, No. 2 T.C.

F./O. E. J. Black, A.F.H.Q., Refrigeration (W. & B.).

#### FLT. LT. C. E. BISHOP

With this issue we say goodbye to the Adjutant, Flt. Lt. C. E. Bishop who is leaving us to take up new duties at Air Force Headquarters.

Flight Lieutenant Bishop arrived at this Station in June of 1941 and was for a time O.C. of B. Squadron then Wing Adjutant and since November of 1941 he efficiently carried out the important duties of Station Adjutant.

A popular officer, as well as an efficient one, we are sorry to see Flight Lieutenant Bishop leave us, and to him and to Mrs. Bishop we wish the best of luck and continued success in his new undertaking.

#### CAN YOU FIND IT?

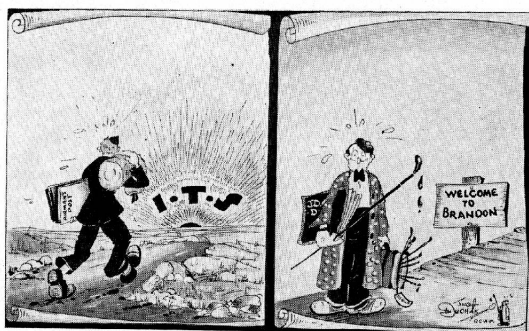
The Regimental number of an airman at this Depot has been concealed in one of the advertisements in this issue. The holder of this number can acquire two free theatre tickets, donated by Mr. D. B. Roberts of the Oak and Capitol theatres, by presenting himself at the office of the Airman's Post with proper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

#### ATTENTION!

Personnel with Radio Broadcasting Experience

Personnel who have had any experience in radio work, such as production, script writing, direction, announcing, or as artists, etc., are asked to furnish the Adjutant with this information immediately. If this concerns you, send your name in at once with particulars of your experience in this line of work.

This request comes from the Department of National Defence Air Service, Ottawa, and your prompt co-operation will be appreciated.



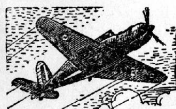
Hail and farewell: Artist Kuch departs, Artist Duchak arrives.

**STRAND**  
A FAMOUS PLAYERS THEATRE  
COMING MONDAY, OCT. 5th  
FOR ONE WEEK

Voted the Greatest Movie  
Ever Made

GREER GARSON • WALTER PIDGEON  
**"Mrs. MINIVER"**





## JUST A PAL

1st Airman: "Got a pen I can borrow?"  
 2nd Airman: "Sure thing, Pal."  
 1st Airman: "Some paper, too?"  
 2nd Airman: "Guess so."  
 1st Airman: "Going past the mail box when you go out?"  
 2nd Airman: "Uh-huh!"  
 1st Airman: "Wait till I finish this letter."  
 2nd Airman: "O. K."  
 1st Airman: "Lend me a stamp."  
 2nd Airman: "Yeh."  
 1st Airman: "What is your girl's address?"



Airman's Voice from Rear Seat of Taxi: "I say, driver, what's the idea of stopping?"

Driver: "I thought that I heard somebody tell me to."

Rear Seat: "Drive on; she wasn't talking to you."

## AFTER THE MASH MANNER

Here's to the happy, bounding flea—  
 You cannot tell the he from she.  
 The sexes look alike, you see;  
 But she can tell, and so can he!

## THE PRODIGAL

The old mountaineer was seated in front of his dilapidated cabin in the heart of the Tennessee hills when a magnificent Rolls-Royce drove up. A young man, dressed in fine raiment, jumped out, and, running up to the cabin shouted:

"Father, dear father, don't you know me? I'm Edgar! Fifteen years ago today you sent me to town for tobacco. I ran away to the big city. I prospered. Now I have returned, very, very wealthy!"

The Old Man fixed his son with a baleful eye—and demanded:

"Boy! What is that terbacker?"

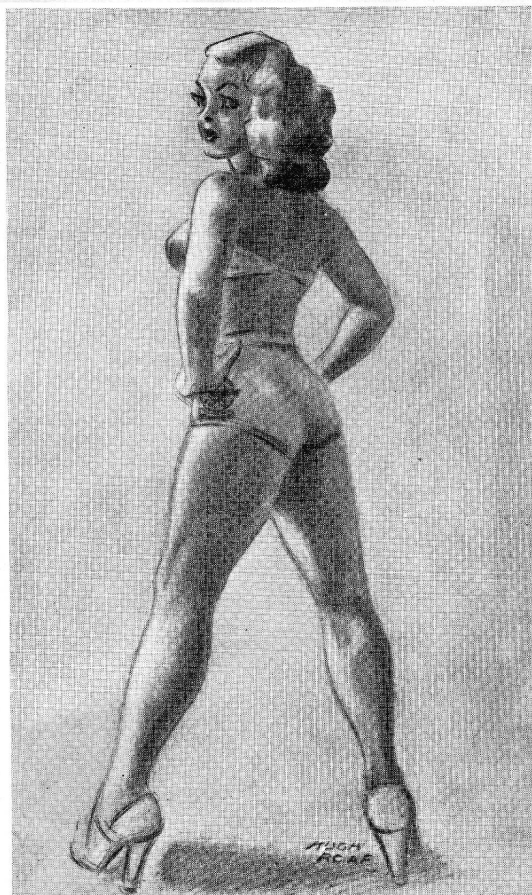


Broken-hearted  
 Is Jennie Brown—  
 The whole darn army  
 Turned her down.

Gob: I'd like a leave sir. I want to surprise my wife.  
 Officer: Who with?

## SLIP-STREAM-LINES

"Breezy Bits from the Barracks"



Our artist's conception of a common flying hazard.

When Mrs. Dilly urged her small son to eat his dinner like a little soldier he replied, "All right, pass the \*..xx\*!!! mess!"

## FIRE-WORKS

The storm was so bad the captain of the troopship decided to send a distress signal. As he fired the first rocket a sea-weary buck private staggered away from the rail and exclaimed, "Captain, I don't want to seem critical, but this is a helluva time to celebrate the Fourth of July."

Officer (in charge of rifle range): "Hey, don't you know any better than to point an empty rifle at me?"  
 Recruit Smith: "But it isn't empty, Sir. It's loaded."

Private Dolt points out that strip-poker is the only form of that sport where you can sit in with two queens and draw a flush.

"I'm going to marry a soldier."

"What's his name?"

"I don't know yet, but I got his rifle number."

Mother: "Didn't I see you sitting on that soldier's lap last night?"

Daughter: "Well, Mom, you told me if he tried to get sentimental I must sit on him."

A servant girl took this want ad in an army town: "Girl wants to work in a mess. Has been in one before."

Potts: There's the air raid warning—let's run.  
 Crankshaft Johnson: Wait'll I get my false teeth.

Potts: What do you think they're dropping—sandwiches?



## PAID OFF

I'm beginning to long for the Army.  
 And I'm right ready to shout

That maybe you curse

But some things are worse  
 And one of 'em's being out.

What a life I had in the Army;  
 My worries were small and few,

An' I didn't fret

Over bills you bet

When the end of the month was due.  
 Oh, I had three squares in the Army.

And a half-way decent bunk

With no one to say,

"Pay your rent today"

Or shove you off with your little trunk.

They called me to meals in the Army,  
 An' always had lots to eat.

Say, I get worse chow

In the lunchrooms now

Than goldfish and monkeys eat.  
 I wore good clothes in the Army,

All bought by the gov'ament;

They wasn't so swell

But they looked right well

And they never cost me a cent.

No, it wasn't so bad in the Army,

An' I'd sure call it a treat

To hear—"Ten-Shun,"

And the sunset gun

While the trumpets blow retreat.



## RESERVATION

"Is this the Salvation Army?"

"Yes."

"Do you save bad women?"

"Yes."

"Well, save a couple for me for Saturday night."

## PHEW!

1st Airman: "I just brought a skunk into the barracks."

2nd Airman: "Where you gonna keep him?"

1st Airman: "Gonna tie him under the bed."

2nd Airman: "What about the smell?"

1st Airman: "He'll just have to get used to it like I did."

Corporal: Where've you been the last three hours?

Private: Talking to the pretty hostess.

Corporal: What did she say?

Private: No.



## The Muse Takes Wing

### COMMANDOS AT DIEPPE

Out of the mists of the early morn  
There thundered the "Bats of  
Death"

Searching the sky in the crimson  
dawn

High o'er the streets of Dieppe.

The British fleet with pennants high  
Atop of towering masts,  
Protecting watched and stood off  
shore

As the moments quickly passed.

Out of the mist came barges  
Holding a motley crew;  
Men from a great Dominion  
In their last great fight for you.

They came from East, they came from  
West,

From Canada's vast domain,  
They came from her spacious cities  
And from her rolling plains.

Those bright-eyed youth, with head  
held high,

Dashing bold and free;  
Now stormed the cliffs of old Dieppe  
Down by the deep blue sea.

The Essex Scotch, with the gallant  
Royals

Now stormed the cliffs and beach;  
The Calgary tank, 'mid a rain of fire  
Dieppe Streets, now reached.

While high above in the morning sky  
The sound of those mighty things;  
Those man-made Bats of Death let  
loose

A torrent of deadly stings.

And great guns belched a wicked fire  
Of shot and shell and flame,  
As the British fleet and gallant tars  
Now watched the great sea lane.

For many hours the battle raged  
On sea, on land and air,  
While many a head in old Dieppe  
Was bowed in silent prayer.

### EPILOGUE

Yes, we shall come again, till then  
Ye people of Dieppe,

Lose not your faith and confidence,  
But fight on to the death;  
For in that Land of England—  
That island of the free,  
They lie in one long common grave,  
The men who died for thee.

Forgotten no, and never shall  
As long as life shall last;  
A link remains unbroken,  
That binds us with the past—  
For memory lives—not for a day  
But on the book of time;  
Sacred their names are written,  
These men, superb, sublime.

—E. E. Reeve.

### "TO YOUTH WITH WINGS"

While yet a boy, he gazed with bated  
breath,  
As heavenward across the tranquil  
blue  
Sun-silvered wings, a throbbing mo-  
tor, passed,  
And quickly then it disappeared from  
view.

He felt his pulses quicken at the  
sight,  
And dreamed his boyish dreams of  
days when he  
Would ride the skyways fearless and  
alone  
Far 'bove a troubled world, unfetter-  
ed, free!  
Oh dauntless youth! Tonight you ride  
through skies  
Tinted with hues of hellish, blood-red  
flame.  
Fight on! Strike hard! In this lies  
victory.  
Fight on! Strike hard! They shall  
not pass again.

—AC2 Richard W. Watkins



### REQUIEM

Sing to him lark from the wild  
ecstasy  
In your throbbing breast . . . you  
were brothers too  
Of sun and wind . . . on ever endless  
flight  
He soared away into azure blue.  
(He loved a rain-washed sky as well  
as you).

Weave a coverlet of unbroken trills  
While you wing your way down aeons  
of space  
(His wings were sun-silvered too)  
Perhaps as  
You do now, he sped the dawn . . .  
ablush with grace  
The hyaline beauty of white-cloud  
lace.

