

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who's never stopped and turned his head,
And said: "H-m-m-m . . . not bad."

The Airman

Official Organ of No. 3 "M" Depot, Edmonton

"Have you anything in the shape of an old barrel?" asked the bargain hunter.
"I have," replied the shopkeeper, "but unfortunately my wife isn't for sale."

Vol. 1—No. 38

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1943

5c Copy

W/C Hodgetts Posted to Brandon

* * *
Wing Commander G. A. Hodgetts, temporary Commanding Officer of No. 3 "M" Depot has been promoted to Commanding Officer of No. 2 "M" Depot in Brandon, Man.

W/C Hodgetts has been S.A.O. of No. 3 "M" Depot since joining this station in November, 1941. He was later attached to No. 4 Training Command in Calgary, returning to this station to become temporary commanding officer during the illness of G/C Webber.

W/C Hodgetts will be sadly missed by both officers and men of No. 3 "M". Keenly interested in the welfare of the entire personnel, W/C Hodgetts has left no stone unturned to add to their comfort and enjoyment. He is also an ardent sports lover, and never misses a game in which No. 3 "M" teams are competing.

Hitler Forced Audience

The flame of the present war was smouldering in Vienna in 1938, while W/C Hodgetts, travelling for a Canadian firm, watched the occupation of that city by German troops. He recalls an instance illustrative of the Hitler love of pageantry in this connection. Street cars and buses, busy for hours bringing spectators into the city to witness the official ceremony of occupation, were not permitted to take people back until the "show" was all over, and the city was jammed.

Again in Prague, later that year, W/C Hodgetts witnessed a repetition of the event as goose-stepping Storm Troopers triumphantly entered the city, followed by Hitler himself.

Royal Naval Air Service

He commenced service during the last war, following his graduation from the University of Toronto. In service with the Canadian infantry, he transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service and went overseas as a member of that unit and later joined the R.A.F. In the present conflict, for which he volunteered at the war's outbreak in 1939, W/C Hodgetts was first posted to Niagara Falls in charge of recruiting, then to a similar post in Calgary. Taking an administrative course at Trenton in May, 1941, he was subsequently at No. 1 Training Command as air cadet liaison officer prior to being appointed to his present position, that of Senior Administrative Officer of No. 3 "M" Depot.

W/C Hodgetts will be leaving No. 3 "M" Depot on March 24, reporting to his new command March 26.

On behalf of all the officers, NCO's and airmen of this station, The Airman wishes to congratulate



W/C G. A. HODGETTS

Wing Commander Hodgetts on his new appointment and promotion. Our loss is Brandon's good fortune.

"Good luck," sir . . . No. 3 "M" will more than miss you.

THE ROOKIES' REVIEW No. 2

Tonight's the night the lid comes off in the Arena—yes sir, it's the Rookies' Revue No. 2. Featured will be the station band and orchestra assisted by an exceptional crop of station talent. To make matters more interesting, the powers that be are importing some delightful portions of femininity—(gals to you.) Tonight the emphasis is on GAGS, GALS, GUYS, and GLAMOUR. Why take the girl friend down town and deplete your old wallet when you can see the best show in the city "all for free." Moreover, each airman may bring as many civilian friends as he wishes and receive a late pass to boot. But, here is a tip: Curtain time is 20:15 hours and no one will be admitted to the Arena after the first act, which, by the way, you shouldn't miss.

You are also advised to get here early and enjoy the pre-show entertainment as judging from the estimated crowd of over 1500 at the first Rookies' Revue, good seats will be at a premium. Make a date now for the biggest show of the year—ROOKIES' REVUE No. 2.

A tisket, a tasket . . .
Who in hell stole The Airman's waste paper basket?

NEW C.O. TO ARRIVE SATURDAY

No. 3 "M" Depot's new commanding officer, Group Captain R. M. Smith, former commanding officer of No. 1 Wireless School in Montreal, is expected to arrive Saturday.

The official "handing over" ceremony has not yet been announced, but it is expected this will take place either on Saturday or the first of next week, with W/C Hodgetts, temporary C.O., handing over the station to its new commanding officer.

Group Captain R. M. Smith will be No. 3 "M" Depot's third commanding officer, succeeding Group Captain W. G. Webber, who was recently posted to Montreal.

A SERGEANT'S PRAYER

By SGT. HUGH BRODIE

of the R.A.F. and R.A.A.F., one-time Melbourne University student, now "missing in action."

*Almighty and all-present Power,
Short is the prayer I make to Thee.*

*I do not ask in battle hour
For any shield to cover me.*

*The vast, unalterable way,
From which the stars do not depart,*

*May not be turned aside to stay
The bullets flying to my heart.*

*I ask no help to strike my foe,
I seek no petty victory here.*

*The enemy I hate, I know,
To Thee is also dear.*

*But this I pray; Be at my side
When death is drawing through the sky;*

*Almighty God, Who also died,
Teach me the way that I should die.*

Sgt. Smith: "When I did a hitch down South, I did picket duty."

K.P.: "What is picket duty?"

Sgt. Smith: "Why the soldiers caught the chicken and got me to picket, that's what I call picket duty."

TO THE MEN WHO FLY

Shunning the seeming barriers of fate

You made your body servant of your soul;

Though life was sweet, you scorned to hesitate,

The sky became your glory and your goal.

Losing the safety lesser mortals prize

You gained a crown men covet as a king's;

On earth a man, a god when in the skies—

A modern Mercury whose feet are wings.

No. 3 "M" DEPOT GOES OVER TOP

The personnel of No. 3 "M" Depot responded magnificently to the call of the Canadian Red Cross Society for funds to carry on their good work. With an objective of \$600.00 (last year's contribution was \$500.00) this station had (at press time) contributed more than \$700.00. It is fully expected that before the end of the campaign, No. 3 "M" will have gone well over \$800.00. All contributions were voluntary, and six lovely young ladies were on hand Monday to make collections from the airmen. The commanding officer, W/C W. G. Hodgetts, outlined the work of the Red Cross briefly.

BAND ON AIR

Another in the series of popular variety band concerts was aired over CJCA last Tuesday night at 10:30 o'clock. The No. 3 "M" Depot band under the direction of Sgt. U. V. Taylor presented an exceptionally fine St. Patrick's Day programme. Tenor LAC Alex. White, a member of the band, was featured in "When Irish Eyes are Smiling," and LAC's Miller and Lowden of the brass section were spotlighted with a fine job of cornet harmonizing. As usual the announcing was handled by LAC Claude Blackwood.

WE WONDER HOW THE FOLLOWING WOULD AFFECT AN AIRMAN

A newspaper published by an infantry regiment delved into the question of how a soldier spends his time, and came up with these facetious figures: The soldier spends 33.3% of his time sleeping. Next comes polishing, cleaning and washing his kit, which takes 20%. He drills for 16.6% simultaneously spending 16.6% thinking of girls. But he spends only 2% in going out with the ladies. He is in queues 8.2% of the time, and eats for 5.15%. Sociability takes up 4.5% and 4.5% is at the same time devoted to grumbling. He writes one letter a week, usually on Sunday, the army paper says. This takes 1.2% of his time. Reading, or merely looking at pictures, uses up 0.003% and shaving takes a microscopic 0.0014%. Fighting is uncommon, using up a mere 0.0005%. In the remaining 0.05% he finds time to sew on 300 buttons a year, using 166 yards of thread; swears 144 times a day and is sworn at 288 times; stamps his feet 200 times daily, wearing out 4.7 inches of leather a year; laughs 58 times a day; salutes 84 times a day.

