

YOUR PHOTOGRAPHER



The Airman

Official Organ of No. 100 M. Det. Edmonton

PHOTOS AT NIGHT



Vol. 1—No. 18

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30th, 1942

5c Copy

The Airman Like Sam Dornan's Weekly in "Nazi Eyes On Canada," With Orson Welles, Will Carry on, By Gad!



THESE MEN FACE THE FUTURE WITH EMPTY BUT OUTSTRETCHED HANDS

Pictured above are the smiling faces of THE AIRMAN staff shortly after word was received from Ottawa that advertising would no longer be acceptable for publication in service newspapers. The question is "To Die or Not to Die." Wrapped in each other's sorrow, with mind set to carry on through "Hell and High Water" we see reading from left to right (typewriter and caustic soda excluded), AC2 Hamilton, advertising; AC2 Condi, advertising manager (no more); F/O H. W. Eggleston, sports editor; Sgt. D. L. Rodger, art editor; Cpl. J. Bricker, managing editor, and S/L C. E. Moffet, executive editor. Missing from picture, AC2 Cairns.

AN EDITORIAL--- TO SUSPEND PUBLICATION?

Commencing on November 6th, THE AIRMAN will appear without advertisements. Perforce there will not be so many pages nor many more editions unless YOU HELP.

Kipling once received a bundle of magazines from which the advertising pages had been torn. In replying, he said, "Next time tear out the reading matter but please leave the advertisements. I can write my own stories."

Advertising is the "life blood" of a service weekly. A small cash reserve on hand assures the publication of a few more editions of THE AIRMAN.

In the meantime an effort will be made to provide funds for its continued and uninterrupted publication.

Anyway, kind readers and contributors, also the advertisers who have so generously assisted us thus far:

"WHERE THERE IS LIFE THERE IS HOPE."

THE AIRMAN must "Carry On!"

DANCE TO-NIGHT IN ARENA

Friday, October 30th



8:30 p.m.

OPEN WIDE, IT WON'T HURT MUCH



Front Row (Left to Right): Capt. P. H. Hervieux, Capt. M. A. McIntyre, Capt. A. Singer (Dental Officer I/C), Capt. W. Orobko, Lieut. W. A. McIver. Back Row (Left to Right): Pte. W. G. Miller, Pte. G. D. Holland, Cpl. F. O. Rice, Pte. M. Robberstad, Cpl. E. J. Hamilton, Sgt. J. W. Lincoln, Miss Emily Awid (Stenographer), Sgt. M. J. McCloskey, Pte. H. A. McPherson, Pte. L. Cote, Cpl. R. L. Costigan, Cpl. R. E. Kring. Missing from Picture: Lieut. D. G. MacGregor, Cpl. Jameson, F. H., Pte. Trudel, J., Pte. Palfenier, G. F.

EARLY MORNING PARADE, A LA WINTER OR IT CAN HAPPEN HERE!

With much more than a mere touch of frost in the air these mornings, the morning parades have become invested with a sinister quality completely lacking in parades held in more moderate weather. Perhaps it is partly mental, but the first thought which strikes one as the sergeant-major calls the parade to attention is "Wonder how long my ears will survive this morning?" As the various routines of the parade follow, and the blood slowly congeals in those tender extremities (called "lugs" by the unsympathetic) it appears likely that the question concerning their probable life-expectancy will be answered at any moment. However, being loath to lose a pair of such useful articles so early in life, AC2's and NCO's alike are seen cautiously massaging the tingling members, attempting to sustain the spark of warmth remaining in them.

Hope Fades Eternal
Alas! comes the command "Right dress!" This puts an end to any hopes that one might cherish. Up shoot the good right arms, as all heads twist sharply to the right, exposing both ears more fully to the bite of the keen north wind. Time interminably passes as the

right files, markers, and finally the ranks are dressed. Meanwhile the ears have ceased to pain so much and have reached that partially numb stage immediately preceding the sharp nip which announces a frost bite. Grimly we grit our teeth. . . . Number one flight, steady! . . . number two, steady! . . . and so on, down the line. That left ear is just on the verge. . . . Jack Frost has his mouth open for the nip . . . then, at long last. . . "Eyes-s-s- Front! . . . Stun-da-a---Teel! . . . Sta-a---See!"

Saved
Just in time! Up come both hands, to clap firmly on both ears and administer a spirited bit of "artificial respiration." So our ears are with us for still another day, praise be Allah! But how, oh how, about tomorrow?

About 15 years ago Liberty magazine published a serial, "The Red Knight of Germany," by Gibbons, a U.S. newspaper correspondent. He said, Lieut. "Wop" May was born in Australia. May was born in Manitoba. This is how the nickname, "Wop" came into being. A small cousin was unable to pronounce Wilfred so she called him "Wop." And it's stuck with him ever since. Edmonton is proud of her blonde haired "Wop."

HOW TO LIVE ON \$15 WEEK

Whiskey and Beer.....	\$ 8.00
Wife's Beer	1.65
Meat, Fish, Groceries.....	On Credit
Rent.....	Pay Next Week
Mid-Week Whiskey	1.50
Coal.....	Borrow Neighbors
Insurance—Wife's50
Cigars20
Movies60
Pinochle Club50
Hot-Tip on Horses50
Dog Food60
Snuff40
Poker Game	1.40
	<hr/>
	\$16.65

This means going in debt—so cut out wife's beer.

PART DICTIONARY

M is for the Miles that lay between us,
O is for the Other times you've tried,
T is for the Tourist cabin week-ends,
H is for the Hell that's in your eyes
E is for the Evenings spent together,
R is for the Reck you made of me.
Put them altogether they spell Mother,
And Darling that's what I'm going to be.

DON'T RUSH US

So you want a copy of THE AIRMAN, do you? What's your reason for not waiting 'til they're to be given out? "Well you see, it's this way" . . . and so it goes, I guess airmen and for that matter higher ranks just cannot see very well or if they can they do not believe in signs. . . . I'm going out on draft. . . . I am having my supper out. . . . Why should I make suggestions that one of you may try on us next week? The main IDEA OF THIS NOTE is to inform one and all that from now on there will be positively NO FREE COPIES HANDED OUT AT THE OFFICE of The Airman. If you cannot wait until copies are distributed in the usual manner, come prepared to comply with the sign on the door. . . . P.S.—It says something about 5c per copy.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS

Cpl. I. Silverman, S.P., has gone to Vulcan, which is not Montreal. Cpl. Blair reported to Calgary.

PEP'S SPOT
FOR QUALITY!

MERRICK DRUG STORES
Save You Money - Serve You Better



F/L G. Richardson, Pay Accounts Officer, was in Winnipeg on leave, when the word came that four of our flying officers had been made "flat lieuts." So today we present F/L Richardson in all his glory!

R.A.A.F. AND R.N.Z.A.F.

Our cousins from down under the Southern Cross say, "Sir, how do you find us?" Just like our fathers who met your fathers in the last war—top flight boys. We're glad to meet you and if you need any help flooring those slant-eyed Japs or those blockhead Germans, we'll be in there with you, morning, noon and night!

HATS OFF TO:—

"The Take-off," published by permission of S/L Denton Massey, who is C.O. at No. 3 I.T.S., Victoriaville, P.Q. It even radiates some of Denton's own personality. He'll be remembered as being voted the handsomest member of parliament.

"The Sky-Line" is a newsy paper published by the R.C.A.F. boys at No. 5 S.F.T.S., Brantford, Ont. That staff has reason to be proud of their publication. Gay ink sketches enliven it immensely.

JERICHO BEACHCOMBER

A mimeographed issue of The Beachcomber, published by the personnel of No. 3 Repair Depot, R.C.A.F., Vancouver, B.C., has come to hand. It is a most interesting paper and a credit to the staff.

RED DEER ADVOCATE

Congratulations to the publishers of The Advocate, Red Deer, as it was adjudged the best weekly in Alberta in the front page and editorial page competitions. The Airman, Alberta's newest service weekly, salutes Mr. Galbraith and The Advocate!

TWO ICE RINKS

P/O Jamieson has a crew busy erecting the rinks in the race track circle. Get your skates sharpened! King winter may be here soon in all his fury.

The Third Page

LIFEBUOY FOLLIES SMASH HIT

The Lifebuoy Follies presented in the Arena on Monday night, October 26, had the packed Arena in stitches from the opening number 'till God Save the King. It was the show of shows and the best presented to the Depot yet.

Every performer performed to perfection, and on behalf of the Depot, we say "Thank you, Lever Brothers."

"YANK" ON EXCHANGE

"Yank," the army newspaper published in New York is coming through weekly to our exchange editor. It had its birth during the first great war and it's a great army weekly. In looking over the masthead, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, F.A., it is noted that you haven't a correspondent in Canada. One please!

