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Gen!

OCTOBER, 1943

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Journal of 33 Service Flying Training School

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T. B. BRUCE, M.C., AND PRINTED
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Editor: Flying Officer B. J. Barnes
 Sports Editor Flying Officer H. T. L. Morgan
 Business Manager: Corporal Stanley Watson
 Cartoon: Flying Officer John Bulling
 Circulation Manager Leading Aircraftman W. Gordon



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Farewell Carberry

*A Message From the
Commanding Officer*

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THIS being the last copy of "Gen" to be published before I leave Carberry, I wish to take this opportunity of thanking you all for your grand work and wholehearted support during the past twelve months.

From the time I assumed command of this Station and got to know you all, I have been greatly impressed with the fine spirit of good-will and friendship which has been such a notable feature of this Unit. This outstanding co-operation has enabled us to work well together in the achievement of excellent results. I am extremely grateful to you all, and I shall always recall with the greatest of pleasure my association with Carberry.

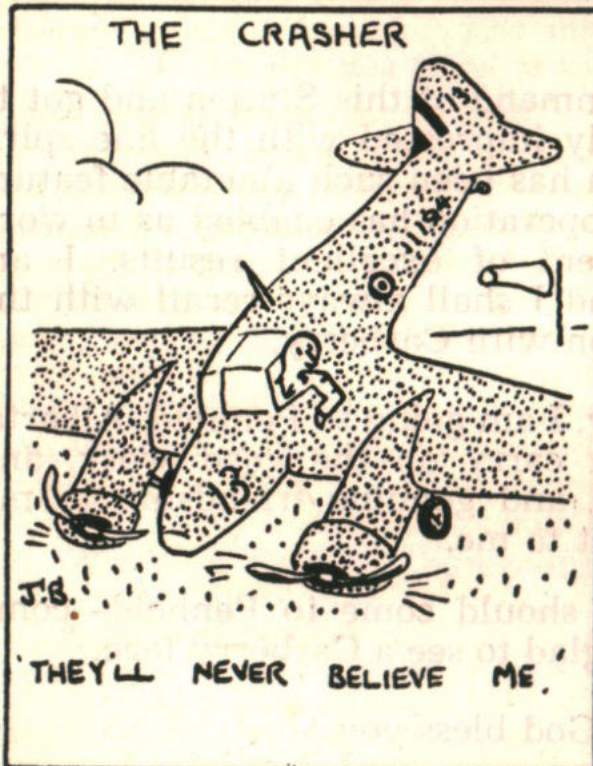
As many of you know by now, I am going to Penhold, Alberta. My parting request is that you carry on the good work, and extend the hand of co-operation and genuine friendship to my successor, even as you extended it to me.

Never forget—if any of you should come to Penhold—come and see me, for I shall always be glad to see a Carberry face.

So, Goodbye; good luck, and God bless you all.

Group Captain T. B. Bruce, M.C.

THE SONGS THEY SING BY JOHNNY BULLING



How to be an Adjutant



Complete In One Lesson

THE REQUISITE qualifications to be an adjutant as seen by one who tried and failed are set out in this article. This is written to encourage men in the ranks with ambitions:

"Must be a man of vision and ambition, an after-dinner speaker, a night owl, work all day and all night and appear fresh on morning parades. Learn to sleep on the floor and take his meals on the fly while checking monthly returns, parade states and indents for ammunition, clothing, rations and articles for use of . . .

"Be a banker, a ranker, a soldier and clerk. Must be able to entertain A.F.H.Q. Group Captains, ordinary Group Captains, Wing Commanders, editors, photographers, recruits, veterans, draft dodgers and lead swingers. Have a thorough knowledge of K.R.S., Admin. Orders, P and A, M.A.F.L., A.F.E.O.s, D.R.O.s from choir boy to chorister, Corporal to Marshal of the Air, the Bible, 90 and the Statutes of Limitations.

"Must be a man's man, a lady's man, a model husband, a fatherly father, a good provider, a plutocrat, an autocrat, a democrat and a reformed Conservative. A mathematician, a politician and able to convince obstructionists. Must be neat and tidy, have full dress, undress, Levee and Fatigue uniform, a morning suit, dress suit, dinner jacket, mufti, vet-

eran's beret, medals, miniatures and foreign decorations, must be category "A" plus I.Q. of 155, a memory for names and faces, a knowledge of all rank badges of Army, Navy and Air Force and Expeditionary Force. Must be a soldier on parade and an inkpot in the office, borrow, beg, wangle, or scrounge typewriters turn filing cabinets into war diary jackets and convert Buddhists into "Other Denominations", apply ancient and modern history, and the field of finance into a rainy day lecture.

"Must have unlimited endurance, an attractive home and wife, a blonde daughter, a car, a radio, belong to the best clubs and defray all expenses at home and abroad.

"Must be an expert driver, bridge player, poker hound, diplomat, financier, capitalist, philanthropist, and authority on palmistry, chemistry, physiology, psychology, hunting, fishing, dog breeding, cat feeding, horses, brunettes, machine guns, trench mortars and redheads. Qualified linguist in English, Gaelic, French and profanity; interpret drill instructors, sergeant-majors and Command Orders.

(Acknowledgment—

"CONTACT", Trenton.)

Back Cover Picture • A canoe scene at Clear Lake, Riding Mountain National Park, Man.

Pupil Bitten In Bed

I didn't rise until lunch-time today. Such a privilege was not entirely unearned, for if there is one thing which the Service loves it is the daily leap from cosy beds with the first shy, chilly glow of dawn.

Nor is the decision to rise and subsequent action or inaction left to the occupier of the bed. No, the thoroughness of the sadistic official mind has deemed it necessary to appoint a body to the task of entering our rooms at the chosen hour and rudely shattering our blissful composure by raising the very cacaphony of Babel.

His usual method of restoring us to a very thick and unwilling consciousness is fraught with subtlety. He hammers on a tin until the very air screams with noise, and provides vocal accompaniment by bellowing 'Wakey. Wakey!!' As you may possibly gather, earnestness and conscientiousness in his task are not conducive to popularity. Just the opposite in fact, and you can imagine the vehemence of the remarks directed sotto voce at the persecutor. The number of times that doubt has been cast upon his legitimacy does not bear repeating.

Staying in bed until lunch time is the sole guarded privilege of the people who are on night flying duty the preceding night. Rather graciously it has been decided that a certain amount of sleep is a sine qua non of a healthy life, and if we are detailed to spend half the night peering blindly through the penumbra of an aircraft's wind-screen, then we must be duly rewarded with the requisite minimum of sleep.

I was flying until 3.30 this morning and crept into bed thoroughly determined to spend a complete morning of oblivion for a change.

Hardly had my head touched the pillow than all the lights were glaring, doors opening, noise, noise . . . and there in the middle of the room stood the Monster producing his matitudinal chaos. I turned over wearily, smiled indulgently—what else could I do?—and after staring vacantly at a dead fly caught in the mosquito netting, closed my eyes and endeavoured to sink into the inviting arms of Morpheus once more.

C.O.s are necessary people. I'm all for them. And parades are all right in a way. Both can be very beneficial to a body and be instrumental in bolstering the ego; but when our C.O. decides to have his parade on my morning in bed—surely treason and insubordination are the most understandable of intentions!

A warm woolliness had begun to pervade my mind. I could only think in terms of sepia and velvet, my eyelids were beginning to feel deliciously heavy, my limbs assumed the abandoned spread of expected repose—when suddenly my sleep-yearning senses were assailed, battered and lacerated into complete enervation by a thunderous discordant rendering of 'Colonel Bogey' mercilessly perpetrated by the four over-exuberant tubas, two shrieking trumpets and booming drum which shamelessly masqueraded as the station band.

Pomp and circumstance wafted from the parade ground from the C.O. standing rigidly dignified at

the saluting base, through my window, past the dead fly in the mosquito netting to my vainly resisting ears as I lay buried under the sheets, body wincing at every fatalistic beat of the blasted drum.

The rhythmic tread of feet timed my flagging pulse for a quarter of an hour and then mercifully the din receded to be brought to a final conclusion by a double thud on the ever persistent drum. Moments of pure silence followed during which I indulged in a mental licking of wounds. Surely my purgatory was over. Surely the peace of sleep would now be mine. Exhausted. I dug my head into my pillow and craved sleep.

David is a nice chap. I've known him for quite a time and I think I can safely say we have an identity of interests. This puts our friendship on a happily working basis and our mutual life in the R.A.F. has been without differences and disputes. We're usually to be found together — in fact we're in the same room and occupy one set of twin bunks.

I'm in the lower of the two—and that means David is above me. Directly above me, about three feet above my face.

He usually hops into bed by placing one foot on my bed and levering himself into a suitable position to gain access to the sheets. A wriggle, a sagging of the springs above my face signifies that he is comfortably housed and after a few minutes increasingly drowsy conversation gradually fading away in monosyllables and grunts David sleeps.

