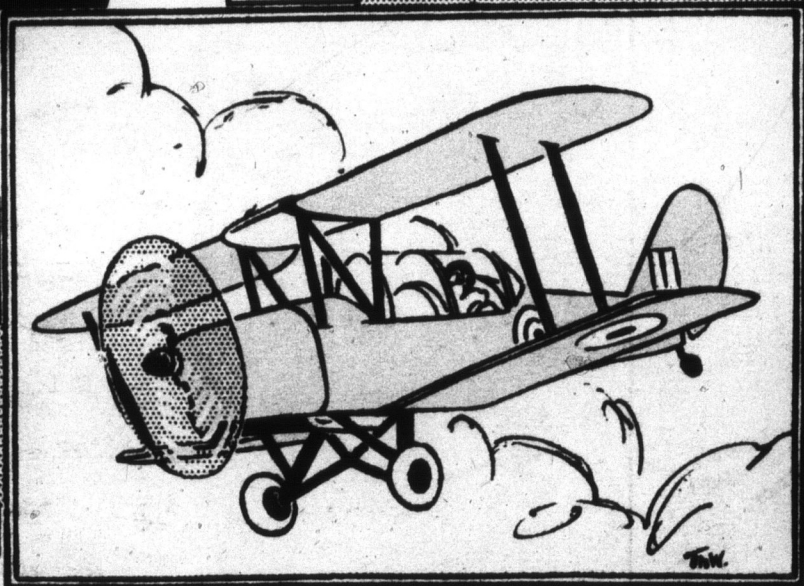


No. 1, January, 1942



the

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THE ADASTRIAN

Being the journal of 31 E.F.T.S. Royal Air Force,
De Winton, Alberta, Canada

Editor

P/O J. S. ROBINSON

Assistant Editors

LAC W. MCGREGOR
LAC R. STEELE

Art Editor

P/O T. H. WEBBER

Advertisements

P/O J. BROWNING

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FOREWORD.....	<i>by Wing Commander R. Noel Smith</i>
EDITORIAL.....	
SOMETIMES WE FLY.....	
“We Did It Too”.....	<i>“Robin”</i>
How to Become an Ace Pilot.....	<i>W.H.</i>
“Sir, 542”.....	<i>J.S.R.</i>
Orderly Officer’s Report, Xmas 1941.....	<i>Dai Bach.</i>
The World Goes By.....	<i>W.Mc.G.</i>
This Side of the Ocean.....	<i>Anon.</i>
Flight Notes.....	
Festine Lente.....	<i>A.C.B.</i>
Glossary of R.A.F. Terms.....	
(For the benefit of the uninitiated)	
Hunters All.....	<i>A.C.B.</i>
“Q”, A Short Story.....	<i>R.S.</i>
Night—Far From England.....	<i>D.L.R.G.</i>
We Heard It in the Cookhouse.....	
Our Sporting World.....	
Reverie.....	<i>Alwin</i>
Beautiful DeWinton.....	<i>R.S.</i>
Tony, the Fish Pedlar.....	<i>Unknown Author</i>
Dare We Say.....	
“The Gift of Wind”.....	<i>J.S.R.</i>

FOREWORD

THIS is the first issue of the Station Magazine. I hope that it will go from strength to strength every month and become a very full record of the activities of No. 31 E.F.T.S.

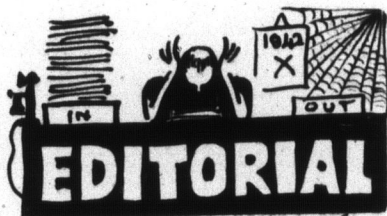
"We've come a long way together," and have enjoyed varying fortunes. First the long and tiresome journey of five thousand miles and then the always difficult task of starting a new Unit. Then, when we are at last comfortably settled, uprooted once again and sent to the chilly discomforts of a partially constructed camp.

Through all these difficulties I have been very impressed and pleased at the willing spirit and hard work of the Officers and Men of this Unit. We have our black sheep amongst us of course and some people who do not pull their weight. Yet on the whole I can say that this is the happiest unit I have served with in the R.A.F.

