

AIRMAN'S POST

NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT, BRANDON, MANITOBA



MAY 1943

25 CENTS PER COPY

RSL 134

CHOOSE
YOUR
WEAPONS



THE AIRMAN'S POST.

Vol. 3, No. 5

No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Manitoba

May, 1943

The Editor's Corner



In December of 1940 the blessed events section of the station's Daily Routine Orders might very properly have carried some such announcement as this: Born to the personnel of No. 2 Manning Depot, a station magazine—The Airman's Post. The Post was not an especially robust child and there were times when its life was despaired of, but despite these early set-backs it managed to survive and develop into a virile publication

that won esteem at home and abroad.

And now our lusty prodigy has come to what may prove to be the end of the trail. At this moment of writing a questionnaire is circulating around the Depot and the "Yea" or "Nay" answers to that questionnaire will decide if the Post is to continue in its present form as a monthly issue or to become a weekly publication. And until we know that fateful decision we cannot, at this time of going to press, say whether this will be the last issue of the Post in its present form or not. But one way or the other there is no particular need to compose an epitaph. The Airman's Post is its own best monument. Long after this war has been written into the pages of history, books, long after the trappings of rank are laid by and forgotten, long after the debits and credits of war-time accounting are gathering dust in government archives, the Airman's Post will be a prized and cherished memento to the thousands who passed this way in uniform. And by the way if your Post files are not complete we might be able to supply you with the missing copies. Incidentally, a complete set of Airman's Posts are being preserved for posterity in the historical archives of the Legislative building in Winnipeg.

ANOTHER USE FOR THE POST

W.O.2 Burnett, visiting the station recently, dropped in to tell us about another new and unusual service the Airman's Post had rendered. While travelling between Saskatoon and Prince Albert the train carrying Sergeant-Major Burnett struck a small boy and injured one of the youngster's legs. No splints were available in the emergency but the Sergeant-Major quickly produced two copies of the Post and these temporarily made very satisfactory splints. The youngster, we are glad to say, recovered. We might suggest that you include a few copies of the Post in your first aid kit.

THE MALE EGO

One fine sunny day King Solomon was strolling in his palace gardens when he heard a butterfly say to his wife. "With one stroke of my wing I could knock down the entire palace."

"This," King Solomon said to himself, "is terrible." He hurriedly summoned his councillors and chief officers of state and commanded them to arrest the butterfly.

A few minutes later the butterfly, pale and trembling, was brought before the king and charged with making a treasonable remark.

The butterfly pleaded guilty, but begged, "O great king, you are a married man yourself; cannot you guess why I said it?"

"My wife was unusually insubordinate this morning, and it was necessary in order to maintain any sort of discipline to prove to her how great was my power. That was why I said it, O great king!"

The story goes that King Solomon understood and dismissed the butterfly without so much as a reproof. The story also goes that when the butterfly returned to his wife she asked:

"Well, and what did the king want?"

The butterfly replied:

"To beg me not to do it."

There's a peach of a moral there.



THE AIRMAN'S POST

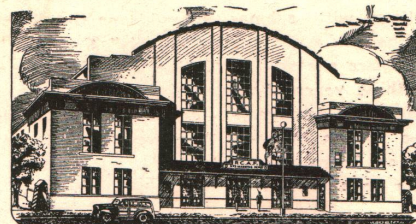
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ENGLAND

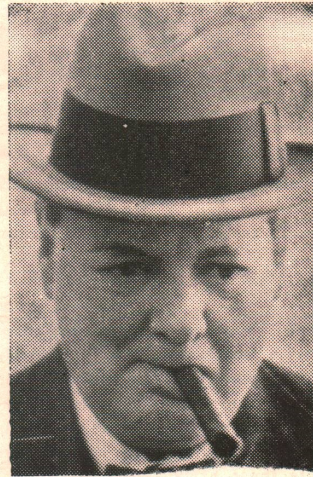
(St. George's Day, April 23)

IT MUST be a disheartening business being a great dictator and trying to dominate a world that still contains England. One trains, disciplines and arms one's vigorous and numerous people; one feeds them with fanatic and irresistible hatreds and ambitions; one tricks the slow and gullible English diplomats out of friends and prestige; one piles up immense and unimaginable armaments; one ponders and perfects in secret vast and brilliant plans; one launches one's shattering attack with every circumstances of treachery and surprise; one drives England's allies out of the arena and her unarmed armies into the sea; one darkens the sky over her head with airplanes and tatters her life lines with submarines; and lo and behold, when the smoke blows away, there she still is, and, after two or three years of an extremely unpleasant time for everyone, one retires—a broken man—to die at St. Helena or Doorn. There would appear to be no exception to this rule.

For as long as that tough old St. George of an island goes on existing, dragons—however terrible and devouring—always seem to come somehow to a sticky end. There are many things that superior persons would like to see changed in England; an astute England, a meeker England, a brighter England, a more refined

England. But then perhaps if England were changed, she might not be quite so effective at coping with dragons. It would have been a mistake, we can see now, to have changed her before the Battle of Britain and the night blitzes of 1940. How must now Hitler and Himmler wish that someone had done so!

It isn't in battle only that England is so stout and so well worth the preserving, for the curious thing about England is that her real interest is not in battle at all. Hers is the land, above all others, that has best experimented in reconciling civilization with freedom. Like ancient Greece she has proved that men can co-operate under law to do great things and yet remain free. She gave the world St. Paul's, Shakespeare's plays and Newton's "Principia" without the slave gangs that built the Pyramids or the forced labor of the "latifundia" that fed imperial Rome. Unlike ancient Greece she found a way—her own tough, dauntless way—to carry her freedom to others. Wherever the flag of England, following her traders, has been planted, there in the fullness of time—even though under other and sometimes still freer flags—the institutions of freemen have flourished. Parliamentary rule, freedom of debate and speech and press, trial by jury and "Habeas Corpus," these are the fruits that she has planted in every continent. And when these things are threatened, her peace-loving people still face death and destruction with



MR. ENGLAND

calm hearts that they may continue, not for themselves alone, but for all men and for all time. When in the fullness of time we raise memorials on the blitzed ruins of London and Coventry, Plymouth and Bristol, let us write on them: "Here the men and women of England died that the world might be free."

QUEENBOROUGH.

(The Rt. Hon. Lord Queenborough, G.B.E., President, Royal Society of St. George, in MacLean's Magazine.)

WHO WOULDN'T

"Sam, I hates a bad loser."

"Yeah, Ike, dat's so. But I'd rather play wid a bad loser dan wid any kind of a winner, any day!"

The Parable of the Prodigal Airman

Now it came to pass, that at the time when the tribes of Canada had declared war upon Adolph the Paperhanger, who ruled over the Hun, that the young men of the tribes were gathered unto a place that is called Brandon, in the land of the snows and the chill winds.

And when they had come unto this place they called Brandon, there was given unto them new raiment, and a new harness of many pieces, and shoes were placed upon their feet and weapons were given unto them, that they might go out and smite the men of Hitler, both hip and thigh, or men of Hirohito, midges of the setting sun.

Then in the early morn of the third day that they had tarried in the place that is called Brandon, the bugles did blow and the men gathered together in flights with a Sergeant set over them and they did harken unto the words of him who is called C.O. with three rings of distinction upon his sleeve, read unto them from a parchment that is wont to be called "Station Standing Orders", by one whom they all greatly feared, called Sergeant-Major, for he was withal, a stern man, and his glance in wrath was likened unto the sweep of the blizzard when it sweepeth over the prairie lands of Manitoba.

Then did the Sergeant-Major say unto them: "Hearken ye, ye airmen that stand before me and mark well my words, lest that you fail to hear all that I say unto you and stray from the path that is called straight, for it would be better that a stone be hanged about thy neck, and that thou be cast into the Assiniboine, than that you should fail to do my commandments; for verily I say unto thee, there is first the C.B. and then the "Field Punishment" and even the place that is called "Glass House" for he that faileth to keep my commandments. And yea, even though he may be likened unto the lion, he shall be tamed, and though his strength be likened unto a stone wall, he shall be torn down and humbled before me."

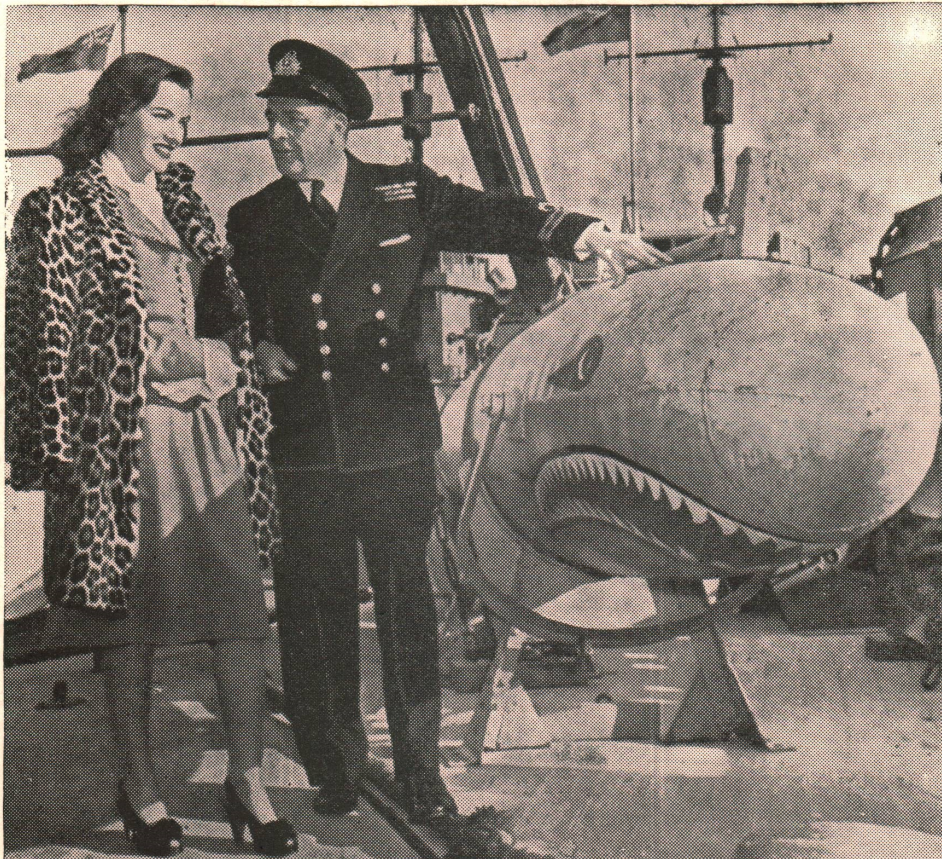
Then when he told them these things, he said unto them: "When I leave this ground of holy attention, thou shalt be free to go, until the third hour, when thou shalt come unto the place of the Accounts Officer, and he will give unto thee money that thou mayst go down into the city called Brandon until the hour of 10.30. But verily I say unto thee, he that cometh not back to this place when the clock has struck 10.30, shall go before the C.O. in the morning.

Now after the young men of the tribes of Canada had been before the Accounts Officer and had received their pieces of silver, they went down into the city to see the wonders thereof.

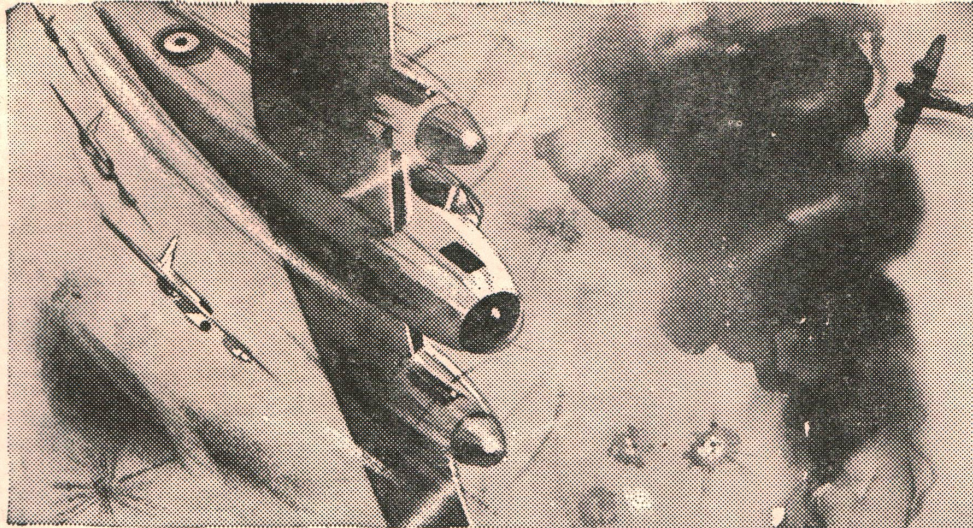
And there was one among them, that when he did see a maiden upon

(Continued on page 14)

THEY CALL HIM "TWO-GUN RYAN" IN HOLLYWOOD



In Hollywood they're calling Lieut. Cmdr. T. P. Ryan, of the Royal Canadian Navy, "Two-gun" Ryan because he is credited with the capture of a German sub and crew. He is shown here with actress Ella Raines. They both had parts in Universal's "Corvettes In Action", dramatic picture of Canada's navy in action on Atlantic convoy routes.



