Effie Smetana

32 E.F.T.S.
EDMONTON FLYING

RAF

BOWDEN
TRAINING SCHOOL




# THREE CORNERS

## SOUVENIR

. . . '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.*

DOUBLE QUARTERLY - JUNE

FIFTY CENTS

B4 Sqn/32 EFTS




ROYAL AIR FORCE

W. ELDER
-2009



# THREE CORNERS

Souvenir Issue of the Magazine of
No. 32 ELEMENTARY FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL,
of the
ROYAL AIR FORCE - BOWDEN.

Published by
THE EDMONTON FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL, LIMITED
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.

Editor:
F/Lt. W. F. Miller, R.A.F.

Assistant Editors:
F/O D. R. W. Greenslade, R.A.F. Sgt. S. Sharp, R.A.F.

Art Editors:
P/O D. C. Hickling, R.A.F. F/Sgt. D. F. M. Simmons, R.C.A.F.

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Illustrations by
P/O D. C. Hickling and F/Sgt. D. F. M. Simmons.

Photographs by
F/Lt. A. K. Grayson, F/Sgt. P. L. Chinn and Sgt. S. Salzer.

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Printed in Calgary, Canada, by the Phoenix Press Co. Ltd.

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# EDITORIAL

IT is with mixed feelings that I write this last editorial to the "Three Corners." To borrow a Canadian expression, editing this magazine has been "a lot of fun", and thanks to its particularly happy financial state, skimping and paring has not been a major problem.

Our policy since its inception last year has been definitely to make it the largest and most lavish Service Magazine in Canada; to produce it in such a way that it would bear comparison with the famous commercial magazines instead of being just another Station Paper. Station Papers, estimable in themselves, are prone to be boring and uninspiring to anyone not of the unit. We have endeavoured to make the "Three Corners" wider in scope and readable even to those who never heard of Bowden save as "the place my hubby is stationed". Of our success or failure you and your families must be the judges.

The production of even the most simple periodical is not all beer and skittles, and had I not been able to leave to such stalwarts as P/O Hickling and Flt./Sgt. Simmons the Art work, F/O. Greenslade and Sgt. Sharp the editing, and F/Lt. Grayson, F/Sgt. Chinn and Sgt. Salzer the photographic work—well—there would have been no "Three Corners". I believe we are the first unit paper to publish sheet music. This song, the words and music of which were composed by F/O. Hanson and arranged for the piano by F/O. Stott, was drawn by P/O. Hickling and reduced by photographic process by Sgt. Salzer. The title "You've had it", is, I think, particularly apt. To F/Lt. Tony Davies and L.A.C. Murray a special word of praise, too, is due for their drive and enthusiasm. To their efforts we owe the fact that over 300 copies of this edition were sold and paid for before even it went to press.

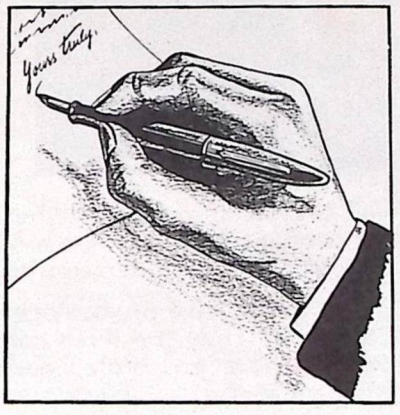
One of the most amazing features of this magazine has been the talent it has unearthed. This is a small unit—one of the smallest in Canada—and yet we have been fortunate in finding right on our own station experts and even geniuses in every field. At the risk of being accused of blowing our own trumpet, I am prepared to say that the quality of the articles, stories, drawings, illustrations and photographs will bear comparison with the best magazines in any field. To all of you who have contributed, my sincere thanks and congratulations.

Finally, let me say 'thank you' to S/Ldr. B. L. H. Howes and Mr. F. V. Burton for their great encouragement and support, and to all of you on the station, civilian and service, whose many kind words have so encouraged us. We have been a happy station and it is going to be hard to say our good-byes, but in the years to come when we thumb over the pages of these well worn copies, it will be nice to reminisce and look back on these good old days, before we flip over the last page and put our volumes back on the shelf.

And so—Goodbye everyone—and the best of luck.

*The Editor*

- ★ Message from the AIR OFFICER COMMANDING.
- ★ The President of the Board of Directors.
- ★ The Manager.
- ★ The Officer Commanding R.A.F. Personnel.
- ★ Departmental Head's Farewell
- ★ Letters to The Editor.



From the

# Air Officer Commanding,

## No. 4 TRAINING COMMAND

AIR VICE MARSHAL G. R. HOWSAM, M.C.



THERE is an inescapable element of sadness in leave-taking. In writing these few lines for the last edition of "Three Corners" I am only too conscious that that element colours my thoughts.

We all know, and I speak not only as an officer of the R.C.A.F., but as a Canadian citizen, that you would leave us when the time was at hand.

Yesterday you came to live and train among us; veterans of the enemy's onslaught; fired by that admonition that today bands together all free men — "God grants liberty only to those who live it, and are always ready to defend it."

Together we have trained and sharpened our wits to turn back that onslaught, that threat, to the liberty which is the fountainhead of our Commonwealth, that essence of civilization which distinguishes us from the evil genius of our enemies.

In the process we have come to know each other better, and I like to think, we have strengthened further the bonds of mutual respect and understanding between Canada and the Mother country.

No. 32 E.F.T.S. has contributed much to the success of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. This is well evidenced in the fact that your school has been the winner, twice in succession, of the pennant awarded by the Minister of National Defence for Air, for efficiency and a high standard of administration. You are indeed deserving of the warmest congratulations.

Not the least of your achievements is the production of your station publication "Three Corners". Truly the three corners of the world have met at No. 32 E.F.T.S., and in this meeting have invigorated each other. Now we are soon to press home to the enemy the poignant lesson — "Twice armed is he who fights in freedom's cause" — —

May we meet again!

G. R. HOWSAM,
Air Vice Marshal.

From The President of

# The Edmonton Flying Training School

The management, on behalf of the editor of "Three Corners", has requested me to write a few words of farewell to both the Civilian and Service personnel, and that sort of valedictory effort never comes easy for me. But I'll try.

It is now nearly four years since the first Civilian operated Flying Training School under the B. C. A. T. P. was opened in Canada and No. 16 E.F.T.S. (now No. 32 E.F.T.S.) was one of the first. It has been a long hard pull for all of you and every credit is due to the hard working and loyal Civilian staff headed by Mr. Plunkett and latterly by Mr. Burton. To this team must go full credit for the no mean achievements of the Civilian staff. I would like to be permitted to quote from a letter, dated March 24th, from the Honorable Charles J. Power who, as you all know, is Minister of National Defence for Air:



> "Our records show that the Edmonton Flying Training School has always maintained an enviable position among the other Schools in efficiency of operating for which the Board of Directors and the Employees may well be proud."

That is high praise indeed and the Board of Directors are very proud to receive such a message.

We would not have been able to earn such an expression of commendation had it not been for the splendid and whole-hearted co-operation of the Service Personnel of the Royal Air Force. We have been most fortunate in having such Officers as Wing Commander D. F. Townsend, A.F.C., S/Ldr. T. W. Hamlin and S/Ldr. B. L. H. Howes as Officers Commanding R.A.F. Personnel, and the really efficient Service staff, especially the Non-Commissioned Officers; (I have most pleasant recollections of an evening spent in the Sergeants' Mess).

To the Royal Air Force I wish on behalf of myself and the Board a sincere God-speed, and to the many we hope will return to this fair land of ours, a hearty welcome back again.

Yours sincerely,

J. M. TAYLOR,

President.

June, 1944.

From the

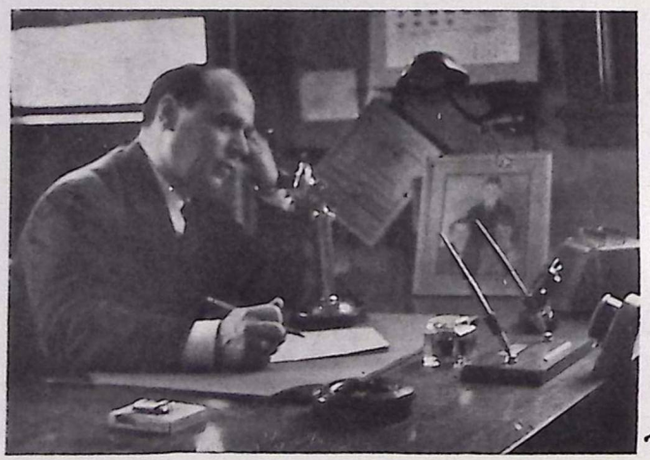
# Manager of No. 32 E.F.T.S.

## BOWDEN

It is with the deepest feeling that I write this letter to you through the medium of our magazine "Three Corners". As most of you know I have been connected with the Edmonton Flying Training School Limited since its inception, first as Chief Engineer and latterly as Manager, and I wish to thank each and every member of my staff for the efforts they have put forward and the excellent co-operation they have given me, without which the success enjoyed by this Unit would not have been possible. I feel that I was fortunate as Manager to have as my predecessor Mr. D. M. Plunkett whose "paving the way" has made my job easier.

I would especially like to thank my Department Heads; Mr. Kennedy of the Ground School, Mr. Watts of the Works and Buildings, Mr. Frost of Engineering, Messrs. Heal and Austin of Accounts, Messrs. Bull and Honey of the Messing, the Engineering Crew Chiefs, and the many others who have been with the Company for so long and have worked so cheerfully and conscientiously. I would also like to mention our Chief Matron, Mrs. Dacre and on her behalf thank all the female staff for their co-operation. I sincerely hope that, after August 25th, when the School is disbanded and we travel our various paths, it will perhaps be my good fortune to be associated with some of you in some new venture.

In my mention of the R.A.F. Personnel, whom I again wish to thank for their splendid co-operation, I would especially like to thank S/Ldr. B. L. H. Howes, the Officer Commanding R.A.F. Personnel, for his untiring efforts and co-operation with myself in running No. 32 E.F.T.S., and F/Lt. W. F. Miller, the R.A.F. Administrative Officer and the editor of this magazine, both of whom have been invaluable to the success of this Unit. I also thank the Presidents of the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes, both past and present, for their efforts in making their sections of the Unit so self sufficient and successful. I sincerely hope that I may at some future date be able again to enjoy the association of the many friends I have made in the R.A.F.



I know that both the Civilian Staff and the R.A.F. Personnel feel sorry that No. 32 E.F.T.S. is closing, but in passing, we may feel that we have played some small part in the war effort, and that it has been a job well done, helping to hasten the day when this war will be successfully concluded.

To all I wish "God speed" and success.

F. Burton

(F. V. BURTON) Manager

From the

# Officer Commanding, R.A.F.

## PERSONNEL

The Editor has once again bullied me into writing a letter for our Station Magazine, a difficult task even for one gifted with the art of composition; and for me, a perfect nightmare.

The date for our disbandment is rapidly drawing near, that day will mean to the majority of the permanent staff the realization of their Service ambition — operational duty. To a few, it will mean another job in training command. To all of you, I hope it will mean the happiest of reunions with your loved ones at home. Wherever you may serve, tackle the job with the same fine spirit you have shown whilst on this unit.

I would like to couple with my wish of "Good Luck", my sincere thanks to you all for your loyalty and fine Service spirit whilst under my command.

When we finally set our course for home, we will all be leaving behind very many good friends in Bowden, Innisfail, and the surrounding district, to whom we owe our gratitude for true Western Canadian hospitality. To them all we wish good health and the best of luck in the future.



To you and your staff, Mr. Editor, I would also like to express the sincere thanks of all at 32 E.F.T.S., for providing us with such a magnificent permanent record of our stay at Bowden.

B. Howes

(B. L. H. HOWES) Squadron Leader

# Department Head's Farewell



It is with regret that we are facing the disbandment of No. 32 E.F.T.S. and that this is to be the last edition of our Station magazine. The past months will leave many pleasant memories of a happy association with members of the Civilian and Service staffs alike.

I am glad of this opportunity of expressing to the Ground Instructional staff of No. 32 E.F.T.S. through the pages of our magazine, my appreciation for the splendid co-operation and effort they have given in making the Ground school the success it has been. To the old associates of No. 16 and to the Members of the R.A.F. who have worked so well with us, I wish the best of luck and hope the happy associations of the past may be continued.

A. D. KENNEDY,
Chief Ground Instructor.
No. 32 E.F.T.S.

Everything comes to an end, except Time. Consequently an end is near for No. 32 E.F.T.S. We all knew it had to come, but it would have been much easier to take if it had also meant the end of this War.

I hope the entire Works and Buildings staff have received as much pleasure from their work as I have had in working with them, and that we both have derived some benefit from our experiences. Here's wishing each of you a better job, and a better boss. Thanks for your loyalty.

To the R.A.F. personnel: I would say "Thank You" for your co-operation with the Works and Buildings staff in its multitudinous duties. I hope you have been glad you were here, and to you "Bon Voyage" and "Happy Landings".

— Come Back Again —

To the Management and other department heads, and their staff: Some of us have been together for quite a while, and it has been remarkable that there has been so little friction or misunderstanding—we all had the same objective—and I regret that we are closing. My work, of course was "Right down my alley" but to each and all of you—"Thanks for your consideration."



M. C. WATTS, Works Superintendent,
No. 32 E.F.T.S.



It is with somewhat of a shock to receive official notice from our manager, Mr. F. V. Burton, of the closing of No. 32 E.F.T.S., and the disbandment of the organization which had taken such effort and hard work by all to bring to pennant efficiency. I would like to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the splendid efforts and the co-operation received at all times from the flying personnel which enabled the unit to be classified as an "E" school.

My appreciation goes just a little deeper with regard to the maintenance and flight line personnel. I look upon their disbanding with great reluctance, well knowing the effort expended by all engineers to maintain the high standard of efficiency. It is due to the co-operation experienced in all departments, and that alone, that made this possible. I sincerely hope that whatever knowledge has been gained here may be used to further the advance of civil aviation in the future.

G. W. FROST,
Chief Engineer,
No. 32 E.F.T.S.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Characteristic, I believe, of most Canadians is a fundamental urge to see, to know and to do: a desire to travel and to seek adventure. New lands—New horizons! Bowden for some of us has been just that. This is possibly the only good war can do—bring a sense of unity and oneness to various peoples.

Britain ceases to be the land of far-away. What formerly were names in History texts and newspapers take on added interest when we know some of the town's folk. Englishmen cease to be "Charlie McCarthy's"—their accents are not exactly effeminate—they just can't help it! An Englishman has a sense of humor after all!

We have appreciated the fine spirit of co-operation that has greeted all of our efforts, and even more the new friendships and the vital contacts with the youth of Britain. Would that there might be a similar interchange of young people in time of peace!

The closing of the school will leave many very happy memories with us and, we hope, with you. To the boys of the R.A.F. go our very best wishes. Godspeed and happy landings!

H. W. BUCHNER.

To the Editor:

Sir, may I take advantage of this, the last issue of the Magazine, to pen a message to my pupils, past and present, for I feel that to them I owe a profound debt.

Where once black locks sprouted in untidy waves, now a few sparse hairs of grey adorn my brow. Once my nights were things of monotonous unconsciousness, now they are enlivened by huge black balls jumping out of shiny tubes, and occasionally by fearsome spins from which I recover too late—with a bump as I fall to the floor. My pupils, I taught you to fly (!) but you taught me the bitter sweetness of tears of exasperation, the meaning and value of profanity, the relief of unseen gesticulation. Truly, I learned to know the hot breath of Death upon my cheeks! Yes, my pupils, you and I, we learned together, and for my part, as a parting message, I wish that you, too, may not be denied the same opportunities for widening your own experience. I wish that you, too, may become instructors—and serve you . . . . well right!

Yours, etc.,

REX W.

Dear Mr. Editor:

It came as rather a shock to hear that Bowden was closing her gates, through which many a new face has entered and many a friend gone out.

The privilege of being connected with No. 32 E.F.T.S. has many pleasant memories, both with service and civilian personnel, and I wish to express my sincere appreciation to the Station Adjutant, Orderly Room and Motor Transport Staff for their co-operation.

Please, when you have a leisure moment, give a pleasant thought for that "bloke" Charlie, who was so hard boiled at M.T.

C. BOUTWELL.

Dear Sir:

Meeting people has always been a hobbie of mine, and the work I have been doing for the past year has therefore been most interesting.