STAFF POSTED

AC2's Braaton, Simonson and Smith have gone. These are the radio direction finders that thought they were forgotten men but DAPS found them securely planted in THE AIRMAN office and presto they were off to New Brunswick.

They were faithful pluggers and did a good job in helping get THE AIRMAN out . . . but like good Scotch whisky . . . they did not last long enough.

GUN SALUTES

An odd number of guns is always a sign of joy. An even number an occasion of sorrow.

F/L KOCH AT VICTORIA

"Victoria in the mist," was the way our former adjutant, F/L A. Koch, M.C., started a letter to a friend on the station. He also made a rough sketch of the capital city skyline. F/L Koch misses the old gang very much. He had just returned from Quebec where he took a special course to qualify as a senior judicial officer.

F/L Koch receives The Airman regularly and passes them on to F/L Stewart, who was the padre on this station.

NEW GARAGE

Sgt. Haight, his staff and all vehicles will soon be moving to the new M.T. Section, which is being completed by the contractors.

Cpl. J. Dunn will be moving the Issues and Receipts Section to the space in the Arena vacated by the M.T.

"FOR FREEDOM"

A new book of war-verse by S/L G. L. Creed, with a foreword by Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., will soon be on sale in the Airmen's Dry Canteen. Royalties from the sale will be contributed to the R.C.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

You may leave your order now and a copy will be reserved for you when the shipment arrives.

F/L Burt Forster is in Ottawa on airforce matters.

Capt. Sammy Riskin, who assisted in the local dental clinic, has gone east.



This must be the frosty Friday that we hear so much about . . . nice and cosy and warm where I was though . . . just got back from a sewing circle in 18a2 . . . delightful time with Mother Ford, Auntie Currie and all the little busybodies—made three dates and got all the latest gossip. . . . Torchy Powell informed me that issue skirts and blouses are expected in Stores this week. . . . Two corporals who lived in 18a2. Had so many airmen, they didn't know just what to do, So with mop rags they ran To make the hut spic and span Just to show up the rest of H.Q. They hailed it "a lesson to you," And marked it for "youse to strive to," But the laugh was on them Dubbed a bunch of old women And they burned when they learned of HQ's ne-u. Yes that Was Flight Crowe in Records Office the other day down on his knees to Doris Galloway . . . there's life in the old boy yet . . . And about new life, Cpl. Art

Wagner was close to three miles in the fleecy blue when the good word came through that he was an uncle . . . you'd think that he had been the one that gave the birth. . . . My, what a changed lad is Johnny Nagy . . . his diary no longer holds any interest for snoopers. . . . See that Sgt. Hickey is still sporting that Hollywood haircut . . . in spite of it all. . . . "The Duke" is still a mystery man around here and it's a good thing he is . . . Maxie Leibowitch is still looking for his royalties on last week's scoop of the station's Ga-ga's . . . and several others have a nice warm bed all ready for him . . . with a few tar and feathers ready to be thrown in. . . . Outside of Duke, think that Cpl. Jack Lunney is about next in line. . . . HQ lads just love the mess hall halter . . . but the day of reckoning will come, fellows . . . that's why I reckon I'll go now. . . . Jimmy Morris wears that satisfied smile after a 48 in Calgary . . . must set someone on his trail and discover the secret of his success.

TOURING CONCERT PARTY

Cpl. G. Davis, former CBC announcer from Vancouver, who is well known at this station is master of ceremony of a concert party which is covering northern Alberta. In the same party is Capt. Harry ("One Putt") Finnegan, M.C., Bren gun expert. Capt. Finnegan is on leave from the Edmonton store of The T. Eaton Co. (Western) Limited.

SERGEANT TEARS HAIR

Sgt. Haight, of Motor Transport, was immobilized Saturday morning—his auburn hair went pink—when he discovered that the Australians had immobilized a small tractor.

The tractor will be out of commission for a week awaiting arrival of a new part.

SUPPORT YOUR TEAM

Through the kind permission of W/C W. G. Webber, airmen who wish to attend the provincial championship rugby game at Clarke Stadium tomorrow afternoon between R.C.A.F. "M" Depot and Calgary Army Cadets, will be allowed to leave the station providing that they purchase tickets for the game at pay parade to be held today. Those intending to take in the game must also produce their identification cards. The game gets under way at 15:00 hours.

WINGS BUT NO HALO

A copy of The Airman was sent by a former employee to the Frigid-aire Corporation in Toronto. The G.M. wrote to the officer with this comment: "You may get the wings but no halo."

VICTORY LOAN DRIVE

Wing Commander W. G. Webber, Commanding Officer, No. 3 "M" Depot, introduced Mr. Elmer E. Roper, C.C.F. member of the Legislative Assembly, who addressed the Victory Loan meeting in the Arena, Tuesday morning.

The response was encouraging and from all counts No. 3 "M" Depot will exceed the figures of \$15,000 in the second Victory Loan.

F/L S. J. Jackson and his workers certainly were busy filling loan application forms.

THE AIRMAN ENTERS UNIVERSITY OF BOSTON

The Airman goes places and why not? The September 18 issue was eagerly sought by the co-eds of this famous 'varsity.

The picture of No. 3 "M" Depot band appeared on the front page of that issue.

And what do you think—the girls held a pictorial popularity contest using our band picture. Yes, sir! And who do you think headed the poll? That one young man who plays the bass horn—AC2 Shaw.

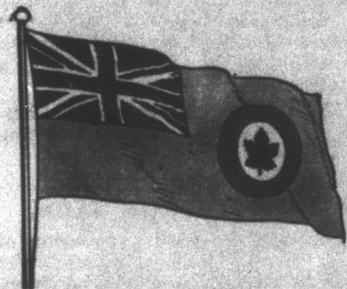
On his next annual leave, Shaw plans on flying down to Boston, so that all those lovely American girls can see their favorite bandman in the flesh.

Top that one, Precision Squad!

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

The Airman

Published every Friday at No. 3 "M" Depot, Edmonton, Alberta, in the interests of airmen, by kind permission of Wing Commander W. G. Webber, Commanding Officer.



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AC2 A. D. Cairns AC2 D. S. Hamilton

Volume 1 EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, OCT. 30, 1942 Number 18

THE CANADIAN DENTAL CORPS

By CAPT. ART SINGER.

The Canadian Dental Corps is responsible for the oral health of the personnel in the Navy, Army, and Air Force. Dental services are also rendered to members of Allied Forces stationed in Canada, who have no dental officer of their own posted with them, to prisoners of war and to civilians interned in Canada.

It is the duty of the Canadian Dental Corps to make all members of the service dentally fit and keep them so. This embraces not only reparative and restorative work, to replace teeth lost, but also preventative work, in order to eliminate as much as possible any future dental troubles.

Much attention is paid to the condition of the gums, because, unlike civilian life, barrack life, where men live and work together in much closer contact, makes them much more susceptible to the contraction of contagious diseases.

One disease the dental officer is always on the watch for Vincent's Disease, commonly known as "Trenchmouth." This disease can be treated successfully if diagnosed early and the complete co-operation of the patient is secured.

At an "M" Depot where a large percentage of the trainees are future aircrew, many cases of unerupted and impacted wisdom teeth are seen due to the age group of the personnel concerned. Partially erupted wisdom teeth are nearly always a menace to the oral good health of the patient because the flaps around them offer ideal conditions for the propagation of infection.

The officers of the Canadian Dental Corps are equipped and able to render service which is on par, if not better than that rendered to average civilians. They feel that they have a grave responsibility entrusted to them because the health of the airman, while he is on service, must at all times be kept as near perfection as possible. As a member of an aircrew, the lives of others depend directly on his ability to carry out his duties efficiently, not to mention the importance and high cost of the equipment entrusted to his care.

Without exception, it is the opinion of the dental officers attached to the R.C.A.F. that it is a privilege, and, in nearly every case, a pleasure to work for the officers, NCO's and men in the Air Force.

Sometimes it is impossible to complete the work for some personnel as quickly as it would be desired. This is due to the fact that from time to time some clinics are understaffed. It is, therefore, hoped that dental services are at their disposal at nearly every training station to which they may be posted.

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1939 VETERANS NOT RECOGNIZED

Many Canadians who enlisted in the Royal Air Force during the last war, and only saw service in Canada, have nothing in the way of a ribbon or medal, to identify them. A large majority of these men, who were then youngsters, went into the services at the beginning of this war. They're going into their fourth year of service—1939, 1940, 1941, 1942 and 1943 coming up. Still the government does not differentiate them from the man who recently enlisted. The U.S.A. is giving a decoration to each of her soldiers who was in the service December 7, 1941. Members of the permanent force and the special reservists who answered the call of Canada in 1939 are veterans in the service. Still they carry on—hoping that Ottawa will decide to allow them to put up a chevron for 1939, 1940, 1941 and 1942. In the last war, the red signified 1914, a blue chevron for each succeeding year.

