

32 E.F.T.S.  
EDMONTON FLYING

RAF

BOWDEN  
TRAINING SCHOOL



# THREE CORNERS

SUPPLEMENT

... '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.*

QUARTERLY - MARCH

TEN CENTS

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*Have You . . .*

secured your copy of the Original  
"Three Corners" or this unit's  
sister publication "The Pupil's  
Guide"?



The whole proceeds from the sale of this  
Supplement are being donated to the  
CANADIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY.

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Mar 1944  
2nd issue



# News

of Your

## Station Cinema

Here's an impressive line-up of some of the coming attractions at the Station Cinema. Plan to be in attendance at your favourites.

### MARCH

The Moon is Down  
In Our Time  
Passage to Marseilles

### APRIL

This is the Army  
The Heat's On  
Jack London  
Old Acquaintance  
Reap the Wild Wind  
Phantom of the  
Opera  
Best Foot Forward

### MAY

North Star  
Let's Face It  
Stormy Weather  
Voice in the Wind  
Up in Mabel's Room

### JUNE

The Rains Came  
Adventures of Tartu  
Desert Song  
Heaven Can Wait



Together with

News, March of Time, Walt Disney's Cartoons and Shorts.

# THREE CORNERS



The Quarterly 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.

MARCH, 1944.

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

# EDITORIAL

WHAT this supplement has been produced is entirely due to pressure from unit personnel—surely the best gauge of the success of our original production. The original "Three Corners" put Bowden right on the map amongst magazine publishing Air Force Units, and many were the pleas that a job so well begun be not allowed to fade out. Today this supplement is the answer. It will be published quarterly in March, June, September and December, and will sell at ten cents per copy. The whole proceeds of this March issue will be given to the Red Cross Society.

At this point it might be as well to draw to the attention of our readers one or two factors—one might say spectres—ever present in the minds of editor and management, Cost and Support! The original "Three Corners" cost approximately \$1500.00 to produce, by far the most elaborate and expensive Service magazine in the Dominion, and each quarterly supplement will cost over \$300.00, bringing the annual total to over \$2400.00. At the end of the year it is hoped to arrange for the magazine and supplements to be bound, making a permanent and pleasant reminder of the year's events and personalities.

The magazine has set a new standard in unit publications, but unless it is fully supported—and I mean fully supported—by all on the unit, it obviously has not hit home, and has not fully done its job. Remember, to the editorial staff the only gauge of what satisfaction or otherwise they have given is in the sales. If you are one of the ca'canny types who must read the other fellow's copy first, do so by all means, but do at least purchase your own copy afterwards. And don't buy one—buy two, and send one home to the folks, they will appreciate it, for it will give them far more "gen" than any letter. As a further inducement and for those who have not yet in their possession a copy of the original edition, a limited number of these 50 cent magazines will be on sale for 25 cents with which you will receive a copy of this ten cent supplement entirely free. For those sending home to the United Kingdom, special arrangements have been made with the postal authorities for a magazine rate.

Of support from contributors we have had no stint, and to these, whether appearing in this issue or not, we are deeply grateful. To those of you now reading this copy, our thanks for its purchase and our regret for its imperfections, and finally to the staff of this magazine may I express my very sincere thanks for their loyal support and their splendid work which really made the "Three Corners" and its supplement possible.

*The Editor*

## A LETTER from THE MANAGER and THE C.O.

For the inclusion of this hybrid effort, the editor is solely responsible, and the blame must be laid at his door — not ours! It is difficult enough to write any sort of letter, but when it comes to joint jobs — well! However, it has been written, and it can be taken as a symbol of the joint work and endeavours of the station as a whole, which has in the past months pulled so well together with such splendid results.

There is no doubt that the Unit's successes, culminating as they did in the award of the Air Minister's Efficiency Pennant last month, were entirely due to the splendid spirit of comradeship and give and take between service and civilian personnel and vice versa, and this must be maintained if we are to keep that pennant — and we will!

During the last quarter we have said goodbye to many of the company staff called to the armed forces and to many of the service personnel posted home for operational duties. To them all we wish 'Good Luck and a safe return to their homes and families'.



The congratulations of the whole unit are voiced to F/Lt. H. R. Edge on his award of the Air Force Cross, and to F/Lt. R. F. Theakston and Sgt. W. J. Salzer as the recipients of the Certificates of Good Service. No worthier holders could be desired.

Finally we desire to express our thanks to the Editor and his staff for this quarterly supplement to our Annual Magazine. We owe a lot to them for providing us with a permanent record of the small part we are playing towards the successful completion of this war.

*F. V. Burton*  
(F. V. BURTON) Manager.

*P. H. ...*  
Squadron Leader.  
Officer Commanding R.A.F. Personnel.

# THE AIR MINISTER'S EFFICIENCY AWARD

*by our Staff Reporter*

It was a quietly impressive little ceremony, without flamboyance, that gave Bowden proud possession of the quarterly Efficiency Pennant on February 17th. It marked the culmination of a long period of quiet hope and hard work for us; facts which were duly recognized by Air Commodore Iron, O.B.E., who visited the station to make the award.



"The Air Officer Commanding desires me to express his sincere regret at being unable to be here today, as he had wished to have the pleasure of presenting to your manager the Air Minister's Efficiency Pennant," said Air Commodore Iron.

"However, it gives me a great deal of pleasure to convey to you, Mr. Burton, to you, Squadron Leader Howes, to the officers, airmen and civilian personnel of this station, the hearty congratulations of the Air Officer Commanding on winning this most coveted award for the period October 1st to December 31st, 1943.


"As you are aware, this pennant is competed for all across Canada, both by R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. Elementary Schools, and I am sure that every one of you feels proud that your school has been adjudged to be one of the most efficient Elementary Flying Training Schools in Canada for the past quarter. Your claim to this distinction is well borne out by the high serviceability of aircraft and the low accident rate. Your good fellowship and co-operation is also shown through the medium of your outstanding publication 'Three Corners'! You have set a high standard for yourselves—keep up the good work!

"Mr. Burton, on behalf of the Minister of National Defence for Canada, the Honourable C. G. Power, I have great pleasure in presenting his Efficiency Pennant to you for No. 32 Elementary Flying Training School!"

As the Pennant was then unfurled it seemed less a symbol of efficiency than a symbol of Bowden itself and our own hopes. Mr. Burton acknowledged the award in a heartfelt manner which indicated that only through the full co-operation of service and civilian personnel had the Pennant come into our possession, and expressed the hope that it would remain with us through the succeeding months.

Squadron Leader Howes replied quietly on behalf of the service side of the station, simply thanking all who had contributed towards the winning of the Pennant, and adding his appreciation of the degree of co-operation which had brought about such happy results.

The Efficiency Pennant was won without fuss; it came to us with the minimum of fanfares; in that spirit may we hope to retain it.



# in search of Canada

By  
P/O D. R. W.  
GREENSLADE

Twelve centuries ago a little ship, manned by fearless, sturdy men of the North, under the leadership of one Lief Ericson, left the shores of Europe, and headed towards the west. Driven on by some inexplicable urge, these men overcame the hardships of their voyage, withstood the pangs of hunger which beset them, and braved the seas which threatened to swamp their little craft, as they went ever towards the setting sun. Maybe they intended to follow their countrymen to that little island off the European coast so lately under the protection of Rome, and now at the mercy of any invader, but were blown off their course by the Atlantic gales. Whatever their aim, they maintained their westerly route until they landed on a rocky shore, where the people spoke a strange and guttural tongue, where they dressed in skins and clothes decorated by curious designs, where the summers were hot and blistering, and the winters long and rigorous. It was an elemental land they found, which must have chilled the ardour of these early Searchers, for many centuries passed before the natives were again disturbed by light coloured visitors from across the great sea.

Today that same expanse of treacherous ocean is spanned in a few hours, and the small and timorous colonies of Champlain and Sieur De Monts, which were the 17th century successors to the Vikings, have developed into a great nation which has not yet realised to the full its potential power.

A youthful nation, it is still driven forward by the same spirit that possessed the early pioneers, its eastern provinces have

behind them a century or two of history and tradition, but in the west that has barely had time to develop, whilst in the vast northlands the pioneers are still pushing their civilisation into unexplored regions; still fighting, albeit with modern weapons, the same primeval conditions that beset the earlier settlers in the east.