Now that we are settled in once more I shall expect an even greater output of work and energy from everyone. We must never forget that our ultimate aim is the production of pilots and that nothing must stand in the way of that object.

From the number of pupils that have been and will be turned out each month by this Unit, it is quite evident what an important part we are playing in the general war effort. I know that some of us feel that we would be doing more if we were in one of the actual theatres of war, but I want to impress on everyone that our work is of as great importance as any of the operational squadrons, and all of us, if we do our job here to the best of our ability, will be able at the end of the war to look back and say that we did our bit in winning it.

Rhodes Smith



Prior to October 13th of last year entertainment of every kind was to be had by the men of 31 E.F.T.S. by the simple expedient of passing the Camp barrier and pointing the thumb of the right hand in a Southerly direction on the approach of a car. Within fifteen minutes the whole catalogue of Calgary's divers pleasures was yours for the asking or paying. Seldom did one have to ask how one would amuse oneself any particular evening. Calgary bestowed its hospitality with such liberal hands that many of us lost the art and the desire to amuse ourselves.

The transfer of the unit to De Winton with its consequent relative isolation threw us back on our own resources. That resourcefulness was not lacking soon became manifest in several ways, not the least of which was the rapid appearance of skilfully carpentered cupboards, writing-desks, cabinets, card-tables and stools in all the Barracks. The plywood used must have cost many an airman a considerable proportion of his fortnight's pay!

That the airmen on this station faced the difficulties encountered during the first few weeks on our new prairie location with admirable good humour and common sense, must be conceded even by the bitterest misanthropist. Yet it was evident that something would have to be done to differentiate our lives from that of the neighbouring gophers. As a first move, two cinematographic projectors were purchased, and modern films, still current in Calgary and sometimes shown even prior to exhibition in Calgary, are now being exhibited five nights per week.

This has been our chief mode of self-amusement up to date. What the cinema has meant and still means to this Station can never be exaggerated.

We decided that such a variety of people and opinions co-exist on this Station that much of great worth would be lost to posterity, if we remained forever inarticulate. And so, with the object of bringing before you the activities of our new Camp and to give you a monthly opportunity of having your say, this magazine, YOUR magazine, has been started. *The Adastrian* must exist on Airmen's articles, or die of malnutrition. But we are so delighted with the

wealth of contributions for this first issue, that we feel confident it will never be said of the *Adastrian*, as was said of a certain college magazine—"Her lips move, she asks for nourishment, but the passers-by are indifferent."

The Editorial Staff fully realises the many shortcomings of this first edition and it requires criticism and suggestions from every reader. It is quite inconceivable that you should feel satisfied with everything we have put before you; we will have our critics and their criticism will be addressed to no more eager ears than ours. To judge what is the taste of the majority is an exceedingly difficult task, but it is our avowed object, and your assistance will be indeed welcome.

Therefore the question—Do you want more stories, more humour, more gossip? Undoubtedly you want something and it is up to you to see that you get it.

All of us would like to take the opportunity to thank the people of Calgary for the overwhelming hospitality they have showered on us, since we first arrived in their grand town one sunny afternoon in May. We had all heard of Western Hospitality back in the Old Country, but the way we have been treated since our very moment of arrival, has surpassed our keenest imagination. Naturally, we all long for home, as doubtless the Canadian forces in Britain must, but when we do go, we will carry in our hearts many happy memories of Calgary. THANKS, CALGARY.

THE EDITORS.

FAR FROM ENGLAND

*Oh! darkest, dearest dark for which I long
Through all the never-ending hours of day,
Shield me with wings as soft as they are strong
And bear me forth to lands of Faraway.
My England's living waters I am now beside,
And I behold green lawns and ancient trees,
All my adored and spacious countryside
With you—my Guardian—I behold all these.
Loved faces rise from out the dark, their laughter
Rings clear and fresh as even years ago,
We never wondered what might happen After—
That we loved England were content to know.
And now, my England, even from deepest sleep,
I pray God guard you and forever keep.*

D.L.R.G.