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

The Airman

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AEROPAGITICA

By ART PEACOCK,

Assistant Y.M.C.A. "Supervisor at No. 3 "M" Depot.

Perhaps I am bicycling through this Motor Age, or perhaps I belong to the group of Celestial Mystics who precipitate through the Cosmos—whichever it is, I cannot, for the life of me, reconcile the modern mode of speech to the true meaning of words, or to the way we should think and live. It is not consistent with the study of modern trends of thought processes—nor is it superfluity, with expert efficiency.

To listen to the vernacular, is to hear an unintelligent hodge-podge of vulgar and sacred words so entwined that they make no sense than for me to read Gertrude Stein.

One of the great wonders is what would one say if one became angry—not that one ever should, but should one. I am very sure such a one would be struck for effective expression having already run the gamut over the merest trifle—which seems to call forth oaths, the Name of the Creator, curses, and all the bodily functions (normal plus all the "verts"—in, intro, extra, and per), females of the canine world and the Name of the Master of Galilee at one foul swoop.

"To dwell in the Secret Place of the Most High" must be the pastime of a chosen few. From my feeble observations, to dwell in and on the gutter, the eliminations of the human body and a few inches of the anatomy of the central regions, apparently is the thing to do—according to the standards of speech heard where modern intellectuals and others are wont to meet.

"In the beginning was the Word . . ." When we think of the creative power of the spoken word (be it constructive or destructive—to wit Hitler and his persuasive rhetoric) and the vibrations which are emitted, stamped with formative thoughts and ideas to manifest the physical therefrom out the ethers, I shudder to think of the state of this world in time to come—an inspiration only for a demented surrealist.

We, the Anglo-Saxon race (the progenators of one of the most beautiful of languages) are fighting for a great ideal: Freedom. Once we have assumed the role of a champion of so great a cause, we automatically become crusaders. To be a crusader, we must be as willing to live for the cause as to die for it. If we propose to follow this cause to its rightful conclusion, then we must be prepared to forego the luxury (?) of the self-expression alluded to in the foregoing, in order to be consistent "in all our ways." Otherwise, we are setting up a vicious circle. We are spoiling our "good works" by utilizing damaging speech (an out-picturing of our thoughts, conscious or otherwise) at the very offset. If we do not fight for Virtue with virtue, how else can we prove the sincerity of our chosen purpose?

GESTAPO NOTES

The husky gents from our Gestapo entered the "five pin" tournament, but received a KO in the first round . . . wonder who the opponents were? WD's or CWAC's?

Cpl. Upshaw has not taken a trip home this week as his wife is buying farm machinery, and there are too many CWAC's in town. (Maybe this explains Upshaw's absence from the Vermilion train patrol).

The burning question is: "Has Cpl. Lane sold that plow yet? Or is it a binder?"

Overheard at Gestapo headquarters: "Everybody's a farmer around here but me" . . . (by Cpl. Sallee). (Guess we'd better remedy that by sending along a couple of chickens . . . you know, the kind with feathers).

Talking of troop movements have you ever seen the advances made on the mess hall by the Aggie boys? Home was never like this, eh lads?



Well for those who haven't seen the "Mad Russian" just watch the Reception Wing parading to and from meals.

Then there is F/Sgt. Purdy who writes his relatives in pencil because he likes to swing the lead.

Boy! Were we on the spot last pay day? The fellows were so interested in the "female feature" they dropped more than they had planned in the box. I'll bet F/Sgt. Truswell never "changed" so much in his life.

LAC Walker of the medical staff had his "girl from the farm" to the Depot dance last Friday night. I think more of us ought to stick to the "farmer type."

Cpl. Bullard should stick to "hog calling." Boy, he'd sure go over in a "hog calling" contest.

A certain F/Sgt. was seen talking to a girl in a hall way . . . yes the "Hall of Flame."

Cpl. Harvie, now a proud father, should be able to work with a will.

Sergeant-major Blundell's man Friday (LAC Broderick) is on the job again.

Cpl. Rudd does not particularly care for WD's. . . . You heard that, fellows.

Cpl. May will make a dandy husband for some woman . . . he's efficient in the kitchen.

Mrs. Knight says, "flies may come and flies may go, but I worry on forever."

Some of the recruits aren't Irish but it won't be only on St. Patrick's day that some of them look green.

As one proud airman's mother said, "My son is a general already." However, he forgot to add the word "Duties" when explaining his position in the R.C.A.F.

Some fellows we call "Mess Wardens" should be called by their first name.

Sgt. Ferguson always has a red face but it isn't caused by the wind.

The parade ground in finally in shape . . . gosh it must be a parade they have in view.

Mrs. Harvie has a two-toned voice. One she uses when talking to her husband over the telephone and the other when she goes down to collect her pay.

Cpl. Alexander has his little gasoline motor spitting . . . probably it is suffering from a bad cough due to weather conditions.

F/L Turner of the A.S.B. not only has a ring on his finger but has an extra one on his sleeve now.

LAC McCluskey of the equipment section sitting in a show behind a fellow with a rather large head said: "Move your head, I can't see very well." The fellow answered: "If you keep talking in that tone your may lose your eyesight altogether."

HEARD IN THE AIRMAN'S LOUNGE

AC2: "Hello chum . . . what in the "L" on your arm? Is that your locksmiths' badge?"

"L" Joe: "No, you darn fool . . . I'm in charge of lunatics . . . come with me."





¶ The Airman office is topsy turvey these days . . . reason, the whole blinkin' staff with one exception, took off for other parts of Canada . . . first our Executive Editor, F/O Eggleston decided the weekly chore of issuing the No. 3 "M" Depot "Dirt Sheet" was getting overbearing . . . so what happens . . . has he some business down East to attend to . . . you bet . . . so away flits the boss. Then our worthy corporal, Bricker by name, decides he has to have his furlough . . . so after days of fenagling . . . works his way into playing nursemaid to a flock of Acey Duceys who are being posted to the other end of Canada . . . this leaves three of us, plus our cartoon expert, Sgt. Rogers. Bricker takes off on Tuesday night, and then Rogers come in with the amazing news that AC2's Kirk and Howard are POSTED . . . and they too leave for the more moderate clime of Sunny Southern Alberta . . . leaving me . . . oh what a job this is . . . so last week's issue hit the station on time, but only because the majority of the basketball team were joed into "inserting the supplement, folding, wrapping and gluing, and mailing." . . . They proved to be just as efficient in the office as they are when tossing the leather around on the court.

¶ Monday was "pay-day" and from this corner, the Arena floor was more crowded than ever before.

. . . The long lined curled around and around . . . by 1430 hours though, efficient management by WO1 Blundell and the NCO's had just about cleared up the "big event of the week."

¶ Heard a couple of RAF's in the next line referring to we Canucks as "colonials" . . . several of the R.C.A.F. lads upheld our honor, and the battle, verbal of course, ceased when the booming voice of our sergeant-major was heard to say: "No talking."