*Clear the skies
FOR VICTORY...*

BONDS build planes: **BONDS** strain pilots: **BONDS** load the guns, shoot the enemy from the skies; the first step in the big attack. The more bonds you buy the bigger the margin our boys will have. Back them for all you're worth. Do without to give them plenty. They're risking their lives. You're *lending* your money. Lend it *now*. Back the Attack with War Bonds.

BUY THE



VICTORY LOAN

...AND BACK THE ATTACK

The Price of Victory Is In Your Pocket

By F./Lt. F. G. Ongley

ONE September night a Whitley bomber carrying five men as crew, left an English airdrome to bomb the large aeroplane factory at Spandau, on the outskirts of Berlin. The Whitley found its target without difficulty, but while laying its bombs dead on the target, could not escape the searchlights and fierce barrage. A shell pierced one of the petrol tanks and it became problematical whether the Whitley could reach its base.

The Pilot, conserving his fuel to the utmost, made his way back over Germany and Holland, fighting for every inch of height. Crossing the North Sea, his tanks showed empty. Signalling their position to the home Stations, the crew calmly got ready for a landing on the empty, heaving seas. Landing safely, the five men managed to launch the rubber dingy and climb aboard without mishap.

From that moment, all the resources of the R.A.F. and Navy were concentrated on their rescue. A Hudson Bomber located them and signalled for a launch. Before it could reach the men, the weather had changed. Heavy wind and rain forced the launch back and the bomber lost sight of the dingy. For three and a half days the search went on. Launches and destroyers, Hudsons, Blenheims and Ansons fought seas and enemy aircraft until finally the dingy was found, with but two men in

THIS IS THE ENEMY WE MUST DEFEAT!

London.—A 17-year-old steward on a vessel torpedoed in mid-Atlantic said that the Nazi submarine commander had ordered his crew to ram lifeboats and had laughed at the drowning men.

"I'll never forget those sneering faces," David Roberts, the steward, said. "The U-boat captain sneered and shouted, 'Now where do you think you're going,' and other officers on the bridge around him laughed as the submarine tore through our lifeboat."

Roberts and a friend clung to a lifeboat which floated up in front of their sunken ship. They were sighted two days later by an Allied plane and picked up by a corvette two days later.

it. Three had been washed overboard. Only one man survived.

The finest minds of Britain and America secretly worked together on pooling their resources of men, materials and shipping. Suddenly the world was startled with the news of the great and thrilling landing on the north coast of Africa. Men by the thousands, tanks, planes, guns, ammunition, carried in hundreds of ships, had completed one of the most spectacular and dangerous invasions of history. After weeks of hard fighting, superiority of man and implements of war have succeeded in breaking through enemy positions. As this goes to press the enemy is being swept backward into the sea. The Battle of Africa is almost over, and the Victory Parade through Berlin is brought closer.

How was the bombing of Germany, the rescue of a young sergeant in the North Sea, the invasion and victory of Africa, made possible? How will the invasion of Europe, the invasion of Germany, the invasion of island upon island in the Pacific until Japan is reached, be made possible?

We have that answer. Some men think we can have a perpetual motion machine supplying its own energy. Such men have landed in mental hospitals. Some think we can have a self-perpetuating war

(Continued on page 14)

Arrivals, Departures, Stork Reports and Mergers



Calm and composed now after a battle for the front row seats that had all the characteristics of a peanut scramble the station's stenographic corps powdered over the marks of conflict, patted down their ruffled tresses and smiled sweetly at the apprehensive camera-man. Five minutes later these toiling typists were back at their desks again and smoke was pouring from a battery of over-heated typewriters.

PERSONAL POSTSCRIPTS

Departures—Officers and Airmen—

W.O.1 A. Rubin, posted to No. 17 S.F.T.S. Souris, Man.; Cpl. J. H. Robicheau and LAC's J. E. A. Hebert and S. L. Smith posted to No. 1 "Y" Depot, Halifax; Sgt. H. J. MacDonald posted to No. 10 S.F.T.S., Dauphin, Man.; LAC I. Faintuch, posted to No. 1 "Y" Depot, Halifax; Sgt. J. A. Capstick, Sgt. T. A. Bowman, LAC's H. D. Cameron and L. G. McLure posted to No. 4 T.C. Headquarters, Calgary; Flying Officer R. J. Coates, Education Branch, transferred to No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal; Sgt. C. E. Akiens, posted to No. 2 T.C. Headquarters, Winnipeg; Hon. Flight Lieutenant T. Dale-Jones, Protestant Padre, transferred to No. 23 E.F.T.S., Davidson, Sask.; Sgt. J. M. Aseltine, posted to No. 10 S.F.T.S., Dauphin, Man.

Arrivals—Officers and Airmen—

Sgt. G. K. McNulty from R.C.A.F. Station, Prince Rupert; Cpl. L. A. Flack from No. 1 "M" Depot, Toronto; W.O.1 F. C. Hill from No. 2 Equipment Depot, Vancouver; Flight Lieutenant P. Bell, Education, from No. 4 I.T.S., Edmonton; Sgt. R. V. Johnston from No. 8 Repair Depot, Winnipeg; Cpl. F. J. Thomas from No. 1 Composite Training School, Trenton; Cpl. J. J. Kolcunn from No. 1 Composite Training School, Trenton; Flying Officer H. G. Portman, Administrative, from No. 2 T.C. Headquarters, Winnipeg; LAC L. Charlton from No. 23 E.F.T.S., Davidson, Sask.; LAC C. C. Green from No. 17 S.F.T.S., Souris, Man.; AC1 J. A. Matte from No. 8 B. & G. School, Lethbridge; Sgt. G. H. O. Hicks from No. 5 B. & G. School, Dafoe; Cpl. E. Borts from No. 5 A.O.S., Winnipeg.

Births—

To Sgt. and Mrs. A. Carroll at Brandon General on March 17, a son—John Charles.

To Flying Officer and Mrs. F. K. Stewart at Brandon General on April 10, a daughter—Diane Elizabeth.

Marriages—

LAC John Menzies Donovan, of the Station Band, to Mary. Elizabeth Brookie of Brandon at St. Paul's United Church, Brandon, on April 24.

SHORT SNORTERS

In April issue of the Post AC2 Robert Glendinning of No. 2 Manning Depot told us how he became a Short Snorter—one who has made the Atlantic crossing by air—and acquired a Short Snorter membership ticket which takes the form of a new dollar bill autographed by crew members and passengers.

Collier's weekly, in a recent issue, has something more to say about the Short Snorter brotherhood and two of its most accomplished members, Capt. William Vanderkloot of Sarasota, Fla., and Capt. Jack Ruggles of San Francisco, both veteran pilots of the Atlantic crossing.

Their Short Snorter collection contains signatures of high military and government officials of the United Nations—Churchill, Eden, Wavell, Smuts and others. Measuring thirteen feet three and on half inches in length, the string of autographed bills is made up of money from 32 countries and includes American North African invasion currency and German folding money distributed to the Arabs.

THE TOILER

There are songs about strip-teasers, fruits and vegetables too, And girls named Tangerine, Sally Ann and Mary Lou, And peanut vendors, solid senders, nights in Monterey, But no one ever writes about the girl who types all day.

She sits and pounds her keyboard 'till she ruins every nail,
She is polite and tactful with the wrong kind of mail,
At 5 o'clock the pains she has are not all in the neck—
And does anybody sing about her virtues? No, by heck!

While debutantes and actresses are sleeping until noon,
She's saying "Yes, sir" to a boss who's somewhat of a goon,
And when she tries to ask him for that raise she does deserve,
He barks "You! Take a letter!" and she loses all her nerve.

So—if you've no objection, I will sing out, if I may
About the girl who sits and strokes a typewriter all day,
She's really quite a character, a gal you ought to know . . .
Oops! There goes my buzzer—boss is waiting—gotta go!

—Ruth Shapiro

RED CROSS CAMPAIGN

As always, when the cause is real and the need urgent, the personnel of this station contribute generously. In the recent Red Cross campaign donations from No. 2 Manning Depot amounted to \$786.41. This was a praiseworthy contribution, and evidence of just how much we appreciate the vital work the Red Cross is doing in Canada's war effort.



POT-LUCK



DEFENSE TALK

FLANKING MOVEMENT!—This one is the wolf's technique. He sizes up the girl from the right or left side and nonchalantly edges toward her until he is in the position to steer her into the nearest gin-mill!

ABOUT FACE!—This usually takes place after the squad has passed a flock of frills and they decide to turn the heat on!

PRESENT ARMS!— This doesn't mean to shake hands. The fellow and gal start strangling each other on this sharp order!

TAPS!—What happens after lights go out is none of our d—n business!

Captain: "What are you scratching your head for, Hank?"

Buck Private: "Ah, sah, I got arithmetic bugs in my head."

Captain: "Why do you call them arithmetic bugs?"

Buck Private: "Because dey add to misery, dey subtract from my pleasure, and dey multiply like the dickens."

"PRIVATE" JONES

With a horde of men I drive a jeep;
With a mob of chaps I try to sleep;

An army accompanies me to mess;
A platoon's around me when I dress;

With a regiment I drill all day;
With a company I eat and play;

Men to left and men to right;
Men around me day and night;

The Army—I can take it, see,
But the thing that murders me,

The irony that stabs my bones
Is this: The call me Private Jones!
—Cort Sayers.

"So you are building a new house, eh? How are you getting along with it?"

"Fine, I've got the roof and the mortgage on it, and I expect to have the furnace and the sheriff in before fall."

NOT SO THIRSTY

"Ginger ale, waiter."
"Pale?"
"No, just a glass."

"My wife ran away with my best friend."

"Was he good-looking?"

"I don't know. Never met the fellow!"

"I always do my hardest work before breakfast."

"What's that?"
"Getting up."

SLIP-STREAM-LINES

"Breezy Bits from the Barracks"



"Thanks just the same, Colonel, but I really haven't got the time. I'm so busy with war work these days."

BLIMEY!

The drill instructor was barking out his orders, and two recruits were finding it difficult to understand what he said.

At the end of a long and rather involved order one whispered to the other: "'Ere, Bill, what did he say?"

"I dunno," came the reply, "but we've got to do it."

BIG KLUNK

"There's something odd about you this mornin'," said Hitler to Goering. "Yes—I know what it is. For the first time since I've known you, you've left off your medals."

Goering looked down at his chest.

"Great heavens!" he cried. "I forgot to take them off my pyjamas."

ARMY DEFINITIONS

- BARRACK 13: Guard house.
- BED BUG: Fellow who doesn't get out of blankets.
- B.V.D.: Born Very Dumb.
- BOTTLENECK: Rookie perpetually out of step, missing the manual, tripping over his trousers, etc.
- "BOTTOMS UP!": Gob's toast to Jap Navy.
- CELLIST: Inmate of guardhouse.
- DOG SHOW: Feet inspection.
- FLOOR-FLUSHER: Guy detailed to mop the kitchen.
- FORTRESS: A woman difficult to silence.
- INDOOR AVIATOR: Elevator operator.
- INTELLECTUAL FLOPHOUSE: Library.
- LIMP LINE: Sick report squad.
- ILSLEY LETTUCE: Greenbacks.
- PAN HANDLER: Barber shop masseur.
- POLISHING THE APPLE: Playing up to your superiors.
- SAUSAGE: A meatball in solitary confinement.
- SUGAR REPORT: Mail from the sweetie.
- TRUE JUSTICE: Top kick reduced to ranks.
- WOMANOEVRES: Private campaign after retreat is sounded.