(In this section we intend to publish each month articles of interest and profit chiefly to those working in an Elementary Training School—in particular No. 31. The fruits of experience from aged instructors, novel impressions from wide-eyed pupils and candid comments from all and sundry will all be gladly accepted and considered for future publication.)

"WE DID IT TOO"

by "Robin"

Point of view is a queer thing. Nearly all of us study frenziedly the bark of the particular tree that rubs against our nose. Some of us can see two trees at the same time; but very few see the whole wood. Which aphorism is intended to point out, all instructors (even the C.O. and the C.F.I.) were pupils once.

Every instructor remembers, sometimes through a mist of years, sometimes without difficulty, the veneration and awe with which he regarded his own mentor. People do not change very much, and however much of an individualist you may have been in private life, it is a hundred pounds to a hayseed, that as a pupil you fall into one of surprisingly few categories.

Some of you want encouragement and having your hands held; some want pushing; and some want holding back. Your instructor knows all the types and he is doing his best to help you in the best way he can. He is not really a second Himmler for bawling you out for spinning under 3,000 feet. He is remembering when he nearly bought it at your stage of experience, possibly through not being choked off in time.

There is nothing personal about it, and the names he calls you have no relation to anything outside of flying. A good instructor has a great interest in his own craftsmanship, besides his human

interest in you. If you do not do it again, an unfortunate episode is soon forgotten. But if you do, he knows what action to take and it is frequently unpleasant.

Another thing—most people who can cope with the fairly stringent mental and physical tests that you have passed, can learn to fly reasonably easily and pretty well. When the beastly ball will not stay in the middle whatever you do, or the airspeed indicator gets an oscillatory devil inside of it, try to remember that these diseases have attacked everybody more or less at some time when learning to fly. Try like hell, of course, but keep your sense of humour and proportion. The man who learns quickest does not necessarily learn best in the end. Everybody has a different rate of learning. LAC Brightbottom, who went solo in 8-1/4 hrs. is a lucky chap, but is not necessarily a better pilot than LAC Slowcoach, who never forgets anything that he *has* succeeded in teaching himself.

I remember having as a pupil instructor once a P/O Brightboy, who learned much too quickly. When he went up for his categorisation test he romped through until he told his examiner, a very big wig, to "waggle his udder coarsely from side to side" after landing.

REVERIE

*When Mars, ambitioned, reaching up
Tore Venus, weeping, from her seat above,
He changed us to Birds of War,
And took us, unprepared, from those we love.*

*And so, when twilight draweth nigh,
And evening breezes whisper thru' the Eaves,
We pause, to open Memory's book,
And find companionship within its leaves.*

*Each visage scanned in turn,
Each eye caught in a mutual gaze,
Gives proof to those that do behold
That thoughts are sweet—like those of happy days.*

*Thus we, the Squires of Shakespeare's Sceptre'd Isle,
Who speed in bondage o'er the surly foam,
Do bring our hopes and lay them on a Sister Shore,
—But leave our hearts behind—in Paradise—called HOME.
Alwin.*



How to become an ace pilot

It seems to be the aim of many ambitious young men in these days to achieve fame as aces of the Air, and the writer feels confident that the following hints should prove helpful in furthering this aim. The student should therefore read this article most carefully, in order to get the maximum benefit out of his Flying Training from the start

The first thing to do is to get fitted up with suitable clothing, the most important article of which is the helmet. So go down to the Clothing Store and select a helmet. Get a good large one to allow for ventilation. The next thing is to get the earpieces fitted. These should not come anywhere near the ears, but should fit snugly over the temples, or the back of the neck if preferred.

This is most important, since if they come anywhere near the ears there is a slight risk of your being able to hear what your Instructor is talking about, which is most undesirable, as you wouldn't understand his remarks about your doubtful parentage; and apart from anything else, all Flying Instructors are glad to seize the opportunity to exercise their throat muscles. The speaking tubes should be plugged with well chewed gum, or better still, encourage a spider or earwig to build a nest in them. This will remove the last chance of your being able to hear.