A recognition of some sort by Ottawa would certainly delight these men and bring cheer to many an old heart.

It's only a small thing, Ottawa, but it would be a big thing for the 1939 veterans!

A few weeks ago The Airman ran an editorial on cigarettes. During the last war the soldiers paid 15 cents for two packets. We now pay 30 cents for a packet of 25. Our American cousins in the service only pay 10 cents for a packet of 20. If we airmen holler loud enough, the powers that be may lend a sympathetic ear. And we're drawing less pay than our American comrades.

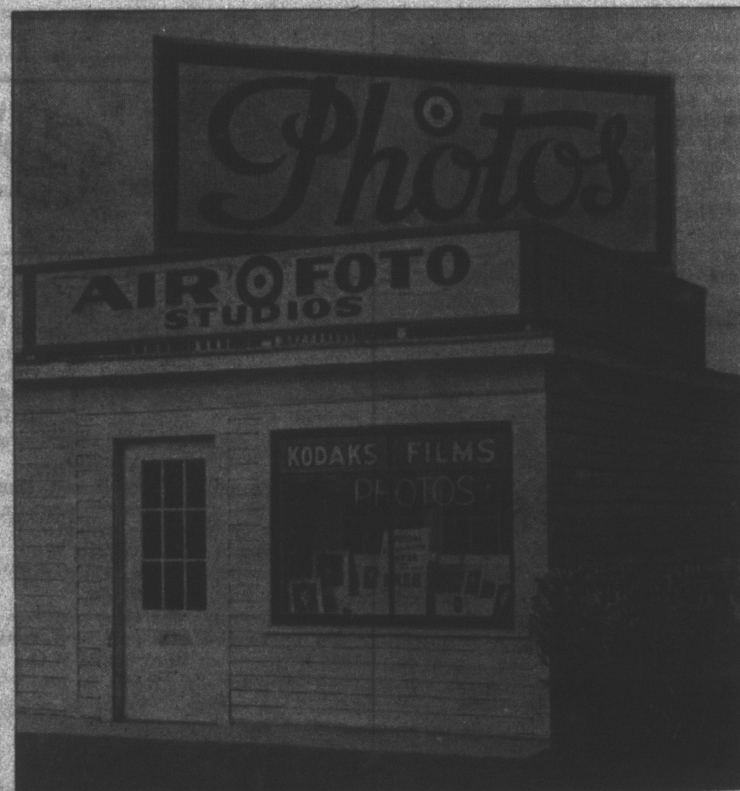
Why can't service men in Canada buy their cigarettes tax free?

EDIQUIPS

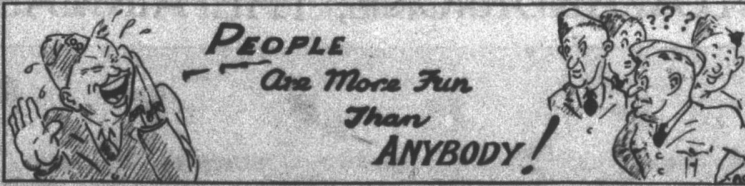
Years and years ago, smart hay buyers used to go through the country. They'd buy on these terms—half cash and the balance when the last load was hauled away. The last load was left to rot.

The Hon. Mr. Hepburn has resigned from the premiership of Ontario. He was often described by opposition papers as the "Huey Long" in Canadian politics.

With railway earnings running high, the C.P.R. should find it easy paying off the two millions (or was it billions), which was borrowed from the Dominion Government. And wasn't it interest free?



A Branch of HOUSEZ STUDIOS especially located for your convenience—One half block south of Guard Room. —11404 - 79th Street, Edmonton



Hiya all ye fella jorks? How's tricks? Will someone please write in and tell the "Duke" the score? Don't ask me what I mean. It's just that a certain sergeant on this station told me that I didn't even know the score! Hell, there is no doubt about that, Sarge—I don't even know who's playing.

Within the past few days yours truly has taken a great interest in "Blackouts." I have found that if one is right up on the bit, you can certainly have a wonderful time. First you must be in a well crowded place (any crowded restaurant will do). Then one must scan the room until you spot a group of four or five gals, and then the moment before the lights go out you move closer to be able to contact anyone of them (this is called "jockeying for position"), then when the lites go out you play grab bag but seeing as you have already studied all the bags in the room you are reasonably certain that you have the best. What sport! What fun! Yes, S-a-h-h-h! The last time I played this game I was unlucky enough to contact a hefty red-head and my blackout lasted for several daze. A "gag" that's good for a real laugh is to jockey behind 2 or 3 old women and then kiss the back of your hand repeatedly. When the lights come on you shyly say, "Thank you, dear," and look at them all in secretive shy way and then disappear. The look of suspicion these gals shoot at each other is terrific! NOTE: This gag places second to the "Hot Foot" for fun in a blackout. Got quite a thrill recently in a blackout when a lovely voice cried out, "TAKE YOUR HAND OFF MY KNEE! YES YOU! OOOO OOOHHHH NOT OOOOO, YOU!"

They say, "Don't be careless"—ah yes—how true—how true! Many a good job has been lost through nothing but carelessness—Why I remember once when I was working with "Sally Rand." One night after a performance she hollered, "Pass me my tights," and through inattention and carelessness I thought she said "Turn out the lights!" AAAHHH ME! Ye gods the jobs I've had; once I was working in the hosiery department of a large department store when one day a lovely lady came in and pleaded with me to help her put on her stockings but I said, "Lady, if I put in that other room and help you put on those stockings—why I'd lose my job!" Anyhoo feloows after I lost that job I soon got another one and that's life!

My best gal just informed me that the U.S. Government actually has printed a booklet on the care of the girdle. One instruction reads "It can be removed quickly by a good strong jerk." (Just a tip, fellas, and don't be insulted 'cause I seem to insist on calling you Jerk).

Schickelgruber (Hitler to you), remains, if well squashed and they will be, should make dam good manure. (At the rate he spreads

it around now he seems to have an indefinite amount). Let them ration trucks, cars and tires, Gas, wood and all coal fires, And eating good grub is only fashion, But please God, don't let them ration passion!

Now a wee bit on the serious side. When the powers that be, said that jokes about our service women were tabu, they meant business and so can the remarks, eh fellows? Actually they are at least trying and that means something, so let's give them a hand. And if you want to laugh take a good look at yourselves. Last Sunday, I saw 5 airmen laughing at some gals in uniform walking by and here's what I saw:

1. The first airman due to a fault not his own wore glasses. You know those large telescopic things that they issue us. Very cute when one is in a dust storm but otherwise they look like hell. I'm not making fun of him but why did he laugh?

2. The second airman had his service cap set kerplunk on the middle of his head—a real farmer if I ever saw one. Sure the farmers are as good as any of us but no better, so why did he laugh?

3. The third airman needed a haircut and his pants were baggy and his shirt dirty—sure, maybe a future crack pilot—at present just an Acey Ducey, so why did HE laugh?

4. The fourth airman was very bowlegged and spelt the word OX with the fifth airman who was very knockneed. So why did they laugh? Oh yes, they were a cute bunch. All wearing those lovely 10-lb. dancing slippers with their stove pipe pants.

No, I'm not riding these airmen in particular, but for God's sakes, just think before you laugh and you won't laugh at anyone else!

Back to the sage of tripe I hear that those thar high mountains sure ain't no protection against our long-range bombers. With apologies I say: "Mussolini can't possibly Alp himself now."

Gosh, the dirty looks I get from certain seniors around this place would frost you. Anyhoo, I sure get a bang out of riding the senior Non-coms and expecting to get a dad bang quick posting. Right, Sergeant-Major? Yes sah! Fellows, did you ever try to P.T.? Maybe plausible, but absolutely impossible!

WOULD SOMEONE PLEASE:—

1. Supply AC1 Broderick with a comb or a broken beer bottle, to rule that unruly mop!
2. Excuse "Headquarters Per-

BAND SCRIPS

Well, as the boys in the band have all returned from leave maybe the depot will settle down to a systematic beat once more—120 to the minute.

It's too bad that the Band Room is out of bounds to all but bandsmen, as the boys have done wonders with the paint, etc.

Two of the bandsmen thought the paint job so nice, they tried a little of it on themselves, at least that's what it looked like but further investigation showed that a ladder holding the scaffold broke (W.&B. please note), and they both finished up on the floor smothered in paint. It's a sure bet the words used by Bandsman Smith on this auspicious occasion were not taught him by the Salvation Army.