THE SARGE

Up in the morning at daybreak,
To the notes of the bugle call,
Whip your boys into formation,
The shorties, the fatties, the tall—
Account for the ones that are absent,
Report all the ones that are there,
Make up your bunk and eat breakfast,

Shave and comb knots from your hair—

Then start on the old army menu,
The marching, the details and stuff,
Cuss out the dopes and the bunglers,
Show them you really are tough—
Teach them to shoot and manoeuvre,
To snap into things when you yell,
The manual of arms with a rifle,
When they fumble, consign them to hell—

Teach 'em machine gun and pistol,
Trench mortar and bayonet lunge,
Run 'em and march 'em and cuss 'em,
'Til they're ready to throw up the sponge—

Then give 'em a session of drilling,
'Til their tongues hang down to their toes,

Then tell 'em to clean up their clothes—

To shine up their brass and their leather,

Police up the barracks and grounds,
Tomorrow's a day of inspection,
"Get busy, you lazy young hounds!"
This keeps them busy till "lights out,"
Here comes a short resting spell,
And what do you think their prayers are?

That the sergeants will all go to hell!



A GOOD MEMORY

A General and a Colonel were walking down the street. They met many privates, and each time the Colonel would salute he would mutter: "The same to you."

The General's curiosity soon got the better of him, and he asked:

"Why do you always say that?"

The Colonel answered:

"I was once a private and I know what they are thinking."

Doctor (complacently)—"You cough more easily this morning."

Patient (querulously)—"I should. I've been practicing all night."

Little Jack horner stood on a corner watching the cars go by;

He held up his thumb until it was numb,

But got only dust in his eye!

Between The Book Ends

REVIEW OF BOOKS IN THE AIRMEN'S LIBRARY

"TOMORROW WILL COME"

by E. M. Almedingen

A very vivid moving non-fictional tale of revolutionary days in Russia, as told by an upper middle-class school teacher who "existed" throughout that period. It is grim reality with surprisingly little bitterness considering the hardships and brutality to which this young girl was subjected. The story rings true, and it is recommended for those who are interested in the psychology of morbidity.

—H.G.O.

REVIEW OF THE GAUNT WOMAN

by Edmund Gilligan

This is a stirring tale of the unceasing war against the perils of the Nazi U-Boats. A grim game of wits is played out in the fishing waters around the Grand Banks, Newfoundland, between the sharp wits and cunning of an implacable enemy and a man who had a debt to pay from the last great war. Captain Bannon is a man whose courage and enterprise will thrill you. Throughout the tale a theme is spread covering the culmination of a youthful romance that adds much to the story.

It is a story—well told by a spinner of tales, who can write from an actual knowledge of the conditions that the Sea demands of men. It first appeared in serial form in the Saturday Evening Post if this review is insufficient to convince a reader that it is worthy of his time.



The kind of a book I like to read on a cold or wet night—leaving one with the memory of an evening or two of real good enjoyment.

—H.D.B.

"COLONEL EFFINGHAM'S RAID"

by Barry Fleming

A local colour story of a Southern town full of biting sharp irony which exposes the half-patriotism and the indifference to civic administration possessed by most citizens. It is a story that might fit into most Canadian towns where citizens, believing themselves to be benefited by representative government actually are controlled by a one-party administration, a city-hall gang who treat the town as a public utility, of which they own the jobs;—running the town to keep them in office.

The closing chapter is particularly illuminating, in which is related how the city hall crowd stayed home, but made speeches to the Service men leaving, telling them how Democracy and self-government must be saved. It is thought-stimulating.

—H.G.O.

REVIEW OF "CONGO SONG"

by Stuart Cloette

For an author who knows his Africa as well as Mr. Cloette, this book does not compare with his previous books, and is unworthy of his abilities.

The apparent plot, thinly traced throughout the story is concerned with a couple of Nazi spies who undertake at the outbreak of war to blow up a channel to Lake Victoria so as to cut off the water supply to the Nile Valley and Egypt. How they are foiled in their attempt tests the credibility of the reader.

The general purpose of the author seems to be to enlarge as much as possible on the lurid sex life of a beautiful spy named Olga, whose perversion is interwoven with her husband, his assistant, a mad painter, a discredited doctor, a Nazi spy, a young American, plus the tantrums of an adult male gorilla, a member of the household, who eventually disproves the theory that they can be tamed.

I found the story wearisome and can see no purpose for it being written, but if you like a tale of a bunch of neurotics thrown together as the only white people in an outpost of equatorial Africa, spiced with unadulterated sex by the pageful, you can perhaps like this story. Mine is only one man's opinion.

—H.D.B.

DEEP DARK RIVER

By Robert Ryles

Did you ever come out of a heavy, damp, sickening fog into clear sunshine? This book is such a rare bit of sunshine after the muck and filth hurled at us by most of our modern novelists. The writer knows the reeking, rotting swamp lands of life as well as he knows the swamp lands of Mississippi, which form the locale

of this story. Out of these swamp lands arise two people with that rare quality, integrity.

One is Mary Winston, attorney at law, who defends the other, Mose Southwick, a negro lay preacher, on a charge of murder. These two are pitted against a corrupted degraded society. It was impossible to tell the truth. To tell a jury that Mose had been defending his home from a white man, that he had killed an assassin sent by the white man and carrying the white man's gun, would be to put a noose around his neck. No jury of white men would stomach such a tale.

Through the onrush of events, the tension of the trial, the pronouncing of the jury's findings, there shines out the moral and spiritual integrity of Mary Winston and Mose. It is a story in which not only is the State of Mississippi on trial but humanity itself.

—H.G.O.

DOGGIE DEAL

Wishing to dispose of his dog for a while, as he was going into the country, a man went to the local S.P. C.A. centre.

"Could you sell this dog for £10,000?" he asked.

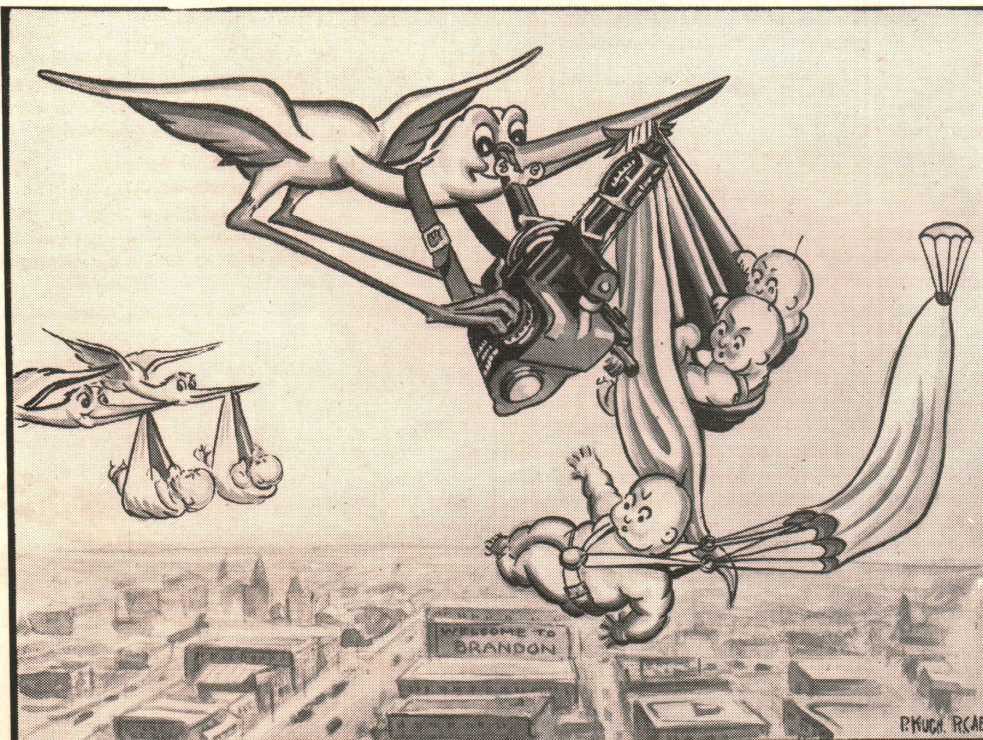
"But, man, no dog's worth that much," was the reply of the amazed agent.

But the other insisted.

Some weeks later he returned and, asking about his dog, was told that it had already been bought.

"Do you really mean to tell me you got cash?" he enquired.

"Well, not exactly," said the agent. "You see, I exchanged it for two £5,000 cats."

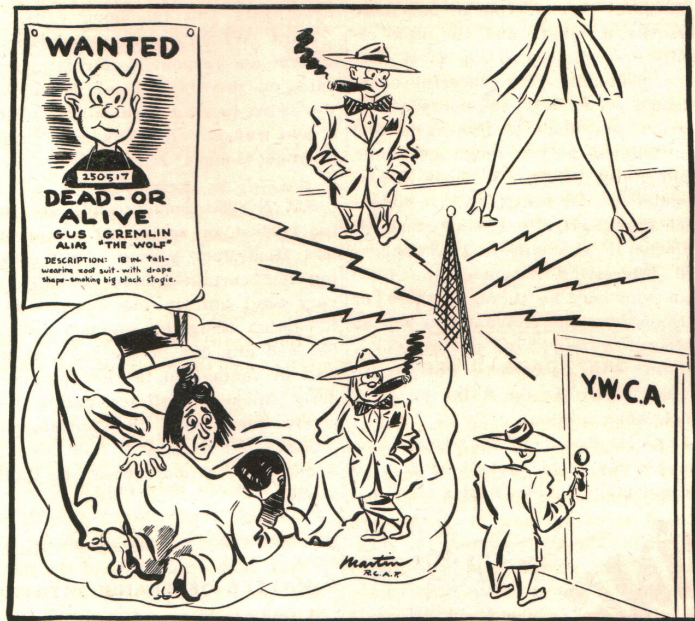


"Yeah, Joe is using a bomb-sight now—he overshot his target last week and scared the heck out of somebody."



THE STATION'S NOTORIOUS GUS GREMLIN BECOMES PUBLIC ENEMY No. 1

Ed. Note: In the last issue of the Post we told you that Gus Gremlin had gone into retirement for the duration. We were at the door to bid him goodbye when he took off down Eleventh street with his kit bag and Flit-gun. And we heaved a sigh of relief when his diminutive form disappeared from sight. That, we thought, was the last we would hear or see of Gus Gremlin. But we were wrong. The perverted little rascal was soon back in the news again—POLICE NEWS. Which is what happens to people who see too many Boris Karloff movies. And here is a flash by flash account of Gus Gremlin's short-lived career of crime . . .



WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE
Gus Gremlin Alias the "Wolf"

A reward will be paid to any person furnishing information that will assist the police in capturing Gus Gremlin, formerly of No. 2 Manning Depot, and now a free-lance wolf who has been plaguing women in the down-town area of Brandon. When last seen Gus was ogling a cute little blonde number at the corner of Rosser and Tenth. Shortly afterwards this Gremlin was seen going in the direction of 22nd street with the blonde in hot pursuit.

Description of Gus Gremlin, alias the "Wolf": 18 inches tall, wearing a Zoot suit with a drape shape, and smoking a huge black stogie. Storekeepers are warned to be on the lookout for this Gremlin who is known to be a pretzel addict.

Radio Flash:

" . . . We interrupt this program to bring you a police bulletin. A resident of 22nd street has just telephoned in the information that he has rescued a blonde woman from the sinister clutches of Gus Gremlin. The woman, although in a state of hysteria, managed to inform her rescuer that the wolfish Gremlin lured her into a vacant lot and then pelted her with pretzels. A heavily armed posse is now scouring the city in an effort to track down this dangerous criminal. Citizens are warned to keep their windows closed and their key-holes sealed. Keep tuned to this station for further developments. And now we resume our interrupted program . . .

" . . . Our sponsors, the makers of Binkham's Pink Pills for Pale People announce this amazing free offer—a trial size package of Binkham's Pink Pills will be mailed absolutely free of charge to all our listeners. This grand free offer is only good for ten years—send us your name and address tonight and enclose two dollars to cover the cost of mailing and wrapping. Remember Binkham's Pink Pills . . ."

