

F/L GOSLING POSTED



F/L O. P. Gosling, O.C. training wing has switched his allegiance to R.C.A.F. Detachment, University of Alberta. His home is on the South Side so he will not have far to go. F/L Gosling came to No. 3 "M" Depot from No. 2 "M" Depot, Brandon, Man., last year.

THE LORD AND FORD

A few days ago, Cpl. Lord was seated on his bed, busily polishing buttons. Beside him sat Cpl. Ford, not polishing buttons, but undergoing what is commonly known as a giggling spell. The giggling eventually got under Cpl. Lord's skin. He hurried the polishing and went to hang up his tunic, but Cpl. Ford brought him to a quick halt by saying, "Never mind hanging up that tunic. It's mine."

MILK OF KINDNESS

Even Depot Warrant Officers have the milk of human kindness flowing through their veins occasionally. On last Tuesday's Headquarters Parade the thermometer was hovering at a very low level. Seeing Corporal Bricker and Sergeant Leonard on parade in a semi-frozen condition without any coats, WO1 Blundell asked them to return to their quarters to obtain some covering. A few moments later the objects of his attention returned on parade with smiling countenances—and their raincoats.

Precision Navigation or Where Am I?

Something new has been added: The Precision Squad-Flight No. 1. This manly gang is subject to certain "review" classes, on completion of which the members will go straight to I.T.S. The wisdom thus garnered makes I.T.S. a mere joke. In fact, it is almost unnecessary to attend I.T.S. at all. The next step, of course, is to provide a quick review of the Precision classes, thus making it unnecessary to attend them either. That, then, is the purpose of this article; to review the fundamentals of our Precision Navigation course.

(Anyone providing a quick review of this review will do away with any need for this article, and be commissioned at once, no doubt.)

Our first step will be to inquire into the sources of our modern system of navigation. Leaving fish for the moment (since we'll bring them up on Friday, anyway), we find that Noah was the earliest and greatest of all navigators in point of actual accomplishment. You think not? I'd like to see you take a shipload of mating animals, sail them safely through unprecedented precipitation, and drop anchor on a mountain peak!

Since that time our methods have changed considerably. Nowadays we must not only know where our destination is, but how to get there. Why we want to get there is never discussed—not ethical, I suppose.

Early sailors used the North Star as their guiding light. This star is usually to be found hanging around the North Pole. Perhaps this is why it is sometimes referred to as the Dog Star. Or is it?

No matter, we don't care. Now, disregarding the North Pole altogether, we find we have two systems of navigation: Map Reading and Dead Reckoning. Map reading is extremely simple, requiring only a map and a competent map-reader. Dead Reckoning, on the other hand, is even simpler. Just point the ship in any or all directions, put your trust in God, and don a bathing suit.

Well, this clears up the twin problems of where we're going and how to get there—if it doesn't, don't let it worry you as we will go now to the question of rate of speed. Early mariners had a rather primitive way of determining this. Gathering merrily at the ship's rail, the sailors would throw overboard some floating object—the mast, an old piece of used deck, or even, if in a particularly festive mood, the captain.

(It should be noted here that

—continued on page five

REGULAR FRIDAY DANCE GREAT SUCCESS AGAIN

Last Friday's dance was the usual bang-up success and those responsible are to be commended for the manner in which it was run off. Many favorable comments were passed regarding the orchestra and their choice of music for the night. Those who were responsible for the stage settings and ornamental background deserve special mention. So do the boys who handed out the dogs and the drinks. A great deal of the congestion at the door might be relieved, however, if there were booths on both sides of the main entrance in the M. T. section and if the boys did their smoking outside. Some girls were rather pushed around in the rush. Watch your manners, boys. The above problem was noticed by the writer during the intermission only, as in general the crowd was well handled.

Roll on more of these dances—the airmen and girls really seemed to be enjoying themselves.

BAND WAGON GETS UNDER WAY

No. 3 "M" Depot will soon have its long-awaited band. The first meeting of the Band Committee was held recently when the following executive was elected:

President, F/O L. A. King.
Bandmaster, Sgt. W. V. Taylor.
Secretary, Sgt. F. Truswell.
Entertainment organizer, Mr. A. D. Fred Youman.

Although all instruments for the band have not arrived as yet, arrangements have been made to borrow others. The band has a personnel strength of 31 members and a bandmaster.

All personnel of the depot will welcome this news as a band can do much to smarten the station as well as provide entertainment. The Airman is looking forward to its first appearance before the men of the station.

F/O W. HANSON



Mr. Hanson succeeds F/L Dick James as O.C. Reception Wing. For five years he was in India on government agricultural work.

NOW HE'S REALLY SICK

We heard yesterday of the Sergeant in the hospital—no, not of the staff, but one of the patients—who was allowed to receive visitors. Shortly after the hospital was open to visitors in came a femme from out of town to see the Sergeant. She had been there for approximately five minutes when another, this time an Edmontonian, arrived. The air became frigid on either side of the bed, while the sergeant in between became exceptionally warm. In fact, at this point, they report a sudden increase in his temperature. Then the out-of-town visitor fainted, and while she was being revived, three more fair visitors arrived. A frantic call was sent to the guard house to STOP all visitors to Sergeant _____. The call was adhered to, but the Sergeant is still in the hospital. They've moved him to the Isolation ward for safety's sake. Tssk! Tssk! Sergeant!

LAC Lugg has received word that his brother returned safely from the raid on Dieppe.

F/O W. Trischuk and family drove to Kamsack, Sask., during the week.

VARIETY CONCERT IN ARENA TONIGHT

Friday, Sept. 4th ★ FREE to AIRMEN and FRIENDS ★ 8:15 p.m.

WAR SAVINGS CAMPAIGN

F/L S. J. Jackson, accountant vocalist, appealed to the officers, NCO's and airmen, August 26th in the Arena, to invest their spare change in War Savings certificates. The appeal was made in a streamlined Anglican manner. The results were encouraging, for even the Australians who had just arrived, stepped up and put down \$5 and \$10 bank notes. That was an incentive to the boys from our own land and the U.S.A., and they, too, stepped up to the cashiers.

S/L G. A. Hodgetts summarized the reasons why the parade was called in a short prelude.

When experienced N.C.O.'s were asked to walk on to the floor—Sally, or Pinkie, or whatever she is named, stepped out on the floor, sat down and surveyed the sea of faces, the applause was carried to the rafters of the building which Ken McConnell, of The Journal, hopes will resound with cheers, boooooos and applause at hockey games this winter.

SERRES GOOD FIGHTER

Malcolm Serres, who has enlisted in the R.C.A.F. with the ambition of becoming a Fighter Pilot, worked out yesterday in the squared circle in the Arena under the able guidance of Sergeant Stanway (ex-middleweight champion of the British Armed Services) and the writer finds himself very enthusiastic over the young recruit's ability to handle himself in the manly art of fisticuffs.

It was learned that Malcolm hails from the sports-loving town of Trail, B.C. He is only 18 years of age, has competed in 25 amateur bouts, winning 21, drawing in two, and getting a reverse decision after going the full distance in the other two.

It is planned to feature Serres as a featherweight in the main bout of the boxing card to be sponsored as an Inter-Service meet on September 7, and No. 3 "M" Depot can well be proud of having such a notable young contender.

Little Malcolm fought to a draw with Tadoi Kato, Dominion bantamweight champ, two years ago, and since that time has been steadily climbing the "ladder of champions." He is taking his training seriously by doing two miles of roadwork as well as a brisk workout each evening.

Sergeant Stanway, who has trained Serres since he started pushing leather, hails him as the best prospect in the country, and offers this suggestion to everyone desirous of becoming a "Spitfire Manager" . . . "If you want to be a fight-pilot . . . learn to be a fighter, pilot."

MORE EMBARRASSMENT

In the belief that misery loves company, we feel this will relieve AC2 Grainge's embarrassment. When one of the boys was placed on the S. P. guard he conscientiously stopped every motorist and asked his name. One of the officers was stopped and his reply to the usual query was, "I'm the C.O." Another redskin bit the dust.