¶ Met a couple of lads who were here in December . . . seems they had a little session at Souris . . . now they are in the southern portion of the province, and ARE glad to be back in Alberta . . . wonder why?

¶ F/L "Tiny" Davis is back with No. 3 "M" . . . he too has had a little sojourn at Souris . . . guess the "return-fever" gets officers as well as airmen.

¶ Hut 7 (Isolation) has a new motto which reads: "Abandon hope all ye who enter here."

¶ It seems that the lads who fail to keep their huts clean and tidy will now find themselves on Duty Watch . . . it happened on Monday when 11, 12 and 17B were all joed for three nights.

¶ Winter returned to No. 3 "M" over the last week-end . . . m-m-m . . . it is just four months since the big snow hit this section of the country, and so help me, it is still here . . . Edmonton has a



CPL. JERRY BRICKER

CORPORAL BRICKER GOES ON LEAVE

Last week, during the "mass evacuation" at The Airman office, the last words uttered by our beloved corporal were: "Now be sure and give me a good write-up . . . and also stick in my picture . . . and on the front page too." Well, the corporal's handsome mug will not grace our fair paper this week, for the simple reason . . . we can't find the gol danged cut. If we locate this masterpiece of photography, could be maybe it'll glare at you from The Airman. Anyhoo . . . the corp. evidently deserves his vacation, and we sincerely hope he enjoys it. After one week's absence, the sad tale of how a newspaper is run has become quite evident. To shoulder the whole show is quite an undertaking. Perhaps that is why our dear corporal barely stretches up to 5'8" or so . . . one can't go up when something is shoving you down. Bricker has been doing a great job for The Airman, and will no doubt come back from the confines of Eastern Canada and the Atlantic coast of the United States with some brilliant ideas, jokes and what have you. Our prayer right now is: "Please, dear corporal, come back soon . . . they're working hell out of us."

P.S.—We found the cut.

record snowfall this year, well over six feet.

¶ Weren't those Red Cross girls pretty . . . too bad there were so few of them and so many of us.

¶ "Sammy" and "Maxie" seem to be doing all right these days.

¶ After looking at the thermometer this morning (Tuesday), "Spring can come anytime" . . . it is colder than the hubs of hades.

¶ More bad news . . . THE AIRMAN gets a new man on Monday . . . loses him on Tuesday . . . Oh, what we couldn't do to the guy who dishes out the postings.

¶ Gotta go now . . . and when you gotta go . . . well . . . yuh just gotta.

TOOTHACHES AND EXTRACTIONS

This column is beginning to get me down. Every week I argue with myself on how to start it, and before I know it, it's started. That's life for you. It's going to be pretty hard trying to make sense out of anything I write—here it is dinner hour and a certain Sammy Lees is sitting in the corner, trying to make music come out of one of those things called a trumpet—so if you hear a few sour notes when passing the clinic at dinnertime, you won't have to run—he won't hurt you.

As for the answer to last week's question, re: Sgt. Costigan—it seems that he has lost all interest in his used-to-be, "sought after" flame.

Question for this week: The boys want to know just what new job Palfenier is doing?

We, at the clinic, welcome Capt. Gropper to our staff. He's here now, but how long he will be here is a mystery. Capt. Young is on his way to O.T.C.—we do hope he enjoys it. A letter was received from Capt. Sammy Riskin, one of the boys overseas—he likes it over there, but he certainly gets that lonesome feeling.

We were lucky enough to get another steno while our red head is away on leave. A petite brunette is Laura Bishop. And right now she is all a-dither—her boy friend is here on leave.

Charlie Roberts thinks the definition of an invisible woman is a cellophane bag.

Cpl. Miller must have been glad to get back to work after his two week's leave—he came back all smiles—and on a Monday morning, too.

In a gay and carefree mood, one of the boys telephoned Sgt. McCloskey at two o'clock in the morning. "I do hope I haven't disturbed you," he said cheerily. "Oh, no," Sgt. McCloskey replied, "that's quite all right. I had to get up to answer the telephone anyway."

Right now, Sammy insists on making so much noise that I really must give up in despair for this week.

RECEPTION REMEMBRANCES:

- 0630—Fall out. Parade, etc., etc., etc., etc.
- 0800—Fall in. M/O, etc., etc., etc.
- 12:20—Fall in. Lunch and what have you, etc., etc., etc.
- 13:20—Fall in. Stand still. Settle down, etc., etc., etc.
- 1600—Fall in. Bull Pen.
- 17:10—Fall in. Supper.
- 23:00—Alright youse lugs. Settle down, lights out. Fall in. (You lead the life of Rielly). Then you sleep(?) till . . . a.m.
- 0630—COME ON YOU LADS. FALL OUT! (What all 5 feet from the upper deck . . . not me . . . I might bust the floor).

Yours,
R215480, AC2 BINNEY.

HARD-EARNED WAGES

An artist who was employed to retouch a large painting in an old church in Belgium tendered a bill for \$67.30. The church trustee, however, required an itemized bill, and the following was duly presented, audited and paid:

Decorating Noah's Ark and putting head on Shem.....	\$ 4.31
Correcting Ten Commandments	5.12
Renewing Heaven, adjusting stars	7.14
Touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls.....	3.06
Brightening up the flames of Hell, putting new tail on Devil and doing several odd jobs for the damned	7.17
Putting a new stone in David's sling and enlarging the head of Goliath.....	6.13
Mending the shirts of the Prodigal Son and cleaning his ear	3.39
Embellishing Pontius Pilate, and putting new ribbons in his bonnet.....	3.02
Putting new tail on the rooster of St. Peter and mending his comb.....	2.20
Re-plumbing and regilding left wing of Guardian Angel	5.18
Washing the servant of the High Priest and putting the carmine on his cheek	5.02
Taking the spots off the Son of Tobias	10.33
Putting ear-rings in Sarah's ears	5.27

\$ 67.30

(Reprinted from The Telephone Echo).

WHO LOVED BEST?

"I love you, mother," said little John,
Then forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing
And left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell,
"I love you more than tongue can tell."
Then she pouted and teased all half the day
Till her mother was glad when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"Today I'll help you all I can.
How glad I am the school doesn't keep."
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep,
Then stepping softly she fetched the broom
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as a child can be.
"I love you, mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think their mother guessed
Which one of them really loved her best.

Remember, even if we get the best of the Japs, we won't have much.

FUNCTIONS OF AIRCREW SELECTION BOARD

Due to some misunderstanding as to the function of the Aircrew Selection Boards at the "M" Depots throughout Canada The Airman through the courtesy of the Selection Board at this Depot has endeavored in this issue to clear up many contentious points in the minds of the airmen, who are often under the impression that they are being "Joed" into various categories in which they have no desire to serve. These misunderstandings generally crop up during a recruit's stay in reception wing at the "M" Depot, so an attempt is being made here to outline the various stages a recruit goes through until he is finally categorized by the selection board.