David also wakes. A noisy stirring punctuated with profane grunts, a convulsive jerk of our beds as he sits up and ominous creaks from the long suffering springs I have learned to recognise

as an indication of David's intention of leaving his bed—of carrying out the reverse process of the previous evening.

This morning I did not hear the warnings. So numb had my mind become in its yearning for sleep that it did not register the customary sounds.

I turned over fitfully on my pillow—and was shocked into unwanted wakefulness by the alarming appearance of one large bare foot, toes ludicrously outstretched as they felt unseeingly for my bed, two inches from my face.

A bare leg disappeared into the tight folds of a bright coloured pyjama leg and the monstrosity, soon to be followed by its equally offending counterpart, dropped slowly on to my pillow.

There the ten toes and two pyjamaed legs remained, blatantly challenging me to ignore them and continue my hopeless quest for repose. I gazed at them smoulderingly unable to believe that so many things could try a person who only desired to carry out what surely must be the most natural of tendencies in the human body—sleep.

Since crawling into bed I had suffered sheer mental and physical torture and the shreds of my patience lay about me. Silently I had borne the disturbance and patiently tried to draw the healing veil of sleep over the raucousness of life about the camp that morning. Uncomplainingly I had tolerated the rude intrusion of officialdom into my lowly province—and now to be literally faced with David's bare feet! It was the last straw!

David was my friend. Yes—but there are certain limits to friendship. This was one of them. Slowly and with fiendish deliberation the germ of the desire grew within me. I

could not lie there any longer without giving vent to the diabolic emotions which were simmering deep down.

The full measure of my patience had been reached—and it was obvious that sleep that morning was an impossibility. With true R.A.F. expressiveness I had had it! Now I was laughing inwardly in anticipation of the relief I was going to experience, the exquisite joy of having a little revenge on a cruel world and the satisfaction of some compensation for my being denied my allotted rest.

I quaked with restraint — but the opportunity was too unique, too inviting to be lost by a perverse moment of self regulation. I turned my eyes piously towards the sky framed by the window, subconsciously beseeching forgiveness, but consciously noting the gleeful nodding of the dead fly in the mosquito netting as the breeze played with it making it express enthusiastic agreement with my intention.

That decided me.

I bit long, deep, satisfyingly, almost to a point of animal viciousness and only ceased when David's howls of anguish caused me fear that I had amputated his toe. But I was happy. I had given full expression to everything that was pent up within me. I was equal with the world.

L.A.C. STANISFIELD

Teacher was trying to get Johnny to spell F-E-E-T but without success. He couldn't even think of the right word.

Exasperated the teacher said "What is it, Johnny, that a cow has four of, and I have two of?"

Johnny's answer was as accurate as it was unexpected.

Letter To The Editor

My Dear Mr. Editor and all Gen readers,

Having heard so frequently, from many old hands (both officers and airmen), I felt in consequence of this, I must drop a brief note and say that my thoughts are often with you on the prairie desert.

After the welcome authority to return to my native land, I "dooed" it once again, my fourteenth trip across the pond,—this time the fastest ever—and a few steep dives too! That's got some of you guessing, I guess!!

I was going to say, well, what can I tell you,—you debaters, you Astralites, you Maintenance-wingers and S.H. Q'ites, you participaters of Tony Bar raffles, you swipers of Olivia de Haviland pictures, you genmongers and other odds and enders?

I'll tell you this, I'd rather have the pleasure of an egg every day, instead of one a month, a hair-cut de luxe, rather than a wait of two hours, and risk the five minute walk in 50 below at 0215 hours, in preference to this cold-damp-foggy-rainy-unreliable climate we growl about here. Oh! for some Sweet Caps at 25 cents instead of our 'must' Kensitas at half a dollar a go.

So cheer-up me hearties, and realise, as I fortunately did, how happy I was, doing a none the less important job of work under different trying conditions, at that Carberry I loved so much.

Beery cheers to all!

H. FRANK BATH,
Flight-Lieutenant.



Two A.V.M.s In One Day

A visit from an A.V.M. is usually a big event. But to have two of them calling on us in one day was certainly a remarkable coincidence.

This happened on 1st September. First there was A.V.M. E. W. Stedman, O.B.E., who dropped in to give a lecture to flying and specialist officers.

Later in the day came A.V.M. L. D. D. McKean, who amongst other things saw an exhibition soccer game, and presented the cups to the winners of the Inter-hut soccer league at the Airmen's Dance in the Recreation Hall the same night. (See our picture of the presentation).



Wisecrackers Three

THIS is Larry Alton ("Ginger" when he's at work in the Officers' Mess) and Corporal Stan. Batson (the power behind P.S.I.). And who's the tubby fellow in the bath chair? Why, its none other than Lou Costello. Larry and Stan are not long back from Hollywood, where for twelve wonderful days they were the much-honoured guests of Mr. and Mrs. Costello. Lou's been invaliding for some time now, but certainly he's gotten outa bed to have this picture taken for "Gen". The reason for the bit of plaster on Stan's forehead makes another story—and Boy, its a dilly!

Air Vice Marshal McKean presents the Soccer League cup to Corporal J. Harvey (Captain of Hut 13 team).

Padre's Page

When I was asked if I would write something for "Gen", I was also informed that the "Prairie Flyer", the magazine of one of our prairie stations further west contained a monthly message from the Padre. To this I replied, "Yes, that's the Moose Jaw magazine, and I wrote a letter for the first number, when I was Padre there." So, though I didn't necessarily undertake to write for "Gen" every month, I certainly gave a promise for this number—and here goes.

I am writing after being on the Station for nine days. I have been particularly impressed by the good spirit on the station and by the friendship shown to me by everyone. Such a start makes my work much happier, and I certainly hope that I shall be stationed here for some while, as has been the case on each of my three previous stations, so that gradually we may come to know each other really well, and so I may be able to be of more help to everyone.

You know that I am here for that purpose, and I hope you will come along and talk over any problems and put to me any queries you have.

But though most of my time will be taken up that way, looking in on various sections of the camp, and taking part in sports, dances and other social functions, the fact still remains that my job here reaches a climax, so to speak, in officiating at our worship of God.

I urge those of you who are communicants to whatever denomination you may belong, to come regularly to the 8 o'clock Holy Communion held every Sunday in the Chapel.

Then there is our evening service, also in the Chapel at 6.30.—a service lasting about three-quarters of an hour, over in good time for you to get your place for the concert or the cinema.

Remember that these services are open to everyone, including your wives, families and, in fact, any friends you like to bring. Everyone is welcome at them, and also at the Parade Service in the Recreation Hall. So please give your friends an invitation to our service, and come along with them whenever you can.

If any of you wish to prepare for Confirmation; if any of you can help by playing the piano or organ at our services; if any of you has been a server at Holy Communion or would like to become one, please let me know.

DONALD A. FOSTER.

Appreciation

MANY of us will remember the late L.A.C. Cyril Coopey, for whose widow a generous collection was made. An airgraph has just arrived from Mrs. Coopey in which she very gratefully acknowledges receipt of £78 7s 5d.

"He (my husband) was always a good mixer and a man of good upright character" she writes, "but I never realised the high esteem in which he was held on the camp until after his death.

"Please convey my sincerest thanks and appreciation to those kind friends who subscribed to the sum mentioned."

Camera Club Born

The 13th of last month brought the birth of a new station Camera Club. At a meeting called on this day, some 30 would-be and having-been photographic enthusiasts assembled in the G.I.S. where F/Lt. Dolman presided.

He emphasised the point that whilst half the fun of camera ownership was the taking of pictures the other half was in the making of pictures in the dark-room.

As the darkrooms of those present were at least 4,000 miles away it was decided to ask the C.O. for permission to fit up a small room on the station for the communal use of those wishing to "blow-up" their leave pictures.

The room will also be available for developing films on return from 48s and leave. An entrance fee of \$1 was agreed upon.

An inaugural committee was elected as follows: — President, F/Lt. B. Dolman; secretary, Sgt. Atkinson; treasurer, Sgt. Sawtin; officers' representative, F/Lt. Belcher; airmen's representative, Cpl. Whincup.

Other activities planned by the new club are exhibitions, lectures, a small library of photo books and magazines and a "criticism" night at which members work is to be projected on to a screen and comment on it passed by means of a small critics circle.

The first lecture is being given by P/O Johnson, a peace-time expert from the Kodak Research Laboratories.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
A girl went riding in an airman's
car,

What she did she ain't admittin',
But what she's knitting aint for
Britain.

WEDDINGS

F/Lt. R. Baker to La Vane Shirley Thompson, of Swift Current.

F/Lt. D. G. Lawrence to Ruth Anice Fee, of Calgary.

Sgt. A. G. Sporne to Dorothy May Shore, of Winnipeg.

Cpl. H. Mewes to Sybil Joan Maple,, of Winnipeg.

L.A.C. Young to Olga Isabel Kramarchuk, of Carberry.

L.A.C. G. S. B. Moore to Alice May Lundquist, of Winnipeg.

L.A.C. Ron. Harding to Hester Alf, of Winnipeg.

L.A.C. L. T. Knight to Murial Bernice Vanstone, of Winnipeg.