"Ladies and gentlemen we again interrupt this program to bring you another special bulletin. The "Wolf" has struck once more! Police have just revealed that the Gremlin, little more than an hour ago, forced his way into

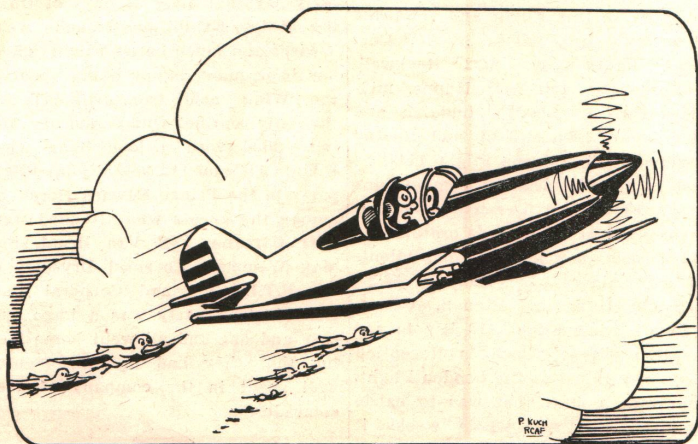
the home of two spinster sisters in the East end of the city. According to information available the two elderly sisters were retiring for the night when they heard strange crunching sounds coming from under the bed. The sisters fearlessly got down on their hands and knees to investigate and found the infamous Gremlin sitting there munching pretzels. Despite their gallant efforts to capture him the dastardly Gremlin jumped into the drain-pipe and escaped. In a statement to the police one of the sisters said tearfully, we quote, "For forty years sister Abigail and me have waited for something like this to happen, and then like a pair of dopes we let him get away from us." End of quote. Soldiers and airmen are now aiding in the search for the "Wolf". Keep tuned to this station for the latest information. And now we return you to "The Little House in the Backyard" program . . . " . . . And so ends another episode of "The Little House in the Backyard" . . . Will Mary marry Oscar? Will the corrupt Timothy seduce poor Martha? Will old man McSneer evict the sick widow Jones? Will little Molly Moglethorpe learn the horrible truth about her grandmother? Will the cat have kittens before the dog has pups? Be sure to tune in next Monday at 8 o'clock to discover what happens next in "The Little House in the Backyard". And now, dear listeners, a word from our sponsors the makers of Glitter-Glad Button Polish . . . Yes, friends, Glitter-Glad button polish has the enthusiastic endorsement of the army, navy, and air force. Do you too want to have Glitter-Glad glamour buttons? Do you too want to have that Glitter-Glad shine of success? Would you like to have the Sergeant-Major squeeze your hand in brotherly affection? Would you like to have the C.O. smile at you on parade and invite you out to dinner? You would? Then try this recipe, men—sprinkle a few drops of Glitter-Glad button polish on . . ."

"Again we interrupt this program to bring you another flash. Police are confident that they will soon have the Gremlin in custody. Although the wily "Wolf" has not been sighted for the past hour, police officials have unearthed another clue which should lead to his speedy arrest. A young lady living on Princess avenue reports that she was aroused from a sound sleep by some rough foreign substance in her bed. Turning on the light and peering under the blankets this amazed young lady found the bed sheet littered with pretzel crumbs. Police are of the opinion that Gus Gremlin had something to do with this mysterious incident. Keep tuned to this station for more police bulletins. We now return you to a program of musical entertainment."

" . . . You have just been listening to the lovely voice of Gloria Gad-zooks brought to you through the courtesy of Lola's Liver Remedy. Friend, are you suffering from "Four O'clock fatigue?" Do you get that let-down feeling when somebody jerks a chair from under you? Do you see dark spots in front of your eyes where the ink bottle splattered? Do you experience a terrific thirst after eating salted peanuts? If you are one of these chronic . . ."

"Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt this program to bring you a special news flash! The wily "Wolf" has finally been tracked down and captured! A police bulletin just issued gives these details: A mobile unit of airmen led by Sgt. Brotherton surrounded and captured Gus Gremlin at the rear of the Y.W.C.A. building just an hour ago. Questioned as to what he was doing at the rear entrance to the Y.W.C.A. Gus looked astonished, and replied, "Well, for goodness sakes. Imagine me doing a thing like that. I thought it was my cousin Olaf's house." We return you to the "Midnight Menace" program which is now in progress."

" . . . The sinister shadow in the bedroom crept closer and closer to the sleeping form of lovely Miranda Marmaduke. The intruder's evil hand raised the glittering knife to plunge it deep into the gently heaving breast of his unsuspecting victim . . . suddenly a scream rent the midnight air! . . . Listen in next week folks for another chilling chapter of the "Midnight Menace".



"What's the matter with you guys back there? All I can hear is 'quack, quack'."

RECEPTION
WING
WELCOMES



THE
NEW
RECRUIT

FOOTNOTES TO FAME

A CERTAIN Corporal of this Wing was delegated to cook up something for the Airman's Post so promptly found himself a draft and proceeded to depart with same and in service parlance—neatly passed the buck.

According to the dictionary, "Reception" means welcome or entertainment. Well this Wing certainly lives up to Mr. Webster's definition. It is a welcome for recruits and entertainment for everyone. Some will ask where does the entertainment come in, just come up to our Orderly Room for ten minutes one day. From there you can get an excellent view of the parade square and can see for yourself what we mean by entertainment. It comes from the new recruit trying so hard to fathom the depths of the Air Forces master minds and find out what he's supposed to be doing and from the N.C.O.'s doing their best to solve that all time riddle, the mind of a recruit. Very often we hear a plaintive call from an N.C.O. "Where do they get such questions?" Every day we also see the Station Guard,

patiently going through their routine just below our office. We haven't figured out as yet whether they are changing the guard or C.A.P. 90 but we have hopes of being enlightened one day.

There are nine individuals who make up the staff of the Reception Wing, introducing them in the order of their rank:

Flight Lieut. Burton: We are all agreed that they don't come any better. Just wrath descends speedily for any misdemeanor and I do mean wrath, but here's a tip—there's a twinkle in the eye that's a dead give away. By the way, Sir, what will you do when there are no Padre's about for amusement.

Flying Officer Barrett: The gentleman who gives us "The Air Force Entertains" and that is the only thing where we don't hear "Who's recommending this?" If you will sport dark glasses, Sir, you must expect to be asked for your autograph—it's traditional.

Warrant Officer H MacLean: Ah! the Sergeant Major. Now many have tried to describe this enigma common to all three Services and just as

many have failed, but I'll guarantee we've one of the best. But don't ever ask us to get along without our Major—we'd miss the celery very much.

Corporal Dopp: The very efficient Corporal of the Orderly Room, one of these quiet but effective individuals. Only one fault to be found, he will insist that the steno. and the Major eat the Airmen's "extra messing."

Corporal Owens: One of our more versatile members and the new recruits first glimpse of No. 2 "M" Depot's personnel. His cheerful countenance greets all newcomers at the Station, but don't let that grin fool you fellows, he's a tough customer. Incidentally, Corporal, does Dress Regulations for the R.C.A.F. countenance greeting Officers in pyjamas.

Corporal Hurtubise: That cheery and interesting absentee, the little man who may be there, or there, or perhaps over there. What will you do Corporal if they ever put you in a building with no corners. But we are always sure that he is in the right place when needed.

Corporal Rolfe: Whom we see four times a day as he comes and goes to the Selection Board with his men. We

saw very excited one day, something unusual, as he rushed around getting a pass and a duty release. Whatever happened to that hockey game anyway.

L.A.C. Gallagher: The very silent but able assistant of Corporal Owens. When I say assistant speak with prudence, he does assist the Corporal in more ways than one. Tch! tch! streetlights and telephone calls.

Mary Wilson: Our stenographer, and the one responsible for extra grey hairs on the O.C.'s head. When will you learn to read a calendar correctly and transmit the knowledge gained to your Memo's, Miss Wilson.

ED. NOTE: Some people are just too modest, or something. Nevertheless Miss Mary Wilson is not escaping her curtain-call so casually. A

very vital unit in the machinery of Reception Wing this young lady may be seen any day in the week at her post of vantage in the Reception Orderly Room—sometimes gazing pensively down upon the flotsam and jetsam that ebb and flow on the Arena floor. Wonder what she thinks about.

FLIGHT NEWS AND
COMMENT

RUMBLINGS from Flight 114 . . . that (so they say) smart body of airmen in A Squadron who function under the able leadership of Corporal Pollard . . . they point out that although Corp. Pollard is the smallest descip. on the station it has absolutely no bearing on his ability which is responsible for their top ranking place in A Squadron . . . additional laurels include a checker tournament champ by the name of AC2 Jansen . . . boxing has also added glory to this Flight and rewarded them with three titles . . . AC2 Corrigal, lightweight; AC2 Reckwell, welterweight, and AC2 Huppe, middleweight . . . AC2's Luddick and Macrae are also two up and coming boxers in this famous Flight 114 . . . and in public speaking competitions AC2's Fryer and Levenstein proved themselves to be the best orators . . . 114 it seems has also got some talented entertainers . . . namely, AC2's Peterkin, Hunt, and Hignell.

Here's what Flight 113 has to say for themselves: "Back in Reception days they called us the hoodoo Flight, and what a start that was to battle against. For two whole weeks it seemed we could do nothing right. The first rift in the dark clouds came with a 100% pass for the whole Flight in first aid tests. Maybe it's not offi-

cial but the rumor has it that 113 established a record in this examination. Pride in this achievement gave birth to the first faint stirrings of 'esprit de corps' and our jinx began to evaporate and finally vanish as we climbed up the ladder of success. A good deal of the credit for this belongs to able and likeable Corporal Keohane."

Flight 111 sadly bids farewell to Training Wing. "And we can honestly say that after 21 days of training at the Exhibition Grounds we're a wiser and much better Flight. There has been many happy hours spent in the "Wing," aside from drill, P.T. and the daily routine. Our period of training ended with a loud bang when Flights 111 and 112 held a joint Flight party in the Prince Edward Hotel . . . among the guests who attended were F/O Daverne, F/S Van Brunt, Sgt. Max Wiseman, Corporal Drysdale of the P.T.I. staff, and Corporal MacDonald. The party was a huge success and one and all went home feeling that they had had an evening well spent in the company of good comrades.



FLIGHT 118

Flight 118 has come and is still standing on two feet regardless of statements to the contrary. Anyone wishing to see us may find same at Training Wing with Cpl. Reshitka, now gray haired slowly shaking his head. Through a lot of lucky breaks 117 took us in volley ball while 119 sprung a surprise, and took the table tennis tournament. However our success in checkers and other sports, managed to win the inter-flight competition. Among us is Malo, kept us in time with his trumpet. We could be heard chanting "There's A Long Long Trail Awinding" every morning on the C.P.R. bridge on the way to the First Aid lectures, which reminds us that we topped all the First Aid marks that have ever been made by any flight, not mentioning the highest marks in the exams in the first lectures in reception. In closing we want to thank Cpl. Reshitka for the interest he has taken in our implicit, uncompromising, obedience, and we hope his tasks will be well rewarded. In the meantime watch our flight in training wing, for we will not stop till we get to be the top flight here, which will be, by the time this is printed.

A MATTER OF TRANSPORTATION

A soldier, engaged to marry an American girl, was sent to Australia. After he had been in Australia a few weeks he wrote his fiancée that he had become interested in a girl in Australia and wondered if she would release him from their engagement.

The girl graciously consented but asked in her letter to him, "What does she have that I haven't?"

"Not a thing, Darling," came the gallant reply by the next air mail, "it's just closer."

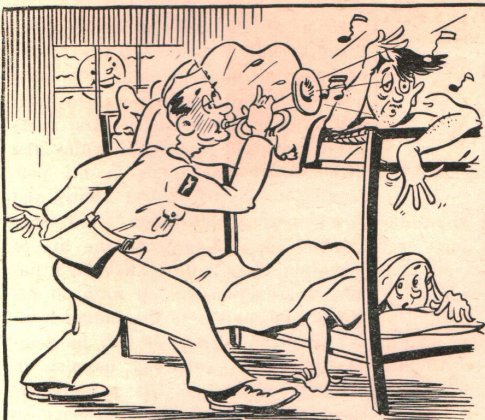
"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" sang the poet. A cynic puts it this way: "The maiden gives a 'come hither' look and the sap begins to run."

