

32 E.F.T.S.
EDMONTON FLYING

RAF

BOWDEN
TRAINING SCHOOL



THREE CORNERS

... 'come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true' . . .

—Shakespeare.

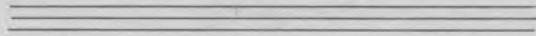
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- ★ Dec. 26 GENTLEMAN JIM - News
- ★ Dec. 27-28 THE AVEN- GERS - 2 Shorts
- ★ Dec. 29-30 JITTERBUGS News - 3 Shorts

THREE CORNERS



The Annual Magazine of
No. 32 ELEMENTARY FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL
ROYAL AIR FORCE - BOWDEN

Published by
THE EDMONTON FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL LTD.

under the direction of Mr. F. V. BURTON, Manager,
and with the co-operation of S/Ldr. B. L. H. HOWES, R.A.F.
Officer Commanding R.A.F. Personnel

Issued December, 1943.

Editor:

F/Lt. W. F. MILLER, R.A.F.

Art Editors:

Sgt. D. F. M. SIMMONDS, R.C.A.F.

F/Sgt. D. C. HICKLING, R.A.F.

CONTENTS

	Page	
Around The Station	3	by Our Roving Camera
Editorial	5	by The Editor
A Letter From The Manager	7	by Mr. F. V. Burton
The Board	8	of Directors
The History of The School	10	by Mr. F. V. Burton
The School Officials	11	Candid Camera
Oil	12	An Article by Miss A. E. Spackman
Greetings	15	from S/Ldr. B. L. H. Howes, R.A.F.
Flivver For Hitler	16	A Story by Gerald Dean
G.I.S. Forum	23	Fantasia by Mr. H. Buchner
The Imperfect Lady	24	Short Story by P/O D. R. W. Greenslade
The Fly	25	Short Story by LAC R. J. Evans
Sport	27	A Reminiscence by Sgt. T. Smith
Photograph Competition	31	The Winning Entries
The Year in Review	32	A Commentary by Gee Dee
Murder 1963	34	A Thriller by Sgt. D. A. Dailey
Bowser Girl	36	Water Colour by F/Sgt. D. C. Hickling
Grizzly	38	An Account by Sgt. B. G. Lock
Sons of Canada	40	A Poem by Miss F. E. Smetana
In Search of Canada	41	An Article by S/Ldr. R. H. Vernon Vivian
Barguest	44	A Story by Sgt. S. Sharp
Theatre Notes	46	by Cpl. P. G. Monkhouse
Shakespeare in The R.A.F.	46	by William Shakespeare
What To Do Tonight	56	by The Dragoman
The Padre's Page	58	by S/Ldr. R. H. Vernon Vivian
A Story Without Words	61	Told in Black & White by F/Sgt. D. C. Hickling
Personalities Past & Present	65	by Biographer
Girls' Gossip	67	by Miss Nona Me
The Last Page	72	For A Coffee When You've Finished

Cover Design and Caricatures by
F/Sgt. D. C. HICKLING

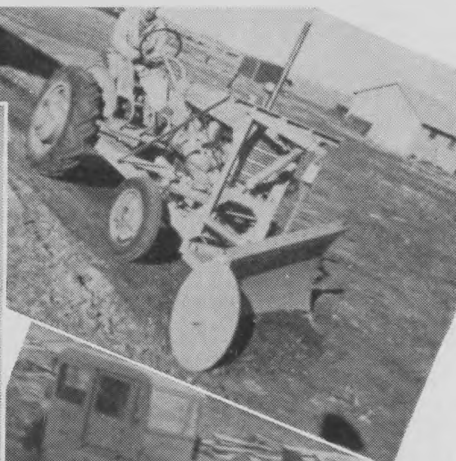
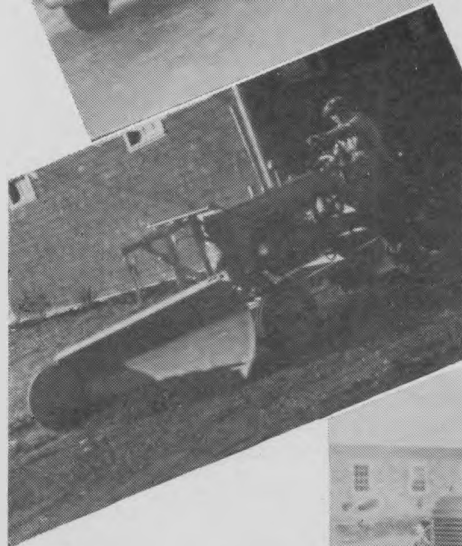
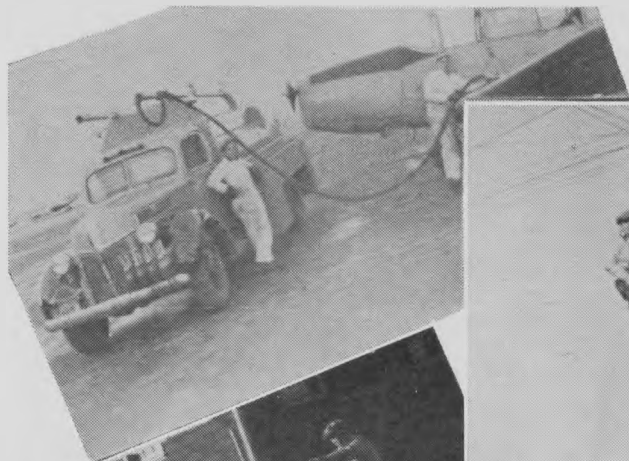
The Magazine Illustrated by
Sgt. D. F. M. SIMMONDS and F/Sgt. D. C. HICKLING

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Printed in Calgary, Canada, by the Phoenix Press Company Limited.

Bulk of the professional photography appearing in this magazine were taken by Meyers Studio, Calgary, Official Photographers to No. 32 E.F.T.S., Bowden.

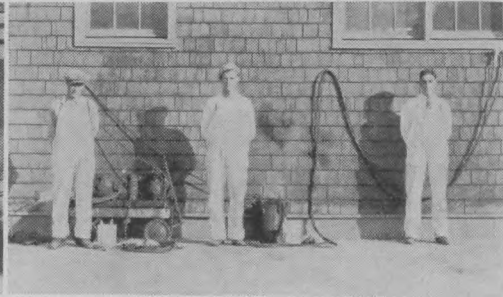
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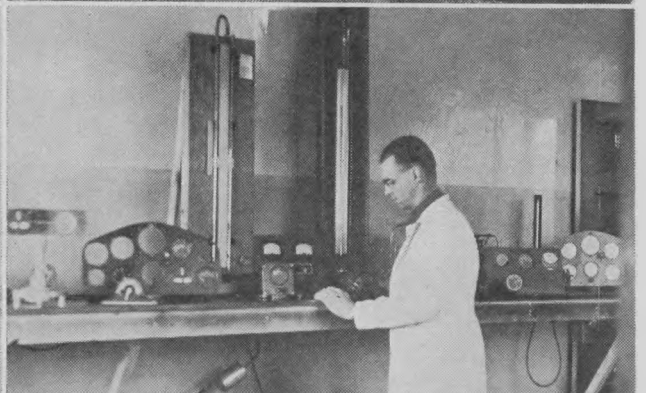
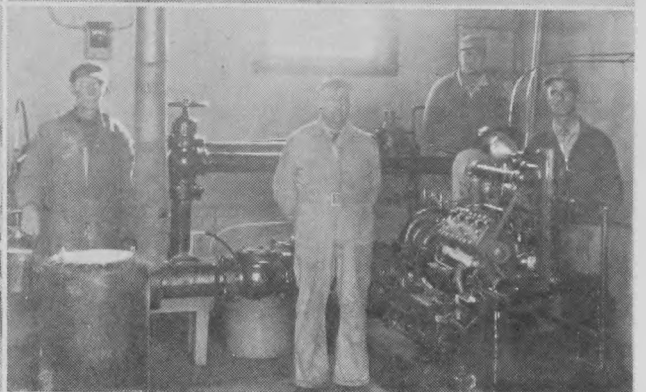
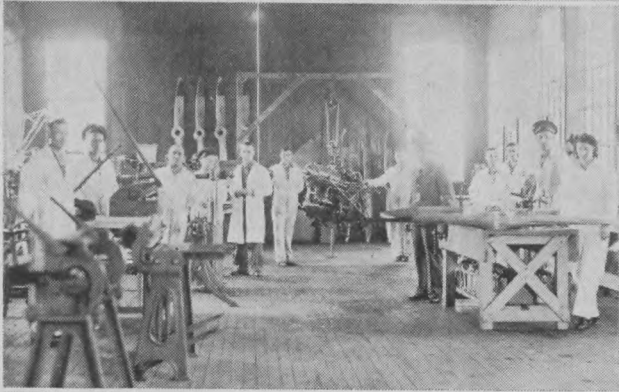
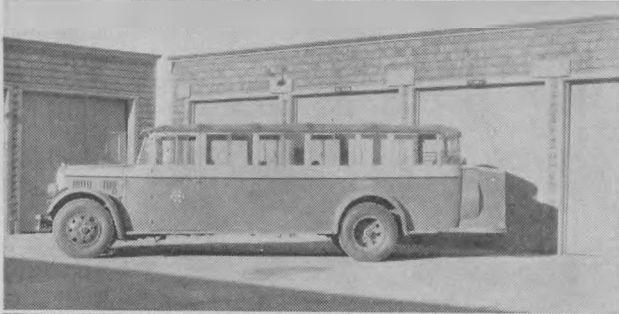
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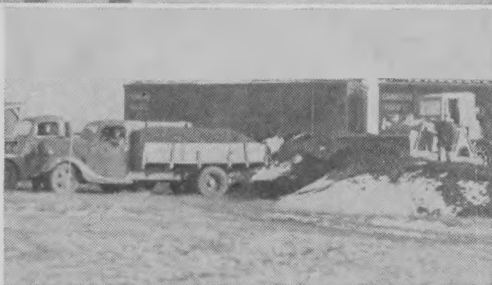
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INSTRUMENT
 SECTION
 WORKS and
 BUILDINGS

Editorial

War is beastly. War is foul, and its consequences to the civilised world incalculable. It is a truism, however, that no thing in this life is wholly good or wholly bad. So it is with war.

Amongst war's brighter by-products may be mentioned courage, humour and friendship. Not that these are peculiar to war; they flourish too in peace, but against war's darker background they stand out like beacons and we are doubly grateful for their beams.

In the pages that follow we salute the first—Courage; provide, we trust, a little of the second—Humour; and endeavour to preserve and cherish the third, perhaps life's most priceless gift—Friendship!

Take a look at our Station today! It is a station, a unit, of which we may well be proud. It didn't just happen that way! No, it is a monument to those who have served here with us and moved on. They are no longer here, but they have left their mark, and we are grateful for their friendship.

We have here today, in this station of ours, a body of service men from England and every corner of the Empire, sharing equally the life and work with civilians from Alberta and every part of this vast Dominion of Canada. Both have learned to like and respect the other. Both now know the other's weaknesses and strength, and the friendships formed will never be broken, even when this war is but a dim memory.

Let us therefore cultivate this comradeship, and in pulling together as one team, strive more mightily towards the great objective—a speedy, just and lasting Peace.

The Editor



**Mr. F. V. BURTON, Manager,
No. 32 E.F.T.S. Bowden, Alberta.**

THE EDMONTON FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL LIMITED
BOWDEN, ALBERTA

Writing pretty letters is not my strong suit. For one thing, I am told one has to be sparing of adjectives, and that rather cramps my style! However, you all know me, and what I haven't said here you must add yourselves—I don't think you'll have any difficulty.

The year has seen many changes. Mr. Plunkett, with whom you and I served so long, is no longer directly connected with the school, although he still remains as a Director, but the foundations he laid, he laid, well, and it is my sincere hope to continue his policy and keep this school as happy and efficient as it was under his guidance. I am proud to know that many who have been sent out from this school on completion of their course have been among the finest of pilots of any school in the United Nations.

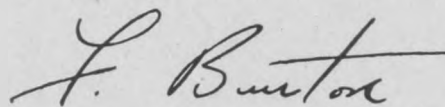
Mr. Shankland and Miss Traub of our accounting staff have left our service to be married and I know that I am voicing your sentiments when I wish them every success.

We have been fortunate in securing as our Secretary Treasurer and Office Manager Mr. Heal, who was Assistant Manager at No. 3 A.O.S. until its recent disbandment.

Two C.F.I.'s have left us, S/Ldr. D. L. Townsend, A.F.C. and S/Ldr. T. W. Hamlin, but their place has been taken by S/Ldr. B. L. H. Howes, and in his capable hands the Flying Wing is soaring to even greater heights of efficiency.

I count my stay on this station as Chief Engineer one of the happiest periods in my life, and I do thank every one of you for your support then, and for the even greater encouragement you have given me as Manager. Believe me, I am grateful for it, and will do my best to be worthy of your friendship and co-operation. The position of Chief Air Engineer is being ably filled by my successor, Mr. George Frost.

In conclusion let me wish you all every success and happiness in the coming year and in the Peace which must some day follow.



(F. V. BURTON) Manager.

THE EDMONTON



SCHOOL LTD.

Major J. M. TAYLOR
(COURTESY OF ALFRED BLYTHE)

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Major J. M. Taylor, the President of The Edmonton Flying Training School, has had a distinguished career. In the last war he went overseas with a Canadian Infantry Battalion, but transferred to the R.F.C. in the winter of 1916-17 and served with No. 50 Squadron on B.E.'s, later flying Camels and S.E. 5's. His love of flying continued after the war, and he was for many years a director of the Edmonton and Northern Alberta Aero Club. He is well known throughout the Dominion as the Managing Director of Taylor & Pearson Ltd., of Edmonton, one of the largest Electrical and Broadcasting Companies in Canada.

Vice-President:

W. R. MAY, Esq., O.B.E., DFC

"Wop" May—why "Wop" nobody knows—provides one of those links with the gallant band of last war pilots whose fame will never grow dim! Everyone remembers of the legendary figure of Germany's greatest last war ace—Baron Manfred von Richtofen—Well, "Wop" was the man Richtofen was trying to single out when that famous flier was himself shot down by Major Roy Brown. "Wop" went on to chalk up thirteen officially shot down German aircraft, and win the D.F.C. After the war he made aviation his career, and promoted a number of commercial air ventures. He later became Chief Pilot of the Canadian Airways Ltd. and went on to become Superintendent of the Mackenzie River District. In 1929 he was awarded the McKee Trophy, Canada's highest annual aviation award, for a mercy flight in mid-winter in an open cockpit plane from Edmonton to Fort Vermilion and for inaugurating the Arctic Air Mail, and in 1935 he received the O.B.E. for his work in developing the North.

He is presently exerting his talents as General Manager of No. 2 Air Observer School, Edmonton, and also as Supervisor of Schools for Western Canada.

Director:

D. M. PLUNKETT, Esq.

For its present proud position in the Commonwealth Air Training Plan, this school owes much to its late Managing Director, Mr. D. M. Plunkett. He steered it through its difficult period in Edmonton and here at Bowden, and when he left in July of this year, the good wishes of all went with him. He remains with the company as a director. Prior to taking up his duties at this school he had been the Assistant Provincial Auditor for the Province of Alberta, and in pre-war years had been a President of the Edmonton and Northern Alberta Aero Club. By profession a Chartered Accountant, Mr. Plunkett is now a partner in one of the Dominion's largest and best known firms of Accountants—The James C. Thompson and Company, at Calgary.

Manager:

F. V. BURTON, Esq.

One of the elite band who hold a permanent A, B, C and D. Air Engineer's License, numbering not more than a score in the Dominion, is Mr. F. V. Burton. He was first taught to fly at the Edmonton and Northern Alberta Aero Club in 1927 and continued with them as Chief Air Engineer and Commercial Pilot from 1928 to 1935. He holds a Night and Day Commercial Pilot's License and from 1935 to 1940 flew as a "Bush Pilot" all over the North Country—The Yukon, North B.C. and the North-West Territories. It was in one of these flights during the winter of 1937-1938 that he was forced down in the Yukon wilderness, where he spent ten very uncomfortable days before being found by search parties. Shortly after the outbreak of war he joined the Edmonton Flying Training School as Chief Engineer, in which position he remained until his appointment as Manager in July of this year.

History of the School

This Company, which now operates No. 32 E.F.T.S. RAF, at Bowden, is an outgrowth of the Edmonton and Northern Alberta Aero Club which had its inception at Edmonton in 1927, and was equipped originally with two DH6OX Cirrus Moth Aircraft operating from an oatfield, or corn, to those of you who come from England. The Edmonton and Northern Alberta Aero Club, a government controlled, but non-profit organization, enjoyed great success until 1932: the year 1930 being its biggest, when it led all Aero Clubs in Canada, both in hours flown and flying licenses obtained. It was during this year that the Chief Flying Instructor of the Club, Captain M. Burbridge, was awarded the McKee Trophy for the most meritorious contribution to Canadian aviation for the year. During 1933, 34 and 35 Canadian aviation practically came to a standstill, and these were lean years for the club, but it continued to operate, and trained many pilots who are now in the R.A.F. or R.C.A.F.:

This Aero Club was fortunate in having as President W. R. (Wop) May, now General Manager of No. 2 A.O.S., Edmonton; James Bell, now Manager of the Edmonton Airport; C. Becker, now Assistant to the General Manager of Canadian Pacific Airways, Western Lines; Frank Brown, now actively engaged in flying with the R.C.A.F., C. Moffat now a Wing Commander in the R.C.A.F. and D. M. Plunkett, formerly Managing Director of the School, and now with the James C. Thompson and Co. of Calgary. These men with their flying and business experience were able to steer the Aero Club successfully through difficult times. From 1936 the club had as its Chief Flying Instructor, Mr. A. D. Kennedy, who is now Chief Ground Instructor with your own Unit at No. 32 E.F.T.S. Bowden, Alberta.

At the outbreak of the war the club, along with other active Aero Clubs in the Dominion, were asked to reorganize and join the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan and operate Elementary Flying Training Schools. Hence the inception of the Edmonton Flying Training School Limited, which, under the managership of Mr. D. M. Plunkett successfully operated No. 16 E.F.T.S. RCAF, at Edmonton until July 1942 when the R.A.F. Schools were civilianized. The civilian personnel were then moved to Bowden where they, together with R.A.F. personnel now operate No. 32 E.F.T.S., R.A.F.

