

AIRMAN'S POST

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FEBRUARY -- MARCH 1941

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THE AIRMAN'S POST

Vol. 1, No. 3 - 4.

No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Manitoba

February - March, 1941.



WING COMMANDER R. M. SMITH, C.O.

The establishment of No. 2 Manning Depot in Brandon, Manitoba under the British Commonwealth Air Training plan is now complete. Today the depot is functioning along the lines intended in the Empire scheme, with hundreds of men from all over Canada coming here for their initial training.

Wing Commander R. M. Smith, who has been here from the outset of the plan, and who has supervised the completion of the program, commands a project that is second to none in Canada. The Winter Fair Buildings, which house the depot, are ideally fitted for the purpose to which they are now put. Persons who have inspected the building declare that it is a credit to the Air Force and those who planned its setup.

Negotiations for the use of the Winter Fair Buildings started early last spring, and the Brandon live-stock and Winter Fair Association as the holding company for the structure came forward and voluntarily offered the unit for the Empire Service.

Alterations of the Winter Fair buildings were soon under way; hundreds of men were employed in the task of conversion. Old fixtures in the building were taken out, in short the building was completely gutted and practically re-built to plans drawn up for billeting the establishment of No. 2 Manning Depot which was soon to take a most important part in the initial training of thousands of airmen.

Thousands of dollars were spent in plumbing and fixtures; sanitary accommodations have been installed, refrigeration space built in, living quarters for non-commissioned officers constructed; recreation rooms made, store-rooms arranged, and a hundred other features attended to under the able supervision of Major Chivers of Winnipeg. It was a big job, and one that took weeks of patient detail work to carry out. Today the building is a credit to the air training scheme and commands warm appreciation from those privileged to see it. The establishment is complete to the very last detail.

The commodious drill floor in the arena building that was formerly the playing surface for hockey clubs, is now the indoor parade ground for the

ESTABLISHMENT HERE DISTINCT CREDIT TO AIR TRAINING PLAN



NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE, BRANDON, MANITOBA

R.C.A.F. The enclosure has been floored and when weather conditions do not permit outdoor drill and exercise, the men are trained here.

The arena building proper houses the Administrative offices in the north end of the building. The original office space has been greatly enlarged to take care of the ever-increasing staff. The Dental clinic under Captain Beldon, and the Pay Office under Flight-Lieutenant McLean are situated under the north end gallery seats directly above the Administrative offices.

Great store-rooms are placed under the east gallery, from where equipment is issued to the personnel. Under the west gallery we have the detention rooms and our C class stores, while to the south end of the arena are a barber shop, blanket stores, and the tailor shop. At the rear of the arena building is the M.T. section where all mechanical equipment is maintained.

Both the bottom and the top floors of the former live-stock buildings provide sleeping accommodations for the men, with double-tier steel beds and modern mattresses, the latest word in military comfort. The walls and floors have all been re-decorated and along the east wall of each floor are wash-rooms, shower baths, and laboratories. On the ground floor we have also a modern post office, comprising nine wickets, which is operated by the airmen themselves. On the same floor we have a wet and dry canteen. The recreation room is situated on the second floor, directly above the canteen. It is well equipped with billiard, snooker and ping-pong tables, numerous easy chairs, a piano, library, and tables for the airmen's convenience. The Sergeant's Mess is located immediately back of the library and recreation room. The dining-hall on the second floor is immediately over the M.T. section and can accommodate 450 men at one sitting. The meals are served cafeteria style. Modern steam cookers, up-to-date refrigeration, and well-inspected meals make the dining room the most popular spot in the entire lay-out.



SQUADRON LEADER L. A. SEWELL, 2 I/C

The technical school situated at the corner of 11th and McTavish directly behind the Winter Fair Building is now a modern hospital, under the able supervision of Flight-Lieutenant J. D. Sinclair. This hospital can accommodate forty patients. The unit is complete in every detail: sick parade room, isolation ward, quarters for two nurses, and everything one can find in a hospital.

Enlisted men from all parts of Canada have already passed through the depot. The Manning Depot takes care of equipment, classification and other initial details, and day by day the system is becoming more perfect. As the program permitted, the personnel has enlarged so that today the Brandon depot is up to the full war strength originally set for it.

All over the city the airmen conduct their training in small groups under competent instructors, and their appearance everywhere has commanded

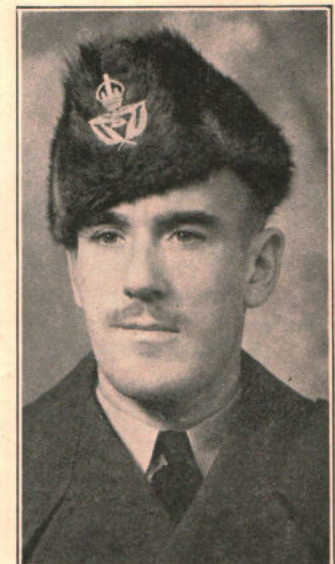
(Continued on page 10)



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT A. R. KNIGHT, ADJ.



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT E. A. JAMIESON, O.C. WING



WARRANT OFFICER 1st CLASS J. SULLIVAN, STN. W.O.

THE AIRMAN'S POST

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Brandon, Manitoba

Cpl. G. P. McMaster Editor-in-Chief
Cpl. G. Ling Assistant Editor

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IN APPRECIATION

The Editor of this issue of the Airman's Post extends greetings to all the officers, N.C.O.'s and airmen of the No. 2 Manning Depot.

Due to unforeseen circumstances which made the December and January issues late in publication, this copy of the Airman's Post is a dual issue for the month of February and March, thus allowing the April edition to be off the press by April 1st.

To all who have assisted with this month's Post, we extend hearty thanks and a welcome to all for future co-operation. We trust that this issue will bring a measure of enjoyment to our readers; and comments or suggestions will be welcome.

Corporal G. P. McMaster,
Editor.

Notice

COMMENCING WITH THIS ISSUE THERE WILL BE INTRODUCED A COLUMN NAMED: "ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN." ANY READERS WHO MAY BE TROUBLED BY UNANSWERED QUESTIONS WILL PLEASE WRITE TO THE ABOVE NAMED COLUMN IN CARE OF THIS PAPER, TO BE FORWARDED TO THE PARTY IN CHARGE OF IT.

Editor.

Advice to the Lovelorn

No. 2 Manning Depot,
Brandon, Manitoba

Dear Mr. Editor:

I am an Acting Corporal, (unpaid). I wear the stripes too, and I'm handsome, and I weigh 240 pounds. I have one heluva time with the women. They won't pay any attention to me when there are any of those homely Sergeants and Flight-Sergeants around. What can I do to make these unappreciative women realize that I am what I am, and to forget about those who wear so many hooks and crowns and things on their arms? Why don't you introduce an "Advice to the Lovelorn" Column in your paper? I'm sure that one of the Flight-Sergeants could be of immeasurable assistance in this matter.

Your truly,
A. Corporal.

My dear "A" Corporal:

Your letter moves me very much. The fact that you place your confidence and trust in my judgment makes me want to give you the full benefit of my vast experience in dealing with human emotions.

My dear fellow, money, crowns and stripes are not everything. The girl who loves you will love you for your-

self alone. Your integrity, intelligence, and kindness towards others are what appeal to the true senses. Money is just a means to an end. It isn't stable; it isn't lasting. And on reading your letter, I conclude that you are the sort of man to whom only the greater things in life are important.

And as "A" Corporal, please believe me when I say that one day a charming, poised, intelligent and cultured woman will find that you are the only one for her. Right now be different. Wait until "that right person" enters your life. Any man can pick up a bit of fluff but not every man has the sense to realize the true one for him.

Sincerely,
LaPaloma.

P.S.: If any officers or airmen are lonely, I have an excellent list of telephone numbers of blondes and red-heads.

True Love

(To Flight-Sergeant Blundell)

Last night I held a hand in mine,
So pink and small and fine!
I swear I never held before
A fairer hand in mine.

It brought forth visions of delight;
It made my heart beat fast.
My heart turned light within my breast,
My dream come true at last!

I pressed it to my burning lips,
Kissed all five pink white parts
Of that dear hand I held last night,
That Royal Flush of Hearts.

T.C.A. aircraft are handled by the best pilots available; they are flown off well-designed airports; severe flying conditions are avoided when possible in consideration of passenger comfort; and the planes receive careful inspection and service.



CORPORAL G. P. McMASTER,
Editor-in-Chief



CORPORAL G. LING,
Assistant Editor

AN AIRMAN'S LAST LETTER

28th October, 1940.

Mr. Harry Stagg,
c/o Messrs. Henry Hope & Sons of
Canada Ltd.,
28 Atlantic Ave.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

It was very kind and thoughtful of you to send a cable to my wife and myself upon the death of my son Ralph in the defense of London.

I do not know if you ever met him, but he was a young man of great force of character and is, of course, an irreparable loss.

I can only comfort myself with the reflection that I am only one of hundreds, and I am afraid there will be thousands, of parents who will be called upon to bear the same sacrifices.

My wife joins with me in thanking you sincerely for your sympathy.

Yours,
Donald.

Copy enclosed of a letter from Ralph written about 12 days before he was killed.

(Written about October 16th, 1940.)

We had a grand day on Friday with three patrols. On the first we had a glorious dog-fight with about 9 Me. 110's which caught a proper pasting; I must admit they were heavily outnumbered. On the second trip we had an uneventful brush with some Me. 109's; it was the last trip which was the most fun. About 12 Junkers 88 bombers came in and after losing 2 from A.A. fire were set on by some Hurricanes. As we climbed up to them we had the pleasure of seeing one dart past us, hotly pursued, large chunks falling off it and the starboard engine on fire. When we were at last in a position to attack there were only 7 left, 4 in front and 3 behind. They looked just like beautiful expensive "crochets" flying along. We had a real field day making attack after attack—a few Me. 109's turned up but

did not hinder us. The Ju. 88's went down all over the place. The scrap started at 13,000 feet and the bombers just pushed their throttles wide open and screamed downhill in a vain attempt to get away. We bagged the lot, the last 3 coming down in the sea. My ammunition ran out at about 2,000 feet, so I was unable to administer a "coup-de-grace," but it had been a great day.

Saturday was not quite such a success from my point of view, as on our third patrol I lost my aircraft. We were at about 21,000 ft. when we got involved with a squadron of Me. 109's. They got me before I even saw them, which is very annoying. I first felt a kind of funny bump, and as I turned to see what was up my control's felt funny, a lot of red sparks and black smoke appeared round my feet and a cloud of white smoke probably glycol, began streaming back from the engine. The aircraft began going downhill fast. I slid back the hood and began to get out, my goggles were shipped off and my helmet began to lift up in the slipstream. I realized I hadn't undone my straps so I pulled out the retaining pin and stood up, standing on anything which came in handy (the seat, the instrument panel or the stick; I don't know really). The air seized hold of me, there was a wrench as my oxygen tube snapped off (I had forgotten to undo it) and I shot out into the sky. The aeroplane disappeared.

It was nice and cool falling. I was head down of course, but found the position quite comfortable; there was no sense of speed or feeling of falling. I had a look at the clouds below (they were about 4,000-5,000 ft.) and then collected the odd bits of my helmet and had a look round. My parachute was still on my seat, both my boots were on, and I did not seem to have lost anything except my goggles, and a handkerchief and map

(Continued on page 13)

(Pte. M. Ghitterman, C2321, 3rd C.C.S., C.A.M.C.)