Sift molten bars of sunlight out upon  
The hills where only shadows lie  
And dream, for in your glorious treble  
He shall heed not the siren's acrid  
cry  
Nor pale searchers' shafts in a roar-  
ing sky.

So sing to him! . . . with every cry-  
stal note  
I'll bead a prayer to his fidelity;  
A mother's tears are the pearls that  
shall trim  
His funeral pall. May Heaven's claim  
be  
"An archangel thro' all Eternity!"

—Rowena B. Forbes,  
Hazlet, Sask.



### DAWN FLIGHT

Turn into the wind in a Tiger Moth,  
Turn into wind and away  
Over the Thames in a Tiger Moth,  
Climbing the dawn into day.

Questing the eastern silver and gold,  
Lit with a hope half-born—  
Just to fly on, and never grow old,  
Never a piston ring worn.

Hearing the wind-hushed whirr of  
your prop,  
Lost in its motionless ring;  
Banking to turn as the sun comes up,  
Your tail-shadow crossing your  
wing.

To be just a ghost of the morning  
clouds,  
Essence of color and air—  
River-mists under you wrapping the  
woods,  
Tears blown back in your hair.

Joy in your heart as you skim the hills  
Islanded out of the fog;  
Joy in your limbs as the pressure  
falls—  
And no need of keeping a log!

Turn into the wind in a Tiger Moth,  
Turn into wind and away  
Over the Thames in a Tiger Moth,  
Climbing the dawn into day.

—By P/O G. Eades.

### MILITARY TUNE

By Martha Keller

I will stay if you play the piano or  
spinet.  
If you play me the harp I will sew  
a fine seam.  
Sing me a song and I'll follow you  
in it.  
But play me the fife and I'll wake  
from my dream.

If you play me an air on the reeds,  
the recorder,  
Fiddle or flute, I will go with regret.  
But play me the ballads from over  
the Border,  
With a roll on the drums, and I'll  
never forget.

Play me the music that moves me  
the sorest—  
Cello, viola—I'll hark from the  
grave.  
But play on the bagpipes The Flow-  
ers of the Forest.  
Play me the pipes and I'll die with  
the brave.

### Speaking of Sacrifices

#### LISTS OF CANADIAN ARMY CASUALTIES AND ON DIEPPE



—Courtesy Winnipeg Free Press.

—Collins in the Montreal Gazette

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## COMMANDOS ARE TAUGHT TO PLAY ROUGH

Every citizen a fighter, capable of quelling ruthless Nazis and Japs, is the aim of Major W. E. Fairbairn, an English military man, who has taught the British Commandos its tricks and now is in the U.S. putting American armed forces wise to the ways of hand-to-hand combat.

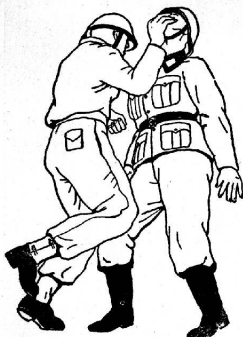
"Get Tough" is not only the name of Major Fairbairn's new book (published in Canada by Ryerson Press, Toronto), but the words express his

theme—that everyone must learn to use ruthless methods to beat a ruthless enemy.

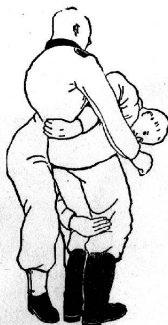
Here are some of the "Commando" methods described by Major Fairbairn in his book—tricks learned and developed while he was assistant commissioner of the Shanghai Municipal Police. A word of warning—Take these lessons easy at first before you break any bones—yours or your friend's.



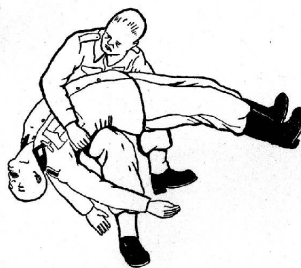
WHEN YOU ARE CLOSE to your opponent, put the weight of your body on one leg and bend the knee of the other by drawing your heel slightly backward. Then drive your knee quickly into your opponent's groin



(left). As his attention is attracted down, you deliver a "chin jab" (right). The heel of your hand flies full force at the jaw and the fingers spread to your opponent's eyes.



APPROACHING FROM YOUR opponent's left-hand side, you bend your legs slightly, reach down and seize him by passing your right arm over his chest and your left arm under his legs, just behind the knee (left). Then you lift him up mainly by straightening your legs. Then take a



Courtesy Winnipeg Tribune.

short pace forward with your right foot, bend your right leg so that the thigh is about parallel with the ground (right). With all the strength of your arms, aided by a body push, smash him down on your right knee and break his spine.

### TWO OUTSTANDING THINGS AT DIEPPE

Magnificence of Men, Leadership of Officers, Says Roberts

Somewhere in England,—Major-General J. H. Roberts, of Kingston, Ont., who was in charge of the Dieppe raid, told visiting Canadian newspapermen that the two outstanding points about the assault were "the magnificence of the men and the leadership of the officers." The newspapermen were touring units which participated in the Commando attack.

General Roberts added that the doctors and nurses who tended the wounded were "amazingly good."

After the visit, General Roberts and the newsmen met the rank and file of two infantry brigade units which formed the spearhead of the raid. They also reviewed soldiers from the Calgary Highlanders and the Black Watch of Canada, which supported the main units, and watched a demonstration by a tank platoon of the Calgary Regiment.

They inspected the Regiment de Maisonneuve, transport sections, and later watched a realistic battle exercise by the Royal Highlanders of Canada in which they went through a simulated attack on enemy positions with live mortar ammunition being used.

### SCOTS' PADRE STAYS BEHIND

London.—Under a heading "The Men of Dieppe," the News Chronicle told this story:

The raid was over. Loaded barges were pulling out of Dieppe. Suddenly on one barge carrying Canadian soldiers a man stepped to the side. On his battledress he wore the three pips of a captain and a deep purple ribbon.

"I'm going back," the Padre shouted, accompanied his unit on the raid and had landed with the troops, scaled cliffs and when the signal was given returned to the beach.

"I'm going back," the Padre shouted to the men. "There are enough padres in England. Our fellows left behind will need help."

He dived overboard and swam ashore. Before the barge pulled out of sight he could be seen wading up the beach.

The padre is a 40-year-old Canadian Scot and had trained and lived with the men.

### AC2 COMMANDOS REPULSED IN BRANDON RAID

The Commando action at Dieppe is already added to the proud pages in the history of Canada and Britain, but one minor but daring invasion attempt, until now unsung and unchronicled by the press, will at least live in the memories of three AC2s at No. 2 Manning Depot.

Feeling that the famous Battle of Dieppe had been purely defensive for too long a time, these action-



A Commando of the Canadian Scottish fights hand to hand with a Nazi trooper, one of his comrades dressed in Nazi uniform, in the commando raid for the production of "The Commandos Come at Dawn".

craving airmen decided recently that the time was ripe for an offensive across the Assiniboine river. They also had discovered, through scouting parties, that the time was not the only thing that was ripe.

Whether they used assault boats or water wings, will never be known, but, one purple dusk found these Commandos worming their dangerous way up the north bank of the Assiniboine until their objective lay in sight before them, but behind a barbed wire entanglement. According to eyewitnesses the three boldly dashed across an open space and, with superhuman skill, wriggled noiselessly through the barbed wire without so much as catching a trouser leg.

Drawing their knives from their boots in true Commando fashion, they were just closing in for the kill when the whole country seemed to resound to the crash of gunfire and the air around them was filled with a hail of lead.

The three raiders hit the ground and flattened themselves in a hurry. Cautiously they sneaked a look in the direction of the enemy fire. One look was enough. Dimly outlined against the dusk, the farmer whose watermelon patch they were attempting to raid, stood with a smoking shot-gun in his hands.

Their next move was (you guessed it) a retreat, but fast. They streaked across the field and made for the river.

Casualties: One ripped pair of blue air force trousers, apparently caught on barbed wire. Three very scared AC2s. No watermelon.

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## The R.C.A.F. At Home And Abroad



Federal Aircraft Ltd. has delivered the 1,000th Anson aircraft produced by the company in 1942, says a statement issued by the department of munitions and supply. The company produced its first aircraft just a year ago, and production since that date has steadily expanded. The Canadian Anson, a counterpart of the British Avro Anson, is a light reconnaissance bomber, now used as a twin-engine, advanced trainer. Its weight is slightly over three tons and 15,000 man-hours are required for its fabrication. Here is the plane on its test flight.

### REGULATE THE SIZE OF AIR MOUSTACHE

Extravagant Growth on Upper Lip Taboo in R.C.A.F.

Extravagant moustaches that can't be easily tucked inside gas masks are taboo in the Royal Canadian Air Force, just as the King's Regulations for the Royal Air Force lay down the ruling that "when moustaches are worn the whole of the upper lip must remain unshaven." There is nothing new in those regulations, an administrative officer at a district R.C.A.F. school told *The Times-Journal*, although a dispatch from London, Ontario, would tend to give the public the idea that rules governing the extent of hirsute growth on an airman's upper lip were of recent origin. The dispatch stated that an R.A.F. pilot may shave the edge of the Eiffel Tower in Paris but must be careful how he shaves the hair on his lip.

One station commander in Britain was reported to have had his young officers on the carpet and ordered them either to grow full moustaches or to shave clean. The Charlie Chaplin type of moustache was barred, also the Ronald Colman style. Current reactions in the R.A.F. was a current crop of "Budennys," the item stated. A "Budenny" is Russian style, corresponding to what is commonly known in Canadian and American parlance to the "handle-bar" style. Apparently a "Budenny" won't get by in the R.C.A.F. The regulations call for a moustache the full length of the upper lip. Extravagant moustaches, which an airman might not be able to get inside a gas mask, are definitely out.

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### CANADIANS MISLED BY A DUCAL TITLE

At An R.C.A.F. Station in England. —At this station the boys are chuckling over the story of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon which is going the messroom rounds. The Duke was gazetted a pilot officer and when the officer responsible for postings saw the name he arranged postings for what he thought were two distinct personalities.

The Duke of Richmond (pilot officer) was ordered to one station. Pilot officer the Duke of Gordon was sent to another. Only one station received the Duke in person, while the other waited anxiously for several days before reporting the non-existent Duke missing.

### THEY'RE LOVELY, SAYS GUNNER OF BIG BOMBS

By Alan Randal

An R.A.F. Bomber Station, Somewhere in England. —"Mon, they're awful—but they're lovely," said the little air gunner from Edinburgh.

It was Sgt. Jock Aitken talking. He stood in the station tea-room after his 22nd operational flight, and told about the 4,000-pound bomb such as he and his crew-mates, two of them Canadians, dropped on Dusseldorf just a couple of hours before.

"It was prime," he said. "If we could get there every night like we did tonight we'd end this in three months. They just couldn't stand it."

"But it's terrible when those big ones go off. We have to fly a mile away from them or we'd be blown up, too."

"I don't care what Goebbels says, we're knocking them out," said Sgt. Ken Jackson of Saskatoon, one of the Canadians at this same station with Aitken.

The station commander talked the same way. "I just wish you could realize how we're hurting them and hitting at them, gentlemen," he said.