HONEY WAGON HAPPENINGS

Members of the local Disposal squad that you see tractoring around the Station with their little trailer unit collecting the various odds and ends from Barrack tins were given a big reception the other day when they pulled up in front of the Reception Wing hut. The beautifully green AC2's crowded around with their grips and clothing parcels to be sent home. This, of course, must be a vehicle sent to carry their heavy luggage over to the I. & R. Thoughtful of the Airforce to provide transfer service, but after all, it was only to be expected. Or was it? They sadly watched the trailer fill with emptied garbage material, not luggage, and go on its way. Then they went on their way—to I. & R.—burdened with luggage, as all ACdeuces have done, are doing, and shall do—time without end!

Then there was the official in Stores who saw our trailer crew carrying out the garbage and barked, "Say, have you fellows an order to take that stuff out?" He knew that nothing should go out of Stores without an order!

MYOPIA

Ladies, be pretty as you can For unimaginative Man.

He is a dull and stupid cuss Who only sees the obvious.

To him—in spite of copybooks— It's Handsome is as Handsome looks.

The Front, the Surface, the Facade Is what intrigues the simple clod. Your goodness gives his pulse no stir—

He cannot kiss your Character.

To Your Intelligence he's blind, Because he cannot pet your mind.

His slant on spirit's somewhat droll—

He can't go trucking with your Soul

Beauty that's epidermic-deep Makes Masculine emotions leap.

Once you have brought the brute to heel,

Your deeper virtues may appeal.

But till you get him on the string, Appearances are everything.

So knock his eye out, that's the part

To reach before you reach his heart.

—Birton Braley.

THAT SECURITY GUARD

Did you hear of the Security Guardist who was being transferred from day to night shift. . .

"Please, Corporal, I don't like the night shift. The dark gets in my eyes so I can't see."

AC2 Braaton and AC2 Simonson were busy redecorating the room. Braaton was on the ladder calculating the ceiling and was wielding the big brush, when Simonson breezed under. The conversation was as follows:

Simonson: "Have you a good hold on that brush?"

Braaton: "Yes."

Simonson: "Okay, I'll take the ladder."

VARIETY CONCERT FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

There's another concert, starting at 20:15 hours, in the Arena tonight. Officers and Australians, as well as local airmen are going to display their talent so the program should be a real success. The Depot orchestra will also be on hand to pitch in the odd hit.

Everybody please come out to make a record breaking attendance.

Ladies may come and there'll be late passes for airmen to see the ladies home.

Flt. Sgt. and Mrs. E. A. Forsyth and infant, are holidaying in Saskatchewan.

LAC W. G. O'Donnell, forms an stationery stores, has returned from Prince Edward Island.



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THE WEATHER:
MARRIED OR
HAPPY?

The Third Page

I WOULD LIKE TO
GO HOME

Patter

¶ One of the trainees, when asked what he would do first, if handed a million dollars as a legacy—snappily replied, "Count it."

¶ The stork complains that since folks are conserving gasoline, oil and rubber his assistants are hanging around the pool rooms more.

If you're in London
In a fog alone,
And meet her alone
I say let her alone.

¶ Who will be the new Robert Service of the North? This time he may not be a banker but a lonely lad from Tennessee.

¶ One smart writer suggested in an American publication that instead of condemning vices of the young men of today that they should be condoned.

Out west, where men are men,
And the plumbers all outside.

¶ It's time for the Fall mail order catalogs to be despatched, for most copies in the Chic Sale bungalows are down to the furniture pages.

¶ AC2 M. A. Checknita: "Gee, that lovely blonde had a champagne appetite and I only had a beer pocketbook."

¶ The Chinese say a picture is worth a thousand words. A few we've noticed in blue leather frames in some of the huts, Oh, Gloria.

¶ The sweetest word ever written: SUGAR.

¶ Child: "Mommy, how old am I?"
"Three, darling. If your daddy had not been so bashful you'd been five."

¶ The kiss that a man remembers is the kiss that he didn't get.

¶ First AC2: "Have you a brother?"
Second: "I haven't but my sister has."

¶ Edmonton's an inland city but it has a lot of lighthouse keepers.

¶ Your neighbor in the bunk above you can't be called a mean man just because he laces his boots every morning. That's a goofy one that will take the snap out of your suspenders.

¶ Did you ever see a gopher go for a gopher?

¶ If you're hard up and the wolf is on the doorstep—skin him and sell the pelt.

¶ There's the beer that made Milwaukee famous, also the beer that made Milwaukee jealous.

¶ Snoopy Sez (nose in air): "You think that you're good, Printer Zink." "You said it."

¶ The linotype operator may be getting tired of seeing the catch line—add Patter. He's likely added it all up and found that the sum total was nothing.

¶ Bosom pals are still being looked after by brassiers.

¶ What did Paul Revere say at the end of his ride? "Whoa."

¶ With the increased income tax and compulsory saving, some men fear that they'll have to go back living with their own wives.

AROUND THE "Y"

Recent table tennis winners were AC2 A. L. Lyttle of Vancouver, and AC2 A. W. Scarth of Winnipeg. Lyttle now sports a minus five. Tournaments are featured Monday and Thursday at 1900 hours.

McIntyre and Hostland were winners in the horseshoe doubles on Monday, Aug. 31. More tournaments in the future. All interested inquire at the "Y" office.

AC2 A. E. Anderson and AC2 A. W. Cuthbertson finished first and second, respectively, in the recent snooker tournament. Incidentally, Cuthbertson has a prize waiting for him if he will call around at the "Y" office.

Don't forget the big concert on Friday night. Inquire at "Y" office for information re entries.

FLASH! Next horseshoe tournament on Monday, Sept. 7.

Through the United Services Y.M.C.A. Hostess House some fifty Aussies were billeted in Edmonton homes on their first leave in Canada.

More than 27,000 sheets of writing paper was the total for the month of August. The boys must be writing plenty of letters to the "girl friend" and to the folks back home.

DOC'S DILEMMA

LAC "Doc" Walker, of the hospital staff, isn't looking very many people in the face these days. You see, it was this way. "Doc" took off his shirt and shoes and put them on the bunk above his own when preparing to go out the other day. On completion of his cleansing, "Doc" hunted all over for his shoes, which "Doc" says were not to be found. It seems that a fatigue party had been in the hut and "Doc" swears that he saw one of them leave the hut with a big bundle under his arm. In great dismay, he reported the loss of his shoes to Corporal Wills, who in turn communicated it to the Orderly Sergeant, the Orderly Officer, Duty Warrant Officer and other senior officials. A search was immediately instituted. Two hours later "Doc's" shoes were found hiding snugly—under his shirt.

Is "Doc's" face red!

ANOTHER SMITH ON THE STATION

You'll all admit that the stage on Friday night was the best yet. Immediately you entered the Arena, your eyes were glued on the floral design which marked the platform upon which the orchestra performed. Comments—favorable of course—were flying thick and fast. Congratulations, AC Smith of Vancouver; the station's thanks to you and your helpers.

Mrs. G. Richardson and children returned to Winnipeg Thursday, after spending the summer here with F/O Richardson.

TRANSPORT EXHAUST

Dirty shame, isn't it, Smitty? Being awakened, via the well known "Hot Foot" method, just to be told that you could have the afternoon off, so you could watch the Sports Show the other day. Tch! Tch!

Sgt. "Doc" Savage seems to be getting in a little earlier these nights, now that he can tell the time once more.

We wonder who got the idea that a gas pump could win an argument with a truck! Well, so what?

LAC's Higdon and Stockley are back from leave, both reporting good times. Stockley says Montreal is still Montreal, while "Tiny" Higdon admits that he struck oil at Drumheller.

LAC Hanson got back from his last 48 minus his car. Oh, well, these kid brothers have to learn to drive sometime, eh, what?

WAS NORTH

F/O G. R. Ling was a passenger by air to Fort St. John, last Tuesday. He returned by U.S.A. ground transport. At one time he lived at Fort Smith, N.W.T.

