

AIRMAN'S POST

NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT, BRANDON, MANITOBA



APRIL 1943

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This snappy crest belongs to a Halifax Bomber with
25 raids to its credit.



Vol. 3, No. 4

No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Manitoba

April, 1943

The Editor's Corner



Gus Gremlin is not making his usual appearance in the Post this month. But don't blame us for the omission. It was Gus' own idea. Gus is rather a sensitive little soul in spite of his "Dead-end-kid" philosophy and his penchant for borrowing trouble. When an unidentified member of the British parliament raised his voice to denounce the Gremlin fantasy as so much puerile nonsense Gus felt very badly about it. There was trace of moisture in his eye and a faint tremor in his voice when he came into the office to ask us to cancel his appearance in this issue of the Post.

"I've been very happy at No. 2 Manning Depot," said Gus, "but I guess I'll have to go away now." We tried to cheer Gus up. We told him it would take more than a mere member of parliament to discredit the Gremlins and drive them away. But Gus wouldn't be consoled. His tiny heart was broken. He said goodbye in a voice shaken with emotion and turned away. And then just to prove to us that he still had some of the old Gremlin spirit left he dumped our supply of ink into the glue-pot and fled down the stairway snickering.

A letter from an old friend:

Dear Bob:

Just a few lines to let you know that I arrived here O.K. and I sure like it. I met about twenty of the boys that I took the course at St. Thomas with. I was in a pub one night when P/O Alex Beaton came up and pumped my hand, and then I met Germak from Clothing Stores and Farrell from the Photographic Section. I expect to meet more of the boys from No. 2 as every one comes into London to spend their leave.

F/S Gillespie and Sgt. Ted Fleming were on the boat going over, also a chap by the name of Malone who used to be a postal clerk at No. 2. I'm working in the same office as Gillespie—Deferred Pay.

Give my regards to Bill Doran, Coop Bateman, Stan Sutton, and all the other old timers on the station.

Your old friend,

Jack Moran,

R.C.A.F., H.Q. Overseas.

FOOTNOTE TO HUMOR

After the last war that unhumorous race, the Germans, investigating the causes of morale, attributed much of the British soldier's staying power to his sense of humor, and decided to instill this sense in their own soldiers. Included in their manuals was an order to cultivate it, giving as an illustration one of Bairnsfather's pictures of "Old Bill" sitting in a building with an enormous shell hole in the wall. A new arrival asks, "What made that hole?" "Mice," replies Old Bill.

In the German manual a solemn footnote of explanation is added: "It was not mice, it was a shell."



THE AIRMAN'S POST

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R.C.A.F. JARGON IS BEAUTIFUL BUT A PUZZLE TO THE PUBLIC

By Flt.-Lt. John Claire
R.C.A.F. Public Relations Officer in North Africa

North Africa.—Royal Air Force jargon to anyone outside the service is rich, beautiful and almost totally incomprehensible prose. This campaign where men from all parts of the empire, including many Canadians, are living and fighting together, is adding a few exotic, tropical touches to the language the fliers talk.

Canadian expressions are highly regarded newcomers to the air force lexicon. The expression, "There's no percentage in it," has been given a good play, although it is given some odd twists at times. "You ain't kidding" looms as a new and popular way of indicating strong agreement.

Most used word in this campaign seems to be "cope." You cope with anything from a meal for a traveller who stops at your mess to an air raid.

Lord Pickle You

The story is told of a Christmas dinner to which the officers of a R.A.F. mess invited some Fighting French airmen. At the conclusion of the meal there were the usual toasts and one of the Frenchmen, after a session with a French-English dictionary, undertook to express his thanks in English. His brief speech was a success until he closed with the wish that "the Lord pickle all of you."

There was considerable mystification at this point but the situation was clarified when a compatriot leaned across the table to the speaker and said: "You should have asked me my friend. I could have told you that pickle does not mean the same as preserve in a case like this."

There is an officers' mess in North Africa where the Canadian pilots join each night in a ceremony initiated by an R.A.F. officer and drink a toast to those at home. The procedure is to rise at nine o'clock each night while the sponsor of the toast says the following words, "God bless those at home and may we soon return safely to them?"

Among the Canadian officers in the squadron are Flight Lieut. Ted Bishop, Ottawa, who played football for the Ottawa St. Pats, Queen's, the Ottawa Roughriders, and the Regina team of the same name. Other officers are Pilot Officer John Hogg, Perth, Ont.; Pilot Officer Harvey Crawford, Edmonton; Flying Officer John Bull, Toronto, and Flying Officer Jock Brodie, St. John. Other

Canadians in the unit are Flight Sergeants Dimmie Sherman, Lethbridge, and Bob Dunn, Sutton, Ont.

Swinging Reveille

When lights out and reveille are blown at a R.A.F. station behind the lines there is the faintest suggestion of Louis Armstrong in the brassy notes of the bugle. The bugler, a tall husky Sengalese trooper, has been taking instruction from Canadian pilots waiting to go forward with their squadron.

Squadron pride, always a force to be reckoned with, is expressing itself in a new way in this campaign. Since the water supply is dubious in some areas the light table wines of North Africa are substituted. Arguments develop over the excellence of each variety and one squadron, which contains many Canadians, makes a strong case for their particular wine which they have nicknamed "screech".

Three Canadian Spitfire pilots who flew with R.C.A.F. units in Great Britain have come to a R.A.F. unit flying from a forward air field in this campaign. They are Sergeants Bill Hawkey, Kentville, N.S., Sherman Hannah, Woodstock, N.B., and Jack Liggett, Toronto. The first two pilots by Squadron Leader L. S. Ford, D.F.C. flew with the squadron commanded and Bar, and Liggett was with the squadron led by Squadron Leader Keith Hodson, D.F.C., of London, Ont.

THE STATION'S NEW COMMANDING OFFICER



WING COMMANDER
G. A. HODGETTS

No. 2 Manning Depot welcomes its new commanding officer, Wing Commander G. A. Hodgetts who comes to this station from No. 3 "M" Depot in Edmonton where he was Senior Administrative Officer.

BRAVE MERCHANT SEAMEN

(Senator Norman M. Paterson in "Shipping Register")

The opportunity has been given to me of paying tribute to heroes who so frequently "pay the price" without glamor or recognition and without even a notice that they are missing, because of the requirements of our Silent Navy.

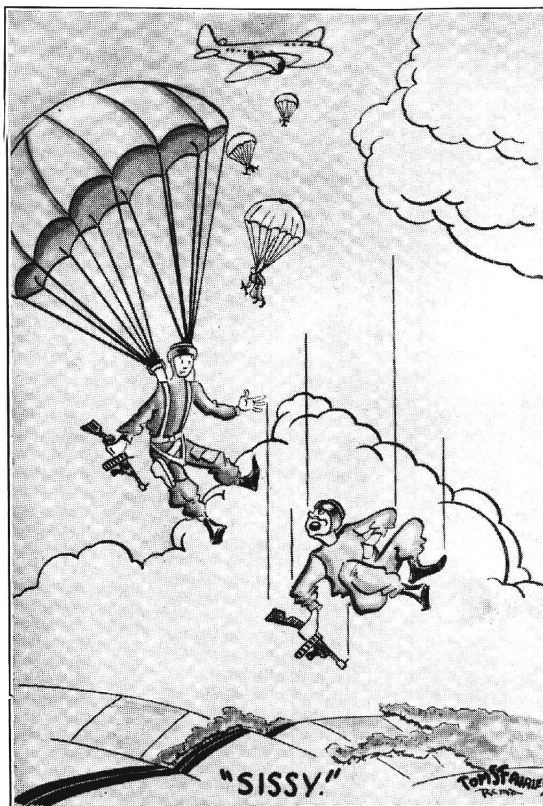
The seamen on our freight boats sailing outside are just as truly heroes as those who raided Dieppe. They have no glamorous uniforms, no decorations or medals for valor, and in many cases the ships have no convoys, no guns, no protection of any kind. There are months at a time when they see neither their relatives nor homes, nor even hear from them. In too many cases a ship is listed as "missing" and no further word ever comes forward as to what happened.

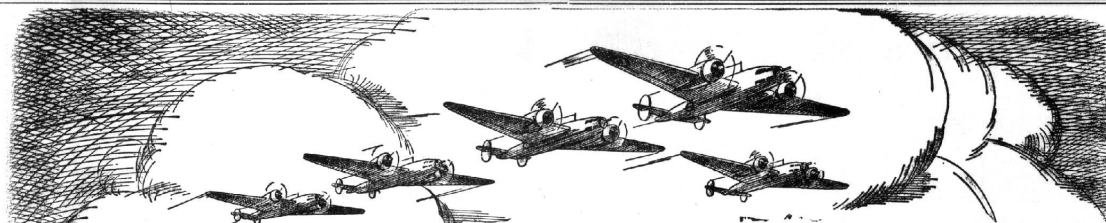
These ships from the St. Lawrence river are essentially lightly built and, in their present state, are not suitable for gun mounting; but the need for transporting commodities over the ocean was so great they were pressed into service in spite of their slowness and unsuitability.

In one instance a ship was sunk at 4 o'clock in the morning, while most of the crew were in bed, and sunk so rapidly that only five of the engine crew came to the surface—all bleeding from nose and ears from pressure, having been drawn down with the suction of the ship. The ship actually sank in thirty-five seconds. No word was ever heard of the forward end crew, who undoubtedly perished in the explosion. The submarine appeared to be as long as the ship itself, with two guns mounted fore and aft of the conning tower. A Norwegian ship appeared and its captain, who was a personal friend of Captain Prouse (of the sinking ship) cruised about for two hours trying to locate his friend and some of the crew. He took on board the five of the engine crew and then gave up the hunt on sighting the submarine approaching again. His ship was only saved by one of the sudden heavy squalls of rain which blanked out everything for a short time. This captain risked not only his life but that of his crew and his ship in trying to save some of the unfortunate victims.

Acts of bravery should be recorded and due credit given when the time comes that publicity to these acts is no longer a danger. Record should be carefully read of these "men who go down to the sea in ships," and a suitable monument erected where friends and relatives can pay respect to their memories.

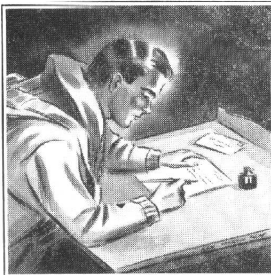
A fellow in one of the camps who, noticing that his first-aid pack was torn, opened it and found the name and address of the Chicago girl who had packed it. He didn't write to her, though; the slip was dated 1918.





"My Life Has Been As Full Already As Many Twice As Long"

"FIRST of all, we are not really lonely, except on a few rare occasions. We live in a world of men, which scarcely expresses what is meant but comes as close to reality as printable language allows. We don't dissipate very much. To do so is to reduce one's life expectancy by much too much. Neither do we brood or get sentimental over sudden death or the girls we left behind us, for the same reason.



"Letters from home, tea parties with friends of the folks at home, the too considerate attentions of those whose war work is to comfort the troops—all these things touch our hearts, and for that very reason they hurt because they are so kind—especially if they penetrate the defensive armor of impersonal selfishness which enables us to be efficient components of a war machine whose function has nothing to do with the milk of human kindness.

MORE SUSTAINING WARMTH

"We don't want substitutes for mother over here. We are content to find a harder, more sustaining warmth in the friendship of comrades in arms. We are like boys at school. Our lives are filled with games and private dreams, and the rough comradeship of men who understand each other without ever getting maudlin about it.