The insular Englishman, over here for a few months, is at first surprised to find the Canadian not moulded to his own traditional pattern, but Canada is not merely an English colony. It is a Kingdom in its own right, and its people are evolving along their own lines, rapidly developing their own national characteristics and traditions. It is easy to misunderstand those Canadians who talk with love and reverence of "the Old Country," and to forget that they speak as a child speaks of its parent, for whom it has love and respect, but by whom it does not intend to be governed for the rest of its days.

To Canada have come not only the British, and before them the French, but people from all over Europe and Asia. From Russia and Poland, Slavs and Asiatics, Chinese and Indians, men of all races, of many differing creeds, men who, often in a search for freedom and security, have become Canadian, and whose children are Canada. It may be many years before they are welded into an indivisible nation, but from Halifax to Vancouver, from the 49th Parallel to the Arctic wastes, a great nation is being forged.

After the Viking, centuries passed before France founded the first small settlement

on the banks of the St. Lawrence River, and today a third of Canada's population is of French extraction, and Montreal is a French city second only in size to Paris.

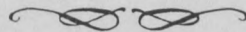
Despite more material possessions such as the largest skyscraper in the Empire, or the largest gasometer, or the heaviest bell on the continent, it is a city of lovely churches. The church of Notre Dame, commenced in 1824, is a replica of the famous Paris church, whilst a half size miniature of St. Peters of Rome may be found in St. James cathedral. It is a wealthy city of notable Frenchmen and chic French women, with beautiful Mount Royale standing sentinel over it.

Yet it is not the nation's capital, that honour was bestowed on the little village of Bytown, which was founded by Col. John By, of the Royal Engineers, who built the strategic Rideau canal when Canada feared invasion by the United States. Bytown was selected in 1857 to settle the rival claims of Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, and Kingston, and was given the charming Indian name of Ottawa. It is a gracious city, with wide tree lined avenues, and fine administrative buildings, dominated by the Gothic towers of the Houses of Parliament

which remind one of some fairy palace. Stone for this building came from all over the world, but it is the home of Canadian tradition; on the walls of the two Chambers are paintings depicting Canadian history, whilst in the Peace tower, with its fine carillon, are the insignia and history of every regiment ever to serve in Canada.

The province of Ontario is rich, not only in history, but in material goods. Its forests stretch for endless miles, its soil is rich and fruitful, its cities are great industrial centres. Toronto, originally a French trading post, was developed by Col. Simcoe and loyalists who came north after the American revolution, and Charles Dickens described it as a town "full of life, and motion, bustle, business, and improvement."

Kingston too lies in the wealthy land of timber, game, fish and furs, as do many important business centres, for this is the hub of Canada. To the east lie the old fashioned Maritime provinces, the Acadia of France, to the west are the great plains of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, the rich valleys of British Columbia, to the north are the uncharted wastes of the Northern Territories, to all of which one must travel in search of Canada.



ABOVE  
The Station Works and  
Building Section



RIGHT  
The Station Boxing Team

# Basic English

at the

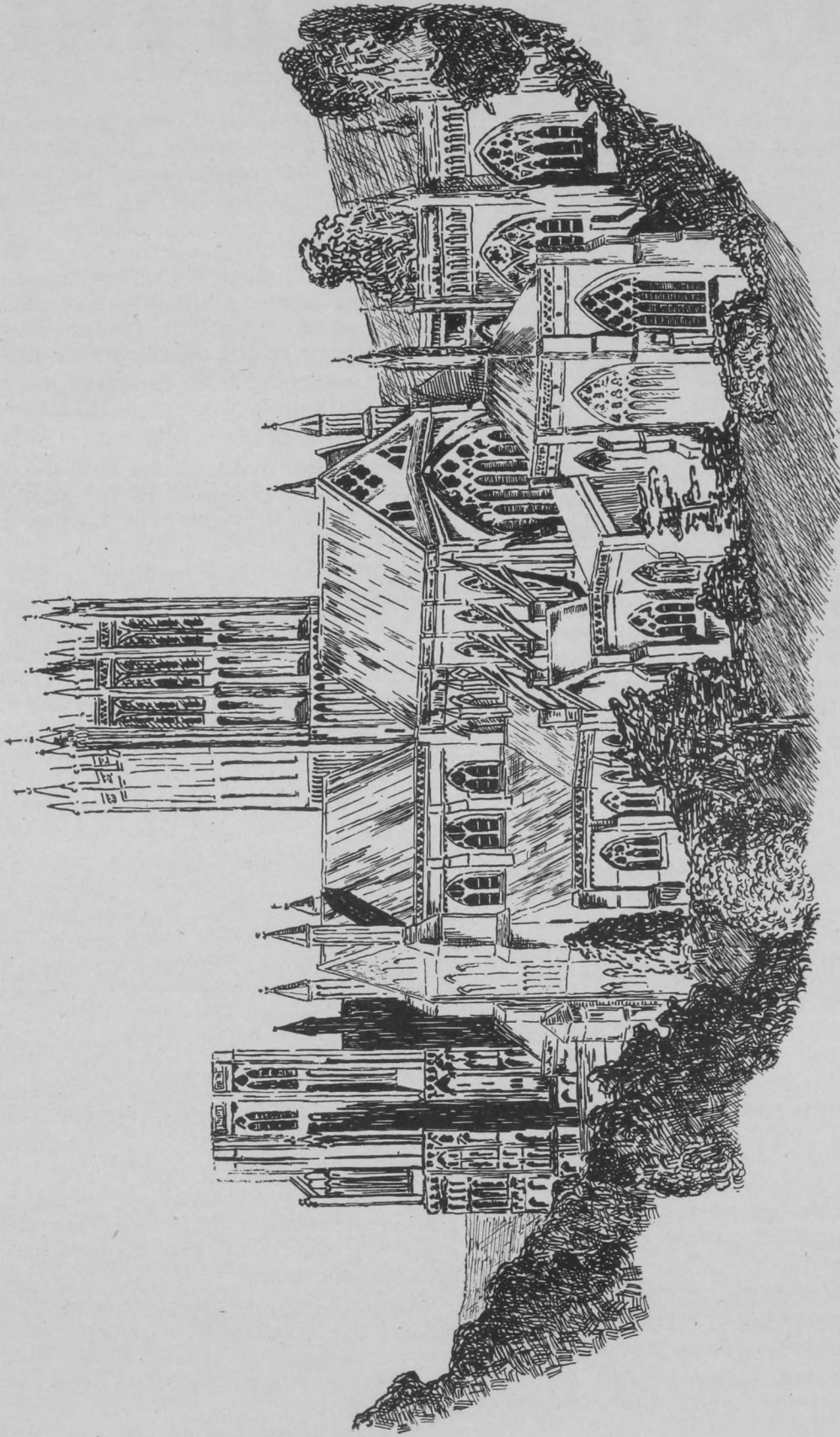
## Dewdrop Inn

by SGT. E. L. NORRIS

Illustration by P/O D. C. HICKLING.



“Wotcheralf. Ain seenyer lately.”  
 “Cher Bert. I binkweer. Watchoo bin doin?”  
 “Saymas yoozhul. Binkweer avyer. Wassermarrer?”  
 “Ow, jestacoljerno. Lottuv flu abaht.”  
 “Dohnlook uptamuch nah. Wotchavvin?”  
 “Fanks. Lavva brahnale . . . . Fag?”  
 “Taw . . . . Jestopathome?”  
 “Yerzz . . . . coupladays.”  
 “Bittuv awrite . . . . nuffink terdo.”  
 “Yerzz, bchoono owitiz, Missiz kep naggin abaht loozing mipay.”  
 “Ow. Binna pitchers lately?”  
 “Yus. Gaveda kidsa treat lars Saddy artnoon.”  
 “Wodjersee?”  
 “Sum bloke cawled Sinatra . . . dinfink moch ovit. Gimme Gracie evritime.”  
 “Yorite. Seenarry arahnd?”  
 “Sorim larsnite. Keeps tor kinabaht iz omeguard. Ennibodied fink ewos winniner blinkinwor.”  
 “Yew shoulduv eardim whenee ad acouplincendries in iz gawden. Never-eard sucha blinkinfuss.”  
 “Mm. Adenni bombsrahnd yorway?”  
 “Addacouple innernex street larsweek. Knocked freeowzis dahn cleanas-awhissle.”  
 “Enniwunurt?”  
 “Nah. Theywuz awlinner shelta.”  
 “Arwell, owerlads arcertnly givinem waffor nah. Drinkup.”  
 “Rite . . . . Owza gawden?”  
 “Ow, notoobadjoono. Carn domuch wivver blinkin muddevriwhere.”  
 “Yorite. Ain binnalong to my lotmunt frer fawtnite. Tainmuch use nahde eveninz iz drorinin.”  
 “Arwell . . . . Lafftebe gitnome nah.”  
 “Orlrite. Seeyer Saddy.”  
 “Yus. Be innabaht arfsevne. Taddah Bert.”  
 “Gny talf.”