June, 1915 to May, 1919

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The Editor Chats

We all know that when we, as recruits, first entered the doors of the Number 2 Manning Depot, we were amazed at the amount of detail which we had to absorb before we really could consider ourselves to be members of the R.C.A.F. Then after we had been through the Records Office, Pay Office, Clothing Stores, Barrack Stores, Barber Shops, and so forth, we were taught the intricacies of the proper method of wearing our uniform; then too, we had to endure our first kit inspection and the daily personal inspection. Our buttons had to be polished every morning, as well as our boots. We had to be sure that our faces were well shaved. Our trousers and tunics had to be well pressed. Our heads had to be shorn until the N.C.O. in charge was satisfied. In short, we had to be, it appeared, models of dress and deportment from the very moment we appeared in the uniform of the R.C.A.F. We all remember the great pains we took to get every detail of the kit inspection layout absolutely perfect.

Then one day, we sat down in an idle moment, and we said to ourselves, "Helzbelz- I joined the Air Force to do my part toward winning this ruddy war; and here I am, stuck in Brandon, polishing boots and buttons, sweeping floors, walking miles every day, got to be in every night at ten thirty, up again at six, keeping my clothes like Little Lord Fauntleroy and all the time the war is going on, and I don't even know how to hold a rifle! Now I ask you,—What good am I doing here?"

Well, chaps, I don't think that any of us do anything around this station without there being a good reason behind it. All this seemingly unnecessary detail certainly has something behind it, and I think that if we analyze our jobs we shall be able to see what

We all know that somewhere in this organization our work will take us directly, or indirectly, into contact with the machines which go to make up the equipment of the R.C.A.F. Pilots fly them, Observers fly in them to obtain vital information for our HQ staffs on the ground, Air gunners use the guns in them to protect the machines themselves. The ground crews are busy with the job of repairing them, guarding them, keeping them straight on their courses while in the air. Everyone will see that each man, regardless of his trade, has a grave responsibility. He must see that each little item with which he is concerned is absolutely correct, because he is directly responsible for the safety of his comrades-in-arms. Their lives and his own may hang by the thin thread of his habits of taking care of every little detail with which he may be concerned. Therefore, while

in Manning Pool, we must learn to take care of each little detail right from the first.

We must not forget too, that the opinion of our superiors count for a great deal as to whether or not we make any sort of progress in our trades. There are a good many of us who like to have a little fun now and then, and, some of us are inclined to let that little bit of fun interfere with the requirements of our job. It is only reasonable to think that the Powers-that-be are not going to risk a piece of equipment worth a couple of hundred thousand dollars by placing it in the care of someone who has not shown himself to be entirely dependable. If you can't obey orders, and hate being tied down to a fixed routine of action, or hate details, then be advised—to get anywhere in your trade, you must prove yourself able to do your job as is required of you to do it. In other words, we must all prove ourselves to be completely dependable in our own jobs in order that the whole team of the R.C.A.F. may move forward towards the goal set for it: Complete and efficient co-operation with the other branches of His Majesty's Forces that we may attain that objective (peace with victory) which is the ultimate of our present efforts.

Although the junior of the three services, the present conflict has shown that we can bear the brunt of any attack on any front presented thus proving the power of Air Force. The power of the R.C.A.F. depends entirely upon the training and discipline for which the R.C.A.F. is noted.

Proven Gosport System Is Best in World

(From the Brandon Daily Sun)

The course of air training young men receive in Canada under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan is the best in the world, the tried and proven Gosport System of the Royal Air Force. The Gosport system has been adopted throughout the British Empire and many other countries, and forms the basis of the instructional system used in the United States.

All the experience of the First Great War went into the development of the modern Gosport system, which started in 1917 at Gosport Airdrome in England, when, for the first time, flying instructors could talk to their students while in flight and give them far better instruction than was possible with sign language and ground lectures. In the intervening years, the system has been carefully built up through the Central Flying School, where all flying instructors are taught how to instruct others according to a standardized sequence of training.

Canada's Central Flying School at Trenton, Ont., now training flying instructors for the Air Training Plan, incorporates the latest version of the Gosport System in turning out skilled flying instructors for the thousands of embryo pilots at air schools throughout the Dominion.

The scientifically devised course in flying instruction is accompanied at all schools by a rigid fabric of regulations for safety of the students, the instructors and the aircraft.

Learn Elements of Safety

Students and instructors learn the elements of safety along with flying skill and aeronautical lore, so that the reasoned precautions for safety in flight become instinctive. Experience with air training in many countries has shown that the majority of mishaps are caused by human error.

The Royal Canadian Air Force has evolved a careful system of regulations which prevent, as far as it is humanly possible any margin for error in all three of these categories of accident causes. In the first place, only the fittest men are chosen as student pilots or as flying instructors. Special examinations determine the applicants suitability for high altitude flying and for high speed. A medical officer keeps constant check on a student's health and he is re-examined after any illness or any accident whether or not it is connected with flying. Every step is taken to ensure that he has every bodily comfort while flying and is equipped with approved safety devices such as shatter-proof goggles etc.

Satisfied that the airmen is fit to fly, the Air Force insists upon thorough and constant inspection of the aircraft he flies in. Aircraft and engines are inspected daily and certified by qualified mechanics to be ready for flight. All such aircraft are marked with a placard as "serviceable". Test flights are made before aircraft are turned over to students. Aircraft and their engines receive minute inspection at stated intervals rigidly adhered to and it is also compulsory at longer intervals that the entire aircraft and engine be dismantled so that even the smallest part may be examined and replaced if worn or faulty. The instruments by which the aircraft is flown are also regularly checked.

Flying instructors are carefully chosen according to their suitability for elementary or advanced flight instruction and are inspected from time to time. Care is taken that the instructors are given the proper rest periods

Final Step in Safety Chain

The final step in the safety chain is to prevent, in so far as possible accidents due to errors of judgment or lack of discipline in flight. Just as heavy city traffic must be regulated to avoid accidents there are many rules of safety in the sky lanes. Aircraft in flight over an aerodrome must circle the field in a uniform direction.

In addition, a certain level below 1,000 feet is reserved for aircraft actually landing or taking off. There are also rules for aircraft manoeuvring on the ground. The pilots must keep their eye on the aerodrome control tower, and must give right of way to incoming aircraft. At night the control tower controls the movement of aircraft landing and taking off by way of signal lights or radio.

All flights must be authorized by competent officers, and aerobatics are restricted to students with instructors or to solo students considered capable. All aerobatics must be carried out at an altitude of at least 3,000 feet. Similar restrictions are enforced in regard to tail-spins. Only lighter types of training aircraft may be put into spins intentionally, and spins must be completed at a minimum altitude of 3,000 feet. Low flying is prohibited. If a pilot descends below 1,000 feet he must later explain the circumstances which compelled him to fly beneath regulation altitude.

All R.C.A.F. pilots are informed of restricted flying areas, bombing and gunnery ranges, etc., and are warned to keep clear of commercial aviation traffic routes.

Cross Country Flights

On cross country flights, many precautions are observed. The pilot is responsible for obtaining information on weather conditions likely to be encountered along the course of his flight, and he must chart his flight course with care. He must be equipped with food, emergency equipment and supplies in case of a forced landing in remote regions. Careful record of the departure and destination of the aircraft is kept, and also of its arrival at another aerodrome. The larger aircraft are equipped with radio to keep in touch with ground stations. Seaplanes or flying boats when flying across country must maintain an altitude sufficient to allow them to glide to a water landing with a reasonable margin of safety.

It is well recognized that the risk of accident is inseparable from flying training, not only in Canada but in every other country in the world. When accidents occur they are carefully investigated to determine the cause so that another lesson in possible prevention of similar accidents may be learned and applied.

In the hour of Britain's need, the training has been considerably accelerated, but never at the expense of safety precautions. Acceleration meant that more schools have been opened in a shorter space of time than originally contemplated, that training schedules were shortened, but not that there were fewer instructors or that student pilots were hurried through their course. Hasty instruction does not make good pilots, and well-trained pilots are an urgent necessity overseas.

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Congratulations on your splendid paper

From the Sports Editor

Among the most recent happenings in the sporting world of the Manning Depot, was the Boxing and Wrestling card staged in the Arena on February 5th. There were several excellent bouts, and some fine exhibitions by some grunt-and-groan artists on the wrestling mats. On the whole, this was a very interesting evening, and I believe it was greatly enjoyed by all who were there. The net proceeds of the evening amounted to some hundred dollars, and was divided equally between the 101st Training Centre, at Fort Brandon Barracks, and the R.A.F. station at Carberry for the purpose of purchasing new sporting equipment. I think that I can truthfully say that the men on these stations will have good reason to say to the chaps who took part in the bouts of the evening, "Thanks very much."

As to our own domestic sporting activities—they are carried on as usual, by the men of the station who are interested in the various items. For those chaps who are anxious to enter into the sporting life of the station, I suggest that you make the first move. Don't wait for those in charge to come and ask you to take part, but choose for yourself, and then take steps to do something for yourselves. If it has not occurred to you before, I think you should know that if you desire an enjoyable period in the R.C.A.F., it is entirely up to yourself to make it. The facilities are provided by the station, and the Y.M.C.A., and I think that it is entirely your responsibility to see that they are made use of. After all, you know, no one can make you happy if they don't know that you are unhappy.

You will see listed above, the various activities scheduled to take place, and with them are also the times and places wherein they are to take effect. Now as to the place to enquire about these things, I refer you to the following individuals: Basketball, Volleyball and Badminton, go to see Cpl. Fogel in "B" Squadron. Davey Peters, in "A" can tell you all about the Boxing Wrestling end of it. As to Hockey, I advise you to call around to the Kinsmen's rink just opposite to the Station Hospital at the times listed on the schedule, and ask almost anyone you see about it, and I think they can tell you what you want to know. As to the other social activities, page Mr. Youmans (the Y. Man) in the

SPORTS AND RECREATION SCHEDULE

Sundays:

Basketball, Volleyball, and Badminton at anytime Airmen want to play, providing games do not interfere with drafts or Church Parades.

13:00—Curling, Officers, N.C.O.'s, and Airmen at the Brandon Curling Club, 18th St. and Victoria.

17:30—Hymn sing in the recreation room.

20:15—Social evenings in four churches.

Mondays:

17:45—Table Tennis tournament, Recreation room.

18:00—Boxing lessons. Basketball practice.

18:30—Hockey (Airmen) at Kinsmen's rink.

19:00—Swim at Y.M.C.A. Pool.

20:00—Musical session in Recreation room.

Tuesday:

12:00—Invitations to homes given out by the Chaplain.

18:30—Hockey (H.Q. Staff).

19:30—League basketball game in Arena. (A few civilians.)

recreation room and he'll be only too glad to help you out. If you need equipment for the various games, just drop around to the little alleyway opposite to the doorway into Clothing Stores, and you should be able to find all you need. One other thing too, just in case you don't know, and that is—This Kinsmen Club of the city, is a very fine body of men. They have built the rink up at the corner just opposite to the Hospital, and are allowing men in uniform to skate there—FREE!

One piece of entertainment I can strongly recommend to you is the Movies shown here by the Y. Film Service. Mr. Youmans operates the machine himself, and really puts on a good show. I know I always get a big kick out of it.

From here on, I am going to repeat a little portion of the Sports Column in the January Issue of this paper. I wrote it myself, and I'm glad of it. I still think that a good many of you should sort of take it to heart:

"I think I can truthfully say that there are some men on this station who have never seen one of the shows screened by Mr. Youmans. For you I recommend a really smart kick in the

Wednesday:

18:00—Boxing lessons.

