

THE AIRMAN'S POST

Vol. 2, No. 7.

No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Manitoba, February 18, 1944.

5c Copy

BRANDON SERVICE CENTRE OPENS TONITE

Invitation Extended to Airmen

Today, Friday, February 18, marks the opening date for the new Brandon service center. Operated by the Canadian Legion War Services, Inc., the United Services Recreation Center will be assisted by a citizens volunteer committee.

Located in the premises formerly occupied by "G" Squadron of the Manning Depot on 10th Street, the building has been completely remodeled into a modern Recreation Center complete with sleeping accommodation for nearly two hundred male personnel.

The Center will be open seven days a week with a full round of activities from 9.30 a.m. until 11.30 at night. The Hostess Committee, comprising over four hundred Brandon girls, will provide partners for the dancing each night, or personnel may bring their own lady friends.

A special invitation has been extended to No. 2 "M" Depot to enjoy the entertainment along with servicemen from the Army and Navy.

The entire basement is given over to a games room for billiards and table tennis, where shower facilities also are provided.

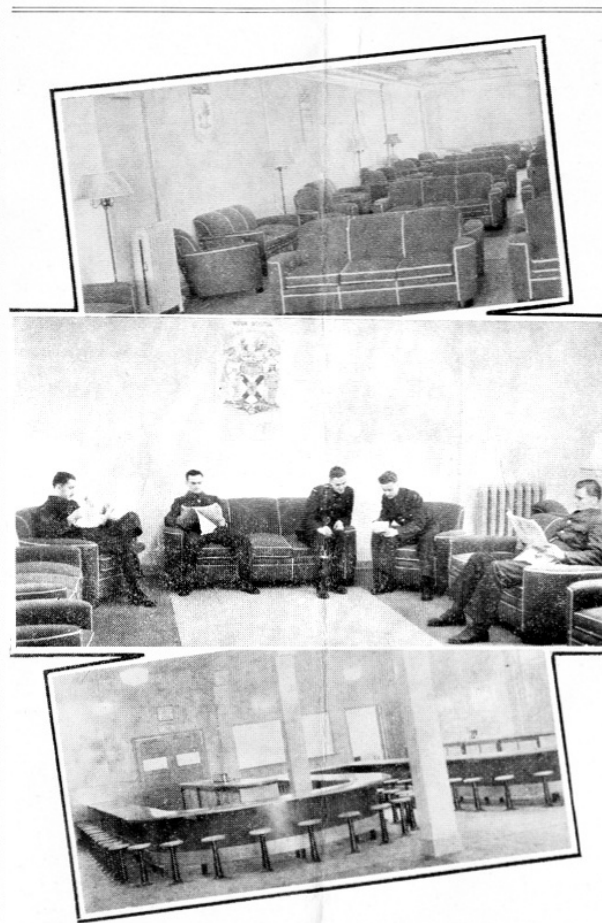
The main floor contains snack bar, powder room, check rooms, telephone pay station, cigarette booth, information centre, and a good size dance floor. Music for dancing will be provided featuring music one or two nights a week of a popular dance orchestra and on other nights through the wurlitzer. At various times concerts and moving pictures will be shown from the stage.

The second floor is given over entirely to Lounge facilities for the airman's three "R's", Reading, 'Riting and Relaxation. The forty chesterfield suites and easy chairs, designed in green and wine with white trim are arranged in separate lounges representing each province, with the wall panel bearing the provincial coat-of-arms. A comfortable home-effect is maintained throughout in the arrangement of individual chairs, reading and writing tables, floor lamps, piano and radio.

From a sneak-preview of the center we can recommend it very highly as a splendid meeting place for the entertainment of all service personnel. Best wishes and our appreciation to the Canadian Legion in their operation of our long-needed Service Recreation Center.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT BINGO

Under the sponsorship of the Y.M.C.A. War Services Bingo games are now a weekly entertainment feature on the station each Wednesday night. Since the games are held in the canteen outside noise is a distraction so we hope the fellows will show their appreciation by putting on the muffler. Co-operation will add to the enjoyment of those interested in playing and those not playing may be inspired to join the group. No charge for the games and the prizes are really worthwhile.



Interior views of new Service Centre showing lounge, reading room and bar.