BIRTHS

Son—George Henry William to L.A.C. W. A. and Mrs. Bates.

NIGHT WORKERS!

The Tuesday and Thursday

Matinees in the

STATION CINEMA

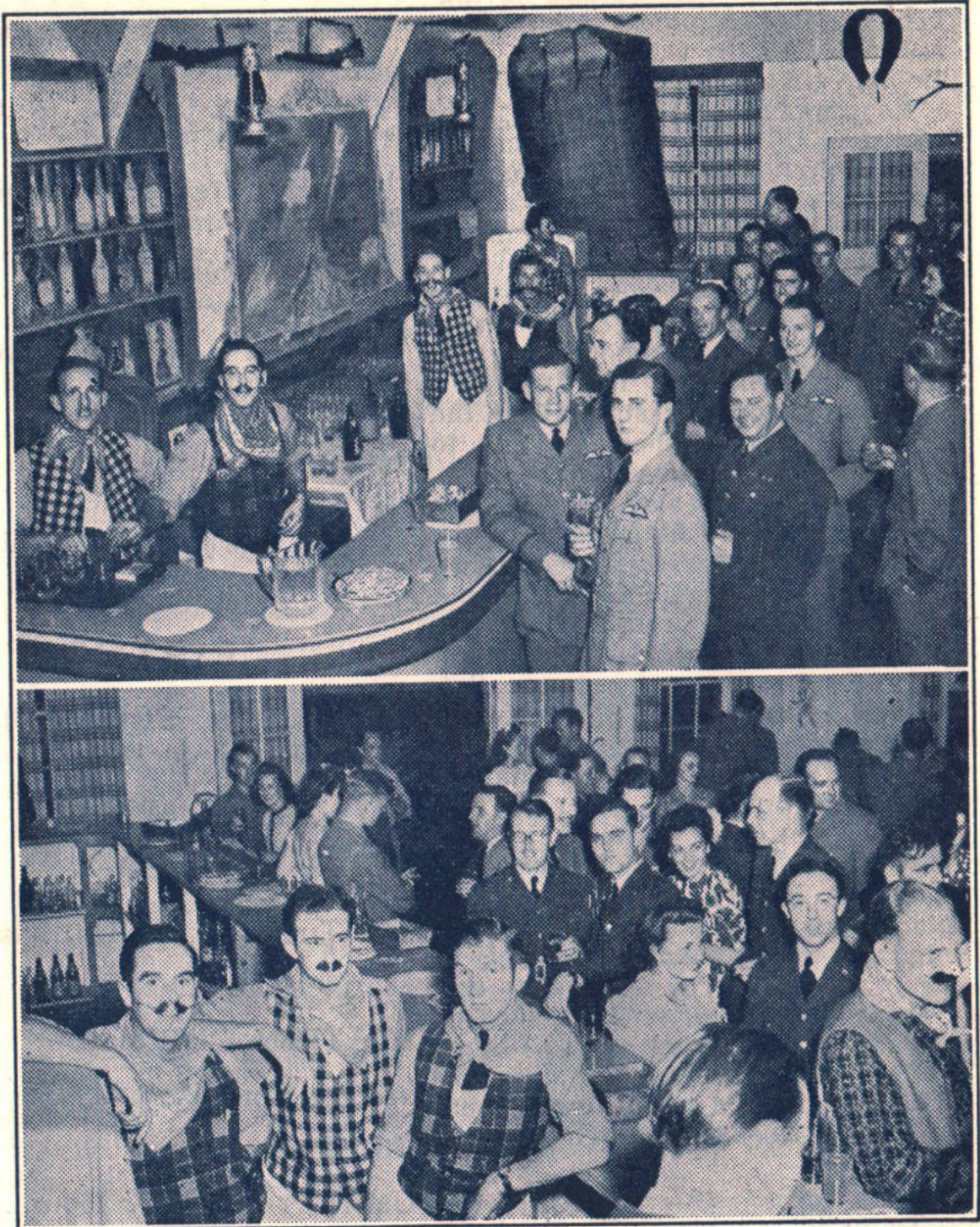
are for your benefit.

Full Programmes:

Usual Prices: 14.00 Hours.

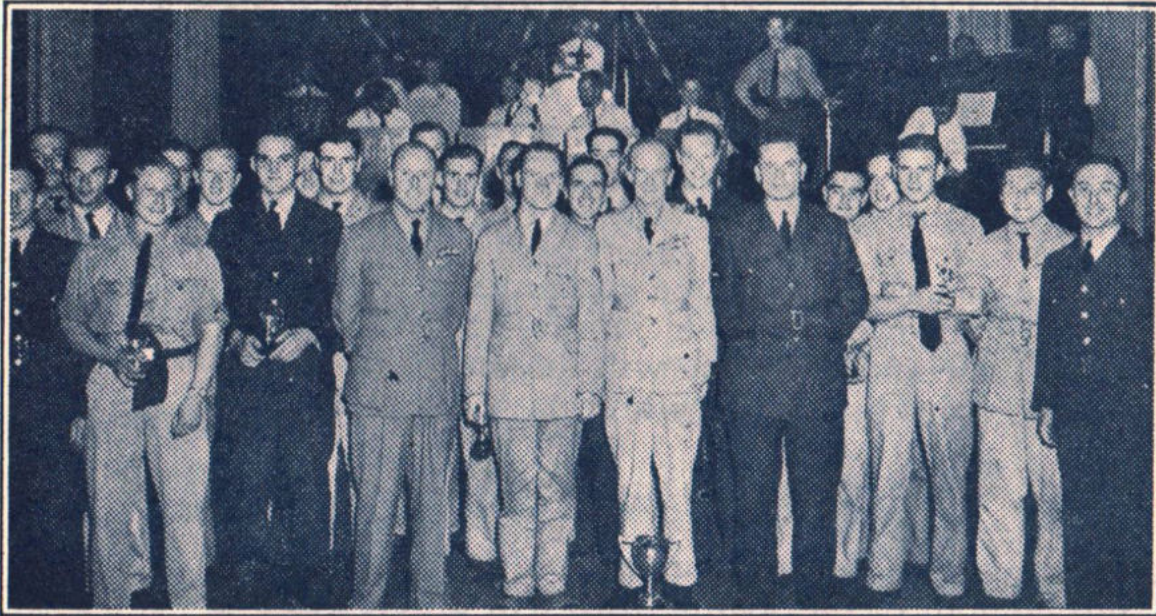
"Let's plaster the joint," as the M.O. said examining the patient's knee.

THIS WAS LIL'S DIVE

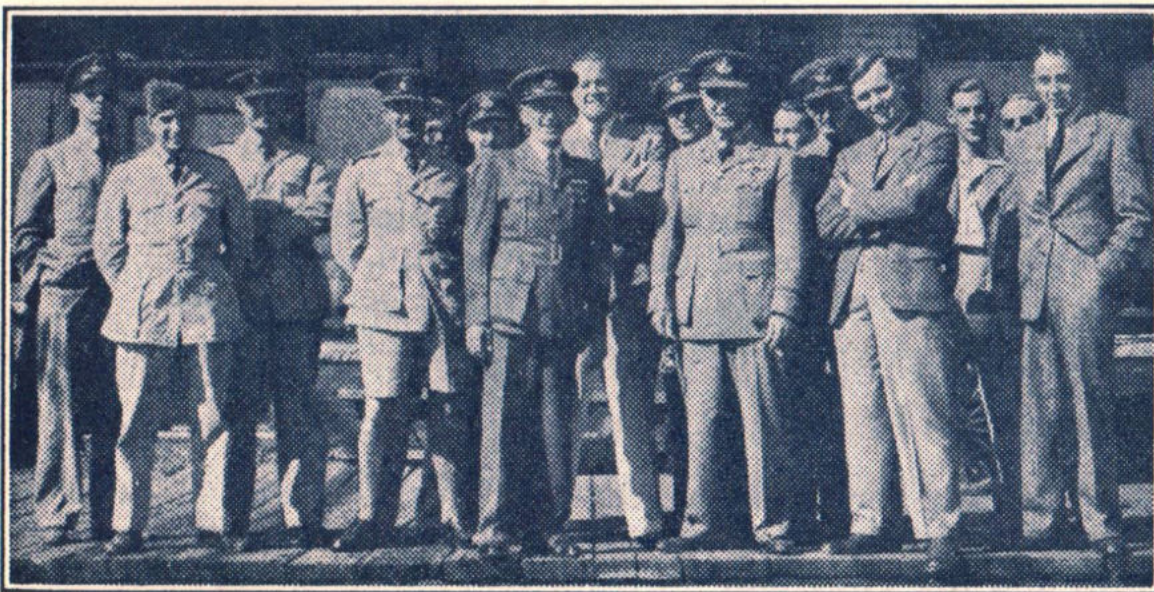


CUSTOMERS AT LIL'S BAR: Among the many good things at the Officers' Mess Cocktail Party and dance at the end of August—Lil's Bar was most popular. Here are some slap-happy bar-supporters and the western gentlemen who served them.

