

AIRMAN'S POST

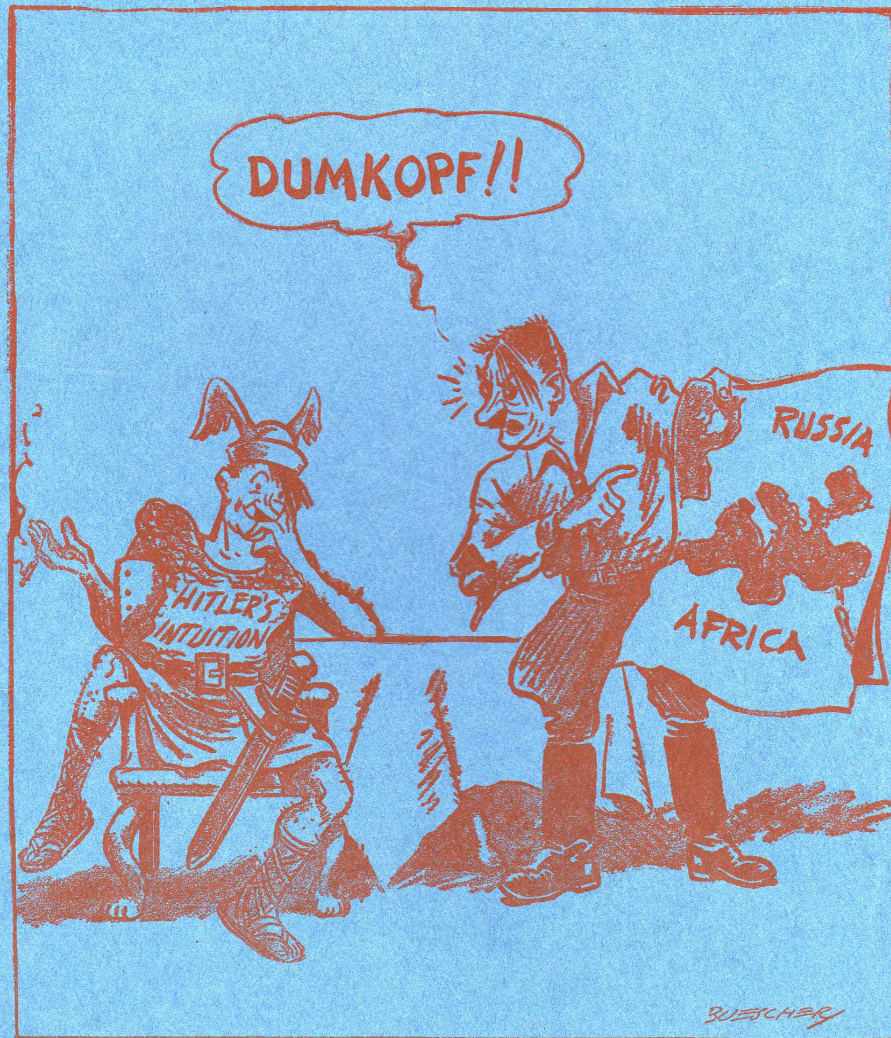
NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT, BRANDON, MANITOBA



MARCH 1943

25 CENTS PER COPY

IN CONFERENCE





Vol. 3, No. 3

No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Manitoba

March, 1943



THE EDITOR'S CORNER

He's a new recruit; a quiet looking lad. A little awkward on the drill floor yet, but very serious and determined. Probably a small town boy, you suppose, never been away from home before and very much overwhelmed by this strange, new life in the air force. Yes, that's probably what you would suppose, but you could also be very wrong about this quiet, shy looking lad, too. It's just quite possible that this same young recruit has experienced a background of adventure that would make your hair curl and your pulse beat faster.

After a series of such surprising revelations made by some of these timid looking young trainees we've become inured to that sort of thing. We no longer looked dazed when some prosaic looking AC2 modestly confesses that he was a secret service operator in Manchuko or a big game hunter in darkest Africa. The exploits of Anthony Adverse pale into insignificance alongside the personal histories of some of these lads in blue.

No class or creed has a monopoly on adventure. But most of us live the unexciting lives of average citizens shackled by routine and convention. To that unhampered minority who fare away to far places in search of adventure we are indebted for thrilling stories of daring and courage that add spice and color to our own very commonplace existences.

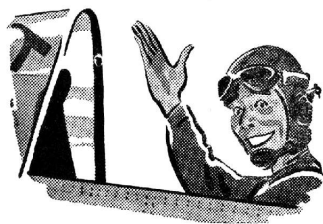
Stories of station personnel who have adventured in distant places have made their appearance from time to time in the Airman's Post. These stories always make good reading because all of us are interested in the fellow who has done things out of the ordinary, followed an exciting profession, or lived dangerously in some outpost of civilization.

In this issue of the Post we feature the story of AC2 Marcel le Dressay—a story chock full of suspense, hazard, and adventure. Marcel is a trainee at this Depot now, but his experiences as a French soldier before and after the fall of France is a story stranger than fiction and more exciting than a Hollywood melodrama. Marcel was farming in Saskatchewan when he received his call from the French army, and he quietly laid down the plough-shear to take up the sword in defense of a cause that he considered right and just. Marcel is our idea of a solid patriot, albeit a modest and taciturn one.

Our under-cover agents in different parts of the station are always on the lookout for new trainees who have interesting stories to divulge about themselves which may be suitable for publication in the Post. If you know of someone who shot wildcats in Borneo or captured a Nazi spy in Honduras pass the information along to us and we'll track the fellow down and get his story for the Airman's Post.

WHAT'S ENGLAND FIGHTING FOR?

James Ronald, author of Old Soldiers Never Die and an Englishman himself, tells this story: A young Cockney lad and a general were discussing the present situation. Said the boy, "My father says one bloomin' politician is a bigger bloody fool than another." "If that's how he felt," asked the general, "why did he volunteer before his time came to be conscripted?" "Oh," was the reply, "e told me all abaht that before he went awiy. 'Son,' e said, 'we ain't fightin' this war for them swarthy 'ypocrites of politicians. We're fightin' it to keep the most important right an Englishman 'as—the right to be against the government!'"

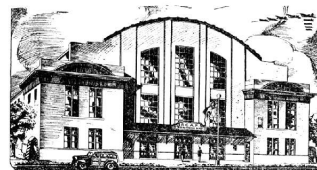


THE AIRMAN'S POST

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

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT R.C.A.F. NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT, BRANDON, MAN.

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Casablanca

"Just A Kid Called Joe"

By F/L N. J. Gallagher

A YOUNG airman came to the door of my office the other day just at a moment when I was gathering a few papers in preparation for a committee meeting which I had to attend. He looked a bit timorous but I continued to throw things together as I asked him if there was anything I could do for him.

"Yes Sir, I wish you would put me straight on a point of history."

"O.K. shoot—what is it that you want to know?" I was a bit skeptical on this because history was always my weak sister in the old days.

"Well Sir," he drawled . . . and then began to think.

I looked at my watch, time was slipping by, tapped my finger as nonchalantly as possible on the desk, looked up, and by this time I noticed a stream of light was beginning to form on his countenance.

"Well," I stimulated.

"Is it true that a King of England left the throne to get married?"

"Now look here sonny," I rasped as I reached for my hat. "I may have a sense of humor, but I also have a meeting to attend. Next time you want to pull a funny one drop in in the evening when I'm not O.C.S."

Half way to the door I cast a glance at him, and stopped dead. He was serious! I went into reverse, and once again behind my desk I looked at him with my sternest ecclesiastical regard—reserved for moments of reprimand—but no change. Then I walked up to him.

"What is your name lad?"

"Joe."

By this time I was conscious enough of his presence to detect a slight accent in his speech.

"Are you quite sure that you feel well, Joe?"

"Yes Sir." He was nearly in tears.

"Now look Josie old boy, I didn't want to hurt your feelings, but you must admit that your question is a bit unusual, especially when it concerns a point that every newspaper blared in the headlines a few years ago.

"Where were you? Haven't you got a radio?"

"No Sir."

"Well, surely you must have read it. It was in every paper in the country, and magazines were featuring it. Didn't you read about it?"

"I'm afraid not Sir."

"How did you possibly miss it?"

"Two years ago I couldn't read."

I sat down, I noticed my hat was off, I waved him to a chair.

"What are you going in for Joe?"

Aircrew Sir . . . I.T.S."

I began to wonder whether I was feeling well.

"Look Joe" I stammered. "You just go ahead and tell me all about yourself. I won't ask any questions, because the more I ask the more involved I seem to get."

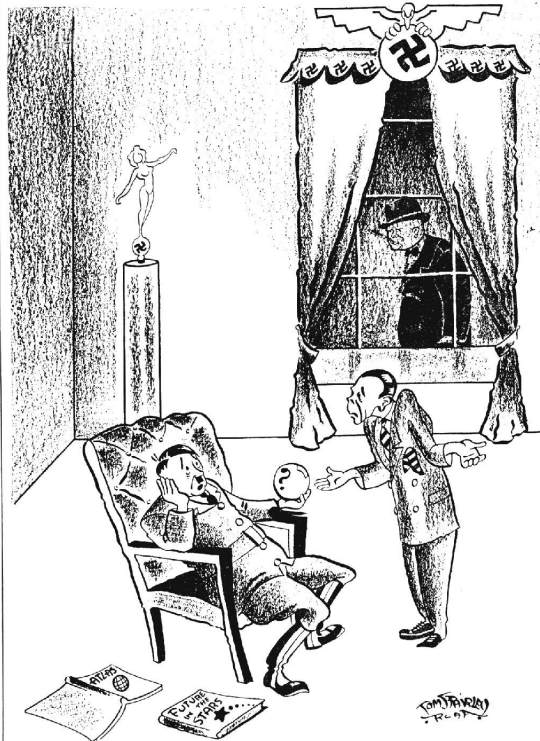
Then began a tale that left me in utter amazement. Joe spoke like a machine gun, it came in spurts, but everything was precise clear, to the point.

"I was born in Melville, Saskatchewan," he began. "When I was a mere baby my father died. Mother, who was from the Ukraine decided to move away from Melville, and so she found a place away up north in the bush. It was pretty tough going up there, she had to do the work and look after me. When I was very young I had to help working at the farm. We cleared land and managed little by little to make a simple living through sheer labor."

By this time I had both elbows on the table.

"And how" said Joe, "the years slipped by and I had no occasion for an education because the closest school was about forty miles away. Finally I heard in 1939 from a neighbor that a war had started, and I began to wonder what it was all about. I had seen planes flying over our farm, and it became my ambition to pilot one of them myself. But never having had any education, you can imagine my amazement when finally I made my way to an R.C.A.F. recruiting centre and found out just what qualifications were necessary to become a pilot. Fortunately I met an officer who saw potentialities in me, and from that day began a very hard grind . . . so here I am.

"But Joe," I queried. "Do you mean to say that in the short space of two years you have sufficiently educated yourself to become a pilot?"



"I wonder what Churchill is doing today, Goebbels—and where he is?"

Turkey

"No Sir—I don't think I shall ever have sufficient education, but it seems that I am now sufficiently advanced to be accepted for a course."

My hat fell on the floor, and I picked it up and put it back on the desk. Sitting there the thought came to me that here was the real Airforce "Joe." He had "joed" himself to a job, he had an ideal and a determination which I decided then and there to make my message for this month. There is no one in this R.C.A.F. who can complain about obstacles when we consider what Joe has accomplished. He is now in I.T.S. and I have a feeling that he is going to get his wings . . . nothing more coveted by any boy. Now as I walk through the depot I hear the lads shouting "Joe" at one another and it brings my mind back to the real Joe, the Joe that had the guts, determination and perseverance to accomplish the impossible. He moved mountains to win his aim, and we as a Nation shall have to move mountains before we can consider this war won. Hats off to Joe, and let us make him the symbol of our hopes and ambitions.

WHY NOT?

They Want to Fly Him to Berlin

The pilots of Prime Minister Churchill's plane want to take him next to—Berlin.

Capt. William Vanderkloot, pilot, and Capt. Jack Ruggles, co-pilot were interviewed in London on the recent 25,000-mile trip in which they flew the prime minister to Casablanca, Turkey, Cyprus, Tripoli and home.

They were agreed that the "P.M." as they frequently called Mr. Churchill was one of the most considerate passengers they ever flew.

Vanderkloot said that the night the plane left Tripoli there were three air raids.

"The Germans came over to drop mines and bomb shipping. We saw a flak display, but they didn't touch the port at all."