From his words and manner you got the idea these reports filtering from occupied France and Sweden of 200,000 German evacuees from the bombed areas of the Ruhr and Rhine were right; that there was truth to reports of people fleeing in thousands from such spots as Lubeck, Cologne, Hamburg.



### R.C.A.F. CONSIDERS "DOUBLE WINGS" FOR ALL AIR CREWMEN

Consideration is being given by Royal Canadian Air Force officials to giving "double wings" to all air crew members, it was said at Air Force headquarters.

At present only pilots get the double wings while other air crewmen wear half-wings.

That a change is being considered here became known shortly after it was said in unofficial quarters in London that study is being given by the British air ministry to such an alteration of policy.

It is not believed that Canada will give double wings unless Britain decides to do so. But there is a feeling among some officers here that the double-wing has a more favorable psychological effect on the wearers than does a single wing.

Canada now is training a greater number of specialist air crew categories than she did early in the war and special badges for these categories are being designed.



Canada's outstanding athlete of 1940, Leading Aircraftman "Tony" Golab, formerly of Windsor, Ont., starts his career as a fighter pilot of the Royal Canadian Air Force by aiming a lusty kick at Adolph. Holding the ball is LAC Mike Kilmenko, who with Golab was a member of last year's Ottawa Rough Riders football team, and who received his wings at the same time. Kilmenko is a native of Cheswick, Penna., and is remaining in the R.C.A.F.

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## Brandon Service Clubs Offer Warm Welcome to Men and Women in Uniform

The fun facilities offered by Brandon war services not only keep a pace or two ahead of their guests' requirements but their accommodations are ample for every man to relax in his off parade hours in the way he likes. More than that, as any as any airman or airwoman soon finds out, and of course any member of the other services, as he wanders to one service house or another, the "Y" or the "Legion", Salvation Army or Knights of Columbus, he finds everywhere the friendly feeling that is what he most wants.

Because the Y.M.C.A. keeps an open office right in the Manning Depot station and the "Y" touch is apparent in most of the station's sport and recreation activities, they are usually a recruit's first acquaintance. A movie every Wednesday and Friday, concerts and bingo games, a dance and a sports competition card are the weekly program issued from the Y.M.C.A. office. Weekly over 10,000 sheets of letter paper, with envelopes, are placed in the writing rooms through "Y" generosity.

A service man's uniform is his membership to the gym, pool, reading room, billiards and showers privileges at the Y.M.C.A. on 8th Street near Princess. The "Y", too can be counted on for reading matter, games, errands, and other personal services.

Four floors of recreational privileges are available at the Canadian Legion B.E.S.L. at 24 8th St., a little north of Rosser.

The first floor is the entertainment room, always bustling with a concert, sing-song, movies, carpet bowling, bingo (Saturday evenings), checkers or cards. The basement is a ping pong room. A dry canteen and lunch room, with writing tables, stationery, magazines, a piano, radio and other music facilities occupies the second floor. C.W.A.A.F.'s. and C.W.A.C.'s. find welcomes at the Legion with a room for their exclusive use, equipped with piano, and reading and writing facilities. Another quiet room is provided as a study room.

W. Jackson is supervisor of the facilities. The Ladies' Auxiliaries attend the canteen. Legion committees and volunteers take care of the numerous extra activities.

The Knights of Columbus Hut, at 4th and Lorne, are equipped to give

a visiting service man an unusually good time. A tennis court with rackets, balls and shoes for loan, has given a good time to many devotees this summer. A large game room is equipped with a selection of ping pong, pool, radio, darts, a piano, and small games. A reading and writing room, well supplied with magazines and stationery, provides for those wants. Movies, a hostess-attended dance alternate Monday evenings, whilst drives open to everyone weekly, and social evenings are held in another assembly room. P. D. Kennedy is the Hut's supervisor.

The management of the Hut is entirely non-denominational and under the governmental war services administration.

Wives of service men and Women's Division personnel can find an especial welcome at the Salvation Army Hostess House, at 509 Lorne Ave. The job of finding accommodations for the visiting wives and mothers of service men is the glad responsibility of Mrs. Adj. J. B. Meakins, Miss Ethel Johnston and the staff. Comfortable quiet sitting-rooms, board and room accommodation and rooms registry service to locate other accommodation in Brandon, provide for the very real needs of service personnel.

In the hospitable office of the Y.W.C.A. at 148 11th Street, may be found the answers to most personal problems in the services involving the feminine angle. For accommodation troubles Miss Wilson, who is secretary of the Rooms Registry service, always has valuable help. Miss Wilson meets trains, and from her desk can be obtained specific advice. General Secretary Miss Ruth Crawford has a range of services and activities at her fingertips for which both men and women connected with the services owe thanks. The "home hospitality" has accounted for many pleasant evenings. Mrs. W. A. Wood, Chairman of the War Services Committee affiliated with the Y.W.C.A., weekly assigns dance hostesses for the entertainment of four military establishments in a plan that is a model for the Dominion. Meeting regularly in "Y" rooms is the Contact Club, whose members are airmen's wives. Tuesdays and Fridays are Ladies' Days at the Y.W.C.A. giving women the privileges of the equipment there.

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## Between The Book Ends

The library facilities of this Depot are comprehended in the main library, which is located in the Library Building at the Exhibition Grounds, and three lesser units: these are located in the Recreation Room at the Arena Building, the office of the Station Chaplains (P) and at the Station Hospital. On the shelves of these several libraries are to be found books of a truly amazing variety. The great majority of these volumes has been supplied through the efforts of the Canadian Legion Regional War Services Library Committee. They are as new as the books to be found in most public libraries, and he has peculiar tastes who cannot find among them good and entertaining reading enough for all the time he will have for this purpose. Adventure, romance, mystery, travel, biography, history and poetry are all represented on our shelves. There are some new books, too, which we owe to the fact that the Brandon District War Services Committee donated two hundred dollars for this purpose to augment the annual Government grant of fifty dollars.

This month we bring to your attention a few books chosen at random from between the book ends.

**THE THIRD HOUR**, by Geoffrey Household (Grosset & Dunlap).

This is a novel of lively adventure, of men and women in Europe and North and South America, of revolutions—a rare book that mingles action with human problems, that yields unusual entertainment from first page to last.

It all began when Manuel Vargas, a Spanish adventurer, recovered a fortune in gold from a wrecked train in Mexico and buried it in the desert. Forced to flee to South America, he teams up with Toby Manning, an English toy salesman, who contracts

to recover the gold. Their adventures are as amazing as their mission, involving a German baroness who was a Nazi organizer, an ex-Cossack who broke up riots with a hypodermic syringe, a Chilean communist, an European Jewish businessman—all of whom finally join to found a new order based on honor and decency.

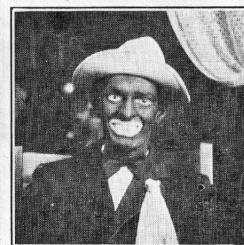
**ADVENTURES OF HIRAM HOLLIDAY**, by Paul Gallico (Grosset & Dunlap).

No one could imagine why the quiet, shy proofreader of a New York newspaper should board a boat for England in the midst of the foreign crisis. But then no one knew that for years Hiram Holliday had had dreams of adventure—that he had become, in his spare time, a crack

what is it that makes such people tick. What makes them run?

This is the question Schulberg has asked himself, and the answer is a novel written with the indignation that only a young writer with talent and ideals could concentrate into a manuscript. It is the story of Sammy Glick, a lad with a positive genius for being a heel, who runs through New York's East Side, through the newspaper ranks, and finally through Hollywood, leaving in his wake the wrecked careers of his associates; for this is Sammy's tragedy and his chief characteristic—his congenital incapacity for friendship.

Sammy is a composite picture of a loud and spectacular minority bitterly resented by the many decent



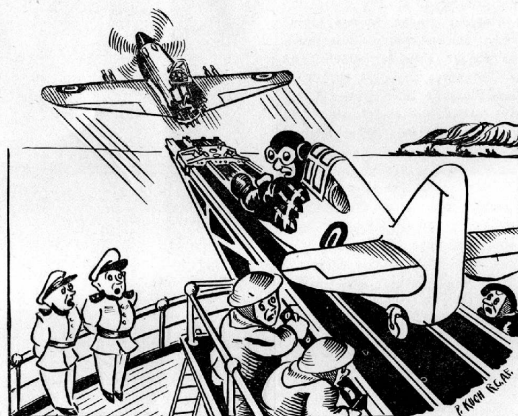
"The little man"—Cpl. Frank Hockaday

### BOOK REVIEW

**Wind, Sand and Stars**, by Antoine de Saint Exupery

As Joseph Conrad was the master teller of the sagas of the sea, so has Antoine de Saint Exupery, the French Airman, become the Voice and Spirit of Aviation.

His first book, "Night Flight", written when he was a pilot on South American airlines, quickened the public interest by its unusual quality. This was followed by his great epic of the air, "Wind, Sand and Stars", which every airman should have the privilege of reading, that he may share with Exupery his vivid experiences in flight over Europe, South America and Africa; his spine tingling adventures and soul stirring encounters in human understanding. His terrific struggle through an almost unbelievable hurricane over a mountain peak in South America, his crash in the Libyan desert and subsequent wandering in a maze of mirages, suffering the torments of thirst and facing almost certain death, are among the outstanding incidents in a book that leads from one hair raising climax to another. He translates the Airman's world to the layman and the layman in a spiritual as well as physical sense, for Exupery is a philosopher and a poet and belongs not to this muddled period of frustration but to the future—the Air Age which will breed a new race of men.



See! I told you not to park your gum there.

pistol shot, an expert swordsman, an analyst of disguises and facial expressions.

No sooner was Holliday in London than he became involved in an international kidnapping case. While the trenches were being dug in Hyde Park, Holliday saved a Hapsburg princess from Nazi agents. From London the trail led to Paris, Prague, Berlin, Vienna and Rome, always hotter and more venturesome. The story, filled with action, gallops at a furious pace to its dramatic climax.

Here is entertainment—a yarn of international intrigue by a famous sports reporter and brilliant writer of action stories of all kinds.

**WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?** By Budd Schulberg (Random House).

Everyone of us knows someone who RUNS. He is one of the symptoms of our times—from the little man who shoves you out of the way on the street to the go-getter who shoves you out of a job to the Fuehrer who would shove you out of the world. And all of us have stopped to wonder, at some time or another,

and sincere artists who are trying honestly to realize the potentialities of motion pictures. It is a book which the publishers believe to be not only the most honest ever written about Hollywood, but a penetrating study of one kind of twentieth-century "success" that is peculiar to no single race or people or walk of life.

### GERMAN BOOKS UNREAD

(London Daily Sketch)

A Swedish publisher, just arrived in England, tells that seven out of ten best-selling fiction translations in Sweden are from British or American authors. Of non-fiction books four out of seven are pro-British.

Clearly, he says, the sale of works by Axis authors has dropped considerably in spite of the fact that Germany has flooded Sweden with thousands of books at a few pence each. Plans are now being made to print a large number of English and American books in Stockholm.