SOCCKER WINNERS PRESENTATION: Air Vice-Marshal L. D. D. McKean (centre) with Group Captain T. B. Bruce, Cpl. Harvey (Captain) and members of the Hut 13 team after the presentation of cups and medals at the airmen's dance in the Recreation Hall. The Runners-up are also in the picture.



★ ★ ★



FAREWELL TO JOCK: After more than two years F/Lt. "Jock" Duncan leaves for Kingston. Here he is snapped in Carberry for the last time, together with friends who went to the Station to see him safely aboard the train.

The Gaiety of it All

(TO THE TUNE OF "PHIL THE FLUTER'S BALL".)

1. Have ye ever heard of Carberry, of Number Thirty-three,
They're the finest lot o'fellows there that iver you could see,
Says little Freddie Morgan "Now if I can pinch a cup?,
Sure, a little bit o' sport would liven everybody up".

Wing-Co,s, Corporals, everyone can enter it,
Erks and Squadron Leaders a' joining in the fray,
Pupils and Instructors, no one will dissent to it,
We'll whoop it up in Carberry and have a holiday.

Chorus.

Oh, the roar of the Anson, the scratching of the pen,
And the clangour of the spanners all will quieten down and then,
We'll all whip off our battle-dress, and don our little shorts,
Oh, won't we have the Gaiety at Freddie Morgan's Sports.

2. We'd a Hundred, a Two-twenty and a half and quarter mile,
And the Inter-Squadron Relay it was carried out in style,
A dog joined in the hundred yards and ran a splendid race,
But got tangled up with number five, who finished on his face.

Long-jump, High-jump, Obstacle and Steeplechase,
Fellows up from Brandon, a'joining in the fun,
Shot-put, Javelin, you should have seen the people chase,
The air so full of discusses they fairly had to run.

Chorus.

- 3, We'd a handicap for Veterans, the over thirty-fives,
Says Freddie "We'll be fortunate if one of them arrives",
The C.O. and the Chaplain, we handicapped 'em back,
But the feller from the "Works and Bricks" was halfway up
the track.

Bang! Off they go at the best of their ability,
All the crowd was cheering, and a-wonderin' at the pace,
"Come on, the old 'uns" but the C.O. with agility,
Nipped in before the Padre, who was given second place.



DOWNTOWN BUSINESS

Marsden

Chorus,

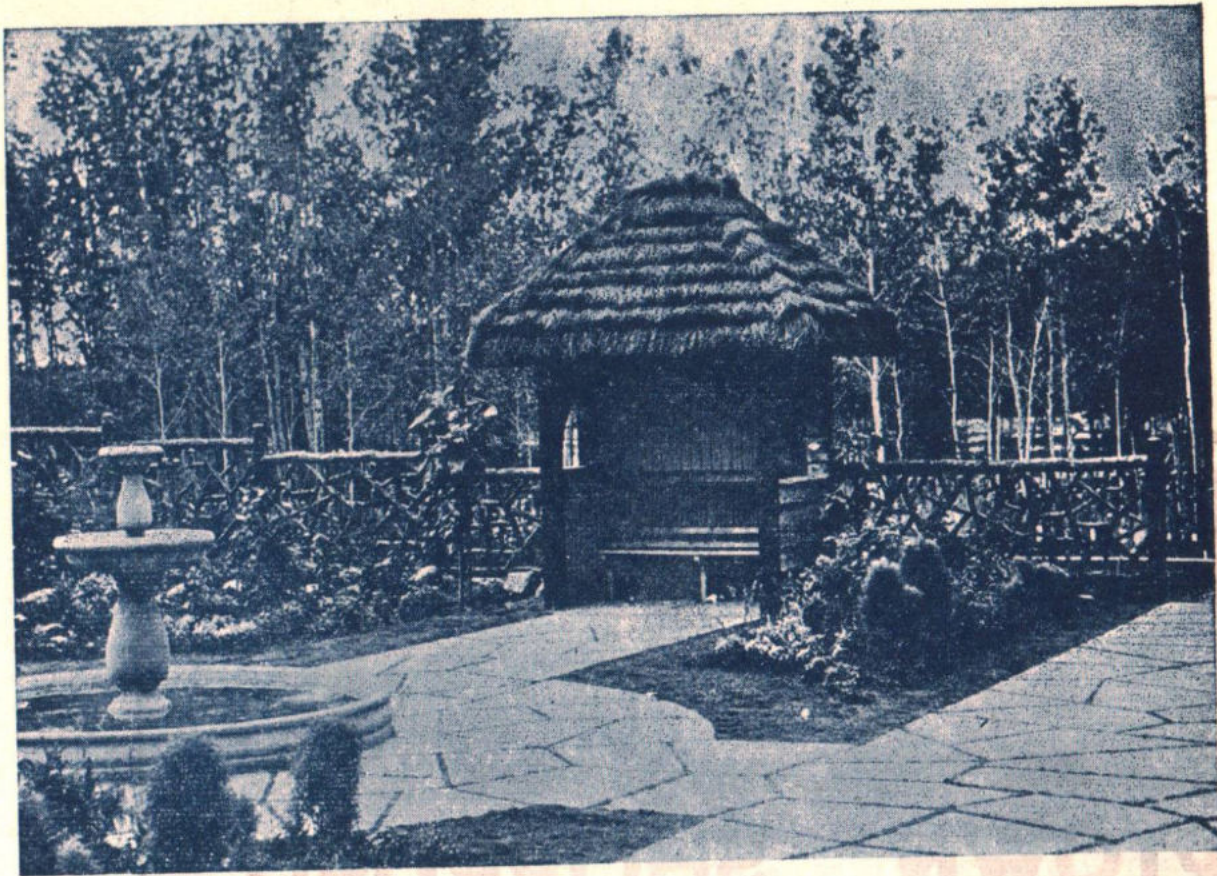
4. Oh, the meeting was a great success, enjoyed by one and all,
 And we finished off by dancing in the Recreation Hall,
 The cup was won by A.T.S. and promptly put to use,
 While the prizes were distributed by dainty Mrs. Bruce.

Fox-trot, Slow Woltz, a great conviviality,
 There's such a lot of pleasure in the shaking of a leg,
 Fizz, Coco-cola, Beer, and cordiality,
 With Waafies up from Brandon and girls from Winnipeg.

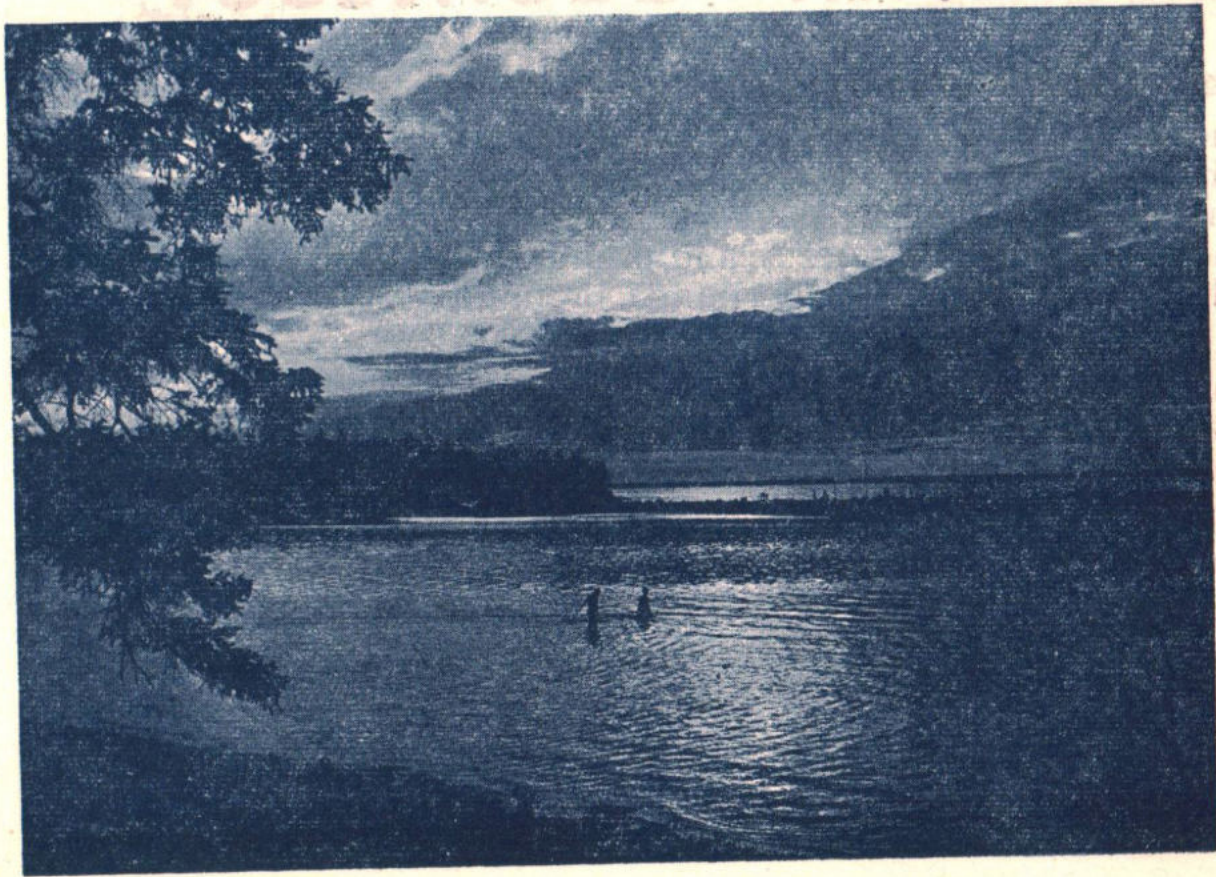
Chorus.