Did any of you happen to notice the new color scheme on the drums—double blue with the Air Force Crest on them—swanky, what?

Sgt. Taylor was given a royal welcome on return from his honeymoon, a little thinner maybe but still full of pep, as far as one can ascertain. We suppose he will be running around as busy as a bee, but hope he knows enough to go home to help his wife with the dishes.

There is a permanent grin on Ace Howard's face these days, mingled with a look of responsibility. Ace has for the first time had the profound pleasure of meeting his two-months-old daughter. Ask him to tell you about her, but not if you are due on parade as you will be A.W.L.

Another of the bandsmen is headed for the matrimonial parade. LAC Lowden is the guilty one, that smiling innocent faced young cherub. He sure is a red hot papa on the trumpet and maybe that isn't all. As the Shadow says: "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men."

LAC Kennedy was seen out on the parade square the other day taking a drill test under the eagle eye of F/L Davis—is there something in the offing?

Well, we must sign off and rest up for a busy week-end of Hallowe'en dances, etc. See you next week.

—DRUMSTICKS.

sonnel" from "Duty Watch"

3. Let me know if there is to be five days leave at Christmas!

With hisses to the misses, your obedient servant.

THE "DUKE."

F/L D. W. Davis, of No. 4 T.C., Calgary, was on the station last Saturday.

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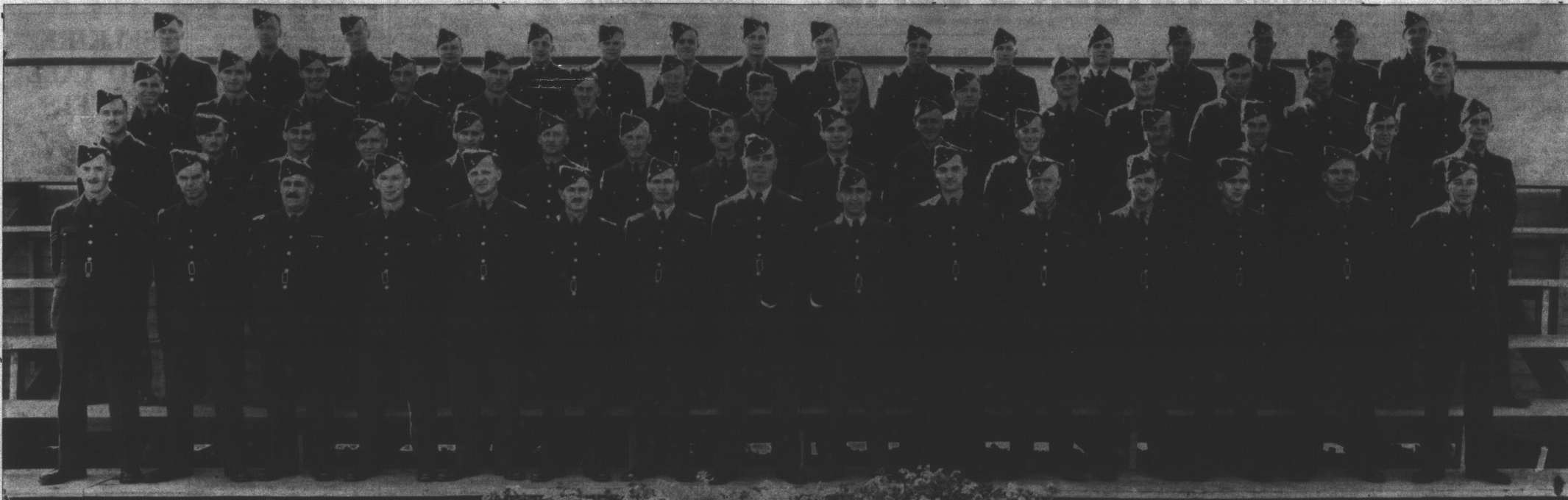
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SHIRTS TIES SOCKS

TOM CAMPBELL'S MEN'S SHOP

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE, THE AIRMAN PRESENTS THE SENIOR MOGULS OF THE DEPOT



Front Row (Left to Right): Sergeants Bolsby, McRae, F/S Labrie, Scott, Langford, WO1 Sparling, WO1 Shaw, WO1 Blundell, WO1 Harland, WO2 Smith, F/S Crone, Smith, Forsyth, Lange, Sgt. Roys. Second Row: Sergeants Wells, Staples, F/S Clarke, Sergeants Luciw, Mueller, F/S Cote, Barrie, Whetstone, Sergeants Cadney, Law, Wedley, Mercer, Purdy, Barnes, F/S Mullaney. Third Row: Sergeants Barry, Seaman, Leonard, Randall, Sorenson, Dobson, Dineen, F/S Stenton. Sergeants Haight, Harrison, Williamson, F/S Truswell, Sergeants Cooper, Stanway, Kirkby. Back Row: Sergeants Hancock, Gibson, F/S Bell, Sergeants MacKay, Kimmel, Maynard, Boucher, Prior, Browning, Savage, Fazackerley, Humble, Befus, Rodger, Barnes, Taylor.

ANTI-PATTER

—Owing to being laid up after a face-lifting operation, we're back on the job. Unfortunately we were in the same hospital as Patter. You should have seen him flirt with the nurses.

—I'm no competition; nothing I write will ever bear repetition.

—Is it true that Sgt. McRae still possesses the first safety pin that he ever wore?

—Sentry: "Who goes there?" "Orderly officer!" In background: "Quack, quack, quack," quacked a drake which had his midnight slumbers disturbed.

—The emperor penguin can't fly. A common house fly can only reach an altitude of 32 feet. The ostrich can't fly, but the stork does enough flying about for all.

—Sometimes a young woman spends years seeking the ideal man. And in the meantime she gets married.

BLONDE "DIVE BOMBER"
A fool there was and he made his prayer
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair;
But the fool he called her his lady fair
Even as you and I!

—A dentist legally changed his name to Painless P - - - r. Wonder if his patients thought so? Among the names of dentists recently graduated were Alken and Payne—also Pullen.

—Who said that the dry cleaning firms weren't reliable? An airman had a large rubber finger cot returned with his uniform.

DANNY DEEVER
Hol the young recruits are shakin', and they'll want their beer today,
After Hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

—Oh, you pooz recruits! but you've got to earn your dollar-thirty!

—After the wedding ceremony the organ peeled.

—AC2 Oboe married a girl named Viola but he didn't know until afterward that she was a harp—and a snare.

—One of my youngish girl friends who likes fishing went trolling this summer and landed a Fish out of the "M" pool.

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—Please cross out the words which do not apply to this feature: exciting, soothing, similar, different, good, mediocre, corny, fast moving, jolly, dignified, vain, painful, sparkling, subtle or just plain awful.

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—Sergeant-Major Chudley after milking a cow for the first time said, "I learned that the milk maid who said a cow gives milk is a prevaricator."

—AC2 Perry I: "I killed three flies—one a male and two females."

—AC2 Perry II: "How could you tell the difference?" Perry I: "One sat on a beer bottle and the other two on a mirror."

—Hank Brancombe was telling me while I was getting a marcel that some workers on an oil drilling rig are called, "Nipple Chasers." The devastating blonde overheard and remarked, "Gee, there must be a lot of ex-drillers around Edmonton."

—First Corpse: "Miss your wife?" Second: "Nope." First: "How come?" Second: "I didn't have one." First: "You must have been happy, you lucky stiff."

—A wealthy man had been to the morgue and identified a body as that of his long lost brother. He arranged for an expensive funeral much to the delight of the director. After the body was placed in the coffin the brother went back to take another look. The lower jaw had dropped revealing a wonderfully good set of teeth. The millionaire then said it wasn't his brother because he had false teeth, and departed from the parlor. The mortician visibly perturbed lifted the body and placed it on a cold, marble slab, saying, "If you'd kept your mouth shut you'd have had a damned fine funeral."

—Mr. Brockington, K.C., when associated with the C.B.C., said, "My wife likes the radio low. I like it loud. We compromised. It was left low."

—"Madam," said the fortune teller, "you should be very happy. A nobler man than your husband you have yet to meet." "How absolutely thrilling!" gushed Miss Topper, "But when?"

—It's 21:00 hours—time for Anti-Patter to fill the hot water bottle, cover the parrot, put the cat out, put on her bed sox and nightie, look under the bed and pray that there's an able bodied seaman under the bed. Good night!

—NOTE: A.P. is bound to find some one on this station who will read this column.—EDITOR.