FLIGHT 30 MAY BE LAST TRAINEES

This flight will probably go down in history as the most diversified and the last flight to go through No. 2 "M" Depot. Flight 30 is composed of around 20 odd men and I do mean odd. They are sometimes referred to as the Foreign Legion. They vary in age and personality and hail from the coasts of New Brunswick to the far borders of The North West Territories. The ages run from 25 to 60. The smartest airman namely, AC2 Gray, is the oldest (55) and he puts the youngest to shame the way he struts around, with his ribbons of the last war proudly on his chest. We must not forget the smallest airman, the rigid midget, AC2 Forster who has every officer's autograph on the station. What good it will do him no one knows.

The political leanings vary with age. Members of all parties: (1) Bloc Populaire AC2 Dextras; (2) C.C.F., AC2 Averbach Jr. (one pip wonder); (3) Liberals, AC2 Stricker; (4) Conservative, AC2 Foyle.

The most popular member in our flight is our beloved little Corp., whose razor tongue and extreme politeness simply entrances you. Corp. Schwerin has a way to tell you to shut up that the diplomatic corps should note. It is simply the essence of politeness and gentility.

All the boys in Flight 30 might look awkward due to their differences in age but they are all in there trying and will do their best and whatever is asked of them to the best of their ability.

It will be happy days for No. 2 "M" Depot when flight 30 will be posted.

Aussie Invasion

Good old St. Valentine wasn't at all lax in his remembrance of No. 2 "M" Depot. At 5.00 a.m. we were suddenly awakened by the most terrific thunderstorm ever to hit these parts, and right in mid-winter at that. Bleary-eyed we looked about us in wonderment as to the some seventy-three blue-uniformed species of dramatic personae invading our boudoir, complete with bedding and kit bags.

In a short interview with LAC. Radley, R.N., we learned the fellows enjoyed the prospects offered by their new home in Canada despite the fact that uppermost in their minds was a longing to be back in "Gude auld Australia."

On posting to No. 3 Wireless School in Winnipeg, the boys disembarked at San Pedro, California, after a safe trip across the waters. Entering Canada through Vancouver and making their way East they "were quite surprised to see snow and thought the Rockies beautiful."

Many of the fellows have seen service with the Australian Army in the Middle East, LAC. Radley himself being located in New Guinea for nine months before enlisting in the R.A.A.F.

Here's our welcome to the Aussies and wishing them the best of everything during their sojourn in Canada.

Corporals Lounge

According to Webster, Innovation means, "the introduction of new things" and maybe that applies to the latest development on the station. At any rate, that is something of a suggestion.

We'll let you in on a little secret providing you keep it under your Yukon, more commonly known as some kinda pot or other. The Corporals now have a new lounge. This is a regular feature on all other stations and so naturally our two-hook boys around here figured 'hey deserved something along the same line. At last they have succeeded in pushing efforts towards their goal.

To them it is sacred territory, so, Acoy Deucies, beware when approaching that sacred mecca located at the south end of second floor barracks. Some day when you feel more-or-less in a daring mood, creep up furtively and rest your eyes upon the latest creation—The Corporals' Lounge—so the colorful placard reads.

We all love the corpse, pardon, we mean Corps, and seeing as how they work so hard day in and day out, as well as night after night, we really feel they need such a place for relaxation. What we have been trying to figure out though is how they all manage to center around two rough wooden tables and four small benches provided. Granting the fact that they are marvels, it still seems an impossibility. All work and no play makes a Corporal a dull boy.

THE AIRMAN'S POST

Published weekly at No. 2 "M" Depot, Brandon, Manitoba, by kind permission of the Commanding Officer.

WING COMMANDER G. A. HODGETTS

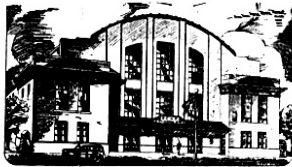
Executive Editor:
F/L L. A. TOOLE

Managing Editor:
CPL. L. ROSENBERG

Sub Editors: AC2 A. R. BURTON AC2 J. C. CRAIG

Photographer:
LAC. R. LAWRENCE

Sports:
AC2 D. GREENBERG



The Airman's Post receives material supplied by Camp Newspaper Service, War Dept., 205 East 42nd Street, New York City. Credited material may not be republished without permission from Camp Newspaper Service.