On, the roar of the Ansons, the scratching of the pen,
 The clangour of the spanners all was quietened down and then,
 We all get out our dancing-pumps, and put away our shorts,
 But hadn't we the gaiety at Freddie Morgan's Sports.

--G.H.



Above: The English Garden, Wasagaming
Below: Sunset on Clear Lake.



A.T.S. Come Out Top

THE sky was grey and the wind was cold on Wednesday, September 15th, but the first sports day ever held by this station went off as planned at the Carberry Fairground.

Although there were individual prizes awarded during the dance in the evening, the main struggle was the jockeying for positions between the four squadrons into which the station had been divided; Advanced Training Squadron, Maintenance Wing, Initial Training Squadron and Station Headquarters.

When all the points had been added up it was found that the squadrons finished in that order, with ATS beating Maintenance Squadron by one point.

Outside those events for which points were allotted to the squadrons, there were several novelty events which caused great fun. The Chariot race started with two teams, but only one finished (see picture).

C.O. Came In First

The over-35 race took a long time to get ready—the main difficulty being in getting the right handicaps fixed for the older 'boys'. Amid great cheers the Commanding Officer, G/Captain T. B. Bruce, M.C., won this 100 yard race by a few feet from the new Padre, S/Ldr. the Rev. Donald Foster. The Sack race caused lots of laughs too. A Ladies Race for the wives of living out personnel was scheduled—but it never took place. Why?—only the living-out husbands can tell.

Great interest was shown in the competitors who came from No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon. Noteworthy among them was a Jamaican who beat everybody in the High Jump and Long Jump. Unfortunately he was fourth man in the inter-station relay and took over with a con-

siderable lead. Consequently he had nobody to race against.

Right at the end of the day—a few horses appeared on the track—ridden by enthusiastic personnel, dressed in comic costumes. They cantered around once or twice—and the day was over.

In the evening a grand station dance was held in the Station Drill Shed which had been specially decorated for the purpose. The ever-popular Station band provided the music, and during the interval the sports prizes were presented by Mrs. Bruce, wife of the Commanding Officer.

Refreshments were served to lady guests in the various messes, and as usual on such occasions "a good time was had by all".

Credit for the successful organisation of the day goes to many people chief among whom were F/O Morgan (Sports and P.T. Officer) and Mr. Walter Graw (Y.M.C.A. Supervisor).

Detailed Results

Detailed results: High Jump, 1, Barrett (ATS), 2, Willis (ATS), 3, Digby-Ovens (ATS); 880 Yards, 1, Smith (Maint.) 2, Pavey (ITS), 3, Cooper (ITS); Shot Putt, 1, Longhurst (ATS), 2, Sykes (SHQ), 3, Chapburn (Maint.); Discus, 1,

Hangar Presentation

Wing Cdr. & Mrs. W. M. Moore

LAST Wednesday the personnel of Maintenance Wing presented Wing Commander and Mrs. W. M. Moore with a three-piece silver tea-set to mark their silver wedding.

The news that this anniversary was coming round leaked out only a few days beforehand, but that didn't prevent the boys of Maintenance Wing rallying round in time.

S/Ldr. McLennon, Officer Commanding Repair Squadron called upon L.A.C. Brooks to present the gift on behalf of the wing, and W/Cdr. Moore suitably responded amid cheers.

Forbes (ATS), 2, Smythe (Maint.), 3, Coulson (ITS); Mile, 1, Morson (ITS), 1, Leighton (SHQ), 3, Smith (Maint.); Javelin, 1, Chiltern (Maint.), 2, Smith (ITS), 3, Needham (ITS); 100 Yards, 1, Booth (ATS), 2, Lewis (ITS), 3, Garner (Maint.); 220 Yards, 1, Booth (ATS), 2, Kipling (SHQ), 3, Murton (Maint.); Long Jump, 1, Gatland (SHQ), 2, Smyth (Maint.), 3, Townsend (ITS); 440 Yards, 1, Pavey (ITS), 2, Murton (Maint.), 3, Nolan (ATS); Obstacle Race, 1, Nicholson (ATS), 2, Goldie (ATS), 3, White (Maint.); Hop Step Jump, 1, Morson (ITS), 2, Gatland (SHQ), 3, Smyth (Maint.); Inter-Squadron Relay, 1, Maint., 2, A.T.S., 3, I.T.S.; Tug O' War won by S.H.Q.. Soccer won by Maint. Cross Country Run, 1, Maint., 2, I.T.S., 3, S.H.Q.

The points were allocated thus: 1, 5 points; 2, 3 points; 3, 1 point.

HUT 13 WINS KNOCK-OUT

Last Thursday saw the end of the popular inter-hut soccer knock-out competition. As we forecast Hut 13 won comfortably by 5 goals to nil.

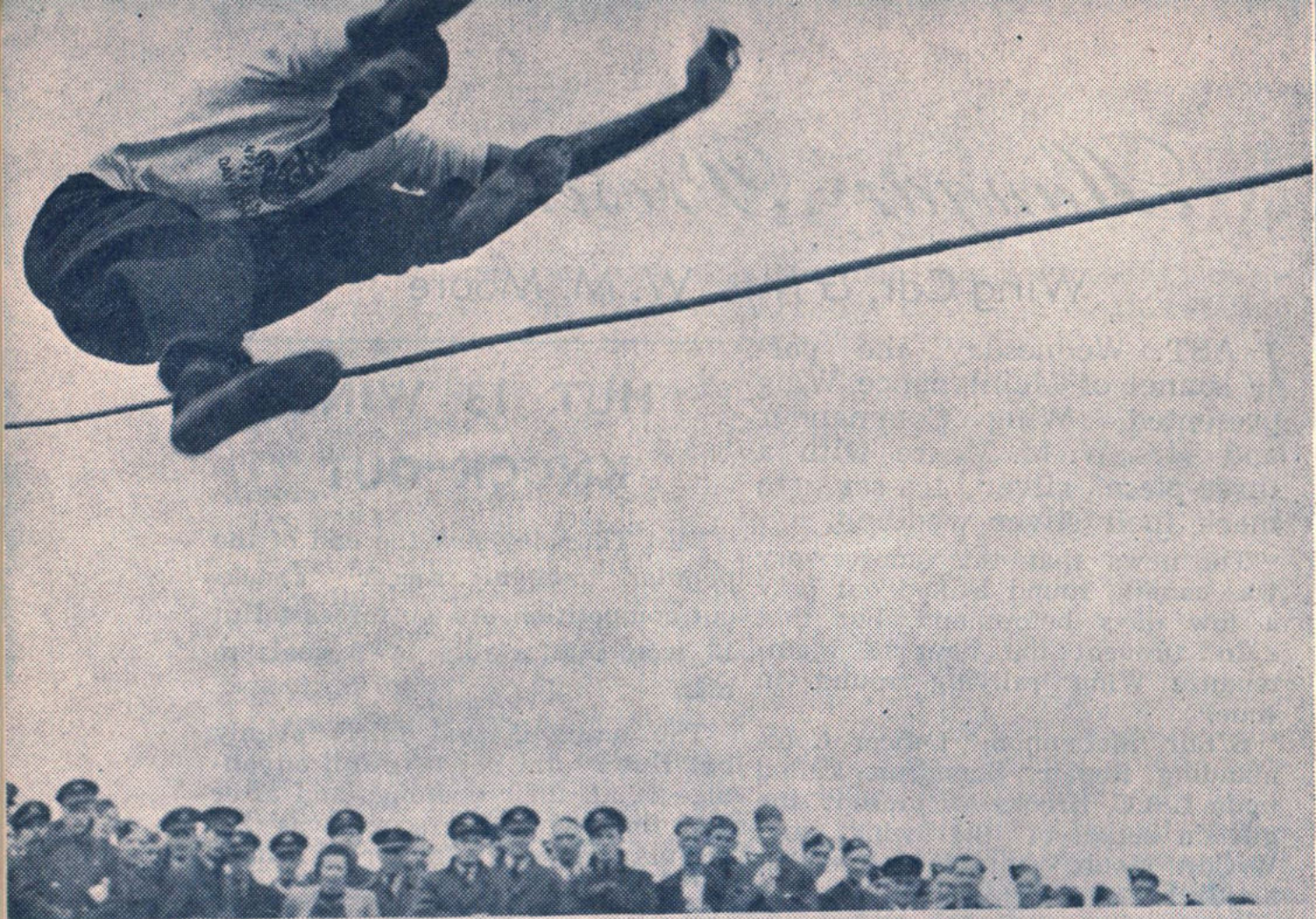
The game started fairly evenly but Hut 20 did not take full advantage of all their openings and after half time when the score was 2-0 the play moved in favour of Hut 13 for the rest of the game.