On the trip from Tripoli to Algiers, he said they were nervous because of rumors that Germans were about.

A maiden lady lived in a small house in the country with one servant. One morning the bell rang. The maid admitted the visitor, an evacuee officer, arranging for homes for children evacuated from London. Then she rushed upstairs.

"Please, mum," she blurted out breathlessly, "you've got to have two babies, and the man's downstairs!"

GOOD LESSON

Musketry Instructor to class: Now, men, remember that your rifle is your best friend. Treat it as tenderly as you would your wife. Wipe it off with an oily rag every morning."

AFRIKA KORPSE

SPIRIT OF ENGLAND'S COMMON MAN,
SEEN BY CABBIE-AUTHOR

(From The Winnipeg Free Press)

The spirit of England's common man, which pulled her through the blitz and the dangerous days when the island stood all but unarmed after Dunkirk, was described to members of the Women's Canadian club, by Herbert Hodge, cab driver, author and broadcaster.

It was through the eyes of the cab driver, and later the bus driver, that Mr. Hodge gave his audience the picture of England today. First, the early days of the blitz, when all England's little people obeyed their government's orders and took to cover at every air raid alarm. Their fears and annoyances at leaving dinners to grow cold, at being disturbed in their baths, at being interrupted a dozen times a day brought it home that ducking the blitz was playing into Hitler's hand. So one by one, housewives, workers and all began to go about their business, and they felt better.

Throwing in a bit of personal history, Mr. Hodge told of achieving his heart's dream of a home with nickel-

plated taps and a fine view, but of being driven back to cab driving because, only in his known environment, could he find the inspiration to write. So it was, the London blitz found him on the cab stand, driving workers home to beat the evening attacks, taking others to air raid shelters, dodging bomb sticks and helping to clear the rubble.

When the cabs became, in the eyes of the government, a luxury, Mr. Hodge elected the dangerous job of bus driving, and his vivid description of piloting a two-decker through the dark early morning, with light enough to pick out the way only 10 yards ahead, vied with his colorful story of how well women serve as mates on this same job. Girls today are handling 60 and 70 passenger buses, and they learn quickly both to keep the schedules and to handle passengers. Then they help a bus driver in those little ways only a woman thinks about. They wheedle a passenger into hopping off to grab a bit of fish and chips or ice cream while the bus makes a turn and driver

and conductress go happily on to finish their eight and a half-hour stretch with no time off for meals.

"I wouldn't have stood it in peace time," was a phrase which Mr. Hodge used repeatedly. And there was the voice of England's common man standing on his rights, but deliberately pushing them aside to put everything he has into the war effort, because it's his job.

"I wouldn't drive beyond the safety limit for any bus company," said Mr. Hodge, "but in war time we all know that three minutes lost on a bus route means 60 or 70 workers late in the plant and maybe a battle lost because the stuff wasn't out on time."

G/C ASHTON APPOINTED
TO POST IN NO. 2
TRAINING COMMAND

Group Capt. A. J. Ashton, former commanding officer of the Patricia Bay air station, Victoria, B.C., has become officer in charge of administration of No. 2 Training Command, Winnipeg.

Group Capt. Ashton was born in Wiltshire, England, and came to Canada in 1911. He was attached to the

Canadian Air Board in 1920 and served with the Canadian Air Force in 1921 continuing with the R.C.A.F. when it was formed in 1924. He helped survey the Hudson Straits in 1927 and 1928 and flew in Northern Manitoba.

In 1931 he was attached to the R.A.F. coastal command and in 1933 participated in an aerial survey of Newfoundland. Just before this war he was in charge of a flying boat squadron in Vancouver.

At the outbreak of war he was in charge of the Ottawa station at Rockcliffe and later took command of the Jericho Beach station at Vancouver. Before going to Patricia Bay, he was commanding officer of No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery school at Mossbank, Sask.

During the Great War he served with the 8th Battalion, Winnipeg, transferring to the Royal Flying Corps in 1917.

BUDGET

Do you remember the sailor who, when asked what he'd done with his wages, answered, "Part went for liquor, part for women, and the rest I spent foolishly."

Arrivals, Departures, Stork Reports and Mergers

PERSONAL POSTSCRIPTS

Social and Personal

Honorary Flt./Lt. T. D. Jones posted to this station from No. 2 Training Command, Winnipeg.

Sergeant J. C. Capstick transferred to this depot from No. 1 Re-selection centre, Trenton.

Pte. K. O. Wylie of the Dental Corps has been posted to No. 8 Manning Depot, Souris.

Flt./Sgt. R. J. G. Park, medical, has been transferred to No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers.

Sergeant J. W. Cook has been posted to North West Staging Route, Edmonton.

Cpl. I. O. Courtright posted to this station from Mountain View, Ont.

Cpl. A. Borisofsky of the physical training staff has been transferred to No. 6 I.T.S., Toronto; Cpl. M. W. Pechet, physical training, posted to No. 2 I.T.S., Regina; Sgt. A. M. Brown, Equipment section, transferred to Edmonton; *Now a flying officer* WO1 A. C. McKnight of the Equipment section has been posted to No. 11 S.F.T.S., Yorkton; Sgt. S. Machnicki, physical training, posted to No. 7 I.T.S., Saskatoon; Cpl. S. Kartash, physical training, has been transferred to No. 7 I.T.S., Saskatoon; Sgt. H. S. Barber comes to this depot from No. 8 Bombing and Gunnery School, Lethbridge; Cpl. V. Gooderham, Equipment section, posted to No. 2 A.O.S., Edmonton.

Pilot Officer H. T. Hall from No. 2 Training Command, Winnipeg; Flight Lieutenant D. A. Freeze from No. 7 I.T.S., Saskatoon, were visitors at the depot.

back from overseas. Flt.-Lt. F. F. Gravelle posted to No. 3 Wireless School, Winnipeg; F-Sgt. R. I. Neill transferred to this station from Rockcliffe; LAC D. Muirhead posted to No. 7 S.F.T.S., MacLeod; Sgt. B. A. Evans, C.D.C., to this station from No. 7 I.T.S., Sas-

katoon; Sgt. A. E. Kilfoyle, C.D.C., posted here from Dauphin; Sgt. E. G. Jarjour, C.D.C., posted to Saskatoon; Sgt. G. W. Morris, C.D.C., transferred to Dauphin; Flt.-Sgt. F. Essex to this station from Lachine, Que.; Sgt. N. Krugel posted to No. 8 "M" Depot, Souris.

WO1 Rubin, A., posted here from No. 11 S.F.T.S., Yorkton.

Squadron Leader J. M. Kreiner, posted here from No. 2 training command headquarters, Winnipeg.

Pilot Officer N. D. Campbell, posted to No. 8 Depot, R.C.A.F., Souris.

Sgt. Moses, J., posted to No. 10 S.F.T.S., Dauphin.

Flight Lieutenant A. W. Hammond, M.C., posted to No. 7 A.O.S., Portage.

Pilot Officer J. S. Fitton posted to No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon.

Captain V. A. Clark posted to No. 19 E.F.T.S., Virden.

Sgt. Kent, A. J., posted to No. 19 E.F.T.S., Virden.

Flying Officer P. J. Burnett posted to No. 1 "Y" Depot, Halifax.

LAC Mitchell, G. F., posted to No. 2 Training Command Headquarters, Winnipeg.

Flight Lieutenant C. A. R. Lawrence posted to No. 3 Wireless School, Winnipeg.

Pilot Officer J. R. Hillhouse posted to No. 3 B. and G. School, MacDonaid.

Marriages

AC2 K. M. Grove was married to Miss Edith Patricia Faucet of Indian Head, on January 17, at Brandon. Flt./Lt. F. G. Ongley performed the ceremony.

Births

Born to Sgt. Mitchell, A. O., and Mrs. Mitchell, a daughter (Frances Jean), at Treherne, on January 20th, 1943.

Born January 19, 1943, a son to Sgt.

and Mrs. J. A. Capstick at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

Born, February 8, 1943, a son, Jarry James, to Sgt. and Mrs. J. A. Coulter at Brandon General Hospital.

Born to Cpl. Hook, F. W., and Mrs. Hook, a son (Frederic James), on February 2nd, 1943.

AT FAREWELL DINNER

Toast proposed (by F/L H. D. Burton) to Wing Commander Reid and Mrs. Reid at a dinner given by the Officers of No. 2 Manning Depot on the eve of their departure for Ottawa at the Prince Edward Hotel, Friday, February 19th, 1943.

Wing Commander Reid, Mrs. Reid, ladies and brother officers. When I was asked to propose a toast to the Wing Commander and Mrs. Reid I realized that this was an honor and a privilege and one of those rare occasions where rank did not count, but simple sincerity did. The Commanding Officer, as most of you are aware came to Brandon a little more than a year ago and since then we have all learned much. Behind his kindly appearance and soft voice there is a very formidable character which is possessed with a knowledge of verbal tactics that is amazing and this coupled with his utter disregard of rules, regulations and conventions have his subordinate officers aghast at times and I think it is only fitting retribution that he has been posted to Ottawa where he will likely be one of the chosen issuers of rules and regulations. I am sure you will all agree with me ladies and gentlemen when I say that No. 2 Manning Depot is a vastly better place for having had the Wing Commander with us. Remembering the Station in its early days I find myself amazed at the changes and progress that are due largely to his untiring efforts. The Wing Commander is actuated by two rather outstanding motives. His pen-



WING COMMANDER H. G. REID, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O.

In the March issue of the Airman's Post exactly one year ago we welcomed a new commanding officer to this station. In this issue of the Post, March, 1943, our reference to this same officer is—valuedictory. Wing Commander Reid has relinquished his command here to fill the newly established position of R.C.A.F. Member of the Canadian Prisoners of War Committee at Ottawa. This is another milestone in a distinguished military career that has compassed three major conflicts, and written a record of service on many far-flung battle fronts. The personnel of No. 2 Manning Depot wish Wing Commander Reid much success in his new position at Ottawa.

chant for spending large sums of money and his keen desire to build things. There are times that it is unsafe to speak to a certain anguished Scot after he has been in interview with the Wing Commander. I was in hopes that the Commanding Officer would remain with us long enough to run out of things to build and in the quiet of my lonely room I have stretched my imagination that provided he didn't decide to build another stage at the far end of the Arena he could perhaps have been prevailed upon to create a habitable Orderly Officers Room, but that really is stretching imagination.

As Ottawa has now called him their blood, so to speak, is on their own hands and I shudder to think of some of the experiences they are going to undergo before they get to know the Wing Commander thoroughly and realize that a good many things are said by him with his tongue in his cheek and a twinkle in his eyes. In fact, I liken him to the Mother-in-law in the old prehistoric story when one caveman excitedly dashed up to another and yelled "Hey Joe I just saw your Mother-in-law down there having a hell of a battle with a great big sabre toothed tiger" and the other caveman replied "Well what the hell do I care about a sabre toothed tiger."

We shall miss you Sir and so will many an airman whose heart has beat a little faster when you have enquired after his welfare as you constantly do on parades and perhaps some of the maidenly hearts in Brandon will also miss you when they fail to see

(Continued on page 7)



OFFICERS—NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT

Back row, left to right: H/F/L N. J. Gallagher; Capt. A. B. Rankinen; F/L T. J. Durkin; F/O A. M. Warren; F/O F. K. Stewart; ASO Rosina Buckingham; H/F/L P. G. Ongley; Mr. T. S. Wilson; P/O J. B. Fitton (posted to No. 12); P/L L. McEachern; F/O P. J. Burnett (posted overseas); F/L W. G. Riddell; Capt. V. A. Clark (posted); H/F/L T. D. Jones.

Centre Row: F/O J. E. Roberts; F/O G. L. A. Davenport; P/O A. S. Smith; F/O A. J. Lewis; F/O J. R. Hillhouse (posted No. 3 B. & G.); F/O J. F. T. Fenwick; N/S C. E. Mason; N/S K. McCallum; N/S H. Emke; F/O G. W. Sprague; F/O R. R. Barrett; F/O A. D. McLean; F/O P. E. Wood; F/L S. M. Brock; F/L H. D. Burton.

Front Row: F/L J. M. MacMillan, Adjutant; F/L A. W. Hammond, M.C. (posted); F/L D. Thomson, M.C. D.C.M.; S/L F. F. Hope; S/L J. M. Kreiner; S/L G. L. McIntosh; S/L A. I. Jarvis, M.C. Administrative Officer; Wing Commander H. G. Reid, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., Commanding Officer (posted to Ottawa); S/L H. G. Osborne; S/L G. G. Elder; F/L J. E. F. Whelan; Major W. A. Belden; S/L B. B. Hunter; F/L C. A. R. Lawrence (posted); F/L F. F. Gravelle (posted).