EASY MONEY ON THE HOUSE

AC2 Holt, A. W., has discovered that the local telephone company is decidedly a philanthropic institution, operating on the slot machine jackpot system.

Airman Holt called his wife in Vancouver a few days ago. He put a nickel in the slot to get "long distance" and was promptly astonished when \$1.75 tumbled down the return slot. The operator charged him \$1.65 for his call, which he promptly put back in the telephone. Then he went out and bought himself a cigar with the dime profit.

Don't get hurt in the rush to the phone booths, boys.

STEP IT UP!

Did you hear the first program of this new series on Edmonton radio stations, Wednesday night at 10 o'clock? From 10 to 30 per cent of the workers lay off the odd day in the production plants. This means one less tank and such. The gist of the first program was a shipper in a munitions plant, who, after a night of poker, slept in and did not go to work. The train went out short two cars of armour-piercing shells. Consequently the boat left Canada for Libya only partly loaded. The shipper's son was a corporal in Libya. The troops went into battle against Rommel's forces. Those two carloads of a.p. shells might have turned the tide of battle. The corporal died. His father, the shipper, was cabled. He gave little thought to the day that he laid off work—which was responsible for the short shipment of the two carloads of a.p. shells which were due to go to Libya.



Nobody seems to care but we're still tired . . . and we want to know if it is really true that a certain officer is a bit peeved because he received a letter marked "PRIVATE" . . . and Flt. Sgt. Clarke reports that clothes rationing has come as a severe blow to theatrical companies. We imagine the chorus will grin and bare it. . . AC2 Jack Sigler informs us that all airmen are willing when volunteers are requested for fatigues. A few are willing to work and the rest are willing to let them. . . and our good friend Cpl. Lunney says that a man is getting old when girls get on his nerves instead of his lap . . . we're through: I'm going my way, and she and my money are going hers. . . Sgt. Truswell gives us a good thought for today: Never overestimate the people's knowledge nor underestimate their intelligence. . . Sgt. Royds rushes in to inform us that his girl friend wears sweaters for three reasons, one because she likes them and the other two are quite obvious. . . Sgt. Prior wires us from the Annex that he knows a man that was married three times — twice in Hollywood and once in earnest. . . according to P/O Jamieson he now has a real football player in reception—even his nose can dribble . . . or as they say baby can't walk but her nose runs . . . Cpl. Hector Currie says that his insomnia has him worried—he can't even sleep when it's time to get up. . . and Cpl. MacDonald of the telephone office is certain that anger improves nothing but the arch of a cat's back. . . This should be dedicated to the corporals. . . Cpl. Nagy says that dancing is wonderful training for girls—it's the first way they learn to guess what a man is going to do before he does it. . . I understand that hundreds of women are training as parachutists — more eyes dropping. . . Cpl. Stewart knows a patriotic worm that joined the apple corps. . . Did you know that a "roamer" is any Radio Mech here. . . and did you know that Sgt. Maynard is an expert on military advances . . . and that AC2 H. Gerlitz just came in from Calgary as an Equipment Assistant—the first in months . . . must be strange weather . . . and that there is no excuse for not having the blankets just right—especially with painted beds . . . and that Flt. Sgt. Cronc could not sleep on the train because it was rough riding . . . and we don't care what you say, but we're going to quit right now . . . that is all.

One of the allegedly smart men of Tokio has resigned for personal reasons. A lot more of them will resign before the allies get through with them. Wonder if they've located Shangri-La?

STUFF ABOUT PRACTICALLY NOTHING OR ODDS AND ENDS FROM NOWHERE

A Russian Tenor who had just given a recital together with his wife, was making a speech, thanking the audience for the way they had received them;-- "I tank yu vera much. I tank yu frum the bottom of my heart. My wife, -- she no speaka vera gud English but she tanka yu from her bottom too.

"Daddy, what is the difference between a rifle and a machine gun?"
"Well son, its as if I spoke and then your Mother spoke".

Base W/2 operator;-- "A message from the pilot of the stratosphere plane, he wants to know which way is down".

The difference between Life and Love is that "Life is just one thing after another, whereas Love is just two thins after each other".

Poetry

No birth has ever been obscurer
Than that of Adolph, little fueshrer,
His parents, we presume, were there-----
A most regrettable affair.

BOOK REVIEW - THE PIE'D PIPER

Once upon a sometime, there were three man, but as two of them are now dead my review is about one man. His name is Piper, Blow B. Of course he is a bit windy, but we find this a good trait in a piper. One day, just at duk, he arose with the intention of getting a job - as a piper. However, as he was out of tobacco, his pipe was of no use. So that evening, after tramping the street for minutes, he slowly rushed to a nearby oasis. There he wanted gingerale but as he didn't know what "ger" meant, and knew that there was no ale, he ordered gin. That night he became the Pie'd Piper.

If, after reading this short resume you desire to read the book, you're silly.

Did you ever hear about the nice girl who didn't smoke or drink and only swore when it slipped out,

Is it true the C.W.A.A.P. go from A.W.2 to A.W.1 and then go A.W.L.

'Twas Always Thus

A lot of frisky Soldier Boys
Already are revealing,
That though they haven't sunburned
They've done a lot of "peeling".

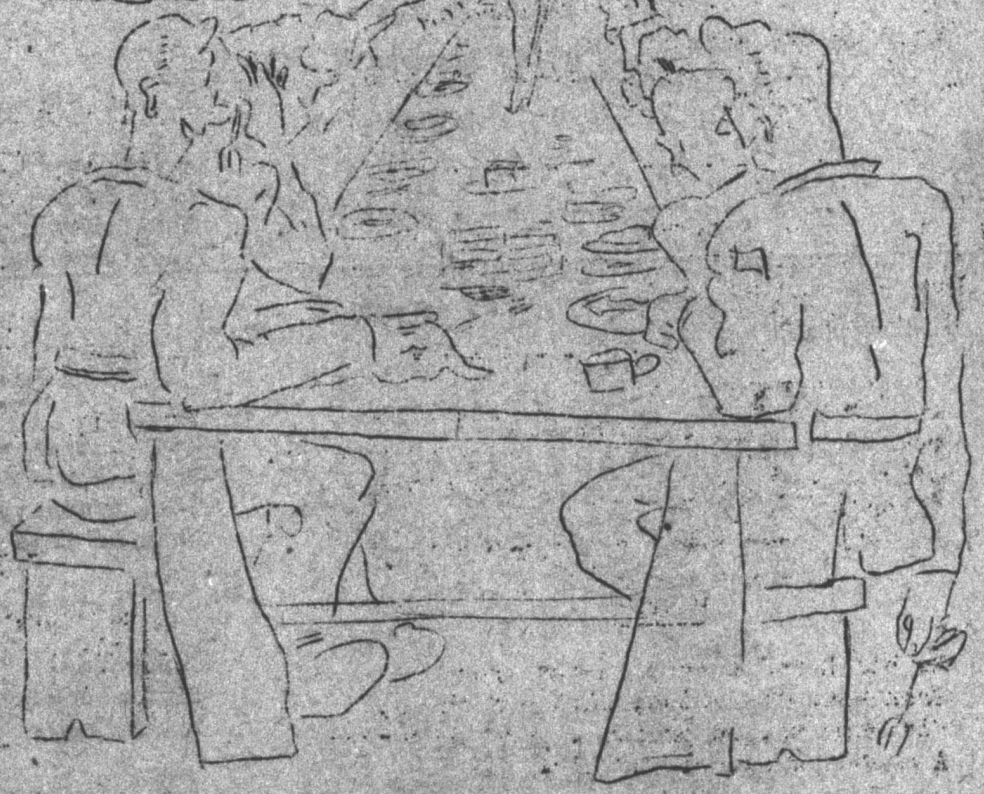
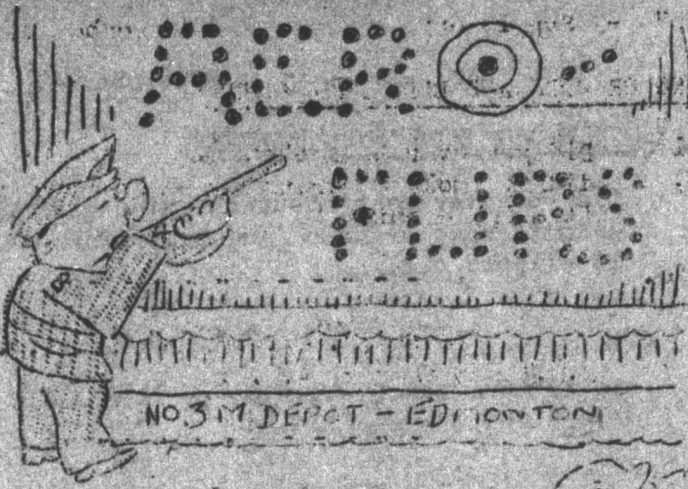
He's in the Army now

Many a Broadway Playboy
Recalls with a rueful grin
That nowadays he's getting up
When he used to be getting in.