19:00—Y.M.C.A. movies in Arena.

20:30—Learn to dance lessons at Y.M.C.A. (Oh my!).

Thursday:

17:45—Table Tennis tournament, in recreation room.

18:30—Hockey (Airmen).

19:00—Bridge tournament in Recreation room. Swim at Y.M.C.A. Pool.

20:00—Boxing card in Arena.

21:00—Bowling, R.C.A.F. team in City league.

Friday:

18:00—Boxing lessons.

18:30—Hockey (H.Q. Staff).

19:00—Y.M.C.A. movies in the Arena.

Saturday Afternoon and Evening
12:00—Invitation to homes given out by the Chaplain in the recreation room.

Basketball, Volleyball and Badminton at any time Airmen want to play, provided that the games do not interfere with other organized station activities.

to get you to show a little interest in some of the recreational activities of the station. If you can't show any interest in a thing like that, it is fairly sure that you won't stir yourself very far for any other activity on the place. I have heard round the place that 'Brandon is one — of a place to be stuck in.' Well if you chaps who think that were to spend an evening or two looking for some entertainment, and at the same time look for it in the Arena and Recreation room, you can find all the fun you want, cheaply, and without any fear of having a hangover the next day. You can have a lot of fun with just men present too, you know."

Basketball R.C.A.F. Style

Since Corporal Fogel has taken over the coaching and training of the No. 2 Manning Depot Basketball team they have won twelve games and lost three.

Due to the fact that this is a transient station, it is impossible to establish and train a permanent team to defend the R.C.A.F. laurels in this sport. However, we have been fortunate

in having available at all times, trainees who are certainly able to give a good account of themselves on the court.

Corporal Fogel has had a wealth of experience at various sports and we feel sure that our basketball team is in very capable hands. To the "Little Corporal" and his boys we say "Carry On" and the very best of luck and always remain the true sportsmen that we know you are.

(Composed and submitted by Corporal Fogel.)

Boxing

(Submitted by A.C.2 Davey Peters)

Boxing classes are held every Monday and Wednesday night, in the Arena, and are usually very well attended. These lessons are not only for the purpose of teaching you chaps how to box, but to provide material for the weekly boxing card which is held every Thursday, and as a rule provides good entertainment for a large crowd. These bouts have unearthed a lot of very good talent, and by the way in which the matches have been improving, it would seem that the boxing lessons are beginning to bear fruit. Once a month, it is hoped to provide a similar boxing card, except for the fact that bouts are invited from the 101st Training Centre, and other local Non-Permanent units. At the same time the public will be invited to attend. Upon receipt of a small donation, they will be admitted to the Arena where they may watch in comfort.

The last of these bouts was held on February 5th, and was attended by about 1500 people. After the show, all the participants usually go to one of the local restaurants where they partake of a feed of steaks, and so forth.

Ed Note: In a few years, the Ed. intends to invite competition from any two men on the station.

N.B.: You will notice that there is no word of the type of competition, nor the particular Editor involved.

One She: "Well, did you learn anything in Sergeant Pellet's photographic darkroom?"

Other She: "Yes, but not about photography."

From the A.F.R. again: "If every Air Force man could read every girl's mind, the gasoline consumption would drop off fifty per cent."

Select your
Luggage
requirements,
Sporting Goods,
etc.

From our large complete
stocks.

Quality at fair prices.

The Brandon
Hardware Co. Ltd.

Rosser Ave. at Seventh St.

The Imperial Dance Gardens DANCING

MONDAY
Whist, 8:15 Dancing, 10:15

WEDNESDAY
Dancing, 8:45

THURSDAY
Dancing, 8:45

SATURDAY
Dancing, 8:30

WALTZ NITE
EVERY OTHER FRIDAY
The next Waltz Nite—Friday,
February 28

Make your pleasure headquarters at Brandon's home of better dances

The Imperial
Dance Gardens

HUTCHINGS' Drug Store

10th and PRINCESS

FILMS ALL SIZES

DEVELOPING
and PRINTING
29c PER ROLL

Ready Each Evening
at 5 o'clock

Phone 2814

Established 1885

J. S. LAUGHTON & SON Tailors

Officers Uniforms and
Great Coats

also

Caps, Wings, Badges, Cap
Badges, Buttons, Braid, Stripes,
Ribbons, Bars, Crests, etc.

701 Rosser Ave. Phone 2910

A 1941 Version of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew"

(With apologies to Robert W. Service)

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Kaiserhof Hotel Hitler and Himmler, the Gestapo chief were paving the road to Hell,— Back of the bar with his medals on, was Goering, that hunk of cheese, While poor old Hess in an awful mess, was searching himself for fleas.

When out of the air-raid shelter below, and into the din and the blare There stumbles a little rabbit-toothed man, named Goebbels, with greasy black hair, He looked like a man with a foot in the grave, and he certainly looked like a louse, As he Heiled old Adolph several times, and started to lie to the house.

Herr Ribbentrop collared him right away, and asked him "Wat is der news?"

"Dere Britons iss starving," Goebbels replied, "and der Yankees quake in dere shoes."

Then Hitler spoke up, "Iss dat the truth?" and Goebbels replied with a grin,

"You know darn well, how we fool the troops, it doesn't mean a thing."

Then all of a sudden the lights went out, and outside was heard a roar The lights went on and who do you think was standing at the door? It was Benny the Duce, the Dago's pride, and stupid as a mule

While clutching his hand was his son-in-law, Ciano, the simpering fool.

Then Benny turned, and his eyes grew dim, and then he started to cry "Oh, Adolph, ain't the British beat— If not, oh why, oh why?"

You promised me over three months ago, you'd be in Britain by now But you've let me down, and my poor darn troops, are getting short of chow.

Their water is low, and the British fleet you promised to annihilate Are keeping supplies from my Libyan troops—Act now, or 'twill be too late."

Hitler looked sheepish, and hung his head, then stammered, and started to swear,

"The blame's on Goering, that hunk of cheese, he promised to clear the air."

Then Goering stumbled across the room with a clank that all could hear

He looked at Hitler and Mussy and Duce, and his face went green with fear.

"Herr Ribbentrop told me," he spluttered out, "the British were awful crummy

But the way they chase my bombers away, it isn't even funny.

Der R.A.F. my number's got. It's a thing I can't deny.

But Raeder promised to clear the seas, and he doesn't even try."

Then Raeder turned, and his cheeks they burned, and he spoke and his voice was grim;

"Der British Fleet won't let me out, and I can't ask my men to swim.

I've destroyed a lot of refugees, and scuttled a ship or two,

I've done as much as Von Tirpitz did. Vat more do you want me to do?"

The bickering suddenly died away, then it burst like a pent up flood And Hitler screamed "Mein Gott we're beat" and his lips were flecked with blood.

He stumbled and staggered across the room, then fell in a heap on the floor

As a string of bombs from the R.A.F. burst just outside the door.

Those are the simple facts of the case —and strictly between you and I To conquer the world, you've the British to beat. So you needn't even try.

After a matter of nearly three months there did come a sudden call, saying thus, "O Ru., there is great need of thy services, come at once and without delay, for we fear that thou wilt delay the British Commonwealth Air Training Scheme." And so Ru. did hasten unto the City with all speed, and upon arriving did be told that he would merely have to wait for another five days before it would be possible for him to leave the City. In the meantime it would be impossible to actually enlist him as that would mean that he would have to be paid, and that would be a waste of the Public Moneys, which same was against the regulations.

After the passing of these five days, they did at last consent to accept Ru. into the R.C.A.F., and they did swear him in and did inform him that he would be sent unto the great (?) City of Brandon, where there did be need of him. At the same time they took away his name and informed him that henceforth he was officially a number. And so Ru. left the City of Vancouver that night and for two weary days and nights did spend his time wondering how he would like things when he did at last arrive at the Depot. As there did be several others like himself on the train all bound for the same destination; as there did be also a superfluity of liquid refreshments, Ru. did manage to enjoy himself to the fullest extent of his ability.

At long last they arrived at Brandon, North—where they got off the train expecting to see something of the City of Brandon, but found instead merely a small station, and a bus. They piled out of the train, at the earnest words of the conductor, who assured them that he really had their welfare at heart, and was not merely trying to get rid of them. They got out and embarked on the bus. Then the bus refused to start, and they got out and pushed. After a half mile or so the driver managed to get the bus started, and after permitting to run down a hill so that those pushing would get a little exercise, after climbing back on and making sundry remarks about buses in general and this one in particular they at last started again, and eventually arrived in Brandon, and were delivered at the Depot.

Here a few of them were taken up to the main building, where they surrendered their papers, and answered many questions. Thereafter they returned to the Barracks where they were given blankets and assigned bunks on the top floor of the building where they were told that they must fold their blankets thus and so. Also they were told that they must do this every morning. Another thing that was pointed out to them by those who were there before, was that they must arise at the sixth hour. At this point in the lecture Ru. sighed deeply and wondered why he had left the profession of Scribe. When this was followed by the announcement that all must be in by the twenty-third hour, he was sure that perhaps there were compensations for the drawbacks in his former trade. About this time, the Corporal giving the lecture inquired if there were any questions upon which those assembled would like enlightenment. Ru. glanced around shyly to see if anyone was going to ask any, and then edged his way to the back where he could not be identified, and inquired, "Corporal, when do we get our uniforms?" "On Monday," came the reply, for this did be a Saturday. Another of the group immediately ask, "Why not this afternoon?" The Corporal restrained himself manfully, but with visible effort, as he retorted somewhat as follows (in order to persuade the editors to print this Ru. was obliged to do a little expurgation):—"Because, you — the Stores have the afternoon off, the

(Continued on page 10)

Message to the Airmen

The advertisements contained in the Airmen's Post are from reputable firms which are, for the most part, locally owned and operated by citizens of Brandon, who have been catering to both the business and social needs of the Airmen since the opening of No. 2 Manning Depot. Speaking for ourselves as two of the oldest members who entered it as recruits, we honestly say that the above mentioned citizens of Brandon have outdone themselves in making the Airmen feel at home at all times, through the medium of social functions, home-cooked meals and entertainment in general. We know the airmen join with us in thanking them one and all for the fine cooperation they have shown in every way toward the boys in the Service.

THE EDITORS.

Dear Son

You are away from home for the first time and in the Air Force:

Son, if, IF, you get any money don't count it in front of the boys.

Don't ask a woman how old she is, or poke fun at anybody's clothes.

Don't enquire of a blind person or a cripple how it happened.

Don't lie unless it is in defence of a good woman.

And never run from a fight that you have started.

As to smoking and drinking, the less the better, but many men, I must confess, do one or the other. No use to talk or write about men's habits, because nobody can mend them but the men themselves.

It's a free country and laws never made drinking or smoking less or more.

Meddling in other people's affairs stirs up trouble and is no good.

Never do anything too much is my rule.

Best of luck,

Yours,
Pop.

The Editors of this paper would like to join with the Officers and airmen of No. 2 Manning Depot in wishing Flying Officer H. Burton the best of luck on his new transfer.

Tops in Entertainment

THE CAPITOL

BRANDON'S INDEPENDENT THEATRE
EIGHTH STREET

Doors open 6 p.m.—Show starts 6:30
Adults: Evenings, 30c.

Neither Hall, Hell nor Hitler Can Stop Our Men With Wings

THEY FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

"Their glory shall not be blotted out."

"This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror."

A warm welcome extended to all men in the Services.