Foreground: P/O N. D. Campbell (posted); P/O R. E. Rees; F/L J. M. Newstone.



WAR'S GRIM RUMOR

Absolute knowledge I have none,
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son

Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer in the street
That he had a letter just last week
Written in the finest Greek
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo
Who said that Negroes in Cuba knew
Of a colored man in a Texas town
Who got it straight from a circus clown

That a man in the Klondike heard
The hint
From a friend who used to live in
Flint

About somebody in Borneo
Who knew a cop who used to know
Of a swell society female fake
Whose mother-in-law will undertake
To prove that her husband's sister's
niece

Has stated in a printed piece, that
she had a son
Who had a friend who knows when
the war
Is going to end!

NOT ALL LUNATICS

Hitler was making a tour of a German lunatic asylum. All the inmates lined up and, as soon as the Dictator appeared, stood smartly to attention and gave the Nazi salute. All, that is, except one man at the end of the line.

"Hi!" screamed Adolf. "Why aren't you saluting?"

"Don't be silly," said the man. "I'm one of the guards here, nor one of the inmates!"

Teaching a rookie all the language of the army isn't easy on the sergeant, either.

One such officer was startled to hear a brisk command from a new recruit the first night he went off post, returning late. He was challenged fifty paces this side of the entrance, as follows:

"Halt! Look who's here!"

At a gathering of celebrities in London, Whistler told one of the guests that his birthplace was Lowell, Massachusetts, a manufacturing town.

"How unfortunate," remarked a dowager from Boston. "Why ever must you have been born there?"

"The answer is as simple as your question, Madam," said Whistler. "I wanted to be near my mother."

REFORMED

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it

In a cabin both old and medieval. A soldier espied her and plied her with cider.

And now she's the forest's prime evil.

SLIP-STREAM-LINES

"Breezy Bits from the Barracks"



"I see Joe made another forced landing"

INTELLIGENCE

An Italian soldier was captured by the opposing force and taken to headquarters for questioning.

"Luigi Alberto," an Intelligence Officer asked, "what was the name of your regiment?"

The soldier shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he said.

"How many were in your regiment?" the officer asked.

Again Luigi replied that he didn't know.

After three hours of grilling without the slightest bit of information, the sweating Intelligence Officer blew up. "Luigi Alberto," he shouted, "is there anything you do know?"

"Nothing, signor," replied the soldier. "Nothing at all. I, too, am in the Intelligence Division."

Sailor: "I say, let's tell the Nips we'll divide the Pacific with 'em. We take half and they take half!"

Other sailor: "You're nuts. Which half would we let the Nips take?"

Sailor: "The bottom half, boys, the bottom half!"

Sign in an English Subway station: "Trains, buses and Italians still running."

GOIN' SOME

During a battle a Negro was beating it for the back areas as fast as he could go, when he was stopped by a white officer.

"Don't delay me, suh," said the Negro. "I've gotta be on my way."

"Boy," replied the officer, "do you know who I am? I'm a general."

"Go on, white man, you ain't no general."

"I certainly am," insisted the officer angrily.

"Lordy! exclaimed the Negro, taking a second look. "You sure is! I musta been travelin' some, 'cause I didn't think I'd got back that far yit."

CHUTE THE WORKS

A newly inducted parachutist received terse orders from his commanding officer before his first jump.

"Remember," he was told, "pull the first rip-cord after you count to ten. If the chute doesn't open, pull the second cord. When you land, a jeep will be waiting to bring you back to camp. That is all."

Our soldier jumped. He counted to ten very slowly and pulled the cord. Nothing happened. He pulled the second cord. Nothing happened.

"Jehosephat!" he muttered. "I bet the jeep won't be there either."



ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTES

The aggressor who wages war at his convenience and on ground that he picks himself always has two strikes on any defender. One day, without two strikes against us, we will be battling; and the American and British battling order will turn out to be ten times as good as it looks now.

Field Marshal Sir John Dill (until recently British Chief of Staff and now in Washington) and I were talking in this simile, and I told him a story which he later said he used to the troops:

A stranger saw a colored baseball team playing in a field in a southern town. He asked one of the boys what the score was.

"We're behind, 18 to nothin'."

"Well," said the stranger, "you don't look very discouraged with a score like that."

"Discouraged? We ain't discouraged. We ain't come to bat yet."

SERVICE, PLEASE

A young man, well under, and an Admiral were standing at the entrance of a hotel.

"Sh—call me a cab," said the young man.

The officer drew up with dignity. "I'm an Admiral, not the doorman," he said.

"Thash all right. Call me a battleship."

AXIS TO GRIND

Meet Adolf, The Brain of Berlin, Who dreams up the best ways to win

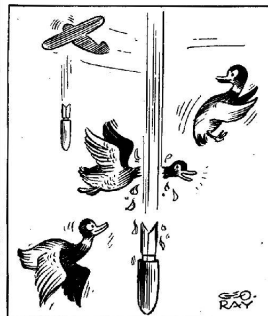
By consulting astrology

And German mythology

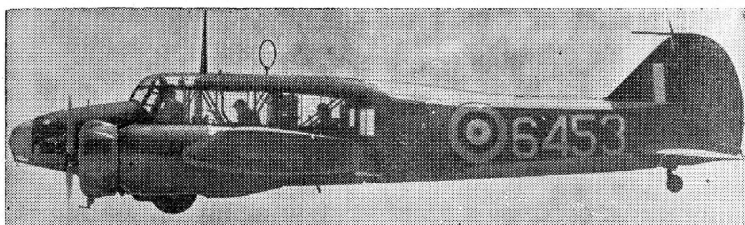
While his men take it all on the chin.

DISCIPLINE

To his Negro infantry company in camp, a colored first sergeant spoke dire words: "From now on when ah blows dis yere whistle, ah wants to see a huge, impenetrable cloud of dust boilin' outa them tents. An' when 'at dust clears away, ah wants to find three rows of statues."



—Courtesy Nat'l. Home Monthly
"Gosh! That was a close one."



The Avro-Anson as it looked before Canadian workmen . . .

THE MAN OF THE YEAR

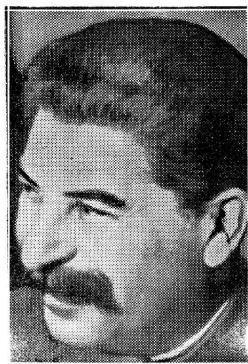
From The St. Thomas Times-Journal

The magazine Time has selected Joseph Stalin as the man of the year; that is, the man who has contributed most to change the aspect of the world for the better, or the worse, in 1942. Fortunately for the world the change in 1942 was for the better, and Joseph Stalin, the head of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, was that man. There should be no difference of opinion about that. Ivan Ivanovich, the common Russian soldier, the man whose bravery and endurance has left the world agasp, might have been nominated as representative of the Russian army, but behind him, organizing and encouraging Ivan and his family, was Stalin, who devised the strategy that defended the city of Stalingrad, against which the German forces hurled themselves in vain, and he it was who, all summer, when he might have been tempted to throw all his resources into that battle, organized and trained the vast armies that are now pressing back the boasted "invincible" German army, shattering German morale when the people at home are permitted to learn the truth, and preparing the way for the finishing blows against the Axis. The Allies are now filled with hope where apprehension gripped them a few months ago.

There are many people, however, almost everybody in fact, who cannot forget that Stalin apparently "double-crossed" Great Britain in August, 1939, when he signed a peace pact with Germany while a British mission was in Moscow trying to establish a sort of alliance with Russia. It is difficult to forget that, and it accounts for the hostile attitude which some circles still recall. They feel that if Stalin had not made that treaty with Germany the war might not have broken out after all. It was, at the time, a shocking affair, but taking the long-range view in the light of current events, it was, perhaps a wise thing to do, and if Stalin or someone else reveals the motive some day, it may be universally accepted as such. Possibly he did reveal his purpose to the British Government. Maybe we will learn after the war.

But it does seem now to be a blessing in disguise. Stalin knew that Hitler and all the Nazis hated Russia. "Filthy rats" was Hitler's de-

signation of the Russian people in "Mein Kampf," and he never changed that opinion, even after they became friendly—on paper. Stalin also knew that Germany would fall on Russia if and when she won the war against Britain and France, then the only enemies of Germany in sight. Russia was not ready to fight at that time. She needed time to prepare for the inevitable clash. Stalin had to play for time for the sake of his own country, just as Britain and France were, to say the least, playing for time when they sacrificed Czechoslovakia, and the United



States was playing for time appeasing Japan by supplying her with the materials of war. Moreover, he knew Hitler would never keep his word. Stalin, too, seems to have provoked the war with Finland and deliberately, and callously, sacrificed a large army by sending it into battle poorly equipped and take a terrible beating for some months in order to deceive Hitler as to the quality of the Red army. When he thought it was time to stop fooling he crushed Finland in two or three weeks. Yet, if Russia had been attacked in 1939 while the Germans waged a defensive war in the West, she would probably

have been crushed, and the enormous resources of Russian oil, raw materials and foodstuffs would have put Germany in an impregnable position.

Even without these considerations Stalin had some ground for looking after Russia's interest only. Which was, perhaps, his paramount duty as head of the Soviet. Great Britain, the whole Empire, the United States, and to some extent France, which had an unpopular pact with the Soviet, treated Russia as a political outcast and would not even trade with her more than suited their own convenience. There were even British politicians who hoped Germany and Russia would fight and so weaken each other in the process that both would be eliminated as sources of danger to other nations. The Nazis and Bolsheviks would no longer be world powers, and the democracies could build themselves up to a state of unchallengeable supremacy.

Stalin played a dangerous, but courageous game, and costly as it is to Russia today, he is proving the savior of humanity.

PROMOTION DESIRED

Accompanied by a driver, an American major in a motor vehicle was stopped by the sentry on guard at a cross-roads.

"Who goes there?"

"One American major, a one-ton truck of fertilizer, and one buck private."

They were allowed to proceed, but at every cross-roads they went through the same formula.

After a time the driver asked if they were likely to be stopped again.

"I guess so," replied the major.

"Well, major," said the private, "the next time we are stopped would you mind giving me priority over the fertilizer."

NIGHT FLIGHT

Three young lads in a plane so high—
Blazing pathways through the sky.
One at the wheel to fly the ship,
One at the guns to protect the trip,
The other lad up in the nose of the ship,
To aim the bombs at the end of the trip.

The plane flew on far into the night
Its motors singing their song of might.

When out of the night the enemy roared
And into the bomber his bullets bored.
The great ship shuddered and dove to the right,
And the sky was ablaze with a white hot light.
The gunner fired as the plane whipped by,
And the enemy flier began to die.
His plane exploded with a mighty roar—
His fighting was over; He'd fly no more.

The bomber slowly pulled out of its dive—
The attacker was dead—the crew was alive.
The motors now balked, shuddered and coughed—
'Twas a job to keep the plane aloft,
On into the nite the crippled ship flew;
As the sky changed from black to a light hazy blue.
When down below the target was sighted—
In the clear cold dawn 'twas clearly lighted.
Then: "Bombs Away!!"—down they fell,
To explode below with the fury of Hell!

The job was finished, finished right—
The plane flew back in the dawn's early light,
Back to its base, to friends and home
To sleep for a night, then again to roam,
To roam till this war is over and won
And people will fly once more for fun.

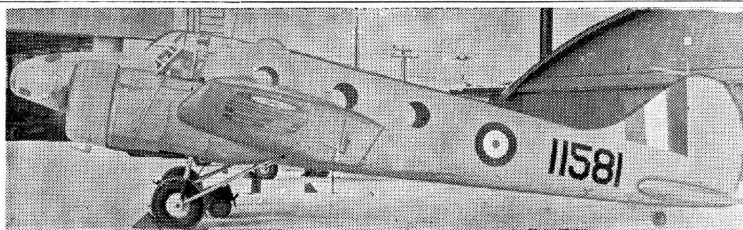
—AC2 John Cochrane

AT RECRUITING CENTRE

"So you've just had a medical examination. What did the Medical Officer say?"

"He said I was in pretty good shape but that I shouldn't start reading any continued stories."

—Anonymous.

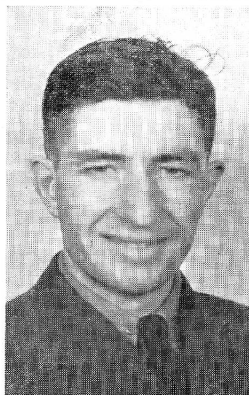


. . . transformed it into this glamour-girl of the skyways.