Conductor: "I'll have to charge for the little boy ma'am. He wears pants."
Little boy: "Gosh Sis, you'll ride free".

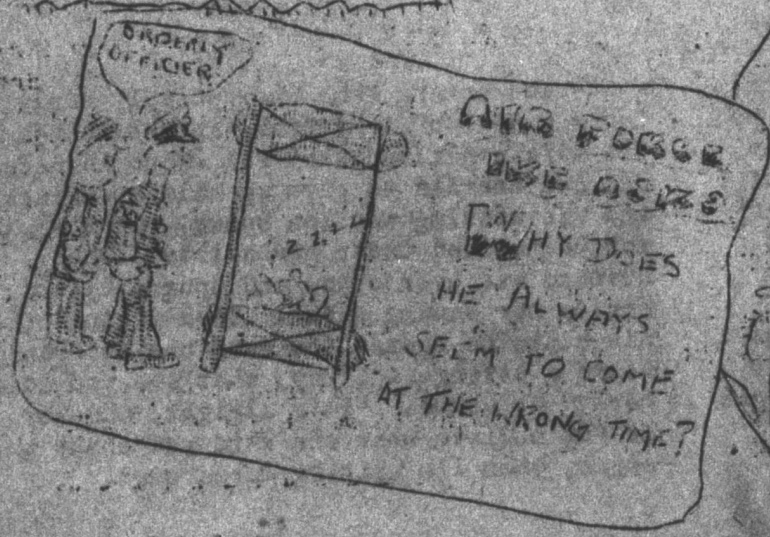
He: "May I have this dance?"
She: (looking at the size of his Airforce Issue Boots) "Sure, go ahead. I don't want it".

A husband coming home unexpectedly early found a pair of Army socks in the bedroom His wife explained that for economic reasons she had decided to give up silk stockings and was wearing woollen socks, which would not be noticed under her skirts. The husband was overjoyed, and congratulated her on her saving habit. Then taking off his coat, he opened the wardrobe door and found a stranger. "Boy, what are you doing here?" he asked. "It's alright, old boy, If you believe what she told you about the socks, then I'm waiting for a bus".



"This is one of the new ideas to cut down on food consumption."

ALT F/L DAVIS
WHO GOES THERE



WHY DOES HE ALWAYS SEEM TO COME AT THE WRONG TIME?



WHICH ONE OF YOU GUYS BRINGS HIS OWN WYNCH?

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

The Airman

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NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

This week finds the editor taking a little rest. We are going to have a few guest editorials in THE AIRMAN for the next few weeks . . . if we can find different persons to write them.

Thanks.

THE EDITOR.

A WARTIME PAPER

THE AIRMAN is a wartime paper—one that was inaugurated so that you could get the news of the camp in a concise form. Compact little paper that you could send home to your family, also that could easily be kept as a souvenir. Years hence you will look back on snapshots, photos of groups in which you were, and if you have a few copies of THE AIRMAN, they will be greatly prized. Your grandchildren, some day, may be proud to have these time-yellowed papers.

The publishing editor is most active—he's one of you—a young married man with a small family. In civilian life he was rapidly becoming a success. At one time he was president of the Young Men's Chamber of Commerce in Edmonton. This young man knows your problems—he's sympathetic. Actually he's a visioner—young men like him are scarce.

The column—Letters to the Editor—is always open to you. All that is asked that you kindly sign name and number.

It might be said that from the Commanding Officer down, you will get a square deal while you are at No. 3 "M" Depot, if you play the rules. That's not hard if you're built that way.

And Canada's serious minded young men will play the game, your O. C. will bet his bottom dollar on that! That is if he has one left after his income tax and compulsory savings are deducted from his next pay.

—C.E.M.

WHY NOT TAX-FREE CIGARETTES?

During the last war, servicemen could buy cigarettes in their canteens at two packets of 20 for 15c. It was discontinued before the end of the war due to the fact that servicemen abused the privilege—too many were buying tax-free cigarettes for their friends outside the service. That spoiled things for the servicemen of this war. Today, cigarettes are 25 for 30c. Pretty high, don't you think? It is! We have a concession at that, for the public pays 12c for eight.

Who would squawk the most if the government extended tax-free cigarettes to all servicemen? The boys overseas get them tax-free as do the boys on the high seas.

Women have taken to cigarette smoking in such large numbers that there will be a scarcity of fags. Women workers in factories in the East are getting wise to themselves and striking. It is said that the present machines in Canada (not purchased but operated on a royalty basis), can hardly keep pace with the demand.

If it comes to the rationing of cigarettes in Canada—say 10 a day—can't they be sold to the troops as they were in the old days, tax free? The privilege will not be abused this time.

It is said that the tax on a 30c packet totals 17½c. That doesn't leave much for the maker and far, far less for the retailer. In fact at no time in the past did the retailer ever make a handsome profit on selling cigarettes.

Yes, The Airman asks that cigarettes be sold to the servicemen in Canada, tax free. Make it a high fine if civilians are found with unbroken seal packets.

All we ask is the same courtesy as was extended to the fighters of 1914-1918.

EDIQUIPS

The Airman had a chat with a 13-year-old boy one day not long ago. For a lad his age he must be a deep thinker. For a while he spoke about the government paying boys to go to pre-enlistment schools and subsidizing certain industries and wheat acreage reductions, etc. He actually stumped us when he broached the idea that the government also pay children for going to school. If the lads had sufficient pocket money there would be fewer of them in the juvenile court for shoplifting and taking cars without the owners' permission. This lad has a thought there that should start a little deep thinking by his elders.

We're trying to look a long way ahead today—perhaps this 13-year-old chap has the right slant on an idea that's worth passing along.

When Alberta sends lads of 15 and 16 years old down to the Fort for a year, it's time that something was done for the youth of the land.

No news is good news. But that doesn't make it easy for an editor who has several pages to fill each week.

Postings are not made for postings' sake according to an Ottawa official. So do not ask for a posting on alleged compassionate grounds.

The Airman doubts if Edmontonians have contributed all the scrap iron and other requirements to the war effort. A survey east of Borden Park still reveals much that should be turned into the Central Salvage Committee. It will take every bit of scrap available to pound the Axis to smithereens.

Isn't it time for the services to produce concert companies equal to the "Dumbells" and the "Maple Leafs" which came to fame during the First Great War of 1914-1918? Surely there is no lack of material. The last amateur show put on by this station will attest that statement. Such companies travelling throughout the land would provide the necessary stimulus to recruiting. Bands and orchestras can not do it alone, or recruiting officers of the R.C.A.F. or section officers of the Women's Division.

Exotic Chinese Cuisine

OR

Delicious Canadian Meals

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PRECISION NAVIGATION OR WHERE AM I?

Continued from page one

the ship's log was NOT kept for this purpose.)