Lastly, get a Parachute. Don't waste too much time over this, as all the packs are filled with old football jerseys, the only real ones being hung out to dry.

Having got kitted out, find out from the Canteen Steward which Flight you are in, then go and report to your Flight Commander, and find out who is your Instructor. If your Flight Commander doesn't know, ask one of the Maintenance Men. It should be borne

in mind, that your Instructor is virtually your Father and Mother during the whole of your flying training. He is possessed of infinite patience and loving kindness towards you; his language is always restrained, and he loves talking "shop". So the thing to do is to ask as many "damn silly" questions as possible, since there is nothing he likes better—in fact, he expects it.

He will now take you out on to the tarmac and show you an aeroplane. He will invite you to step into the cockpit. On doing so, take great care not to step on the strip provided, as it is usually very slippery and you don't want to break your neck at this juncture. So step right on the fabric. Carefully now! What has happened now? Dear me! your foot has gone right through the wing. Don't worry. It can soon be repaired. That is what the maintenance men are for; in the mean-time we will get another aeroplane. This time you have succeeded in getting into the cockpit. There now! isn't that nice and cosy? Now your Instructor goes on to tell you a long rigmarole about the instruments and things. Appear politely interested but forget it. Instruments are only fitted to amuse the Pilot on long uninteresting flights.

That thing between your legs is the control column and has the most amazing effect if moved about while the aeroplane is in flight. Those pedals down there by your "plates of meat" are the extremities of the rudder bar and make handy foot-rests. Now fasten the harness, not too tight though, and keep the straps off the shoulders, thus preserving a sporting chance of falling out if you should become inverted. Now you learn a completely new game called "Contact" or "Switches Off". This game may be played by two or more players, and the object is to confuse the Flight Mechanic by giving him "contact" when he says "switches off" and vice versa. If you can contrive to cut his arm off, or in any other way render him powerless, you win. If however he manages to fool you and get the engine started without sustaining any personal injuries, he is bloody lucky.



This little man is our typical pupil pilot Peter Pony.

The engine having been started, a nice balmy air blows down the fuselage or body of the aeroplane, thus cooling both instructor and pupil. The speed of the wind may be increased by opening the throttle, thus a whole gale can be produced in moments of mental stress, or to blow dust into the C.F.I.'s office. The noise of the mighty

engine removes once and for all any possibility of inter-communication, so with a grinding of wheels and a rattle of chains we move off for our first flight.

AIR EXPERIENCE

Your Instructor has another seven pupils besides you, and the prospect is not a very pleasing one to him, so he tries by a very simple process of elimination, to weed out a few. This may be done in numerous ways as will be seen in this article.

Your first flight provides an excellent opportunity to achieve this objective. His method is subtle, for he had lured you into the aeroplane with honeyed words, but now he has got you in the air, he lays aside his sheep's clothing, and becomes like unto a fierce Wolf, and you, like Little Red Riding Hood, may well be frightened. His object now is to cure you once and for all, of any further ideas about flying by frightening the very daylight out of you. If you are soft you may succumb, but if you are strong he will abandon the attempt, and will go on to tell you how the controls work, and a lot of hooey about the pitching, yawing, and rolling of planes, also to notice where the wings cut the horizon. Ignore all this. The wings don't cut the horizon, they aren't long enough.

Further, he will tell you to be light on the controls. Pay absolutely no attention to this. He is only trying once more to frighten you so you will give up flying. You just grasp that control column in a grip of iron and don't you let go of it. If you do, the most awful things will happen to you, too frightening to relate. Keep the rudder, also, under firm control with the feet, and if you should feel your Instructor trying to wrench the controls free, remember he is only testing your strength, to see whether your muscles are sufficiently well developed, to wrestle with an aeroplane.

TAXYING AND HANDLING THE ENGINE

Always taxi as fast as possible, so as to avoid holding up other aircraft taking off and landing.

Keep your head inside the cockpit so that you don't run the risk of getting injured by flying stones.