It may be wise to explain at this juncture, the principles under which the civilian Company operate. The Canadian Government, through the Department of National Defence for Air, sets what is known as a target price for the operation over a definite period of time of each School. This target price is worked out by qualified men. Remember, the Government sets the

price, not the Company! If the School operates for less than the target price, the unused portion is returned to the Canadian Government. It is a well earned tribute to the Edmonton Flying Training School Limited that they have refunded over \$125,000.00 to the Canadian Government.

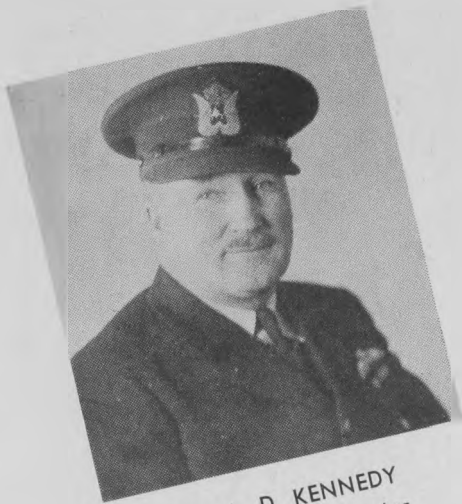
If you look around you at this School, you will find men with years of experience in aviation who are unfit for active Service but who are doing a good job of work here in Administration, Aircraft Maintenance and Works and Buildings, etc. The School employs and trains many women in order to release men fit for aircrew or other active branches of the Services.

The object of this School is to give pilots the very best practical training possible in the time at its disposal. The monies to operate the School come from the tax payers of Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand and Canada, supplemented by the Lease Lend programme of the United States of America. It is our job, our trust, to see that this money is spent to the best possible advantage and for the good of the United Nations. The success of the School depends on the harmonious cooperation of both Service and civilian personnel. It is a responsibility of the School to Maintain in good condition all buildings, aircraft, and equipment which have been loaned to it by the Department of National Defence for Air. The Edmonton Flying Training School Limited supplies all the necessary civilian personnel to operate the School. This includes Department Heads, Ground School Instructors, Aircraft Maintenance personnel, Security Guards, Fire Crews, Electricians, Mechanical Transport Staff, Messing and Canteen Staffs, Office Staff, Janitors, Labourers, Ground Men and all the other personnel so necessary for the proper maintenance and operation of this Station. The responsibility for seeing that this is done, rests with the Civilian Manager. The Service personnel come under the Officer Commanding R.A.F. Personnel, his Adjutant and the staff of Flying Instructors. Ground School instruction is given equally by Service and civilian personnel.

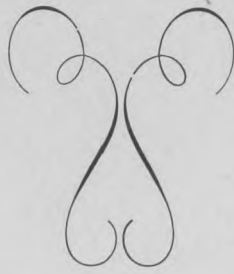
All profits from the canteen, picture shows, etc., go into the Station Benefit Fund, which is administered by a committee composed of both service and civilians and is spent for the wellbeing, comfort and entertainment of all members of the Station. It is interesting to note that over \$11,000.00 of this fund has been spent on furnishings, sports, etc., since July 1942.

This has been no more than a thumbnail sketch, but it is hoped that it may give you a closer insight into the part this and other sister schools are playing in this grim game of War!





Mr. A. D. KENNEDY
Chief Ground Instructor



Mr. G. W. FROST
Chief Air Engineer



Mr. C. WATTS
Works & Bldgs. Superintendent



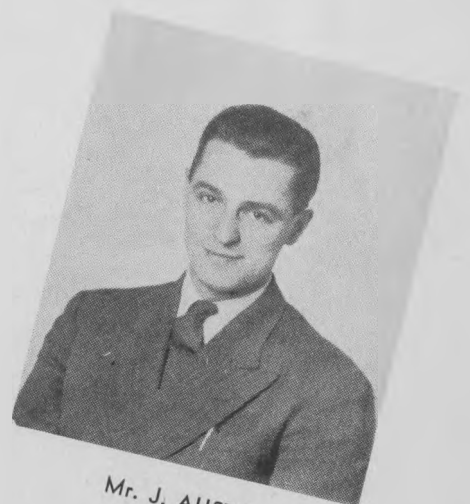
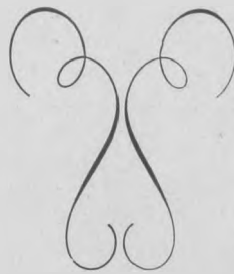
Mr. F. V. BURTON
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Mr. J. AUSTIN
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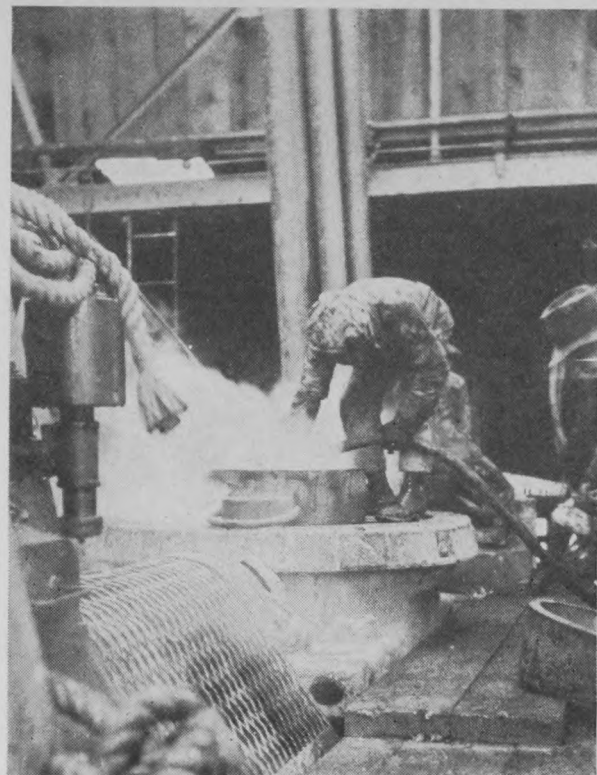


By Miss A. E. Spackman

We are only one hundred and fifty miles from one of the largest oilfields in the British Empire; Turner Valley.

The Turner Valley region now under production runs parallel to the Rocky Mountains. It extends from North to South in a narrow strip from one-half to one and one-half miles wide for nearly forty miles. This takes in Turner Valley proper and several smaller towns such as Little Chicago, named after Chicago the windy city of the U.S.A., and not misnamed), Little New York, Naphtha, Little Philadelphia, Black Diamond and North Turner Valley. The populace of Turner Valley is several thousands, but the population of any of the smaller towns is never the same two days running, for it varies with the oil boom. Houses in the towns are small and trailer houses, built to be easily picked up and moved to new locations, are popular.

The Royalite Oil Refinery is on the site of the first "Discovery" well. For years it was thought that the field was good for gas and naphtha alone, but about 1928 oil was found in greater proportions, and the field was developed for crude oil. It moved



rapidly southward from Turner Valley Town in 1936 and 1937, and later from 1939 to 1942 extended northward. Now most of the wells with the highest production of crude oil are in North Turner Valley.

Drilling rigs, or derricks, are erected by a gang of "rig builders" who complete their job of "rigging up" within two weeks, when the well is ready for another crew to drill it. This crew installs the machinery and are soon a thousand feet down. The old wells were drilled to around five thousand feet, but today our wells go as deep as nine to ten thousand in quest of oil. The drilling crew consists of four men: the foreman, known as the driller, and three "roughnecks", so-called because of the risks taken on the high rigs. Two of these roughnecks work on the floor of the rig, and a third high up on a platform near the top of the derrick.

Now begins the drilling, and dropping the pipe in the hole. Each section is put in joint by joint, and each piece is taken out joint by joint every time the drilling bit becomes worn. The pipe is stood up in the derrick, the bit replaced, the pipe put together again and lowered into the hole. This is done by rotating the bit in the rock formations. Drilling resumes.

Several layers of strata are gone through before they reach limestone formation. Here lies the oil. The limestone, usually a grayish white in colour, is porous, although to the eye apparently very non-porous. When this formation is reached, the pipe in the well is cemented to it in order to prevent caving. Then the limestone is treated to give maximum production. A strong

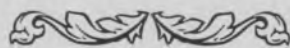
acid is pumped into the well under pressure. This eats the limestone, making it more porous and thus producing a higher yield.

The oil secured is brought to the surface by its own gas pressure, with which, underground, it is already mixed. Driven up by the terrific pressure, it is sometimes uncontrollable when a gusher comes in.

The oil is first brought by pipe line to a small unit called a "tank farm", where the gas and oil are separated, and the oil stored in huge five hundred to one thousand barrel tanks. The oil is shipped on in pipe lines to a refinery to be cleaned of impurities and reduced to varying grades. All the by-products are taken off. By pipe line again it goes to Calgary, where it is loaded into tank cars and sent by rail to all parts of the Dominion and Empire.

Enthusiastic visitors to Turner Valley will not see forty miles of derricks, as most people imagine. Modern drilling methods have done away with this. The derricks are torn down as soon as the wells are in production and capped, and the oil piped to the "tank farms." When a derrick is torn down, all you will see is a series of pipe steps known as a "Christmas Tree". The derricks you do see will probably be small, as after the main derrick is removed to be assembled again at the next location, a small derrick is left for hoisting out the casing in the well.

The photos used in illustrating this article are typical of the Valley, and will, it is hoped, help you to get a true picture of its greatness and potentialities.





**Squadron Leader B. L. H. HOWES,
Officer Commanding R.A.F. Personnel,
No. 32 E.F.T.S. Bowden, Alberta.**

ROYAL AIR FORCE

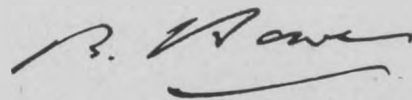
BOWDEN, Alberta.

*I*N a weak moment, while quaffing the odd ginger ale in the mess the other evening, I promised the Editor a letter for his magazine.

Firstly, I would like to thank all the service personnel and staff of the Operating Company for the co-operation I enjoyed right from the first day I commenced my duties as Assistant Chief Flying Instructor. Secondly, my sincere thanks for all the good wishes received since being given the honour of commanding the R.A.F. Personnel of No. 32 E.F.T.S.

Our station is a happy one, and we must keep it the happiest of all stations in Canada. But, to achieve this, we must all, service and civilian alike, be prepared to give at all times 100% co-operation and set an example of good discipline. Without these two factors, inefficiency can be the only result, and any unit, be it service or civilian, lacking efficiency is always unhappy.

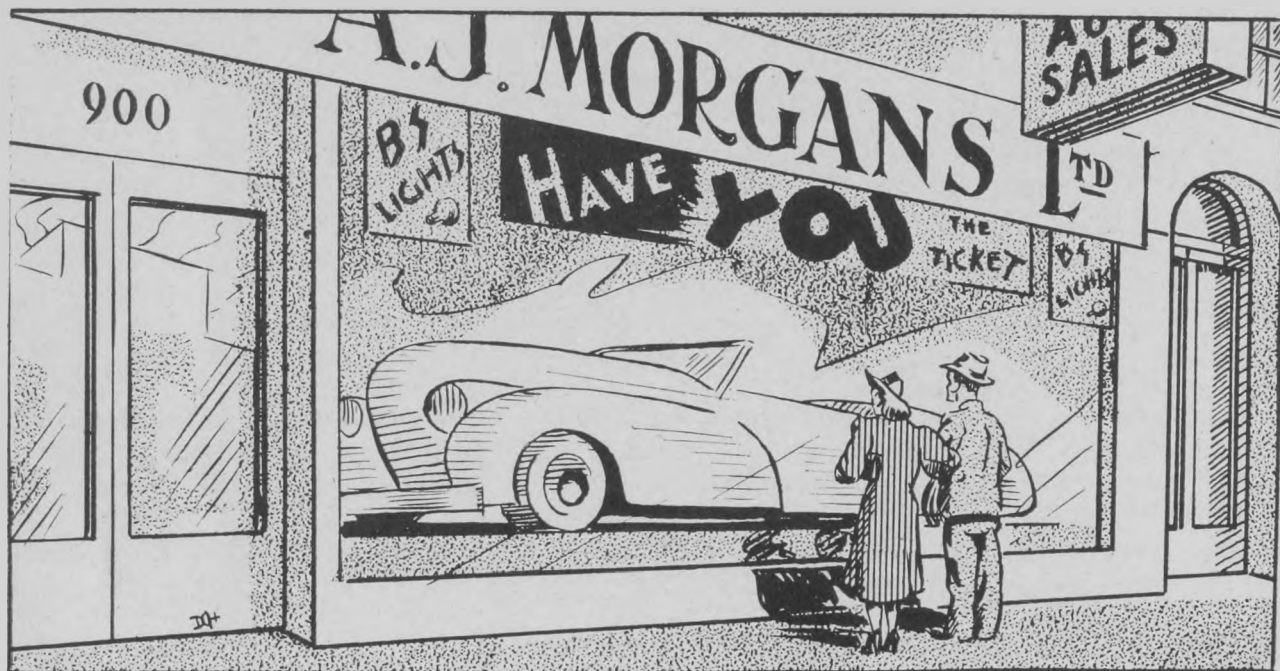
The end of this war may still be a long way off, so to you all I wish — Good Health, and Good Luck in the long hard task that lies ahead.



Squadron Leader,
Officer Commanding R.A.F. Personnel,
No. 32 E.F.T.S. Bowden, Alta.

FLIVVER FOR HITLER

By GERALD DEAN



Motorcars are like people. Some are young, some old; some rough, some polished, some good tempered, some illnated, some lucky, some jonahs. All, however, have an individuality and a destiny. When you get into your old jalopy, do you ever stop to think of its previous owners? Have you ever wondered who or what they were? And when the day comes when you purchase that long, sleek job from the nearby motor showroom, do you ever spare a thought for the old buggy that gave you those months of faithful (or the contrary) service? Do you ever ponder where next she will go? Here then is the tale of one quite ordinary car. Yours might have an even better tale to tell.

September, 1938. *"The Sudetenland is the last territorial claim which I have to make in Europe."*—Hitler's speech in Berlin.

Under the gleaming lights of the showroom window, the long, sleek body sparkled and shone. Outside, two threadbare figures pressed against the window, oblivious of the crowds passing and repassing them on the sidewalk. "Gee, Maggie, isn't she a beauty?" whispered the man admiringly. "She is, Andy," replied the wife, as she pulled her thin coat more tightly around her and huddled closer to him. "But we couldn't run a car, not even an old one." He gripped her hand. "Come on, old girl," was all he said. "Let's go in."

Mr. James Hilton, the head salesman, was just about to close up for the night, but the entry of the two old people gave him pause. They don't look like a sale, he told himself,

but he never passed up a bet. "You never know" had been his motto, and it had paid him well.

"Hello, folks," he greeted cheerfully, "what can I do for you?"

"We've come about the car," said the old man hesitatingly.

"I'm sorry," said Hilton, "but that car's not for sale. It is the first prize in the Municipal draw, but I've plenty more I can show you."

"Thank you," replied the old man, nervously shuffling his feet, "but as a matter of fact we have the winning ticket," and from a capacious pocket of his old tweed coat he produced the late edition of "The Globe." "There it is," he said, "it's in the late news."

Mr. James Hilton's face lit up. Here's one prize that really has done some good, he ruminated, and rushing over to the 'phone shouted, "Good for you, Dad. Just wait a minute while I ring Watkins of 'The Globe' and give him the story."

The old lady nudged her husband nervously. "Tell him, Andy," she whispered.

"It's like this, mister," said the old man, thus encouraged, "we can't afford to run a car. We've hardly enough to keep us going anyway; but if you could sell it for us, why, it would be a godsend. I've been no good since the Great War. Gassed I was."

"Leave it to me, Dad," James Hilton reassured him, "We'll fix you up. Gee, but this is your lucky day."

A squeal of brakes heralded the arrival of Harry Watkins of "The Globe," a bright young man, enveloped in an immense teddy-bear coat, beneath the folds of which peeped the top of a canary coloured pullover. "Where's those lucky blighters?" he enquired with a grin. Hilton performed the introductions. "Sure, Jimmie will sell the car for you," he told the old man, "but you will have to receive it officially first from the Mayor. There ought to be a swell story here somewhere. Can't you see the headlines, Jimmie? 'War Veteran's Lucky Break'."

"Get the Mayor to buy the car," suggested Jimmie, bringing him back to the subject.

"He's got one," vetoed Watkins.

"Sure I know that," replied Jimmie, "I sold it to him. But he's got a son, hasn't he? Just taken a commission in the R.C.A.F. Sell him on giving it to the boy. You leave that end of it to me, I'll tackle him in the morning. Come on, Dad, bring Mum along with you. It's on me tonight. We'll have a meal to celebrate then home you go. You've got the Big Bad Wolf by the tail." With tears streaming down her face, the old lady kissed him, to his great embarrassment, and the evident delight of Watkins.

The Mayor bought the car.

April, 1939. Said Der Fuehrer: "I have given binding declarations to a large number of states. None of these states can complain that even a trace of demand contrary thereto has ever been made to them by Germany."

* * * *

"Don't worry, Mother," said young Peter Rains that warm August day in 1939, "there won't be any war. Besides, Hitler wouldn't dare to attack Poland with Soviet Russia on the other side of the fence."

"But why do you have to go to England, Peter?" complained his mother. "After all, I thought you were in the Canadian Air Force, not the R.A.F. Besides, it seems only yesterday that you received your commission."

"It's twelve months, Mother. I'm really very lucky to be going to England attached to the R.A.F. for experience. I'll have a swell time going to see all your folks and your old home. Now don't worry, you leave that to Dad and his politics." He grinned reassuringly, and took her in his arms.