Pen Drawing by  
Sgt. E. L. Norris.

WELLS CATHEDRAL

# FRONTIER INCIDENT

by Sgt. S. SHARP

A Third Class compartment in a Belgian train ranks amongst the most uncomfortable places on earth. The wooden seats seem to acquire, after a few hours of travel, a sort of dumb malevolence in their attacks upon the human frame, and the fluctuating extremes of temperature forbid any but the hardest to venture on cheap travel.

The Ostend-Rome Transcontinental Express in the summer of 1938 was no exception. Nor did the happily irresponsible driving of a Belgian engineer add greatly to one's material comfort. So that 9 o'clock on an August evening found me propped rigidly upright, between two slumbering farmers, in a state of advanced physical anguish as the train rolled on towards Aix-la-Chapelle and the German border.

Finally the discomfort drove me to my feet. I stepped gingerly over the array of outstretched legs and stumbled into the corridor. A cigarette and a breath of rather less foetid air might prove refreshing.

Steadily the lights of the countryside rolled by. Darker shadows in the night showed where the flat plains of Belgium gradually gave way to the foothills of the peaks that border the Rhine Valley. Away to the east an incipient radiance in the sky marked the frontier, where the massed searchlights stood at attention with their heads in the clouds. It was the year of Munich, a time pregnant with suppressed events and conflicting passions.

"Could you oblige me with a light, please?"

I turned, startled. In the dim light of the corridor a man stood at my side. I could hardly distinguish his features. He seemed of medium size, and well-dressed. He had spoken in French, a language with which I had but a nodding acquaintance.

I fumbled for matches and produced the required light. He leaned against the side of the carriage and inhaled with a hissing sound.

After a few seconds my companion broke the silence.

"You are English?—excuse my asking."

"Yes," I hesitated, "I am English, but I don't speak French very well. I am sorry."

"German?"

"Yes, a little."

"Would you care to come along and join me in my compartment? I'm on my own, and it's rather boring". This in fluent German, with a slight accent which I could not place.

We strolled along the corridor. I was about 18 at the time, with the assured mental arrogance of a youth who believes himself a student of human nature. This new acquaintance might prove interesting.

"Are you going far?" he asked me.

"As far as Cologne," I answered. "Another three hours or so, I expect."

"Bring your luggage in with me. I'm travelling Second—you'll be far more comfortable than in those Third Class horse boxes."

The Second Class compartments on the Transcontinental Express aspired to red plush of a flamboyant vulgarity which was overwhelming to behold. It must be remembered, however, that I had travelled across most of Belgium on a wooden seat.

We returned to my former prison. As I took down my suitcase and rucksack from the luggage rack my companion insisted on carrying the latter. I followed him along the corridor.

He introduced himself as I relaxed into that horrible red plush. Tauber, I think he said his name was—this happened quite a while ago, of course, and I can't remember all the details. He said he was a traveller for a firm that manufactured dye-stuffs in Cologne.

We chatted. He was a bright-eyed fellow in the mid thirties, as far as I could judge, with smooth dark hair and expressive hands. He seemed friendly, and I told him of my intention of hiking down the Rhine as far as Bonn, where I had friends. The bright eyes twinkled as we talked, but I gained the feeling that they were absorbing every detail of my appearance and possible character.

Our mad Belgian driver, true to his kind, applied the brakes with a suddenness which seemed to make the train lift its midsection into the air, like a caterpillar propelling itself along.

"This must be Aachen—Aix-la-Chapelle—the frontier. The customs men will be

waiting for us. They're always suspicious about their own countrymen. But I imagine that you, as a foreigner, could smuggle a howitzer across without being questioned."

I grinned, and admitted that the German customs officials had never troubled me, although I had seen instances when they had forced their own nationals to shed their clothes for a minute inspection. As a matter of fact I had 200 Reichsmarks in my wallet, carefully hoarded from previous visits to Germany, so that I might make this extravagant holiday. I told my companion about it, secure in the camaraderie which makes swindling the customs legitimate sport for all travellers.

Tauber laughed.

"I won't betray you" he said, "but if they should discover these secret plans I have in my luggage . . ."

His eyes danced, and we both laughed at the idea of his being a daring spy as the train jolted to a stop in the station.

Outside on the platform all was noise under the powerful lights. I looked out and saw two smartly uniformed officials proceeding methodically down the train.

Soon they reached our own compartment. One of them stepped inside, greeted us politely, and transferred his attention to our luggage. His companion remained at the door, nonchalant but alert.

My own rucksack and suitcase were passed over in cursory fashion after I had shown my passport. I was feeling somewhat guilty because of my unauthorised presence in a Second Class compartment. I glanced at the customs official. He was methodically emptying Tauber's two suitcases. Finally, as I had expected, he and his companion took Tauber away for a thorough search.

The affair hardly disturbed me. I had seen it happen before, only for the victim to return with ruffled dignity within half-an-hour. It would be rather exciting, in the event that my friend did not return, to imagine that I had chatted with a spy, or worse.

Twenty minutes passed. I began to feel hungry, and decided to eat one of the sandwiches from my rucksack. Unlacing the top I began to feel around amid its varied contents. The sandwiches had evidently worked their way to the bottom, and I continued to probe.

Suddenly my hand touched something cold and metallic. I pulled it out, to stare in petrified amazement at the small automatic pistol in my palm.

Confused thoughts ran tumultuously through my mind. Commonsense rejected the sight, yet there it was—a small, nickel-plated weapon of French manufacture, .25 calibre. My excitement mounted, what was this man who claimed to be a commercial traveller?

Footsteps sounded in the corridor. I stuffed the thing into my pocket and tried to look cool and nonchalant as Tauber re-entered the compartment. He seemed to be in high spirits, informing me of the thoroughness with which he had been searched, and how disappointed the officials had been on finding him a harmless traveller.

The train jerked into motion, and I sat there wondering what to do as it gathered speed. Finally, and not without trepidation, I took out the gun and presented it to Tauber.

"This yours?—I found it in my rucksack." Sweat broke out at the back of my neck as I tried to appear unruffled.

His eyes continued to twinkle at me, and his expression did not alter. He leaned forward and spoke in a low voice.

"Yes. I put it in your luggage as we were walking along the corridor because I knew I would be searched at the frontier. May I have it?"