"We appreciate things people do to make our lives comfortable, and our leaves are interesting and refreshing. Places where we can meet our erstwhile mates in training, like the Beaver club in London's Trafalgar square; the sports equipment, cigarettes and chewing gum provided through the Salvation Army and the Y.M.C.A., the cheap accommodation

Excerpts from an unfinished letter written by Pilot Officer Paul C. McGillicuddy of Toronto, just before his last flight. P/O McGillicuddy died in England as a result of wounds received after an encounter with the enemy at Dieppe last summer

at the Y.M.C.A. hostels—these things are beyond praise. But they achieve most of their success by having the grace to realize that men on operational duties live private lives that are best left alone.

"Books, music, conversation with men who are understanding friends and not curious acquaintances, these make a pleasant pattern and adequate. Women are superfluous to more of us than would appear to be so to the superficial observer. Small talk is worse than boring—it's lethal. And nervous excitement is not the most outstanding lack in our lives.

FINDS IT FASCINATING

"Our work, after all, is not dull. I find it fascinating. You can never learn enough, but your life depends on trying to learn all the essentials and to keep them at your finger tips.

"Leisure does not hang on our hands. It is rare and precious, and we can make the most of it without much help from others.

"This war is rough on emotions, and it makes me impatient with such non-essentials as literary or social form. My letters, I fear, reflect the habits of thought and speech that we

use over here as inevitably as we carry parachutes when we fly.

"If anything should happen to me of a very permanent nature don't brood about it. My life has been as full already as many twice as long. I've missed very little that is really vital. And I wouldn't have missed this while it was going on for anything.

"You get a perspective on operations that you should never lose, I think. The cheap pretense and petty, hollow vanities of safe, smug, self-centred living becomes so obvious and odious that flak is welcome by comparison. The lads that die are clean forever, and sometimes that sounds saner than the safe domesticity of more practical folk in the business world."

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE"

THE clock was ticking on towards the end of another day, the Padre was preparing to leave for his home when a voice was heard "Could I speak to you Sir, I hope I am not disturbing you." "Oh no", replied the Padre, "come right in and make yourself at home." I could see that something was troubling A.C.

so we talked about everything else but what was worrying him.

By careful detours, we arrived back to our starting point and at what was revealed during the next 30 minutes would startle anyone. After serious consideration of the subject, plans were formulated for trying to find an effective solution. With the passing of a few days, his prayers were answered and now he goes about his work whistling and his face bears a happy smile instead of a countenance of fear.

This is only one way the Padre softens the hard and difficult road of the airman, for it is hard when he is beset on all sides by temptations and allurements. But the gleam in the eyes of our airmen preparing to wing their way to Victory, surely is an inspiration to anyone. As the words of the motto at the beginning of this article implies "Honour Compels" and deep down in the heart of every young man lies the deep sense of duty. "I must do my best" because I want to. They know what they are fighting for and nothing is going to stop them. They are deeply sensible of the Christian Verities.

Anyone passing the recreation room on a Sunday afternoon, would hear the strains of the piano and the sound of lusty voices singing:

"O Master let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of Service Free."

The Padre's office has become a veritable Sanctum Sanctorum where the hopes and fears are freely exchanged. The Padre has gone through similar experiences so he knows what is passing through the minds of men.

Each day brings problems, both serious and light, but whichever it may be, the Chaplain is there to help and advise. No problem is too great nor any petition too small which cannot be settled, whether over a smoke, a bottle of coca-cola, or of a more serious nature in the quietness of the four walls of the office. In spite of adverse criticisms, the expression of appreciation of many airmen is very fitly expressed in the words of Bertha Gemeaux Woods:

Bless these ministers to youth
Help them gird young loins with truth
Place above fast beating hearts
Shields of faith to quench the darts

(Continued on page 4)



Arrivals, Departures, Stork Reports and Mergers



Many and varied are the nationalities you meet at No. 2 Manning Depot. Lads from the four corners of the earth come to join the great brotherhood of free men who fly for freedom. In this group standing (left to right): R. M. Deshield, Bermudan; J. H. Boag, New Zealander; A. Cronje, African; seated (left to right): C. V. Gibson, American; Jim Gen Lee, Chinese, and A. S. Lickers, Indian.

PERSONAL POSTSCRIPTS

Departures—Officers and Airmen
Flight Lieutenant T. J. Durkin posted to No. 4 Recruiting Centre, Saskatoon; WO2 B. Racine posted to No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers, Man.; LAC J. S. Anderson posted to No. 1 Instrument Flying School, Mokaw, Ont.; Cpl. L. J. A. Latrelle posted to No. 4 Wireless School, Guelph, Ont.; LAC A. Yuskiw posted to No. 4 I.T.S., Edmonton; Sgt. R. Girvan, Sgt. D. I. Pyle, Sgt. S. A. E. Shead posted to No. 1 "Y" Depot, Halifax; Flt./Sgt. C. A. Reynolds posted to No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers, Man.; Cpl. S. Stein posted to No. 4 Wireless School, Guelph, Ont.

Arrivals—Officers and Airmen

Cpl. L. W. Hocken and Cpl. J. E. Smith posted here from Composite Training School, Trenton, Ont.; LAC A. Butterworth posted here from No. 7 B. & G. School, Paulson, Man.; LAC J. K. Mitchell posted here from No. 1 "M" Depot, Toronto; Cpl. H. W. Thomas posted here from No. 2 B. & G. School, Mossbank, Sask.; Flying Officer R. J. Coates posted here from No. 8 "M" Depot, Souris, Man.; Cpl. J. L. Sidenberg posted here from No. 8 "M" Depot, Souris; Cpl. L. H. McClelland posted here from No. 8 "M" Depot, Souris.

Marriages

Cpl. L. H. McClelland to Miss Blanche Geraldine Groenen of Edmonton, Alta.

Births

To Sgt. and Mrs. H. D. Kemp at the Winnipeg General Hospital on March 2nd, a son—John Douglas.

To Cpl. and Mrs. J. P. L. Blais on Feb. 11th at Jeffrey Hospital, Quebec, a son—Joseph Albert Edward.

To Flt./Sgt. and Mrs. J. S. Wood at Brandon General on March 9th, a son—Brian Stewart.

NEW ZEALAND MAORI SPEAKS PROUDLY OF HOMELAND

There is absolutely no racial discrimination in New Zealand, according to LAC M. A. Millich, who came to this station early in March. Millich is a Maori, descendant of the original race which inhabited our sister dominion "down under". Millich states that there is a definite move now underway to preserve something of the old Maori customs and tradition. He described a large inter-tribal meet held in the North Island a couple of years ago as similar to meetings of our own Western Indians. He is firmly convinced that he and members of his race have every opportunity to live and prosper as do New Zealanders of British descent.

Millich is twenty-one years of age, and is hoping to be graduated as a pilot before very long. Prior to enlisting in the R.N.Z.A.F., he lived much the same life as any young Canadian might have. He drove a truck for some time, and then worked on a large dairy farm. Dairy farming, by the way, is one of New Zealand's largest industries. He finds relaxation in rugger and tennis, disclaims any special prowess in the water, but has the appearance of one possessed of an ideal physique for that

sport. His brother was a member of the famed New Zealand "All-Blacks" which played against the best rugger team that Australia could muster.

NOTES FROM THE EDUCATION OFFICER

It may be an outmoded comment, but the search for knowledge ought to be continued at all times. Certainly there is ample opportunity for just that while in the Air Force. The courses offered to the service man by the Canadian Legion Educational Services and the Canadian Universities are in truth legion in number. These courses include Academic courses, Technical courses, Commercial and Vocational courses. Every Airman is well advised to take up one or more courses during his service career and thus, not only make himself a better service man, but also to prepare himself to seize opportunity, and to prepare himself to seize opportunity, and to find a better niche in life when the war is over.

The Education Department is striving earnestly to point out these truths to whosoever will hearken. However there is another phase of Education that should not be overlooked by the Service man. That is the education derived from organized discussion with one's fellows. It is not enough to have pre-conceived notions based on fact or fancy, on which to base all our actions and thoughts in international matters. By gathering together in a group and finding out through discussion what others think, can come a broadening of interests as well as understanding. On two occasions a discussion group has met on the Depot now. "What will We do with Germany when the War is over," was the topic of the last discussion, and was indeed interesting as well as enlightening. In fact interest was aroused to such an extent, that argument went on apace up and down the corridors of the Depot an hour or

more after the meeting had been adjourned. The next meeting will be held Monday evening at 1930 hours and the subject under consideration will be "A basis for a Lasting Peace." All interested Service men are asked to attend and to add their voice to the general discussions.

This department is very sorry to lose Sgt. McDonald, who has been an able and efficient instructor. However those of us who remain will do our best in educational matters for all and sundry who seek our advice and guidance.

R. J. Coates, F/O

"Noblesse Oblige"

(Continued from page 3)

Of Evil force that would
Blot out mercy, love and good
Help them teach "God will not cease
Building towards a world of Peace."

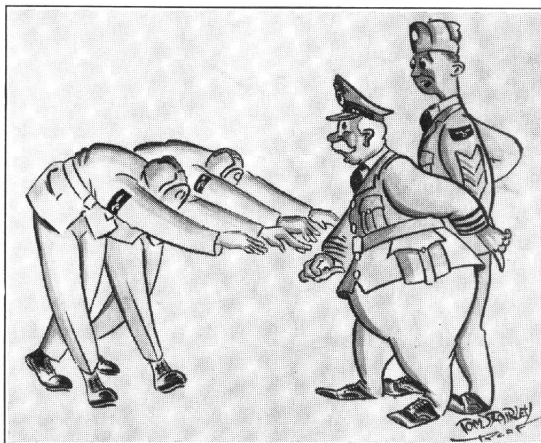
Help them ease the dying, raise
Our eyes so soon to glaze
Jesus' cross. The hour is late
Lust of blood and bitter hate
Must not cloud their sight nor dim
Souls thus hurried back to him
Who is love itself, and who
Prayed "They know not what they
do."

T. Dale Jones, F/L

Padre (P).

Rushing from car to building, Mussolini carefully opened an umbrella and held it over his head. A visitor to Rome, eager to see the dictator, was disappointed when the umbrella obstructed his view. Quickly he glanced at the cloudless sky, then back to Il Duce, and instinctively remarked, "How come the umbrella—it isn't raining."

The bulldog jaw and the bald head shot out from under the umbrella. "But it's raining in Berlin!"



"New recruits from the Far East, Sir."



A WORD ON FOAM

Someday, I'll write a longer poem
All about the ocean's foam.
But for now I'll stop right here,
'cause foam makes me think of beer.
And I would rather blow the foam
Off a beer, than write a poem.

—S. T. Searle.

FRIENDLY

The merchant seaman was visiting
at the home of a very generous and
patriotic lady who, despite her eager-
ness to help the war effort, wasn't too
well versed about things.

"And there I was on the aft deck,"
said the seaman, "when all of a sud-
den I saw a torpedo plunging straight
for me."

"My goodness," replied the hostess
cheerfully, "I do hope it was one of
curs!"

PERSISTENT

An Albanian was imprisoned by the
Italians. He annoyed his captors in-
tensely because he kept saying:
"Anyway, the Greeks gave you a
bashing at Koritza."

One day the officer in charge of
the prison camp took him aside and
said: "Look here, if you'll shut your
mouth I'll make you an officer in the
Italian army."

"Okay," said the Albanian.

Next day Mussolini visited them,
shook hands with the Albanian, and
remarked: "So you are now an of-
ficer in the great Italian army?"

"That's right," came the answer.
"But, oh, boy, what a bashing those
Greeks gave us at Koritza!"

CANDID

He was up before the orderly of-
ficer, charged with using insulting
language to his sergeant.

"Please, sir," he protested. "I was
only answering a question."