Doris Gallaway made a slip when having her tea-cup read one lunch hour, concerning an initial "W". She said, "I'm through with Wagner," thus letting the cat out of the bag. There's a certain Cpl. in the Reception Wing that Millie Turner is interested in. By next week we'll let you know all the dope. Mrs. Harvie (Anna Bella to you) is wondering what the new year will bring—you better make it clear as to exactly what you do mean Anna Bella! Esther Anderson also of Accounts and Cpl. Johnny Nagy (of Equipment) really make a swell twosome. They're seen everywhere together usually roughing it up with a little bowling. Elsie Mills over in Equipment received a lovely ring from Laurie on Saturday and is it ever a honey. She says anyone can have a look at it for the price of 5c. It's worth it too, boys, she sure keeps it polished up. Kay Card received a cablegram Monday morning from one Allan Jones stating that he hadn't heard from her for quite some time and sending his fondest love. What Kay wants to know is if he is just one of the Jones boys overseas. Doris Astell of Central Registry when asked about what she thinks of the sergeants and she just says, "Oh my nerves!" Is that good or bad Doris?

GESTAPO NOTES

Well here we are with our second edition of Gestapo notes and hope that you enjoyed reading our last as well as the staff. Ouch! Really started something when we started this column but after all fellows it's all in fun and any name used if similar to yours is purely coincidental whether living or dead.

The second boss in charge of the "Jail House" claims he hurt his back bowling, that's really food for thought because he doesn't seem to miss much of his night-work (downtown). You can also twist your back playing.

We notice Sgt. MacPherson walking around the camp with a B.P. arm band on these days. I bet the boys in camp are really wondering what B.P. stands for, well I'll tell you boys, it doesn't stand for Big Policeman it stands for Barrack Patrol! Oh! Oh! I better leave town right now.

Well the guard house is sure dead these last few days with our good friend "Georgia" on the loose again, here's luck to you, Georgia, and see if you can stay on the straight and narrow this time without falling off, you ought to be able to after going on church parade last Sunday morning, so we say so long to you for now and wish you all the luck as you carry on with your course at I.T.S.

Well it's come time to say so long for now as we have to report on Duty Watch parade, so we'll be seeing you in our next issue.

TOOTHACHES AND EXTRACTIONS

Now that the cold weather has come on, our sick parades have increased like a litter of mink. Are these guys supposed to be air-men? We have all heard the old saying, "Sailors of the Navy," "Men of the Army" and "Gentlemen of the R.C.A.F."

At any rate, we are limping along as best we can. Our genial friend and officer, Capt. M. A. McIntyre has moved to the A.O.S. Along with Capt. A. Singer and W. Orobko, Capt. McIntyre had been working like a trojan for the last year, and we hope that his new posting will bring him a source of enjoyment and pleasantness.

Little Amelia, our flame headed typist came to work the other morning with ANOTHER new creation. Upon enquiring as to just how many dresses she had in her clothes press, she calmly replied, "Oh, about forty." We also hear that her Gigolo, Marcel, of Precision Squad fame, is back in town again to see her. There is a rumor, though very, very slight, that perhaps . . . now just perhaps, mind you, they might get married.

One late evening, L. A. C. Bill Dick, Cpl. Sir Eric Hamilton's Aussie cove, came wandering in, and began patching up the scars of the Legion Smoker, with adhesive tape. Then, he climbed into his bunk, thinking that he had put one over on Sir Eric. Came the dawn, and Sir Eric glaring down at Bill: "What's the matter, m'lord?" queried LAC Dick. "Sir, you were drunk last night when you came in," was the reply. "Rubbish . . . nothing of the sort," came the feeble answer. "Then," said Sir Eric, "if you weren't, who put all the adhesive tape on the washroom mirror?"

Imagine the embarrassment of Sgt. McCloskey when he came to interview a certain recruit on dental parade the other morning. "What is your trouble," asked the sergeant. "Waal," said Plough Jockey Joe, "I figger I got this here foot and mouth disease." P.S.—He meant Trench Mouth. Wonder if he was any relation to the Joe, who, last fall, claimed that he got it from the toilet seat?

Then there was the Dumb Dora who thought that the Board of Trade was a bench in the park.

O/S Bruce Merriweather: "Gawd, that sounds like the warden and I've been afraid of firearms all my life."

Cpl. Hamilton: "Why, was your mother frightened by a gun?"

O/S Merriweather: "No, but my father was."

Well, there goes the whistle, so 'tis time to get back on the quarterdeck. By the way, we had a letter from Pte. Larry Cote from Debort. Says he's doing fine and in his own words: "Chee, dese gals . . . hot stuff, eh?"

Imagine the embarrassment of Cpl. Jameson, exponent of the goose step for the staff's amusement, when in the midst of a violent march past from the lab. door to the front, in walked the M.O.

HITLER'S DEAD

Read Laff 'n Chat for further details



S/L C. E. Moffet

The Airman will soon have more feature columns than any one of the dogs on the station has fleas. Today we introduce "Laff N' Chat." The editors hope that you will like it.

It will soon be time to go home to listen to the "Lone Ranger" and the "Green Hornet." Why? A cousin-German of ours, Miss Irish Merdith (Orris Shunn) plays in both radio sketches.

F/L Cumming (interviewing air-crew recruit): "Tell me what month has 28 days, please." AC2 Marty Shields: "They all have, sir."

The Airman—a great all year round tonic.

Surely Ottawa is not known as the "City of Lost Hope" these days except for finding a vacant room or suite.

Nice administration building at the airport, eh? We used to land a Cirrus Moth there when the only hangar was the Imperial Oil Company's wooden shelter with its companion Chic Sales bungalow.

The Edmonton and Northern Alberta Aero Club never had a fatality in all its years of turning out ab initio pilots. Among the instructors were: F/L Wilfred (Wop) May, Charles (Cy) Becker, Capt. Maurice (Moss) Burbridge and F/O A. D. Kennedy.

Art Haldin, a locally trained pilot, is now on the Atlantic Ferry Service.

Grant McConachie and this column qualified for their private flying license and the commercial air pilot's licenses on the same days. Grant's now general manager for Canadian Pacific (Western) Air Lines. Your columnist, the Depot's orphan squadron leader.

Fred Youmans conducted quiz programs last spring. He came up with the last question and the lad was an AC2 from Calgary. Mr. Y: "What does e.g. stand for?" Answer: "For example." Question: "I.e." Answer: "That is." Question: "P.S.?" Answer: "Post script." "Now here, Bud, is the last part of this question.

It's the \$64 one. What does 'N.B.' stand for when written at the bottom of a letter?" After the lad scratched his head, looked around at his pals, listened for prompting said, "No bull."

N.B.—F/L J. G. Turner, M.O., has been asked to write this column for the next issue. Then he will pass the chore along to some other member of the station personnel. Watch for it—it's going to be good!

Since luxuries have become more difficult to purchase it is no longer fashionable to keep up with the "Joneses."

Although the new regulations prohibit retailers from calling dyed muskrat coats, Hudson Seal, Milady will keep on calling dyed muskrat, Hudson Seal.

Even if you don't read "Charm News" take a look-see at the new head! Vargo should be envious.

Wasn't . . . alias "Printer Zink" in that popularity picture in the last issue of The Airman?

The Duke says that if he were single he'd enjoy courting the girls today since they're wearing "sweetheart" necklines.

Anti-Patter and Patter should have been rejuvenated as well as having their faces lifted. They've also patched up their differences and appear in today's edition.

Snoopy Sez may be a tough hombre on the parade square but you should have seen him in the company of eight ladies.

Folks who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

A chap in Toronto presented himself at the recruiting office. He was medically categorized "E2." That's what takes place after rigor mortis sets in, so he said.

HITLER'S DEAD

Wrong when he thinks his alleged super people will rule the world. The United Nations say "Nix" to his new order. He or Hirohito haven't the intestinal fortitude to commit hari-kari when the crucial moment comes.