D. B. ROBERTS,
Manager

Reminiscences of an Airman

RU. THE SCRIBE

Now it did come to pass that at a time in the past that Ru, the Scribe, did become tired of his profession, and did decide to look around to see if there were not something which he could accept with dignity as a life work. After much consideration he did decide that he would like to belong to the R.C.A.F. With this in mind he immediately did send word unto the Recruiting Office at Vancouver saying as follows:—"Know ye, O Officer Commanding that Ru, the Scribe, has deigned to look upon the Air Force with favor, and so seeketh to join thy organization." Moreover Ru. did go on to give a glowing account of himself, for he bethought himself that these men having perchance not heard of him might be somewhat loth to accept him at once. And lo! it did be even so, for there did come presently an epistle from the R.C.A.F. in the great City of Vancouver saying that while Ru. was no doubt the type of person that they desired, judging from his own account of himself, nevertheless, they would like to have an unbiased opinion of himself. And so they requested that he obtain from several unprejudiced persons, accounts of his abilities and person and a statement saying that he had at least a slight familiarity with this trade. Ru., after

much pondering on the subject, at last succeeded in finding several persons willing to perjure themselves, and secured statements from them saying that he might be suitable for the R.C.A.F.

At somewhat a later date, being in fact the Easter holidays, Ru. did hie himself unto the great City of Vancouver, and there walked into the office of the Recruiting and sayeth unto them, "Lo! here am I!" Then did those assembled look at him, with an expression of disfavor appearing upon their faces, and they say, "And who might thou be?" Upon receiving answer they appeared to be losing interest, but at last consented to give Ru. a medical test, which same they call an examination, and a Trade Test. Ru. passed both of these without trouble, and was then told that he would be called immediately there was an opening, which would probably be in about two weeks. Ru. thereupon departed feeling rather elated, but at the passing out of the doorway became conscious of a slight feeling of guilt, for he had a feeling that he had perhaps cheated a little on both tests. Soon thereafter he departed from the city to resume his duties as a Scribe.

STRANDPhone
3288

YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

Fri., Feb. 28th Sat., Mar. 1st
NELSON JEANETTE
EDDY MACDONALD
"BITTER SWEET"
All in Technicolor

Coming MONDAY, MARCH 3rd
Limited Engagement

**NOTHING CUT BUT
THE PRICES**

**"GONE WITH
THE WIND"**

Exactly as originally presented,
4 hour show

In order to see entire performance
and get back to barracks by 10.30,
you must be seated by 6.15 p.m.

40c UNTIL 2 P.M., TAX INCLUDED
50c AFTER 2 P.M., PLUS 5c TAX



LATEST GRADUATING CLASS OF OFFICERS FOR R.C.A.F. AT RIVERS

—Photo by R. M. Coleman.

Co-operation a By-word at Rivers Navigation School

(From the Brandon Daily Sun)

Rivers, Jan. 14.—Co-operating has become a military by-word in this war of men and machines and to members of the Royal Canadian Air Training school here it must be brought to a standard as close to perfect as humanly possible.

The training school personnel is hand-picked and a finishing course in navigation is one of the principal features. Prior to unpacking their military kits at Rivers, the trainees have spent a good many weeks in a bombing and gunnery school as well as an air observers school. The course has a duration of four weeks and its intensity excludes any possibility of mediocre intelligence getting by.

There's a little more to flying than talking a plane off the ground and landing it safely again. That alone requires hours of practice but it requires far more to take a bomber off a field, fly it over a fixed route, reach an objective and return safely to the original flying field.

If you've ever tried to find an object in a blacked-out room, think of that and make the room about five hundred miles square and you will have some idea of the difficulties faced by a bomber crew on a night flight.

Small mistakes in calculation must be done away with in aerial navigation. The modern bomber travels at a speed of well over 200 miles an hour and a mistake of five minutes or even less would put the plane many miles off its objective.

Too Much for One Man

The work, however, of a night bomber flight, or even a day flight, cannot be placed entirely on the shoulders of one man. It would be too much for one man to do. Hence, co-operation of the first order is stressed.

Training navigators who will some day guide British bombers over Nazi bases is one of the most important phases of the British Empire Training Scheme. The pilots stationed here, with thousands of hours flying experience are proving ideal in helping mold these new navigators. A good deal of stage fright is done away with when a novice navigator realizes that his pilot has probably flown many miles on commercial flights doing his own navigating as well as piloting. The students say its like having a "Dutch Uncle" along who can talk sense when it's most needed.

Many Hours in Class Room

Trying to keep up with a student navigator at this school for one day

is well nigh impossible. He knows what is expected of him and he does it—and a little more besides. Six hours, seven days a week, the student spends in a class room learning the mysteries of charting courses, the intricacies of the course and wind drift indicators, and the entire theory that surrounds aerial navigation. Three hours each day he goes aloft, weather permitting, to put his knowledge of theory to a practical test. In all that nine hours, already beyond union time clock limits, and he isn't finished. Like a very good student, the navigator heads for his "diggings" after classes to burn some "midnight oil."

Along with the pilot, the navigator and wireless operator make up the essential members of a bomber crew. The wireless operator must know all the knobs and switches as well as be able to repair a damaged set while on a flight. Sending and receiving coded messages must be done at high speed with absolute accuracy. The crew members, however, co-operate not only among themselves but also with the ground stations.

The average practice flight made by one of the school's bombers will give some idea of the co-operation and co-ordination that is required of men who some day will deliver powerful packages to the Reich. A night flight possibly gives the best illustration.

The average practice flight lasts about three hours and commences when the pilot receives the green light from the field control tower and opens the throttle for takeoff.

Must Follow Orders

Prior to take-off, however, the navigator has charted his course and turns over the finished result to the pilot. The pilot must follow his navigator's orders with care while the navigator keeps a constant check on the flight. Change in drift must be checked periodically by astral sights through the glass roof. At set intervals the navigator must hand the wireless operator information on the direction in which the plane is flying, the altitude and the approximate time they will be over their objective. Back at the field this information is handed on to the plotting room where the position of every plane of the flight is recorded on a huge wall map.

To prevent collisions with T.C.A. planes and other bombers, the plotting room keeps a close check on altitudes and changes its altitudes made during a flight. Flying westward the R.C.A.F. planes maintain even altitudes and odd altitudes eastward. The Rivers station and T.C.A., interchange information on the heights at which their planes are flying.

With constant checking and precise flying for three hours the bomber returns to its home base and is checked in. Another lesson has been learned and the time draws nearer when these men will carry on the offensive against Germany.

Rulers of the Air

The whole wide world is watching,
The progress of our scheme;
Yes: Watching with deepest interest,
The swinging of the beam,—
And as it swings, first up, then down,
And teeters totters there
They wonder if we'll make the grade,
And be rulers of the Air.

To rule the air, it is our plan
As we now rule the seas;
And thus the peace of all the world
We'll keep with perfect ease;
New Zealand helps, Australia too:
And this Dominion fair,
The balance of the Empire joins,
To be rulers of the Air.

Thus, you and I are just a part,
Of one great big machine;
That works away with all its might
To make the air-way clean.
And then, supreme above the clouds,
Above the clouds, up there,
The peace of all the world we'll keep
As rulers of the Air.

From coast to coast are gathered men,
Of every race and creed;
To man the plants; the fields and
schools

To fill our every need,
There's Pilots; Gunners; Bombers too,
Men for the ground are there,
To see that everything is right,
For planes to take the air.

And when at last the scheme's complete,
And everything is done,
You'll find that everyone is glad,
Of sad ones there'll be none,
And all the world at peace will be
For no Country then will dare;
To start a fight—when we say NO:
As rulers of the Air.

—Composed by
Corporal J. D. P. Nolan

Who is the A./Cpl. Clerk who keeps
his breast pockets so full of junk,
which he deems necessary for the
efficiency of his office, that he appears
to need a brassiere.

Why is it that we on this station
last summer were compelled to wear
Great Coats in the rain—and they
send us three thousand rain coats in
February?

SMOKER'S GHQ!

Everything for
the smoker at
low prices . . .
tobaccos, cigars,
cigarettes, and
smoker's accessories.



The Best in Pipes:
DR. PLUMB YELLO BOLE
G.B.D.s B.B.B.s LOEWE'S

**Stuart's News &
Tobacco Store**

817 Rosser Ave. Phone 2871

A. SHEWAN & SON

Men's Furnishings
Ready Made &
Made-to-Measure Clothing

830 ROSSER AVE.
BRANDON, MAN.

BERRY'S CONFECTIONERY

First St. and Princess

Cold Drinks — Tobaccos
Candies — Fruit — Pastry

Drop in and try our rifle range
instruction given to ladies.

SPORTING GOODS

Headquarters For
Golf, Tennis, Fishing, Hunting
and Swimming Supplies

Right now is a good time to consider outfitting your teams for Football, Cricket, Softball and Baseball Uniforms and other necessary equipment so that it may be on hand when Spring rolls around. We will gladly furnish estimates on any and all sports equipment.

O. STARK & SON

10TH ST — BRANDON, MAN.



SERVICE POLICE AT NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT

THE SERVICE POLICE

The "Service Police," as it is today, is a comparatively new branch in the R.C.A.F. Its function is difficult to define to the letter, due to the extent of the variety of its duties. To outline a few of the duties of the Service Police, for the information of the recruit, will be my endeavour in the following paragraphs.

First and foremost we have the prevention of crime and immediately following that—the detection of crime.

It may be a good thing to point out what is meant by "crime." To take the definition of the word itself and apply it to the Air Force, is, to my estimation, the best way this can be done. Crime: an act punishable by law.

Now it doesn't take many days service to learn that every Airman is governed by a set of laws laid down in the Air Force Act. It will be rapidly learned, that just about everything that a person in the Air Force can do, that is contrary to regulations, is adequately handled by the A.F.A. Therefore it is correct to assume that anything, from failing to clean your buttons or wearing your hat incorrectly to the most serious of offences, may be properly termed—Crime.

A great deal of the prevention of crime, then, is attended to as an Airman leaves the Barracks. It is due to the extreme self-respect, and respect for the uniform that he is wearing, on the part of the average Airman, that makes this as light a duty as it is. The detection of crime, it will be readily understood, is considerably

more distasteful, both to the detector and the detected. Believe me.

Without going into detail, some of the other duties of the Service Police will just be mentioned. Pay Master's Guard: Escort Duties (Orderly Room and Station to Station): Detention Barracks: Town Patrol (just like a real flatfoot): Barrack Patrol: the checking of Passes, both civilian and Air Force personnel: Lost and Found Department and Information Bureau. Outside of these and a few others there is nothing to do but draw our pay and enjoy life. How many of you who have struggled through this much of this article will agree with the following code: "If a man commits a crime, gets caught and is punished, and can take it—O.K.; if he can't, he isn't worth worrying about." Personally, I think that that attitude is a great help to the "Service Police" in the pursuance of their duties. It eases our conscience too.

In closing I would like to mention a very important factor in Service Police work—Co-operation. We need it fellows, from every Airman on every station. A good hockey match cannot be played by one team.

Until complete accord between Disciplinarians and the Service Police is accomplished throughout the Service the desired degree of efficiency on the part of the "junior trade" will not be possible. To the Disciplinarians of this station I would like to express my gratitude for the co-operation they have offered.

F./Sgt. J. H. Cartlidge.