"What question?" snapped the of-
ficer.

"Well, sir, the sergeant said 'What
do you think I am?' And I told him."

SIMPLE

The sergeant was asking recruits
why walnut is used for the butt of
a rifle.

"Because it has more resistance,"
volunteered one man.

"Wrong!"

"Because it is more elastic."

"Wrong!"

"Perhaps it's because it looks nicer
than any other kind," said another
timidly.

"Don't be an ass," snapped the
sergeant. "It's simply because it is
laid down in the regulations."

SLIP-STREAM-LINES

"Breezy Bits from the Barracks"



"Gosh! And all I did was to give them a lump of sugar".

BIT STICKY

An A.R.P. warden was giving his
household an elementary lecture in
case of air raids.

Afterward he said to the young
maid: "Is it all quite clear, Janet,
what you have to do in case any-
thing happens?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, "but it's
going to be a sticky business using
that there syrup pump."

NEWLY WED

"Bring me some cold porridge,"
said the soldier to the waitress. "Burn
some toast to a cinder," he added.
"Fry two bad eggs and serve them
on a dirty plate. Make the coffee so
that it tastes like mud, and bring it
in a cracked cup so that it drips
down my chin when I drink it. When
you've done all that, sit down and
nag me. I'm homesick."

Enlistee: "Are you free this eve-
ning?"

Girl Friend: "Well, not exactly
free, but very inexpensive."

SOUND AND FURY

Private Gerdy went over to see a
girl the other night. They turned
on the radio and started to dance
when her father came in. Without
saying a word, he grabbed Gerdy
and threw him down the stairs. The
next day Gerdy called the girl and
asked her what the big idea was.
"Oh," said she, "Father is deaf and
he couldn't hear the radio."

The noise you hear over there is
either the Third Horseman of the
Apocalypse or Orson Welles coming
in.



THE OLD BRIGADE

"Gad, sir," said the old colonel at
the club, "the Zulu war was much
worse than this one. Why, I remem-
ber the time when a Zulu threw his
spear at me and it pinned me to the
ground. I was lying there for three
days."

"It must have hurt."

"Not much," said the colonel. "Only
when I laughed!"

VICIOUS

The aggressive wife of a meek
little man was hauling her husband
over the coals for having made a
fool of himself when some friends
called. He sat in dejected silence.

"And don't sit there," she shouted,
"making fists at me in your pockets,
either."

QUICK-CHANGE

A friend of ours, a British Army
officer, writes to tell us about his
last trip home. He's been in the
service for many years and his five-
year-old son has never seen him in
civilian clothes. But on his last leave
he changed to mufti. Bobby took one
look, ran out of the house, grabbed
his next-door buddy:

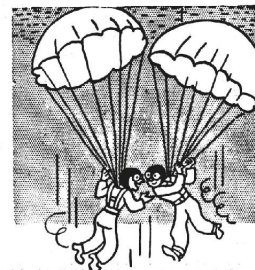
"Quick, come into our house and
see my Daddy looking like a man!"

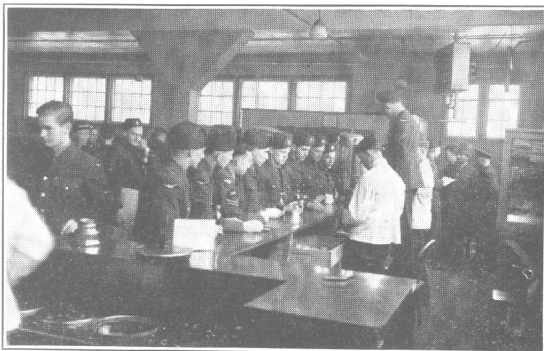
PARACHUTE

(Isabel Fiske Conant, in The Tampa
Tribune)

We need a new word
For this new bird
Or boat in the sky
That will float, not fly.
Pulsing, expanding
Down to a landing;
Wonderful bird of
The sky, and unheard of
Till dangerous duty
Was born out of beauty.
Strange, but in truth,
Lovely with youth . . .
Under it one
Who may be your son.

The Ides of March having passed
and gone everybody under the rank
of Caesar will now feel tolerably safe.





"Break off for a ten minute smoke period," says the N.C.O. and the boys make a beeline for their favorite roost—the canteen. Here's a group exchanging nickels for an appetizing hot-dog.

CANTEEN CHATTER

"Bloy dlidi glevler bleatadswell glame dlast nlide," says one airman to another in the canteen.

"Glwas idglat gliddle flonde I glaw youswiff?" enquires the second one.

After studying this conversation for a few minutes the baffled reader decides that it must be a military secret the boys are discussing in code language. But our baffled reader is mistaken. Those were perfectly good English nouns, verbs, and adjectives until they attempted to squeeze out past a bulky hot-dog that was going in the opposite direction. That's the queer sort of conversation you hear in the canteen when healthy appetites (sharpened by a brisk route march or an hour's drill) go to work on a mustard-coated weinie and a steaming cup of java.

A Gallup poll would undoubtedly give the canteen first place in popularity with the airmen. It is AC2's favorite rendezvous—and it is his exclusively. There is nothing to prevent plain John Smith from mingling with millionaires at the Stork Club or the Waldorf-Astoria, but all the money and prestige in the world can not secure an entry to the Airmen's canteen. Here, AC2 is king of all he surveys, and he enjoys himself immensely in these pleasant surroundings where the delectable aroma of good things to eat and drink beguiles his palate and threatens his pocket-book.

According to Corporals Bissett and McDonald, who ably supervise the operation of the canteen, if all the hot-dogs consumed by airmen in a single month were laid end to end they would stretch to Berlin and growl in the Fuehrer's face. And a month's supply of the mustard that accompanies each dog on its dark journey down the oesophagus would provide Mussolini's cold feet with hot mustard baths for ten years.

Don't get the impression that Joe Trainee recklessly squanders his nickels and dimes in the canteen, for he doesn't! As a matter of fact he's a very judicious spender. He likes to ask questions about the merchandise before he does any buying. He wants the best boot polish for his

money that he can get. I want to buy a leather belt, he says, but first let me have a look at some of them. No, Sir, Joe isn't wasting his money because he can't afford to. You see, he's buying a War Savings Certificate each month, and one day soon he plans to make it two War Savings Certificates. Joe knows the value of money, and the value of security—now and in the future.

You probably expected that somewhere in this rambling discourse we would relent and give you a literal translation of what the two airmen were talking about while they munching hot-dogs. Well, we're not divulging a thing! But, the first person who deciphers the above nonsense correctly will receive a chromium-plated hope-chest filled with dehydrated kippers. Interested?

MEET AC2 CURRAN A FIGHTING IRISHMAN FROM DUBLIN

From the cloistered seclusion of an academic life to the catch-as-catch-can existence of the Royal Canadian Air Force, that might describe the journey which AC2 T. A. Curran made when he hopped a freighter in the old country and worked his way across the Atlantic to take his place with other young men of the Empire in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Millich was born in Dublin, Eire, a graduate in philosophy from the National University of that city. He received his earlier education at Blackrock College, Dublin, and after obtaining his university degree returned to that institution to teach. Later he joined the staff of Glenstock College, Limerick. He declares that sports were his chief hobbies, and this is quite believable, for learning to play properly is one of the extra-curricular topics strongly stressed in most old country schools. Curran's sports were rugby and cricket, though as a coach he has taken a keen interest in fencing. Several of those who have been coached by him have done well in competition with fencers from Scotland and England.

Early this year Curran "hopped a cargo boat" as he describes it, and came to Canada. Now twenty-seven

years of age, he is looking forward to the day when he enters I.T.S. and "gets going" on his aircrew studies.

ARMY DRESS

Slacks and sweaters were worn by General Bernard Montgomery when receiving the surrender of Tripoli, but the sweaters did not match in color. We are told the slacks bagged and the sweaters tagged, but they were entirely in keeping with the occasion for which their wearer shaved.

Dress for him, dress for the whole Eighth Army and its foes in the field, was for comfort rather than for style. It is no longer the absurd bugaboo it was in many armies in the last half century.

Each man in North Africa appears to have chosen from a narrow range of selection the things to wear in which he worked best at killing the enemy. That is exactly what General Montgomery could be counted on doing, and he would be dressed fittingly no matter what he wore.

The officials surrendering the port also dressed for the occasion, by pouring themselves into uniforms shred of the spirit and influence tradition once vested in them.

But the general's garments fluttered with the animation of life and health and decision and smelt of the grease and grime of the job to be done in them.

If General Montgomery were unconscious of the niceties of uniform, he would never have been so on a similar occasion in the last war, which goes to show how the conventional has been demoded. War demodes frippery, but its aftermath will banish much more found to be banal.

Troops, to be effective, need to be well dressed, but only by being appropriately dressed can they be effectively uniformed. Clad lightly while warm is an achievement. It is a triumph if the body can be kept clean as well.

Parade inspections seeking more are iniquities indulged and permit-

ted where stolidity neither sees nor thinks of seeing health, liveliness, and alacrity of mind worn by courage.

To see only slacks and sweaters was to be blinded to the attributes of the soldiers and to remain unaware of their relations to warfare, for they must have looked on their general at Tripoli as paying honor to the close of an empire by wearing the clothes in which he does his chores.

I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER

Of course I'll wait,
It won't be long—
Perhaps a year or two.
Our love is sweet
And much too strong
To vanish with the dew.
I'll wait for you
And write to you
To say I'm still the same.
I'll write real soon:
Where is your camp,
And dear—what is your name?

DIFFERENT

Overheard in an air raid shelter during a black-out:

He: Somehow your kisses seem different tonight, Mary.

She: Maybe it's just because my name is Violet.

STATION PADRE PRESENTED WITH UNION JACK

In grateful recognition of the service so freely given to the Church of St. Mary the Virgin by H/Capt. P. C. Bays, Chaplain at A4 C.A.T.C. and H/Flt.-Lt. F. G. Ongley, Chaplain at No. 2 Manning Depot, R.C.A.F., during the absence of a rector, the parishioners showed their appreciation by presenting each of the officers with a silk Union Jack. The flags were consecrated by Rt. Rev. W. W. Thomas, Bishop of Brandon, on the occasion of his visit to the church on February 7th. The flags were also suitably inscribed and encased and will be used by the chaplains in the services conducted in their respective units.

A LITTLE BIT OF IRELAND IN TEXAS



Flying Officer John Ravenscroft Moore of the R.A.F., is far from his Dublin home, but he's making sure that Ireland's shamrock will fly high on St. Patrick's Day over the station in Texas where he's an instructor.



NEW AIR CHIEF MOUSER IS REPORTED MISSING

The only R.C.A.F. mascot with a "gong" was Air Chief Mouser Timoshenko, D.F.M., D.M.C.—a cat who belonged to Wing Commander Paul Davoud's squadron overseas, according to Squadron Leader J. D. Parks, R.C.A.F., who has just returned from overseas.

The trouble with Timoshenko was that, after being made Air Chief Mouser, she had the indiscretion to sneak off and have kittens and was never heard of again.

She had earned the Distinguished Mousing Cross and was a D—Fine Mouser. So important were her activities that a daily record was issued of her bagged, damaged and probables. An operations record shows that: "The presence of the enemy was suspected in the C.O.'s (Davoud's) room. It was believed that an attack was about to be made on the very large supplies of food. A.C.M. Tim, D.M.C., D.F.M., made a sortie and surprised an enemy patrol. This was destroyed."

A tale Squadron Leader Parks tells of Winnipeg boys in the R.C.A.F. concerns Squadron Leader Dick Stone, who, returning to his station at night, looked for a light to guide him on the runway. The only one he found was waving indiscriminately in a dozen directions. He thought this queer, but followed it, and finally landed with one wheel in a row of brush, the other on the field.