V FOR VICTORY

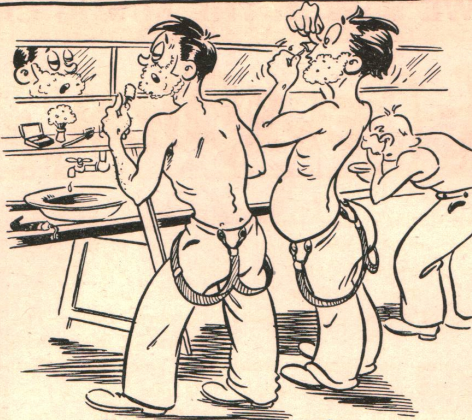
We know a heart specialist who was doing a cardiograph of a woman whose heart beats passionately, and erratically, for Britain, and the doctor nearly had apoplexy himself when the machine started registering three dots and a dash, three dots and a dash. He named her complaint "Churchill's Murmur."

And then there is the no-longer German sausage manufacturer who is producing endless chains in which one normal sausage is preceded by three small ones.

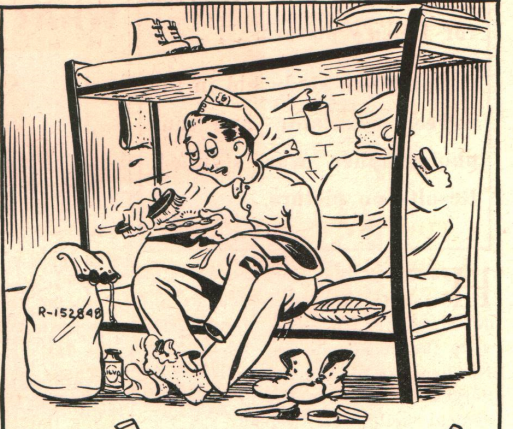
"AROUND THE CLOCK" by Hicks



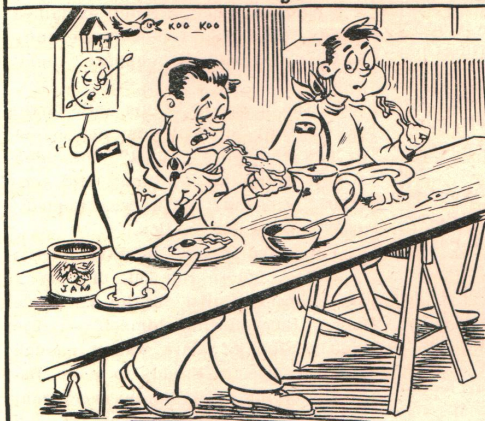
6:30 AM. SYMPHONY IN 'B' FLAT



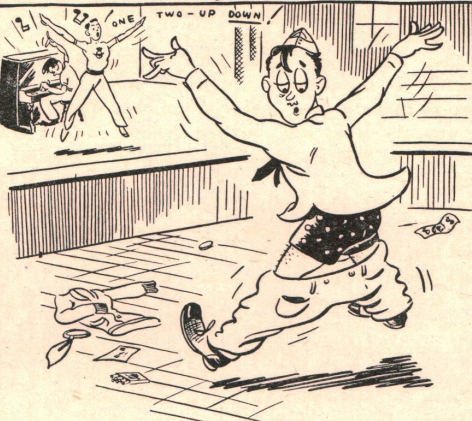
7:00 CUTTING THROUGH THE RYE



7:30 SHINE ON, SHINE ON



7:45 PLEASE GO WAY AND LET ME EAT



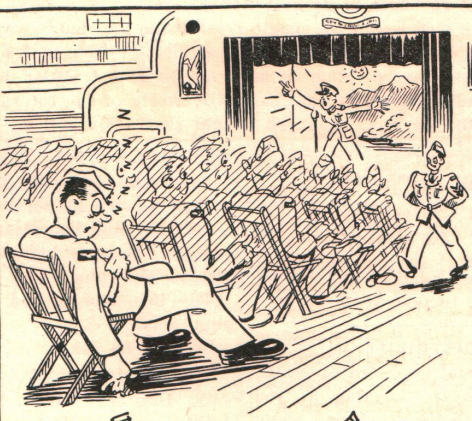
8:30 P.T. I FAW DOWN AND GO BOOM!



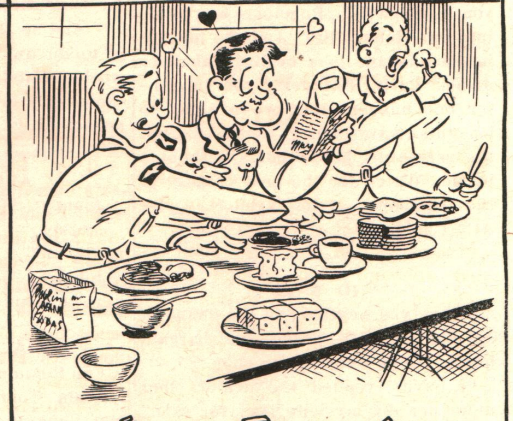
9:30 HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK



12:00 DINNER FOR ONE, PLEASE JAMES



2:30 I WAKE UP SMILING - (MAYBE)



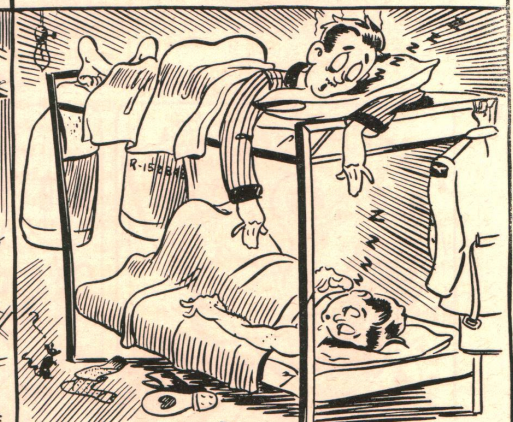
5:00 EVERYTHING STOPS FOR TEA



8:00 WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN WILLIE



10:30 AFTER THE BALL WAS OVER



10:45 LITTLE MAN YOU'VE HAD A BUSY DAY

This space was reserved for Helen's picture. . . .

But Helen shyly hid in the coffee percolator and our photographer was stymied. Result—no picture.

HELEN is that dark-haired quintessence of quiet efficiency and delectable charm who gently conveys the consommé and lobster à la Newberg from the kitchen to the Sergeants' Mess tables. The weary, cynical souls who frequent the Sergeants' Mess hold Helen in such high esteem that she threatens to supersede the ketchup and fried onions in their culinary affections. Helen's dimpling smile is a filip to the most jaded appetite. Her eyes (those mysterious, half-veiled planets that sparkle in deep, dark pools of amethyst) work such magic in the minds of simple N.C.O.'s that humble onion soup becomes like nectar, and plain roast beef becomes like, well, plain roast beef.

Recently, however, Helen has not been herself. That tender, maternal smile that fell upon all and sundry like a gentle benediction has been missing of late. The eyes that shed a halo round the puree of brisket and the fricassee of mutton are dreamy and preoccupied now with the deep, inner glow of a secret passion. Yes, you guessed it! Romance has come into our Helen's life. And the maggot in the menage is a cycling caballero named Curly. But don't you imagine for one moment that we're going to let this wavy-haired romeo disrupt the sergeants' happy home without a battle. Watch for the next chapter in the sergeants' grim vendetta with AC2 Cupid.

NO SALE

"Have you anything in the shape of an old barrel?" asked the bargain hunter as he entered the shop.

"I have," replied the dealer, "but unfortunately my wife isn't for sale."

Nice girls are made, not born. Many girls are nice girls.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE, OR WHAT WE SAW IN THE MAGIC CRYSTAL



WITH so much attention focussed on the post-war world right now we thought it might be a good idea to explore the future ourselves and do a little speculating about the activities of some of the station alumni after the last shot in the "Battle of Brandon" is fired. This is what we saw in the magic crystal . . .

Bill Doran with a wicked looking knife in his hand sneaking up on a poor little unsuspecting mink . . . Sgt. Archibald laboring over the writing of a treatise entitled, "Helpful Hints for Expectant Fathers or How to Bring a Baby Up Properly" . . . Sam Ibbotson standing on a busy street corner in Toronto offering picture post-cards for sale . . . Cpl. Hockaday waiting hopefully outside a C.B.C. casting office with a bundle of old jokes in his hand . . . Sgt. Carr (of Carr's private detective agency) busy solving a baffling murder mystery . . . Roy Wilkins doing a land-slide business in Zoot suits for the returning troops . . . Sgt. Inkster telling the natives of Vancouver how he won the checker championship at No. 2 "M" Depot . . . Sgt. Barrett tearing through Guelph in a bright red "Fire-Chief" speedster . . . Lac. Adams coming home from the Yukon with his pockets full of gold nuggets . . . Sgt. Mitchell living the life of Riley on his Manitoba farm . . . Lac. Woodman fleeing hearth and home after trumping his wife's ace . . . Sgt. Burkett preparing a strawberry sundae in his Winnipeg pharmacy . . . F/S Pearson out doing a ten mile walk before breakfast . . . Bill Lazenby navigating a plough somewhere in British Columbia . . . Sgt. MacAllister billed as the strongest little man in the world by his employers, Barnum & Bailey . . . F/S Stewart operating a gent's furnishings store . . . Cpl. Cooper signing a contract with the New York Giants . . . Terry Kieilty performing the role of Hamlet before the uncrowned heads of Europe . . . Cpl. Mandley looking very bored with civilian life and wishing himself back at No. 2 "M" (Oh, yeah!) . . . Cpl. Owens tenderly shepherding a flock of sheep . . . Cpl. Hook feverishly batting out spicy cartoons for Esquire . . . Wes Toop looking for candid camera shots in darkest Africa.

And so the pictures in the magic crystal dim and fade away. The world of tomorrow is obliterated by the very real and very urgent problems of the world of today—chief problem being a fellow called Hitler who must be thoroughly eradicated before that safe, new world of the future can become an actuality. By the way, have you bought that Victory Bond yet?

ALIBI SUPREME

Johnny: "I fell in a mud puddle."
Mother: "What, with your new pants on?"
Johnny: "Yes. I fell so fast I didn't have a chance to take them off."

MALDISTRIBUTION

Fat Regimental Cook (to excessively thin Tommy): "Looking at you, you blinking skeleton, anyone would think there had been a famine!"
Tommy: "Yes, and one look at you would tell 'em who caused it!"

She came into the police station with a picture in her hand.

"My husband has disappeared," she sobbed. "Here is his picture I want you to find him."

The inspector looked up from the photograph.

"Why?" he asked.

1st Drafee: "What did the little rabbit say as he ran out of the forest fire?"

2nd Same: "Hooray, I've been defurred."

THE FABLE OF AC2

FREDDY FRAZZLE

Even at the age of six months little Freddie Frazzle gave evidence of being an unusual child. The phenomenal generosity that was to color and influence his whole life first made itself apparent one day while the little rascal was lying in his crib reading a copy of "World Affairs and Contemporary Leaders." Deeply touched by a chapter on the life of Mahatma Ghandi, little Freddie's immediate reaction was to whip off his diaper and mail it to the Indian leader. Again at the age of four he demonstrated this generous impulse in another novel way. His parents arrived home after a brief absence to find four tramps occupying the guest room.

"I adopted them," Freddy explained simply. "The poor fellows were quite without means to support themselves."

On the occasion of his 18th birthday Freddy opened his newspaper to find the word "WAR" screaming at him from the headlines. His generous, crusading spirit was immediately stirred into action.

"Pater and mater," he said quietly, "I cannot ignore the call of duty. I am going to enlist in the air force now." But offering himself on the bloody altar of Mars wasn't enough of a sacrifice for Freddy to make. Before enlisting he withdrew every cent of money in his bank account and sent it to the Association For Providing Dollar-A-Year Men With Christmas Comforts. Then, in spite of his parents' meek protests, he sold the family furniture to buy bed-warmers for chilly Russians. His next generous impulse was to auction off the family residence and send the proceeds to a home for indigent generals. And his last magnificent gesture was to give away all his clothing to Navy Relief. When he finally arrived at the R.C.A.F. recruiting centre to enlist he was stark naked.