Mayor Rains was as much affected as his wife, but did his best not to show it. "Have

a good time, son," he said. "Take care of yourself, and let us know how you are doing." He choked back the rest. He was proud of this son of his; their only boy. This, aside from Peter's Air Force training, was their first parting. Like his wife, he feared the trend of events, but with better reason. After all, one was not in politics, even municipal, for a lifetime without acquiring a fairly comprehensive knowledge of current affairs. Europe was a tinder box awaiting a spark. Pray God that spark would never be struck. His mind took him back to 1917 and 1918 when he, just Peter's age, was in the R.F.C. as it then was called. He, Captain Richard Rains, M.C., shot down over Arras, and nursed back to life by Peter's mother. The years reasserted themselves. He shook Peter by the hand. "Good-bye, my boy. God bless you."

Peter left.

September, 1939. "*My patience is exhausted,*" screamed De Fuehrer, and invaded Poland.

* * * *

For the Mayor and his wife the months that followed were a nightmare, relieved from time to time by letters from Peter. A Peter full of enthusiasm and joy. "Dear Mother," he wrote, "I'm having a wizard time. I'm attached to No. 333 Group, Bomber Command, R.A.F. They're a swell crowd of chaps here, and I'm the only Canadian. Our mess is in a large English country house. It's only forty miles from London, and we run up to town every few nights, see the shows and have a wonderful binge. My Squadron Commander is a great guy. He's been over Germany thirty-three times already, and has promised to take me with him as second pilot on his next big raid. I'll tell you all about it in my next letter."

There never was another letter, only a telegram which read: "The Air Ministry regrets to inform you that your son, Flying Officer Peter Rains, was killed in action over Germany last night. Letter follows."

There was dead silence, unbroken until Peter's father, eyes fixed unseeingly upon the wall before him, and tears streaming down his cheeks, began slowly to recite Churchill's famous words. They seemed to help.

"The gratitude of every home in our island, in our empire, and indeed throughout the world, except in the abodes of the guilty, goes out to the British Airmen, who, undaunted by odds, unwearied in their constant challenge to mortal danger, are turning the tide of the world war by their prowess and by their devotion. Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

The townsfolk observed no change in their Mayor. Only he and his wife knew what they suffered, and his only public announcement of his loss was the donation of \$25,000 toward's the purchase of a new bomber. Peter's car he gave to Peter's cousin, Robert Morris, a sub-lieutenant in the Navy, for, as he said to his wife, "Peter would have liked that."

* * * *

H.M.S. Venture had been at sea not more than a few hours, and was making pretty heavy going. Even a light sea is not a comfortable experience in a destroyer, and the westerly gale they were now bucking made her gyrate like a plane in a spin. At least, that's what Mr. Midshipman Townes thought. Never having been in a plane, perhaps his impressions were not to be relied on, and speak them aloud he dare not, for all the officers not on duty were crowded around the radio set in the wardroom, listening intently to the slow, impressive words dripping syllable by syllable from its loudspeaker:—

"But it is not only in those few glittering deadly hours of action, which rivet all eyes, that the strain falls upon the Navy. Far more does it fall in the weeks and months of ceaseless trial and vigilance on cold, dark, stormy seas from whose waves at any moment death and destruction may leap, with sullen roar."

A succession of terrific crackles cut short the speech, but the voice of Number One



took its place approvingly with the comment, "Too bloody true. Good old Winnie. His body may be in London, but I'm damned if his spirit isn't here. Cold, dark, stormy seas is just about right. I don't think he could have described present conditions better. What do you think, Doc?"

"I wouldna' like tay hazard an opinion," replied that worthy, "unless I had heard a wee bit more of his speech. An' talking of that, this is the second time that bluidy set has gone wrong. It's about time Sparks jiggered wee his few bits of wire and put the domm thing richt."

"They've probably got a smell of a U boat, and switched it off in case," said Bob Morris.

"Och, you and your U boats, Number One," rallied the doc. "Your last leave in Canada, running around in the car your uncle gave you, has made you light-headed. Not but what it isna' a good car, and your sister drives vera nicely."

"I thought it must have been her driving that intrigued you," Bob commented drily. "I noticed you spent all your time with her."

The doc had the grace to blush, but the signal "Action Stations" cut short their joking, and in a trice the wardroom was deserted as its occupants dived to their various posts.

"Dirty night, Number One," said the old man, as Bob reached the bridge.

"Yes, sir," replied Bob, as he stood behind the dodger, swaying to the crazy motion of the ship as she corkscrewed her way on the outside of the convoy. The Aldis lamp on the flagship began to wink again, "Submarine pack believed in vicinity. Keep sharp lookout," Bob read.

"What the hell do they think we are doing?" queried the skipper, "having forty winks? Old tender-toes in the 'Empress' must think he's the only one who's fitted with Azdic."

Bob grinned. He knew the old man was only putting it on. His grumbles never meant anything.

Suddenly he gripped the Commander by the arm. "Look there, sir," he shouted against the storm, as to his horror he saw the telltale wake of a torpedo some hundred yards or so ahead of them making straight for the side of the huge troop transport, on their starboard bow. The Commander's reaction was immediate and instinctive.

"Full speed ahead," he ordered, and steered his ship into the path of the torpedo.

What followed is best told by eyewitnesses on the transport. They saw the torpedo racing towards them. It could not miss. Then they saw the destroyer racing to head it off. A great flame shot up from the destroyer, and then, after one awful moment, came the roar of a terrific explosion. A tower of black oily smoke mushroomed into the sky, and a rush of hot acrid air engulfed them, hiding the stricken vessel from their view. There were no survivors.

Bob's sister, as his nearest relative, wore his posthumous D.S.C. The car she sold. To drive it again would have brought back painful memories.

* * * *

Major Harry Plessis, the Command Supply Officer, was very pleased with his purchase. Of course, it was not a new car, but it was in good condition, and had not been used much. One could not get new cars these days, and good second-hand cars with good rubber were hard to obtain. He congratulated himself.

"Marvelous day," he mused as he sped down the miles of long, straight road in the Western Provinces. Pity he was going to a Prison Camp on a day like this, he thought. He didn't like the prisoners. Most of them were a pretty sullen bunch, and those that weren't daren't make any overtures for fear of the Gestapo. What a regime, he told himself, that even had secret police when they were in captivity. Police that would report their doings back to Berlin, and perhaps result in those near and dear to them being punished in their stead.

He pulled up at the barrier to the camp, showed his credentials, and was conducted to the camp's Supply Officer. He forgot about his car, which was a pity.

Herr Hauptman Hermann Gertner and Ober-Leutenant Wilhelm Broden, late of the Luftwaffe, on the other hand, did not forget about it. They had noticed the arrival of the gallant Major, and being of an inquisitive mind as far as ignition keys were concerned, decided to investigate. It must not be assumed that they were unhappy, or particularly desirous of returning to active warfare. As a matter of fact, they were very well aware that the chances of escaping from Canada were very remote, especially now that the U.S.A. was in the war. But life in a prison camp is apt to be somewhat boring, and the restriction of one's liberty somewhat annoying, to say the least. Besides, they were well aware that if one made a successful attempt to escape, no matter how quickly one was caught and brought back, Berlin was duly informed by the Nazi Gestapo prisoner, and in due course one received promotion for one's attempted escape. Hauptman Gertner could already see himself a major, and the noble Ober-Leutenant licked his lips as his imagination created him a full Hauptman. So much for the causes; the effects were not quite what they had hoped.

A quick look inside showed them that the ignition key was still in the car, the doors of which were unlocked, and without considering the matter further, both jumped in, started the engine and drove off from the Supply Depot towards the main entrance. Fortune

favoured them. The main gate and the inner gate were both open in order to permit a staff car to enter and a lorry to leave, and of this the prisoners took full advantage. They slid around both vehicles, missing them by a hairbreadth, and none of the guards were able to open fire for fear of hitting the occupants of the staff car. The unexpectedness of the occasion, and the speed with which the escape had been carried out, ensured its success.

Down the road from the camp they sped, clouds of dust careening behind them, and the sound of the staff car in full pursuit urging them to greater exertions.

"Where now?" enquired Broden. "That damned car is getting pretty close to us."

"I've thought it all out," answered Gertner. "There is a small forest of trees at the end of this road, with quite a lot of marshy ground. A railway line runs through the forest, and if we can shake the guards off for long enough we might be able to get a ride on one of the freight cars."

"What good would that do?" Broden objected. "That still doesn't get us very far. They'd pick us up at one of the stations."

"Sure they would if we stayed in the freight car. But my idea is to leave it almost immediately, lie up until nightfall, and then make off across country until we reach the nearest Flying School."

"What would you do then?" enquired Broden, mystified.

"Walk in quite boldly. As it would be night, most of the senior officers would either be off duty, or in the mess. I'd ask to see the Orderly Officer, and tell him we were American pilots who had forced-landed. I don't suppose they have seen many of the United States Air Force uniforms around here. Then while he was making arrangements to put us up in the mess and checking up on us, we could sneak a plane and make for the North. After that, well, it would be up to chance. What do you think of it?"

"Not much," said Broden, "but it will do for the moment. The main thing is to get away first. Look out for this bend!" They took it on two wheels, and only Gertner's superb driving kept them on the road.

By now their car was running between the clumps of trees which lined the unpaved road, and a hundred yards ahead could be seen the hump of the railway crossing towards which they raced. With no slackening of speed they mounted the slope, the other side of which they were destined never to reach. They never saw the engine of the northbound express which caught their car fairly in the middle and carried it onwards for half a mile along the track.

"Poor devils," observed the Camp Commandant, who had been following them, and even the unfortunate Major Plessis, the erstwhile owner of the wrecked car, could do no other than echo this valediction. The car he sold for scrap.

* * * *

"Put your confidence in us. Give us your faith and your blessing, and under Providence all will be well.

We shall not fail or falter, we shall not weaken or tire.

Neither the sudden shock of battle nor the long-drawn trial of vigilance and exertion will wear us down.

"Give us the tools and we will finish the job."—Winston Churchill.

From the side of the railroad track upon which the car's wreckage had been strewn, the salvage collectors removed it, and then by various means from dump to dump, piece by piece, it found its way to the foundry, there to be melted down once again to steel—the sinews of war, and eventually, such are the marvels of modern science, into one of Huskisson's Big Beautiful Bombs. A far cry from its showroom days. On its side a factory hand wrote waggishly, "For Adolph."!

Sgt. Pilot Bill Stern strode across the field to his waiting Mosquito Bomber. The armourers were just loading up. "Where away, Bill," asked Corporal Adkins, the armourer. "Berlin," said Bill succinctly. "You've got the right load," commented Corporal Adkins, pointing to the bomb he was about to fit, on the side of which was scrawled, "For Adolph."

"Give me a piece of chalk," said Bill, and on the other side of the bomb he wrote, "From Peter and Bob."

"Who are they?" asked Corporal Adkins, curiously.

"Two Canadian cousins of mine," replied Bill grimly.

Three hours later saw him over Berlin. Eleven a.m. he told himself happily. There's the building, and Hitler should be speaking now. They couldn't have been expecting me, there seems to be no fighter opposition, and damn little flak. Caught them on the hop. Well, here goes. The bomb doors opened, and he watched the flight of the bombs as they sped earthwards.

* * * *

Der Fuehrer interrupted his harangue, and stood in an attitude of strained listening. His audience sat silent, bovine, waiting. "What's that, Hermann?" he whispered to the fat Marshal by his side.

"Air raid siren, Excellency," replied the Reichsmarshal.

"I don't hear our anti-aircraft guns, Hermann," complained Der Fuehrer.

"They can't fire, Adolf," explained the bemedalled one.

"Why not, Hermann?" asked Der Fuehrer.

"They are all listening to your speech on the radio, Adolf," he answered.

"Where are our Interceptor Fighters, Hermann?"

"They're listening, too," said Hermann.

"What's that whinnying whistling noise, Hermann—" screamed Adolf, shivering. "It sounds like a bomb. It's going to hit here!"

"Don't be silly, Adolf," said Herman, "the R.A.F. can't touch us here."

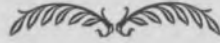
The rending, tearing, shattering explosion of the bomb cut short his reply.

* * * *

To the population, the disintegration of their Fuehrer came as a bewildering shock. The cars in the procession, sombre and dull in their ersatz paintwork, rolled gloomily along on ersatz tires. The ersatz coffin, bedecked with ersatz flowers, passed slowly down the ruined streets of the capital, lined with those who had not yet fled the city. Down haggard cheeks streamed ersatz tears. But here and there, real tears welled up! Tears—yes—tears of joy! The head had fallen—the trunk would slide down the road to Peace!



G. I. S. FORUM



"But my dear, I assure you — He most definitely is a Frenchman!"

Thus, and in many less pleasant ways, dowagers and bright young things are heard to describe the half dozen people in dark navy blue uniforms with unpolished brass, which can, on occasion, be found in the south west corner of the Administration building or—more likely—drinking coffee in the Canteen. It is just the Ground School staff. Assisted by half a dozen R.A.F. armament and aircraft recognition instructors, these, among so many other things, are "sent to try" even further the hopeful and aspiring u/t pilots of the Royal Air Force.

Unfortunately, there are no courses for civilian instructors in that rather vital subject of instructing, so that they must seek all their 'gen' about teaching from Child Psychology texts and such publications as "Tee Emm." "Never choose some poor unfortunate student in the left hand corner at the back of the room and stare at him," warns Tee Emm, "for he will either be hypnotized into agreeing with your every word, or will break down in tears, and have to be led from the room!" However, Tee Emm rather underestimates the R.A.F. We rather await the day when a poor instructor will be led tearfully from the room, completely confounded by someone from Lancashire. You see—arrival on a R.A.F. station is an education in itself for a Canadian. He must learn to speak their language, mainly to discover whether these very frank people are slamming or complimenting him. The first time some bright enquiring face looks up and utters the word "Pukka?" he is liable to be shaken at least rigid and more likely solid. To hear oneself described as a 'gen-man' smacks very much of a boozier, but to be told that you are 'homely' is just about the limit for a new arrival.

Of course, all is not serious at the end of that corridor. As a matter of fact, through the courtesy of the cadets much amusement is provided, as for example the airmen who claim aerobatics and alcohol take a compass 'dead-beat', and that a property of a gyro is "Virginity in space." "Lost" — an entry in a cross country log. Then — "still lost." "Found a town — trying to identify —" "Finally — 'Still lost.'" Then, what can be more delightful than sending some of the glowing reports of the remarkable feats of Fortresses as P.L. Transmissions?

It is ever the aim of the Ground School, under the guidance of the C.G.I., to serve the convenience of u/t pilots. With this in mind a further — evening course is at present under consideration—"Navigation—under the influence of—Airmen—for the use of!"





The Imperfect Lady



By P/O D. R. W. GREENSLADE

His heart leapt with sudden joy the first time he saw her, standing aloof, and rather lonely, so that he wondered if he dare go over to her. Looking back now it seemed incredible that whilst he stood watching her, uncertain and nervous, a man he hardly knew should take him over and introduce them. He well remembered how she had looked then, cool and lovely, and how he thrilled to her touch as they met for the first time. She had been wearing a bright yellow suit, embroidered in blue and red, which accentuated her delicate figure, the delicious curves, and entrancing limbs. She stood quite still, looking serene, but yet mysterious, even inscrutable. He had heard whispers about her; that she had a fatal fascination for men, but looking at her then it had seemed impossible to believe that she was not everything that was good and beautiful. He had been in love before, but never had he felt his heart leaping like this, or been so conscious of the blood coursing through his eager body, so that surely, he had thought, those standing near them must hear his heart throbbing.

He remembered again, the first time they had slipped away together without a chaperon. He had felt as happy, and gloriously alive; she had seemed so innocent and guileless as she trusted herself with him. Together on that first afternoon they had climbed up above the little village in the valley, where they both lived, and they played together like carefree children, only returning home when the mountain peaks were shot with gold by the setting sun.

It had been such a happy outing, and he felt then that she trusted and liked him, perhaps even returned that love which he acknowledged to himself he had for her.

Yet from the first he had known she could never be his by right of law, for from her birth her people had planned her life. There was nothing he could do about it, nothing either of them could do, for it was the custom, and customs like that are hard to break.

They make no allowances for youth and love, deal only with the stern realities of life, and to those who uphold them love has long since ceased to be a reality.

But as the weeks of summer passed by he fell more and more under her spell, though at times she hurt him by her very indifference. Yet patiently he wooed her, learned to interpret her moods, and often at night he would lie in his lonely little iron bed dreaming of her, or lie awake in the early hours of the morning, with the first ghostly streaks of dawn peeping in at the window, and his body would ache with the desire to be with her, to touch her, and feel her quiver under his gentle hands. They had such fun together in those hot, beautiful days, under a cloudless sky, and with no worries to mar their companionship, until she was his utterly; his to cherish and care for, to take out and show off, to love; his in everything but name.

Looking back now he wondered what had gone wrong. One day they had been happy together—the next it was all over; he in a cool hospital cot, she lying still and lifeless, her beautiful form strangely huddled, cold and alone. It had seemed so unlike her; she who had always been so beautiful, had always been faithful to him, attending to his every wish, bowing to his judgments. It still seemed impossible that this should have happened to mar their lives; he felt puzzled and bewildered. Perhaps he had grown careless of her, as men do, unintentionally; perhaps he had forgotten how sensitive she was, and easily hurt; how she responded to gentle treatment, but recoiled from harshness and ill-usage. Perhaps it was not her, really, but his own clumsiness which had brought this tragedy.

He wondered, as he lay back on his pillow, with his broken head aching, what he could do to make amends? What could he say to her people. To him it seemed like the end of things—perhaps it was, anyway, for the C.F.I. takes a poor view of pupils who spin in Cornells on the approach!



By LAC R. J. EVANS

In the bar of the Lion, with its cheery glow and air of good fellowship, the usual beer and debate was in progress. Robinson, a retired business man, red faced and genial, in his plus fours suit of Harris tweed, pushed back his chair so as to get a better view of the darts match, and set down his tankard. "Well," he said (and the crowd fell silent as he was quite a raconteur and his word was held as law on most subjects), "it's a moot point. Reincarnation, well, as I say, it's a moot point; we can't scoff it down, nor yet believe it, but I mind well a little incident that happened at the Hall when Rosie the Barmaid was there, Eh, Rose?" Rose seeing what was about to happen just nodded, so officially nominated as narrator, he began his tale.