A scared airman appeared with a flashlight in his hand to tell him he was only trying to round up some cows who had wandered on the field.

Herr Goering delivered a sermon To a farmer, on loyalty (German). The farmer agreed, Ran home with great speed And rechristened his biggest pig "Hermann."



The Post Surveys The World From Brandon



Flying Officer "Gus" Large, of Kirkland Lake, Ont., R.C.A.F. Spitfire pilot in North Africa, puts over a financial deal involving a precious egg. The purchaser is Flying Officer Ward, R.C.A.F. (right). Large, reported missing early this year, is credited with destroying two enemy aircraft. He was missing once before, but made his way back to base after being forced down behind enemy lines.

NO LONGER DARK

(From the Chicago News)

While President Roosevelt was visiting Africa, George Welsh was dying in a London hospital, aged 95. Welsh was the last survivor of the expedition of Henry M. Stanley, dispatched into Darkest Africa by the New York Herald to find the missing missionary, Dr. David Livingstone. He heard Stanley utter the phrase that has become a part of the language, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume."

Things moved fast in George Welsh's lifetime. When Stanley went into Africa most of that continent was no better known than the landscape of Mars. Men had sailed all round Africa. Great civilizations and world powers had been born and died on its Mediterranean shores and in the Nile Valley, but nobody knew where the Nile started.

Merchants, pirates and slavers had visited all the shore line of Africa and navigators had charted its coastal waters. But except for the north, and the "White Man's Africa" of the Cape, Natal and the Transvaal, the interior of the vast land mass was unknown to any but its local inhabitants and the Arab slave traders who ravaged it from the Red Sea to the Guinea coast.

By 1920, most of Darkest Africa was wide open to the Model T Ford. Lions had become big stray cats, and Zulus were miners.

The man who used to go out and bring home the bacon doesn't make so many of those trips now.

He who has conferred a kindness should be silent; he who has received one, should speak of it.

SUCCESS STORY OF RED ARMY

New York.—What is behind the success of the Red army?

In the following story, Henry C. Cassidy, chief of the Associated Press Bureau in Moscow, now home on leave, tells how the great Russian army was changed from three awkward units into 12 fast, hard striking units.

The answer is a story of re-organization that has given Russia as efficient a fighting force as any in the world. This re-organization cut the Red army down from a few, sprawling fronts into many compact units.

During the first year of the war in Russia, the Red army was divided into three fronts, the northwestern, western and southwestern, commanded by Marshals Klementy Voroshilov, Semeon Timoshenko and Semeon Budenny.

The re-organization started last summer when the Red army was broken into 12 fronts, each smaller, more manageable than the original three. Each was commanded by a skillful professional soldier. Above them served newly-designated representatives of the general headquarters of the supreme command, who co-ordinated the actions of the fronts.

Another major factor has been the production of the war industries, evacuated to or established in the Soviet east, which have sent a constant stream of material to the front.

Another impossible picture is a farmer or a soldier with a steel worker's pay.

Remember when Mussolini boasted he had made Italian trains run on time? Ask him now.



CANADIAN DISCLOSES PLANE'S CRAZY ANTICS

Valetta, Malta. — Strange things have happened in the air over this Mediterranean island, but nothing stranger has been seen than the crazy antics of a disabled long-range fighter flown by a young Canadian, Flt.-Lt. D. W. Schmidt, of Westaskin, Alta.

Schmidt lost his controls during an attack off the Tunisian coast. The flak knocked out everything but his engines and ailerons and he found himself in charge of an aircraft, travelling at more than 250 miles an hour, which suddenly put up its nose in an almost vertical climb.

"We've had it, Jock," Schmidt told his Scottish observer as he tried vainly to bring the machine out of its climb.

"Come forward," he told Jock, and lean over my shoulders." The additional weight in the nose did the trick and the aircraft ceased its climb.

Before long Schmidt realized the aircraft was again getting completely out of hand, and this time he ordered the observer to jump. The Scot had to bail out.

By means of jerks and lurches Schmidt got the machine back to Malta, but over the island he was compelled to jump himself and landed safely. Jock swam for 2½ hours before being rescued.

SUBSTITUTE

The ship was sinking and the captain called all hands aft.

"Who among you can pray?" he asked.

"I can," wailed a quartermaster. "Then pray, shipmate," ordered the captain. "The rest of you put on life jackets. We're just one short."





A group of our New Zealand guests with F/O Lewis, Cpl. Bloomer and Sgt. Macallister. The Anzaes are popular additions to our Manning Depot family.

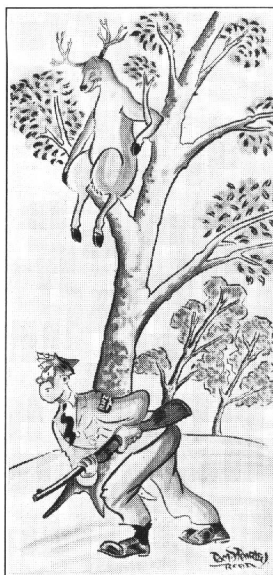
OUR GUESTS FROM NEW ZEALAND

FROM our conversations with members of the New Zealand Air Force it would appear that these soft spoken gentlemen from the down under part of the globe have two very vital missions to perform during their training and fighting itinerary. The first is to exterminate the enemy wherever they can find him, and the second is to tell the world all about their island paradise—New Zealand. Obituary notices in Axis newspapers have already established the New Zealander's reputation as an exterminator of the enemy, and in his new role as a publicity agent without portfolio for the Commonwealth of New Zealand our softly persuasive Anzac is no slouch either. On the subject of his homeland the New Zealander is a Zealot. His cheeks flush, his eyes gleam, and the superlatives gushing from his proud heart carries the listener away to a golden wonderland canopied by the bluest of blue skies and embraced by the warm waters of the Pacific. And if you are so lacking in good taste as to mention earthquakes the New Zealander, unabashed, will take just five minutes to convince you that earthquakes are not only palatable but highly desirable.

About Canada the New Zealanders were less expressive, and a trifle awed by its magnitude. Give us more time to see it, they said, and then we'll tell you how we like it. On one or two points, however, they were very emphatic. That Brandon was damned cold the day they arrived. That the amount of snow around was colossal. That the Rockies were something to write home about. That the women here were better dressed and had remarkable complexions (which some attributed to the drugstores and not the climate).

LAC John Mannering who proudly claims the beautiful city of Christchurch as his hometown is here in Canada to train as a pilot. In civilian life John followed the rather unique occupation of deer stalker. Because of their destructive habits in the forests of New Zealand the deer are

tracked down by professional hunters and destroyed. Christchurch, according to John, is one of the most English cities in New Zealand, famous for its old English architecture and lovely gardens. Another Christchurchian is LAC Alan Hewson who was a music teacher in civilian life.



Deer stalking is one unique way of earning a living in the country "down under".

Alan recently demonstrated his ability at the organ in St. Paul's church, Brandon.

Another pupil pilot is R. J. McNamara who hails from New Plymouth, Taranaki. Taranaki is a Maori name, and a centre noted for its cheese and butter making. It was here in the early '80's that some of the fiercest Maori wars were fought. Mount Egmont, an extinct volcano, is one of the picturesque sights of Taranaki. LAC McNamara was a geologist in civilian life.

DOMAIN OF NEPTUNUS REX

TO ALL Sailors, Mermaids, Sea Serpents, Whales, Sharks, and all other Living Things of the Sea, GREETINGS: Know ye that in the month of February, 1943, in Lat. 0000 there appeared in Our Royal Domain the S. S. MATSONIA. Be it known by all Sailors, Marines, Landlubbers and others that:—

NZ 426041, HADLEY, WILSON D., LAC

while aboard this vessel was found worthy to be numbered as One of Our Trusty Shellbacks and duly initiated into the Solemn Mysteries of the Ancient Order of the Deep. I hereby command all my Subjects to show due honor and respect whenever he may enter Our Realm. Disobey this order under penalty of Our Royal Displeasure.

H. NEUJAHR,

Davy Jones, Scribe

ELIZABETH SKELTON,

Neptunus Rex

The New Zealanders proudly display these cards attesting to their membership in the Ancient Order of the Deep. Crossing the equator was an event they will long remember.

LAC J. G. McCormick, a student bombardier, comes from Gisborne, Poverty Bay—which according to legend was named by Captain Cook after a brush with hostile natives who prevented him from getting fresh supplies of food and water. But in spite of its name Poverty Bay is a prosperous and thriving sheep ranching country with large freezing plants that export meat to all parts of the world.

Auckland, queen city of the north, is home to LAC M. D. Francis who was a photo engraver in civilian life. The city is named after Lord Auckland and is the largest metropolis in New Zealand. Francis said his chief impression of Canada to date was the painful hardness of the ice at the Kinsmen's skating rink.

LAC V. Prestidge from Greymouth on the West Coast of New Zealand which is considered the most scenic part of the country, and is a popular tourist centre. The longest railway tunnel in the British Empire connects Greymouth with Canterbury, a distance of 5¼ miles.

LAC Bruce Smith was a wheat and sheep farmer at Timaru, Canterbury, before he enlisted in the Air Force. Mount Cook is one of the tourist attractions in these parts. Bruce is very anxious to inspect Canadian farm methods before leaving this country.

Wellington, the capital city and political centre of the island, is represented by LAC B. Jacobsen who was a university student before enlisting, and who hopes to continue his studies in science after the war. Wellington is noted for its beautiful harbour and scenic drives. The city has seven road and tram tunnels which is considered something of a record for one metropolis.

LAC G. H. Brock, student navigator, comes from Palmerstone North in the Manawatu Plains. A forest ranger in civilian life, Brock considers this the finest occupation there is and intends to go back to it when the war is over. Palmerstone is famous for its cherry blossoms along Victoria Drive which is a very lovely park on the Manawatu river.

That best portion of a good man's fate His little, nameless, unremembered acts

Of kindness and of love.



This Anzac was doing a little "dear stalking" in Brandon.

INCREDIBLE BUT TRUE

(From the New Statesman and Nation)

Not the least of the advantages Adolf Hitler has enjoyed in his startling career is that his projects and ambitions are incredible. Always they staggered us by their audacity and often by their wickedness. The more prosaic among us, of whom Neville Chamberlain was typical, never succeeded in believing in them, even after they had gone a long way towards realization. The rest of us half believe, as a child accepts a lesson learned by rote, but do we really visualize what this man is doing? Who would have believed, even two years ago, that he would challenge four-fifths of mankind to battle and how many of us succeed even now in realizing that he is engaged in exterminating the Jews of Europe, not metaphorically, not more or less but with a literal, totalitarian completeness, as farmers try to exterminate California beetles?



ST. PATRICK'S REVUE GOOD ENTERTAINMENT FARE

Coffins are usually pretty grim objects to look at—but not when Flt. Sgt. "Scotty" Pearson is the make-believe corpse, Bill Inkster, the canny Scotch widow, Sgt. McKay the "wee laddie" in kilts, and Sgt. Mitchell the shrewd but sympathetic mourner. This was one of a variety of humorous skits that spiced F/O Barrett's Sunday night show, March 14th.