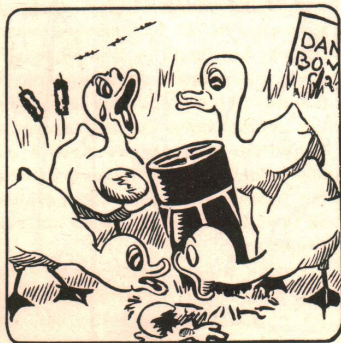
Freddie Frazzle was a sensation at No. 2 Manning Depot. Two days after his arrival he was carrying breakfast trays to his comrades in reception wing. He insisted on shining brass and polishing boots for the entire flight. On his first inspection parade Freddie appeared minus his

(Continued on page 16)

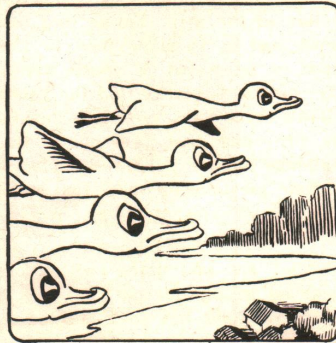
A FOWL ATTACK



SURPRISE



INDIGNATION

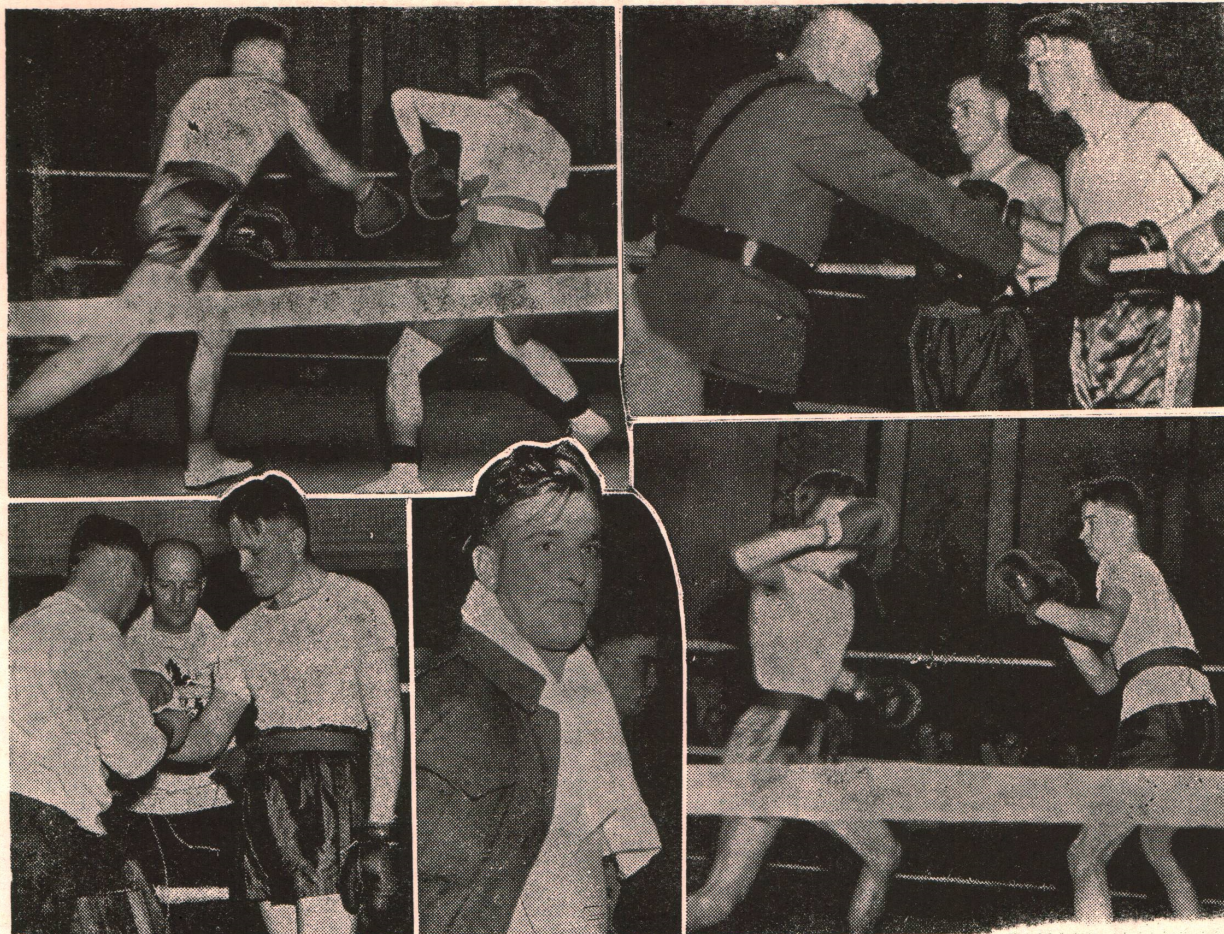


DETERMINATION



RETALIATION

STATION SPORTS



—Picture Courtesy Free Press

Action shots of the boxing show staged at the 103rd Basic Training Centre, Fort Garry, with men from No. 2 "M" opposing the army boxers. Top left, Corporal Latimer of No. 2 and Pte. R. T. Ginn. Top right, Major S. E. Masson, outside the ropes, gives instructions to second lieutenant Don McFadden and AC2 H. Heroux. Lower left, Trooper Alf. Nyberg and AC2 Bertello. Lower centre, Private Nick Torosky who defeated AC2 Nat Shore. Lower right, AC2 Gelinallis poised for a stab at Pte. Meeke.

SPORTS PERSONALITIES
AT No. 2

While talking to a group of young recruits, I found that the majority of the boys nowadays seem to be keenly interested in sports of various kinds and were all enthused with the variety of interests which the Air Force offered them! In each case, the lads wanted to get right into the activities of the Station as soon as possible—and even one who was not experienced in any sports felt that it was a really swell chance to get in there and enjoy the fun with the rest of the gang, because, "He'd never had a chance to do those things when he was a kid!"

Harold Johnstone, a prospective pilot from Little Britain, Man., regards skiing as his favourite sport but thinks that swimming and basketball are a lot of fun too, while Stan Konarski of Winnipeg wishes that the "powers-that-be" would let him roller skate through his basic training—personally I think he's got something there! This chap hopes to get going in the bowling leagues along with G. A. Smith, (called "Smitty", of course, by the gang) and Jerry McFerran. Shorty Goodman is a quiet

chap from Timmins, Ont., but he is looking forward to the softball, baseball and soccer. Both Jimmy Mitchell and Bry Murray want to get out on the floor in the evenings to do a bit of tumbling while Len Wilson wishes he had been able to make the hockey season. Bill Simpson from Winnipeg, is really an all-around sports enthusiast, being actively interested in track, boxing, (here we suggest that Bill should get in the ring one of these days and win himself a forty-eight!) Baseball and pretty well everything! Frank Moorhouse and Howie Gregg from the same city, want to start baseball and have enjoyment in their old familiar game.

All in all, this is a pretty fair cross-section of the men coming into this Depot and it is marvellous to find them so interested in sports generally—makes us realize that the young fellows these days are right "up on the bit"—and that presents a fine challenge to our P.T.I.'s—because it is their job to keep them that way!

A. H. Calder, P.T.I.

"What are you doing with your socks on wrong side out?"

"My feet got hot so I decided to turn the hose on them."

WITH THE ATHLETES AT
THE DEPOT

Now that the icy chills have given way to a more balmy atmosphere, the boys at No. 2 are once again turning their thoughts to baseball tennis, soccer, etc., and to what looks from here to be one of the most successful seasons coming up that the old depot has known as far as a summer sports programme is concerned.

A six team baseball league is at present under organization and from this F/O Daverne intends to draw a contender for to represent the depot in the B.D.S.A.A. league, which includes Shilo, A4, No. 12 and others and should have its opening game around the middle of May. With quite a number of old ball players running around, we should be well represented when the umpire calls out that old familiar refrain of "Play Ball". Both the sports stores at the Arena and Exhibition grounds now have a complete line of baseball equipment and the fellows are taking full advantage of this to loosen up those old "soup bones".

Among other things we now have due to the hard working Sgt. Martin, horse-shoe pitches, a volley ball court, a high bar erected, and he and his

staff are now busily engaged in fixing up the track for those track and field artists.

Yes sir, this definitely points towards an outstanding sports year for good old No. 2. With all this new equipment purchased solely for the purpose of recreation and entertainment for the airmen, we would like to see every man making full use of everything on hand and striving at all times to keep those youthful bodies in perfect condition so that when the time arrives for the biggest game each one will be prepared to take his place on the team and play the game.

F./Sgt. J. Van Brunt.

STOP PRESS!

In a thrilling final game of the bowling series Sergeant-Major Allan's invincible Harvards soundly trounced Sergeant Kent's superannuated Defiants to win the station bowling championship. A cup donated by R. Smith & Company will be presented to the winners.

The successful team included: W.O.2 Allan, Mrs. Allan, Peggy Gooden, Sgt. Brotherton, Cpl. Hook and Bill Doran.

SERGEANTS' MESS HOLDS SMOKER

The combined forces of the senior N.C.O.'s from No. 1. S.F.T.S. and No. 2 held a successful smoker at the Manning Depot on Saturday, April 17. Wing Commander Hodgetts paid a visit to the Sergeants' Mess during the course of the evening to watch some of the strange tribal ceremonies performed by denizens of the Mess and the visiting firemen from No. 12.

A feature of the evening's entertainment was an exciting moving picture entitled "The Adventures of Bunty Bear". The senior N.C.O.'s (who are really just simple children at heart) were highly intrigued at the antics of Bunty Bear and Rufus the Rabbit.

Following the showing of the movie W.O.2 MacLean gathered the N.C.O.'s around his chair and entertained them with bed-time stories. A hectic session at checkers climaxed a delightful evening.



SUMMER ON WAY

Esther William, movie actress and former national swimming champion, models this 1943 bathing suit. Designed to give plenty of action a combination of plain and print materials are its new notes.

THE PASSING SHOW

The Sunday concerts of recent weeks have ranged all over the entertainment front in presenting bang-up variety shows with a high-voltage content of novelty and color much relished by the airmen of No. 2 Manning Depot.

Paulson's Pot-Pourri (much heralded by trumpeting and fanfare) appeared at the Manning Depot on Thursday, April 1st and was aptly sub-titled "Korn and Klassic."

The Ukrainian Concert party from Winnipeg featured a fine aggregate of young musicians. The string quartet and the boy violinist were particularly outstanding. This concert of fine music was a welcome change from the usual diet of corn cereal and raw eggs.

Sgt. Bristowe did a competent job with his recent variety production which played to a capacity house and featured some really outstanding novelty offerings. Cpl. Hockaday was the Sgt.'s able assistant.

Another innovation introduced to the station by LAC Portigal of Winnipeg (who was posted before he could enjoy the fruits of his labors) was a station production patterned after Radio's Truth and Consequences. Watching Sgt. Brotherton wheeling his young lady friend around the Arena in a wagon was one of the highlights in this game of "Answer the questions correctly or suffer the consequences." A goodly number of the evening's victims acquired some brand new nighties for their part in the ordeal.

Showboat from Winnipeg, under the direction of Miss Hindson, gave the station audience a particularly happy evening. Opening with a black-face cast, this all girl show, captured the audience right from the first number. Some of the dances were very original, especially the skeleton number and the two-faced woman (imagine a two-faced woman!). During intermission the girls changed from grotesque darkies in stocking make-ups (an original idea allowing for a quick change of character) to a bevy of very charming young ladies who continued to captivate the audience with their rollicking numbers. They returned to blackface for the finale and left the audience in a rare good humor and hoping for a return engagement of this delightful company very soon.

As we go to press a show produced by Miss Yeomans is scheduled for an early appearance in the Arena. We know something of the work and effort that has been expended to make this show something worthwhile, and we are confident that it will be a successful venture.



A full house in his hand, but he'd much rather have held that queen.

"DESERT VICTORY" HIT IN MOSCOW

Moscow.—A packed house saw the premiere of the British documentary film Desert Victory, the first Allied film of its kind to be shown here during the war.