"Old Silas," he said, wiping his moustache, "was a decent old stick, bags of dough, who kept the Hall some years back. He wouldn't have harmed a fly and all the village kids clustered round him for sweets and pennies. His fatherly air, ready smile and knowledge of kids soon made him a part of the village. Real old school he was, always drove a trap and high-

stepping grey, hated cars and always went to Church in his frock coat and topper. In short he was a benevolent, if somewhat eccentric old cove, and well liked by all. Some of you boys would know him no doubt? Ah, you did, well that'll lend weight to my tale. His one big kink to our way of thinking at least was his conviction that this reincarnation business was an established fact. Most of us laughed at it behind his back, but he was too well liked for any open comment, so we left it as his own special bee-in-the-bonnet, so to speak. Though how a man can come back in another man's or an animal's body for that matter, beats me. It was this phobia that gave rise to his one real oddity: he would continually describe the letter 'S' in the air with his hand or finger. This, he said, would become a mechanical action, and he would subconsciously do it in his new existence.

"One day a quite presentable chap, or at least we thought so at first sight, arrived. He turned out, however, to be as you put it, these days, a 'flash boy', and gambler to boot. Quite a one with the ladies, too, but there was a shifty look in his eyes I

didn't like, although he was always the gallant, and gentlemanly. That's right, Rosie, fill 'er up again." Proffering his tankard. "Thirsty work this y'know."

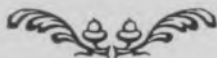
"Now, let's see, where was I? Oh, yes. Now Doc MacIntyre, he's dead now, who used to practise here some time back, was treating old Si for a bad heart, had been for years. Heath, that was this fellow's name, had come down to look after Si and manage his affairs, as the Doc said that the old boy wasn't up to it. It turned out that Heath was his only living relative; nephew on his sister's side. Well, to get on, one night Si died from a heart attack and left Heath everything. Doc said next day, that how Heath had failed to give him the adrenalin, which would have saved his life, he didn't know! However, Si had had his three score and ten, and hearsay and rumour can't convict a man, so Heath kept the Hall.

"Weeks had passed and Heath was sitting in the library drinking his after-dinner sherry and settling down to a book," said Robinson, as he took a fair swig at his beer, coughed and went on. "The butler was down at the village at a bit of a 'do', as were the other servants, only young Rosie being left. Since he'd inherited the old boy's fortune, Heath had grown assured with the security a fortune can give and became quite the lord of the manor, though his largesse wasn't accepted as was the old man's. How he first came to notice it we shall never know unless it's because you don't see them in winter. Be that as it may, he found that he was watching in a disinterested way, a fly. Darned queer, he thought, a fly here in winter. Still, perhaps the warmth fetched it out. Then with a start he shot upright in his chair! Surely the fly was describing on the time-worn ceiling, a letter 'S'. Once, twice, three times. Yes, there could be no mistake, an 'S' all right, and he thought of old Si's passes. Fear raked its icy fingers down his back and prickles rose on his neck. With a hoarse croak, he flung a book and the fly rose and buzzed round the room. Stealthily, as if stalking game, he picked up a paper and rolled it as a swat,

and began to hunt the fly. Then, as he failed to kill it, fear rose in him and became a flood, and he slashed wildly at the air, breaking things and overturning the furniture. At last, exhausted, on the point of hysteria, he flung himself with a sob into a chair. The fly buzzed mockingly around and again began to describe its symbolic and esoteric 'S'. A drink, he thought, and with shaking hand he spilled and sloshed brandy into a glass, and tossed it, burning and fiery, down his fear-contracted throat. 'S', 'S', 'S'. Suddenly, he cracked, and gibbering with uncontrollable terror, flung himself at the bell cord and tugged with maniacal strength till it came away in his hands. With a cry scarcely human he flung it to the carpet. Escape, yes, that's it. He must escape and get help to kill and destroy this thing that haunted him. The door, the door. He must get out of the door. He must get out. Why, why must it not open? Damn that handle! In a frenzy, saliva on his lips and the light of madness in his eyes, he beat at the panels. A stream of curses, pleas and entreaty burst from his lips in an incoherent stream, as with horror-stricken eyes he followed that malignant entity—the fly!

"At last, with a sob of triumph, he flung open the door and stumbled onto the landing. 'Die, you devil', he screamed and slashed wildly at it, tottered and lost his balance, and with a despairing shriek, fell down the steep and winding staircase. A crunch, and he lay in a grotesque and twisted heap at the bottom. His fingers stopped their convulsive twitching — he was dead! The constable and the butler, brought by a hysterical Rosie, found him there.

"Well," said Robinson, as he downed the last of his pint, "that's all. Coincidence, retribution, reincarnation, call it what you like, there it is! No, I won't have another," and with a nod to the crowd he picked up his cap, donned his tweed raglan and left a now strangely silent bar. The door closed with a bang, and he was gone, swallowed in the winter night, leaving behind a wondering crowd.



SPORT



Sgt. T. SMITH

With the accent these days on Duty Fitness, it is with no little pride that we look back on the accomplishments of 1943. On a civilian operated station of this type, where we have a minimum of service permanent staff, and the pupils are with us for only 8 weeks, sports organization is quite an intricate business. Late flying during the summer evenings, night flying in winter, mid-term and final examinations, all bring difficulties in their turn. The Canadian sports of basket-ball, hockey and fast ball are quite strange to English boys, and, as it takes at least a couple of weeks to build up respectable teams, there is but little time to use the games in a competitive field, especially in view of the fact that the last two of the eight weeks course are devoted entirely to "making the grade" on final examinations.

Our major games during the winter months were basket ball and badminton, played in the Drill Hall, while skating and hockey held sway on our modern out-door skating rink. Other games played included indoor tennis, volley ball and broom ball, while boxing, agility and weight lifting exercises were organized whenever sufficient interest could be aroused among the trainees.

Although very few of the trainees had ever played before coming to Bowden, basket ball became a very popular game. Owing to the transitory nature of the personnel, it was impossible to run the game on a league basis. However, a schedule was worked out whereby each class played a minimum of 8 games during the middle 4 weeks of their course here. The pupils

provided 8 teams, other teams being provided by the civilians, officers and sergeants. Two or three games were played each evening, three evenings each week. The pupils teams were matched against each other, and then later, as their skill improved, they had a crack at the officers and sergeants, and finally against Innisfail High School. If the graduating course could produce a team to beat the local High School, they were passed out as a good basket ball course. In these games we did creditably well, winning approximately 50% of our engagements and our thanks go to Mr. Willys, the High School Principal, and his boys for their willingness and help in organising this weekly feature.

Badminton was organized in much the same way as basket ball. Four matches being played weekly.

Regular skating classes were organized by Mr. Elliot, the Y.M.C.A. supervisor. Although very few English men skate, it was only a small number of trainees that graduated from Bowden as non-skaters. The Best hockey teams were produced by the civilian staff, the pupil's teams were literally a push-over.

The best feature of the winter's activities were what we termed the Bowden Marathon Sports Evenings. Home and away engagements were contested against A20 Red Deer, 36 S.F.T.S., Penhold, Olds and Innisfail. In each contest we played hockey, badminton, volley ball, indoor tennis and three basket ball games, including a ladies' game. Hectic nights these, and did not A20 teach us how basket ball should be played?

Our trainees were amazed to discover on arrival at Bowden, that our major summer sports were the regular English winter sports; soccer and rugby. Rugby at 80° in the shade!

Three or four inter-flight or inter-course soccer matches were played weekly, on top of which we ran a station team in the Lon Cavanaugh Soccer League, Calgary. In the 20 matches played our team consisted largely of pupils, and it was only on rare occasions that we could field the same team in two successive games. We started and finished the season with comparatively strong teams, but we had a very bad time during the intervening period. Much credit goes to one particular Course which provided a team which, in 8 games, lost only their first, drew another and won the remainder. We wound up the season with a banquet in the airmen's mess, at which this Course and Sgt. Smith, R. A., the team captain, collected some very pretty compliments from the powers-that-be.

After playing a couple of matches each against 36 S.F.T.S. Penhold, and 37 S.F.T.S. Calgary, we had to cancel the remainder of our Rugby schedule because of the hardness of the ground. The station possessed some very good rugby talent, so the team was built up around a nucleus of permanent staff. Although we only won the first of our series of 4 matches, we were always able to field quite a skilful side.

Early in the summer there was much talk of an athletic sports meeting. However, it was not until a team of six returned heavily laden with trophies from a Sports Meeting at Olds, that we received the word 'go'. July 28th was the appointed day and the Sports Committee was faced with putting on a colossal programme with only 3½

weeks notice. Suffice it to say that July 28th was the most outstanding day in the history of 32.

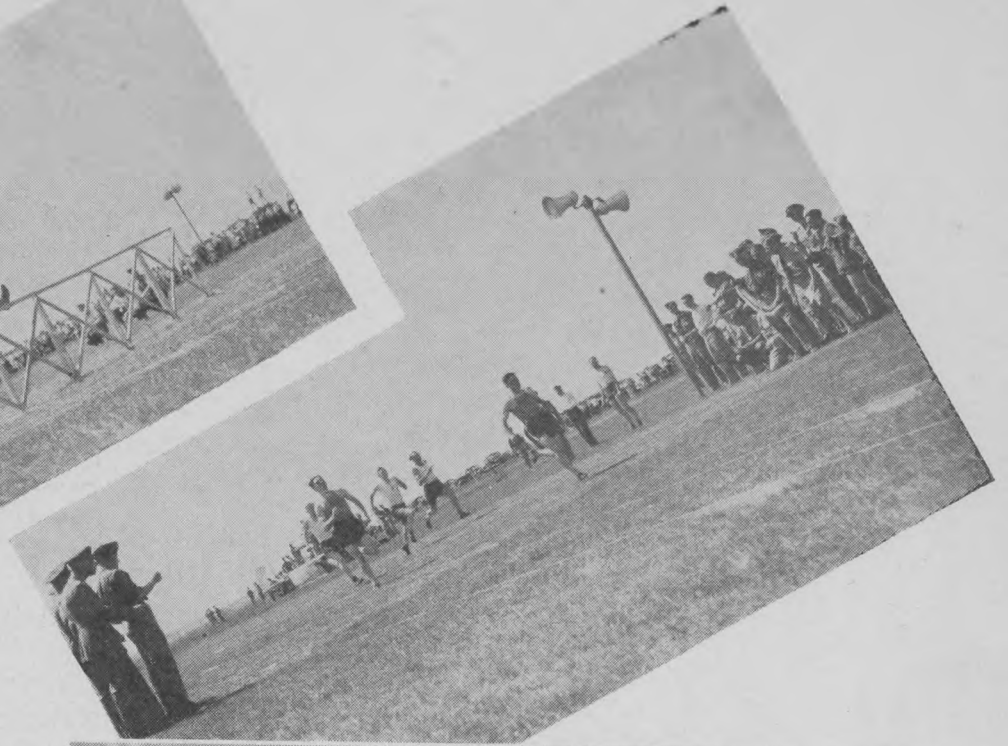
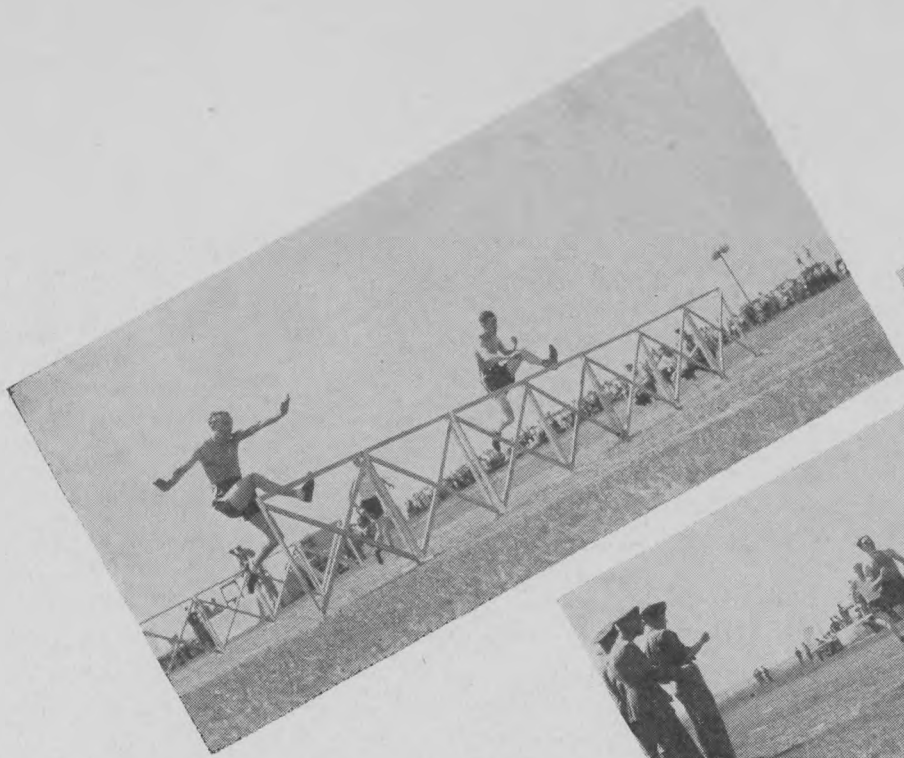
The Station was open to the general public, and we were flat out to give them a good time and show them what an efficient unit we had. In the early afternoon we ran off our unit finals, the winners competing later against six outside units in 8 open events. Competition was keen throughout the day, "A" Flight winning the Inter-flight cup, while 36 S.F.T.S. Penhold, with a very strong team, won the Inter-unit trophy. In the evening our girls provided a good match for A20, Red Deer, at fast ball, while the station soccer team played a League game against 36 S.F.T.S. Penhold.

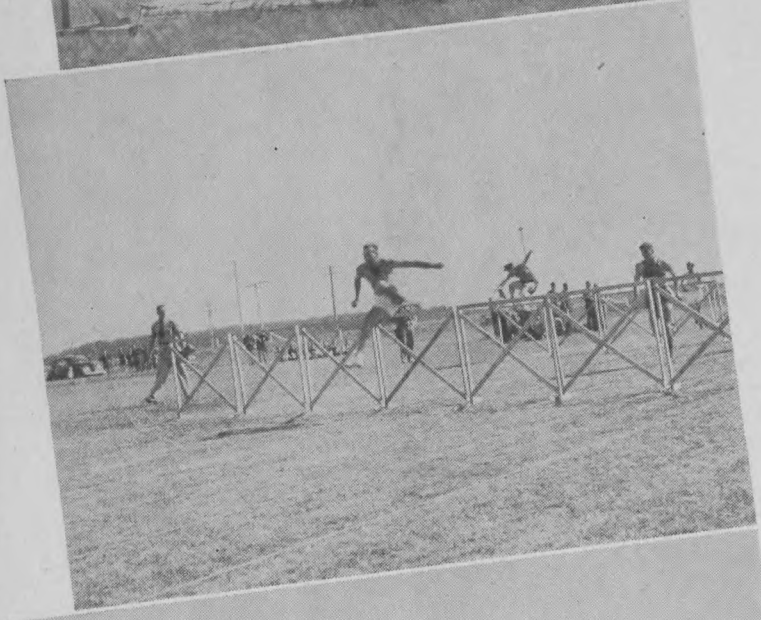
The prizes were presented by Mrs. T. Hamlin, the wife of S/Ldr. T. W. Hamlin. The day was rounded off with a gala dance in the Drill Hall.

In outside Athletic events Cpl. Turner ran 2nd in the Open Half Mile at 37 S.F. T.S. Calgary, and LAC Bostock was placed 6th in a 5 mile Cross Country race at 2 A.O.S. Edmonton. We sent a team of three to participate in a boxing evening at Penhold in September and we were very fortunate to record three victories.

Fast ball was the summer game of the civilian staff. Teams were fielded from time to time by the N.C.O.'s and Officers. Several interesting matches were played by a combined service-civilian team against the local towns of Bowden and Olds. Incoming courses were eager to learn, but whether or not it was for the love of the game, it is hard to say. Strangely enough, the civilian girl's team was invariably their opponents!







Photograph Competition



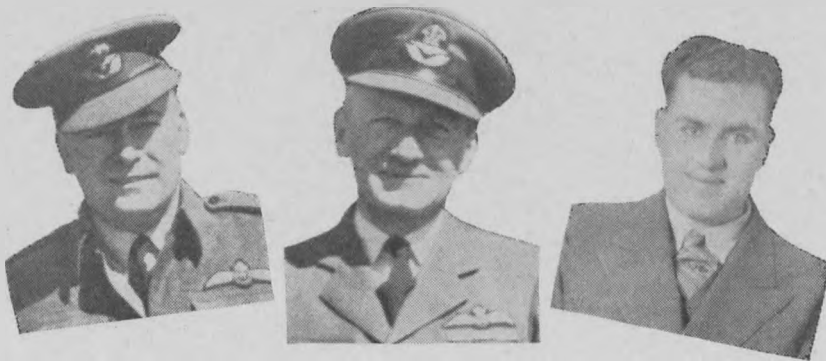
1st PRIZE:
F/Sgt. R. DEWSON
"Night Scene"
Moncton, N.B.



2nd PRIZE:
Miss A. E. SPACKMAN
"Turner Valley"



THE YEAR IN REVIEW



S/Ldr. T. W. Hamlin S/Ldr. D. L. Townsend, A.F.C. Mr. Ken. Hutchinson

by GEE DEE

The year opened with a bang. It was marked by a visit to the Station of Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur M. Longmore, G.C.B., D.S.O., who was accompanied by Air Vice Marshal G. R. Howsam, M.C.

In the same week of January F/O R. A. P. Bruce was awarded the A.F.C. in the New Year's Honours List. As a result, all the Instructors decided to grow moustaches, and were only restrained with great difficulty.

This month also saw the departure of F/Lt. A. T. Hatton-Smooker and the arrival of his successor, F/Lt. H. M. Pezzani. As a result, the Hospital Tea Swindle had quite a setback.

During the month of February, somebody started an Atlas Physical Culture Course, but in spite of diligent delving into the secret archives, there is no trace of the stalwarts who took part, nor of how it finished. Presumably the results did not coincide with the very glowing photographs one sees of what such courses can achieve.