Now, if the object remained alongside the vessel, it could easily be computed that the ship was racing along at a mad zero miles per hour—or knots, to you. If the object dropped behind, then the ship was progressing at a speed relative to the lack of speed exhibited by the object. This might mean anything. However, what if the object moved ahead? This is not a good thing. It is against all marine rules and ethical traditions. It should not be encouraged. There is but one course of action in such a dilemma; climb aboard the floating object and throw the ship overboard.

(Which reminds me: The ancients were undergoing several wars at the time and the salvage campaigns were strongly urging sea captains not to continually throw things away, but to return and pick them up for further use. This delayed the speed considerably and is the real reason that Ulysses took so long to get home and unravel his wife.)

One of the instruments used in navigating either then or now, I forget which, was or is the chronometer. A chronometer, despite what you may hear to the contrary, is merely a sea-going clock. Thus the expression "raising the dog-watch" means retrieving the chronometer when it falls overboard.

The sextant is another important device. Although it has nothing to do with sex, it is important nevertheless. Why this is so is easily understood—you can ask anybody; just don't bother me about it!

Another interesting feature is the Rhumb Line. This is the line that forms on the left of the grog-barrel. It is not difficult to see why the ancient mariners had as their favorite dieties those three mythological rascals, Og, Grog, and Moregrog.

The following resume is just a simple general rule to cover all situations, and should be committed to memory—committed anyway.

To find out where you are going, first figure out where you are. If you do not know this, then figure out where you were. Should you not know this either (dope!!!), then figure out where you will be, and work backwards to where you were. Then work forward to where you are, and from this you will be able to find out where you should be.

A simple way to determine in which direction you are working at any given moment is to throw this paper overboard and see how far you get. Always remember, this Method of Determination of Position holds good only if the wind velocity remains constant and is blowing from all directions.

Now that you have a fixed position, mark it firmly with an Orderly Officer—any old Orderly Officer will do—and remain there until next week's issue, when we may or may not take up the ques-

ACCOUNTS NOTES

Oh, happy day! Trade Test results are out and not a single failure in Accounts. No wonder the boys are all wearing smiles this week. There will be several new pairs of Props displayed around October 1st.

AC1 Bob Manifold is wearing quite a hungry look these days. Could it be that a certain young lady is out of town for a while?

Accounts welcomed three new assistants from Disposal Wing this week in the persons of AC2 Radke, AC2 Reynolds, and ACT Gower. Hope you will enjoy your stay with us, lads.

We are going to have our face lifted one of these days when the boys from Works and Bricks get around to it. Several major operations will be performed and after that watch out. OUT of BOUNDS will mean just that and no foolin'. A longer counter will be one of the features and no one will be permitted to come beyond that.

When asked by Sgt. Bolsby where he developed his vivacious personality, Maxie Leibowitch replied:

"I read the book—'How to skin friends and influential people'."

THE SCOTCH HAVE A NAME FOR IT

News of the bravery of a Scottish soldier in the Far East has drifted back to Alberta.

One evening after battle a Scots soldier rushed into camp and fell exhausted at the feet of his C.O. However, a short rest and a bit of the famed Scottish stimulant quickly revived his powers of speech. He gave this report.

"I was walking through the jungle when suddenly I spotted two Japs. I realized that they had cut me off from the rest of my company, and since I had lost my rifle I decided that my only chance of escape was to pretend that I was dead. So I lay down on the jungle floor and waited for them to find me. It wasn't long before I received a sharp kick in the shins, and then the following conversation took place:

"He's dead all right."
"You can tell by the skirt that he's a Scot."

"What shall we do with him?"

"Well I'm a bit hungry. Let's eat him. We'll roast him. I haven't had a nice piece of roast and gravy since the war started."

"Yes, roast would be nice, but this fellow is a Scot. They're very tough. I think that we had better boil him. The soup should be all right."

"No, no. Soup is out. Look at the hair on his legs. That would be bad in soup. No soup, but I have a better idea—we'll stick him and drink the blood."

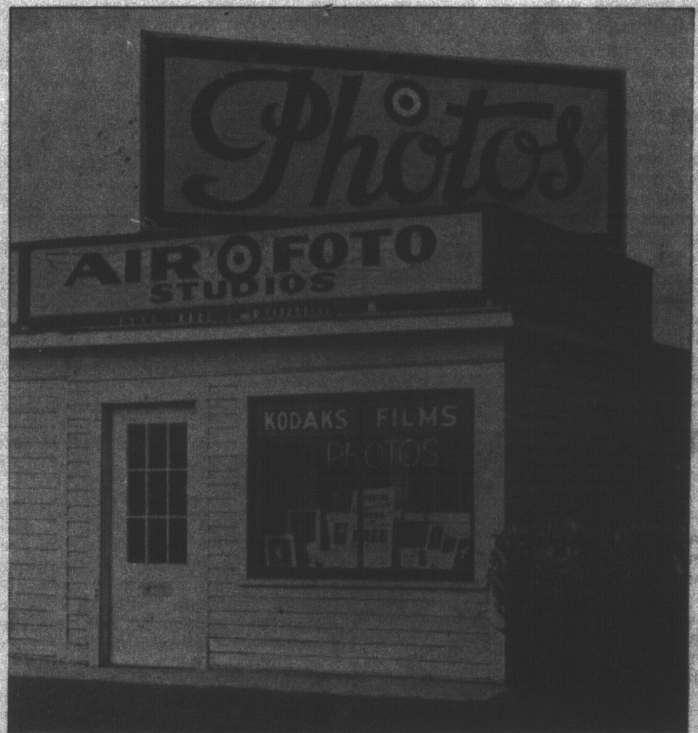
And said the Scot:

"When they wanted to roast me I never moved a muscle. When they suggested boiling me I was as cool as a cucumber. But when they wanted to 'stick me for the drinks' that was carrying things too far. I got up and ran."

tion of "Precision Mathematics"—or "I knew It Was Wrong, but I just HAD to Do Something!"

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Gettin' Around . . . with **PRINTER ZINK**

"Tings is grim this week, about all that's passing around the camp is the blues . . . Where did all the rain come from . . . we don't hear any complaints from any of our newly-weds either . . . great weather to be married, eh . . . Overheard Reg. Franklin asking Bob Manifold "Is your gal friend a home-loving girl?" . . . "Naw," sez Rob't the Killer, "she loves anywhere." . . . See that the "boss" is back in C.R. now. If you see a stack of correspondence go streaking by with a woman, that's Mrs. Knight back on the job again. . . . How's chances for a ride on the bike, Red? . . .

I guess that I'd talk funny with my teeth out too, Sgt. Gibson. . . . Lost Sgt. Johnny Britton to the west coast this week, swell guy and we'll miss him. . . . And I suppose you heard about the Eskimo who was afraid to look up when he heard that Byrd was flying over the pole . . .? . . . The Airmen's dances are getting pretty fair now, and a lot of credit should go out to the committee. . . . We realize that Geoff. Davis may be happy in his element but what about the gang that goes to the

affairs to do a bit of dancing Cpl. Jeff? . . . Finally see that Si Deane brought his lady friend out in the open—afraid of the competition Si? . . . Eddy "Pee Wee" Powell of the Equipment tells me that he was quite the boxer back in the days when, but he had to give it up . . . the resin used to get in his eyes. . . . And since when did Jerry Bricker get the idea he could tell Sgt. Boucher when he was to report to stores. . . . and by D.R.O.'s at that . . . that's a good one, that is. . . . Oh to have the ambition of civilians that sweep out the hallways.

Drum-Major Bailey he was known as in them thar days . . . you should've seen Gentleman Jim pounding the skins coming home on the street car the other night. . . . And I would suggest that some of the sergeants remuster to fire-fighters. . . . Have to keep an eye on Cpl. Mac McDonald, he sure is a going concern when he gets in the groove . . . with Cpl. Bill Ford as a partner in crime. How I would have liked to have been a sergeant this week when all the newly promoted lads were setting them up . . . come to about eight in all if I count right.