Brakes are provided and should be used at all times. If they should fail, and you are unable to stop, run into a petrol Bowser, or another aeroplane.

If you have the misfortune to go on your nose, get your Instructor to get out and pull the tail down, and then carry on.

Control yourself by coarse use of the throttle.

MEDIUM TURNS

Medium Turns, like going into the Wet Canteen, are divided

into three parts:

- (1) Going in.
- (2) Staying in.
- (3) Coming out.

You will also hear a lot of talk about Bank at this stage. Bank or Banks are divided into four main groups:

- (a) Barclays.
- (b) Midland.
- (c) Westminster.
- (d) National Provincial.

There are others, but the above are the most common, and are all about as steep as each other. To carry out a turn apply Barclay's Bank, gently, together with a little money. Keep on paying in until the right amount of bank is reached. Over banking may now result, keep it constant by continuous cheques.

Over-banking is due to paying in more than you are receiving, and may be corrected by applying another bank in the opposite direction.

All cheques should be clean. A dirty cheque is the result of the bank becoming too steep.

A return cheque is sometimes necessary to avoid getting into a Spin.

TAKING OFF AND LANDING INTO WIND

Getting off the ground and back onto it provides one of the most entertaining, and spectacular parts of your flying training.

To take off, manoeuvre your aeroplane to a point on the aerodrome where you can get a good long run, preferably into wind, although this is comparatively unimportant at this stage. Having arrived at this point, aim your aeroplane at some point on which to keep straight, such as the control tower, or a hangar, or any other large obstacle that you can readily see.

Now open up everything and shove everything fully forward, hold it until you hear a grating noise, caused by the airscrew hitting the ground, then heave everything smartly back. The aeroplane may now leave the ground, hover, then fall back. It may also try and trick you by digging a wing into the ground, or swinging violently. Don't let this bother you. Remember at all times that you are master of the Ship so just keep working that stick back and forth until she eventually comes unstuck. Mind the hangar roof now! Look out! Too late! that's the undercart gone. Never mind! Your



And this the villainous F/Lt Hacken Down the Flight Commander "Eater of Pupil Pilots"

Instructor has taken over and will land without an undercart. has been done before.

Now a word about the circuit. If you see another aircraft on the circuit, it is quite a good game to see if you can get close enough to identify the pilot. It is also great fun to play aerial "Hide and Seek". The object of this is to see how close you can get to another aeroplane before the pilot spots you. The best way to catch him out is to approach him head on and slightly below him.

All games of this nature should be confined to the circuit area so as to provide natural hazards for other pupils carrying out circuits and bumps, and thus give them practice in keeping a good look out.

Now to land. Aim your aeroplane at another one on the ground, or, if you can't see one—at the C.F.I.'s office window. Keep heading straight for your selected object. When it is possible to see the whites of people's eyes, it is time to land. To achieve this, move the control column right back and wait for it. There will be a considerable pause and then you will hear a curious crunching noise, accompanied by a tearing sound, and possibly a sharp pain in the small of the back. This indicates that you have arrived.

If you follow the procedure enumerated above you will never find yourself in any doubt, as to whether you are down or not.

If, after you are on the ground, you find you are running into the boundary, avoiding action may be taken by applying full rudder and opening the throttle to maintain speed and control.

W. H.

(To be continued)

(The above article is so vivid and ingeniously misleading that it very nearly fooled me too.—The Chief Flying Instructor.)



(As our able Contemporaries of *Calgary Wings* have written an excellent miniature history of Calgary entitled "Clear-running-water" we feel that no less can be done for our own De Winton—*Editor.*)

The name De Winton is derived from three French words—de Vin don—meaning the gift of wine. It was discovered about 1790 by a Frenchman who was blown up the Bow River from the East in a canoe. He was eventually beached on the mud and upon returning to consciousness, proceeded to build himself a home in the crest of the only tree in the province. Coyotes were his sole companions. His only sustenance was three casks of Chablis, one of which he drank and died three hours after his arrival. Out of gratitude he named the spot—De Vin don.