French Army Reservist Now At No. 2 Manning Depot Describes Perilous Adventure in Occupied France

THIS is the story of Marcel Le Dressay, 31-year-old Saskatchewan farmer of French parentage, who voluntarily gave up the peace, comfort, and security of his father's farm when France, in her darkest hour, called upon him to fill the role of a soldier. His story of that harrowing experience is a tale of epic adventure, dangerous journeying, and a miracle of great good luck that he is here in Canada now serving in the R.C.A.F. and not rotting to death in a German prison camp.

Here is the story of AC2 Marcel Le Dressay:



AC2 M. LE DRESSAY

I was called up for military duty by the French Ministry of War in October of 1939. And on the 22nd of November of that same year I left my home at Kennedy, Saskatchewan, to make the long voyage to France. We were two uneventful weeks at sea in a convoy of fifteen ships, and on December 15th we landed at Le Havre.

After spending a day visiting the city of Le Havre we were transported by railroad to Paris. We spent one night in the city and the following morning we were all separated and posted to various parts of the country for training. I was sent to Brittany to train with a Field Artillery unit for three months.

On the 23rd of March, 1940, my unit boarded a troop train which travelled for a whole day and brought us into a military zone 80 miles east of Paris. We were billeted in a small village near Romilly and for the next two months rifle drill, trench



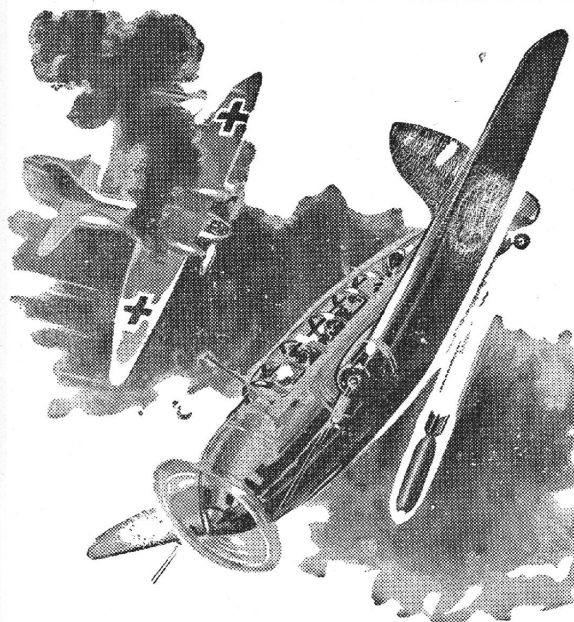
digging, route marches, and lectures took up our time. Following this we were moved north to a place near Esternay in the Marne, and here on May 10th we had our first taste of real war. Around 4 a.m. a great force of German bombers attacked

military and other objectives in and about our encampment. Later this same day we heard that Belgium and Holland had been invaded.

After this startling news the guard was reinforced and orders issued to defend ourselves against enemy parachutists. Soon after this we heard that the Germans had driven as far south as Amiens and Arras. The regiment of artillery I was with retreated some ninety miles southward to make way for front line troops who were also falling back. We marched at nights and rested during the day. Near the ancient city of Troye orders arrived instructing us to build trenches for protection against bombing, and to create anti-tank obstacles. German bombers appeared again and orders were given to relinquish our position and march. After travelling for four hours we took shelter in a forest to eat and rest. We were still sleeping when German stukas attacked our position. One after the other the Stukas dived on us with an unearthly scream and dropped their bombs. The ordeal lasted for about 20 minutes, and it was the most nerve-racking experience I ever lived through.

After the bombers disappeared we resumed our march. The roads and highways by this time were crowded with refugees and troops. We marched all night and stopped for food and rest at dawn. As morning passed we began to see scouting planes, and shortly afterwards the bombing began again. We were ordered to scatter in the woods. The Stukas dived and screamed above us and bomb explosions rocked the ground. This lasted for half an hour. All that afternoon and night we retreated. Towards midnight we heard the rumble of tanks behind us and realized the Germans were overtaking us. We ran to the woods for cover and looking back I saw the dark shapes of German tanks and the flashing of their guns as they fired on us. Having only rifles, and not many of those, we flattened ourselves out in the woods and waited until the tanks had rumbled past.

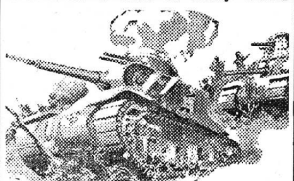
Now that we were in German held territory it was a case of every man for himself. A corporal and I decided to try and reach the French lines. We travelled by night keeping off the roads and guiding ourselves by the stars. We reached a small town where the hostess of an inn gave us food and a bed to sleep on. A German patrol overtook us here, and searched us for weapons. Not wanting to be bothered with prisoners the



patrol told us to report to the authorities in a certain town some ten miles away. Realizing that we would be put in a prison camp if we followed these instructions we waited until the patrol had gone and then changed into civilian clothes. Then we started hiking towards the sea, some four hundred miles away. At Rouen my friend found his parents alive and well, and I continued the journey alone.

Frequently I was stopped on the road by German patrols who questioned and searched me and decided I was just another civilian refugee. Eventually I reached a town, which I shall not identify, and found some of my relatives who gave me food and shelter and work on a farm.

After spending eight months in this place I decided to try my luck again and make an effort to reach unoccupied France. I made the crossing successfully in April of 1941 and went to the French Army authorities to ask for transportation back to Canada. After a wait of many weeks



this was granted and I was sent to Marseilles where I spent another five months waiting for a boat to take me to North Africa. After a six month wait in Casablanca I boarded another boat which brought me home by way of Bermuda, Cuba,

and finally New York on the 15th of April, 1942. I reached my home at Kennedy, Saskatchewan, on April 22nd exactly thirty months from the day I left to join the French army.

What do I want to do now? That's an easy question. I want to finish my aircrew training and back over there as fast as possible. I have a score to settle with Herr Hun!

Toast

(Continued from page 4)

your graceful form gliding around the dance floor.

I know that I am voicing the sentiments of all the personnel of this Station when I say we are sorry to see Mrs. Reid and yourself leave.

To Mrs. Reid, whose interest in the activities of the Station have always been keen and who has been so charming to know and associate with we assure you that your presence will be missed and your kindly help will leave us with a sense of loss.

So I would ask you ladies and gentlemen to rise and drink a toast to Wing Commander and Mrs. Reid coupled with the wish for continued good health, much happiness and great success in their new venture. Thank you.

Winnipeg,

February 8, 1943.

Editor,
The Airmen's Post,
No. 2 Manning Depot,
Brandon, Man.

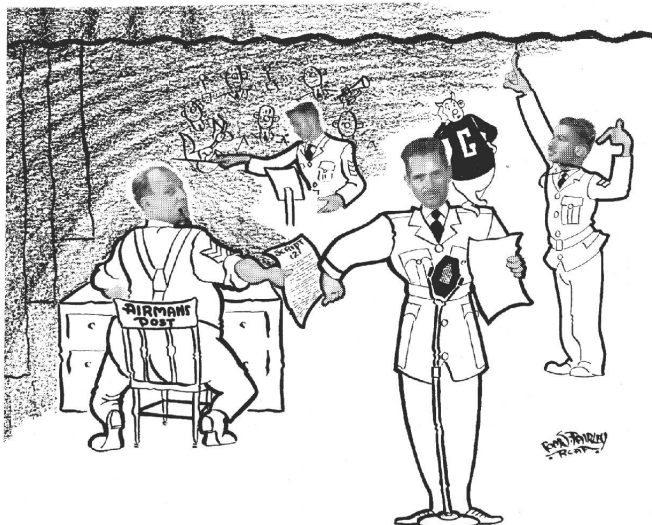
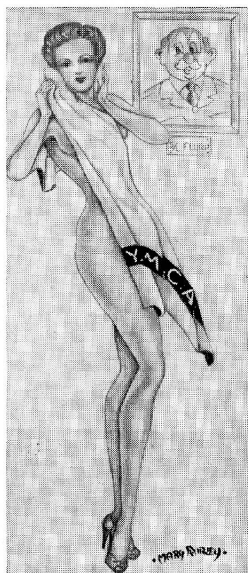
Dear Sir:

The regional committee of Fighting France was very agreeably surprised to find in your February's issue a full page about the Fighting
(Continued on page 16)

A LETTER TO THE GANG BACK HOME

I'm one of the fellows who is making the world safe for democracy. I fought and fought—but I had to go anyway. I was in Class A—the next time I want to be in Class B (B here when they leave and B here when they come back.) I remember when I registered—I went up to the desk and the man in charge was my milkman. He said, "What's your name?" I said, "Oh, you know me." "What's your name?" he barked. I told him, "August Childs." He said, "Are you alien?" I said, "No, I feel fine." He asked me where I was born and I said, "Pittsburgh. Then he said, "When did you first see the light of day?" and I said, "When we moved to Philadelphia." He asked me how old I was, so I told him, "Twenty-three the first day of September." He said, "The first day of September you will be in China and that will be the end of August."

Then I went to camp and I guess they didn't think I would live long. The first fellow I saw wrote on my card, "Flying Corps." I went a little further and some fellow said, "Look what the wind's blowing in." I said "Wind nothing. The draft's doing it." On the second morning they put these clothes on me. What an outfit! As soon as you're in it, you think you could fight anybody. They have two sizes—too small and too big. The pants were so tight I couldn't sit down. The shoes were so big I turned around three times and they didn't move. What a raincoat they gave me—it strained the rain. I passed an officer all dressed up with a funny belt and all that stuff. He said, calling to me, "Didn't you notice my uniform when you passed?" I said, "Yeah, what are you kicking about—look what they gave me."



Our artist's version of the "Air Force Entertains"—Left to Right: Sgt. Bob Tyre, Scripts; Sgt. George Fairbairn, directing the band; Flying Officer R. R. Barrett at the microphone, and Cpl. Irving Herman, producer. Since this picture was taken Cpl. Herman has been posted to No. 3 Wireless, Winnipeg.

One morning when it was about five degrees below, they called us out for underwear inspection. Talk about scenery—red flannels—B.V.D.'s of all kinds. The union suit I had on would fit Tony Galento. The Lieut. lined us up and told us to stand up. I said, "I am up sir, but this underwear I have on makes you think I'm sitting down." He got so mad he put me out digging a ditch. A little later he passed me and said, "Don't throw that dirt up here." I said, "Where am I going to put it?" He said, "Dig another hole and put it there." Three days later we sailed for Australia. Marching down the pier, I had the worst luck. I had a Sgt. who stuttered and it took him so long to say "Halt" that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out and lined us up on the pier. The Capt. came by and said "Fall in." I said, "I have been in sir." I was on the boat 12 days—sea sick 2 days. Nothing going down and everything coming up. I leaned over the rail all the time. In the middle of one of my best leans, the Capt. rushed by and said, "What company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by myself." He asked if the Brigadier was up yet. I said, "If I swallowed it, it's up." Talk about your dumb people—I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped the anchor." He replied, "I knew they'd lose it; it's been hanging out ever since we left New York." Well we landed and were immediately sent to the trenches; after three nights there the cannons began to roar and the shells started to pop. I was shaking with patriotism. I tried to hide behind a tree, but there weren't enough trees for the officers. The Capt. came around and said, "We go over the top at 5 o'clock." I said, "I would like to have a furlough." He said, "Haven't you any red blood in your body?" I said, "Yes, but I don't want to see it." Five o'clock we went over the

top and 10,000 Japs came at us. The way they looked at me you'd think I'd started the war. Our Capt. yelled, "Fire at will"—but I didn't know anybody by the name of Will. I guess the fellow behind me thought I was Will, because he fired the gun and shot me in the excitement.

When Wendell Wilkie arrived in Chungking, the mayor of the city celebrated this event by serving ice cream to the guests of honor at the official luncheon.

"For a long time, all cream has been banned here," the Mayor told Wilkie, "but the ban was lifted today, in honor of your visit. Tomorrow, the ban against using ice cream here will be imposed again."

Willkie and his friends were finishing the last of the ice cream, and expressed appreciation for the rare honor. "But tell me," Wilkie asked, "why isn't cream allowed to be used here?" "Because," explained the Mayor, "from the cream in Chungking you can get cholera."