TOOTHACHES AND EXTRACTIONS

Emily, our little ray of sunshine has taken seriously to exercise, and we see her now pedalling madly back and forth to work on a shiny new wheel. . . . She says that she is staying at home and behaving herself lately. . . . Cpl. Turecki, one of her thousands of amiors, has gone away.

Imagine the amazement of the lads in the clinic when Sgt. Lincoln came out with a nice new bridge. . . . John has been trying to get it for the past three months. . . . Congratulations!

What is this new song that we hear Cpl. Hamilton singing to the tune of Gilbert the Filbert? And the other one about the Piper MacNamara, and who'll do it noo?

What is this we hear about Capt. McIntyre driving after the ambulance, on a certain night at 70 m.p.m.?

Cpl. Roy Costigan came back from his home the other night and declared that he had at last found the girl of his dreams . . . but he does have a lot of dreams.

Sgt. McCloskey is thinking of buying the Brooklyn Bridge, as he claims the traffic in Edmonton is too involved. . . . They say that Cpl. Fred Read lofts a mean ball at the bowling alleys too. . . . We wonder how the recruits felt when they sat on that "hot" bench the other morning. It served the purpose of cutting the sick parade down the next day though. Maybe it would be a good idea to wire all the bunks, and all the corporals would have to do is throw the

switch. . . . Save their voices too . . . and no one would be likely to go back to bed again either.

Review of Dental Officer Orobko

As you walk into the clinic, and go down to the third chair, you are met by a big, powerful and smiling young person, whose name is Captain William Orobko, a very successful young dentist in the city, before enlisting in the Canadian Dental Corps.

Capt. Orobko was born in Chamberlain, Sask., in 1917, where he attended public school. Later, the family moved to Craik, Sask., where "Bill" went to high school and worked during the holidays. Finally, deciding to become a dentist, Bill came to Edmonton and started in at the University of Alberta where he received his B.Sc. Degree and his D.D.S. in 1939. During the time that he attended university, he put in two summers with the C.N.R. on construction projects, and hence the great rippling muscles.

After graduation, Bill post graduated at the Forsyth Dental Infirmary at Boston, Mass., where he passed the Massachusetts Dental Society examinations and holds a license for that state. From there, Bill came back to Edmonton.

Bill was on the staff of the U. of A. for two years, and was doing the dentistry for the Public School Board of this city. He is an ardent sportsman, being very prominent in hockey and soccer, and is also recognized as an excellent photographer. He has one daughter, Mary Lynn Helen, who at the age of five months, promises to have all the pleasing characteristics of her father.

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Did you ever wonder just how a posting office staff functions? We often have. As we don't know a thing about it—how about you and us setting up a model one on paper?

First thing we'll check the vocab. and stores to see if there's a spare desk about, one becoming to a wing commander. You scrounge a table, kitchen, small—for the use of, now we're talking the language of the equipment blokes—we'll see if we can find a vacant office on the 17th floor of the, say Jackson Building, on Banks Street, Ottawa. Yep, here's one 8x10 with a ceiling, northern exposure. We'll knock off for the day as we've done enough. Before you go, don't forget there's a party at the Chateau Laurier commencing at midnight. Or is it the Lord Elgin—doesn't make any difference we'll crash one or the other.

Time: 9:30 next morning. You are sitting at the kitchen table when we walk in. You rise and we say, "good morning." You place in our basket a stack of files. We go on to tell you what a glorious time we had last night at the party. And this goes on for some time, when we notice by the clock in belfry that it's 12:30. Time to go to Murray's for lunch—the rest of the gang will be going about now. Lunch is over. Boy, didn't that equip. officer from No. 11 in Calgary, have his nerve to walk in and ask for a posting overseas. He really wants to go over. Just for that we'll stroke his name off the overseas file. Won't that please him?

The first file is from No. 14 "X"—they need an officer in a hurry—the one they had broke his leg. Now here's a signal from Halifax—we'll send a Vancouver man there, he's never seen the east coast.

Oh, say we forgot to ask for some officers' cards from the Hollerith accounting machines. Get all those "admin." chaps whose middle initial is E. That's something to go on anyway. Here they are, sir. Thank you kindly. Write out a bunch of slips with these names and we'll draw. Here's an Edmonton man—send him to Calgary. When he gets his family down, we'll post him back to Edmonton. The second speaks French, we'll send him out to the Prime Minister's riding at Prince Albert.

Gee, it's one minute after five. You carry on, we want to drop into the Arcade Building to see a lovely blonde who works on the second floor—desk next to Tom Saunders or Jim Brown or maybe

it's Al Cox, Geo. Ralfe or Mr. Fallis. Arrive there—everybody gone. Shall we go to the Chinese Tea Garden or the Honeydew tonight? No, we've a better idea—we'll go to the Chateau Laurier and likely run into one of the equip. sdr. ldrs. from Edmonton, who always has an extra meal ticket. It worked but all through the meal he kept harping about wanting to go overseas. Just for that we'll post him to H.Q., Alleford Bay or Vulture's Gulch.

We didn't ask him to go with us to the Standish Hall—or is it out of bounds? Taxi for Hull, please.

Next morning. You're still at your table. We walk in—flop down. Certainly had a terrible night—couldn't sleep. Do you know what? We were even posting the doormen at the Laurier and the Elgin. Think we'll drop into see the chief and ask for a 96. Would like to spend four quiet days in Montreal.

Granted. Address us in care of the Mount Royal, Montreal. If you can't find us at the Samovar, the Tic Toc, Martin's, Chez Marie—you'll likely find us in bed if it's after 10:00 hours.

Good-bye, see you Monday noon! Away we go on temporary duty. Exeunt.

You are left to carry on.

HE'S BEEN HERE TOO LONG

When he came here he was bright and gay,
That was a year or more away.
Now take a look as he comes your way—

He's been here too long.
There's dust in his eyes and in his hair,
He looks around with a vacant stare,

He doesn't want to go anywhere—
He's been here too long.
If you ask him "How was flying today?"

He grins at you in a sickly way,
And says, "We're planting wheat today,"—

He's been here too long.
If you mention something about the wind,

He looks at you as though you've sinned;
It's only fifty, and that's no wind—
He's been here too long.

He walks around in a sort of a trance,
The light of life has gone from his glance,

He wouldn't hustle with ants in his pants—
He's been here too long.
He always looks for a place to rest,

He doesn't care if he's not well-dressed,
He's forgotten the Air Force calls for his best—
He's been here too long.

THE MAIL BAG

No Letters This Week!

MEDICINE HAT

At one time, it was thought that the weather originated at Medicine Hat, Alberta. And didn't Kipling refer to it as the place that was over hell?

Signs of the old North Battleford-Medicine Hat trail can be found in many places on the prairie. It went by the old Savage sheep dip near Mantario, Sask. Today instead of buffalo roaming the plains in those parts will be found large herds of antelope.

REMUSTERS TO AIRCREW

F/Sgt. Snell of the service police, has remustered to aircrew. He is now at No. 4 I.T.S.

Sgt. R. S. Britton, Discip., has gone to some spot in northern B.C. Any invading Japs will certainly have to watch their step.

LAC A. W. Allen, cook, and ACI H. R. Greiver have put up their "Canada" badges. They must be going places. LAC Allen says if he gets close enough to the enemy he might be able to knock a few of them out with a frying pan.

What can be done for this airman bold,
Wasting away on the prairie cold?
Post him away ere he starts to mould—

He's been here too long.
—Contributed by No. 3 Recruiting Centre, Edmonton.

Hats off to those French-speaking Canadian lads who overcame their German captor on the beach at Dieppe, rescued a seriously wounded Canadian officer, and returned safely to their boats. Treat the young French-speaking Canadians right and they'll treat you right. The spirit of the old Twenty-second still liveth! They're a grand lot of true fighting men.—Contributed by an officer who has lived in Quebec.

Patter

Continued from Page Three.

¶ Where are elephants found? They are so big that they are seldom ever lost.

¶ Disraeli gave this advice to a young member of parliament—Let them wonder why you don't speak than wonder why you do.