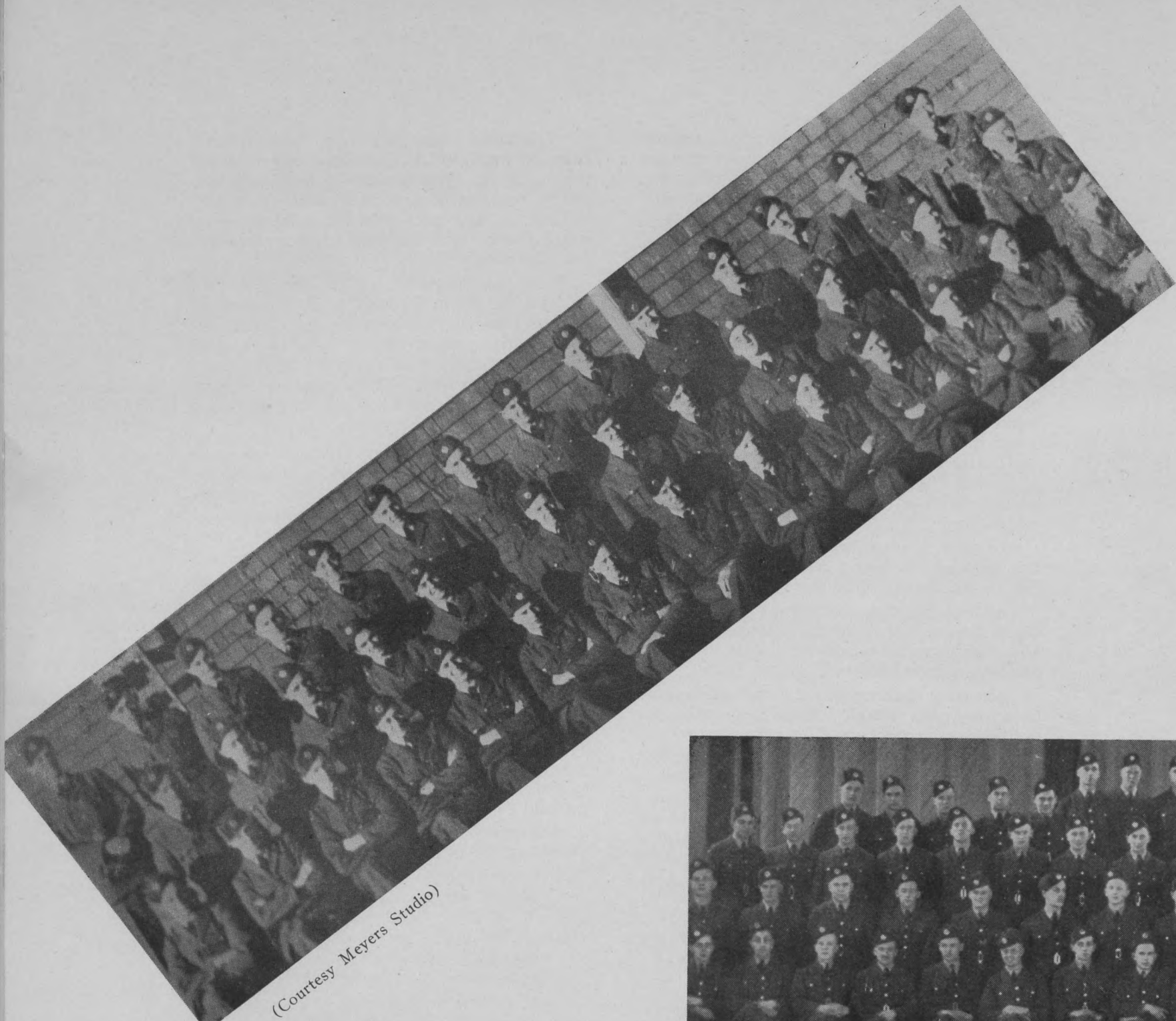
I handed the weapon over, my confidence returning as I discovered that my companion had evinced no desire to murder me.

"It's none of my business, but — well — what exactly are you? Why do you carry that thing around?"

He chuckled. "I can't satisfy your curiosity fully, I'm afraid. Shall we say—the whole of Europe is pretty near the brink of war nowadays, and my commercial travelling tends to be a little unorthodox."

I was thrilled to the roots of my eighteen year old soul. This man must be a spy—shades of Bernard Newman! I asked him pointblank, but he merely twinkled at me and lapsed into silence. As we neared Cologne he was standing by the door with his luggage. The train had not run to a stop in the station when he flung me a hasty "Gut' Nacht!" and raced off towards the station exit.

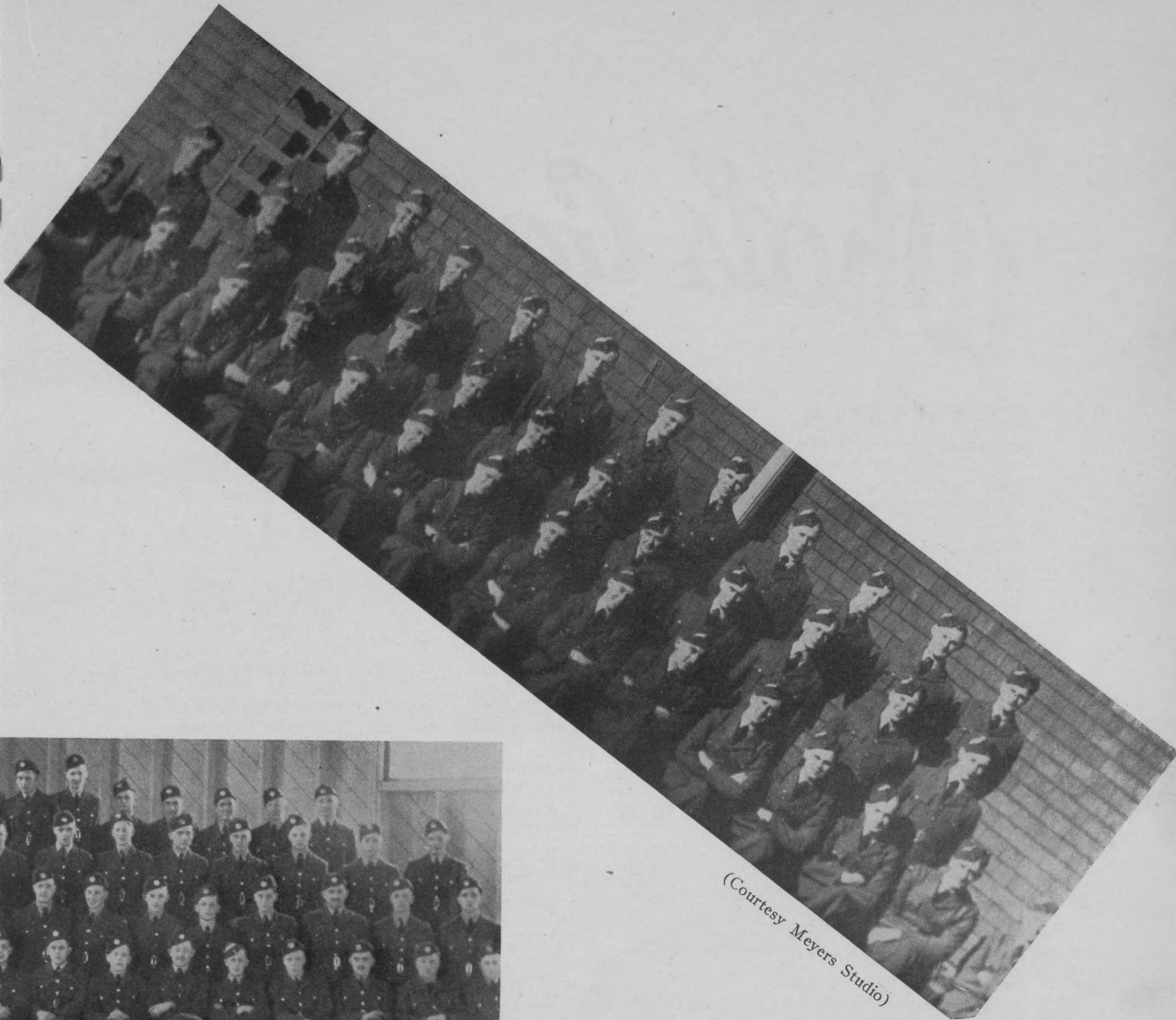
Still in a mood of excitement and elation I entered the waiting room and ordered a coffee. It was a pity that I spent so long consuming it, for it was not until I wished to settle the bill half-an-hour later that I realised how neatly my friend Tauber had lifted my wallet.



(Courtesy Meyers Studio)



*"Some of*



(Courtesy Meyers Studio)



of "Us"

# What's Going on?

## DRAMATICS

During the last three months the Dramatic Society has been very active, both in play reading and in actual production. In the middle of December the three act thriller—"The Ten Minute Alibi"—was produced for two nights on the unit, and in the middle of January we took the play to the R.A.F. Station at Penhold. There it played to a packed house of over five hundred. It had been hoped to put the show on in Innisfail, but unfortunately owing to the lack of facilities in that town, the project had to be abandoned. With the regular team again on the job --Cpl. Phil Monkhouse, F/Lt. R. F. Theakston and P/O W. Smith, the next play, a farce from the Aldwych Theatre London, "Tons of Money" is in full swing, and will be seen on the unit in the first week in April. We still have room for a few more members of the dramatic society, so come along.



Our Producer

## DANCES

The Station Dance has now become a weekly event to which everyone looks forward. Transportation difficulties would deprive many people of the opportunity of attending a dance were it not for this venture. Now, due to the installation of

the P. A. System and the purchase of a large number of records, enjoyable evenings of dancing are available for all; that they are enjoyed is proved by the large attendances and favourable comments of all. Much of the credit for their success must be given to the capable handling of the Masters of Ceremonies.