THE QUITTER

When you're lost in the wild, and you're scared as a child,
And woe looks you bang in the eye,
And you're sore as a boil, it's according to Hoyle
That—you decide in your own mind—to die.
But the code of a man says, "Fight all you can,
And self-dissolution is barred."
In hunger and woe, oh, it's easy to blow—
It's the hell-served-for-breakfast, that's hard.

"You're sick of the game?" Well, now, that's a shame.
"You just want to die;" Am I right?
"You've had a raw deal;" I know—but don't squeal,
Buck up, do your damndest, and FIGHT,

It's plugging away that will win you the day,
So don't be a piker, old pard;
Just draw on your grit, it's so easy to quit,
It's the keeping your chin up that's hard.
It's easy to cry that you're beaten—and die;
It's easy to crawl—fish and crawl;
But to FIGHT—and to fight when hope's out of sight—
Why, that's the best game of all,
And though you come out of each gruelling bout
All beaten and broken and scarred,
Just have one more try—It's dead easy to die,
It's the keeping-on-living that's hard.

Corporal J. D. P. Nolan.

Sgt. Ted Palmer Describes Meeting with Governor-General

Editor's note: This was submitted by Cpl. J. D. P. Nolan, and is an extract from a letter received by him from Sgt. Ted Palmer, of the R.C.A. D.C., formerly stationed at No. 2 Manning Depot. We would like at this time, through the medium of the Airman's Post, to extend our best wishes, and those of the Airmen of No. 2 Manning Depot to Sgt. Palmer. Happy Landings Ted.

Sgt. Ted. Palmer, recently a member of the Dental Clinic staff on this station, describes chance meeting with the Earl of Athlone.

Sgt. Palmer, at present on his way overseas, tells the story as follows:—"Three other Sgts., and myself, today paid a visit to the National Art Gallery in Ottawa. We were standing in one of the smaller rooms, examining a number of Old Masters, when I heard someone else come into the room. I glanced over my shoulder and saw an elderly gentleman and a Naval officer: I glanced at them casually and without particular interest; then turned back to the picture in front of me. As I looked back at the picture, something clicked in my mind.

As the truth dawned upon me, I called the other three to attention; spun around and whipped up the smartest Salute I knew how, then stood to attention myself.

The Elderly Gentleman was none other than the Earl of Athlone. In acknowledgment of the Salute, he stepped over and shook hands with each one of us, asked us our names, where we were from and where we were going. He chatted with us for a few minutes, then wished us luck and went on his way.

During his conversation, he asked me if I had ever seen him before; and I replied only in a photograph. He congratulated me on what he termed as "my alert mind." "Boy was I ever thrilled."

It is not hard to imagine Sgt. Ted, strutting around telling everyone about the meeting.

Happiness a By-Product

Happiness is a by-product. We can't buy it, because it has no price.

Some people try to purchase happiness by getting drunk; others build fine houses, and some travel around the world.

But the goal is as elusive as the horizon.

The main issue in life is service, and happiness is incidental to service.

To try to win happiness from the world without serving the world is like trying to distill gasoline from water instead from crude oil. It can't be done.

The contractor who erects an honest, substantial building wins happiness.

The statesman who forwards the cause of humanity wins happiness.

The judge who reads the law in the light of common sense wins happiness.

Those reckless fellows who balance themselves on four-inch beams, ten stories above ground, and toss white-hot rivets back and forth, win happiness.

The law of happiness is as inexorable as the law of gravitation.

Without service there shall be no happiness, says nature.

And it's a good law, too.

And we've a good Service too, haven't we boys?

An Airman.

R.C.A.F. Uniforms
Great Coats
 MADE-TO-ORDER OR FROM STOCK
 GREY SHIRTS
 Fused Collar Attached or with Two Separate Collars
 Complete Variety R.C.A.F. Accessories
John A. McDonald & Son Ltd.
 Military Outfitters

TAXI
MacArthur & Son
 Phone 4581
 24 HOUR SERVICE

BRANDON HOTEL
 A. D. HARRISON, Prop.
 156 Ninth St. Brandon
 Rooms with or without bath—\$1.25 and up.

Simpson's
 Offer the Complete Line of R.C.A. Victor Radios
 Including the new "Personal Radio" This portable model measures only 3 11-16 x 8 7-8 x 3 inches and weighs only 4 1-4 lbs. Open the lid—it plays. Close the lid—it stops.
Robert Simpson Western Ltd.
 AGENCY
 J. R. BOTTOMLEY, Special Representative
 138 - 10th St. Phone 4445
 Watch Our Windows

We're Going "ALL OUT" to Help Canada's War Effort!



**For Each \$4.00
You Get Back \$5.00**

\$ 5.00 for \$ 4.00 \$10.00 for \$ 8.00
\$25.00 for \$20.00 \$50.00 for \$40.00
\$100.00 for \$80.00

War Savings Certificates are a direct obligation of the Dominion of Canada, repayable in 7½ years. At the end of that time your investment will have increased twenty-five per cent., which represents interest at 3% compounded half-yearly.

They may be redeemed at option of registered owner, after six months from date of issue at an established scale of values.

The following table represents an average basis of saving. These figures are only illustrative, as the amount of saving which is possible will vary according to each individual's family and other economic circumstances.

Earnings Per Week	Savings Per Week	Maturity Values of Annual Purchases
Up to \$20	25¢ to \$1.00	\$ 15 to \$ 45
Over \$20 to \$30	\$1.25 to \$2.00	\$ 80 to \$130
Over \$30 to \$40	\$2.25 to \$3.50	\$145 to \$225
Over \$40	\$3.75 to \$9.25	\$245 to \$600

**THIS IS
WAR SAVINGS PLEDGE MONTH**

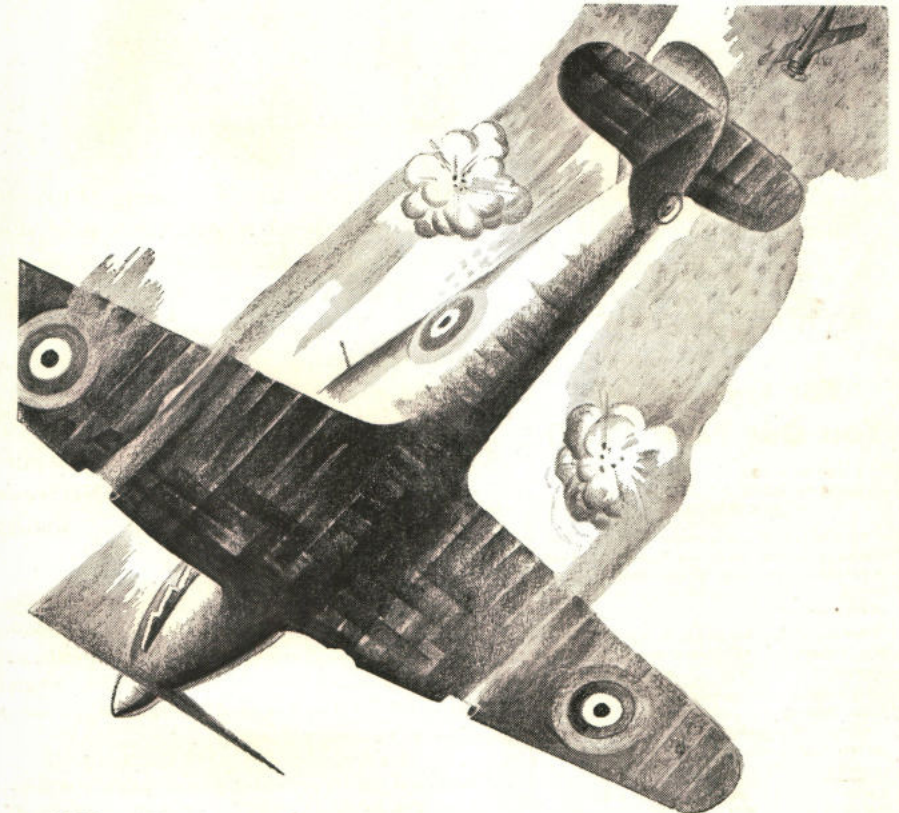
War Saving Certificates
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All Banks and Post Offices

"THIS TIME we are ALL in the front line" — H.M. THE KING.

FALL IN! The line is forming. Close the ranks. Answer His Majesty's call. Every man, woman and child in Canada has a duty to perform. Some will fight. You, too, have a job to do. It may demand sacrifice. You are called on to help furnish the munitions needed to win the war... guns and tanks for the army... planes for the air force... ships for the navy and merchant marine. Guns and tanks and planes and ships cost money. You are not asked to give—you are only asked to LEND your money. This is something you can do... something you *must* do.

There is only one place to get the money Canada needs to win this war—from the people of Canada. A large part will come from business firms and people with large incomes. They will pay high taxes and buy heavily of War Loan Bonds. But more money is needed... a great deal more. \$10,000,000 a month is expected from men, women and children who invest in War Savings Certificates.

Work hard. Earn more. Save all you can and lend your savings to Canada. BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES. Budget to buy them regularly. Buy them every week... every month... as long as the war lasts. You will be forming a good habit... the saving habit... a habit that will benefit you when victory is won. You will be doing a *real* job in helping to win the war.



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Zoom to Victory**

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regularly!

This Space Donated to the
War Savings Campaign
by the Airman's Post

"If" Kipling Had Written It Like This

If you can see what some folk call "invasion"
As nothing but a spin of Fortune's wheel;
If you can keep your poise and self-possession
No matter what you think or how you feel;
If you can view a stupid situation
All cluttered up with "ifs" and "aws" and "buts"
And take it at its proper valuation—
A challenge to your common sense and "guts";
If you can rise above this mess and muddle,
If you can glimpse a rainbow through the clouds
When Threat and Dread and War are in a huddle
And Hope is being measured for a shroud;
If you can keep a saving sense of humor
For stories that are slightly inexact;
If you can disregard Adolf and Benny,
And not accept dictation as a fact;
If you can spread the gospel of successes,
If you can stir the spirit that instills
The latent life in every free man's heart
And lift its stream above a thousand threats;
If, briefly, you can spend an extra dollar;
If you can pry the sacred Roll apart
And buy another shirt or shoe or collar
And act as if it didn't break your heart;
If you have faith in those with whom you fight,
And trust in those with whom you make up might;
If you believe in friend and next-door neighbor,
And heed examples veterans have made;
If you expect the sun to rise tomorrow;
If you are sure that somewhere skies are blue—
Wake up and pack away the futile clouds,
For better days are largely up to YOU!

RU THE SCRIBE

(Continued from page 5)

same as anyone else in the R.C.A.F., with the exception of some poor — like me who is saddled with a lot of — like you fellows! Moreover you are not going to get them tomorrow, so you can take it from me that you'll get them on Monday and not one — day sooner!" Ru, gathered that working on a Saturday afternoon was a sore point with the Corporal.