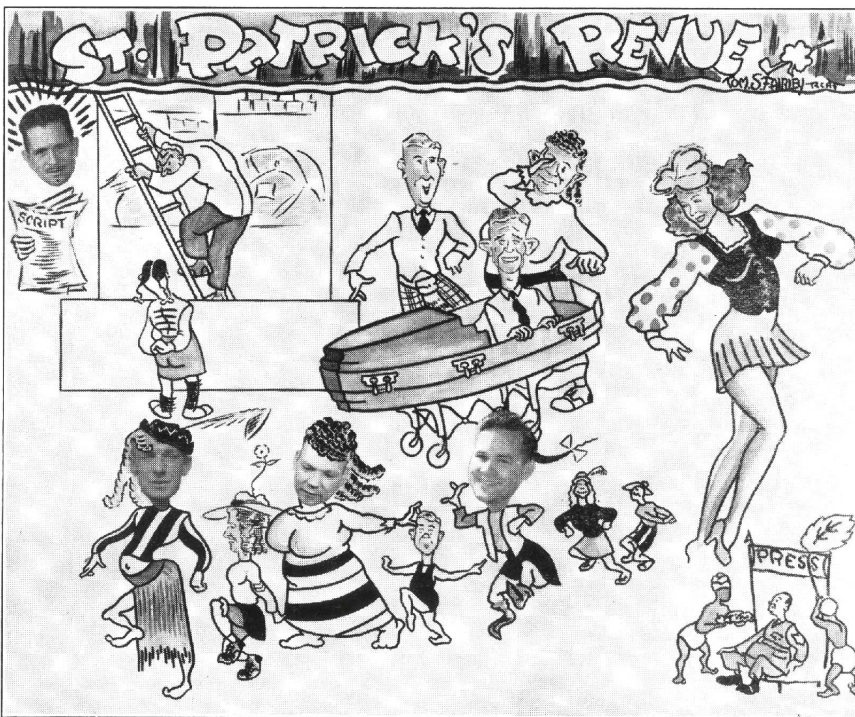
St. Patrick's Revue was enjoyed by one of the biggest crowds on record at the Manning Depot. The show opened with an overture by the station band under the direction of Sgt. Fairbairn; a chorus of eight pretty girls introduced a military tap number that earned them a big hand from the crowd; during the first half of the program instrumental numbers were offered by Coates on the accordion, AC2 Napady playing the violin, Gordon McLean at the piano, and AC2 L. Jones in a vocal offering; Sgt. Brotherton gave a laudable impersonation of Popeye, and during the second half sang and whistled very competently; Cpl. Hockaday contributed another droll comedy number; the chorus in an Alice Blue dance novelty wound up the first half.

The second half of the program featured a burlesque fortune-telling act from No. 12 S.F.T.S.; some much applauded acrobatics were performed by Cpl. Drysdale's men from the Depot; a chorus of several strange looking objects in women's apparel calling themselves the "Rickets" brought down the house with their lumbering efforts to execute a dance number; Beth Lockhart provided a St. Patrick's touch to the program with her Irish Jig; AC2 Swann sang and played the guitar; a fantastic demonstration of precision drill was contributed by members of No. 12 S.F.T.S.

A stirring and challenging note was struck during the evening when the curtain went up to reveal a colorful tableau arranged on the stage in aid of the Red Cross campaign. Against a background of United Nations flags held by airmen, and with a group of red cross nurses in position across the stage, Flt. Lt. T. Dale Jones described the vital work of the Red Cross and appealed to his listeners to support it in every possible way.

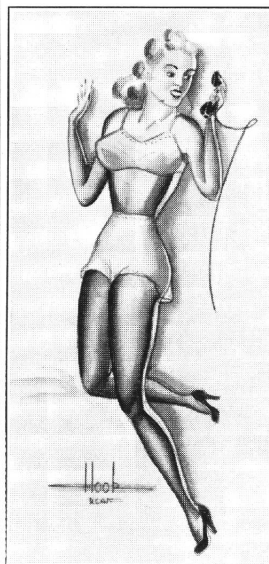
GREAT WEST LIFE CONCERT PARTY VISITS MANNING DEPOT

The concert presented by the Great West Life Concert Party on Sunday, March 7, drew a capacity house, and mixed a nice blend of fun and music with some really attractive costumes.



From the standpoint of applause, top honors went to the "Jitterbags", who went through the motions of providing top-notch dance music. It took some of the goons in the audience quite a time to realize that they were actually listening to records piped through the loudspeaker. The gal at the piano really worked, and the drummer, with her "ya-wa-hoo's" in Deep in the Heart of Texas" really turned it on. The whole thing was nicely timed, and might have gone on all night were it not for the waiting buses.

Winnifred Garrison, billed as the Jeanette MacDonald of the troupe, pulled a fast one as she cried the woes of a rather unhappy birthday party and "rendered" (from "rend"—to tea) "The Mockingbird." Jack Gray and his piano, Margery Dunsmore, who danced solo and in ensemble, Jean Walker and her violin, and the girls trio consisting of Ruby Simmons, Marjorie Miller and Betty Haines, were other well-received turns. Jerry Sharky was in there pitching, appearing in the short "black-out" skits. Those are just some of the names of the players—the whole show was good. The affair was under the direction of Mrs. Garrison.



"Of course you may come up, Sergeant, But you'll just have to take me the way you find me."

AIRMEN FROM SOURIS ENTERTAIN MEN AT No. 2

Take a group of nine hundred airmen, and plant them way out on the lone prairie. Leave them there for two months, and something is bound to pop. It did in the matter of Souris, and it was worth watching as it came off. The Souris Concert Party, directed by AC2 Kenneth Gosling, pulled a show here on Sunday, February 28, which will not be too soon forgotten. "Gus" Gessensway, who appears to have had considerable experience on the stage, kept things moving right from the time he first appeared with the minstrel show which opened the evening right through to the last. His solo patter work was extremely good.

A word must also be said about the singing of Lucy Kabbinn, who, according to Gosling, had taken a regular interest in the concert party since its inception. Her voice was small, but so well modulated that it could be heard clearly and distinctly. Another "girl" in the show, LAC Charles Conqueror, came through with a bump and grind act that had a lot of the lads believing they had called in at the Casino theater in Toronto.

Between The Book Ends

REVIEW OF BOOKS IN THE AIRMEN'S LIBRARY

"WHILE ROME BURNS"

By Alexander Woolcott

In reality a collection of short stories, the best works of this favorite raconteur, humorist and bon-vivant—who so recently died "in harness". They are carefully, even beautifully written tales, some his own, others those he has heard and rewritten in his inimitable way.

Pick this book up for pleasant reading anytime.



"SAINT JOHN"

By Bernard Shaw

Many people reach middle age before experiencing the pleasure to be derived from reading one of the works of this outstanding Philosopher-Humorist. Saint John is an excellent example of his writings. He "de-bunks" most of our current ideas of Joan of Arc in this biography of her but represents her life in a gripping fashion that leads us deep into 15th Century thought. The undercurrent of the play is of course, a satire on modern living and each utterance of any of the lifelike characters follows out this theme.

Saint Joan is history, humor philosophy, satire, and above all Bernard Shaw—entirely enjoyable throughout.



DAYS OF OUR YEARS

By Pierre Van Paassen

This book is a panorama, perhaps kaleidescope, nevertheless of keen interest. It is the story of the author in his travels, first as a student of theology, next a soldier, and finally as a news reporter. Van Paassen dabbles in economics, politics and also the human side of the news. His opinion is interesting, and though at times his style is soggy, the book as a whole is of absorbing quality. It is doubtless amongst the finest books written on "inside Europe." The discernment of the writer is uncanny and his predictions can now be seen as fairly close to the mark.

Van Paassen, a Hollander, brings to this book, the thoroughness characteristic of his race. His wide interest in detailed life places in vivid relief the "small events" of society wherever he passed.

From pages of magnificent splendor describing the power politics of Nation against Nation, and the great checker game of Empires, pitting army against army, he pauses to peer into the morals of an Australian beerhall or a Paris night club. The contrast is powerful and the ensemble presents a volume that grips one from the outset.

This book is highly recommended.

"RATS, LICE AND HISTORY"

By Hans Zinsser

A study in biography dealing with the life history of Typhus Fever by an eminent American Bacteriologist. It is written essentially for non-medical readers and the subject matter is presented in a humorous down-to-earth fashion, with an undercurrent of interesting scientific factuality.

The primal purpose of the book "plagues" or epidemics of typhus is to elucidate the effects that Fever have had upon the fate of nations, upon the rise and fall of civilizations and upon present day history.

Typhus Fever is treated here as a biological individual who was born centuries ago, and whose life spans many generations of men. It is entirely readable for any individual possessing a Grade XI education.

AMMUNITION

A child in first grade purchased a 10-cent defense stamp at school one morning.

That evening, after school had been dismissed, he rushed back into the schoolroom. "I forgot my defense bomb!" he explained breathlessly.

LIFE WITH FATHER

By Clarence Day

The novel by the same Author as "God and My Father", is a riot from beginning to end. His insight to real family life with such an overbearing yet lovable father is superb. The pages live as you read them; the very characters come out of the print and perform before your very eyes. Some of the chapters make you gasp for breath at the audacity of father. And mother, so adorable yet exasperating, in spite of an overpowering husband, is really mistress in her own home.

Memories of one's childhood and the raptures experienced are recalled as you read about the little boy's visit to his father's office, so full of importance at being shown off as his father's son.

The chapter describing father on horseback you cannot help but read and re-read for it is a perfect description of personal determination conflicting with equestrian stubbornness.

How superb is the narrative of mother's ailments, and father's apparent indifference, and then when he is stricken down, he expects sympathy from everyone and even mercy from the Almighty.

Mother's care in trying to save a dollar because she had purchased a more serviceable cooking utensil

doesn't measure up to father's idea of making a purchase.

Surely as you read through this extraordinary book with all its wit and rareties, you realize how true to life it is, life with its pathos and its joys. The revelation of Victorian Motherhood is more precise than any account written by an historian; how she in her quiet way suffered the uproarious abuses of an overbearing husband, yet ruled her home with a firm hand. To miss reading this typically human story with all its many episodes of fun and frolic, is a tragedy everyone should avoid. It is light and airy and full of clean wholesome humour, whetting the appetite for more.

WAR IN THE AIR

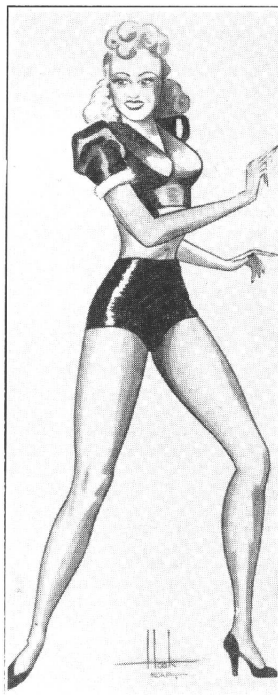
(From the Boston Sunday Post)

How deftly the Nazi-Fascist scheme of radio propaganda has been turned against the Axis can be easily ascertained by the average American listener by switching his machine over to the short wave lengths. At various points on the dial can be heard American inspirational messages in almost every tongue. Just a hair's breadth away—as short-wave tuning goes—can be heard the cacophony of German, Italian and captive-French radio stations trying to "jam" the air so that our messages cannot be heard. American propaganda by air only two short years ago was comparatively insignificant. It is now being used as a potent weapon. The fact that it is a strong arm is recognized by the enemy in the form of this "jamming" which, for the most part, is useless.

ROOKIES—SENTRY GUARD

The rookie came a-running
Saying, where's my pard,
In fifteen minutes we have to
Go on guard.
Grabbing for their rifles and
Their bayonets too,
And up to Sgt. Mitchell, saying
Now what are we to do,
He looks 'em over, up and down,
And on his face an ugly frown,
Now where the h—l are the rest
of the guys,
Stand up straight and look half wise,
You mugs are Joe'd for outside sentry
Guarding against sabotage and illegal
entry.
They hipec their rifles and go into
their drill,
With looks on their faces that are
fit to kill,
Now change from your fatigue
And into your blue,
You're a h—l of a crew, but
You'll have to do,
Now here is a break, which
No doubt you'll take,
Twenty-four on and twenty-four off,
Collect your passes from
F./Sgt. Hough.