The Dance Committee, composed of Mr. S. Boyce, P/O W. Smith, F/Sgt. E. A. Talbot, Shirley Kerfoot, Mr. J. Warner, Mr. T. Bull and Mr. K. Hutchinson, are very pleased with the results obtained to date. The last large Station Dance with the Penhold R.A.F. Swingers in attendance was a huge success, and may indicate that we shall have to move to the Drill Hall to accommodate future crowds. It is the sincere wish of the committee that dances in the future will continue to improve and become bigger and better.

## SPORTS

The Sports Committee have made an excellent job of the winter's activity. Sgt. Powell, our new P.T.I., has kept things rolling along really smoothly in the Drill Hall in the evenings.

Interest seems to favour the short term or monthly competition rather than the long term tournaments of various kinds of the past winter. Honours in the Badminton Tournaments have gone to varied recipients; the Officers have shown themselves monotonously supreme in Basketball. In the Ice Hockey League the combined Motor Transport and Works and Buildings Team wrestles mightily with the Front End, with the Officers and Sergeants bringing up the rear. There have been no major casualties.



Sgt. Powell's enthusiastic organisation laid the foundation of the success of the Station Boxing Tournament and the meet with the Olds Agricultural School.

More Sports evenings of this type are in

prospect — watch for them and cheer for your station.

## MUSIC & QUIZ

The Recorded Celebrity Concerts have kept up their steady fortnightly programmes throughout the last three months, the average audience being about one hundred. New recordings are constantly being added to our library, and we would appreciate hearing from you with any suggestions for future programmes.

The Quiz programmes once per month have proved as popular as ever, whether for the \$25.00 or for the amusement value we are not certain. However, they have become more and more ambitious, and of late have included an interlude in the form of a variety concert, thanks to the great amount of talent which has been found on the station. The broadcast "Command Performance" (CFAC 28th February) was to a large extent a duplication of one of the Quiz show interludes, with the addition of the No. 2 Wireless School Band and Sgts. Cluff and Nichol.

Any enquiries, criticisms or suggestions should be addressed to the committee which is composed of F/Lt. W. F. Miller, F/Lt. S. P. Millar, F/Lt. R. F. Theakston, Mr. J. Warner and Mr. H. Buchner.

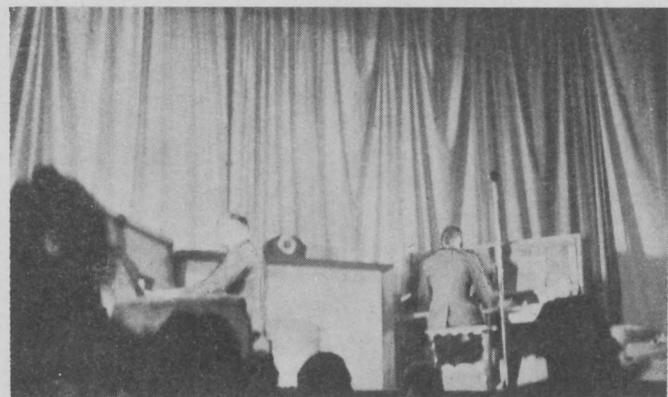
## EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES

Under the auspices of P/O Barrow, the Station Education Officer, are several schemes both entertaining and instructive.

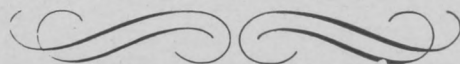
One of these is the weekly discussion group. Inaugurated by L.A.C. J. Murray, who ably acts as chairman, the group has already held several successful meetings covering a wide range of subjects. Personages of note on the station are usually in attendance, and the argument usually waxes fast, furious and enjoyable. Come along and air your views—you will enjoy yourself, and may even learn something.

The bi-weekly German classes given by Sgt. S. Sharp are rapidly expanding in size—so much so that the formation of a second class is under consideration. Incidentally, these classes are not limited to senior N.C.O.'s, as seems to be the popular impression amongst pupils. If you are interested in learning the language, either from considerations of future value, or simply as a cultural asset, see P/O Barrow or Sgt. Sharp.

Finally, will those of you who are willing to give lectures to the Pool Flight, and have not already come forward, please contact P/O Barrow and let him know the subject about which you wish to talk.



"COMMAND PERFORMANCE"





### "TONS OF MONEY"

The Station Dramatic Society is hard at work again, this time on the production of a farce.

Tons of Money is one of the early Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn plays, so that little imagination is required to appreciate the kind of show you are going to see. It is the story of a young married couple, Aubrey and Louise Allington, who are in dire need of the wherewithal to pay debts amounting to a considerable sum. The money duly arrives at the psychological moment in the form of a bequest from Aubrey's brother, who has just died.

Unfortunately there is a condition attached to the bequest — on the death of Aubrey the money passes to his cousin exiled in Mexico. The latter has long been presumed dead; and to evade the onslaughts of their creditors Louise deems it expedient that Aubrey should 'die' and return to life as the long lost cousin. This excellent idea goes astray when the butler's brother, Henery, appears impersonating the said cousin. Matters are further complicated by the appearance of the real exile, come to claim the fortune on the 'death' of Aubrey.

From this point chaos develops rapidly. When everyone has been driven to distraction a new twist in the situation sends agley the deep scheming of all concerned, and everything turns out for the worst.

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## Shakespeare in the R.A.F.

#### Link Section

"Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly"  
(*Henry VI, Act IV, Scene 7*)

#### The M.O.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends  
Rough-hew them how we will"  
(*Hamlet, Act V, Scene 2*)

#### Flight Sergeants

"A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy"  
(*Henry VI, Act III, Scene 1*)

#### Exasperated Instructor

"An oath, an oath, I have an oath"  
(*Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Scene 1*)

#### Pupils

"Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe"  
(*Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Scene III*)

#### Jankers

"But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined."  
(*Macbeth, Act III, Scene 4*)

#### No. 32 E.F.T.S.

"A necessary end  
Will come when it will come"  
(*Julius Caesar, Act II, Scene 2*)

#### Dramatic Society

"He does it with a better grace,  
but I do it more natural."  
(*Twelfth Night, Act II, Scene 3*)

#### Front End Types

"Come hither, come hither, come hither"  
(*As you like It, Act II, Scene 1*)

R.A.F. PLAYERS, BOWDEN  
present

# of TONS \$ MONEY



Starring

MARY McKENZIE - - - - - DAVID DAILEY



● CAST

Sprules ----- F/O D. Follows  
Simpson ----- "Red" Ferguson  
Miss Benita Mullett  
                    Winnie Warnock  
Louise Allington Mary McKenzie  
Aubrey Allington Sgt. David Dailey  
Giles - P/O D. C. Hickling  
James Chesterman  
                    F/O A. E. Nichol  
Jean Everard Betty Langton  
Henery F/Sgt. Peter Darling  
George Maitland - Sgt. S. Sharp

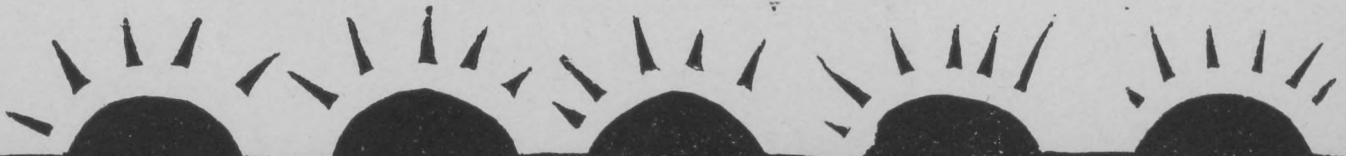
**RUN COMMENCES  
EARLY APRIL**

● PLAY ●

Produced by Special Arrangement  
with  
SAMUEL FRENCH (Canada) Ltd.  
Toronto.

●  
Lighting Effects Mr. Jack Warner  
Stage Mgr. Cpl. P. G. Monkhouse  
Properties -- Sgt. S. Sharp  
Prompter -- F/Sgt. W. Millard  
Make-up -- Cpl. P. G. Monkhouse

PRODUCED BY CPL. P. G. MONKHOUSE





# FRUIT FOR SALE

By GERALD DEAN

Mrs. Watton was touched. "You didn't oughter do it, Effie. Arter all 'Arry's been away a long time and you don't want your old ma with you."