VOLUME 2 BRANDON, MAN., FEBRUARY 18, 1944 No. 7

EDITORIAL

ON COURTESY

All too often in these days of war-time hustle and bustle we are prone to forget many of the former courtesies expected of us in civilian life. We have grown lax in our manners and thoughtless in many things we say to those about us. Certainly the days of gallantry are not of the past, and the Golden Rule still holds good, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." Because we are in service and mingle mainly with those of our own sex is no reason why we should forget the meaning of respect and politeness toward others. The fact that we are in uniform should actually call upon us more than ever to mind our P's and Q's and remember our common debt to society. Our uniform, whether plain or covered with stripes of pips, denotes service, and service implies more than we might figure. It calls forth our every effort not only in ability but also in respect. A fighter is a gallant man, and a gallant man never overlooks urbanity. Those under us in rank as well as our superiors deserve everything we may give in respect, for they, like ourselves, are men. Courtesy shows good breeding, good breeding means chivalry, and chivalry makes a good soldier, a good airman.

COURTESY

Among the finest words are these "Excuse me," "Thank you," "If you please";

We find them handy every day To use with other words we say.

Yes, courtesy will help along And often rights a trifling wrong; If I'm polite then you'll agree In turn to be polite to me.

"Excuse me, please", will make amends

So we can part and still be friends "Thank you", too, will merit more For service rendered to our door.

"Oh, pardon me", will bring a halt To harshful blame when we're at fault.

And simple words as these we say Will make more pleasant any day.

These friendly words can add a touch To conversation that means much, So culture speech to say with ease, "Excuse me", "Thank you", "If you please".

WELCOME HOME

Welcome home from Trenton, Sgts. Legary, Knight, Wright, Price and Corporal Adkin. The boys are looking mighty sharp with new P.T.I. insignias.

CONGRATULATIONS

To our new Sgts., Collins, Greaves, Foucault and Bloomer. Also to Flight Sgt. Brotherton.

ARRIVAL IN UNDRESS

2 "M" Depot's records show no instances so far of new arrivals turning up clad in leopard skins Cupid's bows or G-strings. But we're gradually working our way down to some such occurrence. Consider the sorry plight of the C.T. who arrived here last week from Alberta. He strode briskly (after all, it was ten below) into the Arena, sans kit bag, sans suitcase, sans greatcoat, sans cap, sans gloves. That's just the way he hit town.

S.P.'s ARE INTRIGUED

Interested inquiries by the S.P.'s elicited the information that he was, in a sense, the victim of his own appetite. Strange fare to be eating, you say? Well, he didn't exactly devour the missing items. His train was only a short distance out of Regina, east-bound, when he arose and prepared to move his belongings to the day coach from the sleeper where he'd spent the night. At this precise moment someone roared that the dining car might not be kept on east of Regina.

AT LEAST HE ATE

Visiting a breakfastless day, this airman dropped everything and reached the diner in three mighty bounds. There he rapidly settled to the business of dealing, in a thoroughly airmanlike way, with an omelet, hot rolls and such. Regina had been left some thirty miles behind when, patting his paunch, our hero struggled to his feet and sauntered back to the sleeper.

WHERE'S 742

So they hadn't taken the diner off after all. No—but they had uncoupled Car, 742, in which he had left all his worldly effects. So it was that, with only breakfast, his shirt, blues and shoes between him and the hostile world, he continued his uneasy way across the remainder of Saskatchewan, into Manitoba and so to 2 "M" Depot.

We'll get one without pants yet. Give us time.

Flight 29 Graduates

For Flight 29 the day that would never come has come at last, and not a man but has to admit that he views the break-up of the gang with considerable regret. It is believed that Flight 29 has been unique in at least one particular, was namely that there has been not a trace of ill-feeling, not a single argument that ended in blows since the group came together.

Last week-end the period of training came to an end and today only a few of the boys are still lingering at No. 2 M.D. awaiting posting. On Monday, as a last gesture the flight had a group photo taken and each man, it is felt, will regard his copy of the portrait with some affection from now on wherever he may be.

In the second week of training a flight party was held at the Prince Edward Hotel with S/L Boughton, F/L Savage and F/S MacAllister as guests of honour. In the estimation of all the party was a success and further cemented the spirit of good-fellowship and co-operation which has characterized the flight from the beginning.