HE KILLS IN THE DARK

Ace night fighter of the R.C.A.F. is Flight Lieut. Charles Kuttelwascher, a Czech pilot who has received the D.F.C. and bar within five weeks. He has downed 22 enemy planes—16 of them by waiting over their airfield for their return.

Protect your insurability now

**Imperial Life Assurance Co. of Canada**

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City Representative  
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24 HOUR SERVICE

Special Cars for Funerals  
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### "INSANITIES OF '42" SHAKES THE RAFTERS WITH MIRTH AND MELODY

The largest crowd in many months almost packed the Arena to the rafters Sunday night, September 13, to see "Insanities of '42", one of the fastest moving and most hilarious shows to be cooked up around the Manning Depot in many a moon.

The main spark that set off the fun and kept it exploding right through to the end of the programme, was AC2 Bob Byron, master of ceremonies, producer, gag man, and No. 1 star of the evening. In his farewell appearance before being posted to continue training at Macdonald, Bob



BOB BYRON

turned out a performance that had the audience howling for more.

Not to be outshone by the bright star of the show, the rest of the performers, nearly all local talent from No. 2 "M" Depot and around Brandon, pitched in and were right on the heels of the master of ceremonies for honors of the evening.

Dull moments were strictly taboo as pigeons, hens, chocolates and various other curious props were let loose for the audience's benefit whenever there might have been a slight lull in the proceedings.

Authentic Spanish dances and the lively Can-Can by pretty Beth Lockhart from Vancouver drew applause and started off the show with color and professional dash. Special bouquets are also in order for the Manettes—Gloria and Tudy Quayle, Lilian Forshaw and Betty Veale—whose smart new military tap routine, and colorful new costumes provided super eye-appeal for the tired airman.

Talented airmen who contributed polished and professional-like variety acts to this bucketful of mirth and melody were Johnny Kleisinger, a hard working member of the R.C.

A.F. dance band, who dished out a tuneful saxophone solo; Al Burkman, with his hot guitar; and Corporal Bud Brotherton, who contributed his own style of singing and whistling with two selections.

AC2 Ray Cochlin, a roller skating specialist added a further novel touch to the programme. Two pianos and a drum, featuring Gordon McLean and Laurie Goldsborough at the ivories with Al Mallett beating out the rhythm, also made the audience sit up and take special notice.

Two sentimental numbers sung by Dilsy Davies, accompanied by the band, put all the airmen in a dreamy frame of mind. From the applause given Margaret Lewis for her songs at the piano, it was very apparent that everyone wants to hear more of her sultry style of warbling on future shows.

Impersonations of George Arliss, Groucho Marx, and W. C. Fields by the one and only Bob Byron, were a comedian's work of art and nearly brought down the arena roof.

Corporal Frank Hockaday, "the little man who is always there" kept appearing on and off the stage all through the show, which is a habit of his. This time he was disguised as everything from Ghandi to a crackpot photographer and brought the chuckles thick and fast.

Special mention should be made of the depot dance band. Without these hard working tunemakers, no show would be a success—even a show like Insanities of '42 which had just about everything. —M.C.K.

### WHO'S WHO BEHIND THE SCENES

Few of us watching the Sunday night entertainment on the Depot stage fully realize and appreciate the amount of effort expended by those unhonored, unsung individuals who work anonymously behind the scenes organizing and arranging the various shows that give you and I so much pleasure Sunday evenings.

One of these indefatigable workers is Flying Officer H. R. Adams. Mr. Adams has originated several novelty numbers that have made their appearance on the stage in past weeks. He has also turned his hand to script-writing in times of emergency. The new bandstand arrangement on the stage is also a product of Mr. Adams' versatile creative talent. And besides these other accomplishments the O.C. of Headquarters Squadron is a clarinet player of no mean ability.

Mr. Adams claims Winnipeg as his home town, and his especial pride and joy, our source of information tells us, is an up and coming baritone, age 6 months.



BETH LOCKHART

Miss Beth Lockhart, until recently a star danseuse of the Hollywood Opera Company and the top American entertainment circuits, now gives of her art to audiences in No. 2 Manning Depot concerts.

The boys went wild over Miss Lockhart's Spanish dances, calling her back for encore after encore. It was from the Cansino family, an aunt of Rita Hayworth, in fact, that Beth Lockhart studied Spanish dances. The Cansinos are recognized as tops in this field.

Miss Lockhart was born in Carn-duff, Saskatchewan, but her training and career began in Los Angeles. She has been starred as one of the solo danseuse of the Hollywood Opera Company, and her career has also included appearance in several 20th Century Fox movies and at the Metropolitan Opera House. Following this phase of her career Miss Lockhart traveled with a circuit covering such famous entertainment centres as the Edgewater Beach hotel, the Hotel Adelpia, and the Club Commodore. Miss Lockhart has also operated a dancing school and ballet club in Vancouver.

No. 2 Manning Depot has been very fortunate in obtaining the voluntary services of Miss Lockhart on the Arena Stage Committee.

### DOROTHY CLIFT'S CONCERT PARTY CARRIES ON IN UNEXPECTED BLACKOUT

Despite an unscheduled blackout that blanketed No. 2 "M" Depot in stygian darkness for a while no one rushed for an air-raid shelter or took refuge under a seat. Instead, lanterns were hastily commandeered and the show continued unperturbed. Our only complaint is against that unheralded darkness that shrouded for a time the very physical charms of the comely young ladies who were entertaining us. It was a grand show despite the fact that we had a little trouble trying to identify who was performing during the total eclipse.

Here is the list of those able performers who kept the show going with gusto and beat the big bad blackout: M.C., Joe Ellis; opening chorus, entire Company; song, Ernie Stanley; songs, Florence Heffren; accordion, Olive Holland; sword dance, Jean Skene; comic songs, Joe Ellis; songs of the west, Weber Sisters; taps, Doris and Jean; dame songs, George Sheldrake; violin solo, Alma Walberg; song and tap, Dorothy Clift; blues, Lorrain Cross; soprano, Winnifred Cross; pianist, Marjorie Waddell; bagpipes, Mac Beaton.

### ARENA STAGE COMMITTEE

#### Chairman

Squadron Leader F. K. Hope

#### Members

Major W. A. Belden, Flying Officer H. R. Adams, Flying Officer S. K. Thompson, Sergeant G. E. Bristowe, Corporal A. M. N. Brotherton, Mr. Gordon McLean, Mr. Clifford Patrick.

#### Management

Producer.....Mr. Gordon McLean  
Assistant.....F./O. H. R. Adams  
Assistant.....Mr. Clifford Patrick  
Talent Scouts.....Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Rowe and Cpl. A. M. N. Brotherton  
Dancing.....Miss M. A. Yeomans and Miss Beth Lockhart  
Make-up.....Miss Eva Carpenter and Miss Margaret Druce  
Costumes.....Miss Marjorie MacKenzie  
Hairdressing.....Mrs. E. W. Allan  
Stage Manager.....F./O. S. K. Thompson  
Electricians.....Flt./Sgt. J. C. Smith and Cpl. J. C. Stewart  
Curtain.....Mr. Laurie Goldsborough  
Properties.....Mr. Jimmy Baseden  
Host and Hostess.....Flt./Sgt. and Mrs. A. Hutton  
Doormen.....Sgt. G. E. Bristowe and Cpl. G. L. MacKay  
Seating.....Orderly Officer  
Finance.....Kinsmen Club  
Press.....Major W. A. Belden and Sgt. R. Tyre  
Orchestra.....Sgt. G. E. Fairbairn





"It's alright, Sir, I was just looking to see if all the lights were out."

## A CHALLENGE

A Padre had one of the greatest thrills of his life when for the first time, he saw Niagara Falls. There, was grandeur; there, was power; there, was the work of God's hands. He thought that for ages it had been waiting for the genius of man to come to life and harness it for the service of humanity. Then, after many hundreds of years, man set to work to conserve and utilize that power which for centuries had been wasted energy leaping from its high cliffs to dash itself upon the jagged rocks below.

And now the cities, towns and villages for hundreds of miles around are having their nights turned to day, their drudgery to pleasure, and

their factories to the humming music of whirling wheels of production. The change is a moving revelation of what man, in co-operation with God, can accomplish for the well being of the world.

As we stand today at the brink of the rushing cataract of conflict there can be seen a moving revelation of the splendid material in man-power that is all around us for the world's rebuilding. Every day and every night, in the war torn places of the earth, in the bombed streets of distant cities, in their terror infested skies, in their hospitals, and on the sea, ordinary people are showing a spirit of indomitable courage, steady loyalty, and cheerful sacrifice. Every day ordinary people are living dangerously, and heroes and heroines

are as plentiful as the stars in number.

The defense of Stalingrad, and the raid on Dieppe, stirs admiration in human hearts everywhere, because something in the human soul leaps up with pride to see the glorious qualities displayed by ordinary men and women amid the fire and fury of the enemies' onslaught.

Does this parallel not make us feel that we have it within ourselves to build a better world. The Kingdom of God is truly within us, and could become a material reality if the world were won for Christ. "The fault, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." And as He views the possibilities for a new world, displayed so lavishly in the lives and deeds of millions of men. He must be saying, with aching hearts, "They will not come to me that they might have life, and not death."

Never has there been an hour of more glorious opportunity than the present for men to bring in the New Order. Not that which Hitler would impose, but the New Order where a larger, richer, fuller life will be open to all. How many of the world's millions will see the opportunity and accept the challenge? Will you?

"Now God be thanked who has matched us with His hour,

And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,

With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,

To turn as swimmers into cleanness leaping.

Glad from a world grown old, and cold and weary."

—Flt. Lt. I. H. Eberle

## CONDITIONS FOR CREATIVE PRAYER

From a sermon by the Rev. G. W. Goth of Brandon

1215 stands as one of the most memorable dates in the history of human freedom. John—of infamous memory, sat upon the throne of England. John was a crafty, deceptive, unreliable King. No man was safe while this irresponsible, arbitrary ruler was given supreme power. The yeomen of England, to their eternal glory, refused to submit to the whims of this medieval dictator. They met. They decided. Then they confronted John with an ultimatum. They offered him the terms on which he could retain the crown. The reluctant John signed the guarantee of freedom on the field at Runnymede. Thus the Great Charter was bequeathed to the cause of freedom. But there is one thing to remember. Certain conditions had to be fulfilled before that Charter was to be effective. There are conditions before any goal can be attained. General Grant imposed conditions upon the armies

of the South before peace was reached in the American Civil War. There are then certain human requirements which must be met if we are to meet with any measure of success.