"Aw go on ma", said Effie. "You know 'Arry thinks the world o' you. 'Sides we could all go out together and celebrate 'is bit of leave. We'll go out, do the picshures, 'ave a bit of supper and then maybe go and see Madame Claire and let 'er tell your fortune."

Mrs. Watton was still undecided. "It is awful kind of you, Effie, but what about my pitch!"

"Aw, bother your old pitch, ma. They can do without their flowers one day in the year. Sides you know 'Arry always promised you 'e would take you out in his new R.A.F. uniform. Come on ma, be a sport."

Ma was convinced that Effie, the apple of her eye, really did want to take her out, and with much sniffing she finally managed "God bless you Effie, I'll be there."

The old Kent Road, just as dirty and dingy as ever and even more battered about than it had been in Mrs. Watton's youth, stretched its interminable way home. To Mrs. Watton the dirty faces of the brick buildings had taken on a rosy hue. Her mind filled with six penn'orth of pictures, and her old tummy replete with fish and chips thoughtfully provided by 'Arry, and with 'Arry on one arm and Effie on the other she felt the proudest woman in London. Her old feet tripped along the pavement in a manner reminiscent of her youth, which may have been due to the absence of her heavy basket which constant carrying had made her, so her friends told her, somewhat lopsided.

"There's Madame Claire's, ma," said Effie. "Now we'll just pop in and 'ave your fortune told."

"Aw I dursn't" Mrs. Watton shivered. "I've never been to a fortune teller in m'life."

"Aw come on ma," said 'Arry. "Madame Claire is real good. She gave me the gen. She told me that I was going to marry Effie and 'ave three kids and join the Air Force and all."

"Then, she must've been wrong, see!" said Mrs. Watton. "Effie hasn't got no kids."

"Maybe I have though," said 'Arry.

"Don't you bring 'em 'ome to me," said Effie, "I don't 'old with this 'ere promiscuous running around. If I find you chasin' after these 'ere Jezebels I'll lay you out, I will."

"Don't take on so, Effie," said Mrs. Watton. "'Arry is only 'avin' you on. 'Arry is a good boy, ain't you 'Arry." Harry made a seemly noise, squeezed Mrs. Watton's arm and escorted her to Madame Claire's.

The front parlour was very dark, and even to Mrs. Watton's none-too-discerning nose smelt rather fusty. She fingered the faded green plush chair nervously, and the stuffed owls and animals which surrounded the room did nothing to lessen her perturbation. The rather faded looking female opposite to her nodded her pale fleshy face in what was meant to be an imposing manner, but which succeeded only in rippling the three double chins suspended from it. Mrs. Watton was not critical and was duly impressed.

"Give me your 'and, dearie," said the faded one, and very nervously Mrs. Watton complied.

"Wot an 'and!" said the faded one. "Gor blim'y, but you 'ave 'ad a life, you 'ave. I can see you 'ave been on noddin' acquaintance with dukes and earls and such."

"That I 'ave," said Mrs. Watton. "That I 'ave."

"You are goin' to be famous, you are. You're goin' to 'ave your name in the papers, and you'll 'ave dukes and belted earls on their knees abeggin' favours of you, but you'll 'ave to be careful. I can see a big black cap. You'll 'ave to be careful or you'll run foul of the law."

"What, me run foul of the law," said Mrs. Watton "Me, I'm a clean living woman, I is. I goes to church regular. I've never been in the Police Court in my life."

"Well, you will," said the faded one, "but it will all come out all right."

There was dead silence, and then Mrs. Watton timidly asked, "Isn't there any more?"

"Not for now," said the faded one, "one 'and for 'alf a crown. You can 'ave two for three and six."

Mrs. Watton was tempted, but remembered that the treat was on Harry.

The cold damp morning air of the London winter searched every part of Mrs. Watton's gaunt old frame, as she hurried along in the pre-dawn towards Covent Garden. The life of a flower seller is not all beer and skittles, although that fact had never struck her with any great force—she had never known any other.

"Mornin' Lizzie", "Mornin' Lizzie," greeted her from all sides as she picked her way through the throng of buyers towards her own regular supplier. She made her usual careful selection, and was just about to leave, her basket filled, when Mr. Craven called her back.

"Could you do with some oranges, Lizzie," he inquired in a hoarse whisper.

"Can an 'orse drink?" she replied. "What's all this you're givin' me? Oranges! I haven't seen an orange for two years."

"I ain't 'avin' you on, Lizzie," said Gus Craven. "The fac' is, we 'ad the first shipment in the Garden lars night, one of the crates got broken, and I got some of them. Seein' as 'ow you've been a good customer to me regular, I thought you might like some. Anyway, Liz. 'ere's a couple of dozen. They're a bob each to you."

Mrs. Watton was overcome.

"Two dozen oranges!" She made a mental calculation—one for Effie—one for 'Arry—one for Mr. Freeman, the minister, and perhaps one for herself,—that left twenty. Twenty at two bob apiece—that was a whole quid profit. She literally flew to her pitch!

At 8.30 in the morning the crowds thronging Oxford Street were at their greatest and Mrs. Watton's basket began to be depleted. She had carefully hidden the fruit beneath the flowers so as to be able to offer it to her best customers, and it was now gradually coming into view. By nine o'clock she had great difficulty in keeping it concealed, and by ten she had disposed of the first dozen.

Such activity could not go long unnoticed, and soon her pitch began to resemble Wembley Stadium on Cup-Tie Day.

"Is that an orange I see?" exclaimed a very portly gentleman in morning coat and top hat who had pushed his way to the front.

"It is, m'Lord," said Mrs. Watton. "It's a real orange I've managed to save for you."

"Well, I think that is damn decent of you," said his Lordship, passing over a ten shilling note and receiving the orange in exchange.

"'Ere's your change, your Lordship," said Mrs. Watton, extending the silver.

"Keep it, my good lady, keep it," said his Lordship, caressing his orange with a mixture of paternal pride and affection as he disappeared.

"'Ave you got one for me?" said an apologetic voice, whose owner, complete with corduroy trousers tied with string under the knee, a cocked felt hat on his head, and a broom in one hand, had managed to sweep his way to the front.

"I 'ave, George," she said. "I know it's thirsty work sweeping the roads. 'Ere's your orange and 'ere's your flower, all nice and freshlike."

"'Ow much is it, dearie?" asked George.

"They're two bob really," said Mrs. Watton, "but you can 'ave it for a bob." And again the fruit changed hands.

The crowd surged, and as is the way with crowds, the weaker ones got hurt, those with the greatest experience doing great execution with shoulders, elbows and knees. Mrs. Watton began to be worried.

"Mind my basket," she shrilled. "What do you think this is—a prize fight? Now you, sir, if you don't take your ugly great feet off my basket I'll 'ave the law on you."

"No, madam," "I'm sorry, madam," "I'm afraid you can't 'ave that orange, that is for another lady." "Sorry, Sir, I 'aven't got any more oranges."

"The old beggar is lying, 'course she's got some more oranges. I can see them."

Mrs. Watton was scared and angry. Her precious basket was knocked about and banged about. Her hat was awry, cocked at a rakish angle over one eye, and she was breathing hard. At this point rescue came.

"What's all this here! Come on now, move along, move along. Come on, Misses, what's your name?" And taking out a little black book, he licked his pencil and towered over Mrs. Watton.

"I ain't done nothing, constable. I was just sittin' 'ere quiet-like amindin' of me own business, sellin' me few flowers. I didn't want no trouble."

"She was selling oranges, constable," cried a disappointed voice from the crowd.

"Oh she was, was she?" And then sternly to Mrs. Watton, "You ought to have known better than that. Bound to create a disturbance. ..You come along o' me."

Mrs. Watton went.

. . . . .

The Police Court was filled, and Mrs. Watton felt very, very small; very, very forlorn; and very, very much alone. She was horribly, horribly scared, and even more ashamed to think that she, Elizabeth Watton, after all these years of blameless life, should find herself in the Police Court. What would the minister think! What would the neighbours think, in particular the superior Mrs. James who lived next door! What would Effie think! and what would 'Arry think! Tears streamed down her face.

"It's all right, ma, don't worry," came a voice from the third bench, and Mrs. Watton turned around in the dock to see 'Arry in his brand new uniform with Effie by his side waving encouragement. Mrs. Watton felt better.

"May it please your Honour, the next case we have is very serious," said the prosecutor. "This woman was creating a disturbance—I might almost say a riot, in Oxford Street this morning."