The flight is grateful to Corporal Wilson who in the opinion of every man is "solid". He had a difficult job but fortunately he had the patience and ability to carry it through.

So, it's "good-bye to No. 2 Manning Depot" and "Good luck to the men of Flight 29."

SHORT RIDE

AC2 Sheppard: And what did you tell the Red-Head?

AC2 Glover: I told her she could take me or leave me.

AC2 Sheppard: What did she do?

AC2 Glover: She did both.

A rooster chased a hen one day, Round and round a stack of hay. The question I ask is really good: Did the hen run as fast as she really could?



TAKE GOOD CARE of the tools and equipment issued to you. An entrenching tool can save your life as well as a rifle.



SPOT YOUR TARGET before you squeeze the trigger. Indiscriminate shooting can result in drawing enemy fire causing casualties and loss of position.

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

Rear Echelon Don Juan

BASIC FIELD MANUAL
FURLOUGH NOMENCLATURE
(UNOFFICIAL)





WELL —

Cpl. Quin—"Hey, that girl insulted me."
 Cpl. MacDonald—"How?"
 Cpl. Quin—"She asked me if I danced."
 Cpl. MacDonald—"Why is that insulting?"
 Cpl. Quin—"I was dancing with her at the time."

MODEST MARY

Cpl. Smith: My blonde is so suspicious, she keeps her shade down while undressing.
 AC2 Forrest: Just imagine.
 Cpl. Smith: That's what I have to do.

KEARNEY'S CHOICE

Girl—Whom are you bringing to the formal?
 AC2 Kearney—Well, I like Helen's form, Alice's lips, Betty's eyes, Jane's hair, Peg's arms, Virginia's dancing, and Kay's—and Kay's—oh I guess I'll bring Kay.

CONFOOS'N BUT AMOOS'N

After waiting for some time the C.O.'s eyes nearly popped out when a flight of W.D.'s lined up before him, with their shirts undone at the neck, whereupon the Flight Commander yelled "I said, KIT Inspection."

ASK SCHIFFER

1st Co-ed—My boy friend wants to know where I am ticklish. Shall I tell him?
 2nd Co-ed—No, let him find out for himself.

Freshman Girl (after blind date): I've had a wonderful evening, but this wasn't it.

THAT LET-DOWN FEELING

In the West, a woman petitions the court for a divorce charging that her male removed her garters at a birthday party. She appears to have a case of non-support.—Sudbury Star.

PLEASE TAKE NOTE

Due to the decrease in Station Personnel and the resultant lowering of canteen profits the monthly grant from the Station Fund will have to be cut. This will entail a change of policy for Airman's Post. As it is your paper please indicate by making an X opposite the policy you recommend should be carried out, and please place the ballot in the box provided in the Airmen's Recreation Room, or any of the other Suggestion Boxes around the Station.

- 1.....Weekly publication (as at present) with 5 cents per copy.
- 2.....Bi-monthly publication Free.
- 3.....Monthly publication, enlarged; 10 cents per copy.
- 4.....Weekly mimeographed sheet—Free.

Curling Shots

Sunday, 13th

Inasmuch as the Airmen curlers arrived at the 18th street curling rink in time to put out a fire that started in the floor boards underneath the heater in the lobby, a "roaring" time was had by all.
 Sgt. Loepky won from F/S Burkett 10-9. Cpl. McKay won from Sgt. Carr 8-2. And AC2 Darrach won from AC2 St. John 9-8.
 The ice was as keen as ever and we are all anticipating a whale of a good time next Sunday. There is still lots of room for beginners, so come on out all of you would-be curlers. We will meet you at sports stores every Sunday at 12.45 hours.

N-S Emke Posted

Just in case you have been wondering at those mournful, heartbroken countenances worn by the boys in and around the station hospital, we'll put you wise. THEY ARE GRIEVING ON HEARING the sad news that charming N/S Emke was snatched from our midst and posted to No. 8 Repair Depot at Winnipeg. Everything happens to us. Dry your tears boys, and we'll join you in wishing her all the luck in the world at her new post.

VALENTINE WISHES FOR N.C.O.'s

Tie a little string around your neck Sarge
 Then tie it to a tree.
 Then if you took a little jump Sarge,
 How happy we would be.