My interest in this sermon is with the conditions for effective prayer. To pray is not enough. We have no right to expect God to bless us in this war unless our lives and our cause are worthy of that blessing. All our prayers will not be answered because we, by our wrongs, make it impossible for God to support us. In so far as we are tainted by sin of any kind God will ignore our prayers. None of our prayers will be answered in full until we have fulfilled the conditions for effective prayer. For instance, it is a sacrilege to pray to God for the strengthening of human ties whilst we look with superior disdain upon negroes, Hindus and those whose nation and colour are alien to our own. Perhaps the most striking illustration of this sham religion comes to us from those loudest years which preceded Munich. How we prayed—piously, long, and often, for peace in those days! But our actions belied the genuine sincerity of those prayers. We left too much to God. We refused to co-operate with Him. We prayed for peace in 1931. Then—Pilate-like—we washed our hands when Japan marched into Manchuria. We prayed for peace in 1935. Then we stammered stupidly and did nothing when Italy marched into Ethiopia. We prayed for peace in 1937. But when freedom was threatened in Spain we hid our heads in the sand. We prayed for peace at Munich in 1938. Then we cheered when one of our most pathetic leaders sold out another nation, Czechoslovakia—for a mess of pottage. You see the irony of what we did. We prayed. We did not act. We failed to understand the conditions which must be met before God will answer our prayers. Peace is an impossibility until we have done our part. God depends upon us.

Two businessmen were riding in the subway sitting side by side, saying nothing but looking very worried. After many minutes one of them heaved a long and deep sigh. The other looked at him for a moment and said, "You're telling me!"

## MILADI'S

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Now showing smart new Fur Trimmed and Fur Coats. Select yours now.

833 Rosser Ave.

## GOOD NEWS! - - -

### New Shipment of Silver Grey

By Arrow

**\$2.50**

Only Arrow Shirts have Arrow Collars.

Other Grey Shirts at 1.50 2.00 3.00

### Black Ties

Barathea, Poplin, Jersey, Lane, Wool Knit

50c 75c 1.00 1.50 2.00 each

### Black Sox

Imported and Domestic, Ribbed or Plain

50c 65c 75c 1.00

Officers' Uniforms and Great Coats

Made-to-measure from stock.

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Rosser Ave. at 9th St.

THE BEST OF LUCK TO OUR PALS IN THE AIR FORCE

The Management and Staff

**Manitoba Co-operative Dairies Ltd.**

Brandon, Man.

HOME OF MANCO PRODUCTS — BUTTER, ICE CREAM

## PORTRAITS AND PERSONALITIES



P.O. A. BEATON

### LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

Six months ago a tall, slim young man attached to the Equipment Section at this Depot wistfully voiced a hope that he might make the grade on an air-crew remustering and realize a long cherished ambition to fly with 'the immortals' who range the skyways over Europe in their Spitfires and Lancasters.

And just the other day that same tall, slim, quiet young man, we knew as Lac. Alex Beaton, came back to visit this Depot proudly wearing the insignia of a graduate observer on the blue breast of his tunic. Pilot Officer Beaton had made the grade!

Brandon has achieved some measure of fame as a grain growing centre, but if she continues to produce young men of the calibre of Alex Beaton her claim to distinction will not rest on wheat alone.

This Manning Depot will follow Alex's career in the skies with interest, and the best wishes of all of us are with him wherever he goes. He was one of the best!

### "SKY PILOT" IN TRAINING AT NO. 2 "M" DEPOT

A Presbyterian sky pilot who tried to enlist in the R.C.A.F. as a different kind of sky pilot but found he was already too high in the clouds for air crew height regulations, is AC2 M. S. "Mac" McLean now at No. 2 Manning Depot.

When the whole six-foot-four-inches of this former theological student stalked into the recruiting depot a month or so ago the staff craned their necks and then shook their heads, feeling it was a pity there were no openings for sky-hook riggers in the R.C.A.F.

But they didn't know anything about genial "Mac" McLean. Besides being a student preacher he is also a professional radio man. For more than two years his voice was familiar to Kenora, Ontario, radio fans as announcer for station CKCA.

At any rate "Mac" is right in there with the boys now signed up as a radio technician.

If you should ask him, "Mac" will tell you that he thinks the Air Force is just the best outfit he has ever been hooked up with. He was bunked out at "D" Squadron in the old exhibition grounds when we were talking to him and he seemed pleasantly surprised to think that he was getting paid for the life in training.

"Lots of people pay money for this kind of life," he remarked. "I know, because I used to have a lot to do with youth camps in civilian life."

Why a theological student in the R.C.A.F. as an AC2 Well, "Mac" explains it this way.

"All my work was with young people anyway," he says, "and now all the young fellows are in the armed services, so I figured I could do more



"MAC" McLEAN

good in the Air Force than if I went on with my studies."

"Mac" has been keeping pretty busy at Brandon, outside of learning how to march, juggle a rifle, and all the other things that trainees have to know. For one thing he has taken the church service at the station hospital and other Sunday services around the town on occasions. On top of this the voice you have heard recently announcing for the weekly R.C.A.F. radio programmes from station CKX belongs to none other than this tall, versatile AC2 from Brampton, Ontario.

### ET TU, ROMEO?

Feminine sighs, and feminine tears mingle with the cold north wind and the falling leaves in Brandon tonight—Sergeant-Major H. W. Watson has answered duty's call and torn himself away from the tender embraces of twenty or thirty loving hearts to make the long trek overseas.

Sergeant-Major Watson had been on this station for a longer period than he cares to remember, and in recent months he had resigned himself to a more or less permanent ex-



W.O.2 H. W. WATSON

istence here and quieted his tumultuous spirits by joining the Brandon Old-Timers Association and the Veterans of Foreign Wars Society.

We wish the Sergeant-Major good hunting in his new sphere of action, and extend a word of caution to any young, inexperienced mermaid who may be inclined to think that an over-sized red moustache couldn't possibly harbor any dishonorable intentions.

### IT MUST BE CONTAGIOUS

Equipment section can chalk up another home-run! There must be something in the atmosphere of clothing stores that gives ambition a shot in the arm and spurs equipment personnel on to greater achievements. Now it's Tommy McBride who has packed up and left our midst, regretfully, we know, to as-



P.O. McBRIDE

sume the new dignity of P/O at Lachine, Quebec.

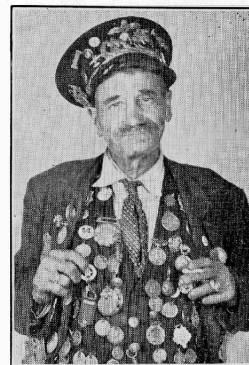
A quiet, unassuming, likable chap Tommy was one of the rugged pioneers who helped organize and establish No. 2 Manning Depot away back when Brandon was just a place where they held a summer exhibition, and watched the trains go by. And

when the story of this Manning Depot is written for posterity Tommy McBride should certainly be on hand to furnish some lively paragraphs.

Tommy was never much of a hand at blowing his own trumpet, but we did glean some grudgingly-given information about him before he finally wriggled out of our grasp.

Tommy's scholastic background included both Queens and McGill universities and his military career goes back to 1933 when he was Quartermaster Sergeant with the D. & G. Highlanders of Avenmore, Ontario. We were also quite surprised to learn that Tommy was something of an athlete in his not very distant youth, and has the distinction of being Ottawa's champion half-miler in 1924.

Our salutations to you, Pilot Officer McBride, and the best of good luck!



"MEET THE KING, FOLKS"

Street corners in Brandon are places where you expect to find the city's dead-pan vigilantes standing at ease watching the crime-wave roll by or a couple of civilian Brandonites holding a post-mortem over allied strategy at Dieppe, but certainly when you stroll up to the corner of 11th and Princess you hardly expect to bump into a king, of all people. Yet we did! Yes, sir, a real honest-to-gosh flesh and blood monarch—complete with 75 medals, weighing 11 pounds (are you listening, Herr Georing?), and wearing a discarded taxi-cab driver's cap on the royal head. And you could have bowed us over with a feather when the king looked our way and spoke.

"Say, Buddy," said the ruling monarch of the Kingdom of Hoboania, "where's the best place to jump a freight out of this burg?"

And in that very democratic fashion we made the acquaintance of His Majesty Charlie Pearce, king of Canadian hobos and globe-trotter extraordinary.

"I'm a 103 years old," Charlie informed us, "but they won't let me join the Commandos because I haven't got a birth certificate to prove that I'm over eighteen. I reckon they take me for about fifteen."

(Continued on page 19)



## No. 2 "M" DEPOT, R.C.A.F., BRANDON

## AIRMEN'S CANTEEN

## PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT

Month Ended August 31st, 1942

Gross Profit on Canteen Sales .....\$1,985.03

## Additional Revenue:

Stamp Commission .....\$ 3.00  
 Sundry Revenue (Gun Machine, Library) ..... 26.29  
 Airman's Post Surplus ..... 19.45  
 Swimming Pool Revenue ..... 110.25

158.99

\$2,144.02

## Operating Expenses:

Wages .....\$291.84  
 General Expense ..... 156.16  
 Benevolent Fund ..... 157.08

\$605.08

Less Refund on Insurance Premium ..... .85

604.23

\$1,539.79

## Distribution of Profits:

Canteen and Library .....\$399.02  
 Sports ..... 220.56  
 Entertainment ..... 392.70  
 Extra Messing ..... 232.83  
 Extra Comforts, Hospital ..... 5.55

1,250.66

Net Profit Transferred to Surplus .....\$ 289.13

(Sgt.) H. G. REID

(H. G. Reid)

Wing Commander,

Commanding Officer,

No. 2 "M" Depot, R.C.A.F.

(Sgt.) F. C. COLEMAN,

(F. C. Coleman) Flt.-Lt.

Officer i/c Non-Public Funds.



## CONTEST

## CONTINUES!

Popularity of Last Month's  
Contest Calls for Encore!



Again we invite the wives of station personnel from the rank of W.O.1 down to participate in the Post's big prize contest for a \$5.00 War Savings Certificate. Wives of civilian personnel are also eligible to compete.

Here's all you have to do. During the first fifteen days of October, get a receipt for every purchase you make from an advertiser in the Airman's Post and send these receipts with your name and address into the Airman's Post. The contest closes midnight of October 15th. Get your entries in to the Airman's Post as soon as possible after that date. If

requested, receipts will be returned to the contestants. The entry showing the highest total of individual sales will receive the \$5.00 War Savings Certificate. Remember these purchases must be made from Advertisers appearing in the Post.

## Last Month's Winner

The winner of the War Savings Certificate in last month's contest was Mrs. T. J. Rolfe, wife of Cpl. Rolfe, of 336 Seventh Street. Mrs. Rolfe's winning entry showed total purchases of \$11.87. By the time this appears in print Mrs. Rolfe will have received her prize through the mail. Congratulations, Mrs. Rolfe!

## \$7,000 A MINUTE

(Lethbridge Herald)

Some people wonder why the government is asking the people to invest at least 25 cents a day in war savings stamps. If every one of the 12,000,000 people in Canada were to follow this advice it would provide \$3,000,000 a day for the war effort.

But that wouldn't be enough. The war is costing Canada \$7,000 a minute—\$168,000 an hour, \$4,032,000 a day.

So that even if every man, woman and child in Canada including the

babes in arms were to invest 25 cents a day in stamps we would still be over a million dollars short of the daily cost.

Canadians have undertaken a tremendous job, and they're going to see it through. It will mean long hours of work, a lower standard of living, stern saving to provide the money for the war. Anyone who isn't following such a regime is guilty of a bit of slacking. We wouldn't like to be considered slackers in the eyes of the boys in uniform who are giving their all.