The showing was at the Central cinema on Pushkin square. Late arrivals desisted the ticket office for seats. The audience appeared impressed by the completeness of the picture and shots of the British Eighth army in action.

A personal gift from Prime Minister Winston Churchill to Josef Stalin, the picture will be shown throughout the country and its premiere indicated it will be a hit rivalling Lady Hamilton.

CATECHISM

Psychologist: "How many ears has a cat?"

Lad (instantly): "Two."

Psychologist: "And how many eyes has a cat?"

Lad: "Two."

Psychologist: "And how many legs has a cat?"

Lad: "Say, Doc, didn't you ever see a cat?"

STYMIED

A commercial traveller was on the crowded platform for a railway station during a raid. A bomb was heard whistling near. All the passengers "got down to it" like lightning, or rather all except one.

When the traveller picked himself up and dusted himself down, he noticed a young woman standing holding a bun in one hand and a cup of railway tea in the other.

He reproved her.

"You didn't do what you're advised to do."

"Well," she answered, indignantly, "how could I?"



STATIC FROM THE STATION HOSPITAL

PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

Well known on this station and well liked on the staff of the station hospital, we present our Wardmaster, F/Sgt. J. J. Law. Jovial, bespectacled, maybe slightly obese, his cheerful bearing, ready wit and good nature is the secret of his popularity. These qualities stand him in good stead in bearing lightly the many and varied responsibilities his job entails. He has done a good job in his sphere since taking over from Sgt., now F./Sgt. Hotson, a year ago.

He came to this country from Wolverhampton, England in 1928 and soon turned to hospital work for his livelihood and has remained faithful to his chosen vocation ever since. He has had a wealth of experience in medical services in the past 15 years which has served to fit him for his present duties. The seven years prior to enlistment he spent at the University Hospital at Edmonton. From there he enlisted with the R.C.A.M.C., C.A.S.F., R.C.A.F. early in the war, transferring to the medical service of the R.C.A.F. Nov. 16th, 1940.

Arriving here from Mossbank as a corporal Jan. 6th, 1942, his promotions have been well earned and well deserved. He is a good organizer and an excellent First Aid Instructor. Little birds can be heard whispering possibilities of an early move for him. If these materialize, he will be sadly missed by the staff here.

SCRAPINGS FROM THE SCALPEL

A man went to a mental specialist. "What seems to be the trouble?" asked the doctor.

The patient responded vigorously by brushing imaginary things off his arm, explaining:

"See? I have dragons on my sleeve."

The specialist, backing away, screamed: "Well, you don't have to brush them off on me."

"That's Doctor Smith over there with that pretty girl. He took her tonsils out, he took her appendix out, and now he's taking HER out."

Inquisitive lady: "Sir, what kind of an officer are you?"

Doctor: "I'm a Naval surgeon."

Inquisitive lady: "My goodness. How you doctors specialize."

Small boy looking into dentists showcase: "Mummy, if I had to have false teeth I'd take that pair."

Mummy: "Hush, James, haven't I told you it's rude to pick your teeth in public."

LANGUID LIMERICKS

Our matron Miss Lack is little but nice

Thought of by all as a pearl of great price

She can cow with a glance

Anything wearing pants

And as far as we know isn't frightened by mice.

Old man of the mountain, our Sgt. Coutu

Full of variety—the things he can do

Include mince pies

And typing in French—to name just a few.



SHEER WASTE

Dorothy: "And if I go over in that nice dark corner, will you promise not to hug me?"

Joe: "Yes."

Dorothy: "And not to kiss me?"

Joe: "Yes."

Dorothy: "Then what do you want me to go over there for?"



F/L Newstone inserts that nasty needle. Did it tickle, fellow?



A cozy corner of the station hospital. The convalescents are receiving something nice from visiting members of the I.O.D.E., Mrs. C. Moore, left, and Mrs. W. J. Wade. The matron, Miss Lack, can be seen in the background.

MANDALAY (1942)

Now there's no Moulmein Pagoda where I lazed beside the sea,
And the Burma girl's a stinkin' corp' who used to wait for me,
For the planes fly o'er the palm trees, and the smokin' ruins say,
"Come you back, you British soldier, come you back to Mandalay
Shoot your way to Mandalay Where the Japs are tops today.
Can't you see them strut and swagger from Rangoon to Mandalay?"
On the road to Mandalay Where the swoopin' Zeros play
An' the Japs brought up their thunder out o' China 'cros't the bay.

'Er petticoat tore off 'er, and 'er little face gone green.
With 'er poor breasts burned to cinders—an' the bay'net jabs between.
For I seed 'er last a smokin' like a whackin' big cheroot,
Just a 'uddlin' 'orror by the way for scornful Japs to boot.
Bloomin' Japs what thirst for blood, Damning Christ and 'er Gawd Budd—
But we'll make them damn their idols once we've armed an' turned an' stood.

Oh, the smoke was on the rice fields an' the sun was dippin' low
When we double-timed from Burma, 'cause we really 'ad to go,
For the Japs had come a snoopin' with their bloody gall and cheek
And they'd spied the little steamers and the whackin' pile o' teak
And the el'phants pillin' teak, Wealth of Inja 'long the creek,
An' their bombs come thick and 'eavy 'til my 'ead 'ummed for a week.

But the fire an' 'ell's be'ind me; I'm in Inja safe away,
But I'm waitin' tanks to take me o'er the 'ills to Mandalay,
And I'm learnin' 'ere in Inja 'ow they burned them temple bells
And my ears is ringin'—ringin' so's I can't 'eed nothin' else—
No, I won't 'eed nothin' else—

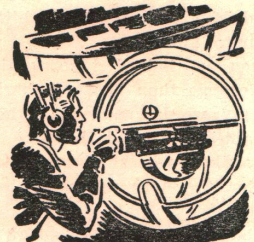
But them bombs and burnin' smells Where the bursts tore down the palm trees an' silenced temple bells.

I am sick o' settin' waitin' for the planes and tanks to come,
And my ears is really 'ungry for them Yankee motors' 'um.
Though I reads of fifty conquests, an' the way we bombs the Reich,
There is just one battle for me, and I'm waitin' 'ere to strike.
Little grubby yellow thief With the grinnin' old buck teeth,
For 'e thought we couldn't take it, but we'll change 'is fool belief.

Hold me out here East of Suez where a man can do his worst
On the little yaller monkey men—it's for their blood I thirst;
For those melted-bells are callin', an' the corpses by the way,
And the ruined old Pagoda—so we're off to Mandalay.
On the road to Mandalay Where the Yankee planes will play,
They'll be Japs wot 'unts for cover when we roar o'er Mandalay.
On the road to Mandalay.
God, 'urry on the day
When the Yanks will 'elp us drown their sun—far out in China Bay!

—Bert Shurtleff in Adventure.

First Farmer—"I suppose your daughter takes settin' up exercises a lot since she came home from takin' that physical culture course?"
Second Farmer—"I should say so. She sets up all evening and with a different boy friend every night."





The Parable of the Prodigal Airman

(Continued from page 2)

the street, and she smiled upon him, his heart was smitten, and he said unto her, "Whither thou goest, there shall I go also."

Then she did lead him unto a place that provided coffee with but little sugar, and they did drink long and deeply thereof far into the night, and he did not return unto the place of attention, but went with the maiden unto her abode and swung with her upon the fence gate beneath the weeping moon.

Then did the Sergeant-Major, because he was afraid for the safety of the young man, send that which is called S.P. to seek him out and bring the swinger upon the fence gate back to the fold, and after a long time, S.P. found the young man and put him in the chariot that is called "panel" and returned unto the place of attention.

Now when the Sergeant-Major saw the transgressor that he was in sore condition and that his wits were as the wheat that sways before the wind, he was wrath with him, and said unto him: "Thou art indeed a poor specimen of airman, and thou look more like a beggar upon the street."

And the young man, still being full of caffeine, heeded him not but said unto him, "Thou art not much to look upon either,

Then was the Sergeant-Major exceedingly wroth with him, and took him unto him that is called C.O. and C.O. looked upon him with eyes that caused him to wilt before him and said unto him.

"Thou art indeed a sorry airman, and because thou hast not hearkened unto my words, spoken to thee by Sergeant-Major, and because thou hast spoken words of scorn to thy superior, therefore shalt thou be cast into the place that is called 'clink', and thou shalt each day do all man-

ner of menial tasks, until fourteen days have passed, that thou shalt know my words must be obeyed."

Then, when he had been led away, the young man said unto himself, "Verily it is true, he who tryeth to buck his head against the might of the Air Force is likened unto he that slammeth his fist against a stone wall; he bruiseeth only himself." And thus saying, he thought of the maiden and said unto himself, "thy smile was as the snare of the fowler, and thy kiss as the trap of the hunter, I shall see thee no more for two weeks."

PRECISION WORKER

A bricklayer was building a wall when a man in overalls came along and passed some remark about bricklaying in general. The bricklayer, somewhat annoyed, asked sarcastically, "And what do you do for a living?"

"I'm a precision fitter," the other replied, "and in our trade we have to work to a thousandth of an inch."

"Really" said the bricklayer. "And 'ow many thousands are there in an inch?"

The fitter scratched his head, and then replied, "Blimey, millions of 'em."

HONESTY

The court was silent except for the clear-cut tones of defending counsel. Everyone hung on his words, and many thought that he would easily win his case.

"And now, gentlemen of the jury," he began to wind up, "I ask you—where could the prisoner have hidden the watch? Not in his pocket. The constable has already told you that the man was searched. Not in his shoes—the watch was too large. Then where was it hidden?"

He paused dramatically for effect, and during the pause the prisoner ventured:

"Please, sir, I put it under my 'at."

The Price of Victory Is in Your Pocket

(Continued from page 3)

machine. Such men would land in German concentration camps. Of all the hungry machines in this world, the war machine is the hungriest. It feeds on silver dollars, silver dollars . . . dollars \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$. . . billions upon billions of them. \$\$\$ pour in at one end and out of the other comes airmen and aeroplanes, soldiers and tanks, sailors and ships, munition workers and block busters, all marching to Berlin and Victory.

Where do the silver dollars come from? When Junior needs shoes, a suit, a doctor, where do the silver dollars come from. Dad cuts down his amusements, tightens his belt another notch, and finds silver dollars. Why? Because he knows it is his duty, his responsibility. Why? Because he loves this son of his.

Canada again calls for new suits and shoes for airmen, soldiers and sailors, for new and better guns, tanks, ships and planes. Canada must have them, and will get them. Why? Because fellows like you and me have a responsibility, a duty. Why? Because fellows like you and me, love Canada, ove Freedom, want a square deal for Nations now being ground into the dirt. Why? Because total war requires a total pocket book.

Canada must have, and Canada will get the silver dollars of the men of No. 2 Manning Depot, to turn them into Victory Bonds for us, and into men and machines writing these words on the pages of History—DEFEAT FOR HITLER."

AIRMEN'S "MESS"

(From "The Airman.")

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

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

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

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

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

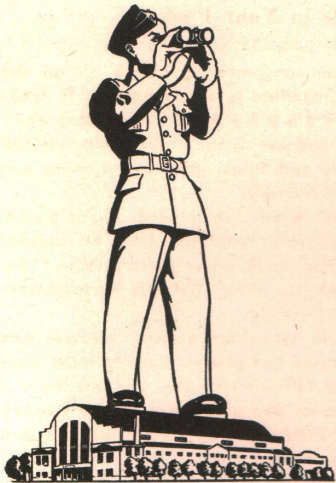
The time spent in this line approaches in length a period comparable to the time spent in a pay parade, but the reward is quite different. By the time you reach the pen, tomato juice or gravy have found their way over the edge of your plate and down the front of your uniform.

The person behind sees to it that there are a number of similar hit-and-run streaks down your back. What remains of juices on your plate you collect on your shirt front in the showery splash created as you bounce your plate on the rubber cushion. And if there is no splash, the mess warden must conclude the material on your plate is of a type that even the dishwashing machine will not remove. Consequently you find yourself flaying your plate with a spoon until porcelain chips endanger the lives of those around you.



AIRWOMEN WIN TROPHY

Sergt. A. C. Harbour, Brantford, Ont., holds the commanding officers trophy won for the first time by a squad of airwomen, in drill competition with six hand-picked squads of airmen. Sergt. Harbour commanded a squadron which bested the airmen at the R.C.A.F. technical training school, St. Thomas, Ont.