March started on a sad note. The padre, F/Lt. T. W. Wilkinson left the Station and his posting cast quite a gloom.

The Windy month also saw the Station acting as official hosts to 36 S.F.T.S., Penhold. A guest night was held at the Officer's Mess and G/C W. B. Farrington, D.S.O., with a number of his Officers attended.

April—F/Lt. H. M. Pezzani left the Unit for Carberry in search of the elusive third ring, and his place was taken by F/Lt. W. F. Miller from Penhold. Some wagged their heads and said, "better the devil you know than the devil you don't". Another new arrival was a large round beaming face, bringing with it its owner, Mr. Ken. Hutchinson of the Y.M.C.A. We wonder which will wear the best—the smile or Ken. Toward the end of the month we had a visit from the Ensa Concert Party who put on a marvellous show in the Recreation Hall—oh! shades of the London Palladium and the Crazy Gang. Did we feel homesick!

May. The Merry Month of May saw the Station flat out on the Fourth Victory Loan, in which we finished up with \$35,650.00 and during the course of which great fun was had in Innisfail putting on parades and generally beating the big drum. In order to work off excess steam on the Station the figure of Hitler was put up, at which many lusty balls were thrown, and 10 very fortunate people went away the richer by \$20.00.

The Ensa show having been so well received, the powers-that-be decided that Bowden wasn't in the bush after all and they sent down the R.C.A.F. "Blackouts of 1943." This was a most ambitious effort but to see those glamorous hunks of flesh off the stage in their little ace-deucey uniforms, shook us to the core. We wonder if they were put on a charge for making eyes.

This month also saw the first performance of the Brains Trust. It is amazing what ropey exteriors cover such lovely minds.

The Merrie Month saw S/Ldr. D. L. Townsend, A. F. C., on his way to Moose Jaw, and S/Ldr. T. W. Hamlin take his place.

June. The month of June was one of those queer months when everybody seemed to be very busy, but with the exception of the unimportant business of flying, nothing much happened. On the entertainment side, a song and pianoforte recital was given by Mrs. D. B. Bretherton and Sylvia War-Campbell, accompanied by F/O R. Hanson, who captured the attention of the entire audience by his blitz tactics on the keyboard during his rendering of the "Warsaw Concerto". The piano stood up remarkably well. So did the audience.

About the middle of the month, the first recorded Celebrity concert was put over in the Recreation Hall, and with exception of the lack of "Dentine Chewing Gum", announcements, etc., at 15 minutes intervals, it was really quite professional.

July. We had our one day of summer this month. It started at 10 o'clock in the morning of the 28th of July and finished at 6 o'clock at night in a shower of rain. Boy, was it hot! But it must be admitted that for the Station's athletic meeting it was really made to order. Full details and pictures of the epoch making event will be found in the sports jottings further on.

Mr. D. M. Plunkett went out with this month, and the rest of July was taken up with various tea parties and other wild functions arranged by every section, mess, flight and department to do him honour.

The month of August opened with a rush—and Mr. Frank Burton, who took over the duties of Manager—"For . . . Sake".

To the delight of everyone the second Ensa show "B for Bertie" made its welcome appearance, and in the opinion of everyone was even superior to the first.

To make up for the hermit-like life we have been leading, towards the end of the month the Station was visited by Air Vice Marshal L. D. D. McKean, C.B., O.B.E., the head of the U.K.A.L.M.; followed the next day by a flying visit by the Inspector General, Air Vice Marshal G. M. Croil, A.F.C. Whilst no bouquets were seen lying around the Station after the visit, there were likewise no brickbats, so we presume that all is well—comparatively well.

September turned out to be a most energetic period. Hundreds upon hundreds of pupils and Instructors alike could be seen running about the Camp getting themselves in condition for the Harvard step test. This is a wizard step and has to be taken to be believed, but what it does nobody knows.

About this time we said goodbye to Mr. W. Sambrooke, who went to No. 33 E.F.T.S. Caron as Chief Air Engineer, and we take this opportunity to mention a few other of the original civilian stalwarts who have departed to fields anew. Amongst them the four crew chiefs Bob Brown and W. Mullen, now with Canadian Pacific Airlines, and W. Rivet and A. Sutherland now at No. 2 A.O.S., Edmonton. Best of luck to them all!

October. On the 6th of the month, the Station really was on the spot. Air Vice Marshal A. L. L. Cuffe, Deputy Inspector General arrived for a formal inspection, and there was a very smart parade in full marching order. Great difficulty was experienced by the Flight Commanders recognising their Flights. Some of them told me privately that with the full packs their flights bore no resemblance to their normal appearance, and I can well believe it. However, a very good day was had by all.

Half way through the month saw the first number of the Station's own "Pupil's Guide" on sale. The first edition was sold out in 20 minutes. However the lads still had some money left, as was shown by their support of the Fifth Victory Loan, which by the end of the month had reached the total of \$65,000.00, of which \$22,700.00 was contributed by the Service, \$18,000.00 by the Civilian Staff and \$25,000.00 by the Company. A Good Show!

The period ended in a series of earthquakes. S/Ldr. T. W. Hamlin returned to the land of his fathers, and into the saddle leaped S/Ldr. B. L. H. Howes. To pile Pelion upon Ossa, a signal was received on the last day, announcing that the Unit had been awarded an "Honourable Mention" in the Air Ministry Quarterly Award of the Efficiency Pennant.

The Sun shines—Let us bask—On Bowden—On!





MURDER, 1963

Day was nearly over; already the shades of evening had obliterated any harsh or unsympathetic lines. The house, old and rambling, snuggled down among the shadows and slept. The garden became one with the night, and the stars were fairy lights hanging on invisible threads from the boughs of the trees.

"What a nuisance these mosquitoes are," said a voice.

"Yes, aren't they," replied a second and female voice. "But getting back to the subject, what are you going to do about my husband?"

"I'm going to kill him," replied the first voice.

"That is very sweet of you, darling, but isn't it a wee bit dangerous?"

"Well, it is and it isn't," mused the first voice. "I've been talking it over with a medical friend of mine, and he thinks that it can be done quite safely. Ingenuous chap, had plenty of experience at this sort of thing; he has been doing quite a lot of experimenting during the last few years, mostly with poisons . . . says there is a large market for them."

"You're telling me. Since the war everybody has been indulging in murder to break the monotony. Just can't get out of the habit of eliminating other members of the human race."

"Well, as I was saying," continued the first voice, "this lad has been experimenting, and he has produced a really excellent poison, or so he says."

"Don't you believe him?" asked the female voice.

"I don't know; he seems to be pretty good at his job. I suppose he knows what he is doing . . . you see, he claims that this poison is painless, odourless, tasteless and undetectable. That is quite a large order.

"Sounds lovely. How does one dish it up?"

"In cigarettes."

"! Can I have a look at one?"

"Yes. I've got a whole packet here . . . there you are, all done up like an ordinary packet so that no one would suspect that they were anything but the real thing. Rather neat, eh?"

"Yes, very. But when are you going to do the dastardly deed? George is going to America tomorrow for the weekend, and I wanted the whole thing settled as soon as possible."

"Well, I think I'll toddle over and do it now."

"O.K. But be sure that you don't get your packages mixed up."

"No, I won't do that, I've only these on me. I foresaw something like that happening, so I only brought this packet along."

"All right, but don't be long. I'll wait here."

The male voice with a body attached emerged from the trees. It was a tall body, a super body, built with super vitamins. It cast a super shadow as it strolled across the moonlit lawn towards the house.

But let us go in among the trees and look at the female voice. There it is, lying on a divan in that summer house. It also has a super body and a super face. The lady is busy; she is continually dipping her hand into a box by her side in order to extricate the tiny pieces of confectionery that she conveys to her hard, vacuous, indolent little face.

She is waiting. We wait with her. We like looking at the super body clad in the super negligee.

About half an hour later the first voice returns, bringing its super body with it.

"Hullo," says the curved body, "you've been a long time."

"Have I? Yes, I suppose I have . . . it was rather wonderful."



The straight body wanders up and down, looking as thoughtful as it is able.

"Do you know," it says, "I believe I'm excited for the first time in my life."

"Did everything go off all right?"

"Yes. He's dead. By jove, this is a wonderful sensation!"

The straight body stands by the window looking out into the night; absent-mindedly draws a packet of cigarettes from its pocket, hands one to the curved body and takes one itself. They smoke.

"I'm sleepy," says the curved body as it yawns and stretches itself with feline grace.

"So am I. It must be the excitement."

"Come lie down with me."

For a moment there is silence; they grow sleepier.

"Darling, didn't you say that you had only one packet of cigarettes?"

"Yes."

"Well?" The curved body looks enquiringly at the straight one and he smiles as he realizes what she means.

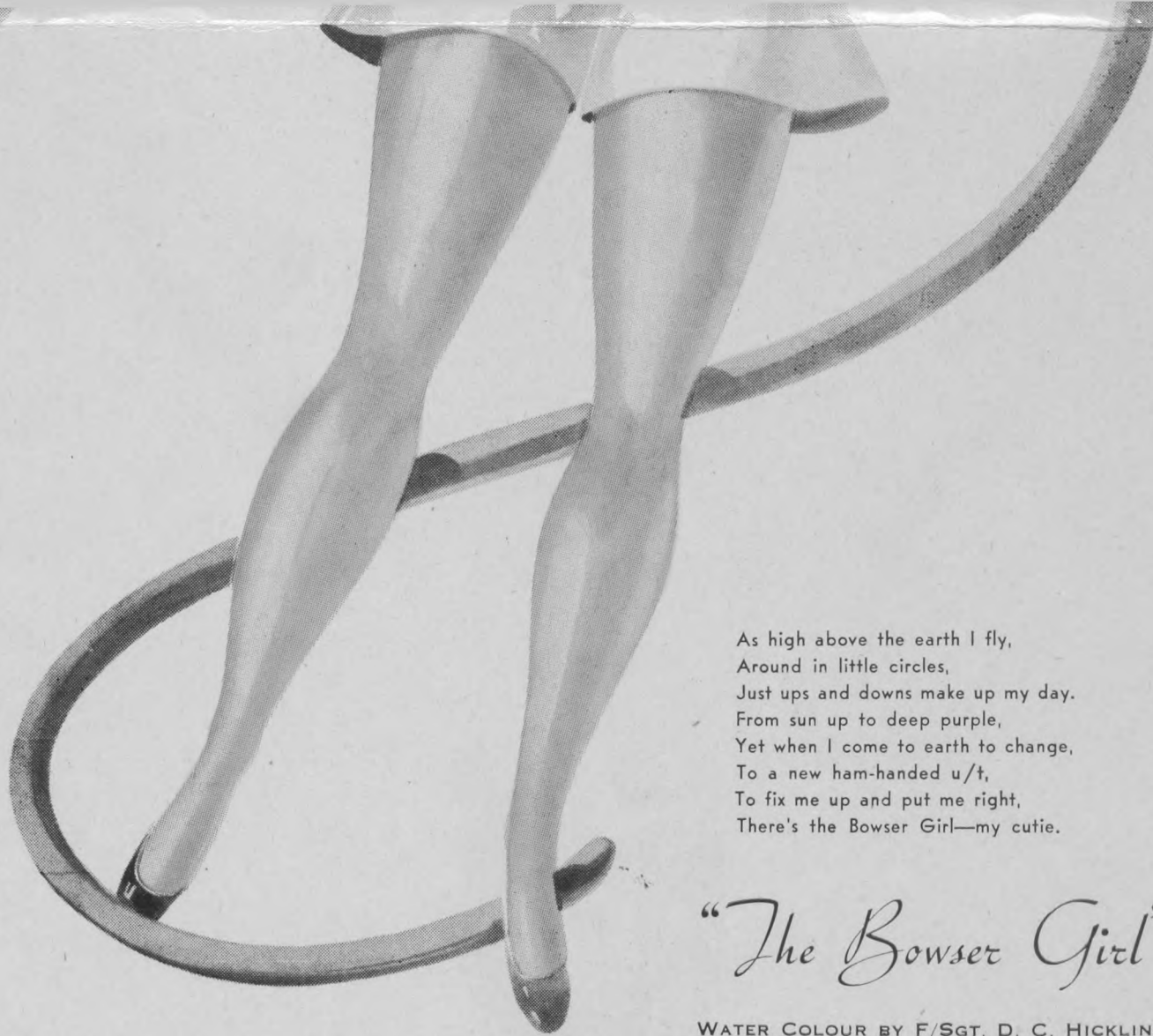
"Rather careless, you know."

"Yes, I'm sorry."

"That's all right, I'm bored and tired; it's just as well."

The straight body and the curved body go to sleep.





As high above the earth I fly,
Around in little circles,
Just ups and downs make up my day.
From sun up to deep purple,
Yet when I come to earth to change,
To a new ham-handed u/t,
To fix me up and put me right,
There's the Bowser Girl—my cutie.

“The Bowser Girl”

WATER COLOUR BY F/SGT. D. C. HICKLING

GRIZZLY

By Sgt. R. G. Locke

The oil well drilling contractors I worked for had completed their wells in south-west Turner Valley and as there was no signs of another contract I took advantage of the lay-off to realize one of my ambitions. That was to go bear hunting in the Rockies west of the oilfields.

Less than a week after the lay-off found me camped at an abandoned oil camp high up in the forest reserve five miles west of the Big Horn Ranger Station at Sheep Creek.

Although it was late May, spring comes late at five to six thousand feet above sea-level. The bears had just come out from their long winter sleep. Freddie Nash, the ranger, told me that he had seen fresh signs of them.

I spent three days at the oil camp hunting in its vicinity but with no luck.

After three days at this camp I had Evelyn Nash, Freddie's daughter, an experienced packer, pack my outfit into the Burns Mine ten miles above the oil camp. Burns Mine is situated between the first and second ranges of the Rockies on upper Sheep Creek.

The Denning-Hitchell cattle outfit were also camped at the mine, having brought their cattle into their summer range. This made it much nicer for me as I had company in camp in the evenings. During the day the cattlemen were busy building drift fences and cutting new pack trails.

Monday, my first evening at the mine, I sat outside after supper having a smoke and watched night come to this wild, beautiful country.

Sheep Creek wound down the valley to gurgle over the rocks a hundred yards below the cabin. Storm and Mist Mountains towered in the evening sky behind the cabin. Away at the far end of the valley the last rays of the setting sun glistened on the snow capped peaks that form the storm centre at the head of the Elbow River. A deer trotted gracefully across the little meadow in front of the building, splashed through the creek and disappeared in the jack pines on the far side. Then as darkness fell the air became chilly and forced me inside to the stove.

Tuesday morning I was up early, breakfasted on flap-jacks, bacon and coffee, put a lunch in my pack-sack, picked up my rifle and headed up the trail to Rickert's Pass. It was a grand morning and I was in hopes of seeing a grizzly, as the riders for the cattle outfit had seen several sets of fresh tracks. The top of Rickert's Pass is about two thousand feet above the valley floor. An hour's good stiff climbing brought me to the top and I could see Mist Creek in the valley below me. Stopping, I sat down out of the wind, behind a rock and lit a smoke. Taking out the glasses I began sweeping the valley for grizzly. There were no signs of bear but I did get a thrill out of seeing a herd of ten elk feeding on the new spring grass.

The pack trail down into the valley soon led me into the thick timber, and shortly after entering it a feeling of excitement ran through me, for coming out of the bush and swinging onto the trail was the track of a big grizzly. From appearances the track had been made the night before, as it had rained in the afternoon, and they had been made since the rain. I whistled softly as I examined them; he was no yearling, the tracks were a good twelve inches long and sank deeply into the soft ground.

After following them for a while they led me off the trail and swung up a hillside to the left where the timber was thinning out. The track was not hard to follow as the snow hadn't been gone long and the hillside was soft from the rain of the day before. Higher up the hill the timber thinned out to a few stunted jack pine. On the sunny side of one of these I sat down to eat my lunch.

Finishing my lunch I picked up my rifle and began to follow the track along the hillside. A little later they swung further up the hill, finally coming out onto bare rock, where I lost them. There was nothing to do but to follow the ridge along and every little while to stop and look the country over with the glasses. The sun sinking low over the Mist Mountain warned me that it was time to head back. Reluctantly I gave up and set out along the ridge for camp.

Wednesday morning I was out as the sun rose over the mountains to the east. I had to make good today or go home empty-handed because tomorrow the cattlemen were going out to Turner Valley and I was going with them.

Having decided to hunt over toward the Pickle Jar Lakes, a part of the country I had never been in before, I started up the trail which led over a pass to the lakes.

Behind the cabin a fresh elk track led up the trail. Part way up on a patch of snow which the sun couldn't shine on was an old bear track. However, it had been made too long ago to bother with.

The other side of the pass sloped into a small valley dotted with clumps of balsam and willow brush. Skirting the valley I followed along the side of the mountain where the bare rock and the grass merged. As on the day before I stopped every little while to look with the binoculars.

On one of these occasions five mountain goats stopped, gazed at me unafraid and trotted off up the mountain side in single file. Then as I started on again six big horn sheep bounded out from a ledge below me and followed the same path up the mountain taken by the goats. There was an abundance of game and I promised myself I would come back in the fall when the season was open for sheep and goats.

Coming to a cut-off I was forced to go down into the valley. Following an old game trail, I came out to a natural salt lick with game trails coming down from all sides. Just on the other side of the salt lick I came onto the pack trail leading to the lakes and set out along it.

I had only gone a short way when I came across a bear track. It was not as large as the track of the one I had seen the previous day, this one measuring somewhere in the vicinity of nine to ten inches. This track was fresh and in places where the pack trail was wet the mud hadn't tumbled in around the edges of the tracks.

Everything was in my favor. The wind was blowing down the valley in my face. The timber had been burnt over some years before so I could see quite well ahead of me. From the looks of the tracks the bear had not been in a hurry and I proceeded cau-

tiously with every nerve on edge expecting to come upon him around each bend.