A medical scientist says singing warms the blood. We have heard some that made our blood boil.



Design for dreaming—Air Force style.



SPORT MISCELLANEA

Hockey—The station hockey team has been winning its last few games—four in a row. Defeated A3 5-4, Carberry R.A.F. 9-1, A4 4-0 and No. 12 S.F.T.S., 6-4. There is still a mathematical chance to get in the league playoffs. There is only one player left who has played all through the schedule. New players are Wilf McEwan from Port Arthur Bearcats, Taylor and Corrigan from Winnipeg, Black, Wolseley Flyers, and Burns also from Winnipeg (Juniors), Hayden from Melita, Man. Intermediates, Adams from Winnipeg (Esquires), Tanuck (Esquires).



Basketball—Like the hockey team the basketball team has had to reorganize several times. Since Christmas only one game has been lost, that to Rivers, with which team they are tied. A playoff game will be played on Monday, March 8, to determine who shall play No. 12, winner of the first half of the schedule played in 1942. Some of the players are Chikowsky, Friedman, from Winnipeg, de Shields from Windsor, Law from Regina, Couzens from Moose Jaw. The first is at present acting as coach while P/O A. S. Smith is working very hard to keep things organized.

Volleyball games are played several nights a week on the Arena floor and are enjoyed by many.



Boxing—Every night at 1800 hours many are on the floor. Some smart boxers have been working out regularly and all look forward to next card. Several New Zealanders look remarkably good. Corporal Foucault spends much time working with and instructing all interested.

Weight-lifting and Wrestling—Sergeant McAllister is a worthy exponent of both these muscular arts. A former Ontario champion wrestler



and a lifter of skill and strength, he instructs many hours per week on the Arena floor. Many trainees are interested and some are exhibiting considerable talent.

Apparatus Work—During every P. T. period the box horse and the parallel bars are used by a group of trainees who are interested in that branch of athletics. Volunteer instructors of ability are not lacking and the boys are getting fun and benefit from the work.



Baseball—The rumour, it's really a fact now, is going around that the Manning Depot is going to enter a baseball, and I mean baseball, team in the B.D.S.A.A. league this summer. It (the rumour) is making old hardball players sit up and take notice—Sergeant Mitchell for instance. The station has many players of senior calibre and one or two professional players and should field a good team.

Physical Fitness—A weekly mimeographed news sheet is being sent out to the various sections each week giving advance details of all sports and after hours training for the next seven days. Keep your eyes on it lads and get interested in some of the fun. You will find the sheets on your notice boards.

Goebbels says Hitler is neither ill, dead nor insane. Knowing Goebbels we know Hitler is either ill, dead or insane.

HEADQUARTERS BOWLING LEAGUE

Headquarters weekly pilgrimage to the bowling alleys has at last come into sight of the promised land—the play-offs. With but four weeks remaining until the completion of the schedule, the high flying Harvards piloted by W.O.1 Allan maintain a healthy lead.

Sgt. Kent's Defiants, and Cpl. Cooper's Fairey Battles, are waging a



see saw struggle for second place. If either of these two sextets can run in the stretch they stand a good chance of catching that three hundred man and his cohorts.

The Donnybrook staged on March 17 produced little or no change in the standing, however several of the stalwarts came through with some

fine scores: LAC Ellis 655, LAC McLean 686, Cpl. Cooper 612, LAC Gough 637, and Sgt. Wilkins 608.

The lowly Hurricanes deprived the Fairey Battles of sole possession of second place by winning the last game by one pin. The season's high single is still held by Sgt. Bowman with 323, while the fair sex are headed by Miss Hunt with 303.

Since this has been our most successful season of operation, a few words of appreciation are in order to Sgt. Wilkins, our capable treasurer, and Cpl. Cooper the league's Einstein. Coop. is the man responsible for compiling the records and statistics, and a more capable man would be hard to find.

"MRS. MINIVER"

After an evening at the movies, a man and his wife boarded a street car for home. Her eyes were red from weeping and her handkerchief was crushed into a damp wad. He was obviously embarrassed and told a friend later.

"I had a notion to hang a sign on her, labeled, 'No, I do not beat my wife; she has just been to see 'Mrs. Miniver'".

NEW R.C.A.F. RESCUE DEVICE



Pictured is the new R.C.A.F. Lindholme rescue gear, named after the R.A.F. coastal command station where it was developed to help save airmen forced down at sea. The gear soon will be in use on both east and west coasts of Canada. Once they have received the Lindholme rescue gear, torpedo victims and "ditched" airmen have protection against exposure and an almost 100 per cent chance of being found soon by surface craft.



Personality of the Month
Corporal J. M. Cates

Outstanding on our staff, as he would be on the staff of any hospital, is Cpl. Cates. His boundless energy propels him through an incredible amount of work each day. He hails from the tall timbers of B.C. where he worked in the lumber mills as industrial first aid man. Added to that, he has had a lifelong interest in Home Nursing and First Aid, and has certificates to justify that interest. Being a member of the 13th Field Ambulance R.C.A.M.C. (N.P.) Victoria, before joining the Air Force in June, 1941, still further fitted him for his duties here.

While working with lumbermen he became interested in physiotherapy and began courses in the gentle (?) arts of massage and what have you. It was a natural step to filling a much needed gap at this hospital on his arrival here. His interest in the work has not flagged and he is never content with what he knows.

His specialty here, of course, is tired and strained muscles and aching joints, for he is now our official masseur, having won that distinction after twenty months of work here. His ministrations have benefitted many hundreds of airmen since his arrival here from Cheamainus, his home town. Kindly and good-natured, always ready to do just a little more, some reward came his way in his promotion to corporal. We hope for more; keep up the good work Joe!

A young lady received a long overdue letter from one of the men in the armed forces. On opening it, she found only the following enclosure, "Your boy friend still loves you, but he talks too much". Signed, Censor



Heard Through The Stethoscope

STATIC FROM THE STATION HOSPITAL

A NEW ZEALANDER IN HOSPITAL

After a long journey through the tropics and then a series of hot, dusty train rides, it was a welcome relief to arrive at Brandon with its "invigorating" winter climate.

We New Zealanders who are unfortunate enough to find ourselves in hospital so soon after our arrival in Canada are really quite annoyed, but of course realize that the good treatment we are receiving here will soon put us on our feet again, and we might yet get time to learn to skate before the ice melts! (?)

Life in hospital is not very pleasant for the first few days, especially if one has a temperature that reminds him of the days aboard ship when near the equator. But, when one starts to cool off and sit up and take notice of his surroundings it's not such a bad place after all.

One noticeable feature is the quiet, efficient, and unobtrusive way the staff carry out their duties; also we wonder at the Reversion of Newton's Law, in that the caps of the Sisters stay on.

One afternoon, two I.O.D.E. ladies came on the scene with baskets containing fruit, chocolate, and cigarettes, which were very much appreciated by the boys. Also some bright spring flowers appear in the ward and one wonders as he lies in bed, how people get these in a land of ice and snow.

However, one has not long to collect his thoughts as he is soon interrupted by someone thrusting a thermometer into his mouth or giving him some tablets to swallow.

Yes, after all hospitals must be the same the world over, GOOD PLACES TO BE OUT OF!

NZ425923 LAC McKinnon, J. L.,
Timaru, South Canterbury,
New Zealand.

LANGUID LIMERICKS

Sergeant Rendle a Lab man of note
Over pus, urine and faeces does gloat
In white usually clad
And occasionally sad
When he spills a bit of his work on
his coat.

LAC Clay, the man with the "brush"
A fungoid-like growth just over his
mush
May be old, but he's agile
And in no sense is fragile
For he goes at his work with a hell
of a rush.

WISE CHOICE

Two Negroes were discussing the war.
"Is you ready to go?" one asked.
"No," said the other, "I ain't ready,
but I'se willin' to go unready."

TROPICAL TRAINEES

We hear that some local Air Force personnel have been considering a visit to our eye specialist, during the past month because of strange visions that have been passing before their eyes; visions of their associates, formerly pallid pictures of progressive anaemia, strutting about with red faces, brown faces, peeling faces, —all colourful examples of the effects of midsummer sunning. We suggest these deluded folk be not alarmed; professional advice is not required. The answer is "The Brandon Blush" dispensed by our own Cpl. Cates and his newly acquired sun lamp. Two minutes up and two minutes down and you need not worry about that Florida trip you did not get. Yes, it is true, the really "Bright spot" of Brandon is the Physiotherapy Room—first floor—Station Hospital.

THE OLD ONES ARE THE BEST

The horse and mule live thirty years
And nothing know of wine and beers;
The goat and sheep at twenty die
And never taste of Scotch and Rye;
The cow drinks water by the ton;
And at eighteen is mostly done;
The dog at fifteen cashes in
Without the aid of Rum and Gin;
The cat in milk and water soaks
And then in twelve short years it
croaks;

The modest sober, bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten;
ALL ANIMALS are strictly dry,
They sinless live and swiftly die;
But Sinful, Ginful, Rum-Soaked MEN
Survive for three score years and ten!

Nothing has such power to broaden the mind as the ability to investigate systematically and truly all that comes under thy observation in life.



SCRAPINGS FROM THE SCALPEL

She: Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?
He: No, I hate hospitals.

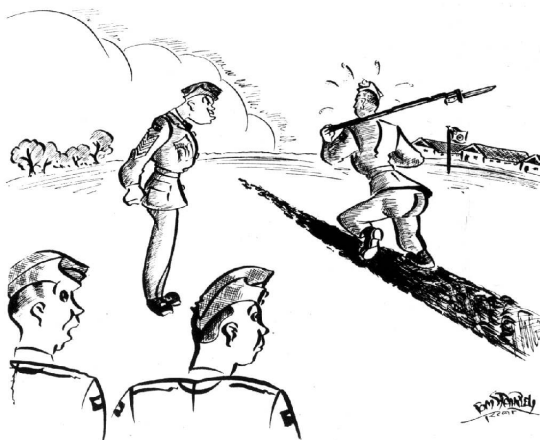
"I was out with a nurse last night."
"Well, cheer up, maybe your mother will let you go out without one next time."

"Pardon me, may I cut in?" asked the young surgeon as the operation began.

There was a timid knock at the door.
"If you please, kind lady," said the beggar, "I've lost my right leg."
"Well it ain't here," exclaimed the woman.

ALMOST A RECORD

He was genuinely enthusiastic about the virtues of temperance, but his face made people doubt him. Toward the close of his lecture, he squared his shoulders, held his rather large head erect, and said: "I have lived in this town all my life. In this town there are fifty-five public houses, and I am proud to say that I have never been in one of them!" Then came a voice from the back: "Which one is that?"



"He used to be the Sergeant's dentist. Now the Sergeant's drilling him."

BY Bomber TO BRITAIN

Former newspaper man now at No. 2 Manning Depot describes his most memorable news assignment—a visit to beleaguered England in the blitz months of '41.

By AC2 Robert Glendinning

I'm a short-snorter. I'm one of that growing brotherhood of fellow travellers who have made the Atlantic crossing by air. Fellow members in this nebulous but very real organization include prime ministers, members of governments, leading industrialists—and lowly newsmen. A Short-Snorter is a man who, when



AC2 R. W. GLENDINNING

called upon to produce his membership ticket and fails to do so, is obligated to buy a drink for all Short-Snorters in the immediate vicinity, plus all who can be rounded up within a reasonably short time. Short-Snorter membership tickets are new dollar bills signed by the crew members and passengers. These bills would attract the approbation of autograph hunters anywhere, and are highly valued by their owners.