Extracts from Letters Received by the Editor from Different Parts of the World

1. From Cranbrook, Kent, England.
"Many thanks indeed for the copy of the Airman's Post. A splendid publication, well printed, compiled, and on excellent paper."
2. From Litchfield, Connecticut, U.S.A.
"It was awfully nice of you to send us the Airman's Post and I assure you Floyd and I enjoyed it very much. You might be surprised if you knew where these copies go, for I send them on to our son at Turner Field in Georgia, as he is very interested in the flying activities of all other airmen too."
3. From Bexley Heath, Kent.
"Thanks ever so much for sending the Airman's Post. It is certainly a very interesting periodical."
4. From Auckland, New Zealand.
"This also serves to acknowledge another number of the Airman's Post. After reading, it is widely circulated and gives to those interested in the forces an opportunity of seeing the atmosphere and the efforts made in Canada towards winning the war."
5. From Auckland, New Zealand.
"I was delighted to get the Airman's Post. That is a particularly fine publication. To my mind it reflects a verile unit where everybody seems pleased to be in it. The clever sketches are very amusing. You must have plenty of good art paper in Canada for the cost of printing that in New Zealand would be practically prohibitive. I took the liberty of sending the copies to the Air Force mess in the city. It is situated in Mountain Road, which is on the north of the Mount Eden Rise, and is in a large house, which is well designed with very commodious rooms."
6. From Melbourne, Australia.
"I was also pleasantly surprised to get another copy of the Airman's Post for November, as I thought a ban had been put on the export of all magazines and papers from Canada. The Post is an unusually good effort, being well written and printed. The layout is obviously the work of experience, whilst the paper and cover are of that fine quality which arrests the attention. It is eagerly sought by my friends in the Beaufort Division of the Department of Aircraft Production, some of whom hail from Canada."



BETH LOCKHART'S SHOW RICH IN COLOR AND VARIETY

February the 14th's blue-plate special on the Sunday entertainment menu was a feast to tempt the most jaded appetite. Color and variety marched across the stage in a fast moving parade of melody, mirth, novelty and song. The itinerary took us first of all to the bedside of Joe Doaks and his AC2 dream of a world peopled by gentle-voiced sergeants and humble corporals. We visited the romantic domain of Dan Cupid and watched a huge red heart disintegrate into trembling tatters before the impact of passion's bombshell. In a world richly garnished with the trappings of the Orient we looked in on Ali Baba's harem and privately voted it an ideal way of life for the post-war world.

The program opened with the Mannettes in a snappy sailor routine; Messrs. Chalmers, McKay, and Hockaday enacted a comedy skit entitled "Joe Doak's Dream"; a visitor from Shilo with a pleasing comedy number was Gunner Don Smith; husky lads from the Depot gave a practical demonstration of P.T.; AC2 McCallum was on hand again with a humorous offering; a graceful valetine waltz featuring Beth Lockhart and Ed. Quigley also included a group number with the Mannettes, Margaret Ingram, Sgt. Stennett and Leo Kennedy; the voices of Roy Lobb and Margaret King blended next in a vocal offering; a tap dancing double with Beth Lockhart and Ed. Quigley was climaxed by Miss Lockhart jumping through a large paper heart.

The second half of the show, "Ali Baba Goes to Town" was a colorful production of the Orient featuring WO1 Chalmers as the sultan, Cpl. Hockaday as the umbrella boy, the eunuchs were played by LAC Buchanan, AC2 Ed. Quigley, AC2 Berney Gordon. Jimmy Gillson and Mildred Lewis played the part of the American couple; Beth Lockhart was the favorite wife and Roy Lobb the sheik; girls of the harem were played by the Mannettes, Margaret Ingram, Mae Moss, Margaret Whittack and Olga Bobiak. Gordon McLean was at the piano.

"SMILE PARADE" BREEZY ENTERTAINMENT

The Manning Depot concert party rang the bell again with Sunday, Jan. 31st's offering of "Smile Parade." The first half of this breezy show might have been aptly sub-titled "Home on the Range" or "Buck Benny Rides Again." In a setting that had all the flavor and tang of the



The cast of Beth Lockhart's colorful production "Ali Baba Goes to Town". This is the harem scene showing Sergeant Major Chalmers, as the Sultan, with his charming entourage. New stuff, Sultan?

old west, a highly entertaining cast of cowgirls and cowboys spurred their way through a sparkling round-up of mirth and melody.

The Six Farmerettes opened the show with a "Hayfoot Strawfoot" dance number; AC2 Jimmy Huson was good with his cowboy songs and

guitar playing; Miss M. Goldberg and AC2 Ed. Quigley won an ovation for their Mexican Hat dance; AC2 Peter Soode was on hand again with several good comedy offerings; a musical trio performed on a violin, guitar, and harmonica; Marjorie Diller sang cowboy songs; a quartette com-



"Gee! That's the best number yet!"

RADIO SHOW

Monday's broadcasts from the Arena stage are drawing bigger crowds to the Depot every week. An ever changing roster of talent brings something new, something different to each broadcast. During the past few Mondays our popular half hour show has brought several new voices to the mic and a number of talented musicians.

"Life at the Manning Depot" is one of the highlights of each program and during recent weeks it dramatized the Selection Board, Training Wing, and Disposal Wing.

An interview with AC2 Walter Buhr, a fur trader from Baffin Land, was one interesting feature of a recent broadcast.

Vocal solos are regular offerings on each program. Recently heard were LAC "Buck" Buchanan, of the station band, who sang "There Are Such Things" and "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To", and AC2 Sam Cohen of Winnipeg who sang "The March of the United Nations." AC2 Ted Sater entertained at the piano playing popular song medleys. The audience sing-songs are another highly enjoyable feature of each broadcast.

The new theme song for the program "Captains of the Clouds" has been enthusiastically endorsed by the airmen on the station who can be heard seven days a week humming and whistling the stirring melody.

Before the broadcast starts each Monday at 10 p.m., the crowd gathers half an hour earlier at 9.30 to rehearse the sing-song and get ready for the opening of the show.

All airmen interested in appearing on this show should report to the programme office backstage for auditions.

prising Lillian Bain, Margaret King, Roy Lobb and Frank Ward sang ballads; Art McEwing's Farmer Fiddlers from Winnipeg was one of the highlights of the evening. The first half ended with a grand square dance by four cowgirls and four cowboys.

The station band under the direction of Sgt. G. Fairbairn rate special mention for their offerings plus the dancing of the Mannettes and the singing of Gloria Quale; very good was a comedy number by Kimmings and Fairbairn on the trombone and piano; much applauded was a comedy overture arranged by LAC Jack Donovan.

"Smile Parade" was produced by Cpl. Irving Herman. The dances were directed by Miss M. A. Yeomans.



IMPRESSIONS OF A NEW RECRUIT

Life in the Reception Wing consists largely of surprises and rumors. The brand new AC2 has no idea of what is happening to him and for the first time in his life, he doesn't know what he is going to be doing ten minutes in the future. Hence everything that happens is a surprise. Not knowing what is coming up, the lacquer buttoned rookies build their day-to-day existence on rumor.

FLIGHT NEWS

By The Flight Reporters

Flight 375 presents a united front to the world, says the Flight reporters AC2s Halgrimson and Edwards . . . AC2 Cole, the 4th member of his family to join the R.C.A.F., recently took part in one of the station radio programs as the trainee who was interviewed by the Selection Board on the air . . . AC2 Wallace of Flight 375 was a fisherman's guide in civilian life . . . AC2 Margot was a school teacher in Saskatchewan . . . others come from munition factories, shipyards and farms . . . Cpl. Price is very much esteemed by his lads in 375.

Flight 376 accepts no responsibility for Corporal Reshitka's hospital holiday . . . they are glad to see him back on his feet again . . . 376 boasts a plutocrat in their midst in the person of AC2 Ted Feeley of the Feeley Motor Company, Winnipeg . . . another recruit is George Grant, a char-



All in all, however, it is a good life. Despite all our fears and trembling, we find we have plenty of time to ourselves, the recreation facilities are good, and the bark of the N.C.O.'s is worse than their bite.

Probably the most soul-shattering experience of the new arrivals is the inevitable trip to the barber shop. The sight of your carefully nurtured tresses lying desolate on the barber shop floor is more than many a man can stand. What is more, the shape of the bony structure of your head laid bare by the departed foliage turns out to be quite a jolt.

The biggest uplift in morale came as a surprise to your correspondent,

at least. It was not at a concert, or when someone pulled a good joke, as might be expected. It was when we first put our uniforms on. All of a sudden we were airmen. We were no longer civilians. We were at last in the thick of the war. And we felt wonderful.

This, in a random account, is something of the impressions of a new airman. We are confused and bewildered still but we are getting along. Now that we're here, Hitler had best look about for a piece of ground approximately six feet by three.

AC2 J. A. O. Crowe



tered accountant in civilian life . . . Barney Bower from Sioux Lookout is a former C.N.R. brakeman and Port Arthur hockey player . . . Barney also plays a hot clarinet . . . from Victoria Beach, Manitoba, is Johnny Ateah who owns a mink ranch . . . John, they claim, is one of the best accordion players in the R.C.A.F.

The Post could not be complete without a mumble or two from Flight 381, says reporters Fedoruk and Cameron . . . the characters comprising this flight, say they, are a strange and varied collection . . . right marker "Gruesome" Greer has achieved fame in athletics . . . Peter Lenio represents the vocal section of the flight . . . hockey is represented by AC2's Crowe and Whiting . . . generally speaking Flight 381 is confident of emerging from their basic

training as models of well disciplined airmen.

The members of Flight 374, under the expert tutelage of Sgt. Stevens, are unanimously agreed that their Flight is of a very superior calibre to all others . . . 374 came into being on the 8th of January and almost every province in the dominion is represented in their ranks . . . the shooting gallery brought out a lot of hidden talent in 374 . . . this Flight claims the only two perfect scores to date . . . AC2's Dobson and Greer can really squint down a rifle barrel . . . table tennis champion and best man on the parallel bars is AC2 Colbourne from Winnipeg . . . AC2 Barr from Regina is the Flight's pugilistic champ who proved his worth at Carberry.



Flight 377 looks back on a very successful month spent in drill, marching, and sports participation . . . they arrived in Brandon on January 13th and vote it a very lucky day for them . . . highlighting 377's athletic achievements is the 7-1 hockey drubbing they gave Flight 378 . . . notable scoring in this event was done by Messrs. Muirhead, McKenzie, Banting, Carley, Hobday and Dixon . . . "Battler" Vince Lardner is boxing star of the Flight . . . radio fame beckons the twelve artists from the Flight who were chosen to provide the marching feet in a recent "Air Force Entertains" broadcast.

AC2's MacNabb, Wallis, and Hook contribute some miscellany on the doings of Flight 378 "the pride of the Air Force" . . . 378 boasts Chick Chickowsky in their ranks of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers . . . "Red" MacDonald has been doing some plain and fancy leather punching for the Station.

Flight 379 are waiting and hoping to get in a crack at Herr Hitler and help bring victory a little nearer . . . the fighting 79th are looking forward to their wind-up banquet followed by a spot of dancing in the Arena.

Flight 80 entering reception wing without N.C.O.'s for three days, was quite a "lost squadron". Sgt. Mackay calls us "lucky lads." Though inoculations and a blitzkrieg start at P.T. raised some doubts, we now agree with him, and how!

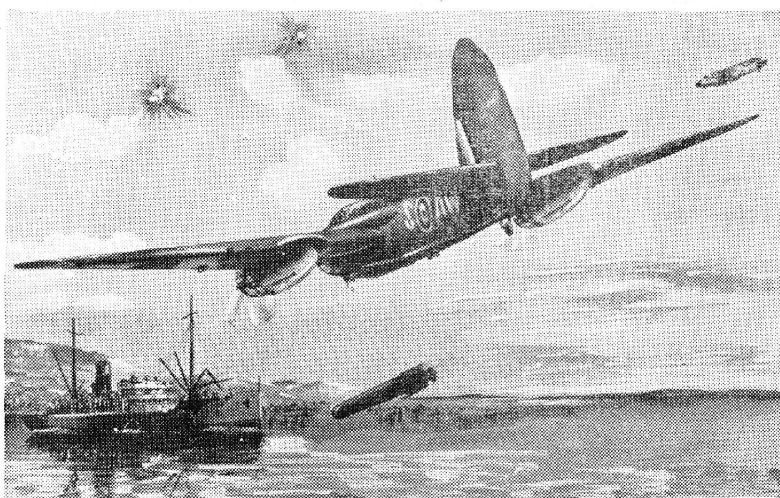
Cpl. Stein is the man who boosts our P.T. morale. His faith in the elastic quality of our muscles makes us doubt that first aid course on dislocations.