The R.C.A.F. secures its service personnel through recruiting centres located in the major cities of the dominion, or through a mobile recruiting unit which travels the outlying districts for the purpose of saving the recruit the necessary expense of travelling to a recruiting centre. On entering the recruiting centre the man contacts the approach desk where he states his case and which part of the service he wishes to serve. He is then given an application form for enlistment in the R.C.A.F. On completion of this he is given a general classification test and subject to this test and medical examination he is placed either in aircrew or ground crew. The man is then sent to an interviewing officer for ground crew or air crew as the case may be. If the man is found suitable for aircrew in all respects he is enlisted as standard aircrew (deferred), which means that he will have to serve on the ground up to six months if necessary before beginning his aircrew training. In this period of time he must undertake any duties assigned to him. He also signs an agreement at this time that he is willing to serve in any capacity of aircrew. From this point on the man is posted to an "M" Depot, where his medical category is rechecked soon after his arrival. He then appears before the aircrew selection board to be categorized.

He is given another series of tests at this stage and then goes before an interviewing officer. Dependent on his scores made on the tests, his medical category, and his general suitability to serve in aircrew the man is placed in one of the following categories if found suitable for aircrew: I.T.S. (Direct), I.T.S. (Refresher), I.T.S. (W.E.T.P.), Wireless Air Gunner or Air Gunner. The I.T.S. (Direct) indicates that the man will be available for direct entry into I.T.S. if necessary, and possibly for an eight week refresher course at a R.C.A.F. school, tarmac or guard duty before posting to an I.T.S. The I.T.S. (Refresher) signifies that the man has been chosen for an eight week refresher course at a R.C.A.F. school and if necessary can be sent on a 12-week course at a W.E.T.P. school, depending on the requirements of the service at the time. The I.T.S. (W.E.T.P.) group is a definite 12-week course at a W.E.T.P. school. If chosen as a Wireless Operator

Air Gunner the man is posted after training to a refresher course of six weeks duration. If successful in passing the course he may either be sent on guard or tarmac duty or sent direct to a wireless school for a 28-week course. From here he attends the Bombing and Gunnery school for a four-week course to complete his training. Men selected as air gunners take a 12-week course at the Bombing and Gunnery school after completing their guard or tarmac duty, where they are given a refresher course by the unit educational officer.

It must be borne in mind that postings direct to these schools depends largely upon the requirements of the service. For instance if a man successfully completes his W.E.T.P. course it does not necessarily mean that he will then proceed to I.T.S. direct. In some cases he may have to complete a stretch of guard or tarmac duty before entering I.T.S. The same applies to the "Refresher," "Direct," and W.O.A.G.

Men failing W.E.T.P., "Refresher" and wireless refresher are returned to the Selection Boards at "M" Depots for recategorization. It is left to discretion of the Selection Board as to whether the man should be given a further chance in aircrew or grounded as a Standard Tradesman or General Duties. If chosen as a Standard Tradesman he is remustered and posted to No. 1 "M" Depot at Toronto where he appears before the Trade Selection Board, who in turn place him a trade to which he is best suited. If placed in general duties he is remustered and posted to a unit where his services are required.

Men who are unsuccessful in qualifying for aircrew at the recruiting stations are classified in three ways. If the man is a skilled tradesman he is considered for rank and grouping in his trade. If he is not skilled he might be enlisted as a standard tradesman or general duties, depending on his qualifications and the requirements of the service at the time. If chosen as a Standard Tradesman he appears before the Trade Selection Board at No. 1 "M" Depot at Toronto and is placed in the trade to which he is best suited. Those chosen for General Duties are available for posting to units where their services are required once they have completed their training at an "M" Depot.

In the case of men enlisted for training as Aero Engine or Airframe mechanics, these men enter W.E.T.P. schools for a three-month period of training as civilians. If successful in completing the course they then proceed to an "M" Depot for training, discipline, etc., over a six-week period. From here they proceed to the advanced training school at St. Thomas, Ont., and on completion of the course are posted out to the various units.

Recapitulation

Selected at recruiting centres. Standard Aircrew (Deferred).

Selected at "M" Depots.

1 I.T.S. (Direct). Normally enter I.T.S. direct but available for 8-week refresher course.

2, I.T.S. (Refresher). Normally

BOUQUETS

To the three "gentlemen" who turned in articles they found on the station. Mr. Youmans of the "Y" reports that a lighter, combination lighter and case, and a wallet containing \$45 were handed over to him. The rightful owners deeply appreciate the thoughts of these three "gentlemen."

This just goes to show you that "honesty is the best policy."

"To laugh is to be free from worry. He who doesn't worry lives a long time. To live a long time is to last. Therefore he who laughs, lasts." Old Chinese proverb.

Captain: "Honey, how do you like my company?"

Blonde: "Swell, every one of them."

REGRETFUL

*My neighbor came to call today
And there was much I meant to say
That I enjoy her window lights
Shining my way rainy nights.*

*I meant to say: "Across the lawn,
I hear your birds sing in the dawn."*

*In stead we talked of union wages
Discussed our friends' increasing
ages.*

*We spoke of the war and racketeers,
Of our sacrifices and our fears.*

*My tongue is now in deep disgrace
Because my words are common
place;*

*I wish they had not gone astray,
Those lovely words I meant to say.*

His day is done

He lies asleep

At rest.

He played his game—

Not on the ground—

On air.

He had a vision—

He held a brief—

Still here.

Here? Yes, I know

I know he knew—

He sleeps.

So, on I'll fly

And play his game

Up high.

Laugh as he laughed,

Play as he played,

'Til end.

Nor count the cost!

If cost there be,

I'll pay.

Pay as he paid

That you may live

In peace.

F/L J. BILL.

If you've never heard the Hut 6 nightly hollering of the pros and cons of fresh air, you've never heard anything. Unless, by some chance, they do the same in other huts.

take eight-week refresher course but available for 12-week refresher course.

3 I.T.S. (W.E.T.P.) Definite 12-week course at W.E.T.P. school.

4 W.O.A.G. Six-week refresher course before going to wireless school.

5 A.G. Refresher course by unit educational officer while on guard or tarmac duty.

A LETTER

An interesting letter was received some time ago by one of the Australian officers, which he has kept among his prized possessions. P/O G. Young has given us permission to use parts of this letter which contain words of inspiration and courage for many of us.—EDITOR.

"... was pleased to hear of your enlistment in the air force. I expect you will find the life pretty rough at first, and in conscience, it is a bit crude when one is at the bottom; but you will be very surprised to find after about six weeks that not only can you do without a lot of the so-called necessities of civilized life, but the wonder is that they ever came to be regarded in such a light. I mean such things as sheets, table cloths, silver, china plates, butter knives, spring beds, and a lot of other frippery. I know I enjoy all that frippery now but having done without it I am all the better for so doing, and there was a time when I could have gone on dispensing with these amenities without any hardship.

The men too are a very mixed lot but I submit that never in a lifetime will you have such an opportunity to get to know human nature, and to see how people react to different forms of treatment. Nor have you ever before experienced such a feeling of comradeship as will grow up among those of your particular lot. In the period of training it is more pronounced than at any time later on since when training you are all of the same rank, you are all starting from scratch, and being treated as a herd stimulates the gregarious instinct. Once in a squadron on operations, it diminishes because you are one put with others and all are at various stages of operational experience—a shifting population of necessity what with the old hands being posted to training schools and the steady little drain of losses in action—and the trickle of new crews to replace them.