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The snow has come . . . we have got wet . . . that is not such hot English but it is not anyhow or anyway . . . they land aircraft and take off into the wind, but WO1 Harland that is no reason to line a parade up against the wind too . . . remember the morning of October 23 for CO's inspection . . . b-r-r-r- . . . and Snoopy Sez slipped it over Patter and Auntie Patter last week . . . they were naughty and Editor Bricker put them on the shelf to cool off for a week . . . we ain't been shelved yet, but we sure have had stones thrown at us . . . next to women THE AIRMAN is the most sought after thing on the Depot . . . Archie Bowker (LAC) the winner of the Popularity Contest tells us he knows a girl at Aircraft Repair who is so dumb she thinks the tail assembly is an Airforce Picnic . . . and we wonder if Bowker won the contest because he has a car . . . funny what women will do for a ride . . . Sgts. Cooper and Sorenson tell us they know a guy in the section that is a lady killer . . . the only way that could happen would be for the lady to die laughing at him . . . and as there was not a dirty joke of two meanings in last week's AIRMAN, perhaps Sgt. Stewart of the Tailor Shop will not be afraid to take one home . . . and by the way have you seen how he has barricaded himself . . . doors all around, everything an exit and not a single entry . . . we often wonder how a person is supposed to get into the Equipment Section . . . every blessed door that leads to it has a sign plastered across "OUT OF BOUNDS." . . . Oh, well you are never supposed to get anything at Stores anyhow. . . AC Tommy Webb is out of the hospital again . . . first in for tonsils and adenoids . . . then in with stomach . . . now having or had the appendix out . . . hope everything goes alright now Tommy . . . overheard three cute things remark (on the street car) "I got that "M" Depot paper today. Gosh it's swell." They must have been referring to SNOOPY 'cause the PATTERN TWINS were on the "bank" . . . and PRINTER ZINK is grimy . . . and "THE DUKE", well the less said the better . . . and Cpls. Johnny Nagy and Jimmy Anderson should decide which is the first right marker. Anderson had the position but fell asleep. Nagy was rear rank marker. He shouted No. 3 flight steeeeadyyyy. Anderson woke up . . . about this time we usually give you our pome of the week . . . this week we are not in a mood to write poetry . . . our throat has been cut . . . we are sick . . . we have been stifled . . . our breath is coming in short pants . . . perhaps soon we will be no more . . . tomorrow alone will tell . . . no advertising for THE AIRMAN is the ruling by the powers of the east . . . all service publications are in the same boat . . . but THE AIRMAN will carry on

"SMOKE-PUFFS"

Howdy, folks! Howdy! The trusty crew of robust firemen and fire piquets from that edifice to the left of the west gate of No. 3 "M" come to the fore (not fire, folks!) to offer you glimpses, candid and strictly otherwise, into the life of an "M" Depot fireman.

"Ye olde fire hall" men, from F/Sgt. "Tiny" Lange down to "Minute-man" Ferguson and "Water-boy" Cpl. Johnson, are to be seen at odd times checking fire-extinguishers, gas-main outlets, making rounds in the Arena, and trying to tell you to "douse your fags" in the "wee sma' hours," as "Scottie" Norrie would say. Some of the picquets, anxious enough to get some sleep themselves, even get some of you early risers out of your nice warm beds in the morning. Verily, these firemen are men of great valor and of high renown. Boy! But have you ever seen such action as when stalwart men and true, such as Cpl. "Horse-shoe" Evans, "Poker?face" Campbell, Freddie "A Little Late" Warburton, "Steaks" Befus, "Push-Em-Up" Paquette, and "What-a-Man" Kennedy get into action. Why, in that practice fire near Hut 19 the other day you could hear Norrie shouting, "Get out of the way of that 'blinking' axe!" for almost two miles. (Was the word really "blinking" Scottie?)

When these men couple a hose, it stays coupled too—or don't you believe us? Say, folks! Have you ever tied a running bowline on a fire hose and axe, mounted a fire ladder into the turbulent smoke and inky blackness of the third storey of a house as all firemen dream about? Neither have we, but you can take our word for it—these men are eager to do it—maybe!—As LAC "Dog-catcher" Ferguson always says, "It's the early fire-man who always gets to the fire."—To which LAC Warburton sometimes remarks, "Well! Well! But who wants to get up so . . . early!"

Jokin' aside, laddies, there are some pointers which might help us all, and which we would like to pass along to you.

1. Don't smoke in your bunks at night. One foot must always be on the floor when smoking, lads.
2. Keep those pump cans full at all times. You might need 'em badlv some night.
3. When you ask a fire picquet to wake you up a little early in the morning—Please smile, lads, and prettv please! get up!!!!

Adios, folks! Shall have to sign off and get down to work now with the other firemen. It's a busy morning here in the old fire house. Can't tell you exactly what we're doing right now, censorship regulations, and all that sort of thing.

as long as possible in the interests of the Depot . . . The Lifebuoy Follies were swell . . . and our little old heart goes pitter patter like the rain drops on the roof tops every time we see a girl in tight nanties . . . we like 'em loose . . . what about you? Here's hoping to see you again next week . . . the snow is gone . . . we are dry.

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BOWLING

Gestapo and Equipment showed the way in last night's games played in the Airmen's Bowling League by making a clean sweep in all three games.

Martin of Wings turned in the high single game of the evening with a score of 314, Gerlitz of Equipment had the high three-game score with a total of 666.

Folloing are the results of last night's games.

	W.	L.
Gestapo	3	0
Equipment	3	0
Hospital	2	1
Orderly Room	2	1
Dental	1	2
Wings	1	2
Post Office	0	3
Accounts	0	3

Cat and Dog Fight

From the parade ground the new recruits watch with admiration the smartly stepping Prec. Squad, as it swings swiftly on its way to wireless class. Then they see a neat incline as the squad turns out for security guard. Next moment their admiration has turned to astonishment, for a volley of hisses and groans is exchanged between squads. The rookies wonder if this is the "esprit de corps" of the air force; it seems more of a deadly antagonism.

Nearly every time the Precision and the Guards meet the air is slippery with silibants and "raspberries are wholesale. However there is little or no animosity. True enough the Precision boys didn't appreciate a certain prank played in the wee small hours, allegedly by the guards; nor did the guards enjoy paying for the damage done. However they aren't as much at loggerheads as the jeering would indicate.

If you are curious as to the origin of their joyous salutations, read on for oddly enough, it all began through the station pets.

One morning Sgt. Barnes' dog accompanied the Precision Squad as they were marched to wireless. Full of oats and things, he was

"putting on the dog", barking at everyone. Many of the lads momentarily took their eyes off the wart on the neck of the man in front of them to watch him. In the doorway of hut 4 was a cat. The boys smelled action, and with a wicked gleam in their eyes hissed, "Sic 'em! Sic 'em! Sssssssss!"

Just at that moment the Security Guard passed on the far side, unaware of the cat and dog belligerents, but very sensible to the uncouth hiss that they supposed was directed at them. They gave verry to a more lively one of their own. The rear file of the Precision Squad, doubly innocent, caught up the swelling sizzle of scorn with their customary vigor. Thus was torn the present "cat and dog" fight.

The Precision boys, being horribly hard to get along with, have another feud, this one with the band. The band thinks that the squad should adjust its tempo to the fickleness of their drummer, who delights in being half a step behind as the boys step off. The drill lads have their own ideas and voice them in perfect unison by counting and yelling, "1-2-3-4- the band stinks. 1-2-3-4- the band stinks". The band returns this friendly gesture by imitating the Precision Squad with a limp as they go by or tootling a horn in a blazing "razz".

It's all good clean fun.

Sergeant M. - strode into the hut. "All right you lazy apes, fall out!" he exclaimed. The boys grabbed their hats and swarmed out - all but one who continued to lie on his bunk blowing smoke rings. "Well!" roared the sarge, "Well," remarked the rook. "There were a lot of them, weren't there,".

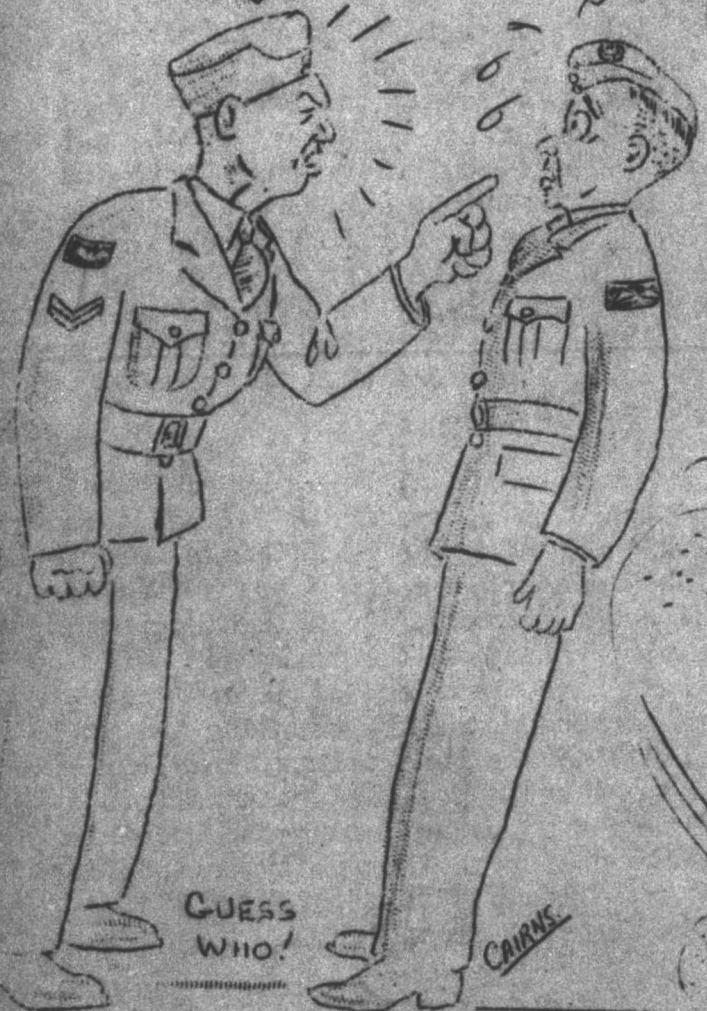
Then there were two junior aviators who were learning to make parachute jumps, Each was told to count ten and then pull the ring, and that a truck would be waiting to take them back to the starting place. Both jumped, both counted ten, but the parachutes did not open. Nearing the earth pretty fast, one said to the other "And in addition to this they probably won't have the truck there either."