We're quite a cross section of Canadian provinces and walks of life. AC2's Wayne, Dawkins, Mason and Halgrimson from B.C., Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba are fairly representative of the stew. Yours truly, a south of Ireland man, "neutral against the Axis" giving it a slightly Irish flavor.

With a 50-50 AC and GC muster we're ripe for action. So far we have not got it for our hockey team but Flight 79 are taking us on this week.

With Winnipeg "dip and glide" experts like Wally Turner, Andy Grearson and others, the fair sex of Brandon are thronging to Flight 80 for lessons in navigation in the Arena on Tuesday nights.

Though it's cold at present we're out to make things hot so look out for future communiques in "The Post."



An artists impression of the critical moment when the Bristol Beaufort releases a deadly torpedo in the direction of an Axis vessel carrying supplies to Rommel in Africa.



DEMON SQUADRON FLIER TELLS OF MOONLIT SHIPPING RAIDS

Striking over the moonlit sea at 260 miles an hour, the airmen in a bomber of the all-Canadian Demon squadron headed straight for a Nazi convoy off the coast of Holland, picked a 4,000-ton ship, swooped over it so low that the mast tore off the bomb-doors of their plane, dropped their load and cleared the ship by seconds before it blew up.

This was one of many thrilling battles experienced by a Manitoba wireless air gunner, Flying Officer Arthur (Whitey) White, 22, of Bin-scarth, during his seven months with the squadron that earned the name of The Scourge of Nazi Shipping. He also took part in the first 1,000-plane raid on Bremen and saw plenty of fires start there.

Flying Officer White described his adventures in Winnipeg, having just returned for instructional duty in Canada after 27 months overseas. He has flown for 500 hours, of which 250 were on operations.

He paid tribute to the Winnipeg commander of the Demon squadron, Wing Commander Alan Coatsworth Brown, saying he is a fine leader.

During his time with the Demons his bomber destroyed four or five German ships and was pretty well shot up on several occasions, he stated. The squadron made an all-time record for all squadrons last May by bagging 24 enemy ships in one month.

THE MAP OF CONQUEST (From the New York Times)

In Balzac's novel, "La Peau de Chagrin," a miraculous bit of wild ass's skin seems to grant its owner's every wish, but only at the price of a certain shrinkage for every wish fulfilled. The last wish is never gratified, for the skin has shrunk to nothing and its owner dies.

The German map of conquest is like the skin in Balzac's fable. At its full extension it seemed to promise everything that the Nazi heart could desire. But the promise was a treacherous one. So much blood and effort went into making the map, so much hatred was aroused as its evil edges spread over two continents, that the process of shrinkage became

The Post Surveys The World From Brandon

South African Ace of the R.A.F.



Thirty-two Nazi planes have been downed under the fire of Group Captain A. G. "Sailor" Maian, seated here in the cockpit of his super Spitfire. One of the youngest group captains in the R.A.F., Maian is 32 and comes from South Africa. He got the name "Sailor" while serving with the merchant navy.

inevitable. Now both in Russia and Africa it is shrinking disastrously. Each loss entails another loss, with more blood and more effort to prevent it. And each loss steals something of strength from its weary owner's body. At the end the German map of conquest will shrink to nothing and the men who made it will die.

Schickelgruber was presenting Iron Crosses (those decorative knick-knacks that he apparently thinks are a substitute for anything a storm trooper may desire). After working his way down the line, he came to the last man. To his consternation, there were no crosses left. He pondered a moment, then triumphantly announced, "Ach, I know. I will give you an egg for breakfast."

Told at an Edinburgh golf club dinner: Jock and Sandy were playing a match one day, and the following conversation was overheard on one of the greens:

Jock: "How many strokes have you played?"

Sandy: "I'm nae sure, but I ken you've played six."

BOMBERS LEARN COMMANDO JOBS

Canadian bomber crews overseas are being battle-toughened with commando training in case they have to protect their airdromes, R.C.A.F. headquarters disclosed.

Prime Minister Churchill instigated the course when he visited some northern bomber stations a few months ago and stressed the importance of everybody, flying personnel as well as ground staff, knowing how to defend airdromes and machines.

Among Canadian airmen who are now commando-trained are Pilot Officer Freddy P. J. Belanger, an air gunner from Quebec City and former player on the Quebec Aces, now with the R.C.A.F. French-Canadian bomber squadron, and Pilot Officer L. C. Foster, another air gunner from Southey, Sask.

THAT'S PETTY!

Add definitions: Neck—that which you get a pain in when the dope who takes you out for the first time wants to.



ORIGIN OF THE R.A.F. BADGE AND MOTTO

In 1912 Air Vice-Marshal The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes realizing the need for a distinctive badge to be worn by members of the Royal Flying Corps enlisted the services of Brigadier General David Henderson and together they sketched upon a War Office blotting pad the "Wings" which were afterwards sanctioned by the King.

A young officer, J. N. Fletcher, suggested the Latin phrase "Per Ardua ad Astra" as a motto for the badge and this was accepted by the War Office. The only change in the badge since that time was the replacing of the letters "R.F.C." with "R.A.F."

Here's to the parachutist. The only man who gets up in the world by falling down on the job.



TWINS ARE CHOSEN

Joint "sweetheart" of a U.S. army engineers' company are Lee and Lyn Wilde, blonde twin movie stars in Hollywood. They were chosen because the men "think that each of you is more beautiful than any girl we ever met."

Between The Book Ends

The best entertainment available to anyone is a good book, and our stock of books in the big bright new library covers a vast variety of titles and subjects. Here's a worthwhile project for those leisure hours—choose a book and pass the time away profitably.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

By Ernest Hemingway

This is a book of sordid power that tells the tale of Spain during the Spanish civil war. The descriptions are intense, realistic, vulgar and at times supremely nauseating. Hemingway makes one see the blood flow and hear the groans of the dying as they are tortured to death. The descriptions of such scenes more often than not dig deep into the minds of the characters, and unravel with keen discernment of human nature, the mad cavalcade of thought that rushes through the human mind at such moments as death, battle, defeat, and success.

Unfortunately the book is marred by a colorful description of true love that ranks only with the impassioned writings of a ten cent true story magazine. This angle is dealt with at times in such detail that the great ideal and message meant by the author dips low into a feeble attempt to raise the animal instinct to the zenith of man's personal aspirations.

As for the war itself, Hemingway give his opinion. It is clear, to the point, and evidently there is a definite attempt to render an unbiased account. To tackle such a problem, one whose enormity is matched only by its complexity is a task that could fill several volumes. Hemingway has made an attempt at it in one novel.

"SO FEW"

By David Masters

We who are now "so many" proudly remember the "So Few". Here are excerpts from their glorious story. This is a book every airman will want to read for these are our heroes. It is the "Immortal Record of the Royal Air Force." This book records some of the greatest stories of human bravery ever written.

"Mr. Masters put before us a veritable kaleidoscope of gallantry and endurance. One has no sooner admired the bravery of one man than he presents another picture of equal brilliance. Each adventure borders on the unbelievable, yet the facts are well authenticated. . . . The reader is introduced to aircrafmen, sergeant-gunners, wireless operators and navigators, pilot-officers and officers of higher rank, all of whom have won distinctions and decorations for some hair-raising achievement. . . . every story in this book is not only a thrill, but a mirror—a mirror wherein one can see clearly that . . . it is the quality of the men of the R.A.F. which has won such clear-cut vic-



tories over Goering's Air Force."—The Times.

"So Few" is now in the library. A man after reading it will find his blood stirring and will have an unconquerable urge to be "up and doing". All airmen will want to read this book.

"HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION"

By Thornton Wilder

This is the story of George Marvin Brush—a commercial traveller who does not run true to form. Instead of passing on the traditional line of snappy stories, he inscribes bible texts neatly on hotel blotters. In fact his main motive in life is the uplift of his fellow man—and woman, but his well intentioned efforts usually rebound ludicrously to his own discomfort.

There is the time some of his confreres arrange a dinner party for him at a certain Madame's house, to which he goes all unsuspectingly. He admires Madame's many handsome and demure daughters and takes them all out to the picture show. Later, was his face red!

He has many altruistic theories which he tries out on a ruthless world with surprising results. But his spirit, like John Brown's, is unquenchable, and in spite of set backs, goes marching bravely on.

This book by Thornton Wilder, the eminent American writer, is a definite departure from his usual grave style of sensitive probing into the law of cause and effect, as in his "Bridge of San Luis Rey." Here he is in a highly facetious vein and lampoons that type of fundamentalist whose aggressive righteousness defeats itself by rubbing everyone's fur the wrong way. The book bubbles with chuckles from beginning to end, though you do have a sneaking sympathy for the poor lamb who is continually led to the slaughter in a thankless world.

(By the way, the Adjutant is enjoying this book at present, so line up by the right, boys, and await your turn with patience.)

Other books seen on your library shelves that can be highly recommended:

This Above All, Eric Knight.
I Was a Nazi Flier, Gottfried Leske.
Wind, Sand and Stars, Antoine de St. Exupery.
Lost Road, C. E. Scoggins.
Brazilian Adventure, Peter Fleming.
Landfall, Neville Shute.
National Velvet, Enid Bagnold.
The Yearling, Marjorie Kinman Rawlings.

HOW FAST ARE THEY?

(From Canadian Airman)

	MPH
Earthworm	0.002
Shrimp	0.25
Mosquito	3.1
Housefly	5.0
Pig	11.0
Parachutist	14.0
Large rain drop	17.0
Billiard ball (fastest)	22.0
Penguin (swimming)	22.0
Sparrow	35.0
Angler's cast	40.0
Heavy sea-wave	44.0
Race Horse (fastest)	48.0
Dragonfly (fastest insect)	55.0
Sailfish (fastest fish)	68.0
Nerve impulse	70.0
Cheetah (fastest mammal)	70.0
Skier (fastest)	85.0
Ice-hockey puck	90.0
Droplets in hearty sneeze	120.0
Parachutist (fastest before parachute opens)	120.0
Hurricane	125.0
Golf ball (fastest)	190.0
Frigate bird (fastest bird)	240.0
Wind in typhoon	350.0
Earth's surface at equator	1,040.0
16-inch shell	1,200.0
Gas particles in bomb explosion	2,700.0
Bullet (fastest)	3,000.0

THE RIGHT SPOT

A witty speaker was proposing a vote of thanks to the corpulent President of a Rotary Club. He said:

"There is a charming fable that when a baby is born, its guardian angel implants a kiss. If the kiss is on the brow, the child will be very intellectual; if on the eyes, very beautiful; if on the fingers, very artistic and so on.

"Now, I cannot say where the angel kissed our President, but I do know he makes a very good Chairman."



"Inspection!"



No. 2 "M" Depot's champion basketball team

WITH THE HOOP ARTISTS AT THE DEPOT

Under the careful managership of P/O Smith and Cpl. Stein, and coached by AC2 McCance, the station basketball team has been setting up quite an enviable record in the past month. After finishing the first half of the inter-services schedule in not too brilliant a fashion, the mesh kings have knuckled down to business and to date in the second half of the schedule have not been defeated. Taking all in their stride, they twice defeated No. 12, winners of the first half, in a home and home series, defeated Rivers and A4 and have but two games left to play before the playoffs, which are to take place in the very near future. The team consisting of quite a number of former Winnipeg senior stars lines up as follows: AC2's McCance, Oppenheimer, Bicknell, Lowden, O'Donohue, Floyd, MacKenzie, Freedman and Chickowsky.

Other basketball headliners on the station included a number of exhibition games between the senior N.C.O.'s and the officers, which to date have failed to produce a definite winner. There is talk of organizing an inter-flight league in the very near future so all you basketball experts should be out in the evenings sharpening up those shooting eyes.

Before signing off let us suggest that in the future more fellows attend the station games and support our team which from here looks to be really going places.

F/Sgt. J. Van Brunt.

BULGING THE TWINE AT NO. 2

With those cool Arctic breezes still prowling through Brandon the airmen at the Depot still continue to take advantage of the frozen aqua to play a first class brand of hockey.

The rink at the Exhibition grounds is still the scene nightly of keen, friendly rivalry between the different Flights in Training Wing, and the recruits in Reception are eagerly looking forward to the time when they will move into Training Wing and get a chance to display their wares with the blades and hickory.