It has been a wonderful experience to work with the R. A. F. I have found them very pleasant and have enjoyed listening to their tales of home so much so, I am now convinced I must someday visit the British Isles. My greatest pleasure has been watching and listening to them as they receive and read their mail from home. It's surprising the effect a few lines from the right person has on them. If their flying has been quite bad, a letter from home cheers them up no end. They are anxious to have another try.

This Post Office, has been, to put it in Canadian slang "Everything from Soup to Nuts". We try to do all we can to keep the boys happy. May I say to all the R.A.F. Personnel of this Station, past present and future, I've enjoyed knowing you and wish you all the best of luck and happiness that life can bring.

I think the following poem sums up what I have been trying to say.

"Life is sweet just because of the friends we
have made,
And the things which in common we share:
We want to live on, not because of ourselves,
But because of the people who care;
It's giving and doing for somebody else—
On which our life's splendour depends,
And the joy of this world, when you've summed
it all up,
Is found in the making of friends."

Yours sincerely,

M. McMURRAY.

To the Editor:

Sir,

There's a girl right here in camp
Who's known to every fellow,
Who answers with a pleasant smile
To every airman's bellow.

Civilians, clerks, instructors too,
No matter what their rank,
She knows each name—makes no mistakes,
She's safer than a bank.

It's little things in life that count,
Such odds and ends as MAIL,
And Mary's swift efficiency,
We know shall never fail.

So, Mary, please accept my thanks,
And those of thousands more,
You certainly have done your bit
For the winning of this war.

A. R. B.

ORIGINAL MEMBERS
from 11th Nov. 1940.

F. V. BURTON,
Manager

A. D. KENNEDY,
Chief Ground Instructor

J. L. AUSTIN,
Accountant

M. C. WATTS,
W & B Superintendent

G. W. FROST,
Chief Engineer

E. B. VIGUS,
Bookkeeper

F. G. BURTON,
Mechanic

W. R. CHURCHILL,
Machine Shop Foreman

D. A. CRESSEY,
Air Engineer—Crew Chief

R. DONNELLY,
Air Engineer—Crew Chief

T. A. FAIRBAIRN,
Air Eng.—Hangar Foreman

H. GULLEKSON,
Mechanic

B. HOBSON,
Air Engineer—Crew Chief

W. HUSKY,
Mechanic

R. E. JOHNSTON,
Air Engineer

M. R. MAITLAND,
Mechanic

E. McCARTNEY,
Air Engineer—Crew Chief

B. A. McWHINNIE,
Mechanic

# "They Also Serve . . ."

## HONOUR ROLL of the CIVILIAN STAFF

ON the tarmac, in the offices and hangars, at the gates of our station, stands a war worker. In a uniform, sharply contrasted to the "blue" of the service, the civilian play a part vital to the operation and maintenance of this unit. These pages are a dedication to their efforts.

Many have gone to swell the ranks of the services. Many have volunteered without avail—an essential job has kept them here. All have contributed to the fine record of efficiency this station proudly bears.

To those whose names appear on this roll we say "Well done"!

### Members Joining Edmonton Flying Training School Staff Between July 20th, 1942 and December 31st, 1942.

A. P. Bendiktsen
A. M. Blore
P. Bodner
C. M. Davenport
F. Gaidica
A. Haydamack
I. O. Linde
H. R. Parkins
D. S. Sheppard
W. S. Sutton
W. R. Burris
W. T. Young
H. G. Coverdale
L. Le Groulx
Nancy Pasnak
Emily Dodd
J. A. Stephens
H. D. Herbert
Edith M. Daniel
Eunice Freeman
Mary B. McMurray
Anne Smetana
Alice E. Spackman
Annie Cherwoniak
W. Hay
P. T. Bissett
O. K. Blore
H. S. Burden
S. Ennis
J. F. Greif
H. Kvear
G. A. Messner
H. R. Sharp
J. J. Sheremeta
F. H. West
C. Boutwell
T. Cermak
E. D. Dougherty
Bessie Le Groulx
Morna M. Reesor
Nellie Telenko
Mamie E. Stephens
Beatrice Channell
Olga Derko
Olga Hrachanko
Ruby R. Rose
Effie Smetana
Hazel Boutwell
R. K. Clifton
Elsie Heuman
Anna Mandruk
Kathleen Missenchuk
Helen Poraiko
Edna Stetsko
J. R. Arnold
C. E. Burden
A. E. Chute
S. T. Corey
W. A. Davis
S. Dent
C. Falconer
C. H. Goings
L. N. Hill
C. H. Howard
J. A. Johnston
T. Lock
H. Montgomery
C. McDearmid
J. Piggott
J. W. Price
F. B. Saunders
A. W. Smith
C. E. Sparrow
M. Sutherland
T. J. Varty
J. Watt
G. Wombold
Mary Merluk
J. Mellice
J. Quinn
D. S. Thompson
H. E. Bailey
G. A. Cameron
O. F. Cooper
F. O. Curtis
A. Daw
Mary Evelyn Fagan
P. Fordham
A. Gullekson
C. Holden
J. Howe
H. Kirkham
V. Molsberry
O. O. Myers
W. J. Pendergast
L. A. Potter
J. Rogers
F. A. Shenfield
C. F. Sortland
T. Spensley
C. S. Sweet
P. W. Ward
J. P. Weston

### Members Joining Edmonton Flying Training School Staff Between January 1st, 1943 and December 31st, 1943.

G. A. Allcock
Elizabeth Bernhardt
Martha M. Blomme
H. M. Brookhart
Esther Cootes
Florence Fisher
R. Hammel
C. Harrison
A. W. Heyd
H. Kary
C. W. March
T. J. Mitten
Mary H. McKenzie
M. V. Nielson
W. G. Panek
F. R. Peters
F. Price
Naomi M. Smith
H. Thompson
H. Wing
G. Zimmerman
Mary M. Cameron
Edna M. Gordon
Shirley Kerfoot
Dorothy Mottern
F. Neubert
Phyllis Pendergast
Doris St. Clair
L. M. Crystal
Gladys I. King
H. W. Buchner
Elsie M. Buxton
Alma Ardell
Vivian R. Bolton
R. A. Belcourt
H. D. Bilou
O. W. Brinker
H. L. Cline
Amy Davenport
R. E. Goldsmith
Eleanor Harkness
C. Heddinger
W. R. Huffman
Elizabeth Langton
L. W. Messner
Anne A. McEwan
G. H. Napper
W. Nolan
C. R. Pendergast
Evelyn L. Poil
R. Stestrap
J. T. Steadman
Ina M. Whiteford
Lois Wood
Ida F. Bolton
Patricia Coleman
G. E. Keen
Phyllis Kidd
Mina E. McEathron
H. K. Pendergast
Magdalene A. Schlosser
Zelda Warrington
Faith H. Kellar
C. Rollans
Opal L. Clarke
P. F. Heal
Laura J. Attwell
Velvet Broadbent
Joan A. Bull
Ruby Dobko
Dorothy Foster
Anne J. Grinivick
C. Honey
Jean Joyce
E. Knox
Marion Luft
Anne M. Miller
Martha Mueller
Melvina McKenniry
Frances Rowland
May Scott
Noreen Spankie
Olive Thomson
Anne A. Van Leest
Edith M. Willard
O. K. P. Allen
C. A. Berggren
G. W. Bradford
A. J. J. Feltham
A. W. Gullekson
J. Joyce
H. B. Kanten
J. Leis
A. McCallum
W. L. Shantz
Elizabeth Childers
Madeline Doel
Lois V. Frost
F. A. Heagle
Joy Jestin
Margaret Kennedy
Pearl Kurzman
A. Merluk
Gertrude Mueller
Ruby McGhee
Gertrude Pyper
Muriel M. Samson
Emily Selvage
H. Svendson
Pearl Thurber
May Van Leest
Shirley Yule
F. A. Anderson
W. E. Bozarth
A. W. Brown
D. L. Griffiths
H. N. Jones
S. Kaechele
T. O. Kirkham
J. K. Leyland
A. L. Newsham
G. R. Sutherland

### Members Joining Edmonton Flying Training School Staff January 1st, 1944 to Date.

Eudora M. Apperly
C. W. Howarth
May I. Maretz
G. A. Morphy
Margaret B. Robson
R. A. Anderson
F. W. Cranstone
Ada Andruff
Helen Burton
Jeanette Lavoie
Mabel A. McMurray
Rosaline Tanasiychuk
Violet Wood
S. M. Harvey
C. Latimer
H. J. Morrow
O. Potter
Evelyn Clark
Helen List
D. A. Matheson
Ruth Mudiman
D. V. Schwarzhoff
Yvonne R. Bell
Verna Ade
J. A. Baglien
Dorothy M. Clark
Jane A. Miller
P. Rudek
Marjorie Walker
S. Bateman
M. Lastikka
S. Melrose
W. Norman
C. E. Sick

ORIGINAL MEMBERS
from 11th Nov. 1940.

J. RIDDELL,
Mechanic

F. L. SMITH,
Aircraft Woodworker

F. J. BERRY,
M. T. Driver

S. G. BOYCE,
Chief Timekeeper

D. W. BREMNER,
Carpenter

W. CAMERON,
Stores Assistant

L. A. HALDIN,
Link Engineer

J. C. HARDY,
Aircraft Storekeeper

J. DRAPER,
Storekeeper's Assistant

J. J. GILLIS,
Navigation Instructor

J. R. WARNER,
Signals Instructor

T. BULL,
Messing Superintendent

T. BAINES,
Chief Caretaker

A. BRADBURN,
Caretaker

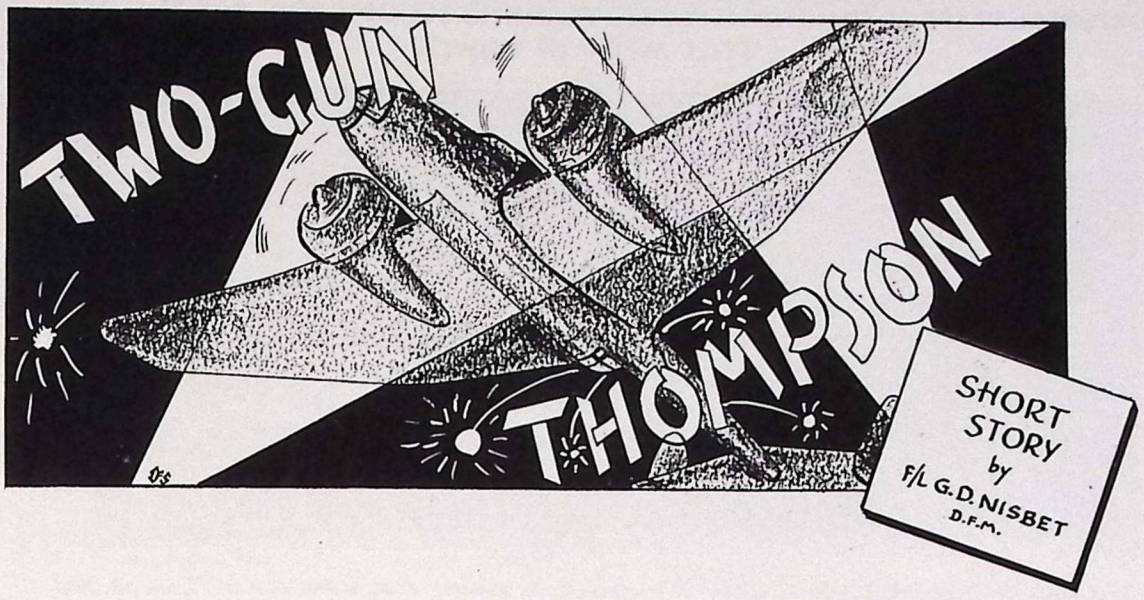
R. A. DUTTON,
Fire Department

H. E. HILL,
Caretaker

G. H. LEONARD,
Fire Chief

Cpl. F. TAYLOR,
Commissionaire


F/O G.H.STOTT
F/O D.E.DEWELL
F/O R.G.AUSTIN
F/O N.ANDREWS
F/O J.TATTERSHAW
F/O E.G.REYNARD
P/O H.H.CLARKE
F/O R.T.CHURCH
F/O R.C.R.THOMSON
F/O F.W.WILLSON
F/O R.HANSON
F/O R.E.GREEN
F/O G.J.FROST
F/O G.C.ROGERS
F/O F.A.SMALE
P/O R.J.BARROW
F/O A.W.MOORE
F/O D.A.W.GREENSLADE
F/L D.F.MAY
F/L S.P.MILLAR
COMMANDING OFFICER
F/L L.HALL
F/L G.D.NISBET D.F.M
F/O A.E.HALL
F/O L.P.MONEY
F/L E.W.HEMSLEY
S/LDR B.L.H.HOWES.
F/L E.DAVIES
F/O I.CURETON-JONES
F/O D.C.HICKLING
F/L R.M.C.SWAN
F/L H.R.EDGE M.C.
F/L W.F.MILLER
F/L B.G.WOOD
F/O D.J.JEMMETT
OFFICERS' MESS
32 EFTS - - BOWDEN
F/O A.E.NICHOL
F/O B.R.RUST
F/L J.R.ELDRIDGE
F/L K.H.ANDREWS
F/O D.J.FOLLOWS
F/O P.J.HARRISON
F/O K.S.READ
F/O K.P.HILL
F/O M.ELLISON
F/O G.GLOVER
F/O R.TAPPIN
F/O A.J.JONES
P/O R.EATON
F/O H.G.SCORER
F/O H.ELGEY
F/O P.E.BREWIS
F/O G.FRYER
F/O J.V.COYSH
F/O A.F.H.PLANT
F/O D.A.DAILEY
F/O F.P.DARLING
PHOTOS BY SGT. W.J.SALZER
ILLUSTRATED BY F/S D.F.SIMMONS




He was a good fellow, there was nothing out of the ordinary about him, but he was always popular in the Sergeants' Mess—and out of it as well. One particularly endearing feature about him was his habit, when off duty, of staggering from pub to pub, until he reached his favourite one, when he would end up on the wrong side of the counter magnanimously dishing out drinks to all and sundry.

Yes, Thompson was a good fellow, we were all agreed on that. He was a small, thick set type, and really his nickname might well have been 'Tubby'—but it wasn't. Instead we all called him 'Two Gun'—but even that wasn't because he sat behind a couple of machine guns as tail gunner of a Hampden, when his squadron was operating. No, his own inventive mind earned him his 'Wild Western' nom-de-guerre.

During his first few sorties over enemy territory as a sprog Sergeant-A.G. little Two Gun observed a phenomenon which slowly impressed itself on his mind. We had all noticed for a considerable time that whenever an enemy aircraft was in the vicinity of one of our machines, and it fired a number of pretty coloured cartridges, all ack-ack opposition ceased forthwith. Being, as I have said, of an inventive turn of mind, Two Gun pondered for a long time as to how he might turn this to his own advantage, for he was no more fond of ack-ack than any of us. For days he wandered around the station with a far away look on his face, but gradually his dreamy eyes took on a determined glint.

In complete secrecy, making sure that his actions were unobserved, Two Gun set to work, and his preparations for a trip a few nights later included the loading of roughly three dozen Verey cartridges of every hue, and two beautifully cleaned and oiled signal pistols.

As his aircraft droned across the enemy coast Thompson sat quietly in his turret, with a loaded pistol in each hand, waiting for the ack-ack to start. Ahead a cone of searchlights pointed into the night sky, and Two Gun sat quietly ready, a wicked gleam in his eye. No sooner had the first ack-ack shell burst within five hundred yards of our machine than the rest of us thought we had met all Jerry's secret weapons at once. Our childish memories of Guy Fawkes' nights at home had nothing on the firework display to which we were suddenly treated. Thompson sat back in his turret, a pistol in each fist, enthusiastically firing his coloured cartridges around us. He didn't know the German colours of the day, but being a thorough type he believed in trying every possible combination of shades. The Germans, I think, were as shaken as we were, for miraculously all opposition ceased—but it was a brief respite! Unfortunately for Two Gun's enthusiasm the suspicious Jerries redoubled their efforts, while it took Thompson quite some time to convince his pilot that the starboard engine was not the cause of the awe inspiring firework display!

Yes, old Two Gun was a good type, but after that trip we clamped down severely on his inventive propensities.

## ORIGINAL STAFF OF EDMONTON FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL, from Nov. 11th, 1940 STILL WITH US NOW.