"What was she doing?" asked His Honour.

"Selling oranges!"

His Honour was staggered, and leaning over his desk turned to Mrs. Watton and asked, "Where in the name of marvels did you get oranges? Did you really sell oranges?"

"Oh, yes, your Honour," sobbed Mrs. Watton, "I did come by a few. Would you like one?"

His Honour was torn between the respect due to his position, a not unnatural cupidity, and a real desire to see what an orange looked like after two years. He cleared his throat. "Well, I suppose in the course of evidence I could look at it," he said, and reached one long arm in the general direction of the prisoner.

Down went Mrs. Watton's arm into the basket, up came an orange and describing a perfect circle in the air, landed into His Honour's outstretched palm.

"Well caught, Sir," came a voice from the back, to be squashed immediately with the usher's raucous voice bawling "Silence in the Court." His Honour never heard it. He fingered the orange and pressed it and squeezed it, and eventually addressing Mrs. Watton inquired, "Is this for sale?"

(Continued to Page 20)

# Girl's Gossip

By Noname



"Would you write an article for the girls' page of the camp magazine?" asked the editor.

"Write about what?" I asked.

"Oh, just about the gossip and chatter in the quarters" he said.

All is not peace and quiet behind that sign 'Out of Bounds' on the door, and we do have our excitement. Let's begin with New Year's Eve when a certain gentleman was assisted down the fire escape by two gorgeous young ladies.

It should be noted that the young gentleman was somewhat overcome with the exuberance of the occasion, and mistaking our quarters for his own, wandered in and upstairs to the washroom. This was about 2.30 in the morning and all but a few of the girls were in their beds. The few still around and unfortunate enough to see him, realizing that it was all a horrible mistake, decided to get him out unnoticed and with a little gentle forceful persuasion led him to the fire escape. At this he jibed, for, on one occasion, when leaving his own quarters by a similar route, he stated that he had torn the seat of his trousers sliding down, and apparently he did not wish to repeat the experiment. However, the girls insisted, so what could a gentleman do? It is understood that both he and his trousers reached terra firma safely.

Then there was the newcomer who wandered in last week and bashfully said "Guess I'm in the wrong place", and received the subtle reply "Guess you are!" Girls — do you think that was necessary?

Who was the girl who used to have her hair style changed for each date? "Jim likes it up" she used to say, "but Hedley can't stand it. I have the awfulest time." Is it true that Jim has been posted?

We all wonder how and why the sergeants got a telephone in their quarters. Have the sergeants a priority on line 32?

Who was it came in late one night, tripped over the floor polisher and was heard to say "Who the - - - left the baby carriage here"?

Remember. It wasn't told to me — I only heard.

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## FRUIT FOR SALE (concluded)

"Not to you, Sir," said Mrs. Watton. "You can 'ave it. I was a sellin' of them, but swelp me bob never another orange will I sell as long as I live."

His Honour handed back the orange regretfully. He sat back in his chair, and after an interminable time remarked, "I don't think there is a case here."

"There wasn't, Sir," said Mrs. Watton. "There was only two dozen."

"Silence," said the usher.

"As I was saying," resumed His Honour, "I don't think there is a case here. Obviously this good woman was merely performing a public service and she should be rewarded, not castigated." With a twinkle in his eye he rapped the table and shouted, "Case dismissed."

To Mrs. Watton the air of London seemed never so sweet as she stepped forth free.

"Effie," she said, "there must be something in this 'ere clairvoyance," and then ruminatively, "I do wish I'd 'ad me other 'and read too!"



# Padre's Page

by S/Ldr. The Rev. C. W. MANN



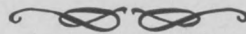
What are these strange words one hears sometimes falling from the lips of Officers and Airmen? Brownd off! Brassd off! Cheesd off! I was puzzled and often perturbed by the power and frequency with which some used these words, which had no magic in them, but only a deep despair. A man reaches this stage when he arrives at the place where Lord Byron found himself at the age of 33, and wrote: "I am ashes when once I was fire—What I loved I now merely admire, My heart is as grey as my head!" He was Brownd off! It must be a peculiar feeling, attacking a man suddenly, but it is a mistake to imagine that it is confined to the R.A.F. and the lads of Bowden. A wife who expects a Prince Charming for a husband finds that he is often a very dull, ordinary sort of fellow, and she frowns a face which would drive any sane man to distraction. The husband finds his wife is not the docile little thing he married, and becomes unhappy and sometimes does foolish things. The A.C.2. finds the R.A.F. is not all he dreamed it would be, and is often called upon to give more and receive less than he expected.

Well! What can we do about it? Has religion anything to offer us in the conquest of this feeling? In the Christian ethic and ideal there is a power which saves us from lost ideals—we recapture again the belief in a cause which is worthy of attainment, and a vision of

the sacredness of human life and destiny which pictures the world as a flower garden of beauty and peace. This feeling, Browndoffedness, to coin a word, often means we have lost enthusiasm—enthusiasm makes mistakes, but it makes character, and to lose it is to be deprived of a very precious power. But those who keep on surely to the end are those who maintain enthusiasm for the cause in which we are engaged. The word enthusiasm comes from two Greek words, meaning—In God. A new vision of God is what the world needs, and with it will be a growth in enthusiasm. The man who is Brownd off has often lost hope, and so he speaks in a strange way, using such phrases as "Roll on the boat".

There is a legend that the devil once offered his tools for sale. Included in these were hatred, falsehood, vice, greed, selfishness. One set apart from the rest was marked at a price beyond the pocket of the wealthiest. "That is my most useful tool", said the devil, "Take all the others; leave me this one and I will conquer the world." Its name was despair. When a man or a nation reach that stage of life, the end is near. So look up—get a vision of what can be—a victorious faith which conquers despair, restores ideals and keeps hope ever-green.

With this spirit we shall conquer and forge the new world, our dream.



## PHOTO COMPETITION



FIRST PRIZE:

F/Lt. A. K. Grayson  
"Adventure"

SECOND PRIZE:

L.A.C. D. Gadd  
"Lake Superior"

# CAN YOU IMAGINE?

## • • • TWENTY YEARS HENCE

by MISS E. SMETANA

"On my way to Tokyo, our plane made a refuelling stop at Bowden. You would never recognize it. All the little green huts have been replaced by huge structural buildings, for Bowden is now one of the largest cities of western Canada."

The London Art Gallery now treasures a very famous painting "Flight Over The Rockies" with the initials D.C.H. in the corner.

"I have just finished reading the best selling book of the year, "The Bow Den Mystery" by Gerald Dean. It was a smashing effort."

The London Stage and Screen is happy to announce the admittance of a great producer and comedian to its membership—none other than Mr. P. G. Monkhouse.

A prosperous farm in southern Alberta with the name "Reed" on the gate is envied by passers-by. How is the spring crop, Ted?

Mr. W. J. Salzer has just returned from his South American expedition photographing for the "Life" magazine.

Mr. J. A. Terras has entered his fifth consecutive year of figure ice skating, winning the title from Mr. A. F. H. Plant.

England has at last learned to appreciate the "jitterbug", producing the champion of the world—Mr. W. Gray—Remember him?

The popular radio parson, the Exceedingly Reverend Tony Davies, is being freely spoken of as the next Bishop of Storford cum Puddle!

Honoured in the King's Birthday list has been Mr. Frank Burton for his unceasing efforts in training pilots the world over. The latest branch of the Edmonton Flying Training School operated under his management is in Fairbanks.

Mr. A. J. Goldie, after years of campaigning, has at last succeeded in establishing the New Economic and Progressive Order in England. Another Utopia gleams on the horizon.

Prominent coney fancier, Mr. L. Hall, is reported to have accomplished the act of teaching his prized prairie Jack rabbit to ride a bicycle, thus fulfilling a life long ambition.—Walt Disney might have something to say about this.

The engineering world has been electrified by rumours of a new process in mass produced automobiles evolved by Mr. Pat Grayson.

Mr. Clair Watts is the new technical advisor of the Modern Orient Construction Project.

Mr. F. W. Willson today astounded scientists by discovering the missing link.

The coveted London Basket Ball trophy has been regained by the famous R.A.F. Pilots who had lost it last year to the R.A.F. Navigators.