I had been following the track for possibly fifteen minutes when coming over a small rise I spotted the bear. It was standing on all fours grubbing in the bank of a little creek seventy-five to a hundred yards ahead of me. As yet it hadn't seen or heard as it never raised its head. Carefully cocking the rifle so that the snap of the bolt couldn't attract the bear's attention, I took careful aim three to four inches below the back line at the shoulder and squeezed the trigger.

At the crack of the rifle the bear lurched forward, its legs gave way and it rolled down the bank into the little creek at the bottom. I pumped another cartridge into the chamber and stood waiting to see if it would get up again. However, it lay quite still in the creek with its nose under the water. Approaching with my rifle in front of me I made sure it was dead.

Then came the task of getting the bear out of the creek. With a good deal of rolling and tugging I managed to get it out of the water where I could get a better look at it.

It was a young male grizzly measuring about six feet from nose to tail, and I would judge weighing in the vicinity of four hundred pounds, still being thin from his winter's sleep. The fur was in good shape as he had not started to shed yet, and it was not wiry as is quite often the case with an older grizzly. Across the shoulders the bear was almost honey colored where the silver tips blend with the brown, down the sides it ran to a deep chocolate, almost black. Having just come out the claws, too, were not worn down. Here was a trophy any hunter would be proud to have.

Upon skinning him I found that the 220 grain soft point slug had completely severed the spinal cord at the shoulders and that he had been dead when he hit the creek.

Now I had to get the hide and head back to camp, which was no mean job in itself, as the hide and head of an animal of that size weigh considerable. Rolling the hide up I tied it to my pack and set out for camp.

What a day!

Sons of Canada

MISS F. E. SMETANA.

*When this world-wide war is over,
And the earth again at peace,
When the battle cries are hushed once more,
In Europe, Africa and Greece,
Shall we fall upon our faces,
In the quiet dusk and pray?
"God grant us hope and love and life,
Preserve us Lord and let this peace abide
always."*

*Gone they are, our sons and brothers,
From the land that gave them birth,
From the foothills of the Rockies
And the barrens of the north.
"Gone they are but not forgotten,"
Are the words we murmur here.
They shall ever be remembered
For their lives they have paid so dear.
Nobly gave them to protect us
From the strife, the pain, the curse,
That like a black cloud shadowed
A calm and peaceful universe.
We live—theirs was the sacrifice,
They, the guardians slain.
We shall carry high the torch,
To prove their struggle not in vain.*

*"Carry on Canada," how the words strike up
the band;
And the hearty men come marching,
From the vast provincial span.
From Pacific to Atlantic, from the Arctic to
the line,
All in haste and all in fury to uphold our true
mankind.
Just to linger, pause or stumble, may invite
a worse ordain.
Let us pray—now and forever,
"God preserve our proud Domain."*



in search of Canada

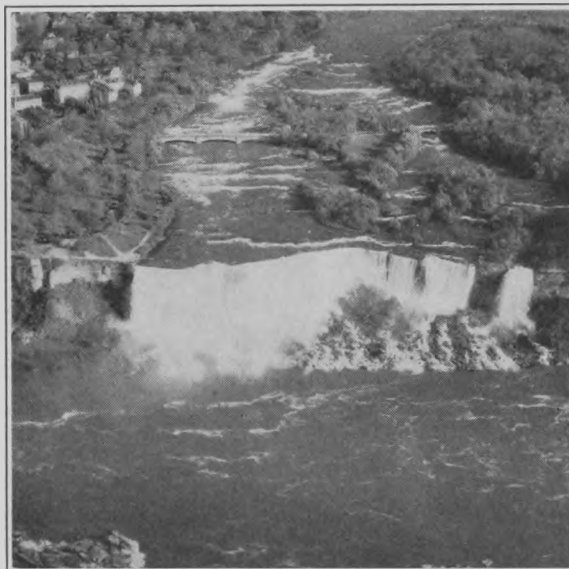
by
S/Ldr.
R. H. V. Vivian

With a dexterity born of experience, the airman affixed the last of his lately acquired snapshots to his little album and contentedly contemplated the finished product until his lethargy was broken by a raucous voice demanding to know "how the tea situation stood".

He sighed a little wistfully. It had been a grand leave while it lasted. He was glad he had taken his "Annual" while the weather held. Though financially insolvent, he had returned bronzed and happy. There were many pleasant recollections of newly acquired friends and a touch of romance besides.

He moved over to the little table on which stood the implements for concocting the noxious brew and commenced a certain ritual jugglery with cans of hot water . . . but his mind was still on the little album. Photographs are much more than pictures. They are treasured experiences. They are collections of memories which even with the passage of years will still remain fresh and vivid. Nowadays we are very inclined to scoff at the family album, but may not the day come when our little book of snaps will assume almost as sacrosanct a place? I can well imagine our airman when the hoary venerability of octogenarianism has overtaken him, gathering his grandchildren around him to recapture and relive old experiences afresh over the little book of snaps!

"The adjutant wants to know when the tea will be ready and the Padre has dropped in and wants a cup too", said the same raucous voice. The airman stirred and sighed. His mind had drifted off to a little Ontario scene somewhere on the road to Niagara. The air was gently perfumed and the sky bedecked with colour that morning, and suddenly all about him the vineyards had stretched—nothing but grapes—a great unbroken expanse of them as far as the eye could reach—blue black and luscious on their withering yellow vines. Some of the fruit-growers had gathered basketfulls of them to sell at the roadside. The prices seemed moderate, and he wished that home had not been so far off.



Another highlight. A view from Prospect Point on the American side of Niagara Falls. It wasn't easy to focus. At your very feet the greatest volume of water in any waterfall in the world rushed swirling and surging over the edge of the great precipice to plunge headlong to the rocks 165 ft below, with a thunderous and rebounding spray. He had viewed the Falls from other angles, but found none more awe-inspiring than this. He thought of the misguided efforts of foolhardy fanatics to survive that perilous descent and the crushing force of that avalanche in the black yawning depths, and shuddered involuntarily. There were other relics in his album for he had been a sufficiently long time in Canada to be almost due for repatriation.

Click went the Camera as he stood on the top of one of the Hoodoos—strange bare pillars of sandy rock carved into fantastic shapes by the action of wind and water, and an ambition had been fulfilled. Westwards, partially shut in by the naked ruggedness of lofty snow capped mountains, stretched the long valley of the Bow. The snaky river twisted and turned through the conifer-laden floor, and in the distance—rising over a bank of green—floating apparently like some fairy castle in the air—the pinacled grandeur of the Banff Springs Hotel. Another picture at Banff had called for the assistance of a magnesium flash. It had lit up something like a Dante's Inferno. In the seething cauldron inside the mountain the sulphur water boiled and bubbled. He had stood on the little lip of the basin and gazed down into those mysterious turbulent depths. Generations of Indians had regarded this place as one of pilgrimage, and the rough steps were worn with the feet of the tribesmen who had come to pay homage to the Spirit of the Springs, and find, in those troubled waters, a healing for their ailments. Steam and the fumes of sulphur drove him out into the fresh air again. The train rocked as he focussed his camera for the next shot. Two massive oil burning juggernauts had churned their way through Stephen and Hector. Then without warning the floor of the world just seemed to drop. Hundreds of feet below



was the glorious forest-laden expanse of the Yoho Valley intersected by half hidden streams. Far ahead on the right, he observed the ribbon of the Kicking Horse widening into a small lake . . . then gasped as he noticed the glint of tiny rails and the tiny railroad Station on its shore. It seemed incredible for any railway to negotiate such a

descent. But the intrepid engineers of the C.P.R. solved the problem by constructing the famous Spiral Tunnels! Soon the train plunged into the dark heart of Cathedral Mountain, reversing completely and returning at a lower level. Our friend had scarcely time to gasp a few whiffs of fresh air and wipe some cinders out of his eyes, before he was plunged into the heart of Ogden. Again the direction was reversed and in the welcome, almost blinding daylight, the train was now skirting the shimmering waters of the lake which, from the lofty mountain erie, had looked little more than a silver patch.

Space forbids any lengthy description of the other views. The unforgettable sunsets behind Stanley Park in Vancouver; The Lions keeping their watch over the mighty Maritime Ranges which sweep from a height of four thousand feet to the northern reaches of the harbour: That first glimpse of Victoria from the water—sheltered by the green and gold uplands—velvety green terraced lawns—colorful rose gardens. A city more English than England, combining the sedate retirement of Bath with the attractive loveliness of Torquay. Here were snaps on the reaches of rocky bays bearing Spanish Names and haunted by the memories of adventuring grandees. The friendly driver had pulled up his coach on the dusty Malahat Drive, and the passenger gazed in awe down the twelve hundred feet that separated them from the blue waters of the sea inlet called Finlayson's Arm. More views—Gems of the Fjord Scenery of Norway, the Maritime Alps, the Cornish Riviera, the Devonshire Coast, all gathered in the wonderland called British Columbia! Views and more views, each surpassing the other in vividness, capturing and holding for ever treasured memories.

"Look here," cried the raucous voice "Isn't that perishing tea ready yet?" Wistfully the Erk laid down his book of snaps, loaded the cups onto the tray and departed on his rounds!



F/Lt. H. R. Edge joined the R.A.F. in September, 1931, as an Aircraft Apprentice and after over six years at various units in maintenance and aero-engine work, was posted to a flying course, from which he received his Wings with a distinguished pass. From the outbreak of war until November, 1941, he was at various units in the United Kingdom, coming to Canada to open 33 E.F.T.S., Caron, at the end of that year. He remained at Caron until he was posted here in October of this year as Assistant C.F.I.

Hobbies: Chess, motoring, fishing, shooting.



The Asst. Chief Flying Instructor

S/Ldr. B. L. H. Howes has had a varied service career. From 1931 to 1937 he served with the Leicestershire Yeomanry, but in 1937 he transferred to the R.A.F.V.R. and was mobilised in August, 1939. He was awarded his Wings in 1938. Since his arrival in Canada he served at No. 37 E.F.T.S., Calgary, and after six months at A.F.H.Q. went to No. 33 E.F.T.S., Caron. From that station he was posted to us as Assistant C.F.I. and was appointed as Officer Commanding R.A.F. Personnel in October of this year. In May he was awarded the Air Efficiency Award.

Hobbies: Riding, squash and golf.



The Officer Commanding R.A.F. Personnel

F/Lt. W. F. Miller came to the station in April of this year from No. 36 S.F.T.S., Penhold, at which unit he inaugurated and ran their Station Magazine "The Penhold Log" for eighteen months. Since his arrival here he has amused himself with the production of the units "Pupil's Guide", and lastly as Editor of this present magazine.

Hobbies: Gerald Dean.



The Station Adjutant

BARGUEST

by Sgt. SHARP

The sun had already set and dusk was well advanced as we struck out over the moorland road above Appletreewick. O yes, Appletreewick is a real village, in spite of its improbable sounding name, as any native of that part of the Dales will tell you. It straggles for half a mile along the valley of the Wharfe, its two Tudor halls guarding the north and south approaches, its two pubs resting securely between these two bastions against time and the tourist.

The general idea, as we left the village by its northern end, was to work round in a rough half-circle across the moors to re-enter the village along the valley from the south. Our assets in the venture were what I chose to consider my own highly developed sense of direction, and Dot's vague memories of the district from former associations. These we felt sufficient: and it was without any undue apprehension that we toiled over Hartlington Raikes, where the blank faced barns looked at us bleakly from their bare stone faces, just as they had looked upon the sturdy Dalesmen for the past three hundred years.

The evening silence hung heavy as our feet rustled through the tough moorland grass. Gradually the remnants of the day faded, until the huddled pines on Bumsall Fell were cloaks of black velvet in the distance, without individual delineation. We had tramped for the better part of an hour when my cherished bump of locality began to hint that it was time for us to leave the rough path and strike out to the right over the open moor.

Dot demurred. I drew rather recondite deductions from the position of the North Star, and pointed out our obvious route.

She grinned at me in the light of the match with which I was attempting, unsuccessfully, to relight my pipe.

"If you guarantee to get us back to Aptwick in time for some of Harry's cider, lay on, MacDuff."

Harry—I forget his surname—owned the smaller and better of the two local pubs; he made a point of staying open until the local policeman, whose beat covered some half dozen scattered villages, had chugged up in his ancient Austin Seven for a final pint. So I felt justified in accepting the challenge.

By this time it was pitch dark, and we stumbled badly several times in the heather as we headed eastwards. It was not until a further half hour had elapsed that I began to feel doubtful. The North Star had

maliciously disappeared, and the appearance of a small light in the black expanse before us moved me to admit that I was lost.

It wasn't far. The light soon resolved itself into a cottage window framed in cheap red cotton curtains. Perhaps I ought to have said this before, but the year was 1939, two days before the outbreak of war, although we didn't know that then. Hence the light.

Leaning over the fence round the tiny garden, we peered in curiously. The sound of our breathing against the back-ground of the sobbing wind seemed strangely loud. I could feel Dot absorbing that ordinary scene with an intensity equal to my own, and yet neither of us could have articulated the reason. The ubiquitous oil lamp of the Yorkshire Dales swung from a low white-washed ceiling, and an enormous fire threw its warm glare into the tiny room. Facing us at the fire sat a pleasant country girl suckling a small baby. Her cheeks were ruddy in the firelight, and I could see her lips move as she crooned to the child. From where we stood her face seemed to glow with an awe inspiring serenity.

There was a movement in the room, and a man moved into view. He was in his shirtsleeves, a sandy haired young farmhand of magnificent build, his brow knitted as he sucked on a pipe and stared into the fire.

We stood there for what must have been a whole minute, and then Dot nudged me.

"Come on, let's ask where we are."

We walked silently up the garden path, and I knocked softly on the door.

We waited. I raised my hand to knock again, and stopped as I heard the sound of heavy boots on a stone floor.

The red glare of the fire seemed to magnify enormously the figure of the young farmer as he stood silhouetted in the doorway. I could see the soft curling hair on his bare arms tinged red in that warm light. I was reminded of some muscular, friendly Satan.

"Excuse me"—I laughed rather foolishly—"could you tell us where we are, and how we could get back to Appletreewick?"

"Straight forrad, an' tha'll cum to Trollers Ghyll. Happen tha' knows t'way from theer."

Trollers Ghyll was a barren ravine which we both knew quite well. I thanked him, silently patting myself on the back for the excellence of my Astro Navigation.

He hesitated a moment, then grinned at us.

"Watch aht fer t'Barguest!"

That is a legend of those parts. An enormous hound, with glowing eyes as big as saucers, is supposed to roam the hills at night and, Medusa-like, to strike dead through the mere terror of his aspect all who see him. This was the Barquest; we had heard tales of it throughout the dale.

The words caused a general laugh, and we tramped on after many 'Good-nights', with something of the warmth of that room and its atmosphere with it.

Ten minutes later we both thought we knew where we were. Just as we had begun to tell each other so, Dot stopped in mid-sentence and clutched my arm.

"What's that—over there—look, it's moving!"

Startled, I strained my eyes through the blackness. At first I could see nothing. Suddenly a section of the night seemed to move, perhaps twenty yards away. I caught the muffled pad of animal feet against the earth, and a soft snuffing sound. We stood like statues, our breathing stilled, whilst my heart thumped loudly.

Gradually the sound died away. The vague movement ceased. I might have thought the latter a trick of the eyes, but the sound was real enough.

For seconds we waited, and then I made a sorry attempt at a laugh.

"It's nothing—just a cow taking a stroll."

"Have you ever seen any cattle on these hills?"

That was true. The moorland turf is too wet and unappetising for cattle, and the sheep and the grouse reign supreme.

"It wasn't the Barguest, anyway", I argued as we plodded along. "Or at least, if it were, we're all right. We didn't see its eyes."

Our self-confidence returned as we progressed, although we both jumped on one occasion as an angry bellow, that might have been anything, drifted to us from a mile or so behind.

The walk back proved to be longer than we had anticipated, as we clambered over the rocky slopes of Trollers Ghyll, and it was fully an hour before we walked into the Craven Arms, ten yards ahead of the local bobby.

Secure in the warmth of the bar parlour, we laughed in a relieved way.

"Been walkin'?" asked the guardian of the law.

We told him how we had asked our way at the cottage.

"Aye, that'll be Bob Varley's place. Nobbut been married a year. He's got a fine bairn."

As the cider worked its benign influence we told him of our adventure with the unknown creature on the moor.

Harry, the landlord, laughed.

"Ther's no cows up theer" he said, "Must've been t'Barguest."

"Go on", said Dot, "You don't mean to say—"

For the second time that night she stopped short as the door burst open and a red faced, breathless farmhand entered.

"Wheer's t'bobby? 'Ere, Jim—tha's wanted."

"What's up, lad?" enquired Jim genially.

"Ah've just come from Bob Varley's place. Ah was walkin past, mindin' mi awn business, when ah heered an 'orrible scream, like. It wor Bob Varley—he wor lyin' theer with 'is throat torn aht on 'is awn door-stone, an' a gurt crayture, as big as a cow wor stompin' off dahn t'south pasture."





"THE TEN MINUTE ALIBI"

This is a murder mystery in three acts by Anthony Armstrong which has enjoyed considerable popularity both in New York and London. Contrary to the impression of the cadet who thought the play lasted only ten minutes, it will require about two hours of your time.

The play, an adaptation of a novel by the same author, is the story of Betty Findon, a pretty young girl who becomes infatuated with a smooth unscrupulous scoundrel, Philip Sevilla, with whom she intends to elope. Colin Derwent, a struggling young barrister in love with Betty, is determined to prevent this mad project. Both Betty and Sevilla are beyond persuasion and Colin realises that the only way to stop them is to murder Sevilla. Towards the end of the first act, Colin, under the influence of a drugged cigarette given to him by Sevilla, dreams a plan for carrying out the perfect murder, and in the second act he actually carries out the plan almost as he dreamed it.

No mystery play of this kind would be complete without the awesome Inspector and his assistant from Scotland Yard. They uphold the dignity of the law in the last act by actually solving the murder, but are unable to crack the murder's alibi. In view of circumstances they are satisfied that it should remain on the files as "killed by person or persons unknown".

We take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to the Manager, Mr. Burton, and to S/Ldr. Howes, for allowing us to proceed with this production; also Mr. Kennedy for his very able co-operation, Mr. Watt and his staff for building and set; not forgetting the electrician, Mr. Warner, and all those who have assisted in any way in the production of the play.