FLIP

No 3 'M' DEPOT
EDMONTON



Hooos
Hoo (?)
No 3 'M'
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GUESS WHO!

CAIRNS



ENGLISHMAN — BAI JOVE!
WHAT AN EXCITING GAME, HANK
RODGER

AIR FORCE
IKE SAYS:-



THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN LOVE & WAR
IS THAT IN WAR AN
AIRMAN DOESN'T
ALWAYS KNOW WHAT
HE'S FIGHTING FOR.
RODGER



HEAVEN'S ABOVE !!

CAIRNS



¶ Did you miss us in the last issue? We were having our face lifted but this week we're back as large as life.

¶ What's become of The Happy Gang?

¶ Wonder if the Eskimo girls get arctic circles under their eyes when they stay up late?

¶ It is said that Wetaskiwin derived its name from an incident that occurred years ago. A squaw was working about the teepee. A papoose kept crawling out to a small pond. Upon being rescued for the third time, the squaw said in her broken English—"Wetass-again."

¶ Staggered working hours should relieve the morning bathroom problem in the city homes. One little lad on being questioned who was in his house, said, "Mamma has one room, poppa has the other room, I sleep in the den and God's in the bathroom." "Oh," said the teacher, "Why do you say that God's in the bathroom?" And the child hesitatingly replied, "Father always says, 'God are you still in there?'"

¶ The medical officers say that there are hundreds of boys with aircrewitis in Canada.

¶ Canada's National Magazine features an article in its September 15th issue—"We Can Still Eat Well." Wouldn't Berlin like to say the same?"

¶ Soiled dove—one who earns her daily bread by night.

¶ There must have been a lot of cloop, according to Mr. J. D. Campbell, who collects "dead soldiers" on the premises. And a lot of migraine, too.

¶ Men much oftener succeed through failure.—Selected.

¶ If Reg. Bewley wasn't so busy these days in the optical trade, we'd ask him to edit this column one week. Some, we might say, would certainly have to be toned down a bit. Or would they to get by as Patter?

¶ Bet Hitler and Mussolini are as Madagascar these days.

¶ It takes Woodhouse and Hawkins of radio fame to put the Axis mugs in their place.

¶ Every time the Australians are posted from this depot, reams and reams of toilet tissue disappear. They must have heard of a possible paper shortage or rationing in Canada. The Aussies apparently do not want to be caught short.

¶ One little leek means a big leek in Wales!

¶ It's about time Mae West came out in another picture so we could hear a few new jokes.

¶ Taking the shilling—to enlist as a soldier by accepting the recruiting-officer's shilling—discontinued since 1879. Just a smile from one of those assistant section officers and you sign on the dotted line.

¶ Sum impertinent facts concerning the 1942 Income Tax will not be published in booklet form. They

R181168, AC2 MACLEOD, H. J., WINS BARBER SHOP CONTEST

Several hundred suggestions were received in the contest run by THE AIRMAN for H. E. Branscombe in connection with obtaining a new slogan for the Depot Barber Shop. It was a tough job to decide just who the winner would be but the judges plugged away, and from the many entries received, awarded the prize of \$5.00 to R181168 AC2 Macleod, H. J., of the Guard House.

If the following mentioned airmen will drop into the office of THE AIRMAN on Monday, November 2, they will be pleasantly surprised as we have a few theatre passes for the runners-up in the contest. Will the winner also drop in and pick up his five frog skins as they are burning a hole in THE AIRMAN vault.

Sgt. Wedley, G. R., H. Flint (Post Office), Cpl. G. Crennell, AC2 Holmes, O. W., AC1 Stone, C. O., AC2 Hewitt, N. G., AC2 MacMaster, A. L. Don't forget to come in and get your passes.

WOMEN'S CLUB

President: Mrs. G. W. LaRocque.
Vice-Pres.: Mrs. F. S. Barnes.
Secretary: Mrs. M. A. McIntyre.
Phone 82194.

Meetings: First and third Wednesday of each month.

Place: Games Room, Officers' Mess.

All wives of officers, NCO's and airmen who are on No. 3 "M" Depot are eligible to join the Women's Club.

Mrs. W. G. Webber and Mrs. L. A. King will be in attendance at the guardhouse, 18:00 to 19:00 hours, Tuesday, November 3, to accept socks which need mending, from the airmen. The socks are to be fully laundered and tied in pairs. If you have any spare mending wool bring it along for the ladies.

All an airman has to do is clip this coupon, fill in regimental number and name, pin to the socks and leave at the guardhouse, 18:00 to 19:00 hours, November 3. The mended socks may be picked up on Thursday, November 5. Mrs. R. S. Davis and Mrs. L. A. King will be on duty this date between 18:00 to 19:00 hours.

WOMEN'S CLUB Free Mending Service SOCKS

Reg. No.

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WOMEN'S CLUB

No. 3 "M" Depot

be given verbally by the folks who have to skimp along on the balance.

¶ The Americans are sure gunning for those Shoguns of Japan. And who'll be veely, velly sorry, Hiro-hee-haw?

—Au Reservoir.

SPORTS COMMITTEE MEETS

To arrange for winter sports activities a meeting of the sports committee on the station was held on Thursday, October 22.

The various members of the committee reported on the sports to which they had been assigned, and it begins to look as if an extensive program is being lined up.

F/L Hansen passed on the information that the R.C.M.P. range was open for use by this station Saturday afternoons. Two teams made up of 14 men each have been selected to represent the station in the various rifle competitions, and the possibility of shooting on Monday nights could also be taken if desired.

Basketball is in for a big season according to plans outlined by F/O Bird, assisted by Sgt. Kirkby. Arrangements have been made for sections and wings to play in an organized league, with the station team practicing after these games. There is all a possibility of games between girls' teams from the city preceding the senior contests.

An inter-service hockey league is being talked up and work on two rinks at the station is already under way. One rink will be lengthened to make way for inter-service hockey.

Volley ball was given a boost with the announcement that it is planned to form a league comprised of two teams from the senior NCO's and on each from the officers, PTI's, junior NCO's and Headquarters. The courts and nets are ready for use.

Little activity was reported in badminton circles but it is hoped that games will start soon. Efforts will be made to have the wives of officers and NCO's permitted to take part in the games on regular nights.

The boxing committee was instructed to bring in a full report at the next meeting regarding the cost of a punching bag stand and also a large heavy punching bag. The committee will also file a report in writing on the condition of the present ring at the next meeting. Under present arrangements it is planned to hold the next boxing show in the Arena on November 20.

A letter from the Edmonton Ski Club regarding arrangements for supplying accommodation and equipment for skiers was tabled until the next meeting.

In future all reports from the committee in charge of the various sports must be submitted in writing to the chairman for the purpose of eliminating unnecessary discussion.

Those present at the meeting were: F/L Boughton, F/L Hansen, F/L McGarry, F/L LaRocque, F/O Rose, F/O Ling, F/O Bird, F/O Egeleston, P/O Jamieson; Sgts. MacFarlane, Wedlev, Kirkby, Purdy and Harrison; Cpls. Prichard, Reid, Stevenson, Newton, Gusola, Anderson; LAC Manifold.

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"M" Depot Takes Lead Grid Final

Blank Calgary's Army Cadets 10-0 In Opener

Picking up where they left off in the Edmonton Junior Football League playoffs, No. 3 R.C.A.F. "M" Depot took a stranglehold on the Alberta junior rugby championship at Calgary Saturday by white-washing Calgary's Army Cadets 10-0 in the first game of the two-game total point series.

SECOND GAME TOMORROW

The victory gave the airmen a substantial lead for the second game to be played at Clarke Stadium here tomorrow afternoon, and established the Flyers as overwhelming favorites to retain the title for Edmonton for the third straight year.