Upon the morrow there did come a call from one whom appeared to have a position of authority, requesting in no uncertain terms that everyone get up. Ru, anxious to make a good impression, hastily jumped out of bed, attempted to fold his blankets in the approved manner, and then

rushed out with the rest to learn the intricacies of falling in. An indistinguishable bellow from somewhere out in front of the men clustered on the sidewalk, caused Ru to start—which immediately provoked another bellow, that caused Ru to stop moving abruptly. Apparently it did not do to become impulsive! A moment later, there came another roar, but this time Ru was not to be caught napping—he did not move, and as a result nearly got stepped on when the press of Airmen started forward out into the street. Deciding that it might be better to stay in the rear and observe the procedure, Ru lagged behind, and in a moment was, to the accompaniment of a rather blistering invective, told to hurry. Ru hurried! At long last everyone was formed up in three long lines. Ru observed, by the time he arrived that they were all standing at ease; so Ru did likewise. They were called to attention, so Ru did likewise. They were told to make a left turn, and so Ru, proud of the fact that he had learned this movement in school promptly turned to the right. This apparently made the Corporal somewhat wroth, judging from the remarks, so Ru obediently turned to the right and then continued the motion until he was in the required position. They were turned back into line, and back again, several times, until at last the novelty had worn off, and they were told to march off for breakfast. On being halted and told to dismiss, Ru, along with several of the others started in the most direct route to where he would collect some food—only to discover that there were things that he must learn about leaving the parade ground, too. After somewhat rudimentary mastery of this fact all were at last permitted to go and eat their breakfast.

After breakfast they again fell in, marched back, and received many blistering tirades for the way in which they did not march in step. Once again they fell out, hastened to shave, make their beds, (neatly they hoped!) and then went back to the street to march back up to the other building to receive their clothing—this on the Monday, Sunday having been an uneventful day, broken only by going to meals.

Arrived at Stores, where they hoped to draw their uniforms, and such other articles as a beneficent government considers necessary for the well-being of the R.C.A.F. After complaining that most of the things did not fit—particularly the kit bag, which would only hold about half of the things issued, Ru was at last with an apparently unrelated set of articles, of which the only ones that he was sure would fit were the cap and tunic, they were told that they would have to carry their belongings back to the barracks where they were to sleep. After hanging the overflow from his greatcoat on wherever he was able, and being sadly handicapped by the pair of boots that he had slung around his neck, which same he was sure would choke him before he arrived at the barracks, they at last arrived back and were told that they could spend the rest of the morning getting their equipment into shape.

Ru, immediately took his trousers to the tailor to have them shortened and then went enthusiastically to work polishing buttons. This being a novel procedure at the time Ru spent more time and more effort than he ever has since—and secured less result! He polished his boots, sewed on his eagles, put his cap badge on his hat, and then went back to work on the buttons. For some reason these still failed to come up to expectations of the Corporal, but Ru continued to persevere, and at last came to the state where he was of the opinion that even a Corporal could no longer fail to appreciate the true beauty of his brass. (In this he later discovered his error;



SCENE IN THE TAILOR SHOP

for the Corporal wanted to know why he had not polished it, and if he thought that he could reform the R.C.A.F.—though the Corporal didn't use such polite language!) He retrieved his trousers, and then put on his uniform and said a careless farewell to his civvies, little thinking that the time would come when he would gladly have given anything to have his clothes back again. Then he and the other recruits who had secured their uniforms, went to watch the "rookies" coming in, for he now considered himself to be a veteran. At least he was not now as conspicuous in the barracks as formerly, and therefore felt himself to be more at home.

Upon the morrow the same general procedure repeated itself, with the exception that now Ru was paraded to the hospital, there to take off his tunic and shirt, and to fall in with the others who came in on the same day that he did. All vainly craned their necks in order to see what might be happening up front, but without result. As the line moved forward, they observed the M.O. in the process of jabbing needles into the arms of the Airmen up front. Ru, at last became worried about how he would react, and whether he would be one of the unlucky ones that would be adversely affected, and who would collapse and be carried away by a couple of comrades.

About this time having been several times on the carpet because of his curly locks, and being at last told of all the dire things that were about to happen to him, Ru decided that he should have a haircut. After all, the Corporal had told him to get one, the Sergeant had also told him. The Sergeant had, moreover, assured all those assembled, that those to whom he had spoken would be put on charge, in the event of their not having had a haircut on the morrow. And so Ru went forth and had him a haircut. At least that was what he asked for. The barber being a man of guile, did turn the back of Ru to the mirror and proceed to cut hair, after he had finished he went back to the beginning and repeated the procedure, and then did it again. At last when Ru was permitted to look at himself, he was forced to ask for an introduction to the stranger whom he saw in the mirror!

And so Ru, concludeth his account of his first few days in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

"My new boy friend is always wiring for money."

"Oh, I thought he was in the Air Force now."

"Yes, dearie, but he was an electrician before enlisting . . ."

Carpenter

"They say that that air pilot was a carpenter before the war?"

"Yes, a bit of a change, what?"

"Oh, I don't think so. Even now he hammers the enemy, puts nails in their coffins as he drops his bombs; planes over the lines and reports what he saw; does his bit of putting the screw on the enemy; adze every day to his list of enemy victims, and he puts his awl into the job of winning the war."

Basil Rathbone's Son Follows Father's Example

Son of Basil Rathbone, famed movie and radio star, Rodion Rathbone is a leading aircraftman, stationed at Windsor, Ont., Flying Training School. It is not generally known that Basil Rathbone was a flyer in the Great War and won the Military Cross.

Vancouver Still First for Airmail Volume

Winnipeg, December.—With 15,344 pounds to its credit, Vancouver held its lead as the air mail centre of Canada during October, according to figures just released by the Trans-Canada Air Lines. Handling 13,229 pounds, Toronto was second. Lethbridge accounted for 12,334 pounds and North Bay for 10,814. Montreal was in fifth place with 8,787 pounds and Winnipeg followed close with 8,708. The total air mail handled by the T.C.A. in the month was 94,164 pounds.

Toronto received more air mail than any other city, the report shows—13,935 pounds. Vancouver received 13,869; Lethbridge, 12,519; North Bay, 11,308 and Montreal, 11,131. Some of the mails handled at North Bay and Lethbridge were transferred there for other points.

ESTABLISHMENT DISTINCT CREDIT

(Continued from page 1)

attention. The "men in blue" have a snap and swing all their own, and their marching and general discipline has been of a very high character.

Wing Commander R. M. Smith has had fine co-operation from the second in command, Squadron Leader L. A. Sewell; the adjutant Flight Lieutenant A. R. Knight, and the splendid body of officers and non-commissioned officers who have shouldered the bulk of the work in getting the manning depot under way.

—Editor.

J. H. Matthews

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Brandon Harness Shop

130 TENTH ST.

Record of Maple Leaf Airmen Through 1940 is A Glorious Page In Chronicles of Fighting Men

(By Don Gilbert, Canadian Press Staff Writer)
(From the Brandon Daily Sun)

In the Battles of France and Britain, and in the historic week of Dunkerque, Canada's airmen carried on the traditions of the Canadian aces of 1914-18.

In every major aerial operation of 1940 Canadian pilots, navigators, observers, gunners and bomb aimers were to the forefront, helping first to establish and then to maintain Britain's supremacy over the uncounted squadrons of the German air arm.

The hundreds of young men from the Dominion who had crossed to Britain in the years before the war, many at their own expense, to find adventure in the skies had ample scope for their mettle. The Canadian Press story of the year shows.

Canada's participation in the air was along two lines: first, by Can-

adians in the Royal Air Force; second, by the 1st Fighter Squadron of the Royal Canadian Air Force. In addition two squadrons of Army Co-operation aircraft were with the Canadian Corps in Britain.

All Canadians

Of the Canadians in the R.A.F. the most widely known are the pilots of the so-called Canadian squadron. This group originally was made up entirely of Canadians but in weeks of heavy fighting in France and the Low Countries, and in the Dunkerque evacuation, it suffered heavy casualties and the gaps in many cases were filled by Britons. The squadron, however, maintained its Canadian name.

Assigned to convoy protection work on its return from the continent, the squadron early became prominent in

the Battle of Britain under Sqdn.-Ldr. Douglas Bader, an Englishman who proved himself an indomitable air fighter despite the handicap of artificial legs, his own having been lost in an air crash before the war.

On Aug. 30, in the space of an hour, 12 Hurricane fighters of the All-Canadian Squadron shot down 13 German bombers and fighters in a great air battle in which the Canadians were outnumbered six planes to one. While in France, the squadron was officially credited with 72 enemy planes and by the time the Germans gave up their mass daylight attacks on Britain it had added well over 100 more.

Among the pilots in the squadron are Pilot Officer William McKnight of Calgary, who bagged 17 Nazi planes and won the Distinguished Flying Cross and Bar, Flt.-Lt. P. S. Turnover of Toronto, who shot down 10 enemy machines at Dunkerque, and Pilot Officer N. K. Stansfeld of Vancouver, who bagged seven.

McNab's Own

The 1st squadron of the R.C.A.F., under Sqdn.-Ldr. Ernest McNab of Regina, got into action with its Canadian-built Hurricanes in the Battle of Britain on Aug. 24. After a week of action McNab alone had bagged 12 enemy aircraft and after a month the

squadron was able to celebrate its 50th air victory during a visit to its camp by Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, V.C., Canada's great air fighter of the last war.

Two days after Air Marshal Bishop's visit the squadron shot down six more. The Canadians were honored by an inspection by his Majesty the King. By Nov. 5 the squadron's bag was up to 75 and the fine work of McNab won him a transfer to the R.A.F. with the rank of Acting Wing Commander, which means it is unlikely he will do much more combat flying.

Gallant Connor

Canadians with the R.A.F. who distinguished themselves included Pilot Officer Clare Connor of Toronto, who was awarded the D.F.C. for his work in a flight that brought his 18-year-old gunner, Sgt. John Hannah of Glasgow, the Victoria Cross. While returning from a raid on Antwerp, fire broke out in the bomb compartment and ammunition began exploding as the flames spread and forced the remainder of the crew to bail out.

But Hannah stayed to fight the blaze and eventually put it out, while Connor stuck determinedly at the controls. The gutted plane was landed safely at its home base. Connor was killed Nov. 6 while on active service.

Flt.-Lt. William Campbell of Revelstoke, B.C., destroyed two Italian submarines when Italy entered the war. Later he was forced down in Greece and interned. He won his freedom when Italy invaded Greece. Flt.-Lt. Garfield Prior, 26-year-old pilot from Indian Head, Sask., took part in the first raids on Turin, centre of Italian war industry.

Flying Officer Everett Badoux of Stellarton, N.S., sank a German U-boat early in December and got back to his base although one gasoline tank was empty and another leaking.

Army Co-operation

The 1st Army Co-operation squadron of the R.C.A.F. under Sqdn.-Ldr. W. D. Van Vliet of Winnipeg, arrived at an R.A.F. station in Southern England in February and was joined by the 2nd squadron in May. R.C.A.F. headquarters in London were established under Group Capt. George Walsr, who later returned to Canada for promotion and was succeeded by Air Commodore L. F. Stevenson.

Some 55 Canadian officers received the Distinguished Flying Cross during the year and about 90 Canadians lost their lives.

The first graduates of the Empire Air Training scheme from Canada, mostly air observers, arrived in Britain late in November. They were soon in action. Within 48 hours of debarkation Pilot Officer Arthur Snell of Calgary helped bomb Boulogne. A second contingent, made up of crew men, observers and a small number of pilots, arrived in Britain early in December.