## Dollars For Future Delivery

Brandon
Representatives:
M. R. MACKENZIE
C.L.U.
J. G. WEST
R. A. HENDERSON
J. G. MACKENZIE

Today, with startling suddenness, life offers us new opportunities. We are ready and willing to take them, eager to contribute all we can. But what of our personal and family responsibilities?

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.

YOUR
REPRESENTA-
TIVES
ARE AT YOUR
DISPOSAL
DAY OR NIGHT

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

## BRANDON OFFICE

1011 - 1017 ROSSER AVE.  
Phone 2970



## WINNIPEG OFFICE

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 807 Rosser  
Bryce Bakeries 112 - 11th St.

### BARBER SHOPS & BEAUTY PARLORS

Jack Taylor's No. 2 Manning Depot  
Powder Puff Beauty Shoppe 157 - 9th St.

### BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

Army and Navy Club 119 - 10th St.  
Brandon Railway Club 8th St.  
Recreation Bowling & Billiards 10th St.

### CAFES AND RESTAURANTS

Aero Cafe 833 Rosser  
Bucks Soda Fountain Tenth and Louise  
Carlton Cafe 121 - 10th St.  
Olympia Cafe 110 - 10th St.  
Lyceum Tea Room 636 Rosser  
Mitrov's Cafe 836 Rosser  
Terminal Snack Shop O.P. Post Office  
The Sisters 518 Rosser Ave.  
Victory Cafe 809 Rosser

### CLEANERS AND LAUNDERERS

Chrest's Cleaners 1031 Rosser  
Home Laundry 638 - 10th St.  
Rumfords Rosser West

### CREAMERIES

Manitoba Co-operative Dairies 14th & Rosser  
Sterling Dairies 319 - 10th St.

### DEPARTMENT STORES

Army and Navy Stores 805 Rosser  
Christie Grant's 808-816 Rosser  
Economy Department Store 635 Rosser  
T. Eaton Company Rosser Ave.

### DRESS SHOPS & ACCESSORIES

Jo-Ann Accessory Shop 929 Rosser Ave.  
Lucy's Hat Shoppe 118 - 10th St.  
Miladi's 833 Rosser  
Mona's Dress Shoppe 110 - 9th St.  
The Mayfair 827 Rosser  
The Vogue 724 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

### FUEL DEALERS

Rice and Tomlinson 9th & Victoria

### FURNITURE STORES

Breckle Furniture 829 Rosser Ave.  
Kullberg Furniture 1126 Rosser Ave.

### FURS

Yaeger's Furs 602 Rosser

### 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.  
Cecil Hotel 10th St.  
Crystal Hotel 9th and Pacific

### INSURANCE

Imperial Life, W. E. Lawson 1043 Rosser  
North American Life 1011-1017 Rosser

### JEWELERS

Crawford's Jewelry 905 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

Charley's Style Shop 705-707 Rosser  
John A. McDonald 841 Rosser

### MUSIC STORES

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

### PHOTO STUDIOS

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

### SERVICE STATIONS

Red Indian Service Station 6th & Van Horne

### SHOE REPAIRS

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

### TAILOR SHOPS

M. Gitterman 235 - 10th St.

### TAXIS

Bob's Taxi Phone 4440  
Star Taxi Phone 3042  
George's Taxi Phone 2921

### THEATRES

Capitol and Oak 8th St.  
Strand 10th St.

### TRANSFERS & HAULING

Lane & Company 5th & Rosser

### MISCELLANEOUS

A.C. Engraving Co. Lorne & Tenth  
Brandon Harness Co. 130 - 10th St.  
Brandon Heating & Plumbing 234 - 8th  
Brandon Packers 12th St. N.  
Brandon Sign & Stamp Works 126 - 9th  
Central Sheet Metal 21 - 8th St.  
Godden & Poole, Plumbers 33 - 9th St.  
Great West Saddlery Winnipeg, Man.  
Lacey's Cycle Shop 135 - 9th St.  
McDowell & Duke, Tinsmiths 115 - 9th  
Pioneer Fruit Wholesale 20 - 11th St.  
R. Smith & Co., Caterers Winnipeg, Man.  
Sun Publishing Company 10th St.  
Wade & Sons Ltd., Lumber 117 - 14th St.  
Yates, Neale & Co., Heating Engineers 231 - 10th St.



The new recruit . . . . . becomes an S.P.



## OUR OBJECTIVE \$10,000

Sept. 13	7,402.00
6,674.00	Aug. 10-17
	6,232.00
5,970.00	
	5,724.00
5,484.00	July 25

sidering that the present campaign only began in the early weeks of the present year.

Of those who are able to do so, almost 80% of the airmen on this station are making voluntary purchases of War Savings Certificates which speaks volumes for the interest and patriotism of personnel, past and present, who have helped in achieving the present result.

We must have planes, guns, tanks, and ships superior in numbers and quality to anything the enemy can devise and build, we must keep our armies fed and clothed, and money is the all important factor behind these requisites for victory.

Resolve now to put a few of those dollar bills to work in battle-dress. Where is there a better investment for your money?

## TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT AT THE CAPITOL THE OAK

Brandon's Independent Theatres  
EIGHTH STREET  
Admission at Popular Prices

Keep the Old Flag flying!  
It's a joy to shell out taxes  
When they help to shell  
the Axis!

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

## Compliments of the BRANDON HOTEL

156 NINTH STREET  
PHONE 2154

## Be Wise Shop at the Army & Navy Stores

8th and ROSSER

Sales of war savings certificates  
climb steadily at this Station.

### FIGHTING DOLLARS!

Brisk Sales of War Savings Certificates Continue at No. 2 Manning Depot

Blasting the Axis with bombs and dollar bills is the two-point program of most of the personnel at this Depot who continue to keep the mercury rising toward that \$10,000 objective.

At the time of going to press this month we are proud to announce that the cumulative total has now reached the \$7,402.00 mark monthly. This is an excellent showing con-

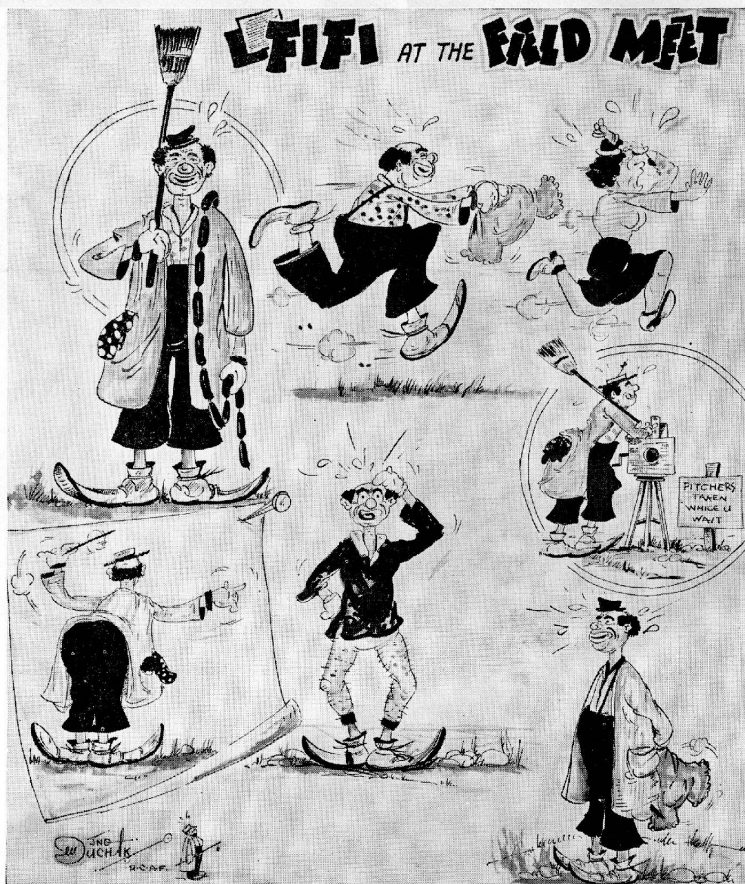
We have a complete stock  
of Officers' Uniforms and  
Greatcoats, also made-to-  
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MAN.

We carry a large variety  
of Shoes, Luggage and Ac-  
cessories for men in the  
services.



## SPORT SPLASHES

SPORT PERSONALITIES AT  
No. 2

Judging from the number of athletes that continue to pour into this Manning Depot the civilian world of sport must be pretty well denuded of its star performers. They come from all parts of Canada, these lads, and if there's any truth in Wellington's classic phrase about England's battles being won on the playing-fields then our victory over the Axis is assured.

The Winnipeg Rangers Junior hockey club has made the air force

a contribution in the shape of AC2 Earl Fast who is anxious to live up to his name and get overseas in a hurry to do a quick job of dispatching Hitler & Company. A man with a boot aimed at the nether part of Schinkelgruber's anatomy is Spike Gelfand a football player also from Winnipeg. Rainy River, Ontario, lost a native son in the person of John Achim, and the air force gained a stellar hockey player. John played with the Redditt Black Hawks. Senior softball in Moose Jaw lost a promising adherent when Jack Mills took

the pledge and donned air force blue. Winnipeg again in the limelight with a gift of Johnny Kolomic who played hockey with the East Kildonan Bisons. A versatile sportsman who modestly confesses to participation in three major sports, hockey, baseball, and softball is Clarence Gronsdaal from Norquay, Sask. Manitou, Man. proudly claims Alex Chalmers as a home-town product. Alex is anxious to get over there and toss a steel-plated puck in Adolph's direction.

Senior baseball to the fore again with the arrival of Ted Travis from Admiral, Sask. Manitoba and Saskat-

chewan seem to be vying for honors this month in the number of athletes that call one or the other province home. Syd May of Winnipeg played senior hockey with the New Jersey Skeeters in 1940-41. And he's all set to give the Berlin bully a sting. Regina comes forward now with one Keith McRobb who confesses to a penchant for senior hockey. Goodwater, Sask., shoots a goal this time with a robust lad name of Rick. Baxter. And now we take you to Winnipeg again and invite you to make the acquaintance of Bill Heuchert who does things with a hockey stick. Saskatchewan comes back to bat with a senior softball star Bill Lenz from Semans. And we'll just stay in Saskatchewan for a second or two and say hello to Gordon Bryce another softball and baseball exponent from Riverhurst. Senior hockey and Winnipeg calling us again. This time in the person of a healthy looking lad who calls himself Garnet Birkett. An encore for Winnipeg with another softball giant who answers to the name of Ray Mussen.

There they are, look 'em over, and feel their bulging muscles, Hitler. They're a pretty formidable looking outfit, aren't they? And every man Jack of them is just aching to get over there and take you apart, Adolph. How's your dyspepsia?

—Sgt. A. Steinhauer

## Coming Soon!

No. 2 Manning Depot's practical pocket guide for personnel on this station will soon be available.