Back Row:—J. Draper; H. E. Hill; T. Baines; D. Bremner; R. E. Johnson; B. A. McWhinnie; H. Gullekson; W. Husky; R. A. Dutton; J. Riddell; F. J. Berry; F. G. Burton; A. Bradburn; E. B. Vigus.
Centre Row:—F. Taylor; J. R. Warner; R. Donnelly; R. Herbert; J. J. Gillis, D. A. Cressey; B. Hobson; G. H. Leonard; E. McCartney.
Front Row:—L. A. Haldin; J. C. Hardy; T. Fairbairn; G. W. Frost; M. C. Watts; F. V. Burton; A. D. Kennedy; J. L. Austin; S. G. Boyce; T. Bull; W. R. Churchill.

## SOME OF THE PERMANENT STAFF



Back Row:—AC.I. D. T. C. Nicoll; LAC. F. Bailey; LAC. A. W. Skinner; AC.I. G. Z. Mullins; LAC. R. E. H. Taylor; LAC. J. Murray; LAC. A. L. Smith.
Front Row:—Cpl. P. G. Monkhouse; Cpl. E. G. Reed; Cpl. E. Lees; "LADY", the Hospital Mascot; Cpl. J. Gray; Cpl. H. Bedford; Cpl. R. L. Day.

# Follies of 1944

## THE YEAR IN REVIEW

*By Gee Dee*

JANUARY:

As we have said in our last thrilling instalment of "The Year in Review", 1943 closed in a paean of triumph, culminating in the station becoming runner-up in the Air Efficiency Competition.

It is a funny thing that however good the old year may have been, we are always anxious to welcome the new, even though we know not what it holds in store. Usually it means hard work and disappointments as well as success and happiness, but somehow the nature of man being what it is, we think there is some magic in the word "New Year" and anxiously await it, as though it were a talisman or an Aladdin's Lamp to be rubbed to produce all the good fortune for which we could hope.

Well, 1944 has produced the good fortune, but on January 1st, as far as could be ascertained, only two articles were rubbed—the first, every button on every tunic on the station, and the second, those big blue eyes of F/Lt. Edge when he read the signal telling him that His Majesty the King had awarded him the Air Force Cross. The only man who seemed surprised about it was himself.

Later in the month the station Dramatic Society took themselves to No. 36 S.F.T.S., Penhold, where they put on the three-act thriller "The Ten Minute Alibi." According to reports the hall was packed and about two hundred disappointed Penholders were clamouring at the doors vainly trying to gain admittance. Hollywood, please note!

As we have already said, a year brings both good and bad fortune, and we have to record the departure this month of one of the best fellows this unit has ever seen—Squadron-Leader the Reverend R. H. Vernon Vivian. He had an uproarious farewell—the inner details of which I deeply regret I cannot divulge, but no doubt discreet inquiries in the right quarters might prove fruitful to the earnest seeker.

As usual the month had its Oscar Quiz and Variety Show and its fortnightly Celebrity Concerts. These, of course, are now so much a part of station life that they are taken for granted, but we did put on the first Boxing Tournament that has taken place in twelve months, and it was a really good show.

As a finale to the month, F/Lt. R. F. Theakston and Sgt. W. J. Salzer were presented with Certificates of Good Service, R.A.F., awarded by the Air Officer Commanding.

FEBRUARY:

The shortest month started off in great style, when it was learned that good old Bowden had won the Air Minister's Efficiency Pennant for the quarter. Many were the theories advanced as to what the station personnel would receive. Some thought that each airman would receive a replica to be worn on the lapel of the coat, and others, more futuristic, persisted that the letter "E' would be stencilled upon the rear portions of their anatomies, whilst others still more sanguine suggested that the unit would be given a month's holiday. It is greatly regretted that none of these interesting theories bore fruit.

The following day saw the third ENSA Show "C for Yourself" in the station theatre, with Norma Terris and Rowan Tudor in the leading roles. Boy, were they good! It was easily the best show ever to visit the unit.

In the middle of the month Air Commodore Douglas Iron, O.B.E., presented the unit with the Air Efficiency Pennant, which now proudly hangs from the flag staff, and this set at rest the many theories previously referred to.

In the third week Bowden really went national, when we went on the air with "Command Performance". This really was a first rate show put on by our own people and broadcast from CFAC Calgary and a chain of five other stations from

Regina to Vancouver. I am told that this broadcast was heard in England, so presumably it went out by short wave too.

The only other outstanding feature of the month was the inauguration of a weekly Current Affairs Discussion Group under the chairmanship of L.A.C. Murray. The subjects chosen are really quite amazing, ranging from "Adult Delinquency in War Time" to "Reorganization of Education", and even touching on that very deep subject, "Woman's Place is in the Home". The Group has produced some amazing orators, soap-box and otherwise, and I am convinced that a visit any evening will give you a glimpse of some of the British House of Commons of the future. Whether this is a good thing or a bad I am not prepared to say.

APRIL:

April was notable for the Sixth Victory Loan Drive in which the station set out to emulate and, if possible, surpass the previous performance — $22,000.00 from the Service Personnel. I don't think anyone could cavil at the magnificent result of $12,350.00.

On the 18th and 19th of the month the station theatre was packed to the doors to see the three-act farce "Tons of Money" put on by the station's Dramatic Society. It was a gigantic success, if enlivened at times by the raucous cries of "woo-woo" from the male sex of the audience. This only spurred on the lady stars and starlets to even greater efforts and the play was a complete triumph for all, especially Popeye the Sailorman, better known perhaps as Cpl. Phil Monkhouse, the producer.

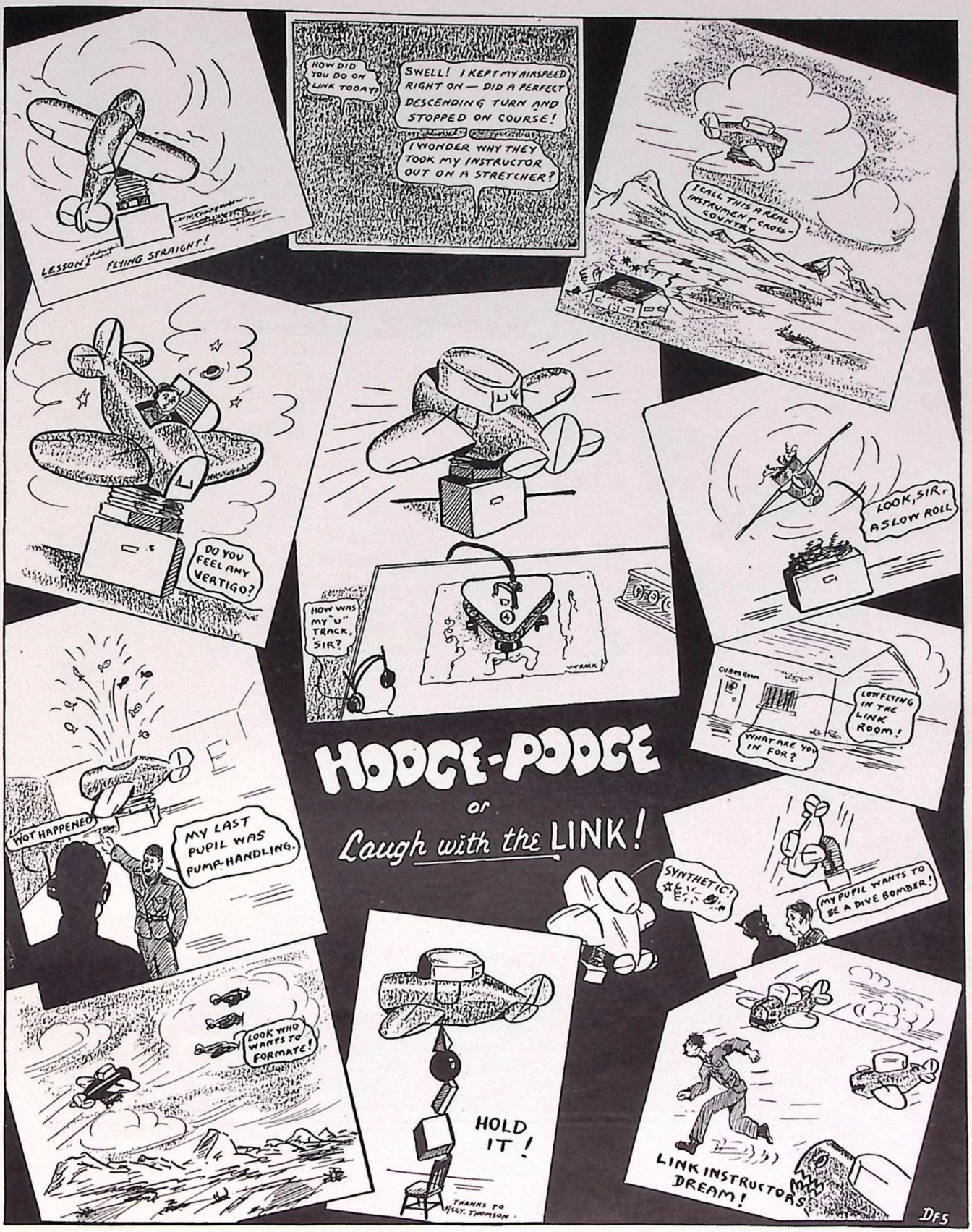
MAY:

**May Day was celebrated by the award to the station, for the second time in succession, of the Air Minister's Efficiency Pennant. Good show, chaps!**

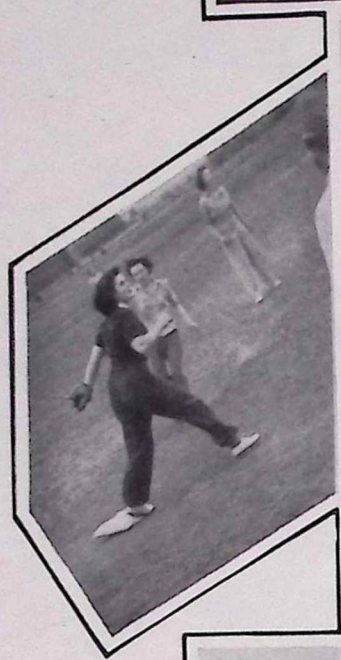
Many will remember P/O J. Mackie, late of the Link Section, as the N.C.O. who was always volunteering for Orderly Sergeant duties to get in flying hours. In one year he did 154 days Orderly Sergeant, and as a reward obtained 100 hours flying. In June of last year he obtained his second chance at a Pilot's course, and received his Wings and a commission in May of this year. He came back to his old station to visit us before proceeding overseas.

Unfortunately, the publishing game, being what it is, and being personally unblessed with the gift of prophecy, I can't forecast what will happen in May or June. I realize that when you read this, June will be here and what is now the future will be the past. However, the Editor tells me that he must have his copy by the middle of May, for that reason this little chronicle of our follies, our foibles, our good deeds and our bad, our laughter, our sorrows and all the other little incidents that make up the wicked life of this station of ours, will have to be drawn to an indecent close tonight.

Perhaps it is as well.

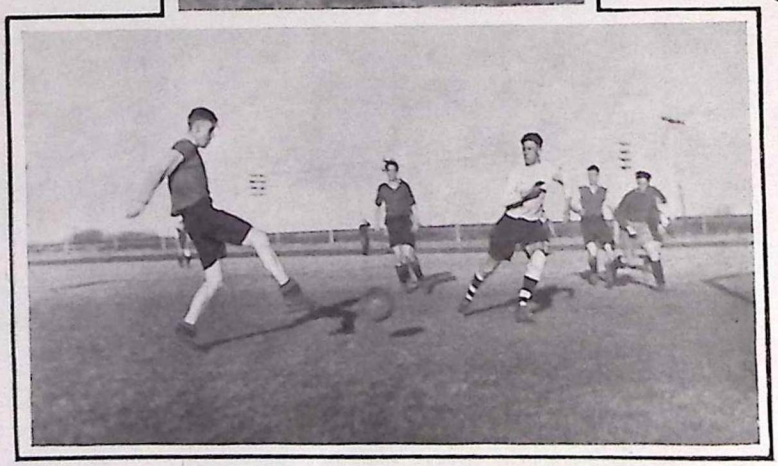

LESSON 1 FLYING STRAIGHT!
HOW DID YOU DO ON LINK TODAY?
SWELL! I KEPT MY AIRSPEED RIGHT ON — DID A PERFECT DESCENDING TURN AND STOPPED ON COURSE!
I WONDER WHY THEY TOOK MY INSTRUCTOR OUT ON A STRETCHER?
I CALL THIS A REAL INSTRUMENT CROSS-COUNTRY
DO YOU FEEL ANY VERTIGO?
HOW WAS MY "U" TRACK, SIR?
LOOK, SIR, A SLOW ROLL
CLASS ROOM
LOW FLYING IN THE LINK ROOM!
WHAT ARE YOU IN FOR?
HODGE-PODGE
or
Laugh with the LINK!
WOT HAPPENED
MY LAST PUPIL WAS PUMP-HANDLING.
SYNTHETIC!
MY PUPIL WANTS TO BE A DIVE BOMBER!
LOOK WHO WANTS TO FORMATE!
HOLD IT!
THANKS TO M/SGT. THOMSON
LINK INSTRUCTORS DREAM!
DFS











# SPORT




The Drill Hall has probably never been in more constant use since the station opened than it has since the advent of 1944. Apart from its use during all hours of the day by pupils and instructors, it has been packed night after night with both Service and civilian personnel, and the excellent standard of fitness maintained was amply demonstrated by the latest result of that quarterly nightmare, the Harvard Step Test.

Whilst the winter was with us most of the Service personnel took the opportunity of improving their skill as skaters, and by the end of the season there were many able exponents amongst them. But perhaps it was only natural that the Civilian Staff team should take the honours in the Ice Hockey League, although they were provided with some keen games. A joint Service and Civilian team representing the station was successful when it played an away match with Innisfail.

Perhaps the events which attracted most interest however, were the periodic Boxing Tournaments, three of which were held. Some really excellent bouts were witnessed, and such matches as that between F/Sgt. Danny Rees and LAC Donovan will long be remembered. After our first inter-flight contests we had the temerity to issue a challenge to the boys of Penhold and Red Deer, and we more than held our own against both the Army boxers and our R.A.F. comrades at Penhold, the ultimate score being in our favour by 15 points to 12. Very enjoyable features of these tournaments were the specially arranged comedy bouts put on by our own lads, which took the form of blindfold boxing, a display in 18th Century style, and lastly a most amusing Boxing Melee.

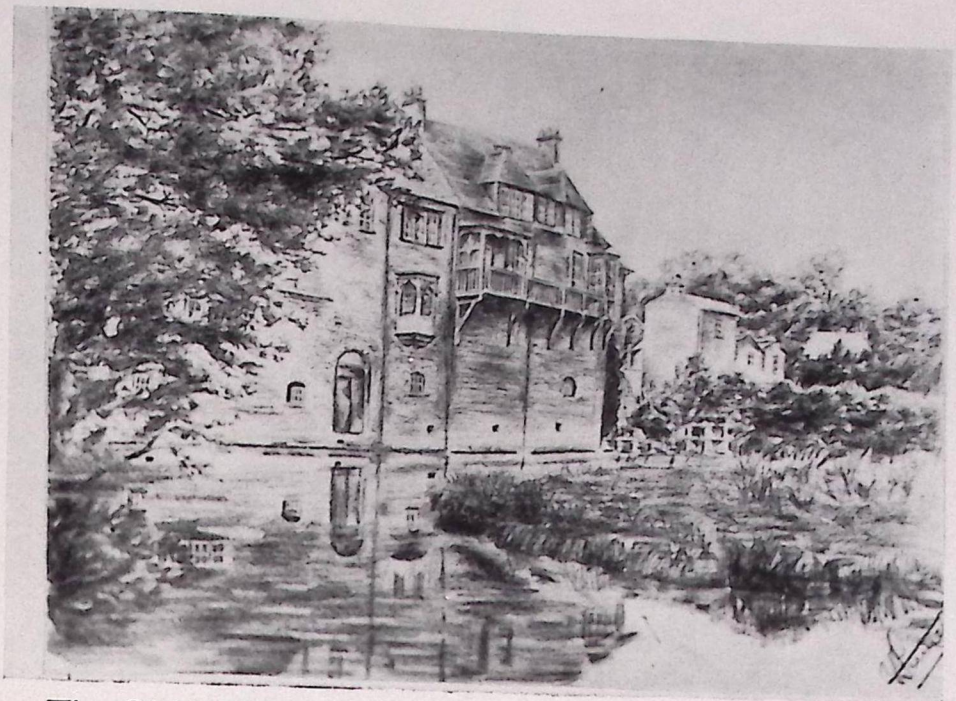
It is the Basketball teams, however, which have been the mainstay of our sporting activities, and one could rarely visit the Drill Hall when a game was not in progress. Each course, the Civilian staff, the Officers and the Sergeants all provided teams which competed in the monthly competitions. The honours were fairly evenly distributed, and the teams reached a high degree of proficiency, largely due to the enthusiasm of the members of the Link Section who acted as coaches.