¶ What's the difference between you and your mirror? The mirror reflects without speaking—you may often speak without reflecting.

¶ Smiles is the longest word in the English language. It's a mile from S to S.

¶ Rap the Jap!

ATTENTION AREA

¶ A young wife of a Kentuckian was in a hospital in Saskatchewan back in 1912. When the nurse brought the new baby to her, she clasped it to her bosom, saying, "Swing on, honey."

¶ A tourist, while traveling in the Ozarks, kept his eye peeled for a Chic Sales bungalow. When he spotted one, he stopped the car, climbed over the fence and went on the double. As he came around the corner, the clothes line caught him under the chin and tossed him for a loop. As he looked up a farmer leaned over and whispered in his ear, "I don't think that you'd made it anyway."

¶ Maisie was as disappointed as the girl who went to the apartment to view etchings and saw them.

¶ A model wife—an imitation of the real thing.

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AIRMEN'S "MESS"

By definition it appears that the Airmen's Mess is a place in which airmen eat.

Before I entered the airforce I was somewhat baffled by the term "mess". However, as time goes on, I am beginning to feel that the term has been well chosen. There are certain features of mess-hall procedure which are no doubt good; there are others which are a "mess".

There is, first of all, the line-up that you find yourself a part of when you enter the hall. This line grows wearisome to a few, but in general it moves fairly quickly. It represents a feature of organization which cannot easily be altered and is therefore one which cannot, justifiably, be subjected to too much criticism.

A second complaint is the miniature route-march that a few find themselves on, when the mess warden directs them to a seat on the far end of table six. The odd individual, who sneaks himself a seat at the head of a table, is a nuisance. The advantage of a clean table, which can be had only by organized seating in the mess-hall, is well worthy of co-operation on the part of every airman.

There is, however, another mess-hall line, a snake-like line, a line which writhes and creeps from coffee-urn to coffee-cooker, from cooker to bread-slicer, from slicer back to urn, then hither, thither and yon, and eventually up to the bull-pen rail. It is indeed a line that is hard to understand. It is a traffic obstructor to those who have dined, to those who are trying to get close enough to a table to eat, and to the poor kitchen workers who must ford this traffic stream in order to carry out their duties.

The time spent in this line approaches in length a period comparable to the time spent in a pay parade, but the reward is quite different. By the time you reach the pen, tomato juice or gravy have found their way over the edge of your plate and down the front of your uniform. The person behind sees to it that there are a number of similar hit-and-run streaks down your back. What remains of juices on your plate you collect on your shirt front in the showery splash created as you bounce your plate on the rubber cushion. And if there is no splash, the mess warden must conclude the material on your plate is of a type that even the dishwashing machine will not remove. Consequently you find yourself flaying your plate with a spoon until porcelain chips endanger the lives of those around you.

It is a sad state. The odors which fumed and effervesced from the old swill buckets were not exactly what could be called perfume. They were bad. But you could at any rate escape them quickly. The new set-up is O.K. for a long-suffering son-of-a-gun but I wonder if the old system, with say four buckets instead of two, would not have been better. What do you think?

LOCALS AND PERSONALS

Sergeant Mercer of Training Wing is back on the job again after sojourning briefly in the Station Hospital. But as proof of broken ribs he can still exhibit a well taped torso, sort of a "tummy lie a mummy."

The new bandmaster, Sgt. W. V. Taylor, has arrived from the east, and already has the bandmen in practice. At present the band is using the tower of the Airmen's Mess.

Sgt. G. Emery, equipment assistant, has reported for duty from No. 4 T.C., Calgary. Last spring he was on the staff at No. 1 "M" Depot, Toronto.

Owing to the censorship on weather news we can't tell you whether it's been lousy or not the last few days.

AC1 H. C. Dougan and AC2 F. W. Yeats may be spending the winter in Labrador.

GYMKHANA

GYMKANA is only a week away so now we are looking forward to a day of fun and frolic with the big events of that day which will prove very interesting to all.

NEW PRECISION SQUAD READY FOR LAURELS

Monday is the day—the day for the new Precision Squad to learn for sure if it is as good as it thinks, or as "stinky" as Sgt. Darling would lead its members to believe.

At the Gymkhana in the Oval, depot personnel and the general public will form their own opinions as to how well the squad has responded to only three weeks' training. But general comment current around the depot augurs well for the new group's success.

From 5-foot-practically-nothing "Peanuts" Lukinuk, low man on this particular totem pole, to stratospheric "Doc" Haywood, head in the clouds literally and figuratively, the lads have sweated valiantly to bring the squad to its present proficiency.

By plain hard work, spurred by pointed probes in Sgt. Darling's apparently limited but none the less colorful vocabulary, the boys have overcome their original tendency to toss rifles indiscriminately about the parade ground.

If the sergeant had made good his early threat to assess offenders a beer per dropped rifle, the result would have been a drunk stretching from the wet canteen to the ditch outside the west gate—with the sergeant prone at the end of the line.

But through the medium of "one-two-three-four-hip," awkwardness has slowly bowed to proficiency. Even the eagle-eye of towering, story-telling F/L Tiny Davis must be alert to spot errors.

Although the boys are far from over-confident, with the acid test still ahead, they are aiming at becoming the most precise precision squad of the three No. 3 "M" Depot has turned out. Monday will see how god their aim is.

DAILY ROUTINE RUMOR

There are rumors of postings, There are rumors of leave, Rumors so fantastic, One could hardly believe, Rumors are started Added to and spread Like winter colds From head to head. Alaska, Toronto, And points east and west, "We're going to be posted" The rumors protest! 96's cancelled— 48's extended—

OUR GUARD

"I'm a security guard now, you know. Well, one dark night not long ago, I heard someone coming along the sidewalk by the fence.

"Halt! Who goes there?" I shouted.

"Friend or foe?" asked the person from the shadows.

"Friend," I replied.

"Pass, friend," said the person whoever he was. He walked up then and past without another word. It was only after he was gone that I began to feel foolish."

A PUPIL PILOT'S PRAYER

Oh, God, I'd like a pair of wings, And chevron stripes it also brings, The kind that go with Wing

Parades, Not feathered one for shoulder blades—

To be specific, a flying badge, The single fins for Nav's and

Wag's, Then I could eat in the sergeant's mess,

The food in ours is—well, you guess.

No props, or flashes, sentry go, Washing aircraft, canteen Joe, Thirty sixes for forty eights, Or none at all for being late, Cut off all our reveille passes Link at night, and extra classes, When duty watch is Joed at night, No Sarges fall out to the right. WO2's don't take P.T.

Get digger, detention, or C.B. The secret is, the Sergeants tell, To persevere and work like HELL But as for studying, I don't know

how, I guess, oh God, it's in your hands now.

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EDMONTON ALBERTA

An AC2 asked if it were necessary to salute officers of the 29 Allied Nations. Absolutely yes! The Airman will soon be running a cut showing the equivalent ranks in the U.S. armed forces. Of course, if you meet an officer of the Axis—it might be perfectly proper to thumb your nose at him, or kick him in the teeth if you can't think of a better place.

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SPORTS



SOCCER

Cpl. Newton has a soccer team now which is entered in the Inter-Service league. We now have two sets of equipment for soccer, so if any team is interested in challenging the station team, let's go

TRACK AND FIELD

We note with very little satisfaction that there are very few of you men getting in shape for the next Sports Day. You know we do have a P.T.I. out in the field to help you in every way in the evenings. Incidentally we have the Dominion Discus and Javelin champion on the station if you want pointers.

SWIMMING

Cpl. Stevenson has been doing a fine job of our swimming meet and still welcomes entries in our own gala.

WRESTLING

Grunt and groan men had better start to get in training as our boxing and wrestling will get under way in September. Call at sports stores for equipment or advice.

TUMBLING

Tumbling team is being preped for Sept. 7, 11 and 12, so any one interested, report to arena by 10:30 hours every morning.

SOFTBALL

Our inter-flight softball competition started out fine and now has had to be held up for a while on account of rain, but we hope to see it in full swing again by the time this goes to print. Our station team lost to the Moose with the score at the end of the game 2-1 in favor of our opponents, who scored the winning run in the last inning.