RED INDIAN  
Service Station

Jack Hughes, Manager  
11th and Rosser  
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and  
Guaranteed Check-up

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## FROM THE POOL

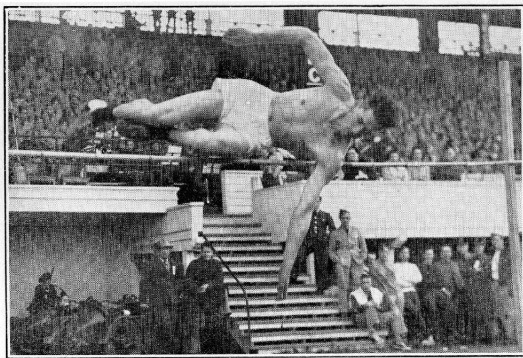
### BRISK NORTH WIND CARRIES OFF HONORS AT FIELD MEET

A team of fleet-footed track stars from No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon, breezed away with top honors in a hotly contested military sports meet, sponsored by the Brandon District Services Athletic association, and held in the exhibition grounds in Brandon, Wednesday afternoon, September 16.

Despite an Arctic wind and a rain sodden track athletes from No. 12; No. 1 A.N.S., Rivers; A4 Artillery Training Centre, Brandon; No. 2 Manning Depot; and No. 33 S.F.T.S., Carberry, turned in some surprisingly fast times and provided the large crowd with more than one thrill packed finish that had them on the edge of their seats.

Winner of the 100 yard dash, Gilkes stormed down the heavy track to chalk up the fast time of 10 4-5 seconds. Considering the conditions, the time of 5 minutes, 6 3-5 seconds in the mile race clipped off by Levasaur, from the Artillery Training Centre, was also an eye-opener for the crowd.

The high jumpers provided some more tense moments for the spectators when Corporal Hair and LAC J. Wlosek, both from No. 12 finished up tied for first place with hefty leaps of 5 feet 7½ inches. Close on their heels for top scoring spot came Corporal Campbell of No. 2 Manning Depot.

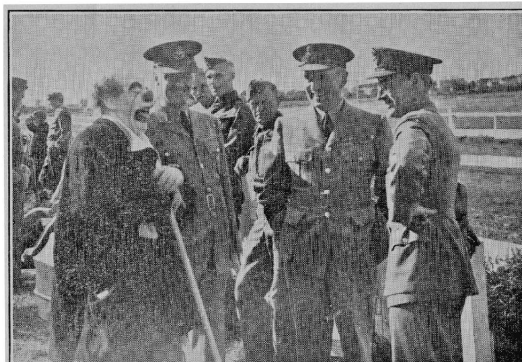


P.T.I. Cpl. Campbell of No. 2 was caught by the Post photographer just as he topped the high jump bar in that event at the sports meet.

Second place in the meet went to the track and field stalwarts from A4 Artillery Training Centre, who although they put up a real fighting show of it could not equal the airmen from No. 12 who copped off eight first places out of fourteen events.

Mayor F. H. Young, of Brandon, presented prizes and trophies to the winning team and starts after the last event. Individual stars of the day were Corporal F. Hair, of No. 12, LAC J. Martin, of No. 12, and Lieutenant Gilkes of A4.

Worst beating of the day was taken by the spectators who had to view the meet from a shaded grandstand while they faced into a chilly north breeze that made their teeth chatter. It is hoped that in future arrangements can be made so that this inter-unit sport day can be held a little earlier in the season. A little better organization might also have cut out some of the lengthy waits between events. These, however, were partly alleviated by the amusing antics of Fifi the clown and the lively music of the Manning Depot band.



The antics of Fifi at the field meet drew hearty laughter from everyone including (left to right) Squadron Leader Knight, Wing Commander Reid, and Flight Lieutenant Lund, Medical Officer at No. 12 S.F.T.S.

#### ESPRIT DE CORPS

The afternoon of August 26th exemplified a fine showing of Esprit de Corps, in the field events participated by the R.C.A.F. personnel of No. 2 "M" Depot. Individual events were very well represented but a combination of individualism was the most prominent feature of the day as shown in the Tug of War event.

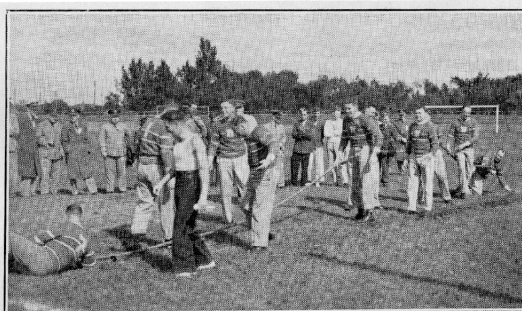
All flights were previously notified of this event with the exception of Flight 14 who was left out of the limelight. Five minutes prior to the struggle, Flight 14 was detailed to oppose a team. Sammy (quick thinker) Snead immediately selected 8 men who, by no means were as muscular as their competitors.

It was not until the semi-finals that the real Esprit de Corps of these men came to the fore. By all eyewitness accounts this was really the most strenuous job Flight 14 had ever accomplished under the most capable coaching of Cpl. Waterer (now Sgt. Waterer) and a loud and boisterous voice from the grandstand (guess who).

The final was a grilling 2 out of 3 which did not go to the limit as Flight 14 took 2 straight pulls.

As a reward for this muscular achievement, Flight 14 was presented with a beautiful trophy which is visible at the sports window at present.

—AC2 Eichel, P.



#### ROPE'S END

The strong men from No. 2 relax after a hard pull.

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Our office in the Arena building  
is under the expert direction  
of Tom Rogers.

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"Look at that girl, pretty as a picture."

"Year, nice frame, too."

#### MOST OF THE AIR FORCE

in this vicinity deal at

### REESOR'S JEWELRY STORE

"Sign of the Street Clock"

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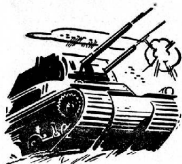
F.T.D. Florists

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## BRITISH TANKS IN THE GREAT WAR 1914 - 1918

The true master of the battlefield is Fear, and that side which fears the least is generally the most likely to win consequently security, even more so than the offensive has, throughout military history, formed the pivot of the attack security against the dangers of death, injury and capture.



The most direct form of protection against these dangers is to render innocuous the effect of weapons by means of armour, firstly in the form of the shield and helmet, and eventually in that of complete suits of body armour as worn throughout Europe by the knights of the middle ages. Men, so armed, were to all intents and purposes invulnerable to the missile weapons of the day, and as armour increased in efficiency so do we find missile throwers going out of fashion and shock tactics replacing fire tactics on the battlefield.

This condition of war, which to a great extent was rendered possible by the limited power of the bow-string, lasted until about the beginning of the fifteenth century when the increased use of gun-powder began to undermine the protective power of armour.

What was the result? As armour became too heavy to wear we find it being discarded and replaced by other means of protection—covering fire, mobility, earthworks and permanent fortifications. On account of the difficulties which these indirect means of protection entailed we also find various attempts being made to maintain direct protection by the introduction of armoured wagons. Conrad Kyser in his military manuscript, written between 1395 and 1405, describes several of these cars; in 1420 Fontana designed a kind of moving fortress which the following year was surpassed in size by a car designed by Archinger to hold 100 men. In 1456 a Scottish act of Parliament was passed in which we read: "It is tocht speidfill that the King mak requist to certain of the great burrows of the land that are of any myght, to make carts of weir and in ilk cart two gunnis, and ilk ane to have twa chalmars . . . and an cunnard man to shute thame." In 1482 we find Leonardo Da Vinci writing: "I am building secure and covered chariots which are invulnerable and when they advance with their guns into the midst of the foe, even the largest enemy masses must retreat and behind them the Infantry can follow in safety and without opposition."

All these mechanical contrivances, for the most part moved by draught animals, were destined to failure on account of the rapid evolution of fire arms and the impossibility of increasing the muscular power of the horse as heavier armour became necessary. The result was that armour went out of fashion and protection by fire power took its place.

In the sixteenth century, in order to obtain continuity of fire, no less than 25 ranks of arquebusers were necessary; Gustavus Adolphus reduced these to eight and Frederick the Great to three. Wellington went one step further and formed his men in two ranks whilst amongst his Light Infantry, extensions were frequently practised so as to reduce the target closed ranks offered to the enemy's fire.

Throughout the nineteenth century extensions increased in proportion as fire became more deadly. Slight in 1866, by 1870 they had grown to about 5 paces and by 1899 to 13, which may be taken as a maximum if effective volume of fire is to be obtained from a magazine rifle. In 1904 in Manchuria protection was still sought by extensions, but the fire power of the machine gun so frequently made itself felt that the inclination to go to ground, i.e., to dig earth shelters, was forced more and more on the attacker especially in the restricted area round Port Arthur. Finally in 1914, after an exceedingly brief period of field warfare, infantry were forced to seek underground protection on account of the terrific hail of missiles hurled at them by quick-firing field guns, machine guns, mortars and magazine rifles.



After the first battle of Ypres the war may be divided into two periods. The first between November, 1914 and November, 1917, and the second from this latter date to the end of the war. During the first period strategic movement was made to re-instate it by massed artillery attacks all of which failed as they were bound to do for though they partially destroyed the enemy they totally destroyed all facilities for forward movement.

(Continued in November Issue)

### HOPKIN'S HOME BAKERY

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118 - 8th St. Opp. Capitol Theatre  
Phone 3528 Free Delivery



## Letters from a Steno to Her Friend Overseas

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



Dear Bill:

Your prompt acknowledgment of the parcel was a great relief. Especially after the dire and ominous prophecies of the Postmaster that you might die from indigestion after receiving the cake and cookies. I imagined you in the throes of a "stummach-ache" while the bombs and Tommy Guns playfully added to the general misery. Now are you sure it was generosity which prompted your sharing the box with so many pals, and not "intent to do bodily harm." However, to know you are still well and alive dispels the dyspepsia ghosts which have haunted my corners for days.

Have you a charmed life that you so miraculously escaped massacre in that big raid? To stave off those treacherous bombers while the boats crossed the channel to Dieppe took a spirit and a courage unequalled since Dunkirk days and Bill the folks at home cheer you to the skies. We're as proud as punch to know you have what it takes.

There's so little we can do on this side of the ocean, but I'm glad you and I are close enough friends for some things, such as you asking me for what you might need in the way of any of the minor comforts we are only too pleased to send you. When friends can skip the intangible barriers of lesser acquaintances, it means a great deal. I have begun knitting the socks you want and will be putting them in the next parcel. When you mentioned that the test for a change of socks was throwing

them against the wall and providing they stuck it was time for a change, also prompted the inclusion of a couple of cakes of soap, the smelly kind. Do you mind. There are smells, and SMELLS, you know.

The new nephew I was about to have, turned into a niece, which was rather disgusting, as five girls in the family already, are enough heads to wash in one week for any woman, not to mention the bibs and what-nots (mostly what-nots).

Your reminiscences of our last evening together gave me food for thought Bill, as I had no idea, the evening with me meant so much to you. When you so courageously kissed me good-bye, the first and only time you ever kissed me, the feeling in my heart was very reassuring and will be a memory I shall cherish forever. Somehow, I had a warmth of affection for you, no one would imagine existed in such a cool level headed person as myself. However in this day of feverish activity, with so many things to do, it is something very lovely to think of one who is so very dear and becoming so very close. But dwelling on these things too long is also very dangerous and like a good child, I must get busy knitting those socks, or they'll be delayed.