Some keen games were witnessed in the Badminton Tournaments which were played off between the Courses, and particularly appreciated was the gesture of 99 and 101 Courses, who donated their prize money to the Red Cross. Monthly competitions were again a feature, and in these the officers more than held their own. A special word of thanks is due to Miss MacMurray for her efforts in organizing a Ladies' Tournament, and to Sgt. T. Powell, our P.T.I. must go the credit for a most successful six months of Sport.



Times Square - - New York, by L.A.C. T. Finney.

# With Pen . . .



The Old Mill-house - - Cambridge by L.A.C. T. Finney.



'ROBOTS' by F/S R. A. Reeve

# . . . and Pencil

# NORTH ROAD

by Sgt. S. SHARP

Illustrated by P/O D. C. HICKLING.

LEGEND and G. K. Chesterton tell us that it was the rolling English drunkard who built the rolling English road. A pleasant thought! It is more certain that the Great North Road owes its existence to some Roman of inflexible purpose and little sense of humour. True, it has its bends and occasional flirtations with market towns, when for a mile or so it achieves the transient dignity of a local High Street and shopping centre; but always the Great North Road preserves its own distinct individuality, true to its mission of bringing to the recalcitrant Northern barbarian the sweetness and light of modern civilisation.

There is a stretch of road somewhere south of Doncaster that seemed, on a summer's day three years ago, singularly depressing in its singlemindedness of aim. Its length shimmered away into the distant Midlands, devoid of any suspicion of traffic or human habitation. Faintly to the east a train rattled in the distance, but its very inaccessibility seemed to emphasise the drowsy solitude of the fields and woods as we slogged southwards along the road, Eva and I. We hadn't expected to be overwhelmed by offers of a lift, even in those comparatively lenient days of petrol rationing, but after half an hour's steady walking, with the subdued murmur of country sounds as the only background to our efforts, we were feeling somewhat jaded.

You know how it is when you're hoping for a lift—you keep looking round expectantly at any sound which bears the remotest resemblance to that of an internal combustion engine. So that when a faint rumble echoed along the road behind us we at first ignored it, hardly daring to hope. But when the rumble swelled to a chattering roar that rapidly drew nearer, we stopped in the expectation of seeing at least a squadron of aircraft pass over our heads.

But it wasn't. Half a mile down the road a monstrous red juggernaut came trundling towards us raising clouds of dust. It was a Diesel engined lorry, its voice bellowing triumphantly to the flat meadows in the joy of its headlong rush at twentyfive miles per hour. We would gladly have ridden in a farm cart. I pushed Eva to the forefront—lorry drivers ought to be susceptible to a pretty face and a tumbled mass of dark hair, I reasoned.

The red monster rumbled to a stop, and I had a quick impression of a lean, tanned face and teeth of a brilliant whiteness as the driver welcomed us into his cab. We climbed in gratefully with a rush of thanks. There was no accommodation for passengers, but we distributed ourselves around the narrow space on impromptu seats of petrol cans and rolled up raincoats.

"Where're you going?" I heard the driver's voice faintly as he yelled above the deafening clamour of the engine.

"Cambridge" I shouted back. "You going anywhere near there?"

He nodded, his eyes on the road, as he accelerated. I noticed that Eva was looking at him with as much curiosity as I. Even crouched there behind the wheel as he was, he looked tall and sinewy, as though experience and the elements had beaten him to a finely tempered hardness. But it was his face that attracted and held my attention. In the nondescript jacket and cloth cap of the British working man one might have expected him to recede into the background of the mass of humanity. Here one hardly noticed his clothes, however. He was deeply tanned, the sort of tan which is easy to distinguish from that of the summer holiday maker, for it was etched deeply into the leanness of his face and the hardness of his jaw. A faint scar about two inches long curved down from his left temple, disappearing into a maze of fine lines around

eyes of a penetrating, brilliant blue. As he lounged easily in his seat, his hands gripping the heavy steering wheel and his eyes steadily sweeping the road ahead, I could imagine him in a different environment, his hands on the wheel of some pirate vessel as he gazed over a mass of heaving ocean.

It was difficult to conduct any sort of conversation with the unearthly din of the engine filling our ears; but as the miles rolled by and discomfort increased we began to shout half-finished phrases at each other across the cramped space. Eva soon gave



it up, her voice cracked and hoarse. Our tanned pirate noticed our fidgetings in the ceaseless and fruitless effort to find a more comfortable corner, and we were both heartily glad when he conveyed to us, partly in half-understood shouts and partly by appropriate signs, his intention of pulling in for a cup of tea at the next transport cafe.

Those cafes along the Great North Road patronised almost exclusively by long-distance transport drivers have always fascinated me. This one followed the usual lines —a long, bare, rather dirty room with a rough counter supporting a tea urn and piles of cake at one end, the whole presided over by a tottering old man and a pert, buxom blonde. At the other end a large coke stove and a juke box—I hadn't yet learned to call them by that name in those days. We sat down and our benefactor plied us with tea and cakes, the while slipping pennies into the juke box.

Later we smoked, and he began to talk. His name was Jim, I remember, although I've forgotten his surname. He had a voice that showed traces of an education and cultural background beyond the scope of the average lorry driver, and I began to wonder about him. After a while he spoke about his past and I learned with something of a thrill of gratification that he had lived a good deal of his life in South America; the scar on his brow was a relic of a knife fight during a period when he had travelled over most of the oceans as a seaman on a tramp steamer. He talked convincingly of the shadowy, dimly known places one sees on the travel advertisements, and I knew that Eva too was beginning to relish this lean

man with the face of an aristocratic pirate and a background of adventurous experience.

Then he told us of his wife, and the hard lines of his face softened and diffused into a glow of happy recollection. There was a vibrance in his voice and the deep warmth of enthusiasm. He had met her in South America shortly before the war. He described her to us as regal, with the poise and movement of a graceful animal, yet softened and deepened by an emotional subtlety which made her without peer among women. As he described to us the golden gleam of her skin and the velvet modulations of her voice, he built for us a picture of a divine Nausicaa. Just before we left the cafe, reluctantly tearing ourselves away from the spell which his words seemed to weave, he showed us his passport, half-obliterated with visas throughout the world.

Once more the sound of the engine engulfed us as we pounded southwards towards Cambridge. We smoked innumerable cigarettes, but conversation lagged, partly because of the difficulty and strain of conversing entirely in shouts, partly because Eva and I felt that there was little we could say to this reckless adventurer whose experience, both material and spiritual, seemed to plumb depths at which we could only guess. The flat fenland rolled by, with its alternations of thatched and red tiled roofs, and I felt an impending sense of loss as the time drew near when we must leave him.

We stepped down from that superbly uncomfortable cab at a road fork a few miles outside the town. Whilst we thanked him for the long ride he looked at us with a little smile at the corner of his mouth. Then he gazed beyond us, to where the aspiring pinnacles of King's Chapel strove towards the sky on the horizon.

"I suppose you two are thinking of getting married? I hope . . . . . "

I laughed uncomfortably, sorry to desecrate his idyll.

"No—this is just a business trip."

He sighed. "If you're going back any time next week, get in touch with me and you're welcome to the return trip."

The lorry disappeared into the distance. Anti-climactically we were offered a lift by a Cambridge bourgeois and his wife in their car.

I saw Jim again a week later. I was returning North without Eva. We sat in a tiny pub in a hamlet just outside Cambridge and chatted over our beer as dusk fell. Around eleven o'clock, with a full moon swinging up over the trees, we climbed into the lorry and set off on the long trip home.

For the first twenty miles we had no load, and the heavy machine seemed unaccustomedly frisky. Then we turned down a side road, finally stopping at a factory where in utter darkness and with almost frightening efficiency, a gang of labourers loaded several tons of high explosive detonators on the back of the vehicle.

The rest of that journey as far as Doncaster was one which I shall not soon forget. We had travelled for perhaps half-an-hour when a familiar wail reached our ears as we rattled through a small town. It was impossible to detect the sound of engines when our own was making such a noise; but it was not long before a brilliant flash of light behind us was immediately followed by a dull 'Whump", and the whole of the road seemed to quiver in agony under the distant impact of the bomb.

The ensuing nightmare lasted for a full hundred miles. I suppose it was my imagination, but it seemed as though the bombing followed us with sadistic deliberation along the road, never more than a quarter of a mile away. The heavily laden lorry danced like a frisky colt at each explosion, clearly audible above the machine-gun like chatter of the Diesel. I thought of the nature of our load, and marvelled at the way in which Jim held his charge to the road with a coolness and nonchalance which I envied. I thought sentimentally about the unsung heroes of the war.

Dawn reached up from the east with slim fingers, and the bombing ceased as we ran into Doncaster. I had Jim's address in case I were ever in need of the same sort of transport at a future date, and wandered off rather forlornly to catch a bus home.

Now this is a true story, and I would like to be able to end it here as a sketch of a man who was wholly admirable. But there is a sequel.

A few months later I sat in a transport cafe near Mansfield with a crowd of long

distance lorry drivers. As we munched the interminable cake and drank the poisonous apology for tea, I mentioned Jim and his exploits.

"Any of you know him?" I asked.

There was an instantaneous roar of laughter. When it had subsided somewhat one of the drivers gurgled at me.

"Know 'im! 'E's the biggest liar on the North Road. Been in gaol at least three times for robbery. 'E met 'is wife in Sheffield—she was a dancer in a music 'all. And that passport 'e carries around—that's 'is brother's 'oo was killed two year sin'. 'E's never been out of England in 'is life, Jim 'asn't."



# YOU'VE HAD IT!

WORDS AND LYRIC BY
F/O RONALD HANSON

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO
BY F/O GEORGE STOTT

PROMISED TO LOVE YOU I THOUGHT YOU DIVINE I HOPED THAT ONE DAY YOU WERE GOING TO BE MINE BUT

ALL THAT YOU WANTED WAS JUST A GOOD TIME — WELL! YOU'VE HAD IT. WHEN

OVER NOW THERE'LL BE NO LOVE TO REMINISCE A — BOUT YOU

TOOK FOR GRANTED MANY THINGS YOU'LL DARN' WELL DO WITH — OUT. ITS'

I WENT AWAY YOU JUST COULD'NT BE TRUE YOU FLIRTED AROUND WITH AN OLD FLAME OR TWO. SO

AS FOR THIS ROMANCE BE - TWEEN ME AND YOU — WELL! YOU'VE HAD IT ITS

NO USE COMPLAINING AND DON'T START TO CRY, FOR THIS IS THE TIME WHEN WE BOTH SAY GOODBYE, AND

AS FOR THAT WEDDING BE - TWEEN YOU AND I WELL! YOU'VE HAD IT. I

8VA.

# An Old Erk's Tale

by GERALD DEAN

ILLUSTRATED BY
P/O D. C. HICKLING



IT was in the canteen that he first met her. He remembered it quite well. There he sat on the high stool, a cup of tea in front of him, and feeling rather strange. He had only just arrived.

The canteen was a large, bright enough place, the noise in which baffled description. In one corner a corporal was banging out his own version of the Warsaw Concerto with two fingers on an unusually good piano. At the other end of the room a juke box ground out somebody's version of "Pistol Packin' Mamma", and from a room at the back could be heard the nasal voice of a radio announcer advertising somebody's pink pills for bursting boils. Above all was the babble of erks in best blue and battle dress, interpolated with the rather more searching tones of gentlemen in multi-coloured dress and windbreakers, and, tinkling through it all, the high pitched screams, giggles and laughter of the little girls in their white and once-white overalls.

Jimmie found it hard to concentrate. He lifted his cup and raised it to his lips, but before he could complete the motion and down the tea, his arm was rudely nudged and the hot liquid cascaded down his tunic and on to his trousers.

"Say, Johnny, I'm real sorry. I didn't mean to nudge your arm."

The blonde vision on the stool at his left parked her gum for a moment and gave him a bright smile. Jimmie, being a perfect gentleman, at times, managed to let her know that it really was quite all right. She, however, didn't appear desirous of leaving well alone.

"Just came in?" she demanded, and Jimmie nodded his head.

"You'll like it here. It's a swell place. Where do you come from? My folks come from the Old Country too! You should meet them. They're real swell!"

She unparked her gum again and recommenced chewing operations.

Jimmie made polite noises, and to himself mentally decided that he had not the slightest intention of meeting her parents or her again if he could help it.

The next time he met her was under quite different circumstances. He had been on the station quite a while, and after the usual period of toil had just gone up for his first solo. It was a wonderful experience to be up by yourself and to know in your own mind that you could really cope. It paid off for all the little half thoughts and half fears one always had about whether one could do the job or whether one would flunk it. He had made it. He really had at last gone solo! He felt twice the man as he completed the circuit and made a perfect landing. He taxied in, and such was his elation that he was quite unaware of the shapely figure in white overalls clinging to his wing tip. He increased the throttle and she had to run; he shut it off and she slowed down; and he never saw the look she gave him as she puffed and panted. However, taxying in after one's first solo has to come to and end some time, and eventually he parked it with the other infinitely inferior aircraft on the flight line.

"Hyyah, ace!" said a female voice in his ear. "How many did you shoot down?" Jimmie shook his head and looked in the direction of the voice. That damn girl again, thought Jimmie.

"Hello, cheeky" he replied.

She grinned and asked "First solo?"

"Yes" said Jimmie.

"Feels good, don't it"? she asked.

"It certainly does" said Jimmie, and perhaps because she was the first to recognise his new prowess, unaccountably found himself asking "Are you doing anything tonight"?

Joan apparently was doing nothing, but would be, as she put it, tickled pink to do something, and Jimmie received the impression that it was merely because he, Jimmie, was such a wonderful person!

Well, that was the first of many such nights. Together they went to the pictures, or as Joan called it, "Seeing a show". At other times they would go to a dance, at which Joan apparently was quite an accomplished jitterbug. Jimmie found that there was more to jitterbugging than met the eye or the shins, and whilst he never came to be in the same class as many of the windbreaker gentlemen, he was told on good authority that he could shake a pretty mean hoof. And then Joan took him home.

Her home was quite near the camp, and not at all what Jimmie imagined it. In many ways it was like his own, in some ways perhaps a little more modern, in others perhaps a little more crude—particularly when he was introduced to the refinements of a Canadian small town outside plumbing. Apparently it caused no embarrassment to them, and no doubt in the summer they derived a certain amount of healthful exercise from the short walk necessary to attain its precincts. But in the winter at fifty below—he shuddered at the thought. Thereafter his every day off and his every 48 were spent with Joan's people. In June he graduated and went on to a Service School. Joan cried when he left, but he said he would come back.

Jimmie never was very good at writing, but he did send the odd card now and again in reply to Joan's occasional letters. Still he never forgot her, and as soon as he graduated from service school and received his wings he took the next train out for the little town where she lived. He strode up the road, suitcase in hand with his right

arm proudly swinging to display his three new chevrons, and mentally rehearsing the line he would shoot.

Her mother opened the door and her delight in seeing him did his heart good.

"Joan here yet"? were his first words after he extricated himself from her bear-like hug.

"Joan" she exclaimed. "Oh no, she's not here now. Didn't you know? After you left she felt she couldn't stay at the airport so she left and joined the CWAC's. They told her that if she made good she could go overseas, and she's on her way to England now".

Jimmie swallowed hard and manfully mastered his disappointment.

"Never mind, mother" he grunted to his own amazement and hers—"I'm going home myself in ten days and I'll find Joan. Don't you worry." he grinned. "It will be quite a surprise to Mum when I take her home."