There will be times when you feel fed up, when you would like to slam some offensive clot fair in the teeth, when you really wonder why the bloody hell you took it on, when you think of somebody just carrying on a normal life while you clean a latrine or something and call yourself a sucker. And there will be times when you wouldn't swap with the king, when you wonder how you did a civvy job, when you know that the whole thing is worthwhile, and when you rather wonder how you will ever get back behind a desk again. I know—I felt all those things at one time or another... and I'm sure you will never really feel any regret over your enlistment in the airforce."

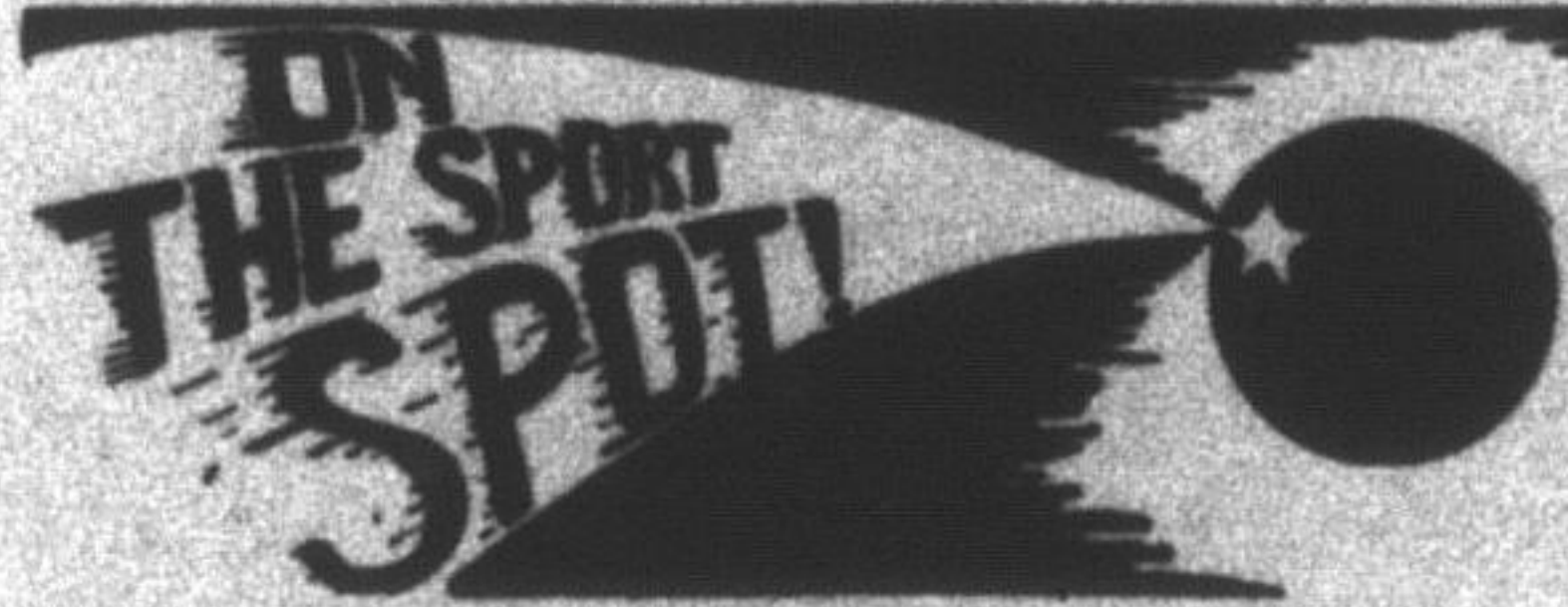
*Old Winter, the shameless thing,
Its still lingering on the lap of
Spring,*

*We hope young Spring, with a
sturdy slap,*

*Will say: "You lug, get off my
lap."*



SPORTS



By AC2 TOM DERBYSHIRE.
 Amid the snow and ice of this northern clime, faint mutterings about Spring and Summer sports are to be heard. . . . The main topic of sports for the coming season seems to be "ball"—meaning of course softball and hardball. Last year the "M" Depot had a softball team to be proud of, and there is little doubt that this year's edition will be as good, maybe better. Hardball is an unknown quantity at present, but among our trainees, there should be enough to filed a real contender. . . . The Americans stationed in Edmonton are reputed to have several classy ball stars on hand—so it all points to a banner season. . . . No doubt soccer football, swimming, tennis, golf and cricket will all draw some attention. . . . After all, Spring will be here next Wednesday (officially, if not actually) so now is the time for organizing the sport schedule for the summer months. . . . Basketball still continues to hold the winter sport-lite—the "M" Depot Spitfires, Northern Alberta Senior Basketball Champions, (incidentally, they have been tabbed "The Red Devils" on account of their brilliant red uniforms) are still going strong. Right now they are awaiting the winner of the Raymond-Macleod series to settle the Alberta Championship. Looks like the games will be played next week, although no definite arrangements have been made. It has been suggested that the southern winner play both games here in Edmonton, probably on the 24th and 25th. If not, then the playoff will revert to the old Alberta custom—home and home games with total points to decide the winner. Both southern teams are strong, and will give the Spitfires plenty of worry—looks like a pip of a series, no matter where it is played. The "M" Depot hoopsters are keeping in trim by practicing every day, and playing exhibition games. The only casualty so far is Jack Forrest, who had a slight case of mumps. . . . Notice all the hockey players have departed from the Depot—all except Brick Edmunds, who is still holding down the Jock Room. . . . The boxing classes are gaining in popularity under the direction of Sgt. Stevenson, AC2 Kenny Lindsay and Sgt. Stanway. P/O Gilkes is looking forward to more boxing shows in the near future. Also, we notice there is a growing interest in weight-lifting. Some of the lads are really picking up the fine points in a hurry. Wonder what it feels like to hoist 125 pounds—and then push it up to full arm's length? Don't ask me, I wouldn't know—I'd sooner watch. . . . Flight Sgt. Purdy is

*I've never been on Bataan
 Or on the rock of Corregidor;
 These battle scars I carry
 I got at the mess hall door.
 I was enjoying health and watching
 Mother Nature's work in fall
 When some dirty lousy low-life
 Sounded off the "Mess Call."
 All hell broke loose, a thousand men
 Charged like the Light Brigade
 And before I knew what happened
 They were giving me first aid.
 With courage high and heart of
 steel
 I got in line once more
 And made the serving counter,
 When I heard a mighty roar.
 The last thing that I remember
 I heard the chow-hounds yelping
 For the cook in a voice loud and
 strong
 Was shouting "Second Helping."*

still in there with his badminton players—and they seem to be doing all right too. We understand they have given a good account of themselves against some pretty tough opposition. The skiing wizards will welcome the new snow—may be their last fling of the season—or should we say "schuss." . . . Well, that's enuff guff for another week . . . so cheerio again. . . . **AND DON'T FORGET TO COME AND SUPPORT THE BASKETBALL GAMES NEXT WEEK . . . the more, the merrier it will be.**

A SALUTE TO No. 3 "M" DEPOT "SPITFIRES"

By LOIS POWELL.