Shakespeare in the R.A.F.

Officers

Your Lordship ever binds him.
(*Timon of Athens, Act 1, Scene 1*)

F/Sgts.

He brags his service as if he were of note.
(*Cymbeline, Act 5, Scene 3*)

Other N.C.O.'s

Hence with thy stripes, begone!
(*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3, Scene 13*)

All Airmen

Would we were all discharged!
(*Timon of Athens, Act 2, Scene 2*)

Navigators

The fault, Dear Brutus, is not in our stars.
(*Julius Caesar, Act 1, Scene 2*)

The G.D.

This is a slight unmeritable man, meet to be sent on errands.
(*Julius Caesar, Act 4, Scene 1*)

Pay Nights

I have yet room for six Scotches more.
(*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 4, Scene 7*)

Rookie

Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other Station; here's no place for you.
(*Coriolanus, Act 4, Scene 5*)



A DRAMA

IN

3 ACTS

CAST

Philip Sevilla.....Sgt. W. Smith
Betty Findon.....Nan Pasmak
Colin Derwent.....Sgt. D. Dailey
Hunter.....F/O D. Follows
Sir Miles Standing.....Sgt. Hickling
Inspector Pember.....Sgt. R. Davis
Sergeant Brace.....Sgt. P. Darling

Produced by
Cpl. P. G. MONKHOUSE

Stage Manager:
F/O F. Theakston

Lighting Effects:
F/O F. Theakston

Properties:
Sgt. D. G. Evans

Prompter:
Sgt. W. Millard

Clock Operator:
Sgt.
A. F. B. Webb

16th
DECEMBER
1943

Produced by Special
Arrangement with
SAMUEL FRENCH
(Canada)
Limited - Toronto

**ADMISSION
FREE**

A FLIGHT



P/O Church Sgt. Smith F/O Pert F/O Harrison Sgt. Rees
 P/O Rollason Sgt. Mills F/Lt J. Woods Sgt. Sharp Sgt. Chinn



F/Lt. H. V. L. Tubbs

1 Squadron



F/O Follows P/O Millburn F/O Nesbit Sgt. Miller
 F/O Curtane Jones Sgt. Day F/Lt. K. L. Andrews F/O May Sgt. Berning

B FLIGHT

C FLIGHT



F/O Allen
F/Sgt. Hickling

F/Sgt. Wheatley
Sgt. Goulstone

F/O Theakston

Sgt. Fowler
P/O Read

F/O Glover
F/O Coates



F/O Willson
i/c Link



Sgt. Evans

Sgt. Terrace

Sgt. Thompson

Sgt. Lock



F/O Moore

P/O Pillbrow

F/Sgt. Dewson
F/Lt. A. K. Grayson

F/O Evans
P/O Eustace

Sgt. Reeve

D FLIGHT



F/Lt. S. P. Millar



F/Lt. D. I. Buchanan

MEDICAL STAFF



LAC Nichol



LAC Day



Cpl. Fielding



Cpl. Reed



LAC Parkinson



LAC Smith



F/Sgt. Talbot

STATION DISCIPLINARIAN



Cpl. Bedford



Cpl. Mash

G.I.S. STAFF



LAC Riddell



Cpl. Grey



F/Sgt. Johnstone



Sgt. Millard



Mr. A. D. Kennedy



Mr. Gillis



Mr. J. Warner



Mr. Buchner



Mr. H. Herbert

ORDERLY STAFF



Sgt. D. Evans



Cpl. Mock



LAC Dunlop

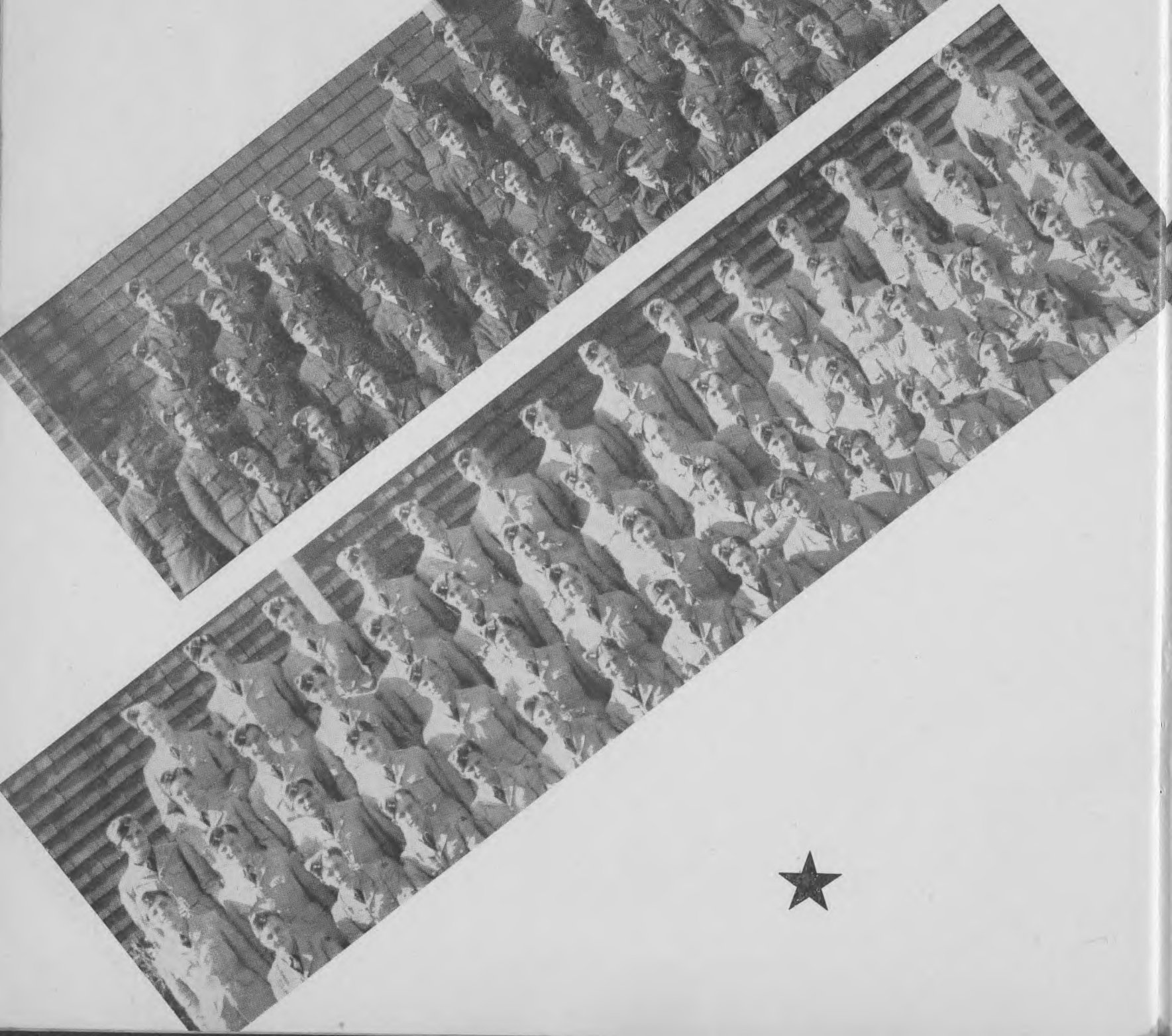
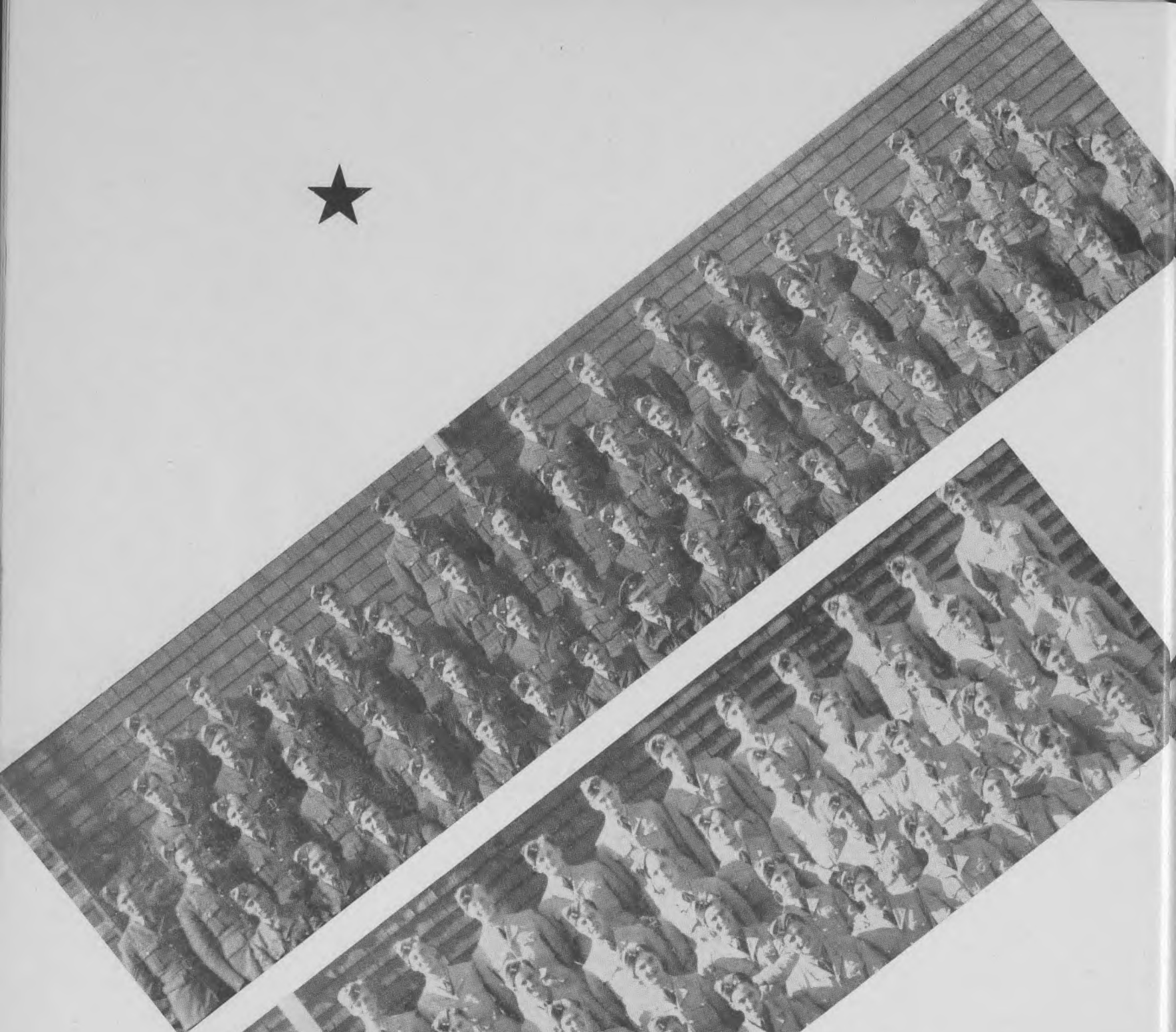


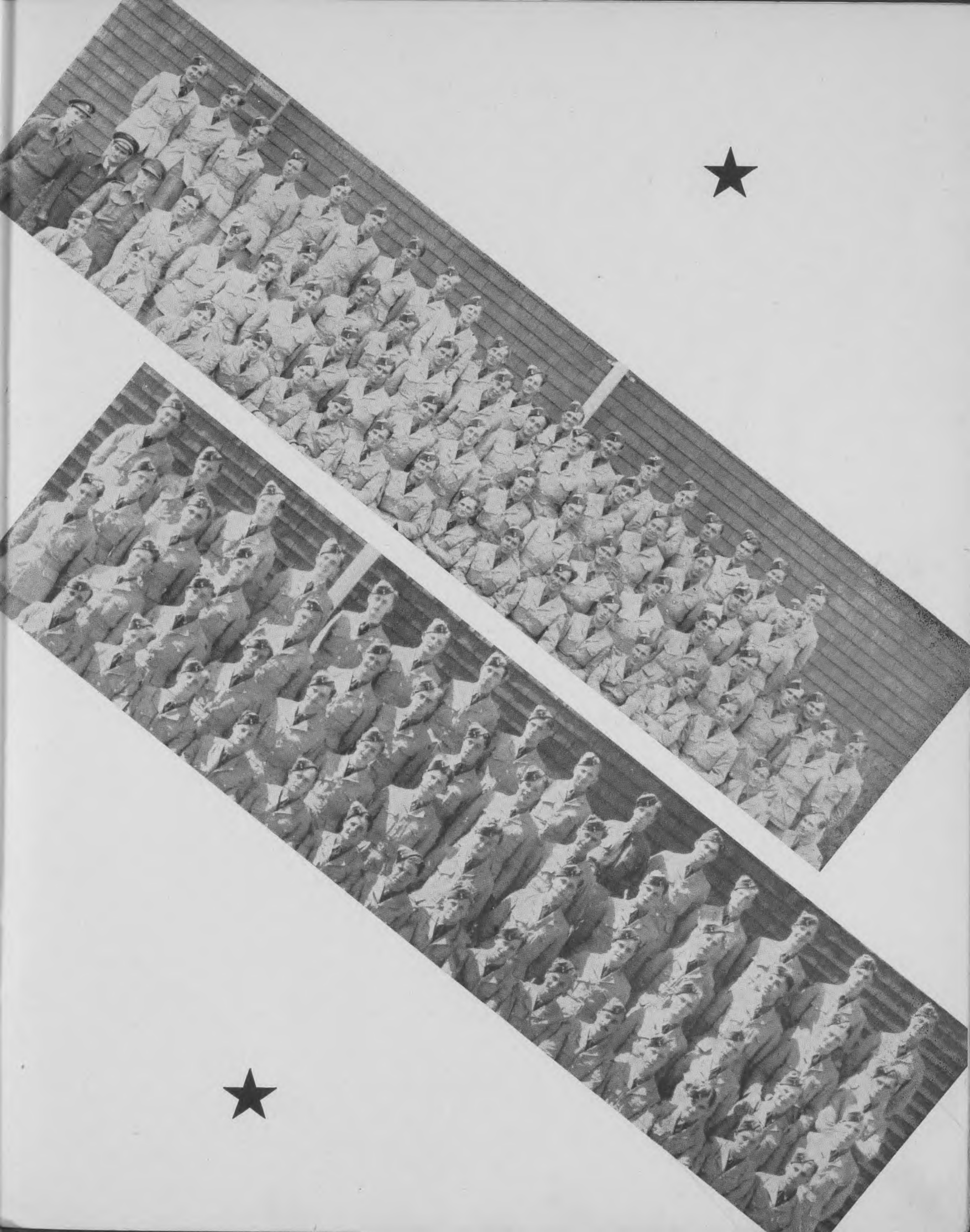
LAC Murry



Sgt. T. Smith

P.T. Instructor





A FLIGHT



Sgt. Darling

Sgt. Norris

Sgt. Jefferson

F/Lt. D. Richards

F/O Swan
Sgt. Watts

Sgt. Smith



F/Lt. E. G. Davies
Squadron Commander

2 Squadron



F/O Hanson
W/O Harrison

Sgt. Ness

Sgt. Plant

F/O E. Davies

F/O Fenton

P/O Bass

F/O Dewell

Sgt. Sands

B FLIGHT

C FLIGHT



Sgt. Philp
P/O Green

F/O Spooner
Sgt. Short

F/Lt. W. S. Kersey

Sgt. Bryan
F/O Hall

F/Sgt. Hunt



F/Lt. F. A. Meadows
Officer i/c Link



Sgt. Sullivan

Sgt. Graham

Sgt. Simmonds



F/O A. E. Nichol
Officer i/c Navigation



F/O Rogers
P/O Coysh

P/O England

Sgt. Webb

F/O K.Croft

Sgt. Dailey

Sgt. Davies

P/O Dunbar
F/O Darney

D FLIGHT



What to do
TONIGHT!



VISIT THE RECREATION HALL

WHAT TO DO TONIGHT

By The Dragoman

Amongst the many features of Station life, few are more popular than the Recorded Celebrity Concerts and the Quiz Programmes. These, together with the Monthly Station Dances, are the particular care of the Sports and Recreation Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. A. D. Kennedy, the Chief Ground Instructor, and F/Lt. W. F. Miller, Secretary. Other members are Mr. Ken Hutchinson, Y.M.C.A., Sgt. Smith, T., S/Ldr. R. H. V. Vivian, when he can get away from De Winton, and when Dances are the order of the day, Mr. S. Boyce and F/Sgt. Talbot, E. A.

THE RECORDED CELEBRITY CONCERTS were commenced to fill a long felt need—GOOD MUSIC. One of the things most missed by the R.A.F. were the concerts which, in England, were produced in such prodigality by the B.B.C. and indeed in every provincial town. Here, due to the difficulties of transportation and sparcity of large centres, the same facilities were found to be impossible and the Radio Stations, selling their time in fifteen minute blocks did not provide the type of programme in the quantity to which we had been used. Accordingly we decided to build up a Station Library of Music, and in the month of May we spent \$100 on laying the foundations. Subsequently we have spent about \$10.00 per month upon new recordings, making our purchases from Calgary, Edmonton, and even as far afield as Toronto.

We put over our first humble effort to an audience of about fifty people, which has increased with every subsequent concert, until we now have a regular following each fortnight, of well over one hundred. All concerts are put on in such a manner as to simulate, as far as possible, real Symphony Concerts, even to individual programmes which are distributed at the door, and the all personnel of the unit are encouraged to let us know what they would like to hear. Every other Friday, S/Ldr. Vivian, F/Lt. Miller and F/O. Theakston turn up to run the show, and the latter's

Lighting Effects have to be seen to be believed. Up to now we have been using the Padre's own Electrical Equipment, but with the new \$1100.00 P. A. System which we have just installed, with it's twin matched speakers, it is even more impressive. Turn up and hear the next concert. You'll enjoy it!