The Motor Transport Section is the latest department to enter into this league and are giving a very good account of themselves—although they took a bad drubbing from the clerks recently. The lads from the mechanized department, however, have blood in their eyes and are impatiently waiting for a return match to restore their lost prestige.

The station hockey team with a number of new faces in the line-up are bringing glory to the old Depot in the Service's League. Since the last edition of the Post the boys have taken A3 Shilo into camp with a 5-4 score, and thoroughly drubbed Carberry 10-1. The latter game provided plenty of excitement with two or three little "free for alls" that added spice to the event.

Always on the lookout for new talent F/O Daverne, who is in charge of hockey, extends a welcome sign to any lad who wishes to try out for the team. If you're interested get in touch with F/O Daverne or F/Sgt. Van Brunt anytime.

F/Sgt. J. Van Brunt.

SPORT PERSONALITIES AT NO. 2

Jim Veich, who hails from Winnipeg, played forward with the starry St. John Franklin juvenile hockey team before joining the R.C.A.F. and would like to try out for the station team.—Please note Ft./Sgt. Van Brunt.

Verne Johnson, versatile member of the Kelvin Tech. track team in the city inter-collegiate track meets was also an active member of the Canoe club.

A. D. McGees career in hockey stretches back five years through Winnipeg bantam, midget and juvenile leagues. The Wolseley Flyers were the last team to appreciate his talents. He was also active in Winnipeg basketball circles, playing for the Lazy L juniors.

D. A. Redwood from Ryerson, Sask. played three seasons with their juvenile team in a league that offered plenty of stiff competition.

E. Ahoff played two seasons as guard with the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, also went East with the R.C.A.F. Bombers which represented the West in the East-West rugby final.

E. A. Johnson has eight years of competitive hockey behind him and is eager for a tryout with an air force team. Four years on midget and juvenile teams and four years with the Fort Frances juniors add up to a valuable sum of experience at puck chasing.

T. S. Fairley

POT SHOTS FROM THE SMALL BORE RIFLE CLUB

In a competitive shoot between No. 2 "M" Depot, No. 12 S.F.T.S., North Brandon, and No. 33 S.F.T.S., Carberry, the following scores were made:

No. 2 "M" Depot

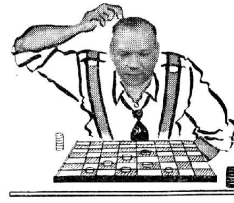
WO2 Cherrier	100	99	100	99	398
Sgt. Mitchell	100	99	100	98	397
Sgt. Aikens	99	98	99	100	396
Sgt. Girvan	100	100	100	99	399
Cpl. Smith	100	100	100	100	400

Grand Total 1990

No. 33 S.F.T.S.

WO2 Pretty	94	100	100	99	393
F./Sgt. Dunham	97	98	100	100	395
Sgt. Dobriskey	100	100	100	100	400
LAC Pierce	98	100	100	99	397
LAC Davies	99	100	97	98	394

Grand Total 1979



With one checker left on the board the "Great" Inkster scratches his dome and prepares to explain how he lost the game "seven moves back" when somebody distracted his attention.

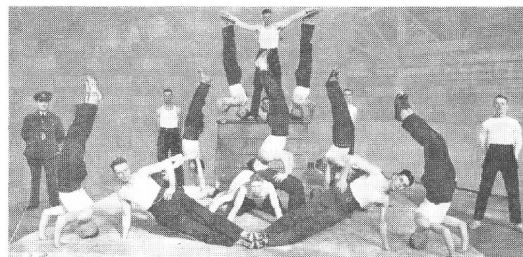
No. 12 S.F.T.S.

Sqn/Ldr. Laing	100	100	100	100	400
WO2 Wilson	100	98	99	99	396
F/Sgt. Lawley	100	100	100	100	400
F/Sgt. Shiakate	99	99	100	98	396
Sgt. Cooper	100	100	100	100	400

Grand Total 1992

This shoot was held on the night of February 15th, 1943 at No. 2 "M" Depot, six men shooting with each team, five to count. Our return match will be held in Carberry, Tuesday, Feb. 23, 1943.

Sgt. R. Girvan



F/L Whelan (extreme left) and Sgt. Brotherton (extreme right) supervise a gym class on the Arena floor. The airmen enjoy these workouts.



PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

Corporal L. F. Dierker

Cpl. Dierker came to us in October 1941, as a recruit to the Air Force, but not to the duties he took up at the Station Hospital. His previous wide experience in surgical and medical work has made him.

Born in Cudworth, Sask., in 1914 he trained as an Orderly at Holy Family Hospital at Prince Albert. From there he spent the four and a half years prior to enlistment. His experiences there, recounted now and again, were many and varied, both poignant and humorous as well might be in a hospital of that sort.

The bonds between himself and his chosen vocation were further strengthened by his marriage in 1939, his wife being a nurse at Tisdale, Sask. She is now furthering the war effort by carrying on her nursing duties so much needed in these days.

He is concise, competent and orderly, his tidy habits showing in his appearance and in the wards under his care. He is too valuable to go unrecognized on any station, and we are sure that the Pen. Hospital at P.A., from which he was loaned to the services will be anticipating his return after the war.

LANGUID LIMERICKS

Our pharmacist here by the name of Burkett

Is familiar with terms like "codex" and "cassette",
Hes not stumped by "Rubini"
Or "Ceratum Galeni"
And knows how to whip up a "Vi-burnin Cachette".

The hospital Masseur, our own Corporal Cates,
Has to work doubly hard after all 48's,
Using powerful strokes
On the limbs of the blokes
Who return broken up after heavy blind dates.

—H.G.O.



Heard Through The Stethoscope

STATIC FROM OUR STATION HOSPITAL

THINGS WE WERE WONDERING

1. How Miss McAlpine can keep calm and sweet-tempered working in the Hospital Orderly Room?
2. Why doesn't the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist cure his own cough?
3. Can Corporal O'Brien eat steaks now?
4. Why does the Senior Medical Officer use a hard chair when there are two comfortable ones in his office.
5. Why doesn't the Works Dept. fix the leaks in the Hospital roof?
6. What "Medicine" does S/L Kreiner use to cure his own colds?
7. Did WO1 Rubin's bon-bons sweeten the Sisters?
8. Did Sergeant Kearney raise that "merry old hell" with the Postal Section?
9. Do all the folks of Huntsville, Ontario croak like Harvey Jamieson?
10. Do those erotic pictures really help Cpl. Lock convalesce?
11. What makes Cpl. Grossman go "beserk" at the game of bowls?
12. Do the staff of the Hospital Records Office also conduct a Lonely Hearts Bureau?

MY DUODENAL ULCER

O duodenum miserable

Why is it when I eat considerable
A sense of comfort permeates
My being and full peace creates?
But in mid-morn when my belly's flat
There comes the weakness of a cat?
Must I rush forth to milk a cow
To stem the pangs and stop the row
That started when the hydrochloric
Got frisky with my damned pyloric?
Must I forever decorate
My innards at ten, four and eight
With powders made of God knows
what

Is that my fate, is that my lot

—By a Patient.

FIRST AID FUMBLES

The somewhat trying task of imparting a knowledge of First Aid to a large class of trainees has, however, its brighter moments. Each of the instructors could recount many amusing incidents connected with the lectures and examinations. A few of them bear repeating for their originality and humour.

One candidate when asked how he would arrest haemorrhage from the femoral artery replied: "That is a very large artery, and there would be a lot of blood—I think I would put my head between my knees to keep from fainting and"—. With malice aforethought, questions such as the following are raised. "If I pull a man out of the water, drowned, and find he has both legs broken, and his ribs crushed, should I turn him over and apply artificial respiration?"—always accompanied by a fiendish grin and a "get out of that one buddy" expression. An entirely new

definition for comminuted fracture was brought to light when the examiner was told that such a fracture occurs while travelling to and from work.—And then "For a corrosive acid poison I'd give a mild alcohol"; we ask "to whom?" An examiner was trying to worm the word "corrosive" from a candidate.

Examiner—What happens to iron left exposed to air and dampness?

Candidate—It rusts.

Ex.—Yes, and what happens to metal in contact with acid.

Cand.—It gets eaten away.

Ex.—What is another name for that?

Cand.—Reducing.

Commonly heard in all demonstrations—use the other arm, I've just had my "noes."



NEW TREATMENT FOR CHRONIC DUCK'S DISEASE

Historical

This condition has long been recognized under the name of "Lethargy of Unknown Origin", but it was not until 1940 when Newstone and his co-workers investigated the malady among trainees that it was recognized as a clinical entity and named Chronic Duck's Disease.

This year Elder, Durkin, Attridge, and Riddell, the Station Hospital Research Bureau have completed an exhaustive study of the disease, and are able to announce the causative factors and establish a simple and effective form of therapeutics. The purpose of this brief paper is to outline the signs and symptoms of this insidious disease in order that trainee sufferers may diagnose their own condition and avail themselves of present treatment which is known to be an absolute cure.

Etiology

The Station Hospital Research Bureau, after intensive research, have definitely shown that this condition is a deficiency disease, due to lack of:

- (a) Concentrated relaxation from study.
- (b) Rest periods.
- (c) The company of beautiful women.
- (d) Convivial company.
- (e) Diarrhoea.

The disease is confined to the male sex and shows an alarmingly high incidence at No. 2 Manning Depot.



Signs and Symptoms

The sufferers from this heretofore strange malady exhibit a typical picture in the advanced stages. Since the disease is of insidious onset and of a progressive nature, the earliest sign therefore should be sufficient to warn the trainee of his danger.

The onset is marked by loss of lustre of the eyes. This is followed by drooping of the corners of the mouth and later by furrowing of the forehead. The signs enumerated (Oborne's Triad) constitutes the typical facies of this disease.

The muscular weakness thus manifested first in the face, gradually spreads to involve the rest of the body. The patient notices increased tolerance to exercise. Soon he finds he will not stand if he can sit, nor sit if he can lie down. Moreover when he lies down he goes to sleep.

Symptoms resulting from involvement of the Central Nervous System soon manifest themselves. The patient tends to fall asleep in lectures. Loss of ability to concentrate becomes pronounced. He spends hours poring over a book, only to find he cannot remember what he has read. His attention wanders during Physical Training or Drill Instruction, and he is likely to be caught by the instructor in a sort of trance. There is a tendency for the trousers to slip down on the hips, thus reducing the relative distance between their seat and the floor. (It is this symptom that prompted Newstone to link the name of the disease with the duck).

Treatment

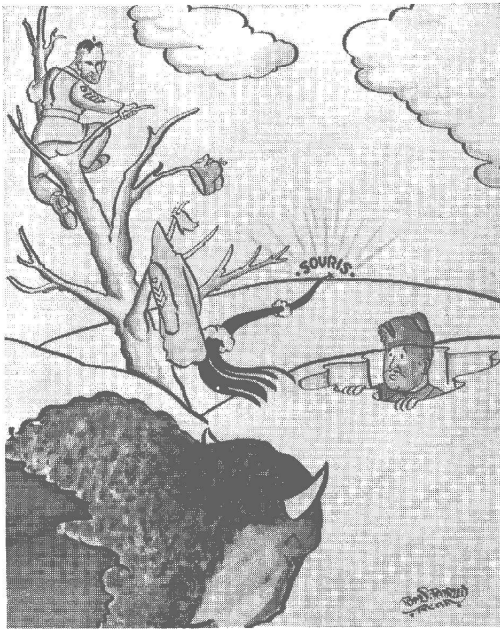
In view of the causes of this disease the principles of treatment are obvious, and in the light of present knowledge the Station Hospital Research Bureau have decided to instigate vigorous treatment forthwith.

For this purpose a clinic will be held daily at the Station Hospital M. I. Room between 0900 and 1000 hours. At the clinic a concentrated course of treatment will be administered which will cure the most advanced case of Chronic Duck's Disease, or for those not yet afflicted, act as a potent prophylactic. The treatment is as follows:

Preparation

- (a) Relaxation on benches for 55 minutes in a special waiting room provided.
- (b) Prohibition of text-books or any literature during this period.
- (c) Encouragement of the convivial interchange of ideas with your fellows while relaxed.

(Continued on page 16)



UNARMED AIRMEN ARE HEROES OF BATTLE WITH ENRAGED BUFFALO

THREE intrepid members of the R.C.A.F. stationed at No. 2 "M" Depot are resting quietly today after a grim battle with a maddened bull buffalo at the Exhibition Grounds.