The first goal was scored by L.A.C. Brown after about twenty-minutes play when there was a small melee in front of Hut 20 goal and Brown seizing the opportunity drove low and hard in the corner of the net.

L.A.C. Johnstone increased the score with a good hard drive from twenty-five yards which gave Weller no chance.

Hut 13 had the upper hand and increased the score to five through Edwards, Brown and Gardiner. In the closing minutes of the game, Hut 20 came very near to scoring but Harvey who was reliable throughout cleared from the goal line.

This game was a good conclusion to a successful station knock-out competition. The Group Captain presented cups and a shield to Hut 13 and medals to Hut 20 after the game.





More Bunk by Bloggs

Pilot Officer Bloggs, who wrote that amazing letter to the Inspector of Taxes last month, comes forward with the following essay which he hopes will be of help to those personnel who have had difficulty in explaining to their Canadian friends the whys and wherefores of the Home Guard.

Members of the Home Guard are the unpaid, unfed, part time, part worn, workless, shirtless, breathless Army who are supposed to be in their place, to be crack shots with a rifle, bayonet fighting, all-in wrestling, long distance runners and expert throwers of hand grenades. They are supposed to have university degrees and know the weight and length of a rifle and all its separate parts, the weight, characteristics, contents, part and destructive power and technical data of several grenades and bombs.

Many are supposed to be expert machine-gunners, scientific engineers, and all are supposed to be fully qualified Sten-gunners. There are many weapons that they are supposed to be conversant with, but as only 3,000,000 men know about them they are too secret to be mentioned.

Apart from this, they are supposed to know all the rules of Pythagorus, the exact position of local post and telegraphic offices, railway stations, police stations and petrol-filling stations, the distant routes to neighbouring villages, town, the telephone system of available instruments.

Must be tactful in answering the C.O. and neighbours who complain of their noisy boots in the early hours of the morning. Must be expert contortionists in arranging all their kit, and take lessons from the india-rubber man. With their camouflage capes and hoods they are supposed to change from a soldier to a chameleon in two seconds.

They are supposed to know the name of their section, platoon and company commanders, to recognise on sight their colonel whom they have never seen and to know the name of their zone commander of whom they have never heard. They are supposed to know the address, location, and nearest route to platoon, company and battalion and zone headquarters, which are sometimes changed overnight without their knowledge.

Also to be experts in fieldcraft, street fighting, map reading, and defence in depth. They must also be experts in telephone construction..

They must know how to deal with paratroops and angry wives. How to camouflage their positions from air observation, how to use natural cover (sometimes at home) how to move unseen and unheard (sometimes through the back entrance of the local), how to crawl on a middle-aged tummy through the undergrowth, ploughed fields, and railway lines and how to convert themselves from a clerk, shop-keeper or mechanic who wouldn't hurt a fly in the day-time, into a bloody assassin with dagger at night.

They must know about all kinds

of gases, run chemist shops, and all but take charge of operating theatres. They must know all about decontamination, salvation, abomination, and every other 'ation.

They are supposed to know how to destroy tanks, aircraft, and erect road blocks, how to deal with all known and unknown gases, and how to provide themselves with iron rations without points or hope.

They are taught to practice restraint when retiring from eight hour field exercises to find the column dodgers have wiped up all the beer. They are supposed to support the regulars, which very often happens after closing time.

Incidentally, they are supposed to earn their own living if time permits. Mount 12 hour guards twice a week for which they are paid 18 pence to spend on, or lose at nap.

Finally, all Home Guards must now attend first aid lectures, which means that they should have a working knowledge of pressure points, bandaging, splinting, change of life, artificial respiration and should be able to treat cases of poisoning, fainting, fits and shocks. In conclusion they will be expected to take a course in midwifery in their spare time to prepare for any grave emergency that may arise.

Not quite! They are also expected to know something about Aircraft Recognition and how to disable a Tank. Also to be fully qualified Film Stars.

Lets go and join the regulars.



Beware of the woman who says you are one in a hundred—You may well be that.

A CROWDED LEAVE

One of the most hectic, travel-packed leaves we've heard of for some time was recently taken by L.A.C.s Jim Creasey and Bob Kingston of Minor Inspections.

In ten days they went from Winnipeg to Vancouver, Victoria, and came back for the Calgary Stampede. They started out by going in to 'Peg to collect some civvies, then went straight to Vancouver for three full days and nights at the Hotel Georgia.

Says Jim: "We got several invites to people's homes, but were trying to pack so much sight-seeing into our ten days, that we hadn't time to accept."

They took the boat to Victoria—and spent a long day there—and caught up on their sleep in the train back to Calgary.

Arriving back in time for the first day of the stampede, they saw the two-hour parade from a spot near the C.P.R. Station on 9th Avenue, spent the afternoon down at the Victoria Pavilion Exhibition grounds, saw a few races without losing any money, had a few hours fun in the Mid-way, and the same night caught the train back to Winnipeg to finish—as so many others have finished up—in the Cave.

SHAME!

We married innocent an' took Precawshuns from a littul book,
I 'ates the 'un, but 'ow I 'opes,
'E drops a bomb on Marie Stopes.

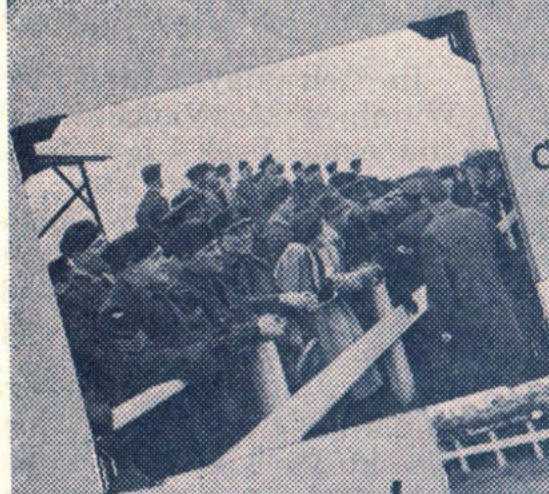


When a pretty secretary becomes indispensable, she is often made a sleeping partner.

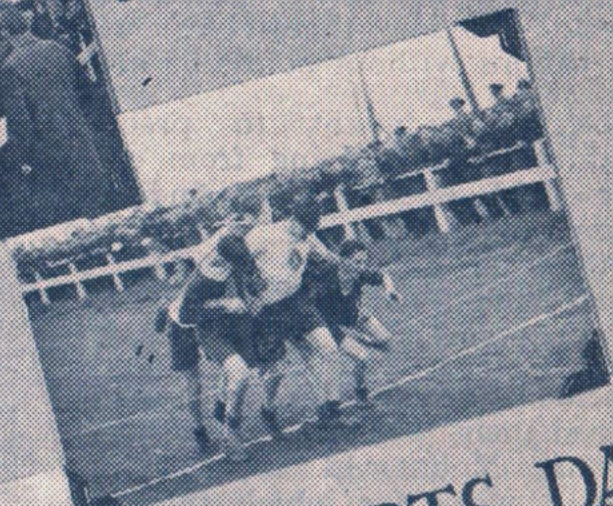
A CROWDED LEAVE

One of the most crowded
packed leaves were held at the
varsity level for a week before
the start of the season and then

of games and special events and all
but late games of importance
were held. These were held all
about the district and other
districts and other



COLD BUT KEEN



MADE IT!



COMMANDOS?

SPORTS DAY SEPT. 1943



CUP FOR A.T.S.

HOW WE WON SOCCER TROPHY

On Saturday, September 25, before a very large crowd, Carberry won the Manitoba Championship knock-out cup by defeating Weston United by 4 goals to 3 in the second game of a best of three series after winning the first game 3-1.

In this final game No 33 were slow to settle down, and Weston, who were keen to even the series, were faster on the ball and succeeded in obtaining a one-goal lead after about seven minutes play through a good goal by Hampton.

This setback inspired the Carberry side and they settled down to good football and midway through the first half Spiers evened the score from a forward pass by Brown.

Both goals survived narrow escapes, both goalkeepers making good saves. Weston were very determined and took a fair share of the game. After half-time Carberry put on the pressure and increased their score to two through a grand goal by Ross from a pass by Duers.

Soon after, Brown got right through on a pass from Spiers and scored a perfect goal.

Carberry were now playing grand football, every player turning in a grand performance and they increased their lead to 4-1 when Ross gave the Weston keeper no chance with a strong drive from grand midfield play by Spiers and Duers.

Despite this lead Weston fought back strongly and play became slightly ragged, but the United

managed to score two quick though rather fortunate goals, the first from a long shot by the left winger and the second from a goalmouth scramble.