Book Review

ONE ON YOU

Everybody likes magicians' tricks. Try this one on yourself; you can't go wrong.

Procedure: On a chosen free night (closest one at hand): (1) take yourself; (2) take a chosen padded chair (also the closest one at hand—you know the library); (3) sign out Lawson's "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"; (4) mix reagents in the chosen chair and let them soak there two hours.

Results: (1) A head-to-beel feeling that you've just had the most perk-up evening since corporals were born and a morale up-lift.

(2) A snapping view of a great military feat.

(3) An eye-opener to the strength and patience and selflessness of the Chinese mill-stone resistance to Japan.

(4) A firm admiration for the hero-author.
 Explanation: These elements of Lawson's book explain the phenomenon. It gives in detail both a general and a particular account of the Tokyo raid. Tension keeps high—never a dull moment. His style bristles and sparkles—your interest can't lag. He is clear and plain; you won't suspect a blighting propaganda effort and your emotional reaction won't be sentimental dish-water. Try this trick fellows.

AC2 Stubbs, S. E.

1st AW2: "They say Helen's so modest she won't undress in front of a mirror."

2nd AW2: "Yes, I notice she generally does it in front of a window."

CARTOON CONTEST



Place Caption Here

The winnah takes his gal to the show free. Here's the rules: Simply choose an appropriate caption for the above cartoon and print it PLAINLY in the space provided. Then clip the caption and drop it in the suggestion box in the Library, or take it into the office of "The Airman's Post." Send in as many as you wish. The Prizes: Two tickets to the Oak Theatre and two tickets to the Capitol Theatre. Winners will be announced in next week's issue. Watch for it. There will be a contest and prizes each week. Make sure your name and number are on all entries.

LAST WEEK'S WINNERS

1st Prize: Cpl. Bruce. Caption: Call me "sugar" but don't look at me as though I was rationed.
 2nd Prize: AC2 Wolfman: The Sergeant S.P. is only my Hubby, you can be my Hobby.



loose-fingered airmen(?)

Last night while visiting the airmen's canteen, I received the shock of my life, so shocked was I, in fact, that I hesitate to even think of it. I had just nestled down comfortably behind the juke-box with a few of my many-legged friends, when I was dislodged from my perch on a delightfully fragrant cigar butt, by such a violent stream of epithets as would horrify . . . one infuriated lad was drive an insect to shame, lord forgive me for repeating it, but . . . insisting in words unbecoming such a well-mannered looking chap, that some low-brow blanket-blank had stolen his rain-coat. I couldn't believe my ears, until I seen the ghastly look on his face, and heard those terrible accusations and such dreadful insinuations as to cause my antenna to droop disgustingly.

stolen eye-teeth

being naturally an inquisitive sort of a fellow, I moved closer. It was well that I did so, because some unthinking person dropped a slug in the juke box and started that marvelous but infernal contraption going again.

I heard every word of it. one fellow contended that the unfortunate airman should not have to replace the raincoat out of his own pocketbook; that it was the duty of the service since it did not provide the airmen with adequate lockers wherein they might keep their belongings in comparative safety, he went on to say that it was just a matter of time until someone should "lift" his sweater, or his best tunic, and he even went so far as to say that his eye-teeth would go the same way. (between you and I, it might not be a bad idea because without his eye-teeth, he would not be able to say such dreadful words which are better unsaid).

pity the accey duecy

another fellow implied that such petty larceny was particularly hard on the married accey duecys and his meagre pay envelope and went on to say that anyone who had the temerity to contend that such unfortunates should be compelled to replace stolen articles, were themselves despicable creatures, to be scorned and held in contempt, o, the horror of it all, to think that such things could happen amongst such decent friendly folk as one will find in this service; now take us termites. we are the essence of honesty, we are co-operation personified, we are the golden rule itself, and though you may think we lowly insects are despicable and worthy of naught but arsenic and fly tox, let me tell you, that such dastardly deeds could not happen to a termite, no sirree.

Entertainment

- FRIDAY, FEB. 18—Skating.
- SATURDAY, FEB. 19—Armoury Dance.
- SUNDAY, FEB. 20—Concert Party in Arena.
- MONDAY, FEB. 21—Movie—"Adventures in Iraq."
- TUESDAY, FEB. 22—Dance in Arena.
- WEDNESDAY, FEB. 23—Y.M.C.A. Bingo In Canteen.
- THURSDAY, FEB. 24—Movie—"Hit the Ice".