Heroes are modest people, and our three fearless matadors were inclined to be reticent about their part in the exciting adventure. But by dint of persistent questioning we were able to piece the dramatic story together. A story of incredible courage and endurance pitted against two tons of savage, rampaging bison. Our three buffalo-busters modestly refused to have their names mentioned so we will simply refer to them as Frank "Bring 'em back alive" Cluck, Two-Gun Van Grunt, and One-Punch Frugal.

The story begins quietly enough as our three stalwart Knights in blue tramp through the purple twilight to bring a few tid-bits of chicken and caviar—common delicacies on the mess hall tables—to the captive buffalo. Little did they dream of the stirring drama that was soon to be enacted there on that snow-covered field as they fed the buffalo and stroked his massive head. Little did they suspect the murderous thoughts that lurked in the little animal brain of that shaggy monarch of the plains as he daintily gulped down the chicken and caviar. When all the food had been devoured the buffalo burped softly once or twice and leered wickedly at his three benefactors. Then he pranced back a short distance and snorted a few bars from "Deep in the Heart of Texas."

"Must be gas on his stomach," said Frank Cluck. But it wasn't gas, it was just plain, unadulterated orneriness. The buffalo lowered his head and charged! The die was cast! The battle was on!

"Tackle him, men!" Frank Cluck roared as he dived head first into the nearest snowdrift.

"Tackle him yourself!" shouted Two-Gun Van Grunt from the top of a tall tree.

"I'll see you fellows later," panted One-Punch Frugal as he bounded away with all the grace and fleetness of a frightened gazelle.

Don't get the impression that our three heroes were scared by a mere two tons of belligerent buffalo. This business of running and hiding was simply a trick to lure the bison into a trap where it could be surrounded and subdued. Soon the head of Frank Cluck warily emerged from the snowdrift. He appraised the situation swiftly. The danger had momentarily passed. The buffalo was thoughtfully picking his teeth with a splinter from a fence post.

"Looks like the fence stopped him," said Frank Cluck.

"That's what happened alright," Van Grunt confirmed.

"Then what are we waiting for?" said Frank Cluck boldly. "Let's get over there and demand an unconditional surrender." Joined by One-Punch Frugal who had borrowed a field-gun from A4 our trio of dauntless big game hunters fearlessly approached the buffalo. The buffalo looked at them

miserably, blushed, and lowered its head in shame—tears welled into the big brown eyes and a sob shook the huge body.

"I'm sorry for acting up like that," the buffalo sniffled. "It's the caviar that does it. I'm not used to rich food—it always gives me heartburn."

"Well, see that it doesn't happen again," said our three heroes severely. "Next time you won't get off so easy." And with that parting shot our buffalo-busters returned to their duties resolved not to divulge a word about their exciting adventure—for obvious reasons.

THE ADVENTURES OF GUS GREMLIN

GUS MEETS DER FUEHRER

LAST month we told you how Gus had the misfortune to fall out of a British bomber over German territory and make the acquaintance of Reich Marshal Goering who showed himself very anxious to keep on friendly terms with the Gremlins lest they take a notion to plague his Luftwaffe the way they harrass the R.A.F. After a little confusion caused by Gus' reference to the Sewer instead of the Fuehrer, Goering discovered that it was Hitler that Gus wanted to see and promised to arrange a meeting with Adolf. The story continues:

After a few days of Berlin's ersatz hospitality Gus began to get a little impatient. "Look here, am I going to see the Sewer or not?" he demanded.



"Please," Goering pleaded, "do not call him the Sewer—it is Fuehrer, spelled F-u-e-h-r-e-r."

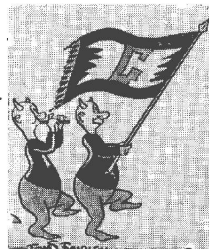
"Alright," said Gus, "but a smell by any other name is still a smell. That's Shakespeare. But that's not the point—when am I going to see this guy?"

"It is very difficult," Goering apologized. "Our great Fuehrer is so busy on the Eastern front annihilating the Russian armies."

"Don't try and bamboozle me," Gus snickered. "I know whose armies are being annihilated—and it's not the Russians."

"Please, not so loud," Goering cautioned. "Somebody might hear you."

"Well, stop giving me the run around and go and page this guy Hitler. Gremlins don't like to be kept waiting."



"Immediately, Herr Gremlin, immediately," Goering stuttered, "I will get in touch with him at once—but wait! What happens? Who comes?"

Down the avenue streamed a great body of troops goose-stepping at 360 paces to the minute. At their head galloped a wilted looking individual with a copy of Mein Kampf under his arm.

"Gott in himmel," Goering gasped, "it is der Fuehrer!"

"About time he got here," said Gus.

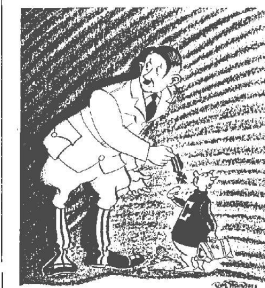
"Hell, Hitler, Hell! Hell!" Goering chanted. "Hell myself," Hitler panted as he tripped over Goering's boot and collapsed butter side down. Tenderly Goering picked him up and dusted him off.

"What brings you home in such a hurry, your Excellency?" Goering enquired.

"Ha," Hitler mumbled blowing his nose on a page from Mein Kampf, "I have worked out another great piece of strategy. Soon we will proclaim another great victory over the Russians."

"Wonderful, Excellency, wonderful," Goering beamed. "Do tell me about it, please."

"It is simple," said Adolf. "We run. The Russians follow. Soon we lure them into Berlin—and then, presto, it is a great victory."



"Who for?" Gus snickered.

"Donner and Blitzen—" Hitler roared. "Who is this ill-mannered oaf?"

"Careful, your Excellency," Goering whispered. "This little gentleman is a Gremlin—we must be diplomatic."

"Ach," Hitler groaned, "do not tell me that the Gremlins have declared war on us too?"

"Not yet, your Excellency," Goering hissed. "That is why we must be particularly nice to him."

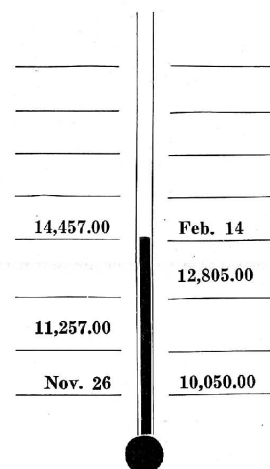
"But of course," Adolf beamed.

"And first of all we must present him

(Continued on page 16)



OUR OBJECTIVE \$20,000 MONTHLY



Sales of war savings certificates climb steadily at this Station.

Gus Gremlin

(Continued from page 15)

with our highest military honor—the Iron Cross!”

“Don’t bother,” said Gus. “I’ve got six of them now for souvenirs.”

“But that is impossible,” Hitler gasped. “Where did you get them?”

“I traded cigarettes for three of them,” said Gus. “This one I got for a stick of chewing gum, and the other two for a ham sandwich and a chocolate bar.”

“So,” Hitler breathed. Furtively he reached under his greatcoat and brought out another iron cross. He coughed and looked at Gus hopefully. “For another ham sandwich, maybe?”

“No sale,” said Gus, “the darn things are too heavy to carry.”

“A good second-hand tank,” Hitler coaxed.

“No, but I might do it for a good second-hand plane,” said Gus, “so I can get out of this infernal country.”

“It’s a deal!” Hitler yelped. “Maybe,” he added hopefully, “you wouldn’t mind an extra passenger?”

“Who would that be?” said Gus.

“Me,” Hitler smirked. “I was thinking it would be nice to pay a visit to Hess in Scotland.”

“No dice,” said Gus firmly. “I wouldn’t play a dirty trick like that on Scotland.”

At this moment a shout went up that the Russians were coming and Hitler’s face turned a sickly green.

“Quick, give me the ham sandwich,” he yapped, “I’ve got to go someplace in a hurry.”

“Not so fast,” said Gus. “What about the plane?”

“Goering will take care of that,” Adolph whimpered. He grabbed the ham sandwich and ran.

“What a country,” said Gus disgustedly. “Hurry up and get that plane ready for me. I think I’ll pay a visit to Mussled-up-olini.”

(Watch for more side-splitting adventures of Gus Gremlin in future issues of the Post).

Duck’s Disease

(Continued from page 14)

Specific

(The patient is allowed to feast his eyes and exercise his imagination with respect to one nurse during the following treatment):

(a) One “Number Nine” pill followed by a glass of hot water.

(b) One ounce of Epsom Salts followed by a rapid retreat.

(c) An order on the Equipment Department for a new pair of braces.

H.G.O.

NO. 2 “M” DEPOT, R.C.A.F., BRANDON, MANITOBA STATION FUND Profit and Loss Statement Quarter Ended Dec. 31, 1942

Gross Profit on Canteen Sales	\$7923.60
Additional Revenue	
Stamp Commission	\$ 11.25
Sundry	136.04
Rand	100.00
Airman's Post	261.39
Dances	1196.98
Boxing Matches	26.40
	1732.06
	\$9655.66
Operating Expenses	
Wages	\$ 564.81
General Expenses	370.10
Insurance	93.55
Benevolent Fund	518.26
	1546.72
	\$8108.94
Distribution of Profits	
Canteen and Library	\$ 238.77
Sports	1127.86
Entertainment	808.41
Extra Messing	907.40
Extra Comforts, Hospital	61.10
Adjustment, Rental of Barber Shop	100.00
Depreciation	711.41
	3954.95
Net Profit Transferred to Surplus	\$4153.99
(Sgd.) H. G. REID, W/C	(Sgd.) R. BUCKINGHAM, A.S.O.
Commanding Officer	Officer i/c Non-Public Funds.

Fighting France

(Continued from Page 7)

French movement and with it a very artistic cartoon.

In response to your kindness, the following motion was passed on our last meeting of February 7th.

“On the proposal of M. M. Simonot and Poulain it was unanimously agreed that a letter of thanks should be sent to the Airman’s Post of Brandon for the article that appeared in the February issue.”

Yours very truly,
Prof. A. C. de la Lande,
Regional Secretary.

Brooklyn, New York,
Feb. 10, 1943

The Editor of
The Airman’s Post
Canada

Dear Sir:

I received your February issue of “The Airman’s Post” from a pen pal stationed at your Post, and I take this opportunity to compliment you for the fine job. I have seen and

read many U.S. papers and booklets edited at Army camps and posts, but please be assured that “The Airman’s Post” rates as one of the “top” issues I have read to date.

In appreciation I would like to contribute the following piece of prose which I feel if read by everyone would do much good:

A smile costs nothing but gives much—

It takes but a moment, but the memory of it usually lasts forever. None are so rich that can get along without it—

And none are so poor but that can be made rich by it.

It enriches those who receive Without making poor those who give—

It creates sunshine in the home, Fosters good-will in the Army And is the best antidote for trouble—

And yet it cannot be begged, borrowed or stolen, for it is of no value Unless it is freely given away.

Some people are too busy to give you a smile—

Give them one of yours—

For the good Lord knows that no one needs a smile so badly

As he or she who has no more smiles left to give.

With future success and best of luck to all the boys.

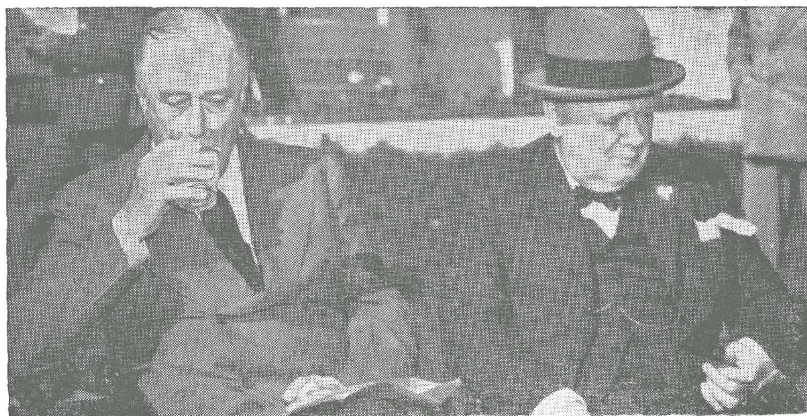
Most sincerely,

Ann Zeller

Speaking at the Warmbaths location recently, in an eloquent appeal for war funds, a native begged his listeners to give generously.

“We must win this war and defeat Hitler,” said the speaker. “If Hitler wins and democracy falls we will all become poor whites.”

The Navy advises wives that they can keep their naval-officer husbands’ uniform buttons glittering by polishing them with Worcestershire sauce.



CASABLANCA CONFERENCE



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Station H-U-N Goes Off The Air