Carberry held on to their lead although Weston fought hard to the final whistle, and so we carried off the series in two straight games.

After the game Smythe, the Carberry captain, was presented with the Manitoba Cup by Lt./Col. Jones, president of the Winnipeg Victory Soccer League.

THE FIRST ROUND

The Station's representative eleven won their way to the final of this competition by defeating Winnipeg Scottish in the semi-final by seven goals to three in a one-sided game in which Carberry had all the play and only allowed Scottish to score by easing the pressure late in the second half. Scorers for Carberry in this game were Brown 3, Duers 2, Speirs 2.

In the first game of the best of three series to decide the final against United Weston of Winnipeg at the Osborne Stadium, Carberry emerged winners by 3 goals to 1 after a very hard and exciting game which kept the Winnipeg crowd on their toes throughout.

Brown opened the scoring with a grand goal that gave the Winnipeg keeper no chance and increased it a few minutes later with a goal from a break-through and pass by Speirs.

Play continued in favour of Carberry until Speirs made it three with a drive from close in.

SPORTS DAY IN BERLIN

OUR first Sports Day called to mind a Sports Day of a vastly different kind. I had gone over to Germany in July, 1936, to see the Olympic Games in Berlin, and then to do a "rubber-necking" tour of other parts of Germany, Bavaria and Austria as far as my few Reichsmarks would allow.

My friend Eric, a South African who was over in England to study the cotton trade, accompanied me and through his firm's agents we had secured a small flat in the heart of Berlin.

Our adventures doing the rounds of the beauty spots and night haunts make another story but we decided we had to see the Big Day of the Games — the one when Hitler and his Gang were to be present.

We had already been up to the magnificent Reichsportzpalast on the outskirts of Berlin to watch some of the "minor" events (such as Whitlock winning the Walk for the British Empire) but we knew it was almost impossible to secure seats for the Big Day. However, we made our way up to the Stadium along with what appeared to be the entire German population, in addition to representatives of every other country in the world.

About this time, Germany was making strenuous efforts either to secure the friendship of England or to pull the wool over her eyes, whichever way you like to look at it. Be that as it may we had noticed that everybody in Berlin seemed to go out of their way to be very polite and attentive if you spoke English. Maybe this was due to the fact that a certain section of the

British Press was all out for Isolationism and this was suiting Germany's purpose very well.

We had got a bit fed up with the constant attention of waiters, hairdressers, bartenders, servants and casual acquaintances who were very anxious to talk to us about their wonderful Feuhrer and in reply to their cries of "Heil Hitler" we would raise our right hands and say "God Save the King" or "Up Baldwin".

To get back to the story. There we were on the wrong side of the barriers and very anxious to get on the right side. We walked round the Stadium which was surrounded by a very high wall with tunnelled entrances rather like Wembley.

There were three rows of Elite Guards in front of the gates and lots of Black Shirts, Brown Shirts, S.S. Guards and Storm Troopers to get through, with their glittering uniforms complete with swords, revolvers, black top boots and all—altogether rather a formidable array.

We noticed at one spot that some people were going in by a small gate and we decided to investigate. We couldn't get the hang of it for a minute or two as we knew that all tickets had been sold out weeks before.

Eventually we decided it must be the Press entrance as each person showed a card and amidst a lot of heel-clicking and "Heil Hitlering" was ushered inside the gate. Another short conference between Eric and myself took place and we decided on a plan of action.

With Eric leading the way (he could speak Afrikaan and make himself understood if necessary) we marched boldly up to the gate-

keeper waving our passports, letters of credit, travellers' cheques, driving licences and any other papers we could find and proclaimed in loud voice—Daily Mail, England! The officer at the gate sprang to attention with surprised look on his face at this frontal attack and said "Jah, jah" "Heil Hitler".

We rustled our papers under his nose and then stuffed them back in our pockets before he could get a look at them.

However, he beckoned to one of the Gilbertian Guards and handed us over to him. These fellows, we then saw, were interpreters and wore armbands marked "French", "Italian", "Spanish" etc.

Fortunately our man had "Russian" on his arm and so there was no danger of him understanding us or vice versa. He led us through the lines of guards, down the tunnel under the walls and into the Press seats near the front of the 120,000 people present that day, where he left us with a burst of Russian and another "Heil Hitler".

We congratulated ourselves on our luck and settled down to watch the amazing procession of the products of Nazism through the arena. Thousands of children from the age of seven upwards, boys and girls alike, marching with Prussian stiffness, laden with rucksacks like veteran soldiers; older boys and girls singing the "Horst Wessel" song accompanied by blaring bands; parades of Black Shirts and Storm Troopers followed by ranks of the so-called Labour Corps with picks and shovels at the slope.

How many of us there in our mind's eye saw rifles instead of shovels I wonder? Perhaps we took comfort in the fact that the British Government was well represented at the Games and would learn some-

thing from this display of Germany's potential war material and anyway, it was no business of ours.

After this parade came the great moment, the arrival of Adolf Hitler himself with the ill-fated Hess at his side and the ugly Goebbels hovering near like some giant bat.

The Stadium became an inferno of sound as every German saluted the Feuhrer and then from behind the bullet-proof glass shield which occasionally caught the reflection of the morning sun, Hitler delivered one of his most amazing speeches, accompanied by his usual acrobatic gestures which roused the Nazis to a frenzy of mass hysteria.

Not being able to understand much of the speech I looked around me at the weird scene. The walls of the Stadium were surmounted by huge red banners, thirty feet high, with the ugly swastika in black on a white circle. The brilliant sun shining through these emblems of evil cast a crimson glow over the gathering, like an ominous portent of the blood bath into which the world was soon to be plunged.

After this emotional outburst, the actual events seemed to lack sparkle. The victories of the coloured Jesse Owens were received in almost stony silence and the brilliant win of Jack Lovelock in the mile was only acknowledged by the few Britishers present.

It wasn't quite so difficult to get into the Carberry Fair Grounds as it was to get into the Reichsportpalast in Berlin. There were no high walls, no S.S. Guards, no blood red banners. Inside just a lot of fellows keeping themselves fit for the job in hand—to rid the world of the canker of Fascism and hasten the time when a Sports Day will never again be an excuse for a display of military might.

J. J. McCORMICK.

Should An Airman Tell?

SHOULD he tell? Or shouldn't he? We know most of the answers, but not this one, Anxious to see whether the airmen on this camp were telling the truth or not we stole down to the post office in the very dead of the night, and with a bent pin and a piece of string fished two letters out of the Post Office.

By an odd coincidence they were written by the same man.

We print them below for your guidance. After admiring the style we sealed and posted them—in the wrong envelopes.

★
DEAR JOCK,

Well Old Man I just thought I'd better give you the griff on my leave at Banff. Had a swell time. Met a smart dame from Edmonton who'd got a car, a cabin, and a crush on me. Was she the cutest, cuddliest, sweetie! She was blonde too; a ravishing, long-limbed, full-bosomed pearl. You've no idea how attractive I find these Canadian girls. Mind you—they're not too well-informed on some subjects—but I soon give 'em the "gen". Drove out quite a bit; went canoeing, riding, swimming, drinking, took in a show and a dance. Pretty swell place. Those cabins are just dandy things for twos and fours. Go to bed and get up when you like; eat when you want. They've got everything. I bet I don't stick Aberdeen for long when I get back. Will letcha know when I see you. S'long Jock. Remember me to Jeanie. I think if you'd come out here you wouldn't have stayed single for long. Me too neither.

★
DEAREST,

Once again I sit me down quietly in the old YMCA to tell you how I finished my leave. Tony and I are really glad to be back after travelling those hundreds of

miles by train. Banff is really quite nice—but a holiday without you isn't really a holiday. Most of the time I was feeling pretty low. On the whole I liked the scenery, perhaps chiefly because it reminded me so of home.

I don't think I put on any weight. Climbing mountains and taking long energetic walks takes too much out of you, I find. One day we did have a bit of luck—got picked up by a farmer and his wife in their car—and they took us for a lovely drive up to Lake Louise. But apart from them I don't think we spoke to any natives—besides the hotel manager and the restaurant proprietor.

Do you remember that time we saw "Rose Marie" at the Grand Theatre? Well—the scenery in the Rockies reminded me of that night. There's lots of little cabins here—just like the one in the film. But we didn't have a chance to go inside one.

On the Sunday, of course, we dutifully trooped into Church—but the service wasn't a patch on the one the Rev. McGreggor holds at St. Andrews.

It always seems such a pity you did not want to leave your mother and come to Canada. But I shouldn't be much longer now—leastways not much more than two years. And what's two years anyway! Remember me to Freddie and Johnny and all the boys in the church choir.

Your ever-loving?

Accounts Section

This month has seen the departure of L.A.C. 'Vin' Hamer, en route for home, we wish him a speedy recovery to full health on his native soil. L.A.C. 'Harpo' Marks now becomes chief 'bobber' and is now open for offers for his very comprehensive Book of Addresses, it may be pointed out that this very valuable work covers many interesting places (and types) to be found between New York and Vancouver.