Ten years later, the place was visited by a squadron of Sarcee Indians, who discovered the two remaining casks of wine. The chief and Elders of the tribe consumed one cask of wine, upon which they left the place for ever, having first renamed the spot de Vent don—the gift of wind—there being a violent squall raging at that moment.

For nearly a hundred years after that, nobody dared to visit the place, but the name stuck to it. If you, dear reader, would care to search for the remaining cask of wine and drink—well, that's your affair!

De Winton lies 863 miles west of Winnipeg, eighteen months to two years west of London, England, twenty-six miles south of the Palliser Hotel, a block or two farther from Penley's, twenty minutes from any main road in an N.C.O.'s car, an hour and a half in an officer's car, and three and a quarter days in an airman's car.

The population of De Winton has risen from six natives in 1841 to seven in 1941. This remarkable increase is doubtless due to the fact that the Mayor, who also fills the posts of Post-Master General, Fire Chief, Registrar, Undertaker, Overseer, Beadle, Church-

warden, censor, magistrate, bailiff, bank-manager, choir-master, G-man, and surgeon-barber, was counted twice in the later census.

Their staple industries fluctuate between keeping the dust out of their homes and letting the air in. Sometimes one is more important than the other, but never has one succeeded in gaining complete ascendancy.

De Winton has no dearth of historical celebrities. Most noted of these was Jehan de Salaud, the explorer, who first blazed the trail of dust as far as Gladys. Why he stopped so long at Gladys is still a point of dispute among historians. Anyway, he was last seen evacuating Gladys in an odd manner. He was being dragged along the road at a breakneck pace, by a great black stallion, his left foot being entangled with the reins. When he came to rest he named the spot "Mazeppa". Since that day Mazeppa, Gladys and De Winton are known universally as the "triplet cities"; worthy of mention beside the Five Towns of Staffs., the Seven Hills of Rome and the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

J.S.R.

GLOSSARY OF R.A.F. TERMS

For the Benefit of the Uninitiated

(May You Soon Learn)

- Bind**—To hold forth at great length on nothing, bore. Common failure of drivers, hangar pilots, technical men and old sweats.
- Binder**—One who binds.
- Browned Off**—Mental apathy, pessimism or misanthropy caused often by binders, Senior N.C.O.'s and the general dimness of sprogs.
- Cheesed Off**—
- Brassed Off**—
- Gen.**—Information about Station affairs usually obtained from the cookhouse or Orderly Room runner.
- Duff Gen.**—Incorrect information.
- Pukka Gen.**—Definitely the last word in correct information.
- Pupes**—Would-be birdmen, known officially as U/T Pilots, unofficially by many other uncomplimentary names, especially amongst Maintenance Men.
- Sprog**—A new recruit. One whose number still requires blotting-paper.

Get off your knees—Ribald comment to anyone who, on the previous night, had participated in a sesh, or who is suspected of having spent the night on the tiles.

Close the hangar door—Stop talking shop. Related to binding.

Going up—Gentle hint to close the hangar door.

Bint—A nice piece of overtime, usually blonde. The cause of many a poor airman doing jankers.

Jankers—Confinement to camp.

Janker Wallah—Airman undergoing jankers.

Erk—Airman below rank of Corporal.

Char—Tea.

You've had it—Ironic expression meaning "You never will".

Scrounge—(a) To acquire anything by unofficial means. (b) To appear to be doing bags of work when, actually doing nothing.

Old Man—The Commanding Officer.

The Wingless Wonder—Usually refers to the Administrative Officer.

Flannel—Soft soap, wheedle, crawl.

Shooting a line, Burning your load—Boasting. 'Poonah, 98" and all that sort of thing.

Shot down in flames, Torn off a strip—Generally chewed up, verbally licked.

On the hooks, peg, mat, high jump—Being brought up before the C.O. on a charge.

Rookie—

Driver—Pilot.

Hangar-Pilot—A driver who does more flying at the mess-table than in the air.