*The Manning Pool Depot proudly
 boasts
 A team soon to be known from
 coast to coast. !
 As a group their playing cannot
 be beat,
 Individually their mastery is quite
 a feat.
 Their games aren't perfect, I'll
 admit that's true,
 'Cause "Chief" Buna is out to have
 his fun too.
 But this only makes the game more
 exciting.
 To this, add Kaminsky and the
 game's really inviting.
 On his scoring you can lay down
 your money,
 When he scores a basket all the
 girls sigh, "Oh Johnny!"
 The writer on "The Airman" is
 another good player,
 And athletic Don Gray gets his
 share of fanfare.
 Then, there are others of whom I
 have not written,
 But believe me, they haven't been
 sitting back "knittin'".
 And when these fighting athletes
 cross the Pacific,
 What they'll do to the Axis, will
 be terrific.*

BOWLING CHALLENGE

No. 3 "M" Depot's entry in the Commercial League hereby challenge any team on the station to a little trundling. This includes the officers' team. Come on you bowlers . . . all you have to do is drop in at THE AIRMAN office and deliver your challenge.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

Four animals belonging to the cat family are the father cat, the mother cat and two kittens.

Hargreaves invented an improved machine for spinning cotton threads. He called this a Jenny in honor of his wife. Crompton also invented a similar machine. He called it a mule.

The Zodiac is the Zoo of the Sky where lions, goats, virgins and other animals go after they are dead.

What would you do in the case of a man bleeding from a wound in the head? I would put a tourniquet around his neck.

The spinal column is a long bunch of bones. The head sits on top and you sit on the bottom.

The spinal column is a collection of bones running up and down your back and keeps you from being legs clean up to your neck.

In case of asphyxiation apply artificial respiration until the patient is dead.

To stop blood from flowing from wound in leg, wrap the leg around the body above the heart.

Often when people are drowned you can revive them by punching in their sides but not too hard. This is called resurrection.

A calf is a calf until it has a calf and then it's a cow.

OVERHEARD AT THE UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL

Nurse (to Pop Price): "How old are you, Mr. Price?"

Pop: "Only 58."

Nurse: "Do you go up in the air?"

Pop: "Sure. I was up three times in one week."

Nurse: "How come?"

Pop: "Well, wouldn't you go up in the air every time you went to town and found the beer parlors closed?"

Congratulations to LAC Dorward of the Training Wing Orderly Room, on becoming the proud "pappy" of a bouncing baby boy.

A Corn Syrup Company received the following letter:

Gentlemen:

You are frauds. I have used three cans of your corn syrup and my feet still hurt. I want my money back.

Ephriam Grain.

TO-NIGHT

ARENA—20:15 HOURS SHARP

ROOKIES' REVUE

No. 2

GAGS! GALS! GUYS! GLAMOUR!

Bring as Many Civilian Friends as You Wish!

IT'S TERRIFIC! . . . DON'T MISS IT!

They call her "Checkers" because she jumps when you make the wrong move.

The Airman

Sweethearts get a kick out of horror pictures because they love each shudder.

Circulation Last Week, 2,000

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1943

This Week, 2,000

CURRENT CINEMA AVENUE

Friday, March 19 (for three days): "Imitation of Life," starring Claudette Colbert; also, "Lawless Plainsmen." Tuesday, March 23 (for three days): "Shanghai Gesture," featuring Gene Tierney and Victor Mature; also, "Spy in the Pantry."

CAPITOL

Ending Tuesday, March 22: "Casablanca." Starting Wednesday is "The Pride of the Yankees," with Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright.

DREAMLAND

Friday, March 19 (for three days): "Jackass Mail," with Wallace Beery and Marjorie Main; also, "Sing Your Worries Away," with Bert Lehr and June Havoc. March 23 (for three days): "Moontide," with Jean Gabin and Ida Lupino; also, "Great Man's Lady," starring Joel McCrae. Barbara Stanwyck and Brian Donlevy.

EMPRESS

Featuring this week, "The Hidden Hand," with Craig Stevens and Elizabeth Fraser; also, "Forilla Man," with John Loder and Ruth Ford.

RIALTO

"In Which We Serve," held over for another week.

STRAND

Friday, March 19 (for three days): "A Yank in the R.A.F.," starring Tyrone Power and Betty Grable; also, "Not a Lady's Man," with Paul Kelly and Fay Wray. March 23 (for three days): The musical hit, "Smiling Through," starring Jeanette MacDonald and Frederick March; also, "The Bugle Sounds," with Wallace Beery and Marjorie Main.

SALUTE TO MALTA

By ALFRED L. MARKS.

Hail, Mistress of that blue, historic sea
Which marked one time, the middle of the earth!
Thy monumental valour brought to birth
Such praise as never was in history!
We like to think, if tests like thine were here—
Or elsewhere in our Empire's wide domain—
We'd meet the foe, or bomb's terrific rain,
With equal courage and no greater fear.
The honored cross, worn by thy knights of old
Is superceded by thy new-won sign;
And when the final tale of time is told,
No honor shall be found to equal thine!
Hail, hail to thee—baptized with blood and fire—
Intrepid child of lion-hearted sire!



Gloomy Gloom has settled on a few huts on the depot all because of the duty watch penalty for messy bunks and what have you. One Acey Ducey in particular is grumbling—he slaves in the bull pen all day and then was joed on duty watch to work in the kitchen all night. He says: "They're working all the esprit de corps out of me." But we wonder if he ever had any. Grin and bear it!

Who is the rookie who, when filling out records, was asked how far he went in school and answered "a mile and a half." . . . Espionage wishes to know who the person or persons in 16B1 and B2 who are too fatigued to open the doors but smash the window panes and crawl through. . . . I've been wondering lately why the boys in 16B2 are so anxious for AC2 Buckley to have the rest of his teeth out. . . . Overheard the lads in the canteen saying how much they preferred to serve the good mannered Aussies. They demurely say, "Would you kindly give me a hot dog please?" Not such a phrase as "Hey you! Gimme a dog!" Please take note. . . . Did you ever notice the cigar smoking librarian who is doing his best to resemble his idol—Winston Churchill. . . . I guess AC2 Brooks of the S.P. Guard figures he's done enough walking while in training wing so now he does his travelling and escorting on a bicycle. How does he get away with it? . . . Did you ever hear about the Acey Ducey in Hut 16B1 who was called to attention when the O.O. entered the

ST. PATRICK'S DANCE HUGE SUCCESS

Last Friday was dance night in the Arena, and 1700 dancers packed the floor. The orchestra from No. 3 "M" Depot were on hand to supply the where-with-all, and were "right in the groove." A grand array of uniforms made the occasion one never to be forgotten. Visitors from the C.W.A.C., Navy, Army, U.S. Army Air Corps, and U.S. Engineers were all on hand, enjoying themselves to the full. If our station dances keep gaining in popularity, it seems as if we'll need a floor "just a little bit bigger." Congratulations to the committee . . . you're doing a swell job.

86 RECRUITS IN ONE FLIGHT

My, my . . . 'tis sad but true. Nowadays we really pity the poor discips. When we went through Reception and Training Wings, a flight over 35 was considered large. But today, the flights have grown to immense dimensions. Cpl. Robinson stated one day: "I lined up the lads outside of the Aggie. The lines stretched to . . . knows where. I bellowed as loud as I could . . . "Atten - - - chow" . . . "Right in threes, right turn" . . . "By the left . . . quick march." . . . Away we went . . . but lo and behold . . . on looking around . . . half the flight were still at ease . . . so now you see why we pity the poor discips . . . leather lined lungs . . . or a portable P.A. seem to be the only solutions . . . (but who wants to pack around a P.A.)

hut and a half hour later was still at attention. When asked why, he answered, "I wasn't told to carry on."