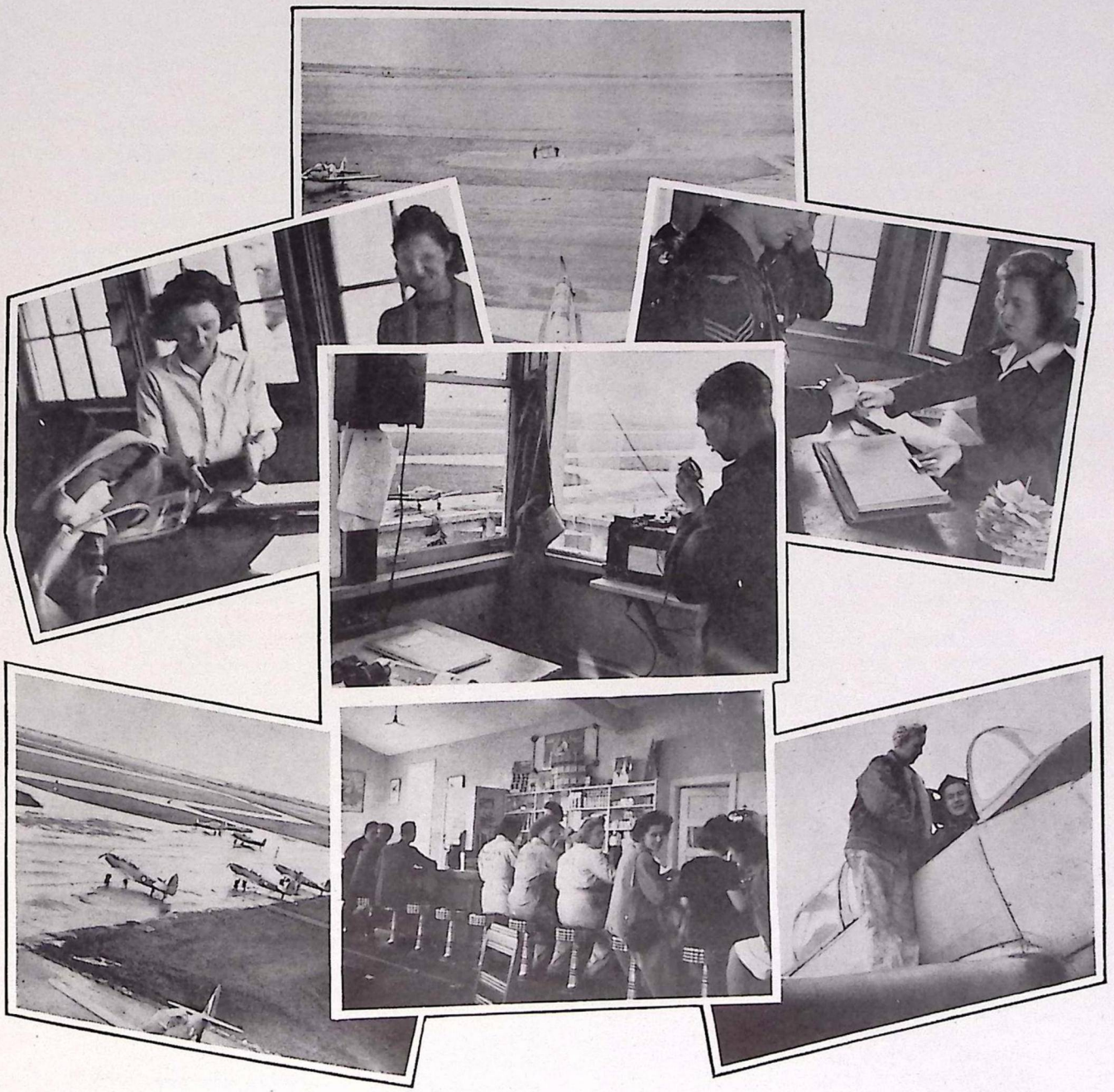
A soft humorous voice cut across his line of thought.

"Jimmie, are you going to sit there dreaming all night. Come on, it's about time you gave me a hand with the kids. Shake a leg—you're not in the Air Force now. Listen, Sweetheart, the war's been over five years, and this isn't Canada. Darling—wake up! Wipe baby's nose and see if Harry has washed behind his ears."

Jimmie heaved himself from his comfortable chair in front of the fire, yawned and stretched himself luxuriously, as he called back "Right, Helen dear—I'm coming."



# CANDID CAMERA



# A HAM ON THE RANGE



By M. C. WATTS

I AM a firm believer in everyone having some sort of a hobby, and it was quite natural that I should become interested, as engineering in its various phases was my vocation, in "Ham Radio." It is a hobby which I do not think can be beaten, because you can get into it without a great deal of expenditure, although once you have been properly "bitten" there is no limit to how much you can spend.

The easiest approach for the beginner is to get the latest hand book, which is published by the American Radio Relay League, and learn the principles of transmitting and receiving sets. It is possible to learn the International Code in a solo way, but it is much better if you can get someone to instruct you, so that you may quickly learn to receive competently. This is harder to learn than sending, as any airman studying signals will agree.

You must be able to send and receive at the rate of ten words per minute, and understand how to build and adjust the set you intend to operate, before the radio inspector will give you a Certificate of Proficiency. When you have obtained your certificate you proceed with finishing your transmitter and receiver, and arrange your antenna, and go "on the Air."

You will never forget your first Q.S.O. (communication). You sit down to the key, and pound out a C.Q. (invitation to Q.S.O.) and sign the call designated to you by the Department, and then switch to your receiver and listen for someone answering your call. If you are fortunate enough to hear anyone calling you, a cold sweat will come over you, and immediately you will forget all your procedure and make a general mess of the Q.S.O. However, after a few attempts you get to be more at home with the key, and receiver, and pick up many interesting Q.S.O.'s. In this respect it is something like fishing. You send out a call and hear someone calling back, but until he signs his call letters you do not know whether he is just across town or whether he is from thousands of miles distant. As soon as you have his call letters, however, you can tell very nearly where he is, each country having been allotted certain letters, and each subdivision in that country having a number, and the individual call in that subdivision having letters.

For instance, my call was "V.E.4.E.Z." (V.E. meaning Canada, 4 meaning the district—Canada being divided into five districts—and E.Z. my station identification in that district). If you are fortunate enough to land a DX. (distant station) you get a real thrill. D.X. depends a great deal upon the proper building of a transmitter and receiver, and also upon the power output of your station. A powerful station improperly built will not be as satisfactory as a low-powered station carefully built, as "Hams" do not care to answer a signal which is mushy, or sent with a poor "fist".

From this part of the world it is not hard to get practically all of the United States stations, especially along the Californian coast, Hawaii, Alaska, and some Japanese stations with a reasonably low-powered set. In fact, I have worked Dunedin, New Zealand, with a transmitter made from a pair of small receiving tubes. Again it is like fishing, in that you get a greater kick out of "light tackle" or small power, than you do out of heavy tackle.

"Skeds" (schedules) are very interesting when you have found someone with whom you have many things in common. You arrange to go on the air on certain

days at a pre-arranged hour and minute, and you know that the other fellow is ready. (If u hev an O.W. or X.Y.L. u may hev trbl wid nite skeds). Some real fun is experienced this way. Possibly he lives near some friend or relative, and he arranges to have them in the shack with him. If you have friends living in a certain place it is easy to send out a call for that place, and when you have contacted some Ham there he is only too pleased to take a message and deliver it on the regular A.R.R.L. forms, and will accept an answer for return. Further variation of this is Q.S.P. (re-laying messages) which accounts for the name American Radio Relay League. A personal message only is




An Amateur's Q.S.L. Card

accepted for any part of the world by any Ham. Then the procedure is to send a directional C.Q. east, south or west, and get as far as possible in the proper direction. The Ham taking your message then Q.S.P.'s until finally it is delivered.

The law forbids the Ham to receive anything in payment. Just prior to the out break of the war "nets" were being formed, which worked on Skeds, and messages were cleared back and forth across the continent at least once a day. Any Ham having considerable time to spare would volunteer as a station along one of these nets for the relaying and distributing of messages. I remember once listening in and hearing a message from California being relayed to a station in Saskatchewan for our next door neighbor. I copied the message and told our neighbor that he would be getting this message in a short time from another station.

Hams are permitted to work with certain "bands" (frequencies) which permit only a narrow range of frequencies, and it is absolutely essential that the Ham keeps his transmitter tuned within the band, and to the frequency he has selected. For instance, in the 20 meter band, Hams are allowed to select any frequency between 14000 and 14400 K.C. (kilocycles). This means that the alternations of his outgoing signal would be, say, 14,350,000 cycles per second. He must build apparatus to determine his frequencies accurately and tune it accordingly. Some of the better transmitters were being equipped with Crystal Control, which more or less keeps the frequency at the one for which it was ground. Incidentally the frequency is determined by the amount of inductance and capacity in the circuit. Some experimenting by Hams has been done in ultra-high frequency ,which was in the 5 and 2½ meter

bands, and even higher. For local work the best was 160 meters. The 80 and 40 meter bands were probably the most popular. The 20 meter band was used for D.X. daytime as there is considerable difference between day and night signals. Transmitters can be built for each band, but this requires several transmitters. A little better transmitter can be built which will work on one band, and double into the next band.

After a Ham has been on the air for a few years and becomes proficient, he may use radio telephony, or "voice" as we call it, although the satisfactory working distance is not as great as with C.W. (key in code). Personally I think it more interesting to chew the fat by key than by phone.

Ham clubs are often formed where a few interested Hams are located. These clubs discuss Ham problems which make for better conditions on the air. In the small town, with a population of about sixteen hundred, where I lived prior to the war, we had sixteen Hams in our club. This I think established a record, as it meant one Ham per hundred of population. Due to their training, fourteen of them are now holding important positions in R.C.A.F., Army and Navy. Once a year we invited the Edmonton Ham Club to a meeting which lasted about two days. We arranged accommodation on the farm for thirty or forty, with eats and all. Contests were part of the entertainment, and prizes were given for various contests. These prizes were donated by large electrical concerns and were of considerable value. I remember one contest which consisted of four Hams at a time placed in a room, curtained off into four divisions. Each Ham was given a buzzer and key, with a paper designating his call, and a message to be trans mitted to anyone of the other three. At a signal they all started trying to get another to whom they could deliver their message, and the resulting Q.R.M. (interference and confusion) would make it almost impossible. The one copying the greatest amount of text would win a prize.

The American Radio Relay League, being the organization under which all Hams work, is located at Hartford, Connecticutt. From here S.F.T.'s (Standard Frequency Transmissions) are sent on skeds, so that all amateurs may calibrate their frequency meter. General information is also transmitted on skeds. The publication "Q.S.T." is a monthly magazine published by Headquarters.

When a Ham can furnish proof of having worked all continents, Headquarters will send him a W.A.C. (worked all continents) certificate.

Ham organizations have made themselves very useful in times of floods and catastrophies where other means of communication have failed, or where they did not exist. Exploration parties often depend upon Hams for contact with civilization, and even such expeditions as Byrd's have almost wholly relied upon Ham communication.

A Ham's code implies that he is Gentlemanly, Loyal, Progressive, Friendly, Balanced and Patriotic. A cross-section of Ham radio takes in your filling station attendant and ex-president, Herbert Hoover. Hiram Perey Maxim was president of A.R.R.L. until his death. Before the war there were over fifty thousand Hams in North America alone, and now that so many have been trained in Morse Code it is quite possible that even more will be interested in it when hostilities cease.

It is hard to say what the status of the Ham will be after the war, as a great many of his frequencies have been used for military purposes. In fact, a great deal of the accomplishments in the bands below broadcasting have been the result of Hams' experiments, and it is to be hoped that they will not be relegated to frequencies which would be of little use to them due to the influence and prestige of A.R.R.L.

Wl tnx om fer vy fb Q.S.O. es hpe c u l when condx permit Q.S.O.'s agi on air Vy 73 - de V.E.4.E.Z. ...-.-

# SERGEANTS' MESS
## 32 E.F.T.S. · BOWDEN.


SGT. J. PATERSON


F/SGT. E. R. SMITH


SGT. L. A. SAGERT


SGT. R. PHILP


SGT. R. MILLS


SGT. D. DENLEY


SGT. L. EMMOTT


SGT. J. F. HARRISON


F/SGT. R. A. REEVE


F/SGT. T. D. NESS


F/SGT. D. E. REES


F/SGT R. G. LOCK


SGT. W. A. WEEDEN


SGT. R. H. PUGHE


F/SGT P. BRYAN


SGT. MILLER. M. G


F/SGT R. A. DAVIS


SGT. T. R. POWELL


F/SGT K. H. SULLIVAN


F/SGT A. J. BERNING


F/S J. W. GOULSTONE


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SGT. D. DAY


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SGT. K. T. WILLIAMS


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SGT. G. F. WATTS


F/SGT A. J. EVANS


F/SGT. F. SPEED


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SGT. A. J. GOLDIE


F/SGT J. C. FOWLER


SGT. G. R. BENNETT


SGT. C. A. LATTER


SGT. S. SHARP


SGT. E. SHORT


SGT. G. WHITEHEAD


F/SGT R. A. SMITH


SGT. J. W. SANDS


SGT. R. A. SAUNDERS


SGT. W. J. SALZER


F/SGT P. L. CHINN


SGT. E. L. NORRIS

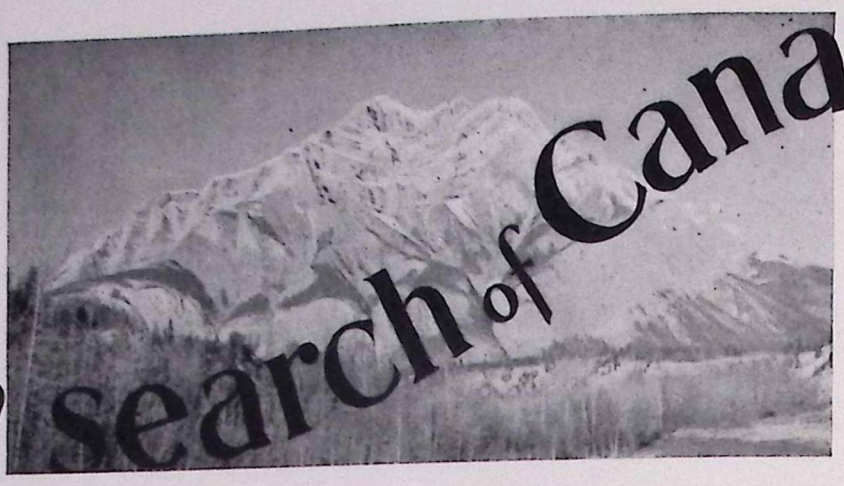

F/SGT. D. F. SIMMONS


F/SGT WEBB A. F. B


SGT. ROBERTS R. B.

PHOTOGRAPHS by SGT. W. J. SALZER • ILLUSTRATED by F/S D. F. SIMMONS

# in search of Canada



By
F/O D. R. W.
GREENSLADE

WHERE once traders and missionaries pushed forward on horseback and on foot into unfriendly and dangerous country., today the traveller traverses Canada in air conditioned railway coaches, or in luxury liners of the air. But the endless miles of forest, which less than two hundred years ago concealed cunning and warlike Indian tribes, are still there, and save for small settlements about the railroad, are still wild and inaccessible. It is only just over two centuries ago that the first white man fought his way with grim determination from the already settled East, through the forests and across the innumerable lakes and rivers, which today so delight the eye of the traveller, and made his way into the spacious land beyond. A French trader, Pierre Radisson, was the first white man to see the prairies of Canada, to push westwards into what is now the province of Manitoba, and northwards to the waters of the Hudson Bay. Then the riches of the country were its furs, of its mineral wealth nothing was known, and no living persons had thought of exploiting the richness of its soil, for its inhabitants, the great Indian tribes, were nomadic, living by hunting the once enormous herds of bison which roamed at will across the endless prairie lands.

The great spaces of Canada were being opened by the English and the French side by side in an uneasy, and often frankly hostile, partnership, but whilst the English were interested in trading, the French had the inspiration of a dream, the vision of a waterway across a continent to "la Mer de l'Ouest." The Indian stories of the Western sea fired the imagination of Sieur de la Verendrye, a Canadian born Frenchman, and for more than a decade he and his sons pushed into the north and the west, often in face of hostile Indian tribes, who plundered and massacred the small groups of white Searchers, and it was not until 1743 that the Rocky Mountains were first seen by white men from the East.

Today the herds of bison have vanished, and the descendants of the warlike Indians are wards of the government on special reserves, their numbers decimated by the pestilent plagues of the whitemen, against which they had no resistence. The prairies are now the granaries of the world, their rich soil cultivated by settlers of all races who find in Canada the freedom and independance which all men seek.

Where once the fiery Louis Riel led his French half-breeds in rebellion against the English stands the mighty city of Winnipeg, largest grain market in the world, gateway to the prairies, and capital of Manitoba—"God's country".