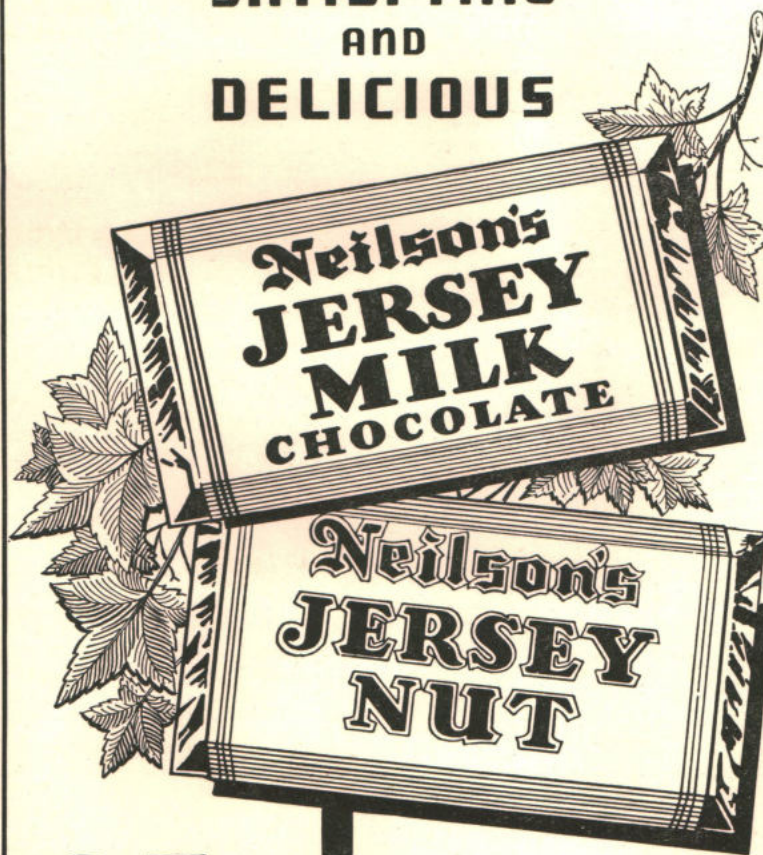
And while these young Canadians fought the Empire's air battles, a veteran of the last war, Air Commodore Raymond Collishaw of Nanaimo, B.C., directed Britain's air victory over the Italians in the western desert during the December offensive.

The question of why a locomotive is called "she" has been referred to St. Paul Mavant who says:

"There are many reasons for this: For instance, she wears a jacket with a yoke, pins and shields. She has an apron and a lap, also. Not only does she have shoes, but she sports pumps and hose while she drags trains behind her. She attracts attention with puffs and mufflers, and sometimes she foams and refuses to work. At such times she needs to be switched. She needs guiding and she requires a man to feed her, but most characteristic of all is that she is much steadier when she is hooked up."

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**Edmonton Flyer
Awarded D.F.C.**

(Extract from the Canadian Veteran)

Exactly a year after his squadron downed the first German bomber over the North Sea off the British coast, Flight-Lieut. Howard Peter Blatchford, of Edmonton, was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for gallantry displayed in flying operations against the enemy.

Son of Mrs. Blatchford and the late K. A. Blatchford, former mayor of Edmonton, Flight-Lieut. Blatchford was one of the Edmonton and Northern Alberta Aero Club's flying "prodigies." He secured his private pilot's license under the instruction of Capt. Maurice Burbridge before he was many months past his fifteenth birthday.

That was 12 years ago. For a few years following, he didn't have time to do much with his flying and lost some interest. But five years ago, his interest revived and he joined the Royal Air Force.

Since the start of the war he has been in the "thick" of things, flying constantly.

Wednesday's citation said Blatchford, attached to No. 257 squadron, in November "was the leader of a squadron which destroyed eight and damaged a further five enemy aircraft in one day."

"In the course of combat he rammed and damaged a hostile fighter when his ammunition was expended and then made two determined head-on feint attacks on enemy fighters which drove them off," the citation added.

"He has shown magnificent leadership and outstanding courage," it concluded.

Before he left for the Old Country, Flight-Lieut. Blatchford was prominent in amateur boxing circles. He continued his interest in the sport in England, representing his squadron in matches with other squadrons.

'Till Then

It seems that Adolf dreamed wherein
He ruled the world, a nation.
If he could hoodwink the race,
He'd be the big sensation.

He shut his ears to cries of hurt,
His eyes to blood and plunder;
He trampled o'er the small and weak,
Then beat his chest in wonder.

We find this power-crazed maniac,
His lust and greed unsmitten,
Had reckoned quite without John Bull
And powers behind Great Britain.

But British hearts are stout and true,
Their courage calm, unflinching;
They do not stoop to tyranny
Who rule the waves undaunted-

When reckoning comes, and come it will,
His blitzkrieg strength impair,
He'll find his loot a knotted rope,
His dream a wild nightmare.

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OFFICE STAFF AT NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT

The Airmen

By Lt. Col. (Archdeacon)
Frederick George Scott, C.M.G., D.S.O.

O ye winged valour of our nations
soul,
Courageous hearts, ye dauntless soar
on high,
Forgetting earth and not afraid to die,
Beneath you, seas illimitable roll
And strip the icebergs from each glittering pole,
Engulfing clouds like monsters pass
you by,
And night enwraps you in the lonely
sky,
But nought diverts you from your destined
goal.

Ye bear on high the banner of our
Land,
Out-soaring eagles in their loftiest
flight,
Swift as the lightning on your head-
long race;
And when invisible death on every
hand
Darts his swift arrows, mounting out
of sight,
Ye guard our realms from battlements
in space.

**Denton Massey to
Head Air Cadets**

Command of the new air cadet corps, soon to be established throughout Canada, has been given to Flight-Lieut. Denton Massey, M.P. for Toronto-Greenwood. For this purpose he has been transferred to Ottawa from Trenton, where he had been acting adjutant. The air cadet corps will be a semi-official organization, controlling or amalgamating the many unofficial clubs, associations and groups now in operation.

The corps was announced by Hon. C. G. Power, Minister for Air, just before Hon. Air Vice-Marshal W. A.

Bishop, V.C., went to England. While overseas Air Marshal Bishop looked into similar corps in England and reported so favorably on them that immediate organization was started here. Air Marshal Bishop himself is on the advisory staff and several Toronto men will soon be named in a similar capacity.

There will be two groups within the corps and provision will be made for seniors, when they pass the age limit of 17, to be taken into the R.C.A.F.

**Airmen Arrive at
Dauphin**

Seventy-five aircraftmen arrived here recently on a special train from Toronto, as the R.C.A.F. continues manning No. 10 service flying training school, which is scheduled to open March 5. Total number of officers and men at the station is now 250. About 500 men will make up the permanent staff, to be installed within the next fortnight.

"Mighty cold" declared the airmen of Manitoba's climate. Many froze their ears so badly in a short walk in Winnipeg earlier in the day that they were unable to pull down their caps.

Americans Serving

A Canadian air official has disclosed that more than 1,100 Americans are taking part in the British Commonwealth Air Training plan under way in Canada.

More than 700 are training as air crewmen—pilots, observers and gunners—and more than 400 are instructors or ferry and communication pilots. The ferry pilots fly training planes from Canadian factories to the airfields.

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Months Pay for Discharged Men

(Extract from the Canadian Veteran)

Best news of the month for veterans of the present war was announced by the Government that a rehabilitation allowance, approximately equal to one month's pay and dependents' allowance, would be paid to members of the Naval, Army and Air Services who have completed 183 days of active service since the outbreak of the present war.

The grant is intended to afford discharged men assistance during the period of the re-absorption into their civil occupations. The award includes marriage or dependents' allowance and it is provided that, where allowances paid to dependents have included a portion of the man's pay, the rehabilitation grant shall be paid to the man and his dependents in the same proportions as during his service.

Where a soldier, sailor or airman, at the time of his discharge is receiving institutional treatment under the Department of Pensions and National Health the grant will be paid to that Department for administration.

The allowance will not be paid to a man who has

- (1) Made a false answer on enrolment or attestation.
- (2) Retired from the service at his own request.
- (3) Been dismissed as a result of a court-martial, etc.
- (4) Been convicted by the civil power and sentenced to imprisonment.
- (5) When the man himself requests that the grant be not paid.

"Pay" Defined:

Because of different regulations and practices existing in the three services the Order-in-Council which authorized the payment to discharged men defined the term "pay" as the pay of rank and dependents' allowance, but excluding specialists', tradesmen's or other additional pay.

The recommendation was drafted by a joint committee of the Cabinet Committee on Demobilization and Rehabilitation. The chairman of the War Veterans' Allowance Board and the Assistant Deputy Minister of Pensions and National Health were also consulted.

Rehabilitation Plan:

The Department of Pensions and National Health are working in conjunction with the three service departments and the Employment Service of Canada to accomplish rehabilitation of the individual.

Applicants for the grant—and those who become eligible in future for it—are required to fill out a form of particulars covering their civilian occupation before the grant is paid. The form has no bearing on the eligibility of the applicant to receive the grant, but the formation of value in arranging for re-establishment of service men.

If Already Discharged:

Men who have already been discharged should, if they have not already done so, make application to Ottawa. In the case of soldiers the request should be made to the Director of Pay Services, Department of National Defense, Ottawa. Former members of the Naval Service will write to the Naval Secretary, Department of National Defense, Ottawa, and those who are eligible by reason of service in the Air Force should write to the Secretary, Department of National Defense for Air, Ottawa. In making application claimants should give rank and number, unit, date of enlistment, date of discharge, present address and address of wife or dependents.



"C" SQUADRON BARRACKS

Present War Only:

Many hundreds of applications have already been handled by the Defense Department. A striking feature has been the fact that a number of applications from men whose service ended before the present war have been received. The Order-in-Council specifies that the grant is payable only to men who have seen service in the present war.

Cheques in payment of claims are issued separately but simultaneously to the man and his wife or other dependent who was drawing an allowance on his account.

R.C.A.F. Concert at Minnedosa

On Wednesday, Feb. 12th, the R.C.A.F. Concert gave a performance at Minnedosa in aid of the Lord Mayor's fund. This was given under the auspices of "C" Squadron, 12th Manitoba Dragoons, and was highly successful, both from a financial point of view, and from that of entertainment.

The party left the Manning Depot by bus, and made a quick but uneventful trip to Minnedosa.

Here they discovered that there were no arrangements made for dressing rooms, but with the usual resourcefulness of the Air Force they proceeded to make one with the aid of a vaulting horse, a plank, the piano, some rope and some burlap.

The concert, introduced by Major R. Harrison, and with a few explanatory remarks by the Mayor of Minnedosa, Dr. E. H. Clarke, was entirely R.C.A.F., and was exceptionally well received.

As most of you who read this will have seen the concert, or will see it at some future date, it is not my intention to give a blow by blow (I mean just that) account of the concert, but I will mention some of the high-lights of it; not even omitting a reference to the oft-told tales of Cpl. Gilmour, the chairman. These tales were the sort that one laughs at at the moment, even though he may not remember them. They did tend to make somewhat more appreciative of the rest of the concert however.

The musical selections were without doubt the most attractive feature of the program, with Balmi Palmason, Bill Porritt, "Rosie" Rosenberg, and Cpl. Lange deserving special mention. And of course, we must not forget Ray Ursel—but then who would after having heard him either on the piano or his piano accordion?

The chorus girls, while they did not add much to the aesthetic side of the entertainment, certainly added greatly to the hilarity. So also did the "Meller Drammer" which was written and produced by Cpls. Jowett and Lee.

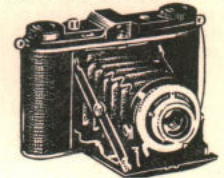
A tumbling act, supposedly by amateurs, served to show how well the two participating had learned to tumble, in addition to their ability to clown.

At the conclusion of the concert, the party was entertained by the local Branch of the Canadian Legion both royally and well. They even managed to stage a blackout for our benefit. After more playing by the orchestra, the R.C.A.F., at last bundled themselves back into their bus and started for home.