The important thing right now is that you look after yourself, wrap a scarf around your neck and go to bed early, so for now Bill, Sweet Dreams, and I will be watching the mails for a letter soon,

Affectionately, Nickie.



Yeah, he bailed out of a Link Trainer

### Fall's Smartest Styles At

### THE MAYFAIR

Fashion Centre for Women  
827 ROSSER AVE. PHONE 2431

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Plumbing, Heating and  
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## Joe Doaks' First Salute Or Up, Pause, One Two

By AC2 C. Kilvert

AC2 Joe Doaks strode briskly out the door of No. 2 Manning Depot on his first night out of barracks. He held his head high, his chest out, his stomach in and his shoulders back. His brass was shining like a new coin after a half an hour's brushing and polishing and his face was shining too after a week in the bright, hot sun of the parade ground. The gleam on his boots would have put a wing commander to shame. In fact, he felt like a wing commander with his spotless new uniform complete with knife-like crease in the trousers.

Clipping along the avenue, his heels tapping out a smart 120 to the minute, AC2 Doaks looked the picture of health, discipline and top flight morale. A smile slowly spread across his face. He was imagining he was a wing commander.

Suddenly something happened to AC2 Doaks. His countenance clouded up. His shoulders started to droop. His arms fell limply to his sides and his pace cut down to a sloppy shuffle. He broke out in a cold sweat and began casting quick looks around like a trapped animal.

He hadn't just remembered he would have to go on inoculations or dental parade the next day. And he hadn't just seen a ghost. But bearing down on him with ominous persistence was a flat hat, with an officer under it, about half a block ahead.

AC2 Doaks' first wild impulse was to turn and run but there was no place to go.

He had never saluted before, except in squad drill and here was a real live officer coming straight for him. He thought this is what it must feel like to have a Messerschmitt making straight for you if you were a tall gunner with a jammed gun.

There was nothing to do but see it through like a true airman. AC2 Doaks' hands got clammy and the perspiration dripped off the end of his nose.

The officer was getting closer now. He would have to do whatever he was going to do and do it quickly. He suddenly thought of what he had been taught on the parade ground. He could hear his sergeant's voice: "To the right SA-LUTE . . . check . . . UP . . . one, two, three, four . . . He mumbled to himself . . . "Wrist

straight . . . arm parallel to the ground . . ." The officer was nearly on top of him now.

AC2 Doaks was still mumbling wildly to himself . . . "Quarter of an inch behind the right eyebrow . . . fingers and thumb in line . . ." The officer was a bare two paces away now.



SWISH! AC2 Doaks' body was galvanized into action. His right arm came up with enough force to drive a six-inch spike into an oak beam. His whole body jerked back with the convulsive movement of his arm. And he nearly drove the officer clear off the sidewalk.

As soon as the surprised officer returned his salute, Joe Doaks let his arm drop with a sigh as if he had been holding a 100 pound barbell up there for half an hour.

The next thing AC2 Doaks did was to reach for his handkerchief and apply it gingerly to his face.

His salute had been pretty good for a rookie but he had made a slight miscalculation of about one-quarter of an inch.

He had poked himself squarely in the right eye!

Although somewhat shaken AC2 Doaks was still alive enough to realize that it was time he changed his tactics. There was no use trying to evade this saluting business he thought. You might as well get in with the crowd and let the salutes fall where they may.

So without further hesitation AC2 Doaks marched briskly down to the busiest street in town and plunged bravely into the motley stream of humanity that was meandering by.

He hadn't gone far when he sighted an army officer coming towards him through the crowd. AC2 Doaks started to go into action when the officer was three paces away but by the time he got his right arm disengaged from the crowd, the officer was past him and he had given a perfect salute to an old lady carrying a large bag of onions.

In the next short block AC2 Doaks met so many officers in such rapid succession that he felt like a performing seal with a loose flipper. But from a distance he probably looked more like a windmill working overtime. He felt sure he must have saluted the entire complement of commissions in No. 2 Training Command in one block.

After a half a dozen more salutes, including a couple of sergeants in the Provost Corps by mistake, AC2 Doaks seemed to be getting the hang of it. He felt like a veteran. In fact he was actually getting a kick out of it.

The transformation was complete. AC2 Doaks was now a salutin' fool. He not only kept a weather eye open for flat hats . . . he hunted for them!

As he kept on towards the outskirts of town he noticed that the officers were thinning out very noticeably. In fact there were none in sight at all. But that was the way he wanted it. He was the real hunter now. It was just like shooting ducks he thought. Anybody can knock down one or two in a big flight but it takes a real hunter to pick off the lone bird.

Suddenly AC2 Doaks hunting blood coarsened quickly through his veins. His eagle eye had sighted fair game—a lone officer several blocks away on the opposite side of the street. AC2 Doaks stalked along with the caution of an Indian on the warpath. Not wishing to arouse his quarry,

he stayed on his own side of the street until barely half a block away, then cut sharply across. But the officer was wary. As soon as AC2 Doaks reached the opposite curb he started to cross the street himself. He wasn't quite quick enough for AC2 Doaks who doubled back and cut him off right in the middle of the street with as smart a salute as you would ever hope to see. The officer returned the compliment somewhat sheepishly and AC2 Doaks continued on his way smiling and with his eye open for the next victim.

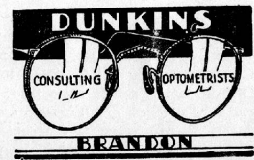
When last seen—this rookie who had been so nervous about his first salute—was doing his best to intercept a flying officer who was wheeling a baby carriage down a steep hill.

### "MEET THE KING, FOLKS"

(Continued from page 13)

Charlie, a lover of freedom if there ever was one, is Hitler's No. 1 enemy. At the beginning of the war Charlie issued a clarion call to his brethren of the road to join Canada's armed forces and help lick Hitler. And now, Charlie declares proudly, most of his thirty thousand followers are in uniform.

And if he manages to elude the Brandon Salvage Corps with all those medals Charlie will transport himself to Vancouver for the winter and busy himself there planning some grand strategy for the United Nations to use when they open up that second front.



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ABOARD THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "ILLUSTRIOUS"  
The British 23,000-ton aircraft-carrier, "Illustrious," damaged in an encounter with Axis forces, was repaired and refitted in U.S. and British shipyards. Back in service since early 1942, she now carries hard-hitting American Gruman "Martlet" fighter aircraft. Picture shows: Admiral Lyster, Britain's 5th sea lord, watching operations during a visit to the "Illustrious".





### ITALIANS DISCOVER ORANGE IMPORTS JUICELESS AFTER NAZIS HAVE HANDLED THEM

By J. F. Sanderson  
(Canadian Press Staff Writer)

Illustrating German demonization of Italy is this true story:

A man who since escaped from Italy and is now in Washington, saw a tiny black mark on Italian oranges in store windows. He finally bought one to see what it was and found it was the mark of a syringe used by the Germans to extract the juice which they shipped to the Reich. They obligingly left the pulp for their dear Italian partners.

He says this is typical of the economic looting of Italy which the Italians are powerless to stop. Germans control every phase of Italian life and Mussolini is simply a small-town Gauleiter, stripped of all power and prestige. The Germans have occupied Italy just as they occupied Norway, the Low Countries, Poland and France and, with typical Teutonic thoroughness, they are shipping to the Reich everything of value in war, particularly food. As for the Italians, they can have what's left.

### ONE U.S. SOLDIER IN BRITAIN MEANS 10½ TONS SHIPPING

London.—It takes 10½ shipping tons to bring one United States soldier to Britain and 1½ shipping tons a month to maintain him, Brigadier-General Robert Littlejohn, United States army quartermaster corps, said at a press conference recently.

### FAMILY AFFAIR

School Doctor: "Peyton, your vision is impaired by astigmatism; you should have glasses."

Peyton: "I have a pair at home, Doctor, but I don't wear them because Mother's afraid I'll break them. Besides, she wears them all the time herself."

School Doctor: "Were the glasses prescribed for you or your mother?"

Peyton: "Neither one, Doctor. They're Dad's."

## The Post Surveys The World From Brandon



A pair of Flying Fortresses of the latest type spread their wings in their test flights over the Cascade foothills near Seattle. Bombers like these are moving through the Boeing aircraft company's plant in a never-ending parade.

### JAPAN HAS FORGOTTEN

(Port Arthur News-Chronicle)

Almost 200,000 Japanese were killed and other thousands were left wandering the streets homeless or orphaned after an earthquake in Japan in 1923. Into the picture came a parade of ships with doctors, nurses and \$10,000,000 worth of food, clothing, medical supplies and other necessities—all contributed by the people of America through the Red Cross. At that time the Japanese government sent this message to the headquarters of the American Red Cross: "Japan will never forget." That was only 19 years ago, but Japan has forgotten.

### MORE THAN 60,000 REPORTED SERVING IN FREE FRENCH ARMIES

Halifax, England.—The Fighting French armies in the Middle East, Africa, and the Pacific have expanded from a handful of men two years ago to a total of more than 60,000 under arms at present, Gen. Paul le Gentilhomme, Fighting French Commander in Africa, said here.

Additionally, more than 6,000 sailors are fighting under the Fighting French flag, 2800 airmen are with the Allied Air Forces, and 2,000 merchant seamen sail on Allied ships, he told a rally of the British Legion.

French losses bear witness to their participation in the fight.



### HAD KICK COMING

(Story of Two Australian Airmen from the Toronto Telegram)

We like this story of two Australian airmen who met in a hotel rotunda. One slim young sergeant-pilot sat quietly reading a paper. In came another airman of the same rank—a tough, breezy customer who proceeded to "shoot a line" to a group of friends about his squadron. He boasted about the number of decorations they had won—about the number of operational flights they had been on—and about the number of German planes brought down. Then he looked across at the other pilot to ask how many flights he had been on. "Only 11," replied the other quietly, without lowering his paper. "Oh, well, you've a lot to learn," the verbose Australian said in friendly but patronizing manner, and went on with the story of his own exploits. A few minutes later the first pilot lowered his newspaper and on his tunic shone the ribbon of the V.C. The "line-shooter" stopped in mid-sentence. Then: "Listen," he said, drawing himself up to full height and standing before the quiet little hero. "I'm going to bend down right here, see? And you're going to kick me—hard". The V.C. did not kick but grinned and blushed. He was Sergeant-Pilot James Allen Ward of the R.A.A.F. and the episode happened on his last leave—before his death. The story is told by an Australian newspaperman, Eric Baume, in his book, "I Lived Another Year," which is the tale of England during the turbulent months of 1941.

### THE CHURCHILL TOUCH

(Australian News Letter)

Tea is Australia's most popular beverage. Australians will drink it at any hour of the day or night. Therefore tea rationing has hit the nation in its most tender spot.

Particularly regretful at the shortage are the inmates of an old men's home near Melbourne. But one day, one of them got enough to brew a billyful.

He held it aloft and remarked: "Gentlemen, never in the history of this institution has so little gone so far among so many."



"NOW REMEMBER MEN! YOU'RE TO BLOW THIS ISLAND RIGHT OFF THE MAP!"

FILE  
RCAP 1/2



## MONEY BELTS

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

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

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