A safety touch, a touchdown and a field goal accounted for "M" Depot's points in Saturday's game that saw the northern representatives dominate the play throughout.

A crowd of 2300 saw the game, which was played under ideal weather conditions for the players, but a wintry breeze made it uncomfortable for the spectators.

The "M" Depot's team, paced by Dutchak, Klesko and Horton in the backfield took the offensive right from the start and held the whip hand throughout. Don Blue of the E.A.C., who took over the kicking duties when Retallack was ruled ineligible turned in a fine display of kicking, and Klesko, took care of the quarterback duties in a sterling manner.

"M" Depot took the lead in the second quarter after a scoreless first period. They opened up with a safety touch, added an unconverted touchdown to run the count to 7-0, and held the margin until the closing minutes of the game when a neat field goal boosted the score to 10 points.

Dutchak Shows Way

Dutchak got credit for the safety touch by leading a swarm of players, who knocked Calgary's Verne Graham back over the goal-line, following a bad snap. Horton dived through the centre behind good interference to chalk up the major points, and Blue climaxed his fine punting performance by booting the field goal from placement.

Calgary threatened in the third and fourth quarters, but the stout "M" Depot line smothered their plays when the homesters were in scoring position.

A kick by Don Blue early in the second quarter put "M" Depot in

scoring position. Graham fumbled on a bad snap and recovered, but before he could move he was smothered by a swarm of "M" Depot tacklers behind the goal-line for two points.

Keeping up the offensive the Flyers smashed through the Calgary line at will in this quarter to set the stage for the touchdown. Horton and Dutchak bore the brunt of the attack, with the former finally going over the line for the major points.

Hutcheon, substitute "M" Depot backfielder broke into the picture in the last quarter with some fine plunging and Klesko galloped for 20 yards to put the ball on Calgary's 10-yard line, which enabled Blue to boot the ball through the uprights for the final score of the game.

Lineup of Teams

EDMONTON—Halfbacks, Horton, Dutchak, Klesko, Blue; quarter, McHardy; nap, O'Byrne; guards, Neal, Storgaard; tackles, Rayner, Michaluk; ends, Black, Jarber. Subs: Hall, Hutcheon, Hunter, Hill, Carmichael, Idler, Bryck, Benn, Inguie, Coghill, McMullan.

CALGARY—Fullback, Sweeney; halfbacks, Mellroy, Gillies; flying wing, Garden; quarter, Hobbs; snap, Sanderson; guards, Johnson, Round; tackles, Tomlinson, Cove; ends, McLaws, Miller. Subs: Wiggington, Fullar, Hammond, Brown, Kuwahara, Stewart, Graham, Williams, Parker, Boyse, Morris, Innis, Denoon, Gibson, Wood, Morrison, J. Hobbs and Komsley.

Officials: Referee, John Easton, Edmonton; judge of play, Pete Sande.

Summary of Game

First quarter—No score.
 Second quarter—Edmonton, safety touch (2 points), Dutchak; Edmonton, touchdown (5 points), Horton.
 Third quarter—No score.
 Fourth quarter—Edmonton, field goal (3 points), Blue.



Rising to the occasion Saturday P/O Jamieson's gridders from this Depot took a big stride forward in their quest for the junior provincial rugby championship. . . . That 10-0 score indicates that the airmen have a good chance of retaining the Alberta championship for Edmonton for the third straight year. . . . According to Coach Jamieson the Calgary team is no setup and no doubt will open up in the second game here tomorrow afternoon in an attempt to wipe out "M" Depot's lead. . . . With a do or die proposition facing the Calgary team spectators should be in for a thrilling display at Clarke Stadium. . . . "M" Depot dominated the play in Saturday's game. . . . The only thrill for the Calgary supporters' standpoint was Parker's 50-yard run in the third quarter. . . . Only advantage Calgary held was in the kicking department. . . . They averaged 39.5 yards to "M" Depot's 38 and ran back kicks 111 yards to 92. . . . The Flyers' advantage came in the first downs. . . . Here they had a big edge with 15 to 4 for the opposition. . . . In yards gained rushing "M" Depot gained 250 yards to 102 for the homesters. . . . One of the outstanding features of Saturday's game was the play of Hutcheon in the R.C.A.F. backfield. . . . He shaped up well any time he had possession of the ball. . . . Give a hand to Klesko. . . . Thrown into the breach at the last minute when Retallack was ruled ineligible Klesko's handling of the team from the quarterback position left little to be desired. . . . Another player who caught the eye of the crowd was Idler. . . . Copies of the "Airman" are getting scarce these days. . . . It's a fine tribute to those who are putting forth every effort to improve Canada's out-

standing weekly. . . . Notice Cpl. Jerry Bricker is losing most of his hair. . . . He's probably been tearing it out since most of his staff on the "Airman" have been posted. . . . "Snoopy" invaded our section last week. . . . That man doesn't miss much, does he? . . . Thanks for the help Snoopy in trying to get the boys out to sports events. . . . When it comes to Follies it's a different story. . . . With the approach of winter hockey will soon be taking over the spotlight. . . . Preparations are going forward to trot out a strong team to represent the R.C.A.F. at Calgary. . . . Too bad there is no accommodation here for senior games. . . . Every day some outstanding player arrives at the Depot. . . . One of the recent additions is Finn of the training wing. . . . Last season he played a few games with Flin Flon Bombers of the Saskatchewan Senior League. . . . It was his first whirl at senior hockey. . . . Previous to that he was with Flin Flon juniors for two seasons. . . . At one time he was a member of Father Athol Murray's Notre Dame Hounds at Wilcox, Sask. . . . He's headed for aircrew training. . . . That's all there is this week. . . . Famous last words: "Don't forget the big game at Clarke Stadium tomorrow."

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EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30th, 1942

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AROUND THE "Y"

As President of the Station Entertainment Committee, "Y" Supervisor Fred Youmans passes on this hint from the last meeting of his committee: "Our Station Dances are open to ALL personnel, from the newest AC2 to the officers." **SEE YOU AT THE DANCE FRIDAY NIGHT!**

Have you heard about the "Sweet Bingo" held in the "Y" lounge each Tuesday? Yeah, sweet. Prizes are all sweets, all seventeen of them. Tuesdays at 18:00 hours in the Tower.

Last week's tournament winners were like this: Table tennis, AC2 Norm Barber, with AC2 Creech second. Snooker, LAC Breward, N. (R.N.Z.A.F.), AC2 Zlotnik came second. Cribbage, AC2 White, A. C., AC2 Pollock second place.

SEE YOU AT THE DANCE FRIDAY!

Monday and Thursday are tournament nights at the "Y". Keep an eye on the bulletin board for announcements. Free entries, and prizes for winner and second place.

Good show last Monday, eh? It cost the Station \$50.00 cash money as well as the labor, transport, lights, etc., incidental to staging such an attraction. It was worth

THEATRES

AVENUE

Starting Saturday: "Ride 'Em Cowboy," Abbott and Costello; also "Pacific Blackout," Robert Preston. Starting Wednesday: "Navy Blues," Ann Sheridan; also "Dangerously We Live," John Garfield.

CAPITOL

A week, starting Thursday: "Somewhere I'll Find You," Clark Gable (his last picture for the duration) and Lana Turner.

RIALTO

Starting Saturday: "The First Commando." Starting Tuesday: "The Lady is Willing," Marlene Dietrich and Fred MacMurray; also "Ghost Train," Arthur Askey.

it too and we thank Lever Brothers for their war effort. Best of luck to the Lifebuoy Follies cast in their season's showings.

Lots of new books added to the Station Library recently.

SEE YOU AT THE DANCE FRIDAY NIGHT!

Two hundred and seven "Y" supervisors serve 137 stations, forts, and outposts of Canada and Newfoundland.

—FRED YOUMANS.

DREAMLAND

Starting Saturday: "Son of Fury," Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney; "Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost," with Lupe Velez. Starting Wednesday: "The Male Animal," with Henry Fonda, Olivia de Havilland and Joan Leslie; "Men Who wouldn't Die," with Lloyd Noland and Marjorie Weaver.

EMPRESS

Starting Friday: "Joan of Ozarks," Judy Canova and Joe E. Brown; also "I Live on Danger," Chester Morris and Jean Parker. Starting Tuesday: "Girl Trouble," Don Ameche and Joan Bennett; also "United We Stand."

STRAND

Starting Friday: "Lady in a Jam," Irene Dunne and Ralph Bellamy; also "Westward Ho," the Three Mesquiteers. Starting Tuesday: "They All Kissed the Bride," Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas; also "Gangs of the City."

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