"Y" ROUNDUP

Table tennis tournament results bring up the following details. On March 11 AC2 Stirling, of Vancouver, was the winner, with LAC Rheuben, of Los Angeles, the runner-up. On March 15, LAC Rheuben returned the compliment, and won over AC2 Stirling. Looks like it will take another match to settle this dispute.

In the snooker tournament held on Thursday last, AC2 Jeffrey, of Lacombe, took the measure of AC2 Morgan, of Vancouver, in the finals.

Monday night's bridge saw two Vancouver lads in the top slots. AC2 Hood made a total of 4780 points in 16 hands. AC2 Burdick was the second prize winner.

The "Y" organizers, Fred Youmans and Art Peacock, are doing a grand job with the lads in Reception Wing. Every Saturday they arrange a concert, and some really fine talent is being uncovered. Highlights of last Saturday's presentation was the appearance of Lew Snider, well known CBC pianist from Toronto. Lew is now in Reception Wing, and is considered one of Canada's best pianists. Music and song filled out the entertainment, and the large crowd of "CB'd" airmen were loud in their praises. Bingo was also enjoyed in the Aggie Hut on Wednesday, and again on Friday in the Airmen's Lounge while the dance was in progress. A nut-cracker quizz was a feature of Friday's program. Art Peacock was in charge of both nights.

A special showing of movies was given in Hut 7 (Isolation) on Monday. Some 50 "inmates" thrilled to "The Law of the Pampas."

Coming Movies

Sunday: "Paris Calling," starring Randolph Scott, Elizabeth Bergner and Basil Rathbone. There will be added shorts.

Tuesday, March 23: The shows will feature "West Point Widow," starring Anne Shirley and Richard Carlson. There will be a "Popeye" cartoon and other shorts.

SGT. ROYDS

Supposed to be "ON THE WAGON" . . . BUT . . . He made two good attempts to get off it . . . the second time he succeeded . . . even though it was a bit of a hectic attempt. The first attempt failed due to the street car breaking down on its way to town . . . getting him to the vendor's three minutes after closing time. The second time was while en route to Calgary . . . and at a stop managed to secure a 26 ounce, and then run like h - - l with bottle in one hand, and cap in other—after the train. You'd think the railways would supply something on the trains for a thirsty man!

**"M" DEPOT SPITFIRES WIN EXHIBITION GAME
AGAINST THE U.S. ENGINEERS ... 35--30.**

Thursday night in the Arena, the "M" Depot hoopsters took the U.S. Engineers into camp again, this time by a score of 35-30. As this was an exhibition game for the Spitfires, who are prepping for the Alberta Finals next week, the game lacked the color and excitement of the last series with the Engineers.

Both teams played a very close checking game, as the score indicates. Minus their high scoring star, John Gullickson, who is sick in the hospital, the Engineers put up a game battle, but could not hold the "M" Depot lads in check in the final half.

The play and scoring was very close in the first half, with seldom more than two or three points separating the teams. At the end of the first quarter, the Flyers led by a slim 9-8; while at half time the score board read 18-17 for the Airmen. Captain Wigglesworth of the Engineers was the star of the first half, coming through with 9 markers. "Busher" Jackson led the Airmen with 6 counters.

In the final half, the Airmen demonstrated why they are Northern Alberta Champs. Keeping the ball constantly on the move, and setting up blocks and screens, they outmaneuvered the American boys to maintain a great percentage of the floor play. They outscored the Engineers by 17-13, to bring their total for the evening up to 35, as against the U.S. total of 30.

Referees Morey LaVold and Pat Dinino, both Americans stationed in Edmonton, held the game under perfect control at all times. One feature was the particularly close calls regarding blocks and screens. In the United States it is quite evident they call blocks, screens and interference much closer than in Canada. It was good for the Spitfires to get this experience, for if they ever leave their home floor, strange referees may call differently than the Edmonton refs do.

It appears as if the Alberta Finals will be played next week. The "M" Depot's opponents have not yet been decided. Raymond Union-Jacks and McLeod "Flyers" are now playing off for the Southern title, and the last game is being played tonight. It is quite possible that both games of the Alberta Final will be played here in Edmonton, if a

two game, total point series is decided upon. Should a two out of three series be arranged, the venue of the first game will likely be in the South, with the final two games being scheduled for the Arena. A definite announcement will be made either Saturday or Monday.

Keep posted.....and be sure to attend the games next week.....come out in large numbers to support your own No. 3 "M" Depot team.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

SKEET SHOOTING APPROVED FOR NO. 3 "M".

Flight Lieutenant Hansen, President of the Sports and Entertainment Committee, has announced that the Commanding Officer has approved the addition of "Skeet Shooting" to the No. 3 "M" Depot Sport Schedule. It is expected the Skeet Traps will be installed in the centre-field of the race-track as soon as the snow has disappeared. This is welcome news to sport lovers, for skeet shooting has long been one of the most popular summer sports. A great number can participate, and it is expected the Airmen from this station will take full advantage of this new sport.

It is also announced that "Grass Hockey" equipment will be purchased for this summer. This also is good news, for it will afford the men from the coastal regions an opportunity to continue with this popular sport.

The Rifle Range which is being installed in one of the old Race Barns, is complete now with the exception of the cement butt. The cold weather has held up the pouring of the cement, but with Spring only two days away, it is expected that this will be remedied in short order. Rifle shooting is a year round sport, and will prove of immense value to all trainees. Cpl. N. R. Hrudy, one of the stars of the Depot Rifle Team, has donated two attractive shields to be competed for by the airmen of this station. They both have the R.C.A.F. Crest, with a Silver plate engraved with two Rifles. These Shields should stimulate interest in Rifle Shooting, and it is expected that a large following of would be experts will take a hand in these competitions.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-eeo-