THE STATION QUIZ PROGRAMMES commenced shortly after our venture with the Celebrity Concerts, and are run once a month. The first shows followed the English pattern, in which we arbitrarily shanghaied experts upon various subjects onto the stage, solicited questions on every topic from the whole camp, then shot them at the poor unfortunates on the stage. The results were at times excruciatingly funny, and the store of knowledge dispensed so freely, amazing. They were very popular, and as a result, we became a little more ambitious. We put on a series of "Oscar" shows. The first half between two teams, and the second half in which the whole audience participated. As Twenty dollars are at stake in these programmes, you can imagine the keenness. These shows have been put on by F/O. Hall, F/O. Theakson and F/Lt. Miller, and it is said that all three are nervous wrecks after each show through watching the competitors at close quarters making their efforts to bag the "Oscar". Anyway, should you be broke, give us a break, and come along to the next show.

THE STATION DANCES really do provide the nights where everyone lets themselves go. Mr. Boyce, Mr. Hutchinson and F/Sgt. Talbot make a wonderful job of them, and we usually get the band from No. 36 S.F.T.S. Penhold to play for us. In October we put on a "Hallowe'en" Fancy Dress Dance, which, thanks to the Ladies of the Station was a terrific success, and while all the dances are not quite so ambitious, they are all splendid fun. If you think there's nothing in P. T., just come along here one night—it will shake you!



Padre's Page



A Thought For The New Year

"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint." Isaiah Ch. 40 v 31.

The consequences of relying upon God's help are stated in a rather curious order; the reversal in fact of what we should have expected. The diminuendo is startling. We should have thought the order would have been "walk—run—fly", instead it is "fly—run—walk". The tempo slows down. The effects become less and less spectacular, more and more ordinary—humdrum—commonplace like a pupil aspiring to brilliant aerobatics, but in the end achieving no more than an ability to taxi his plane without running off the tarmac.

But the prophet was right. Human experiences always occur in that order. The boy who has set his heart on becoming a pilot lives for the moment of his first solo. He literally "mounts up with wings as eagles". For him there is all the thrill and glamour of a real conquest. Then time goes by. Hours crowd his log book. Flying becomes more ordinary, commonplace, wearisome. He lives through the experience of "running and not being weary". And finally he reaches the last experience . . . the experience of daily monotonous routine, dull plodding, rigorous endurance. Then if he can still bring back to his task all the enthusiasm of those earlier days, all the keenness and freshness of those first flying hours, he is a stout hearted fellow indeed. He has learned to "trundle on and not to faint".

The French used to have a proverb that it was the first step which really cost and counted most, but in matters of vital importance this is scarcely ever true. It is the last step and not the first which costs and counts the most. Many pioneers have found their first

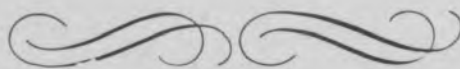
enthusiasm exhilarating, but their last steps, steps when feet were heavy, and the heart sick with hope deferred, have been by far the most important. When obstacles accumulate and difficulties seem endless, the last steps count the most. It was wonderful what Milton could do when he was blind, or Beethoven when he was deaf.

Above all, this is true about the Christian Life. There are times (in the first flush of conversion, or after a well-prepared confirmation) when religion can take on a radiant splendour which lights up the whole of life. Times when a man is keenly aware of God's Presence, when he feels able to reach Heavenward "to mount up with wings as eagles", but these experiences rarely last. Worship begins to lose its thrill, prayer ceases to become in any sense a pleasure, only a tedious duty, and it is a desperate fight to keep from giving up altogether. Religion seems to be sliding downhill, but in reality one is ascending uphill. If a man has the courage to go on, he is doing the finest thing any human can do. He is learning what discipleship means. He is on the threshold of becoming his best. He is learning "to walk and not faint". The hard path of ordinary humdrum duty is the final trying ground for Christian Sainthood.

The task which lies before the United Nations will demand patient persistence. The ordeal may be long. The road may be hard, but even if we cannot always be mounting up with "wings as eagles", even if we cannot always run without weariness, we can still continue to plod step by step along the path of loyal duty, till at length we come to final victory. May God give us the strength to go all the way . . . to "walk and not faint".

Your friend and Padre,

R. H. VERNON VIVIAN.





S/Ldr. The Rev. R. H. V. Vivian



F/Lt. H. R. Edge



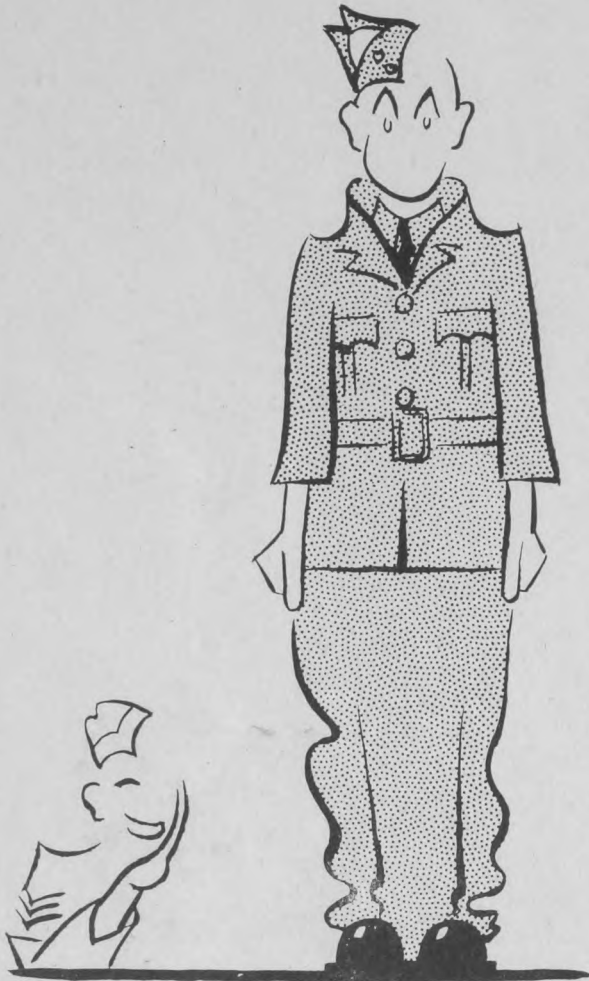
Mr. A. D. Kennedy



F/Lt. W. F. Miller

Story without Words









PERSONALITIES . . .

PAST AND PRESENT



Mr. A. HALDIN

Mr. A. Haldin was the Chief Flying Instructor of this school until its disbandment as 16 E.F.T.S. and its reopening here as No. 32 E.F.T.S. From Edmonton he went to the R.A.F. Ferry Command where he stayed for twelve months, and only left there to join the flying staff of the Canadian Pacific Airlines, with whom he is still serving.



Mr. JAMES BELL

Mr. James Bell, the popular Edmonton Airport Manager, has had a varied career. A Civil Engineer before the last war, he joined up in the infantry in June, 1915, and then transferred to the R.F.C., and remained with them until it was embodied into the R.A.F. in April, 1918. From then as a member of the Independent Air Force Bombing (long distance) he made many bombing flights to the Rhineland. From the end of the war until his return to Canada in 1919, he acted as a communications pilot, flying cargo and army personnel between Cologne, Brussels, Paris and London. On his return to Edmonton he helped to start the forerunner of this school—The Edmonton and Northern Alberta Aero Club and served successively as Vice-President and President for two or three years. In 1928 he became Manager of the Edmonton Airport, in which post Jim Bell is still going strong today!

Mr. A. D. KENNEDY

"Ken," as he is better known to the station, was born in Brandon, Manitoba, in 1898. During the last war he went overseas with the 196 Western University Battalion and transferred to the R.F.C. in 1927 as a 2nd Lieutenant, obtaining his Wings in 1918. In 1928 he joined the R.C.A.F. as a Flying Officer and remained at Camp Borden until 1932. On leaving the R.C.A.F. in that year he was appointed a Lieutenant in the 101st Militia Unit, which commission he still holds. He has been a Director of the Edmonton and Northern Alberta Aero Club since 1927, and from 1938 to 1940 was C.F.I. On the foundation of 16 E.F.T.S., Edmonton, he became C.G.I. and later Operations Manager. When the school became 32 E.F.T.S., Bowden, he came with it as C.G.I.: In 1932 he obtained his Commercial Pilot's license, which he holds today.

Mr. C. WATTS

One of the directors of this school's forerunner—The Edmonton and Northern Alberta Aero Club — Clair Watts, is still with us as Works and Buildings Superintendent. He made his first flight with the Club and with them obtained his Private Pilot's license. He was with the school at Edmonton as C.G.I. and took over his present duties when the school moved to Bowden. By profession an Electrical Engineer, his great hobby is amateur short-wave telegraphy, and his private station has been heard on many continents in pre-war years by enthusiastic "hams."

Mr. G. W. FROST

George Frost was born in London, England, in 1906, and was educated at Hitchin Grammar School. Being of a roving disposition he came to Canada in 1920 and for many years was connected with the operation of large fleets of trucks. He first joined the Edmonton and Northern Alberta Aero Club in 1926 and in 1929 took a course in Aeronautics. In 1932 he obtained his Private Pilot's license and between 1934 and 1937, as a hobby, spent all his spare time building two aircraft. These were test flown on July 1st, 1937. He joined the R.C.A.F. in 1940, but in 1941 left the service to come to this school. He was appointed Chief Air Engineer in July of this year.



M.T. SECTION



**FIRE
BRIGADE**



**TECHNICAL
STORE
STAFF**

**CIVILIAN
GUARDS**



Girls' Gossip

• • • by MISS NONA. ME



Mrs. Dacre



Miss Lawrence

ONE year has slipped away in an unbelievable short space of time since we girls of the Edmonton Flying Training School Limited gave you our first impressions of the Station. At that time everything was more or less new to us and still very confusing. We had to adjust our previous way of living in an entirely different atmosphere and give up a lot of things we had been used to. We are happy to relate we have been successful in this self-adjustment. Let us therefore sketch briefly the happenings of the past year and thereby give you an idea of what our feminine minds consider a major event and a major catastrophe and our reactions to same.

Hallowe'en Dance: Considered a major event. Put on by the girls of the Station and acclaimed an amazing success. Challenge—now let's see what the men can do. We regret to inform you that to this date our challenge has not been accepted.

National Emergency: Regretedly a major catastrophe. A general exodus occurred to brighter and more cheerful surroundings in face of this great calamity. Avowal—never again! Faces were grim and tense when we made these silent promises to ourselves.

Blizzards: Another major catastrophe. We woke to the first one in cold misery and wondered if the past had finally caught up

with us until we discovered everyone was ensnared in the same icy grip. ..Nevertheless the blizzards at 32 will always stand out in our minds—they bring to light many amusing incidents that at the time didn't appear at all funny to the parties concerned. For instance there is the picture of the three gentlemen concentrating on the easiest path to the Recreation Hall during one such blizzard. Whether they were concentrating too hard none will ever know for they all ended up in one big heap and spent the better half of the next fifteen minutes extricating themselves from one another. We heard a rumour that the Chief Ground Instructor, the last one to fall, was the disturbing factor in their recovery, but that is only a rumour. And then there is the picture of our Matron, who, in the midst of a very refreshing cup of tea, found her room suddenly plunged into darkness, and vexed at this intrusion into her private comforts had the bright idea that her flashlight would do the trick. And then began the hunt for the flashlight—it was nowhere to be found—in the meantime the lights went out again—the cup of tea was once more suspended in mid-air—and so on into the night. We now venture to ask—"Did the Matron ever find her flashlight?"

Christmas and Turkeys: A major event to be sure. ..We are sure that our fellow travellers must have rubbed their eyes more

than once at the strange procession we made when we boarded our respective trains on Christmas leave last year each carrying a turkey, befittingly tagged at that. We again thank the Company for this grand and tasteful gift and hope it will be our pleasure to accept such a bird this Christmas.

The Audacious R.A.F. Sergeants: We are not at all sure whether these young men represent a major event or major catastrophe, so we will leave it up to you to classify them in your own minds. These very illustrious gentlemen have provided us with many an amusing moment. Their attachment for our Quarters, which, incidentally, is "Out of Bounds" to all males, is known to all. And what more amusing sight has been enjoyed than the spectacle of the said gentlemen, their boldness strangely subdued, chased by our very irate Matron. Not once but two or three times have we been witnesses to this entertaining little comedy. But aside from their love of adventure they are a very go-ahead group of young men and have been instrumental in promoting many a social evening in their Mess which I am sure has been enjoyed by all girls who attended.

Change of Management: A major event of course. We were sorry to see Mr. Plunkett, Managing Director of the Company since the first school opened in Edmonton in 1941, leave us — he had seen us through good times and bad and we wish him every success in his new business venture.

We welcome our new Manager, Mr. F. Burton, and likewise wish him every success in his new venture. We quite realize his undertaking is by no means an easy one — especially when he is never quite sure when he may be confronted with an indignant female staff perhaps upset over some trivial matter (from a man's point of view) but really very, very important from a woman's point of view. He will appreciate he must have patience in dealing with us.

We also take this opportunity of welcoming the many new faces to our staff and wishing them success. We will do our best to co-operate with them providing they come half way. We consider that only fair.

The Englishmen: Right now we are on dangerous ground. To classify them as a major event might inflate them too much and vice versa. So let's not classify them at all but merely give you our opinions. For almost fifteen months we have worked side by side with these gentlemen from England and though at first we didn't think we would ever get to understand them and consequently weren't very sure whether we liked them, we are now happy to say that we get along fine with them. There are reservations, of course, but the same can be said with any class of people—there will always be good and bad among all of us. We have found them very willing to co-operate and help in every way. We want to help them in every way possible, for after all are we not all fighting for the same ideals, the same freedom of spirit, the same King!



MESSING



STAFF

Mr. BULL



GEORGE — Officers' Mess

LOUNGES



CHARLIE — Sergeants' Mess



PUPILS' LOUNGE



CIVILIAN LOUNGE

Mr. T. Fairburn



Asst. Chief Engineer



Mr. L. Legroulx
Parachute Section



Mr. L. A. Haldin
Link Engineer



Mr. Churchill
Engine Maintenance



Mr. C. Boutwell
Chief of M.T.



Mr. Stan. Boyce
Chief Timekeeper



Miss M. McMurray
Post Office



Mr. Lenard
Fire Chief

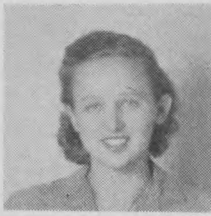


Mr. Hardy
Chief Tech. Stores

TELEPHONE



Miss A. E. Spackman



Miss R. Rose



Miss O. Harchankl

OPERATORS



CLERICAL STAFF



Mr. Roy Donnelly
"B" Flight Crew Chief



Mr. Ben Hobson
"C" Flight Crew Chief



Mr. Don Cressey
"A" Flight Crew Chief



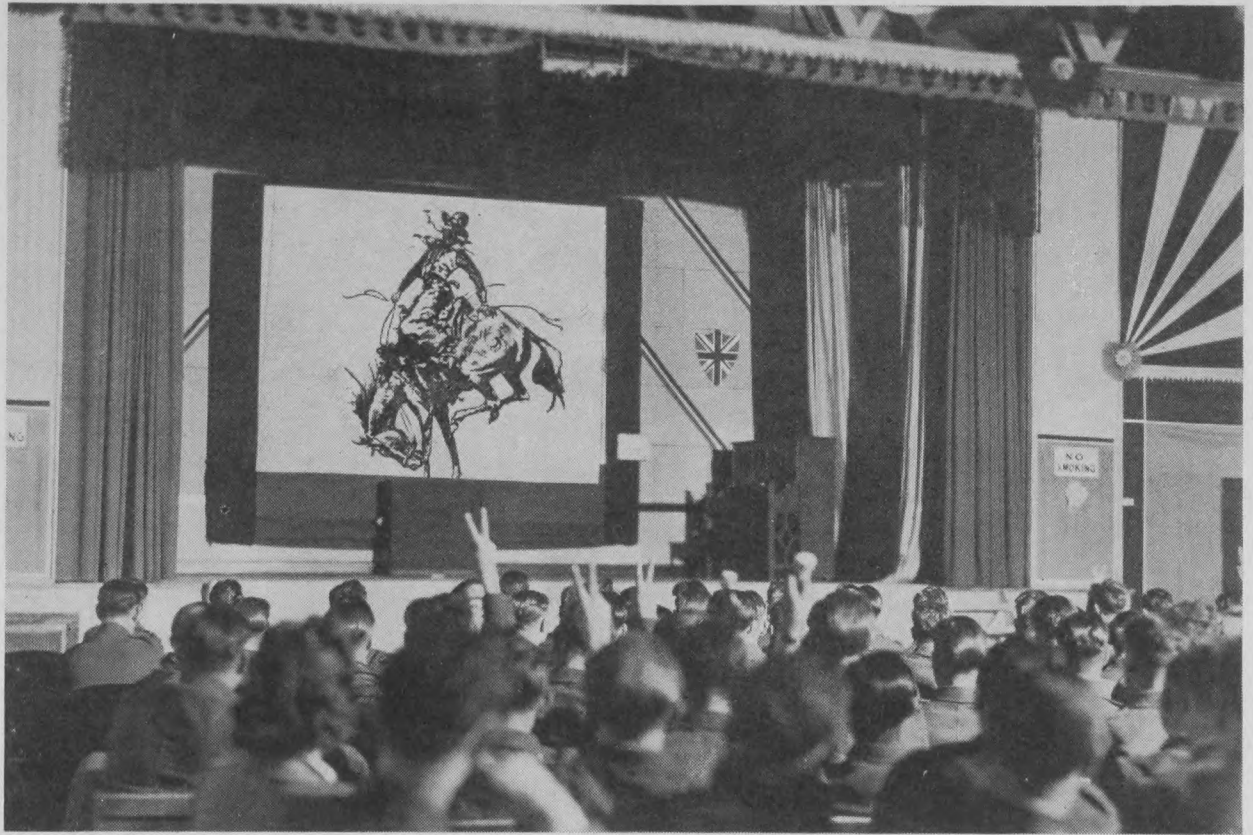
Mr. Elmer McCarteny
"D" Flight Crew Chief



Mr. Denmar Sheppard
Flight Line Engineer



**RECREATION
HALL**



Mrs. C. BOUTWELL

CANTEEN