About half way back they found a car in the ditch beside the road, so they all piled out and practically carried it back onto the road. Being the Prairies the wind was blowing and most of those present were of the conclusion that they were glad that Canada had a Navy.

The Editors and the Airman's Post join with the Officers, N.C.O.'s and Airmen of the No. 2 Manning Depot in congratulating Flight-Lieut. Sinclair and Miss Beth Dick who are to be married on March 14th.

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To the R.A.F.

In response to King and Country
Came the boys from hill and plain,
Every mother's son among them
Is a lad with brawn and brain,
To uphold a nation's honour
In a cause that's just and right,
As their flying hours mount upward
This is what they sing each night.

CHORUS

Keep the factories running,
Turn out planes a-humming
While the lads train day by day
In the Empire Scheme.
Pilots trained and steady
Gunners schooled and ready
Hitler's due for a big surprise
From the R.A.F.

Every native born in freedom
Has that honor to uphold
Thus the R.A.F. is noted
As heroic tales unfold
As the Navy rules the oceans
And the Armies rule the land
The R.A.F. will rule the air,
And the Empire's Schemes expand.
Ruby B. Cooper,
Basswood, Man.

Congratulations to Corporal J. Woods of the M.T. Section, who is going over the hurdles in double harness this month—well, who knows, maybe Jimmy has the secret of Marriage Success.

The "Air Force Review" has been receiving reports re No. 2 Manning Depot again: quote: "Profane language in barrack rooms will henceforth be strictly forbidden. A dead silence will now prevail in most barracks until classes in King's English commence, so that conversation may again be resumed." Silent drills and dumb route marches too, no doubt.

Airmen, after the engagement: Darling, is this the first time that you have ever loved?"

Airy herself: "Yes—and it's so nice, I hope it won't be the last."

From Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book

The stomach is a slave that must accept everything that is given to it, but which avenges wrongs as slyly as does the slave.

Some people have a perfect genius for doing nothing, and doing it assiduously.

Ignorance is the night of the mind, but a night without moon or star.

Forty is the old age of youth, fifty is the youth of old age.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there will be one rascal less in the world.

The cynic is one who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

I envy the beasts two things: 1. Their ignorance of what is to come, and 2, their ignorance of what is said about them.

Snobbery is the pride of those who are not sure of their position.

The victory of success is half won when one gains the habit of work.

When you define liberty you limit it, and when you limit it you destroy it.

You may be as orthodox as the Devil and as wicked.

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground.

A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs.

There exists no cure for a heart wounded with the sword of separation.

Flight-Sergeant Morley: "Come close to me, lassie, and I'll teach ye the real Scotch way o' makin' love."

Mrs. Morley: "Oh, my gracious! I'm afraid I couldn't get that close!"



MANNING DEPOT BARBER SHOP

Hints from the British National Air Safety Committee:

Flying calls for care as well as courage.

If the weather is very thick, it is better not to leave than to be the dear departed.

Your arrival should merely be the finish of a journey and not the end of everything.

Method may take time, but—it's better to be late, Mr. Airman, than to be the late Mr. Airman.

Sergeant Hatfield: "If a buttercup is yellow, what color is a hiccup?"

Corporal Neil: "I don't know, what is it?"

Sergeant Hatfield: "Burple — hee, hee, hee!"

To the Stars

Zooming up, boys, to the stars,
Up where the sky is blue!
We'll be gone in the cold gray dawn;
When there's work to do—You'll find us
Flying together,
Birds of a feather,
True patriot sons of Mars,
Proud of our battle scars;
So up, boys, to the stars,
Rise on your wings so true;
Flying away at the break of day
Up in the azure blue. (We'll be there)
Good pals beside us,
Good luck betide us,
These words will guide us
"Through Adversity to the Stars."

SOME EARLY WAR ACHIEVEMENTS OF R.A.F.

from "Flight" Magazine

Sept. 4, 1939.—Raid on Kiel.
Sept. 8, 1939.—Leaflet raid on Kassell, 185 miles S.W. of Berlin.
Sept. 21, 1939.—Crew of Kensington Court rescued by flying boats.
Sept. 29, 1939.—Attack on German Fleet in Heligoland Bight. Five aircraft lost.
Oct. 1, 1939.—Five R.A.F. reconnaissance aircraft v. fifteen Messerschmitts. Three British and two Germans shot down.
Oct. 2, 1939.—Leaflet raid over Berlin.
Oct. 9, 1939.—Entire German Frontier from France to North Sea reconnoitred by four aircraft. No losses.
Oct. 16, 1939.—First raid on Firth of Forth defeated. Four raiders shot down.
Oct. 25, 1939.—Reconnaissance flights over Berlin, Magdeburg and Hamburg.
Oct. 28, 1939.—More reconnaissance flights. Intense cold and ice formation.
Nov. 11, 1939.—Reconnaissance flights over Stuttgart, Mannheim and Nuremberg. One machine lost.
Nov. 22, 1939.—Reconnaissance over Stuttgart, Frankfurt, Hamburg and Bremen.
Nov. 23, 1939.—Seven enemy aircraft shot down in France by R.A.F.
Nov. 24, 1939.—Nineteen enemy aircraft brought down in last two days.
Nov. 25, 1939.—Reconnaissance over Wilhelmshaven and Heligoland.
Nov. 28, 1939.—Long-range fighters attacked Borkum seaplane base.
Dec. 2, 1939.—Coastal Command aircraft shepherded merchant ships clear of mines.
Dec. 3, 1939.—Warships at Heligoland attacked.
Dec. 15, 1939.—Reconnaissance of Borkum, Nordeney and Sylt.
Dec. 17, 1939.—Graf Spee scuttled. One Fairey Seafox spotted for guns during action.
Dec. 18, 1939.—Twelve Messerschmitts shot down by our bombers at Heligoland. Seven British aircraft lost.
Dec. 27, 1939.—Coastal Command aircraft attacked enemy destroyers and patrol boats off German coast.
Jan. 13, 1940.—Long reconnaissance over Austria, Bohemia, and N.W. Germany.
Jan. 31, 1940.—U-Boat sunk by flying boat and warship.
Feb. 2, 1940.—Seven men on raft rescued with aid of aircraft.

Feb. 3, 1940.—Heinkel brought down near Whitby in Yorkshire. First down on English soil.
Feb. 17, 1940.—Lockheed Hudsons spot Altnark.
Feb. 27, 1940.—Baltic seaports reconnoitred by R.A.F.
March 7, 1940.—Two Heinkels shot down over North Sea. Reconnaissances over N.W. Germany and Prague.
March 16, 1940.—Scapa Flow raided by Germans. One shot down, others driven off.
March 19, 1940.—Raid on Sylt lasting seven hours. Forty-five tons of bombs dropped.
March 28, 1940.—Five Me 109s brought down on Western Front.
April 2, 1940.—Sunderland successfully drove off six attacking Junkers Ju 88s.
April 3, 1940.—First Spitfire crashed in sea off English coast.
April 4, 1940.—Wilhelmshaven raided. Damage believed done.
April 9, 1940.—Bombers attacked German ships in Bergen fjord.
April 10, 1940.—Sixteen Skuas dive-bombed cruisers at Bergen. Three direct hits claimed. Dornier brought down in thirty-five seconds by Hudson in North Sea.
April 11, 1940.—Torpedo-bombers sunk destroyer at Trondhjem. Stavanger aerodrome bombed.
April 13, 1940.—Ships at Bergen bombed.
April 15, 1940.—Stavanger bombed again.
April 16, 1940.—Bergen bombed again. One transport and one submarine sunk. Trondhjem bombed.
April 18, 1940.—Even attacks delivered on Stavanger to date.
April 20, 1940.—Aalborg, in Denmark, bombed. Also Stavanger and Kristiansand.
April 22-23, 1940.—Aerodromes at Oslo bombed. Also Aalborg again.
April 23-24, 1940.—Raids on Fornebu, Stavanger and Kristiansand. Aalborg (fourth time) and Westerland on Sylt also bombed.
April 25, 1940.—Supply ships in Hardanger and Granvin fjords bombed. Places in Oslo fjord bombed, including oil refinery.
April 26, 1940.—Blenheim attacked two Dornier flying boats. One believed crashed. Five of our machines lost in last two days. Announced that R.A.F. fighters in Norway.
May 1, 1940.—Stavanger, Fornebu and Aalborg bombed again.
May 2, 1940.—Sunderland attacked on water in fjord. Took off and shot down one Me 110.

"Y" Corner

The Towers That Point

On your jaunts downtown you will notice those steel radio towers alongside the City Hall. No radio antenna are carried on the towers now, but they serve one useful end. They point the way to the Y.M.C.A. building across the road on Eighth street.

Here is a place to drop in for refreshments of various kinds, shower and swim—a thirst quencher, quiet reading or letter writing in the Red Triangle room—games—and you are made welcome.

Meet two new members of the Brandon "Y" staff. "Cam" McLeod, general secretary, formerly of Saskatoon, and "Jim" Johnston, physical director, have just taken over the reins at the first of February. The office secretary is Ray Rourke.

Brandon "Y" Building was erected thirty-five years ago and it has served this community well. Here, and in all other "Y" buildings in Canada, the Airmen or Soldier will find that his uniform serves as a membership card. Drop in some day and try out your honorary membership.

Information Please

How big is Brandon? When does the next train leave for Winnipeg? Where can I get a room for the wife? Can you get me an invitation out for supper? What do you do on Sunday in this burg? Where is the "Y" building and can I get a swim there?

These are the commonest queries our "Y" officer Fred Youmans has to answer day by day. At his desk in the Recreation room around dinner and supper time, answers are dispensed. Think up a question some day and try out this angle of the service.

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Sign of the Street Clock

Incendiaries Set Light to Historic Room

It was on Sunday night, December 29th, 1940, when the historic room which saw the birth of the Young Men's Christian Association, was destroyed by the flames started by the incendiaries showered on the heart of London. With seven other buildings dear to the hearts of countless thousands of Christians, this shrine of the million, George Williams Room, was burned to ashes. The tolerant and far-seeing founder would have mourned its tragic fate, but he was just the sort of man to have said, out of these sacred ashes will surely rise a grander conception of man's duty to man.

Canadians in England Will Play Ball in April

When April comes in England, Canadian troops will be ready to get out to the playing fields and the Y.M.C.A. will have its program of summer sports all lined up. Orders recently received in Canada from Otter, senior Y.M.C.A. officer overseas, give some idea of the magnitude of this program.

Captain Otter requests delivery by April of the following sports equipment:

144 Basketballs, 864 Volleyballs, 14,400 Softballs, 3,600 softball bats, 432 softball masks, 72 rugby balls, 200 sets of standard horse shoes.

Purchased in Canada by the Y.M.C.A. War Services Committee, this equipment will be distributed by "Y" War Service Secretaries serving with Canadian units overseas.

Do You Know

After ten months of uninterrupted service in the most exposed positions in the Dover area, British Y.M.C.A. tea car No. 34 was recently put out of action by shell fire. It had covered 8,207 miles in serving H.M. Forces.

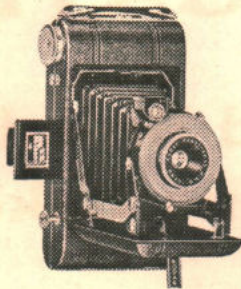
Canadian troops to the number of 2,525 used the Y.M.C.A. skating rink at Purley, England, during the first week of operation. Total use of the rink in this period exceeded 6,000 skaters and spectators.

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