Movies—
Monday, Feb. 21—"Adventure in Iraq", a spy action story.
Thursday, Feb. 24—"Hit the Ice" with Abbott and Costello.
Monday, Feb. 28—"Lives of a Bengal Lancer."
Coming—"Flesh and Fantasy".

Learn to Dance Class—
This well established event every Thursday needs your early attention if you cannot dance. See Y.M.C.A. notice board for further details.

Sunday Social—
Drop around to the Y.M.C.A. on 8th Street and get in on games and sing-song. From 1400 to 1700 hours every Sunday you can meet your service friends at this popular social gathering. Both the hostesses and refreshments are popular.

Music Lover's Hour—
Thursday evenings at Kennedy's Music Store you can hear recordings of the world's finest music. We have a special amplifier that gives intense realism.

Y.M.C.A. Bingo—
The 100 or so men who attended last week had a fine time so drop around to the Canteen at 2000 hrs. on Wednesday and get in on the prizes.

The Weeks Thought—
Aristotle, 384 B.C. said, "The State exists for the sake of life; it continues its existence for the sake of the good life. Man, when perfected, is the best of animals, but when divorced from justice he is the worst of all. Justice is the principle that brings order into political societies. Pascal, A.D. 1623 said—Force rules the world and not opinion, but opinion is that which makes use of force."



Ques.: When walking down the street four abreast, is it necessary for each airman to salute an officer when passing?

Ans.: Airmen must not walk down the street four abreast. Each airman must salute the officer.

In the field of sport it is give and take. If you want to dish it out, you have to be able to take it too. The large crowd of airmen witnessing last week's inter-wing Borden Ball saw this rule badly abused and the sportsmanship (?) displayed by a certain Corporal, was badly out of place because after all, don't junior N.C.O.'s set the example for the rest of the men to live up to.

Did ya hear about the Ram that committed suicide . . . he heard Frank Sinatra sing "There will never be another ewe."

Monster Boxing and Wrestling Card

Featuring Australian airmen, Monday, Feb. 21st, 2000 hours.

The Wolf by Sansone

Copyright 1948 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service (In Hawaii)



AT THE HOSPITAL

This week's writer is placed in the awkward position of looking at life from a bed in the hospital, being temporarily laid up with an attack of laryngitis (excited larynx) picked up from the bonspiel last week. For those who dream of a few days rest in our hospital, may I shatter your nerves? Upon being admitted to the hospital, I settled down in bed for a much needed sleep. I was having a grand dream of that little girl down east, when a hand rudely woke me and I suffered the usual inquisition, Name? number, date? any sisters? etc. etc. (technically called case history) then there followed a gauze tow headed orderly who sprayed my tonsils (via the nasal passage) with a vile tasting fluid. I made a fuss and he smiled pathetically (all orderlies have a "profession smile"), made me gargle with salts, then hung a hot water bag around my neck, asked if I was comfortable and before I could reply had turned the light out and was gone.

AND SO TO BED

Well, nice people! Sliding in between the sheets, I thought "Well, I can sleep till 800 or 900 hours anyway. With this comforting thought I fell asleep. Around 1159 hours ghosts prowled around. As Orderlies went from bed to bed, flashing a light in faces, and kissing and tucking each individual in, the solemn silence gave me the impression it was a sort of "rite" or "custom". At 0200 and 0400 hrs. this same procedure (minus the kiss, once was evidently enough) was carried out. Each time I awoke startled, to feel a calm capable hand "shush" me to sleep again.

RISE AND SHINE

At 0600 hrs. I awoke to find the world a blaze of lights! Orderlies were going around yanking patients out of bed and all was bedlam. "Make your beds", did you gargle?", "not showered yet?" "Did you Lux your undies?" Temperatures were taken before we piled out of bed. I began to wonder if the C.O. was going to make an inspection. Peace settled as breakfast trays arrived (imagine, you have to carry your own!)