Here one enters the granary, a flat and treeless land, where hot summer suns bake the suffering earth, and winter blizzards sweep unchecked from the mountains. A typical Prairie city is Regina, headquarters of the romantic Royal Canadian Mounted Police, formerly the North West Mounted Police, and capital city of the province of Saskatchewan, whilst to the northward lies Saskatoon, bordering on a wild forested land, the second city in the province, and the home of the provincial university.

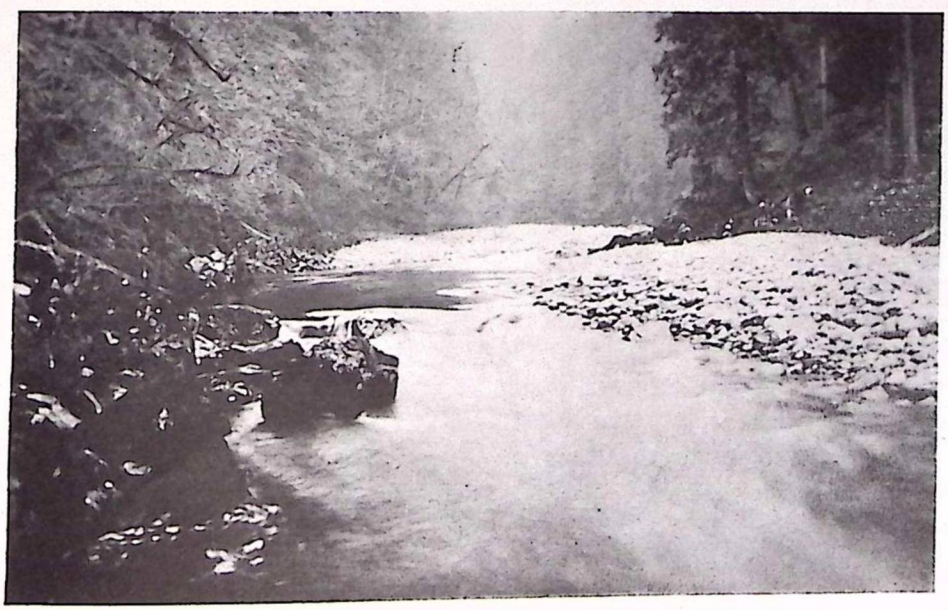
Most westerly of the prairie provinces is Alberta, which leads the traveller to the

foothills of the Rockies. Less than a century ago the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, which has played such a large part in the development of the country, through its traders and agents, took two months to travel from Montreal to Edmonton, then a small settlement of poor wooden shacks. Now on the same ground stands a spacious modern city, with gracious government buildings, and a progressive university. From here today stretches the fabulous Alaskan Highway, road to the rich lands of the Yukon and Alaska, whilst the city can claim the most important airport in the dominion. Like everything in the West it is a young progressive city, fired with the enthusiasm of youth.

Calgary, seventy five years ago a small outpost of the 'Mounties' called Fort Brisebois, lies to the south, the centre of a prosperous mining and mixed farming area, and an important railway centre through which passes the traffic to the Rockies and the West coast. It is interesting to note that in this region have been found the remains of prehistoric dinosaurs, some of the earliest relics known to man.

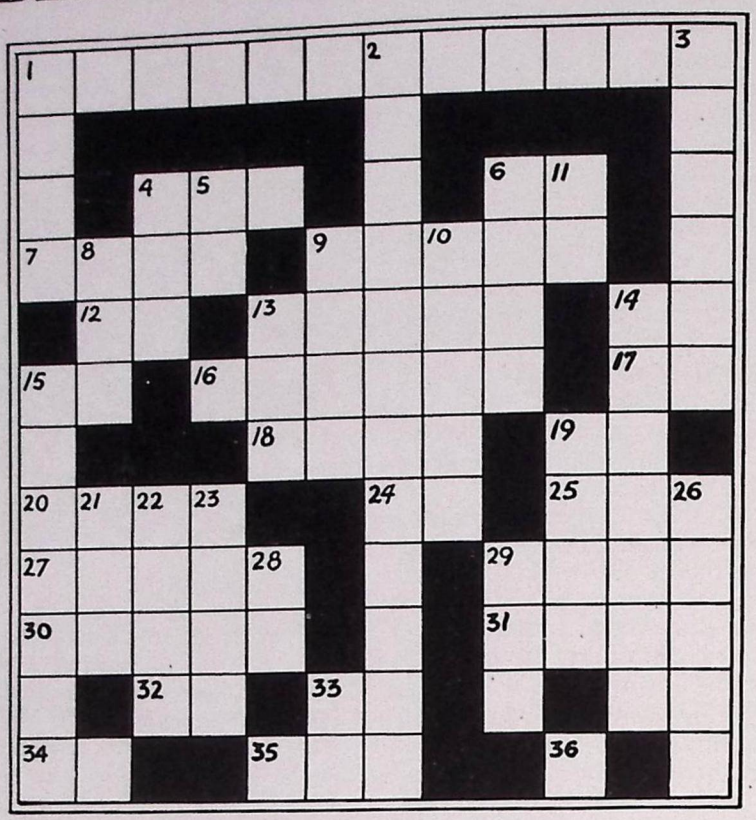
From Calgary the railroad goes snaking through the mountain passes, into country of surpassing majesty and beauty, past delightful Banff, with its winter sports and summer pastimes, past Lake Louise, one of the most beautiful natural resorts in the world, along the precipitous valleys of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers, to the tranquil beauty of the West coast. Here lies Vancouver, with its beautiful landlocked harbour, one of the finest in the world, a modern city and one of the most important seaports on the western coast of the continent. It was in 1793 that the first white man crossed the mountains to the west coast, and it was 15 years later that Simon Fraser discovered the passes through the mountain which the railroads now traverse. But the known history of British Columbia starts with Sir Francis Drake, who claimed this coast for England in 1577. Later came Capt. Cook, followed by Spaniards and Russians, who disputed England's claims, so that Spain got the southern portions, and Russia the northern, until both were bought out by the United States. Vancouver itself, named after George Vancouver, who had been with Cook, is the largest Canadian city west of Toronto, and is the centre of important lumber, fishing, paper, canning and other industries, and is the adopted home of large numbers of English people.

The visitor to Canada today follows in the footsteps of daring men, who faced untold hardships to open one of the richest lands in the world, whose descendents have built a mighty nation, and thrown open their doors to all who seek freedom and security. The war has brought to Canada many Englishmen who knew of the country only from their school books, but who will leave it having learned to like and admire its generous and kindhearted citizens, who have been thrilled by its spaciousness and beauty, by its virility and enthusiasms.



CAPILANO CANYON—VANCOUVER

# BOWDEN CROSSWORD PUZZLE



## CLUES

### ACROSS

1. With two down one across keeps thirty-two up.
4. Backbone of the R.A.F.
6. Therefore.
7. Can be sharp and blunt.
9. Weak.
12. Hence.
13. A triangular surface.
14. S/Ldr. B. L. H. Howes.
15. Down on the eleventh.
16. He dood it.
17. Reverse of 15 across.
18. A famous author.
19. Not commissioned.
20. Generous.
24. Female without an "E".
25. LNF.
27. Firebugs.
29. An equal.
30. A metallic oxide.—A pilot always returns to.
31. A great achievement.
32. Hush.
33. That is to say.
34. You.
35. Givers of categories.
36. Alpha.

### DOWN

1. What Europe isn't.
2. See one across.
3. Bowden's Small Sister.
4. Self.
5. A musical note.
6. A Ruler.
8. A decoration.
9. A fish.
10. One of the things a pilot does.
11. Hey.
13. Between.
14. A famous aircraft.
15. Our Schoolmaster.
19. A shapely leg beloved of pilots.
21. An award.
22. Makes mistakes.
23. Another famous aircraft.
26. A cold snap with a sunny nature.
28. Quiet.
29. Always handling our money.
33. Pilots must get some in.

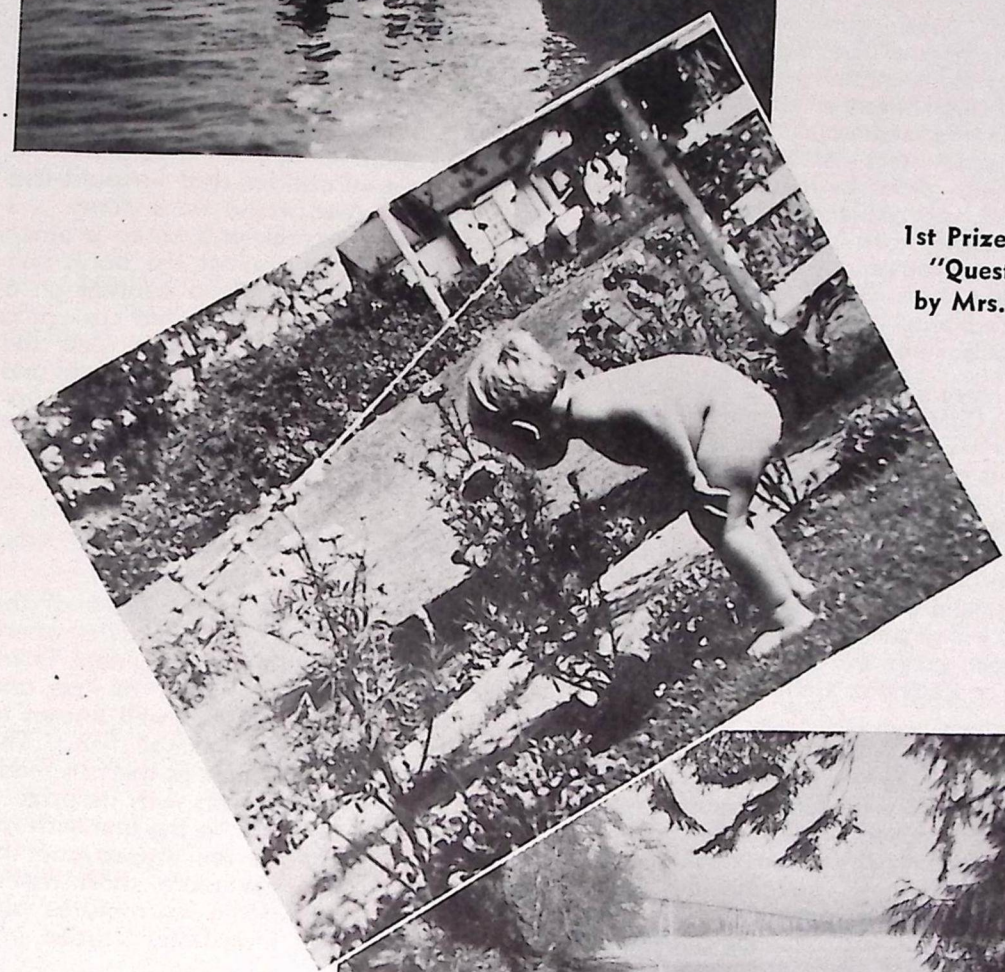
(Solution on Page 56)

Definitions may be found in Webster's Dictionary.

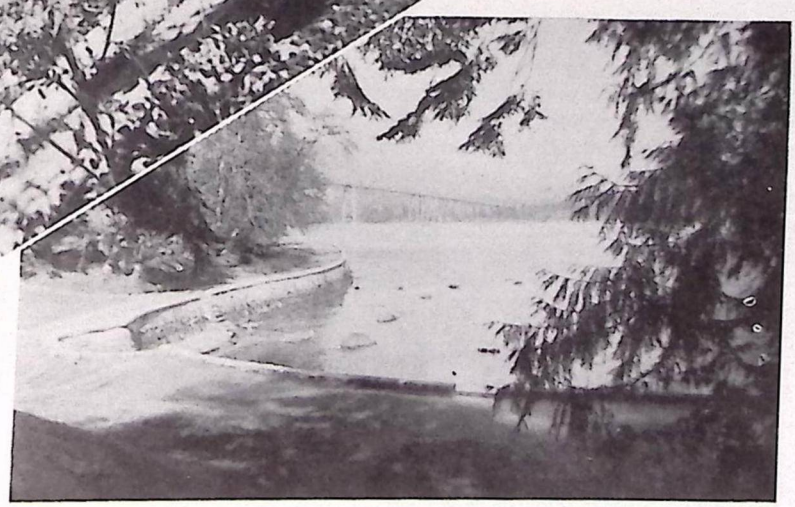
# PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION



1st Prize Civilian:
"The Fishermen"
by Mr. E. Dunsmore



1st Prize Open:
"Quest"
by Mrs. E. Ralphs



1st Prize Service:
"Burrard Inlet"
by F/O F. A. Smale

# A DAY ON PEKISKO



By F/S. R. G. LOCK

PEKISKO Creek, sometimes called the south fork of the Highwood River, is born high in the foothills south-west of the town of High River, Alberta. At first a brawling little mountain stream hardly more than a few feet across, it grumbles over boulders, glides swiftly and silently between slick rock walls, and takes twenty foot tumbles over rock ledges as it hurries on its way. Here and there other little streams add volume to its grumblings as it swirls around some tree which it has uprooted through the years.

As the stream winds on its way down through the Cartwright Ranch and the Duke of Windsor's E. P. Ranch it seems to lose much of its vigour, stopping occasionally to loaf in some hole. Then it will slip quietly around a bend, to hesitate for a moment in the next deep shady pool; and so it goes on its way down to the Highwood. Here its banks are shaded by stately cottonwoods and willow thickets, and it is in these shaded green pools that the Dolly Varden, cutthroat and rainbow trout lie.

It was around ten o'clock in the morning when Alec finally turned off the road into some bushes above the E. P. Ranch. We tumbled out of the car and began to hurl out our gear; waders, rods, nets, creels—and (you purist fly fisherman, don't sneer) a pail of live minnows. We are definitely bait fishermen at the beginning of the season while the water is still high and laden with food. The Dolly Varden, which abounds in the nearby creeks, would rather make a meal of its own kind than one of insect life. Later in the season, when the water is low, we would switch to artificial flies and insects.

In a short while we had our waders on, rods jointed, and lines strung. Slinging our creels over our shoulders we pushed through the willow brush to the edge of the creek, to find it a little higher than usual and slightly murky. It looked as though our minnows would stand us in good stead.

Taking some of the minnows from the pail I put them in a smaller container in my creel, and we decided that I should fish upstream and Alec would work down. I waded across the creek and noted a place where it swished in against the bank and under a fallen log. With a minnow on a tandem hook I cast out into the current a little higher up. The minnow rode the current down, drifted along the log, and disappeared in the deeper water. Stripping off line I allowed the minnow to drift a little further and then began reeling in to make it act in as lifelike a manner as possible. After several futile casts, I moved up the creek to another likely looking spot.

Wading out to the bottom edge of the pool, I cast the minnow in the riffles where the current swung around a boulder. There was a flash of silver, a tug at the line, and I experienced that thrill, so well known to fisherman, of a solidly hooked fish. The line made a V in the water as the fish made for a pile of sunken brush with its prize. I applied a little pressure on the line with my thumb, the tip of the rod dipped and the rush stopped. A few more short rushes were easily stopped and a few minutes later I slipped a twelve inch Dolly Varden into my basket.

After trying several more pools with no sign of a strike I headed back for the car, as internal pangs told me it was lunchtime. Sitting in the shade of the car I thoroughly enjoyed my sandwiches and thermos of hot coffee. After the lunch I lit a cigarette and amused myself by whistling to a Balt--imore Oriole which made orange and black

lightnings amongst the branches of a big cottonwood tree. As there was no sign of Alec when the cigarette was finished, I picked up my basket and started up the creek again.

The first pool I tried was one where the creek chattered over a gravel bar, and swept under an overhanging rock ledge. Flipping the minnow into the stream I let the current sweep it in against the rock, where it disappeared. A moment of expectancy, a sharp tug at the line, and I was fast to another trout. This one was not going to give up as easily as the first. It tried to work its way back under the ledge; but keeping the line tight I managed to work it downstream. Then it swung out into the current, and as it hit the fast water I was forced to give out line or lose my light leader and hook. Another two or three rushes—but the tight line and the current soon played out the fish, and it rolled to the surface. Another Dolly Varden, a little larger and heavier than the first one!

I fished on up the creek for a while, but with no further luck, and then decided to fish back down again to see if I could locate my partner.

I was walking along where the creek was quite shallow and fast, letting the minnow drift, not even dreaming of a bite, when it hooked into what I thought was a snag. Putting a little tension on the line, I was moving upstream again to see if it would come free, as it might have drifted under a small rock, when with a quiver the hook came free, but with no minnow.