The B.B.C. is televising tonight the English Hockey League finals, starring such competent old timers as:—Burton, Kennedy, Hutchinson, Theakston, Glover, Allen, Coates, Ford, Parr, Nisbet, Barr, Micklem, Cureton-Jones, Bobby Smith, Norris, Ness, Sullivan, Rees, Powell, Lock, Philp, Williams, Graham and Simmons. What physique!

The Aberdeen Stampede has long been adopted by public opinion as one of the best entertainments of the year in the British Isles. Do you recall your first Calgary Stampede?

"The Brains Trust" is still struggling with the question, "Who was the most prominent figure in the Second World War?"

The coldest day experienced in Alberta for the past 20 years was 1942-43 when the temperature dropped to 50° below zero. We flew Tiger Moths in those days.

The hit tune of the week is "Parachute Packin' Mamma". Where have I heard that before?

Daily Routine Orders is a universal newspaper published for all members of the R.A.F. above the rank of Air Commodore.

The Gopher Club held its Twenty-First Annual Meeting today in London. Mr. B. L. H. Howes was again in the chair with all the original members attending.

"The Three Corners" is still holding its place in the publishing world as the best magazine ever produced.

Englishmen — "Canada was not such a bad place after all."



# A CLERIC LOOKS BACK

by F/Lt. E. (Tony) DAVIES

Cosy and compact under the broad blue of a Derbyshire sky, a little village nestles on the slope of a hill. Its main street straggles crazily from the "Jovial Dutchman" to where, on its highest point the graceful grey finger of St. Mary's spire points stiffly to the heavens, and around it in quiet solitude under the whispering wind in the long grass, sleep the fathers of the village, as in life, peaceful and aloof from the rest of the world.

Standing at the lych gate that day in June, nothing seemed more in keeping with this rural setting than the bent, gnarled figure of Warty Jack, with his rheumy eyes, lined face, and old briar stick; Warty Jack in the trade of ten generations of his fathers, aye! and probably more, sexton of St. Mary's, and keeper of the dead. The first time I met him was under amusing circumstances at the house of one Big Ike, to which both had repaired, staggering under the weight of a small barrel quietly extracted from the well stocked cellars of the "Jovial Dutchman," and from which later in the company of our worthy village policeman, I removed Warty. He was under the kitchen table, confined there by the menace of a shotgun held in the hands of Big Ike, who was demanding in a loud voice, that he should come out and be shot "like a bloody man."

He had worked under my watchful eye for two months, when my vicar went on his holidays, and the old doctor died. The doctor was a "personage," or had been, the funeral would be "county," persons with "posh" funerals were always laid for their last night in the church, so in accordance with the wishes of the good doctor's wife, I was asked to arrange for this. The good doctor's wife was a formidable person, she was also wealthy, the lure of wealth, its glamour and its power has much influence within the portals of the church catholic, and so, being wise and discreet, I gladly assented.

It was perhaps 5 o'clock on a summer evening when we carried the coffin up to the altar rails, and, removing the lid, left one more son of the village to spend these last few hours in the tranquil peace of the church of his fathers. On such occasions as these, of course, we locked the church, and the ponderous key turned in the ponderous lock, we stepped from the shadow of the great west door, into the late afternoon sun, and went home to tea.

When the tenor bell began to ring hurriedly some little time later it was growing dusk, and apart from the fact that I could not immediately understand why the tenor should be ringing at this hour, there seemed nothing strange about it—until I thought of the doctor! Now if you have just laid a dead man in the church, and removed the lid of his coffin then locked the door on an empty church, and you hear the tenor bell ringing with animation, it would leave you, as it did me, with a chill feeling of discomfort, and a somewhat moist sensation under the collar. That I was not the only one thus affected was obvious by the hurried and undignified entry of the vergers and the undertaker, and we all asked the same question at the same time, "Why is the tenor bell ringing, AND WHO IS RINGING IT?" We could all have suggested a terrible answer to that question, but we left our horror unspoken, to make itself seen in our faces, and timidly took the great key, and went timorously to the great west door.

Reluctance is a good word, but I wonder if it will suggest to you just how I went—please do not misunderstand me, it was in the company of the other two that I went up the pathway to the door. No, I will be quite honest and say, toward the door, for we stopped some fifty feet short to collaborate. None of us wished to open that door, the possibilities were too unusual and gruesome; so for obvious reasons our lean dark friend the undertaker (they are always lean and dark) went towards the door and fitted the key, which task he seemed, rather oddly, to find difficult. We retreated determinedly as the huge door creaked open, and the dark church loomed beyond—and who should walk out but our old friend, Warty Jack.

The moment was amusing in its intensity, and for once I almost, but not quite, kissed old Warty. The explanation is brief and illuminating. Apparently in the afternoon he had climbed the north tower to oil and grease the bells, and I had inadvertently locked him in. He told us that he had shouted and waved from the battlements, before he hit on the novel way of attracting attention to his plight by ringing the tenor bell.

High on the hill, the graceful finger of St. Mary's spire points to the cloudless blue of a Derbyshire sky, beneath it in quiet solitude under the whispering wind in the long grass, sleeping the unbroken rest of the peaceful dead, lie Warty Jack, Big Ike, and the good doctor. Down in the bar parlour of the "Jovial Dutchman," when the darkness falls, men still chuckle over their ale as they tell this story to the travellers who pass in the night.

# CARIBBEAN CRUISE

by P/O R. J. BARROW

"Mr. Barrow, the phone wants you." This, in the local idiom of British Honduras, means that someone wishes to speak to you on the telephone. I picked up the receiver of the old fashioned wall telephone and immediately recognised the Colonial Secretary's voice. "Barrow, can you be ready to leave on Thursday?"

This happened about noon Tuesday, 3rd March 1942, and marked the end of my struggle to obtain release from the Company for which I had been working, with the idea of going home and joining up. So that the next two days were a mad rush of turning over my job to my successor and performing the myriad small tasks which had to be done.

When my preparations were complete the customs launch took me from the few friends who had gathered to see me off out to the schooner 'Racer' in which I was to make the first step of the journey home. She is an auxiliary schooner of about 220 tons gross, and was originally three masted. The centre mast having been removed, she now sailed with two and an auxiliary engine, which pushed her along at about 4 knots.

Crew and passengers were a mixed lot. The Captain, a West Indian from Grand Coymen, had wide experience on ships of the kind, and knew his job from A to Z. The mate, also from Grand Coymen, and an excellent sailor, included engine maintenance with his other duties. There were eight West Indians of different shades in the crew, including a wireless operator, whose duties were to commence only in case of emergency.

The passengers included a young British Honduran, also on his way to join the R.A.F., a local sanitary inspector and four school teachers on their way to Jamaica, a young mother and her two small chocolate drops, aged about 8 and 10. These two youngsters spent all their time leaning over the stern to watch the sharks which followed us. Fortunately, there were no casualties, in spite of a strong north wind and a cross swell.

Our food lacked variety, consisting largely of canned sausages and beef, together with the inevitable rice, and red kidney beans, yams, yampas, sweet potatoes and bread and butter. Fruit, in that region which teemed with it, was surprisingly lacking. Nevertheless, the trip went pleasantly enough after the first few days of seasickness. We sunbathed in the daytime and sang to the strains of a guitar after sundown. There was quiet beauty in the scenes, with a tropical moon shining through the sails and the resonant voices of the coloured men blending with those of the lady school teachers, and the sweet notes of the guitar in the background.

Our mode of travelling was not wholly idyllic. After several unsuccessful attempts to achieve a complete wash in a small compartment about 4 feet square, the whole complicated by the movements of the ship, I began to long for our arrival at Grand Coymen, our first port of call, where a bath would be available. It was there that a Presbyterian minister promised me a bath—for the following morning! Apparently it would require a certain amount of preparation, and could not be done that night. Great was my anticipation.

Alas! a strong north-wester during the night compelled us to move anchorage to about five miles down the coast; our stay ashore was of only short duration and so I had no bath!

We set sail again the same afternoon, and with the wind behind us made probably a record trip, since we were in sight of the west coast of Jamaica the following morning. We reached Kingston, after chugging happily along the South coast of Jamaica on the engine alone, 24 hours later.

Formalities over, I finally achieved my hot bath.

Sinkings in the Caribbean were rather serious at that time, and I spent months in Jamaica waiting for a passage to England. Finally I departed, not for England, but Canada. Our first port of call after leaving Kingston was Belize, the very port from which I had started my sailing trip!