M.O. MAKES ROUNDS

On the dot of 0900 hrs. one of these notorities, a medical officer, came

over and proceeded to put me through a 7th degree which had Chicago F. B. I's licked a mile! With a sigh of relief I saw the back of him go. At this point may I mention that in these ward "Fraternalities" you go by ward and bed No., not AC2 Jones or an R. No., but just 6-2 or 2-1. That gives one the feeling that if you are a mental case who worries?

BED MATES

I sat up to see who else was in this ward and was honored to find on my right a chap from Disposal with an ice bag on his head. A real survivor of the Battle of Brandon. On chatting with him I learned he had joined in the fall of '41 and was waiting on course. Poor fellow, too much for him. Next day he was carted off to Winnipeg to see a Psychiatrist. On my left an airman was bandaged up. He informed me that due to an abnormal abscess of a rare kind on his leg, an M.O. with an eye to the American Medical magazine, was grafting pieces of the upper thigh into the abscess, and by applying a new drug called "Kilorcure" was hoping to form a new skin.

If you wish a toe manicure, a Nursing Sister obliges, complete to "sun-set pink" or "haemo red" polish. At the small price of one package of fags, an orderly will get you a drink of water or rub your back. Generosity itself! Late in the afternoon a roly poly had proceeded to stab my thumb, explaining that he needed a little blood to do a count. I could have sworn I counted only one drop.

GENEROUS M.O.

Our Adjutant M.O. came around with cigarettes for us, a boon to pre-pay day airmen, after which the Orderlies did their best to collect them back as payment for "professional services." Ice cream and a delicious supper put me in a more docile mood. Gradually the putter of Orderly and M.O. feet, and the sweet voices of our Sisters began to subside. At 1806 hours, more gargles, sprays, etc., were freely given in a persuasive way. A good book interested me for a while as I lay in luxury and peace for the first time in the day. A genial orderly brought me cocoa as a night cap, and shortly after, lights went out. I lay quietly in a gloomy silence



THE VATICAN LIBRARY

The Nazi soldiers who at the present hour surround Vatican City, have under their "protection" the world's greatest storehouse of artistic and cultural treasures.

The whole Christian world is concerned about the safety of these great art treasures that are kept in the Vatican City. I know it would interest everybody to learn certain details concerning these treasures that Hitler's legions virtually possess. I will not undertake to write about the marvels of mosaic work, nor the museums of pagan and Christian art that the Vatican has sheltered for centuries. My time and space are too limited. Nevertheless, I would like to give you a faint idea of the richness of the Vatican library.

This library is primarily a manuscript library, and in this respect is one of the finest in the world. It contains more than 50,000 manuscripts, mostly in Latin, but many in Greek, Syriac and other languages. Among the priceless manuscripts is the "De Republica" of Cicero, the oldest known Latin manuscript. It was written on parchment and when found it was so faded that it was barely legible. By means of a gallant preparation the manuscript was revived. Another important pamphlet entitled "in defence of the Seven Sacraments," written by Henry VIII, is kept in the Vatican library. For the writing of it Henry VIII received the title of "Defender of the Faith." This title still figures in the King of England's escutcheon.

The most valuable manuscript in the Library is the "Codex Vaticanus", a Septuagint Bible of the early centuries. It is a translation of the Old Testament into popular Greek spoken in Egypt. The original Septuagint was completed in the year 130 B.C. You may also see, in the library, manuscripts by Virgil, Dante, Martin Luther, Terrence, Tacitus and many others. There are autographs of Tasso, Michelangelo, Raphael and Thomas Aquinas.

The archives known as the secret archives, although open to all scholars by Leo XIII, contains information and documents that could be found nowhere else in the world.

So far I have not mentioned about books, usually the most important part of a library. The Vatican library has books, 500,000 of them, but most are used in the study of manuscripts. It is not its books, but the great number of its manuscripts that makes the Vatican Library unique among the libraries of the world.

This library has adopted American methods since Pope Pius XI decided to modernize it. Fourteen miles of steel shelving, made in America, have been installed to accommodate the great number of books.

A catalog system formed from the cards of the Library of Congress has been worked out almost entirely according to the American library code.

And this is why all Christians interested in the preservation of art and culture worry about the fate of such treasure at this hour of the war.

J. J. Downs, F/L.
Padre (RC)

invaded only by the steam valves and an odd snore swallowed me in an atmosphere of ether, groans, creaks, and swishes, and dragged me into sleep.

"Eucypas"