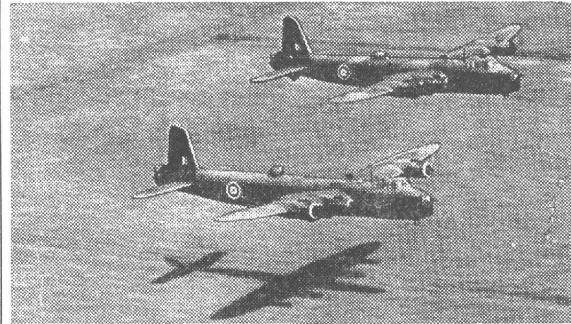
Crossing the Atlantic by plane was something of an event not so long ago. Today, it is quite the usual thing, for it has been found the quickest and easiest way to transport bulky bombers to the front line. In March, 1941, Roosevelt announced his "lend-lease" policy, and it soon became apparent that the number of planes being purchased by the British Purchasing Commission in the United States would be augmented by the wholesale shipment of a considerable portion of the aircraft production of that country. Ships would be out if these planes were to be taken across as soon as they were available, and so it was that the Ferry Command of the Royal Air Force was greatly enlarged and given its new assignment.

Several Canadian editors have made the trans-Atlantic crossing by air, and received probably less thrill out of the actual journey than they did when, in headlines across the front of their own papers, they chronicled the success of ocean fliers little more than a decade ago. When they

have returned, they have been invited to give their impressions of Britain, and they have been hard put to adequately sum up just what they saw. When Sergeant Tyre asked for an account of my trip, made over a year and a half ago, the problem of saying something that had not already been said by more expert scribes than myself loomed as a possible means of calling the whole thing off. Bob, however, was insistent, so, at the risk of boring some readers of the Airman's Post, here goes.

What is it like to cross the Atlantic by plane? To my way of thinking, it is one of the most tedious ways of spending a night that could be imagined. Anticipation of the trip, arranged on short notice, lifted my spirits considerably. The journey itself was cold and not too pleasant. We didn't see daylight until just before landing—it was streaking a wet English sky with a brilliant rose tint as the wheels of the Consolidated Liberator slogged to a halt on the asphalt runway. Stepping out of the plane, and going through customs was sort of an anti-climax. Everything seemed to be part of a routine in which my fellow travellers had taken part on several occasions. That, in fact, was the actual situation. The crew were veterans of the North Atlantic crossing, while the other passengers, three in number, were frequent passengers over the same route. One was a government official, another was, as he termed himself, a "production expeditor." The two remaining men were in uniform, a high-ranking member of the R.C.A.F. and his aide.

Things had been arranged by the British Council in such a way that no idle moments were spent anywhere. By plane and car I was whoosh-



ed around the British Isles, together with two United States newsmen, in such a manner that, looking back on it now, it seems, in retrospect more like the scrambled memories of an exciting movie rather than a real visit.

I had been on English territory for less than a couple of hours when I was brought up sharply with the stern realities of that country at war. I offered a couple of cigarettes and took the last one out of the package; then, as if it were Canada, idly tossed the empty package away.

"Ere, pick that up," a strong voice commanded. It was one of London's finest, and I saw that he meant business. I also learned that the destruction of even paper was an offence punishable by a fine. Those familiar with the scale of British fines know exactly what that means. One of my companions explained that smokes were no longer sold in packages, if they were available, but sold loose, and the empty packages were kept for new purchases.

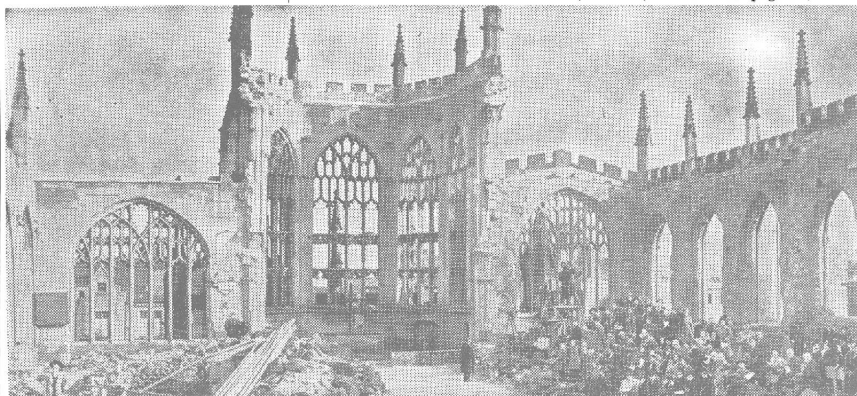
Of chief interest, of course, centered in the city of London. There in the heart of the Empire, the enemy had, through high explosive and then incendiary bombs, attempted to shake the morale of the people in a manner that is well-known by now to all newspaper readers. During the first terrible nights of September, 1940, it appeared that the enemy was actually trying to batter into nothingness the tremendous network of essential services. London is to the

British Isles what Churchill described Canada as being to the Empire—a sort of linchpin. Into it from all corners of the land converge tracks, telephone and telegraph trunk lines—and the Empire's shipping. Then, too, being a city of close to eight million people, it maintains an extensive gas and waterworks system. These, there is little doubt, were the enemies first objectives. As the fury of his assault grew, the anger of the British people grew.

They were mad, according to the superintendent of the Metropolitan Police Force. They got so mad that they would not leave their homes even when almost forced to by the authorities. Fire bombs, tens of thousands of them rained down on the roofs of the city, had no effect except to greatly increase the membership rolls of the firewatchers. As it is, London's extensive residential district is, or was at that time, comparatively free from damage. This does not mean, however, that there were not scores of homes destroyed. The enemy reserved his especial virulence for the heart of the city.

There, along the dockside, through the historic "City" portion, where an Empire's government and trade have been settled for so many hundreds of years, the destruction was catastrophic. Eight of the fine old churches built by Sir Christopher Wren had been reduced to rubble—another, St. Paul's—stood almost unharmed. My first sight of it proved to be one of

(Continued on page 14)



Battered by Hun bombs only the scarred outer walls of the once beautiful and historic Cathedral of Coventry remains standing.



"And remember—be a good husband until I come back from the war."

MME. CHIANG TELLS OF HOPES

New York.—A future in which "this whole world must be thought of as one great state common to gods and men" was held out last night by Mme. Chiang Kai-shek as the goal of the United Nations.

The wife of China's generalissimo, in an address prepared for a tribute mass meeting in Madison Square Garden, and broadcast over National hookups, urged also the necessity of forgiveness for the enemy because "there must be no bitterness in the reconstructed world."

Asking what are we going to make of the future, Mme. Chiang answered: "All nations, great and small, must have equal opportunity of development. Those who are stronger and more advanced should consider their strength as a trust to be used to help the weaker nations to fit themselves for full self-government and not to exploit them. Exploitation is spiritually as degrading to the exploiter as to the exploited."

Goal of U.S. Air Force

Wide-scale bombing of Japan is the goal of the United States army air force, Lt.-Gen. H. H. Arnold, its chief, said last night.

The chief of the army air force said that three weeks ago, after attending the Casablanca conference, he was in Chungking conferring with Gen. Chiang Kai-shek and his staff and received a comprehensive view of the requirements of the Chinese army.

"And I can assure you that few if any of the armies in history have had to operate under such impossible conditions as have the Chinese," he said.

LINCOLN STRATEGY

Abraham Lincoln was probably our most resourceful public man. One joke he liked to tell on himself was about the time he was a captain during the Black Hawk Indian War. One day part of his company was marching across a field, and Lincoln saw ahead of them the gate through which they must pass.

"I could not for the life of me remember the proper word of command for getting my company endwise," he said. "Finally, as we came near I shouted: 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate.'"

AIR WOMEN KEEP SHARP VIGIL IN SECRET WORK ALONG COAST

By FO. S. L. Tilley

Keeping track of the positions and courses of every aircraft, that flies near the shores of eastern Canada, Newfoundland and Labrador; they plot the course of every submarine—friend or enemy—which comes into their operational area.

So secret is the work done by these air force women in blue that the exact nature of their duties cannot at this time be disclosed, but on Canada's eastern coast these clerks-operational, as they are called, are today standing 24-hour watch.

They work in specially equipped R.C.A.F. operations rooms, police guarding the entrances. And each girl who is permitted to work in these operations rooms is sworn to secrecy concerning everything she may hear or see while on duty.

Wearing earphones every minute she is on duty, each girl is directly connected by a secret telephone line to look-out stations scattered all along the east Canadian coast. At a table nearby sit other R.C.A.F. women picking up by telephone the reports of the thousands of civilian members of the Aircraft Detection corps, an organization originally started by the air force solely to provide advance warning of the approach of enemy aircraft. But the functions of the corps have since been expanded to include the provision of information for the navy and army.

These Aircraft Detection corps observers today form a line of eyes extending from the northern-most tip of Labrador, in every cove and on every headland around Newfoundland, Quebec, and the Maritimes.

Additional R.C.A.F. women are on duty in another operations room nearby, plotting on a twenty-foot board the day-by-day movement of every known ship, submarine, and aircraft making its way over the Atlantic. They are entrusted with the secret reports concerning all convoy movements, they know the numbers and exact location of every Allied bomber on patrol duty, and they keep ever-watchful eyes on the movements of Axis submarines in these north Atlantic waters.

Not every woman who enlists in the Royal Canadian Air Force can become a clerk-operational. The qualifications are stiff. Not only is junior matriculation a minimum educational requirement, and a strong recommendation from a well-known clergyman or magistrate an absolutely essential, but every applicant before being accepted is very closely investigated as to character and integrity. The age limit is between 18-30 years, each applicant must also have perfect hearing and speech, and after being accepted must go through a thorough and difficult secret operational training course.

By Bomber to Britain

(Continued from page 13)

the most inspiring of the many I saw during the whole trip. The famous corpulent dome, riding supreme through a sky blotched with the smoke of thousands of fires, seemed to give a lift to the spirits of all who saw it. Other buildings, or what was left of them, filled one's heart with dismay and anger. The Temple—famous law courts of the Empire—the British Museum, the old shops along Oxford and Piccadilly streets that have been immortalized in English literature, these losses, I could not help thinking, were as severe in material ways as the loss of life in spiritual ways. In all, up to the end of July, nearly fifty thousand bombs, (not including the ten of thousands of incendiaries, had been rained down on London. They killed some nine thousand people. But that is not all the story. The exploits of the Royal Air Force during those hectic days need no retelling, but in recalling them at this time, we can visualize the tremendous cost to the Germans and the poor return they received for their investment.

"Big fires?" asked a fireman with whom I fell into conversation. "Big fires? Why son, the fires that burned during the great fire were nothing compared with what we had when the 'incence' (incendiaries) was falling. We consider a thirty pump fire big—but along the docks one night we had three fires on which we used more than a hundred pumps. It was so bad that even the wooden cobblestones burned." This fireman, who was once severely burned with splashing pitch, admitted that his work was tiring, but pointed out that others were working as hard as he and his colleagues.

"Take the watchers, for instance. They work at their job during the day and then turn in for a spell of watching at night. Sometimes forty-eight hours on end." There was real admiration in his voice, though his experiences during the past several months had earned him as much admiration as he was bestowing on others.