**REMEMBER....TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT FOR
ROOKIES' REVUE NUMBER "TWO".**

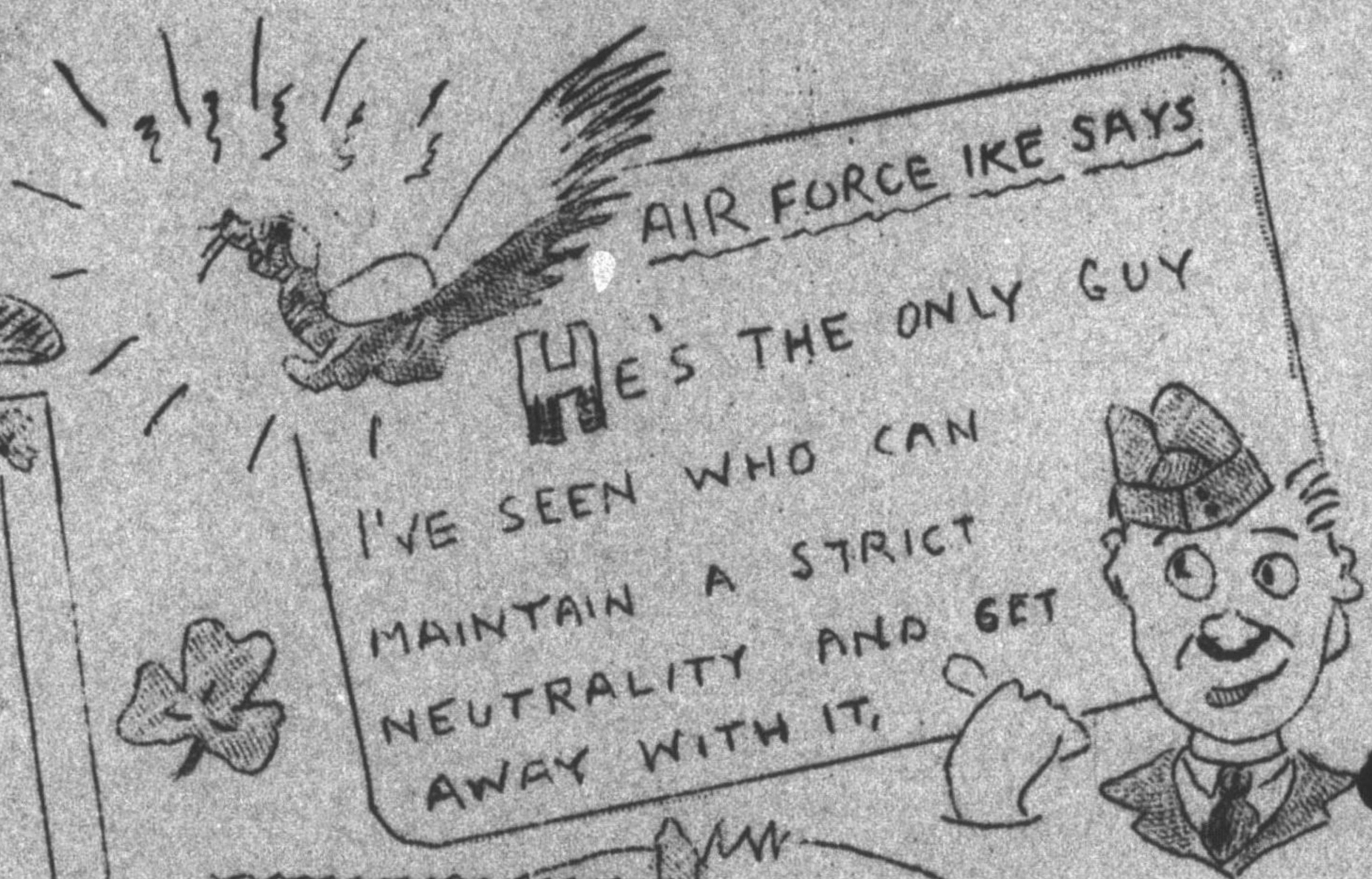
NO 3 M DEPOT
EDMONTON

Hoo?
Hoo
Hoo



RODGER

AND SHE WAS IRISH TOO!



AIR FORCE IKE SAYS
HE'S THE ONLY GUY
I'VE SEEN WHO CAN
MAINTAIN A STRICT
NEUTRALITY AND GET
AWAY WITH IT.

AND MAKE
MY CORPORAL
LIKE ME,
AMEN.

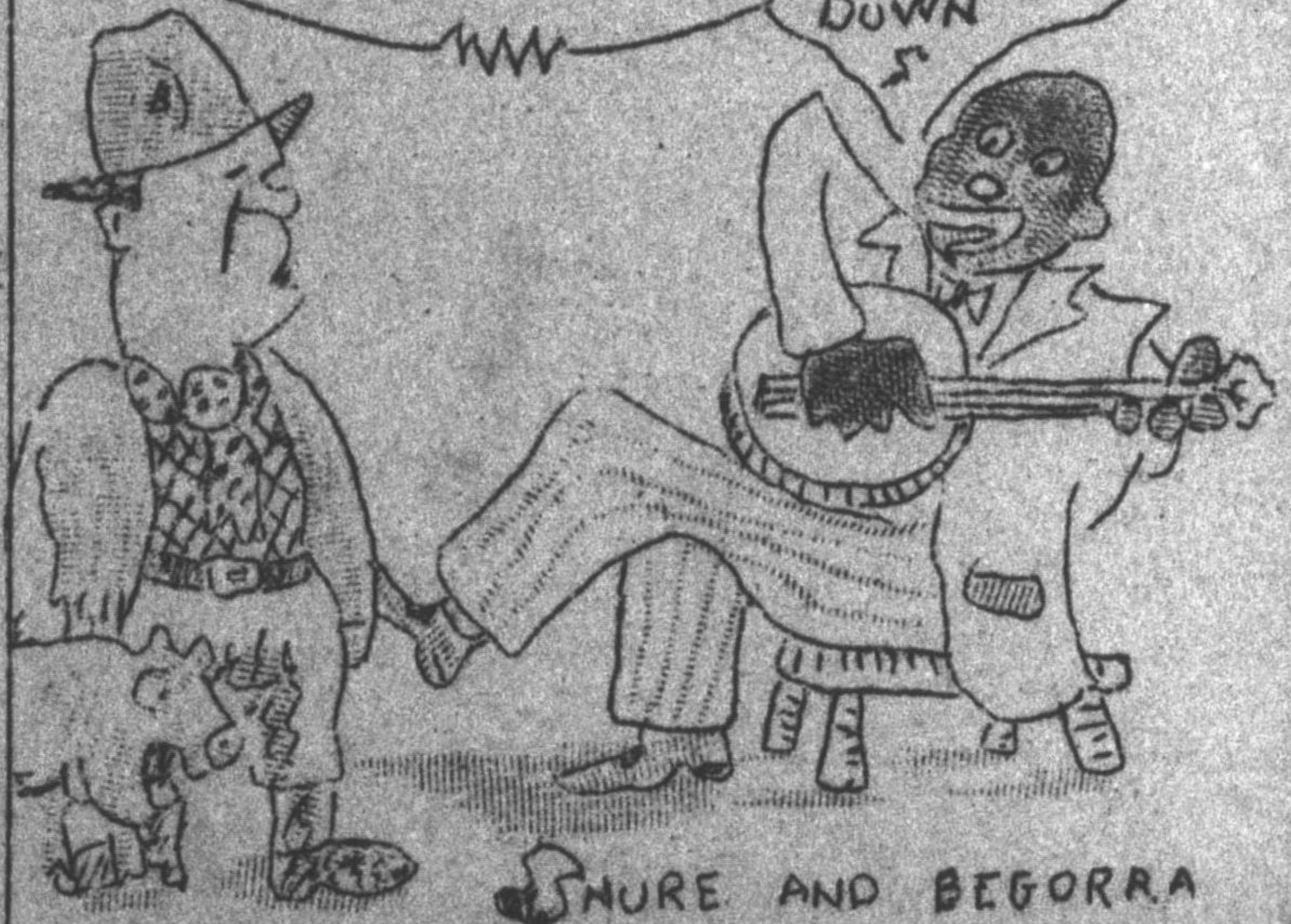


LITTLE TOWN IN
MY AULD
COUNTY
DOWN



"BUT THE
GIRLS WON'T
LET US ALONE
CORPORAL!"

STUDY



SHURE AND BEGORRA
THAT'S THE FIRST SMOKED
IRISHMAN I NEVER DID SEE!