IT'S THE AIR-CREW TEAM WORK THAT COUNTS, FLIER DECLARES
(Winnipeg Free Press)

"You can't make a baseball team with nine pitchers, nor will six goal-tenders make a hockey team. It's just the same with a bomber crew; you've got to have a trained man in every position." The speaker was Pilot Officer Cecil A. Robson, 24-year-old wireless air gunner, native of Truro, N.S.

Robson is proud of his trade in the Royal Canadian air force, and received the D.F.M. after 15 months' service overseas, including 33 operational flights over enemy territory. At present, he is posted to instructional duty in Canada at an air observer school at Portage la Prairie, Man.

"I had just as much fun overseas, doing operations as a 'wag' as if I had been a pilot, or in any other air-crew trade," Robson stated in a recent interview. "I made my first flight over enemy territory in July, 1941. I admit that I didn't know very much about it and felt a bit shaky. But after a few raids, one gets confidence in oneself and in the other members of the crew, and the job becomes very much like an everyday one, though it is, admittedly, a dangerous pastime. But no one job is any more risky than the others. It's the crew that counts and the crew that takes the risks, all equally."

100 Flying Hours

Another wireless air gunner in the same training unit is Pilot Officer D. H. Crawford, of Fort William and Port Arthur, nOtl., with 100 hours of flying to his credit. He is 23 years of age, and, on graduation from his course, was posted to ferry command, but this was changed at the last moment to place him on instructional duties. He is now a signals instructor. He was a trainman with the Canadian National railways before enlisting.

The pair have been working together for many months and are looking forward to being posted overseas—and air action.

The Post Surveys The World From Brandon



Under the big guns of a British fighting ship, King George, on a visit to the British home fleet, strolls along the deck with Admiral Sir John Tovey.

CANADIANS HELP SINK JAP SUBS

Toronto.—Pilot Officer Robert Ince of the Royal Canadian Air Force said today a Japanese sub was sunk off the Alaskan coast recently in an operation in which the R.C.A.F. and Canadian and American naval vessels all participated.

Ince, a Torontonian, home on leave from a patrol squadron operating off the coast of Alaska, said the submarine was sighted and damaged by a Canadian plane, and later finished off by planes and ships.

A PHOTOGRAPHER TOO, OH SHAME!

Cairo.—Sgt. Worden F. Lovell, of Malden, Mass., a United States army photographer, is the most embarrassed man in Tunisia.

Scurrying along in a jeep to catch up with an advanced unit of the 8th Army in the Gabes area, he asked a group of soldiers in battle dress for direction. Instead of answering, a soldier asked him why he wanted to know.

"I was in a rush and in no mood to carry on a conversation," Lovell related. "I told him so very plainly."

They swapped a few personal remarks and the soldier walked away.

"That fellow must be a sergeant, the way he talked to me," Lovell remarked to a British photographer nearby.

"Oh, no," said the Briton, "that's Montgomery."

KING DECORATES R.C.A.F. MEN

London.—The largest number of R.C.A.F. members to be decorated by the king at one time attended a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace and received the personal congratulations of His Majesty. The exigencies of the war prevented the attendance of 16 others whose names appeared on the official list.

The only Canadian ground crewman present and probably the most shy of all was LAC. R. Carter of Kelfield, Sask. He received the British Empire medal for saving the lives of the crew when his aircraft crashed in flames. Carter enlarged a hole in the plane and, disregarding his torn and bleeding hands, dragged the crewmen to safety.

Among those in the list for D.F.M. awards was Leroy Stevens, of Rapid City, Man.

Rear Rank Rudy: "Waiter, I'll have some of this here Spumani Fermacelli you got listed under the desserts."

Greasyapron: "Sorry, soldier, but he's-a the boss."

Jim: "My girl only uses one garter."

Toto: "How does she keep the other stocking up?"

Jim: "She has a wooden leg and uses thumb tacks."



CHURCHILL AND ROOSEVELT
(By Archibald Macleish)

The most powerful blows delivered by Britain and the United States in the battle for men's minds have been delivered by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt.

One need only recall the words and actions by which the loss of British prestige at Dunkirk was turned into the greatest victory British repute has ever won to estimate the role played by the Prime Minister in the struggle to convince the world, and above all to convince the German people, that Britain cannot be defeated in this war.

And as for our own country, the massive blows we have struck for the defeat of the hopes of our enemies and the assurance of our own have been struck, one after the other, in words and acts as well, by Mr. Roosevelt. The Arsenal of Democracy, the Four Freedoms, Lend-Lease, the declaration of unlimited emergency, the order to shoot on sight, the production programme of 1942—these, one after the other, were victories in the war for men's opinions, and they were victories gained, one after the other, by the President.

The President and the Prime Minister are both, it is true, masters of the spoken word. But it is not for this reason that their declarations have taken strategic point after strategic point in the struggle for belief. Their declarations have been powerful because both combine the mastery of words with the mastery of action and because they speak, both of them, as the elected and supported leaders of their people.

Waiter—How did you find your steak, sir?

Diner—It was just luck. I happened to move that piece of potato and there it was.



Prairie Flier's Deadly Aim is Scoring in Africa's Skies

Cairo.—So far as concerns a veritable genius for aerial gunnery, the western desert bids fair to produce another Beurling in the person of Flight Lieut. James Francis Edwards, of Battleford, Sask., who combines an excellent operational record with the same degree of disarming modesty and reticence which marks the Malta ace. He was awarded the D.F.M. on January 25 and the D.F.C. on February 3, this year.

The slight, tawny-haired R.C.A.F. officer, only 21 years of age, has to his credit a total of eight enemy aircraft shot down, five probably destroyed and others damaged, since he went "on ops" in the Middle East last month. Significant is the fact that last autumn, when he was rapidly attracting official attention, he rose through the intervening ranks from flight sergeant to flight lieutenant within the space of a few weeks. He has put in 190 operational hours.

Flying in the most hazardous type of operations on the desert, dive-bombing, strafing and offensive patrols far behind the enemy lines, the unassuming prairie lad has acquired a reputation for accurate gunnery that has spread beyond his own squadron, and is discussed with admiration in canvas crew-rooms and messes far across the sandy wastes.

Makes No Mistake

Starting off his desert career with a bang, young Edwards shot down a ME 109—Goering's top fighter in the Middle East at that time—on his very first operational trip. It was the first 109 he'd seen but he made no mistakes. He got it with his first burst and it blew-up in the air.

His subsequent scraps have been mostly just about as brief and decisive—no wild shooting, no needless milling about; just one or two short, deadly bursts. "He's a master of deflection-shooting," a Canadian member of a rival squadron said the other day.

Edwards left St. Thomas' (R.C.) college in the west to enter the R.C.A.F. in October of 1940. When he reached the Middle East it didn't take him long to "get cracking." He hit his peak in the autumn, getting three destroyed and one probable during a single week in November, just when Montgomery's big push was gathering momentum.



An artist's vivid impression of British bombers swooping on the important Italian industrial centre of Milan.

A few weeks earlier he had got a destroyed and a probable when his formation was attacked by eight ME 109's.

His accuracy is not confined to gunnery as is proved by the fact that on November 1 he dive-bombed an enemy airdrome and dropped one egg squarely between two JU 88's—one of the luftwaffe's most powerful aircraft—destroying them both.

Celebrates New Year

He celebrated the advent of the New Year with a scrap near Bir Dufan when a formation of fighters caught a strong force of 109's taking off from their field, and Edwards got one of them. Five more of them, however, swarmed after him angrily, and although he shook off all but one, that persistent pursuer kept up the chase for a full half-hour, taking full advantage of the fact that Edwards' guns were useless by this time. The Hun did succeed in damaging the Saskatchewan lad's aircraft but he made base safely.

At about the same date, he played a leading role in a dogfight near Buerat, when seven fighters intercepted ten 109's which were dive-bombing our troops. The squadron shot down five and damaged another without loss. Edwards got one of the five destroyed.

The Canadian has been leading his flight in daily operations throughout

the advance on and past Tripoli, and took part in a successful raid on the town and harbor at Zuara, where bombs did much damage.

Reticent though he is about his own record and achievements, the young Battleford flight commander minces no words when he discusses the R.C.A.F.'s part in the desert warfare.

"The R.A.F. saved Alexandria last year," he asserts emphatically. "For a whole week they held up the panzers until the immediate danger was over. It's a flier's highest privilege to serve with them."

PILOT TAKES HOLIDAY JUST LIKE BUSMAN

With the British 8th Army in Tunisia.—Emulating the mail man who took a walk on his day off, Flt.-Sgt. John L. Swift, of the R.C.A.F., who has been flying night bomber missions against Axis territory, got leave and went into battle with the British infantry because "I wanted to see what battle was like."

He found just what he was seeking when a battalion of the famous Scottish Black Watch attacked and won Italian strongholds at the Wadi El Akarit line north of Gabes, and then staved off sharp German counter-attacks.

Swift went with them armed with a rifle and bayonet, and participated

in the successful onslaught. He lay seven hours in a slit trench swept by artillery, machine-gun and rifle fire.

Finally he seized an abandoned Italian sub machine-gun and shot up an Italian patrol with it on his way back at dusk.

Swift, from Missoula, Mont., joined the R.C.A.F. at Montreal before the United States entry into the war and has flown a Wellington bomber in the R.A.F. Middle East command for eight months.

"I never saw a cooler man in battle," was the tribute paid the flier by brawny Sgt.-Major John Moyes, of Edinburgh, with whom Swift went through the battle.

Swift, however, apparently was not yet fully satisfied. He bade his battle companions farewell and hitch-hiked a ride northward, hoping to go through a fight with the tank forces before his leave expires and he returns to flying a bomber.

The Fable of AC2 Freddy Frazzle

(Continued from page 10)

trousers. His explanation was characteristic, "I gave them to the salvage people." Freddy was shipped off to I.T.S. in a hurry.

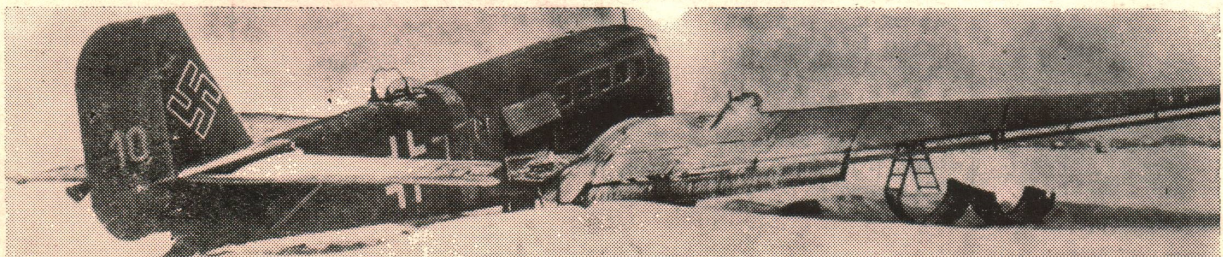
In the mess halls of Bomber Command they still talk about Freddy and his short-lived career as a bomber pilot. He became known as the "Santa Claus of the occupied countries." Bombs were something Pilot Frazzle never bothered to take along on his excursions over the continent. He was always too busy dropping something else: chewing gum, vitamin B tablets, dime novels, or dog biscuits. And on most of these trips he would arrive back at his base with scarcely a stitch of clothing on. His explanation was always the same, "I saw some poor beggar down there half naked so I dropped him my flying suit."

The day they shot Freddy in the Tower of London the officer in charge of the firing party said:

"This boy is a great humanitarian. He is the most generous person I have ever known. But unfortunately if we continue to let him live he may decide to give away the Prime Minister or auction off the British Empire. And of course we can't permit that sort of thing."

And so, gentle reader, we bring the fable of Freddy Frazzle to its tragic climax.

ONE ROMMEL PLANE EVERY 50 SECONDS IN BIG AIR BATTLE



Loaded with gasoline and oil for Rommel's hard-pressed panzer corps in Tunisia, 18 Junkers transports like this were shot down 25 miles north of Tunis when Lockheed P-38 Lightning fighters swooped down on them. Thirteen escort fighters crashed into the Mediterranean as the United Nations' fighter planes blasted them with cannon-fire.



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Careless Talk Helps the Enemy