Then there was Tim Reid, who was a member of the Home Guard. He looked very official in his trench coat, with an arm band and tin hat. The rifle which he carried was not by any means new, but he appeared to know just how to bring it into action. His job was, I suppose, as lonely as any which could be imagined. His patrol took him down a fairly straight country lane, with a field on one side and a rather extensive thicket on the other. He was hopeful that there would be a general issue of arms and uniforms soon, though, with his trench coat, close cropped moustache, and well-set forehead he was able to simulate a distinct military bearing. He worked with another member of the H.G., meeting every half hour for a five

(Continued on page 16)

"Joe Doaks' First Flip Or The Case Of The Rising Flap-Jacks"

By LAC Cory Kilvert

"Contact!"

The shrill voice of the ground mechanic split the early morning silence of the African desert.

"Contact!"

From the cockpit of a sleek fighter plane came the clear, firm reply from Squadron Leader Joe Doaks, D.F.C., ace R.C.A.F. fighter pilot and scourge of the desert skies to Axis airmen.

The powerful motor coughed once, twice, and spluttered suddenly to noisy life.

In a few minutes the ship was roaring down the runway and Squadron Leader Doaks was off again on another lone-wolf sky-hunt to swell his already unbelievable score of downed Nazi and Italian birdmen.

Crowds of envious fellow pilots, admiring ground crew and dew-eyed Egyptian beauties squinted against the rising sun as they watched for that great moment that would mean the beginning of doom for one or more enemy airmen—that moment when the wheels of Ace Doaks machine would lose contact with the earth.

The trim machine roared on. Its tail came up. In the cockpit Squadron Leader Doaks pulled back lightly on the control stick and felt the pulsing power of his ship answer to his slightest touch.

As he thundered by the crowd he turned to wave a nonchalant goodbye—then, strangely, he felt himself falling and everything went black.

The next thing Squadron Leader Doaks knew was that he saw the face of the Barrack Warden staring down at him from above and heard him say, "Come on ACI Doaks, the floor's no place to sleep! Pick up your broom and start working!"

Still clutching the broom stick in his right hand, ACI Doaks stumbled to his feet and began exploring the painful bump on the back of his head he had received from coming in contact with the floor rather suddenly after falling off the edge of a bunk.

Anyway, it had been a pleasant dream, he thought, as he leaned wearily on his broom.

For almost six months now Joe Doaks had been an airman—in name only for he had yet to see an airplane.

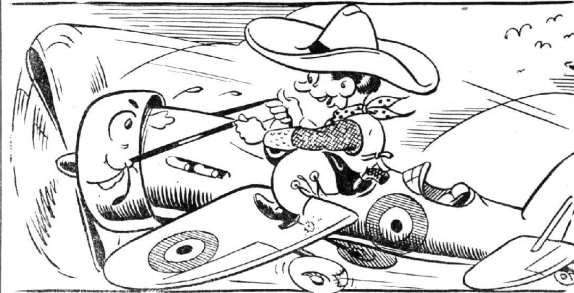
While most of his pals were already sweeping the skies in Tiger Moths, AC. Doaks was still sweeping out the barracks at Manning Depot!

But this morning he smiled in-

hitting the roof at least. When he reached the flying station he felt as if he had already been through about three hours acrobatics in a plane piloted by a cross-eyed moron with poison ivy.

He staggered out of the bus trying to brush away the spots before his eyes and bumped right into his cousin who was waiting at the gate.

Joe Doaks was led across to a large building that he thought was



The scourge of the desert skies rides again!

wardly as he gingerly pushed his broom under bunk number 293-A.

Tomorrow he was not only going to see an airplane but was actually going to ride in one!

When the great day arrived Joe Doaks arose a good hour before reveille, had a shave and a shower, shined his buttons, polished his boots, pressed his uniform and was pacing up and down in front of the mess hall—hungry but full of expectation—long before it opened.

As he reached for his sixteenth flap-jack he thought again how fortunate he was to have a cousin, a sergeant pilot at a nearby flying school, who had volunteered to take him up in the air for the first time.

At flap-jack number 26 AC. Doaks got up and ran for his bus.

The bus ride was a little bumpy but the 26 flap-jacks kept him from

an oversized barn. But there were no cows in it. Instead he saw it was crowded with large yellow things.

He stared at the strange objects.

"What are those?" he asked.

"Aircraft," his cousin said.

"Not real airplanes?" Joe gasped

"Sure, Ansons," was the reply.

AC. Doaks could hardly believe his eyes. He just stood there and stared. Ten minutes later he was still standing there staring.

Somehow they got Joe Doaks into a very large and very bulky flying suit after dragging him away by brute force. He had slept on a mattress plenty of times but this was the first time he had ever put one on! Then, as if that wasn't enough they trussed him up in a parachute harness.

"Let's go," his cousin said.

Joe went to take a step. But he couldn't move! "My God, I'm paralyzed!" he gasped.

Next thing he was on his back on the floor where he stayed, helpless as a turtle, until two men picked him up.

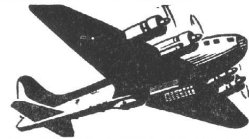
It took four more good strong mechanics to hoist AC. Doaks and his flying gear into the aircraft.

Then they were pounding down the runway gaining speed with every thundering yard.

Joe Doaks was sitting bolt upright in the co-pilot's seat, almost breaking his neck trying to look out all the windows at once. He wasn't going to miss a thing!

A few seconds after their wheels left the ground Joe Doaks felt a tap on his shoulder.

His cousin was pointing to a lever below the seat and making swift cranking motions with his other hand.



Finally AC. Doaks caught on. He wanted him to turn the crank. He was going to be a regular co-pilot. This was too good to be true. Although he didn't know it, he was winding up the wheels.

He cranked and cranked and then cranked some more. His enthusiasm began to wear off and the perspiration was rolling off him in buckets. Then his arm began to ache. Still cranking, he switched to the other arm until it began to ache too. Minutes passed. He was still cranking, still bathed in sweat and he wouldn't have known whether they were in the air or on the ground. With his head between his knees, and cranking away madly, he hadn't a chance to look out.

At last he finished! The wheels were up.

Just as he straightened up for his first look, the aircraft made a sudden motion downward.

Joe Doaks went down with it.

But the 26 pancakes stayed in approximately the same place. In other words he was down and they were up!

For the next five minutes AC. Doaks had his head between his knees again. He never could figure out how 26 pancakes just nicely filled three little paper containers.

After the last pancake had finished its little argument with gravity, Doaks was ready to get up and look out the window at last!

Just then his cousin tapped him on the shoulder again and pointed to the crank.

Down he went again, and cranked and cranked, and perspired and ached.

The next thing he knew they were taxiing to a stop in front of the hangar.

Then on the way back on the bus somebody said to AC. Doaks that "it must be so interesting to see what the ground looks like from way up there!"

"Papa," said little Mary, as they prepared to rise from the supper table, "I have a riddle I want to ask you."

"Go right ahead," said her fond daddy.

"Well," said little Mary, "It's about a woman who got married four times. The first time she married a millionaire. The second time she married an actor. The third husband was a preacher. And the fourth husband was an undertaker. Now, why did she marry them in that order?"

"I give up," said her father. "Why did she?"

And little Mary danced around and sang:

"One for the money; two for the show; three to get ready, and four to go."



"The floor's no place to sleep, Doaks. Pick up your broom and start working!"

By Bomber to Britain

(Continued from page 14)

minute talk, and then resuming his lonely promenade.

Any fields of any size, and golf course farways were included, had been rendered useless for the landing of aircraft through the disposition of farm implements and machinery, old automobiles and trucks—anything which might upset a swiftly moving plane as it came down.

"It's not landing planes that we are scared of so much as parachutists", he explained. A couple of parachutists had been caught in the north counties somewhere and duly executed, and the alert had been sounded against this sort of invasion. Reid summed it up very pointedly, and not without a sly bit of humour: "You know, the right laddie on the wrong side could really mess things up a bit in this country!" I often wonder if Reid has his uniform yet. If he has, I don't think it can do anything toward making his faithfulness and enthusiasm for his work any more conscientious.

The most interesting character we met was Brenden Bracken, then the able parliamentary under-secretary to a gentleman to whom he referred to affectionately as the P.M. Bracken, now head of the Ministry of Information, bore a striking resemblance to J. L. Halsey, the Canadian Minister of Finance. He received us in a ministry office, told us to sit down and start asking questions. My American companions were quick on the draw and sitting back and listening to the exchange, with only a few questions slipped in sideways, I was astounded to hear his recital of the close call Britain had after the evacuation of Dunkirk. In solemn, measured tones, Bracken, his face very grim in contrast to his usual facial expression of almost youthful enthusiasm, said, "I don't suppose there is any way of letting your people from overseas know just how close these islands came to being overrun at that time." His contention was that divine intervention, or fate, had prevented the Germans from coming overseas after they had taken France. It is



"Hey, Sarge! What are you doing up there?"

interesting now to see acknowledgments of the seriousness of the situation then being made at this late date. From what Bracken told us, the authorities were gravely concerned at that time, and even the speech which Churchill made at that time, the one in which he mentioned help from the New World and the disposition of the British Fleet should the worst come to pass, merely hinted at what was in his mind.

And my impressions of the trip as a whole? That has been asked of me

several times, and, strangely enough, the biggest impression was not formed until some time after returning to Canada. It was an unhappy impression, and one which I have often wished to dispell. It is an impression of dejection on the part of Canadian people. It seemed to me that, in comparison with the results which were visible to the peoples of the British Isles, the people of Canada were walking about as if they were ashamed of their own country. They little troubled themselves to find out what

was being done, and to many of them, it seemed that the best tonic they could receive for their generally gloomy outlook would be to visit Britain and hear what outsiders think of their native land. I am glad that I was able to make such a visit at such a time.

RECRUIT'S MEDITATION

Am I to watch with idle care,
The boys on land, on sea, and air,
Whose willing hearts and courage
high,
Have pledged for you and me to die?
No, No—not I.

Am I to wait with greedy hand,
And rake the wealth left in this land,
So when the boys come marching
back,
Will find to share an empty pack?
No, No—not I.

Am I to hide behind a pen,
Behind a plow, or cow, or hen,
And say "I've got a job at home"
When able folks around me roam?
No, No—not I.

Am I to yield without a strife
Even though my joy and plans of life,
Were washed away by grumbling
stream,
And I am left with just a dream?
No, No—not I.

Give me the arms, I'll proudly go,
To share the task to beat the foe;
Shoulder to shoulder we'll crush
the "Hun",
Then proudly voice the words, "We
Won".

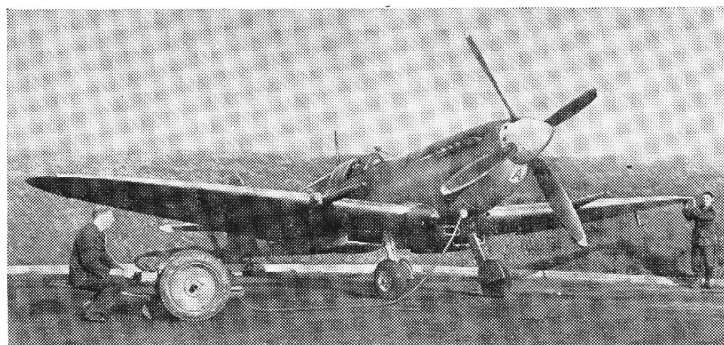
Yes, the boys and I.

—By AC2 Samuel Fedoruk.

HER FIRST KNITTING

A young lady just learning to knit sent her first effort—a pair of socks—for the use of a soldier. She had pinned her card to the package, and after several months received the following acknowledgment:

"Socks received, lady; some fit;
I wear one for a helmet, and one
for a mitt.
I hope to meet you when I've done
my bit;
But where on earth, lady, did you
learn to knit?"



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