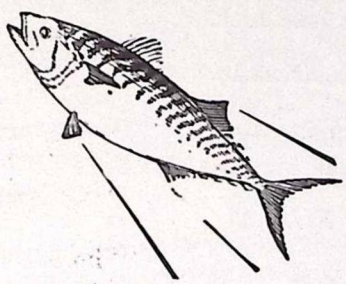
"So!" I thought, "a big one feeding cut there!"

I put on another minnow and followed the same procedure again. Again he took it, and again the hook came away with no minnow. Looking through the few remaining minnows I selected a fairly large one, put it on the hook with care, and cast it out into the stream.

This time he struck hard and in earnest, and I set the hook solidly. At first he lay on the bottom and sulked, refusing to move, although I used as much pressure as I dared. Then the hook must have dug a little deeper, for he headed across the stream, and the reel sang under my thumb. The rush stopped, and I managed to regain some line. Then, as he felt the urge of the current, he rolled over and broke water, shaking himself savagely in an attempt to dislodge the stinging barb. Now he headed downstream, taking out line, and I ran stumbling and slipping over the wet rocks, trying to keep the few feet of line that was left on the reel. The rush finally ended in a deep pool that was comparatively calm, and I managed to get most of the line back on the reel. Then I began working him to the lower end of the pool where the creek split in two round a gravel bar. He made a few more rushes, but they were becoming feebler, and I managed to slide him out on to the gravel bar. As nice an eighteen inch Dolly Varden as I had seen.

Meanwhile Alec had come along and witnessed the end of our little struggle. His basket contained seven fish from ten to fourteen inches long. Although he had more fish than I, he was quite envious of the eighteen incher, which proved to weigh two and one half pounds.

Deciding that we had had enough we picked up our gear and left until another day the little creek winding among its cottenwoods and willows.



# Girls' Gossip

by NONA ME

It seems sad, and I'm sure there will be some long faces, when in a short time the station closes, and we say 'Good-bye' to all the 'innocent young airmen', as they have been called. Most of the girls will look back on the time they have spent at Bowden as some of the happiest months of their lives, and we certainly got a big kick out of meeting and working with so many grand chaps, not only boys from the Old Country, but from all over the Empire.

Since the last edition of Three Corners several girls of the original staff have already said goodbye to the camp; to mention a few, we have missed Gladys Lawrence, Agnes White, and Margaret Winnicki; whilst we were particularly sorry to lose Mrs. Ralphs, who has been so very much a part of our Station life in the past year. We wish them all 'Good Luck' in their new work. Mrs. Ralphs' place has been taken by Mrs. Dacre, an old friend, whom we are pleased to have with us again.

Our congratulations are due to Mrs. Watts, on her success with the Red Cross Knitting Class, and all those who have taken part are to be complimented on the marvellous display of handicraft turned in.

Thanks to Mary, Betty, Mina, and Mary for the good show put on in the recent presentation of the play, "Tons of Money". It was a show which everyone thoroughly enjoyed, and it revealed some hidden talent amongst us, which makes us hope that another production will be forthcoming before the end of the summer.



Romance has not passed us by, and we offer our congratulations and best wishes to Edna, who is proudly wearing a lovely diamond on the third finger of her left hand.

Lastly thanks to the R.A.F. boys, with whom we've all had a lot of fun, and with whom we hope to have more good times before we finally part company. Perhaps, when they are on the battlefronts of Europe or the Far East they will think sometimes of the Canadian girls whom they met at Bowden.

# Shakespeare in the R.A.F.

**August 25th**

"O, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful, wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping."
(*As You Like It, Act* 3, *Scene* 2)

**First Solo**

"This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers . . . "
(*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act* 5, *Scene* 1)

**Station Disciplinarian**

"He arrests him on it; And follows close the vigor of the statute, To make him an example."
(*Measure for Measure, Act* 1, *Scene* 4)

**Navigation Flight**

"I will tell you my drift."
(*Much Ado About Nothing, Act* 2, *Sc.* 1)

**Dope Shop**

"A very ancient and fish-like smell."
(*The Tempest, Act* 2, *Sc.* 2)

**Pay Parade**

"Remuneration! O! that's Latin for three farthings."
. (*Loves Labours Lost, Act* 3, *Scene* 1)

**In The Mess**

"I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit."
(*Twelfth Night, Act* 1, *Scene* 3)

**The Editor**

"Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio."
(*Loves Labours Lost, Act* 1, *Scene* 2)

**New Instructor**

"Who is't that you took up so gingerly?"
(*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act* 1, *Sc.* 1)

**Squadron Parade**

"His chin new reap'd showed like a stubble-land at harvest home."
(*Henry IV, Act* 1, *Sc.* 2)



For the fourth time the pupil was levelling off too high. Every other method of persuasion having failed the cheesed instructor finally enquired "Do you want the patter for this crash?"

* * *

A bright pupil, having been warned to go high before practising some murderous manoeuvres he thought were aerobatics, came back and told his instructor "I've been so high I was breathing out blocks of ice, sir!"

* * *

A dual machine was doing precautionaries at Netook, and coming in over a train on the railway below. The pupil was undershooting slightly, and the instructor counselled him "A little engine!" The pupil nonchalently looked over the side and replied "Yes sir, isn't it?"

* * *

Entering the crew room after a solo check an instructor's comment was "Well he may be safe for solo, but he is definitely unsafe for dual!"

* * *

Dialogue on a dual navigation trip:
"Sir, I'm lost, I've flown off the map."
"Yes I know, I felt the bump!"

* * *

One popular instructor was talking of his low flying exploits, and ended up "I nearly pranged when a cow stood up suddenly!"

* * *

After consistently undershooting on practise forced landings an exasperated instructor finally asked his pupil what he would do if he undershot on a real forced landing. "Put on a little engine, sir!" was the reply.




* * *

Two pupils were discussing their aerobatics, and one was overheard to say, "It was such a slow roll, that I got used to being upside down, and it felt unnatural to be flying the right way up again!"

After a session of aerobatics a pupil remarked to his instructor "You should join the Japanese Air Force, sir, you seem intent on killing yourself."

* * *

Congratulations to the pupil who did a blind take-off, then at 300 ft. leaned forward to make sure that the directional gyro really was uncaged.

* * *

After a particularly vicious attempt at a roll, in which the pupil lost 1500 ft, a testing officer asked "And now can you do one to the left?" The pupil gave an enthusiastic affirmative answer, where upon the testing officer replied "O.K., I'll take your word for it!"

* * *

A pupil was having difficulty keeping his course on a cross-country, and finally excused himself by remarking that the rudder seemed stiff. The instructor retorted "What do you expect, you're off course!"

* * *

Two civilians overheard in conversation:
"There have been quite a few crashes in that part of the country."
"Yes, so many of the kites fly over there that the air is worn thin and bumpy!"

* * *

A pupil, who had been bound rigid, was watching his instructor land. He watched the airspeed get lower and lower, until he was finally moved to comment "Watch your airspeed sir!"—The shattering reply was "It's all right, we've touched down!"

* * *

A particularly fearsome instructor took up a pupil who could do nothing right, and finally he asked him "You're not afraid are you?" The pupil replied "No, sir, that's the engine knocking!"

* * *

A pupil on circuits and bumps had been doing consistent cross-country circuits, and had even once succeeded in losing the aerodrome. Finally as they taxied in, the instructor remarked, "Next time get the cook to put up some sandwiches for us to eat on the downwind leg!"









"Some









of Us!"




by F/Lt. R. M. C. SWAN

IT is a far cry from the damp and foggy streets of London to Iere, the Land of Humming Birds, a little isle set in the limpid waters of the Spanish Main, yet by a strange trick of fate the very streets the Cockney walks have come over the ocean from that island, only 40 miles square, where the Carib queen of the Arawaks still rules her small and dwindling tribespeople.

Nearly 450 years ago, on his second adventurous voyage to the West, Columbus saw on the horizon three beautiful mountains rising from the sea, and was the first white man to set foot on Iere, land of the Arawaks, which he subsequently named Trinidad, and which has since become world famous for its 50 acre lake of pitch.

But altho' Sir Walter Raleigh was the discoverer of this curious natural phenomenon, the romantic story of Trinidad is not the story of its mineral wealth. First claimed by Spain, it was the bone of contention between the galleons of the Dons and the sea-dogs of England for more than 100 years, and did not finally come under the sway of the British Crown until 1785. This island, whose shores saw the scuttling of a proud fleet of Spanish treasure ships on their way from El Dorado, and whose Caroni swamps were the sanctuary of the Buccanneers, was the base for innumerable gun-running expeditions to the ever warring states of South America until recent years, and the hide-out for revolutionaries during the tyrannical rule of Gomez, dictator of Venezuela.

Later its peaceful and prosperous plantations of sugar cane, cocoa, and rich spices attracted emigrants from Holland and England, who jointly colonised the land, refugees from Revolutionary France, Portugese settlers, and Chinese and Indian coolies, who came to earn their pittance from its rich soil,—and drink its incomparable rum!

The inexorable march of progress has taken its toll of these plantations, and when oil was discovered in 1905 Trinidad took on a new significance in the eyes of the nations of the world. Today, in our materialism, we forget its romance and its beauty, the mysticism of its Voodoo, its Carnival, we don't see its Shango dancers, or hear the chants of the Hosien worshippers; its musical names mean only one thing—Oil.

Its great pitch lake has yielded thousands of tons of the mineral asphalt, and holds the promise of thousands more, its refineries are amongst the most progressive and up to date in the world, indeed it is almost an island in a sea of oil, for modern science plans to sink wells into the rich oil-bearing sands of the shallow Gulf of Paria between Trinidad and the

main land. And the oil, so vital to the warring Allies, has made of this gem of the Spanish Main a sturdy fortress, with huge airfields, and modern fortifications.

Yet still, in a world at war, the people of Trinidad are looking to the future. On its legislative body English and Negroes, Chinese and Indians sit together to care for the wellbeing of their islanders. They are spending wisely their portion of the $50,000,000 voted by the British Parliament for public works in the whole of the West Indies, they are endeavouring to rehabilitate their people on the land, splitting up the old plantations into smaller freehold properties so that the descendants of those who came to Trinidad as labourers may one day own their own island. Under the guidance of the churches the people are being educated, and the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture is continually carrying on research to enable them to develop their land to its utmost capacity.

Trinidad, isle of loveliness and of romance, land of mysticism and of wealth, set in tropic seas where once the stately galleons of Spain sailed before the tropical breezes, is living, not in the past, but is looking to the future.

# ON THE WEST WIND

**By F/Lt. E. (Tony) Davies**

THE tall, graceful elms of Dolfreton Priory swayed fretfully under the soft pale lustre of a starry sky, as the westerly breeze stole quietly across the floor of the shadowy valley, and crept up the hill on whose eminence the ruined walls of Manfield Manor raised a gaunt silhouette against the sky.

Howard Clinton, the young undergraduate, was quite serious, positive but not argumentative, as he removed his pipe, crossed his legs before the fire, and remarked:

"You know old Jimcrack? Never met him yet? Gosh, that's a treat in store for you. But never mind that now. The thing is that he can smell beer when he can't see it. Now that is my definition of the psychic, and Manfield Manor is just that, it's damned psychic. If I may advise you, give it a wide berth, especially when the wind blows from Dolfreton."

Thus was I warned. Being new to the parish, the old Manor house, lonely and magnificent in its decay, had caught my interest, and constant enquiries and reading had given me a good knowledge of its history and legend.

Built in the days of the early Henrys, it had ruled the little valley with typical medieval arrogance until it had finally been laid to waste under the well directed onslaught of Roundhead cavalry. Now its walls, steeped in the pageantry of time, seemed to hold dark secrets of the violent passions of long dead men, and to have absorbed the evil of treachery as men were hurried, unprepared, to God.

In the days of its splendour its thick walls had held prisoner a young queen of surpassing beauty, a royal Venus whose superb loveliness had bated the breath of men and captivated their hearts. There had come to a nearby house one for whose caresses the royal lady sighed, as she watched the shadows lengthen in the valley below. The story is told that, in the dark of a moonless night, there came to the fair captive, borne upon the warm west wind, the sounds of a conflict waged fiercely in the postern gateway. As she listened anxiously the sounds had died into silence, followed by the slow measured tramp of mailed feet upon the southern pavement below, and she had seen the bleeding form of her loved one, followed in mute silence by tired men who had borne his banner in a hazardous attempt at rescue, carried to the little chapel in the east wing.

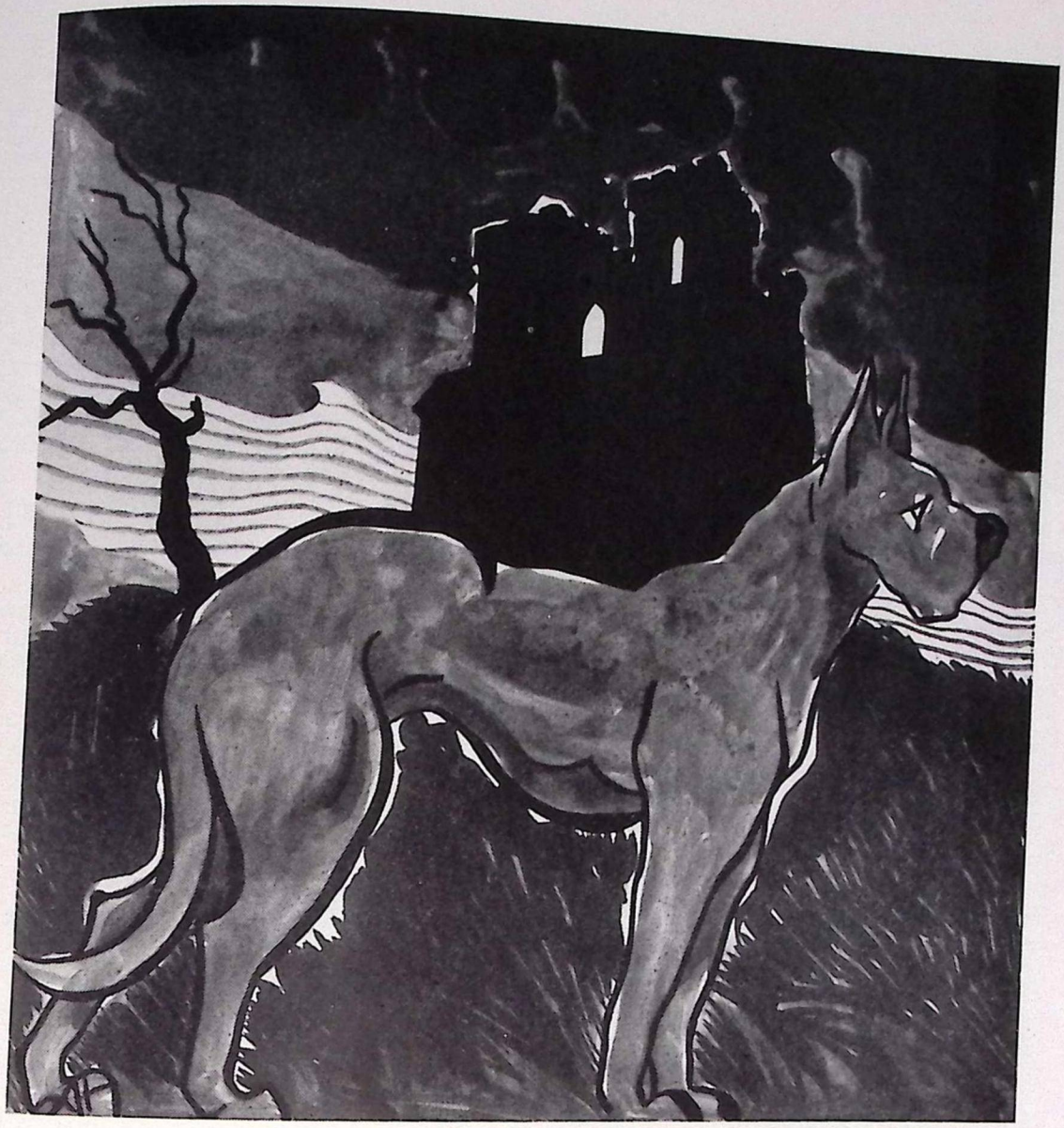
Three months slipped by ere the west wind next stirred the elms at Dolfreton and passed over the Manor house, where the Royal flag of England dipped slowly from the masthead, and men-at-arms moved uneasily as they listened to the low, sweet cadence of a Nunc Dimitus swelling in soul-catching pathos from that same little chapel in the east wing. In the courtyard a grim-faced giant, saddled and booted, prepared to leave the place, his task completed,—he was the headsman of England.