SUPERMEN

Being as the P.T.I.'s go over to the pool these mornings and break the ice, we wonder why the boys don't want to go for a swim. Can it be too cold for them?

RUGBY

Anyone interested in playing rugby and of the age of 21 or under, leave name at Sports Store and watch notice board for practice nights. Team is being coached by P/O Jamieson and F/O Minton, who are two capable men in this capacity as they used to play and coach before entering the service.

SPORTS FLASH

It was learned today that we have in reception wing Eric E. Coy, who is a champion discus, shotput and javelin thrower. Did I say champion? Just the Canadian and British Empire title-holder, that's all. It will also interest sports fans to know that a certain D. D. Gray, also in reception, holds the junior Canadian pole-vaulting title.

JAKE IS CONFUSED

Jake is a new recruit in the R.C.A.F. He is somewhat puzzled by a number of situations and oddities as well as problems that confront him. On entering the depot he is given a number of articles of kit that are not what they are. A toothbrush is supposed to be used to polish buttons. A clothesbrush is used for the same purpose. A holdall has pockets that fit none of the articles he has received. Uniforms do not fit. If it is finally made to fit after infinite delays, he finds that he is posted to the coast and must hand in his uniform so that someone else may go through the same experience.

Jake is assigned to the kitchen and is asked to report at 6:00 a.m., which means that he must get up at least at 5:30. If he turns the lights on and runs around looking for mops, etc., at this hour, he is likely to meet with some criticism from the rest of the gang for disturbing their snooze. If he does not, he is likely to find his bunk card missing when he comes back. What should he do?

On parade the other day, Jake was asked if he would like to go on a hike with some girls—sight unseen. But Jake has just been on a route march and he likes girls—should he go? That night Jake met another girl. He forgot all about the route march, the hike, the other girls, and even the time. He is C.B. for a week now.

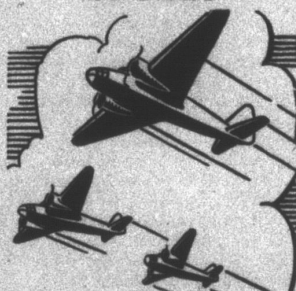
Shortly after many of the Airmen had their Thursday morning's breakfast, Jake was on his way to the Mess to indulge in the same when he saw an ambulance racing madly in that direction to pick up a patient. Should he go in? Jake went in and took a chance. He's doing not too badly now, according to latest reports from the hospital.

Well, it's about time to close down on this ballyhoo and let Jake catch up on himself.

SPORTS NOTICE

The tennis tournament has been postponed until further notice.

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Of course,
the pause that refreshes is there

Of course the Armed Services get "Coca-Cola" just as they get all the good things that are wanted and needed to do each job.



DRINK *Coca-Cola*

LABOR DAY Gymkhana

MONDAY, SEPT. 7th

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A Station Track & Field Day

Is Scheduled for this Date

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER

16th

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EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1942

This Week, 1,750

THEATRES

AVENUE

Starting Friday: "Maltese Falcon," Humphrey Bogart; also "Wide Open Town," Bill Boyd. Starting Wednesday, "Appointment for Love," Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullivan; also "North to the Klondike."

CAPITOL

"Mrs. Miniver," held over through Saturday. Sunday Night Preview, September 6th, show starts 12:15: "Footlight Serenade," with Betty Grable, Victor Mature and John Payne. Labor Day, September 7: "Reap the Wild Wind."

DREAMLAND

Starting Saturday: "Remember the Day," John Payne and Claudette Colbert; also "Honolulu Lu". Starting Wednesday: "The Remarkable Andy," Brian Donnelly; also companion feature.

EMPRESS

Starting Friday for six days: "Charlie's Aunt," Jack Benny and Kay Francis.

RIALTO

Starting Friday: "Stardust of the Sage," Gene Autry; also the Dead End Kids in "Tough as They Come." Starting Wednesday for eight days: "Eagle Squadron," Robert Stack and Diana Barrymore.

STRAND

Starting Friday: Fiber McGee and Molly in "This Way Please"; also "Code of the Outlaws," Tom Tylar and Bob Steel. Starting Tuesday: "Sundown," Gene Tierney; also "The Lady Has Plans," Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland.

THE TIPSY GO POETIC

I'm not as think as you drunk I are,
Under the affluence of inkahol.
I'm not as think as you drunk I are,
Thinkle peep so,
Lots of thinkle peep so,
But I'm not as think as they drunk I are.

(This poem gains much in interest and beauty if it is recited with dive-bomber speed. If you enjoy effect try it out on "Starkle, starkle, little twinke.")

There was a young lady named Perkins,
Who was fearfully fond of gherkins,
She went to a tea,
And ate twenty-three,
And pickled her internal workin's.

Of all the fishes in the seas,
My favorite is the bass,
It climbs up all the seaweed trees,
And slides down on its hands and knees.

THE R.C.A.F.

They call us boys the pigeons,
Who buzz away up high;
They say we love to fight so much,
We fight until we die.
Our planes are sleek and shiny,
With speed you can't surpass;
The Hun's are quickly finding out
R.C.A.F. has class.
We left our homes and dear ones,
To end this bitter war;
I guarantee when we are done,
The Axis won't want more.
We have the greatest leaders,
In all our modern days;
Who teach us how to fight a war,
A dozen different ways.
With all our allied forces,
And God in Heaven's help,
It won't be long, the setting sun,
Will surely start to yelp.
Before they get our dear ones,
We'll throw a lot of lead;
They'll know they've had a battle,
When they count all their dead.
The sky's are blue and quite again,
We hear the birdies call;
In distance comes a droning plane,
Our air force never falls.

—R178613 J. D. Savard,
No. 3 M.D.

POEM

Spring is sprung, de grass is ris.
I wunder where de flowers is.
De little hoids is on de wing . . .
. . . but dat's absoid . . .
De wing is on de little boid.

RADIO MECHS NOTE

Have you been radio mech'd? To be placed in this category you must have the following qualifications:

1. You must have served one or more terms in the kitchen.
2. You must have been in the depot at least four months.
3. Your leave must have been cancelled at least once to permit departure of air crew.
4. You must be an all round fatigue.

Anyone having the above qualifications should get in touch with the disposal orderly room where they will be issued a special button they will be "Joed" on it in large letters. Tssk, Tssk. Ask members of the precision squad if they have applied for their badges yet.

CPL. PENSON'S DIARY

August 25/42
Dear Diary:
Today I moved to hut 3.
August 26/42
Dear Diary:
Today I moved to hut 28.
August 27/42
Dear Diary:
Today I moved to hut 3.
August 28/42
Dear Diary:
Today I moved to hut 28.
Sept. 1/42
Dear Diary:
Today I moved to hut 3 and back to hut 28.

No. 3's FIRST MOTHER POSTED

"Peggy", mascot "A" Group, has been posted. Everyone around camp knows the slim black spaniel beauty who has been stationed here for several months, the first recruit of the weaker sex to be a member of the personnel at our Depot. "Peg" had the distinction of getting the first automatic "A" group in the recent Command trade test when she came through with high honors on giving birth to a fine litter of nine pups.

Getting to the side of reality, Peg hopped the train for Winnipeg on Tuesday night of this week with her "pal" LAC Vic Guiboche, fire fighter who has been transferred to Winnipeg. Vic adopted the spaniel many months ago when

STATION SHOWS

Time: 20:00 Hours. Place: Arena.

Sunday: "Spirit of Culver," with Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew, Andy Devine and Oswald Cartoon.

Tuesday: "Penny Serenade," with Irene Dunn and Cary Grant. Shorts, including community singing.

WATERPROOF COAT

LOST — R.C.A.F. coat, waterproof, size 2—marked R178617. please return to AC2 H. A. Greer, No. 3 "M" Depot.

she strayed into camp and now they're an inseparable combination.

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8—STORES—8

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