Though not very conspicuous in the field events on Sports Day, members of the section were well to the fore in the indoor sports of the evening; in passing, we wonder was Cpl. Robinson's journey to Winnipeg as Escort in Chief, made necessary by the ever present danger of his many heart-interests clashing!

After an absence of many moons Cpl. 'Legs' Goodall revisited his old stamping rounds at Keewatin, where, following an extensive tour of the wigwams, he was actually seen taking a prominent part on the Conga at the Local jamboree. (Carberry papers please copy.)

Although the Accounts Section Harriers have enjoyed some good runs under the capable Mastership of F/Sgt. Grandison, the hare (F/Sgt. Taylor) has so far successfully eluded the hounds. L.A.C. 'Sheep-rot' Dunnell is proving to be a very good stayer and once he has got over the habit of distributing 'rings' all over the countryside, should be a valuable asset to the pack.

Will all interested (including 'Mr. Middleton') please note that a grand Relegation Sesh will be held at the usual rendezvous this evening, 30th September.

Classical Music

This month has seen a revival of interest in recorded classical concerts—and a couple of pleasant evenings have already been spent by music lovers in the G.I.S. block. Two dates for October are: "Popular" evening, 4th October; and Beethoven evening on 11th October.

Conversation: "Well, thanks for the tea, I'll just sign the early chits, long week-ends and leave passes, finish typing my airgraph and then go over to the mess for a break. If anyone wants me I'll be back in two hours."

Operation Successful: We are proud to report that the recent operation carried out on F/Lt. Whitaker's cat, has been successful. The cat was running about as frisky as ever, just ten minutes later.

Hear about the sergeant who asked the chap who was late for parade where he had been for the last couple of hours? "Sitting in the car talking to my girl friend", said the tardy one. "And what did she say", asked the sergeant. "No".

Special passes for special men—
From after duty—till dear knows when!
Apply to the SWO, but don't mention "Gen".

"I want to marry your daughter."
"Do you drink?"
"Thanks, but let's settle the other matter first."

Keep your conduct sheet clean and avoid post-war nemesis.

Corporals' Club

Event of the month was the long awaited extension of the clubroom. The whole of the small canteen has now been taken over, giving the Club premises which should be spacious enough to ensure even greater success on dance and guest nights. Structural alterations and redecorating is in progress and it is hoped to have the whole building repainted before the next dance on October 21st.

The club dance held on September 3rd followed in the wake of past successes and the clubroom certainly looked better than ever before. Once again our grateful thanks to those members who made such a grand job of the decorating.

The "Diaper" competition raised lots of "arty larther" from both the competitors and audience, laurels finally going to Cpl. Robinson. Subscriptions are urgently needed to purchase a pair of wings for Cpl. "Nobby" Clark on his "passing out" at this dance.

A merry crowd again filled the clubroom on the night of the Station Dance and the buffet organised by Cpl. Elliott was very much appreciated. It was thought, from the number of "cases" to be seen, that half the Corporals were going on leave that night, but it eventually transpired that said cases only contained liquid refreshment.

Outdoor sports have been somewhat lacking, mainly owing to the Station Sports Day. Indoor activities continue successfully, and now that we have our enlarged premises, arrangements are in hand for the acquisition of a billiards table.

Officer Collier—fresh from England. We're glad too that F/Sgt. McGilchrist has at last got his commission.

Link Section

In spite of all rumours, Duff Gen or what have you to the contrary, the Link Section of this unit is very much alive and kicking.

Now that expression must not be taken too literally, even if you do chance to overhear an L.T.I. indulging in the popular indoor pastime of "Binding".

He is just doing his daily dozen. It is good for his soul after eight hours on the Beam.

Speaking about the Beam, we welcome F/Lt. (Paddy) O'Brien and his B.A.T. Wallahs to the fold, and look forward to an easier job explaining the intricacies of the S.B.A. now that the boys get a chance to put their theory into practice. Also the B.A.T. Flight seem to have taken most, if not all of the Honours in the last Link contest, F/O (Shorty) Crisp turning in the best effort, with F/O Ridgeway running a close second.

Other very creditable efforts were turned in by F/O Finch, F/O McBey, F/Sgt. Platt and others. Another competition is planned for the near future, so get in your practice now.

Our cheerful handyman, Norris, returned recently from leave, he reports that New York is a swell place, better than Carberry. I think he is prejudiced.

Congratulations to our Chief on achieving his second ring—and by the way Chief, is the Beam the reason why you have to travel to Daulphin?

We like to have visitors around and we are always glad to show the place to anyone who cares to come. We may be principally Canadians, but we are not such bad types, so as Mae West would say, "Drop in and see us sometime". You're welcome.

We're glad to welcome Pilot

Repair Squadron

Corporal Buck Ryan (late of Iceland and Universal Films) and your scribe soon discovered common grounds of interest in the Film Industry, Egyptology and Nostredamus. Anyone possessing gen on the old gentleman or a copy of his 'The Centuries' is assured of a warm welcome and the freedom of the billet.

One of our fair damsels of Winnipeg staggered friend Muggeridge by referring to the fine hirsute growth on his upper lip as a "cookie duster"! Strikes me as being particularly apt, and should pass into general usage. Perhaps the more ferocious varieties usually cultivated by Sergeant Pilots could be known as "road sweepers"?

Ken Trout and Bill Chittenden have just returned from a leave spent in Hollywood. They had a glorious time, meeting among others, Betty Grable and Veronica Lake, not to mention eight-three of America's most beautiful girls on a sound set at 20th Cent.-Fox where 'Pin-up Girl' was being made. Ken brought back a marvellous souvenir in the shape of a set of autographed tumblers which he won at Earl Carroll's.

Before ending, his many friends (especially those of the old workshop gang of August '42) give their very heartiest good wishes to the Sheriff—L.A.C. Froud to you—on the occasion of his engagement to a very charming young lady, Miss Lucy Kabin, of Souris. She captured the Camp with her singing in a Concert Party performance some time ago. Good-luck to both of you.

Wife: (to drunken husband). "I think we had better go to bed, dear". Husband: "Sure. May as well; I'll get hell when I go home, anyway!"

Sergeants' Mess

The dance held recently was cited as 'Best yet!'. The Entertainments Committee wish to thank all guests and members.

Special thanks to Flight Sergeant Phinn, Sergeant Cyril Hillier, the music of "Sax" Collier and his Boys and, last but not least, to our cooks.

A glance across the dance floor revealed many prominent guests, including Group Captain and Mrs. Bruce. We were delighted to see a good number of our living-out personnel with their better-halves in attendance. Incidentally Jimmy Dearie informed us that Flight Sergeant and Mrs. Grandison arrived at the dance on horse-back. We are certain they did not depart this way! Sergeants Joe Ogilvie and Tich Aspey have been recommended for dancing tuition.

Good luck to three of our favourite bachelors who by now are safely and happily married, we hope, namely Sergeants Claudius Sporne, Benny Couch and Cliff Acton. The ceremonies for Ben and Cliff are scheduled for the same day, same time—we sincerely hope it aint the same bride!

The Indoor Sports Tournament held recently proved very successful. Winners were: billiards, Flight Sergeant Platt; snooker, 'Plumber' Smythe; and darts (partner), Warrant Officer Frank Gash and Sergeant Terry Lowe.

Congratulations to Sergeants Trezona and Partridge, and our Rhythm Martyrs Cliff Collier and 'Mr' Davies on their recent promotions. Another swing pianist in our midst; welcome George Rychman of Works and Bricks!

HANGAR HARMONY

We'll pick a crash and not make a hash,
 We'll sort out the bits, you see we've got wits,
 Give us a ring, extension 52 or 56,
 Any time really, but not after six,
 We'll croon with delight, on hearing the news,
 We'll order the Crane and be off with the crews,
 We'll pick it up gently and treat it with care,
 We're only the gentry that came out—guess where?
 We've got dummy undercars with which to replace,

The "swiped" undercart that isn't in place.
 We'll secure the engines with cable, just so,
 When the engine mount's broken or gone—you know,
 With pride we'll redeem it from an untimely end,
 Cross ditches and fences, these too we'll mend,
 We'll make it quite serviceable, fit for the air
 As quickly as possible and not turn a hair,
 We'll send it to Groups and then—Alley-Oop
 We're ready again for the next to ground-loop.

SHOP AT THE P. S. I. STORE



BLUE SHIRTS	\$1.75
CRESTED PADS	30c
WINDBREAKERS	\$2.25 & \$1.30
PYJAMAS	\$2.25
SWEAT SHIRTS	\$1.00
SOX (Khaki & Black)	40c & 50c
ROLL-NECK SWEATERS	\$2.00
BLUE HANKS	2 for 25c
WHITE HANKS, each	15c
LADIES' HANKS, per box	45c
FANCY PANTS	50c
UNDERPANTS(jockey style)	40c
SHUTTLECOCKS	40c

—No. 1 HANGAR—



Spanghele