Thus the story! Whiteman, in his history of the English Church, gives broad mention of it, but the village folk have an authority of their own, an authority which warns them "Keep away!"

For my part I was most anxious to see the place by night, but there was need of much persuasion before young Clinton, complete with Burberry and ash stick, agreed to accompany me.

It was a beautiful night. Under the vast dome of caressing velvet, studded by the brillance of a million stars, the road over the moors swept in shadowed gray to the dark sides of Chadicker Pass, where the gloom of overhanging rocks chilled the hearts of travellers and made them quicken their pace.

The wind was in the west, a warm wind, fretfully stirring the moorland; pleadingly moaning through the pass and across the floor of the valley to the Manfield eminence. It came quietly, from ten thousand leagues beyond the edges of the world, calling, ever calling to the folk of other days; calling them to recapture the bygone years, to revitalise their spent passions, their chivalries and braveries. Knowing no past and no present it moaned under the dark night sky, bringing back again the souls of men long dead.



Clinton and I were awed, as, under the portcullis of that old place, we chose a stone and sat unspeaking in a silence which held life of which we had no understanding. The warm west wind seemed to give us a memory, carried us back, if you will, to those long gone loins from which we sprang; it stilled our scoffing voices, and just left us awed and wondering.

Before us was a clearing surrounded by the tumbling, gray, battle-scarred walls, and empty windows shared our vigil, gazing with sightless persistency across the valley. The wind stirred somewhere below us in the Stygian blackness of some Tudor vault, then it crept quietly across the clearing, played with some clinging lichen, and swept up,up, to the topmost tower of the northern battlement. We neither of us spoke, it seemed like sacrilege. My own thoughts sped down the corridors of time and weaved and recaptured a thousand things of joy and sorrow, until far up in the tower the wind cried. There was pathos in that sound, it was pregnant with the sorrows of the world.

With a cold and clammy feeling on my forehead I recalled my thoughts from the fascinating abstract; little beads of perspiration were there, and I was honestly and horribly frightened. The wind in the walls

created an atmosphere which held my heart in a grip of ice. I was drenched to the very marrow in bitter coldness. It was that mournful wind crying in the tower. It was like the moaning complaint of an agony, the agony of a lonely tortured soul. The shadows lengthened on the north wall, lengthened and crept to the west. The moon vanished, and the wind died, and then . . . a shadow detached itself from the gloom by the west wall, a shadow which was different from the crowding shades of the night, a shadow which was concrete, cast in a human mould, having form, figure, and subtle disturbing grace, a shadow which exploded into my mind the words of Whiteman, "She was beautiful, and her beauty caught the hearts of men."

I heard a small sigh escape Clinton's lips, audible and expressive, telling me in my frozen immobility, that he too was frozen, frozen with that awful, icy, gripping coldness, and I found that my muscles were painfully tense and tight. I tried to see it, straining my eyes to the dark, striving to define something and yet hoping that I should not discern it. The shadow moved again, gliding in studied motion, as if without effort, not like the blown shades of the moonlight, but as a definite Thing, just as if . . . as if it had an owner; an owner frightened and utterly alone and undecided. I thought I had imagined the thing, but I remembered Clinton's sigh. I could not look at him, dare not move, but I knew that he was there, and I was thankful, so very thankful, when the wind cried again. The shadow halted, and looked dejected, then it glided and stopped, and turned, and glided again, and with a last despairing cry from the wind, or the shadow, or the night, or be it what you will, it vanished . . into the blackness of the walls.

Suddenly I found myself on my feet drenched with dampness, my hair feeling as if it had been frozen, and by my side was young Clinton. How we got through that postern to the hillside I don't know. We hurried, unspeaking, through the night and down the slope with my knees feeling that they would not support me much longer, when suddenly Clinton shouted, "LOOK OUT!" My heart leaped thundering into my throat as a million gruesome possibilities flashed through my mind, until I saw before me . . . a dog, a big ugly, mean-looking dog. I froze in my tracks as the dog growled deep down in its throat, mouthing dark canine threats, then it turned and slunk away.

Once through the Chadicker Pass I asked my companion:

"Where did that dog come from?"

"The keeper of the Manor has one," he replied.

"It could have been his, or it might belong to any farmer hereabouts."

"Do you think," I said, "that it could have been the dog, you know, that shadow, that, that . . . "

He was silent a moment, and then he said, "It might have been, except . . . "

"Except what?" I asked.

"Except for the fact . . . well, you see, I have been there before at night, and if it was, that dog must have a regular habit of wandering on the south pavement."



# Padre's Page

by S/Ldr. The Rev. J. C. E. Reuss.

"I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." Psalm 122:1.

At the time of the composition of this Psalm professional hymns were much in vogue in connection with the gatherings of priests, inhabitants and pilgrims on their way to the Temple. Intending worshippers indulged their pleasure at the sight, keeping in step, singing this and similar Psalms as they mounted the terraced approach to the sacred precincts.

It was not, however, Solomon's Temple in all the glitter of its material splendour, nor was it the stirring qualities of the music from the massed choir and orchestra which brought forth the inspiration of these lines. A greater stir was in their hearts and on their lips. Joy found expression for a spiritual awareness of God. Spiritual faculties warmed them as sight and sound worked upon their senses, and the joyous words broke forth to mark the emotions of true piety in the praise of God. They were His people by virtue of a mighty covenant and an Atonement had been made for them through Sacrifice.

The invitation to worship should be equally welcome in every age and to us and our generation engaged in mortal conflict. The same fundamental reason is present; a foundation laid by the Sacrifice of Our Lord bringing to us the Covenant whereby we are aware of God's Love and of His mercy, so stirring the soul especially when in public worship to a consciousness of His nearness. Knowledge of this should remain within our hearts at all times to guide our feet constantly towards His Holy Temple. This memory should be so strong that the test of war should make the renewal of this experience at frequent intervals our greatest concern. It is of the utmost importance that the difference be clearly recognized between, one, emotional response to the atmosphere created by surroundings in worship, and, two, the stir within the heart through conviction of God's favour in the Fact and Person of Christ.

In war there is little atmosphere to offer especially in service life—we are facing a world turned upside down by evil and we who abhor violence and death must take up the instruments of both, to destroy the power of those who so despise law, and the sacred rights of the individual. Our inspiration for worship must come from a confidence towards God and an awareness of His Presence. The building improvised for worship and its equipment, or the open air, however much in contrast with our ideas of what God's house should be like, will not then detract from our approach, for we know that the least likely circumstance of our gathering together, may be to our ultimate blessing. We recall how Jacob in his desert wanderings used a stone for a pillow, and the place of his rest (through his vision) became "none other but the House of God, and gate of heaven."



The words of our Lord are very striking in this respect. "The hour cometh and now is when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in Spirit and in Truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him." This seems a direct answer to one of the temptations common to us all from time to time especially in war when the urge is to get time on our own for a breather, when after all it is a matter of timing our relaxation rather than anything else.

Worship in Spirit and in Truth is not limited by space or circumstance. Two or three gathered together in Christ's name is a guarantee of His Presence and Blessing. For this reason "the house of the Lord" is our special regard wherever it may be. In it we find fellowship and worship fully expressed, a fellowship which brings our piety to everyday life. This is an essential preliminary to practical worth and carries our Christianity out to Holy Communion, and Holy Communion is our fellowship with Christ as we gather round His Table in response to His invitation to the whole of the Christian Society. The act resets perfect fellowship in our hearts and it lives through this obedience. This is our central act of worship and it should convey the fullest reason for our gladness for entering the house of the Lord.

Church Services are for our instruction. True sermons will always help us even if we do not remember the words of the preacher. "A sermon is a proclamation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ that brings men and women, either consciously or unconsciously, openly or by unexpressed yet clear implication to a crisis, to a judgment. It requires them either to accept or to refuse, to follow or to desert, to gather with or to scatter away from the Eternal Christ." Through sermons our faith is sustained, our wills are strengthened to do His will, our passions to serve are enlarged, and we grow in Christian experience. We should leave the house of the Lord comforted and renewed for the meeting of life's emergencies.

Jesu, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat,
Where'er they seek Thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come
And going take thee to their home.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make all hearts, O Lord, thine own.

William Cowper 1769.

# What's Going on?

## DRAMATICS

Since the last issue of Three Corners the Dramatic Society has ben very active. Eary in April saw the production of the Aldwych farce, "Tons of Money", under the direction once again of Cpl. Phil Monkhouse, and no sooner was the stage cleared than the enthusiastic members of the Society immediately made plans for another show. This time their selection was the three act mystery play, "Arsenic and Old Lace" by Joseph Kesselring, which has been greatly enjoyed by large audiences in the Recreation Hall. For this production several newcomers have been welcomed to the cast, and those selected for the various roles included the Misses Mary Mackenzie, Pat Coleman, and Ida Bolton, F/O G. Fryer, F/O A. E. Nichol, P/O D. A. Dailey, P/O R. J. Barrow, Sgt. R. Saunders, Sgt. G. Bennett, Sgt. S. Sharp and Cpl. P. Monkhouse.

Production of an ambitious play of this nature demands much hard work, not only by those taking part, but by those behind the scenes, and we are indebted to all who have assisted, including F/Sgt. E. Talbot and LAC Van der Bergh and particularly to the Committee, consisting of F/O A. E. Nichol, Sgt. S. Sharp, Cpl. Phil Monkhouse, Mr. Jack Warner and Mr. Ed. Dunsmore.

## DANCES

The weekly dances held in the Recreation Hall have continued to be popular features of our Station life, with Ed of the 'Y' as the effervescent M. C. We now have a wide collection of good dance records, with the help of which Mr. Stan Boyce and Mr. Jack Warner keep the fun going hot and furious over the P. A. system. In addition to the weekly dances a more ambitious effort has been organised monthly, with the Penhold Swingers providing the music, and occasional vocals by Sgt. Bill Weedon have been very popular. To the dance committee, consisting of Mr. Boyce, Mrs. S. Kerfoot, Mr. T. Bull, F/Sgt. Talbot, Mr. J. Warner, and Mr. Ed. Dunsmore, we are very grateful.

## SPORTS

Of the sporting activities on the station little need be said here, for they have been given detailed attention elsewhere in this issue. But nevertheless tribute should be paid to those who have largely contributed to the smooth running of the sports side of our life, who have organised the necessary equipment, with the assistance of the P. S. I. committee, and surpassed themselves in connection with the recent Sports Day, which unfortunately took place too late for a report of it to be published in this issue.

The Sports Committee has consisted of F/Lt. D. May, Sgt. R. H. Pugh, Sgt. T. Powell, L.A.C. B. Skinner, Mrs. S. Kerfoot, Mr. F. Nubert, and Mr. Ed. Dunsmore, whilst the P.S.I. Committee, consisting of Mr. F. V. Burton, S/Ldr. B. L. H. Howes, F/Lt. W. F. Miller, Mr A. D. Kennedy, with the addition of Mr. Ed. Dunsmore, and Sgt. Powell, made itself responsible for the organization of the Sports Day.

## MUSIC and QUIZ

The monthly Quiz Programmes have again proved to be a very popular feature, including a short variety interlude provided by Station personnel. Items by Cpl. Monkhouse and LAC Cacutt have been enthusiastically received, whilst at the May show a new feature was a display of magic by LAC Brocklesby, whom all hope to see performing new wonders in the near future.

F/Lt. Miller has worked hard in the production of these shows, and continues to act as a most efficient and humourous M. C., assisted by Cpl. Monkhouse, Mr. J. Warner, and Mr. Ed. Dunsmore. The Oscars, have continued to be a feature of these programs, whilst the monthly prize money totals no less than $25.00

The Recorded Celebrity concerts have continued to be held, and F/Lt. S. P. Millar, our popular M. O., has taken charge of these, and some very enjoyable evenings have been spent, a number of new recordings having been added to the Station collection. As a further experiment a weekly Musical Appreciation Group has been held in the Ladies' Lounge, very kindly placed at the disposal of the music lovers by Mrs. Dacre and regular audiences of upwards of 30 have gathered, which proves that the efforts of F/Lt. Millar, F/O G. Fryer and Mr. H. Buchner have been appreciated. The Committee which has been responsible for all these activities consists of F/Lt. W. F. Miller, F/Lt. S. P. Millar, Mr. H. Buchner, Mr. J. Warner, Cpl. Monkhouse, and Mr. Dunsmore.

## THE Y.M.C.A. SUPERVISOR



Since the last issue of Three Corners we have welcomed to our midst Mr. E. Dunsmore, better known as "Ed of the 'Y'," who has replaced Mr. K. Hutchinson, who is now serving overseas. Ed quickly entered into our Station life, and is popular with all of us. The organisation which he represents is world wide in scope, and in its hundred years of service to youth it has left more than massive buildings, small hostels, swimming pools, and sports facilities; it has left its mark in the spirit of Christian living inculcated into many a young man. During the war the services of the 'Y' have been widened even more, and those of us on this station have good cause to be thankful to those who proudly wear its badge.

### EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES

The bi-weekly German classes under Sgt. Sharp are still continuing to give those who attend them an interesting and useful knowledge of this language. In addition, weekly French classes are now in full swing under the tutorship of Ed Dunsmore.

The weekly discussion groups have been suspended for the summer, as outdoors sports are taking up most of our spare time.

If any of the permanent staff wish to take up correspondence courses on subjects they feel might be useful to them after the war, they should contact the Education Officer, F/O R. J. Barrow, who will give them the necessary information.

# COMING

to the

# STATION CINEMA

AT THIS TIME, it is impossible to compile a complete list of all films to come. Keep a "weather eye" on the notice board in the canteen and in D.R.O.'s for the latest pictures. Come and enjoy a good show at Your Theatre, together with News, Featurettes, Cartoons and Shorts.

**LOOK FOR THESE FILMS — THEY'LL BE SHOWING SOON !**

PHANTOM LADY

HEAVEN CAN WAIT

WHAT A WOMAN

MAN FROM DOWN UNDER

MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK

GIRL CRAZY

COVER GIRL

RIDING HIGH

HER PRIMITIVE MAN

SWEET ROSY O'GRADY

LOST ANGEL

ALI BABA and THE FORTY THIEVES

HEAVENLY BODY

THE UNINVITED

A GUY NAMED JOE

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE

UP IN ARMS

GUNG HO

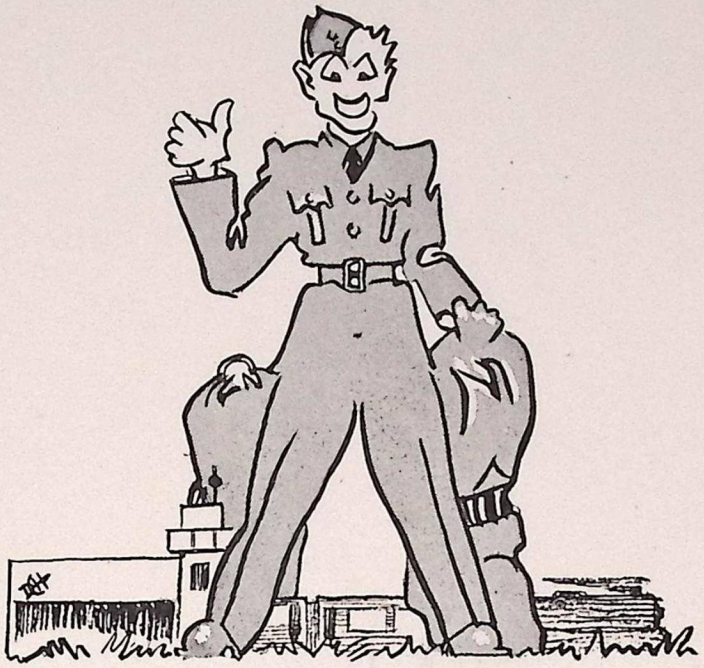
RECREATION HALL

25c

SHOW STARTS AT 8:00 p.m.

# Autographs


FRANKVBURTON
R A E
E ERK S SO T
EDGE WISHY O
SO DELTA CO
KO MILLER OK
E ASHE OR
NAEM HR LNF
NEROS O PEER
EARTH W SOLO
D SH IE I LS
YE CFS A T



*That's all Folks!*