Dip-chick—A term of endearment. A little bird that crawls along the wing of a kite which is flying one wing low, to restore balance. Alternatively, a little bird that chips the ice off a kite in cold weather or at high altitudes.

Kite, Crate—Aeroplane.

Creepers—Ground Staff.

Matelots (Pron. matlows)—Sailors.

Swaddies (Obsol.)—Soldiers.

Bring 'em in—Common expression in the Sergeants' Mess particularly on Pay Day, meaning, time for someone to stand another round of Old and Mild.

Draw Four—Closely related to "Bring 'em in". The four, of course, varies with the size of the party concerned.

Sesh—Derived from session, meaning binge. In the vernacular, a boozing party.



Nothing is looked forward to with more pleasure by an airman and less pleasure by an Officer than attendance at a Pay Parade. The emotions of the former are obvious. The movements of his fingers bear witness to his mental calculations. 30 dollars worth of spiritual exaltation at 8c per 8 oz. glass. Or 60 visits to the movies at 25c a seat, provided he can slip through the tenuous cordon of Service Police. Or perhaps—but who doesn't know?

The effect on a witnessing officer's mind is much more complex. It is more than depressing to see so much unsullied money floating into the possession of other people, who will obviously use it in much the same way as he would, if he could claim the whole lot. Yet he must just sit and watch it dribbling away in amounts ranging from \$150 to a Sergeant Pilot, who must do the work of a Titan, to \$5 to an AC2, who has the simple job of clearing the camp of the entire litter of the three Prairie Provinces, which invariably chooses this camp as an assembly point.

In war-time the proper study of man is the airman. I have spent many not unprofitable hours studying the manner and bearing of airmen as they approach the table to receive their reward on the fateful 15th and 30th of the month, and so am able to divide them into five clearly defined categories.

By far the most interesting class is the under ten dollar class. Their name being called out, one sees a mighty effort to look hopeful percolate through their being. Their salute is smart in a delayed action sort of way. They stiffen up momentarily, their eyes gleam and they clear their throats boldly before uttering, "Sir, 942" with ardent hope. Then comes the shattering reply, "Thrrree dollarrs". Body, face, uniform and spirit of AC Smith sag back into their usual

listlessness and I can see him already in the second ring of Dante's Inferno. He trollops forward, gets bawled out by the SWO for having three buttons undone, only one of which is on his tunic, gropes blindly about on the table for his notes, drifts over to table number 2 where he disposes of 25c to the PS1, then wanders into a dark corner to make a secret count, in case the Accountant Officer gave him three tens instead of three ones. The mournful expression on the face of an airman, picking up three dollars tends to make one forget that he is doubtless supporting three families in England and two in Canada.

The second class comprises the great bulk of the personnel. They earn, or receive, as the case may be, more than ten and less than forty dollars. They consist of pupil pilots, redolent with purpose and patriotism, mechanics who know their job, aircrafthands who work hard and are keen to get on—and sergeants. These can be further subdivided into: the satisfied, the cynical, the soured and the sergeants.

The sub-class of the satisfied we know by name. Everyone knows that they are good fellows by nature—reliable and unselfish. Chief of these are the three airmen, who serve behind the bar in the Messes and Canteen. They modestly call out, "Sir, 132", amble forward, make a good-natured, if somewhat sloppy salute, for which the SWO would hate to reproach them, quietly collect their takings, with an expression meaning "This is so decent of you, Sir", then amble off again to Table 2 to ask if they may not be allowed to pay 50c instead of 25c to the PS1. Not even the worst that De Winton can do can make these three men complain.

The sub-class of the cynical adds spice to the parade. These men know that they should have been given Air Rank upon attestation and given an opportunity to work their way down. Upon hearing their name called, their lips curl up at the edges and very slowly they reply, "Sar, wan, far, feeve". Then they propel themselves to the table with a movement suggesting the marriage of the tango to the koki-oki. Having been furtively tripped up by the SWO on their way to Table 2 they proffer a ten dollar bill and sneer on finding that it can not be changed.

The sub-class of the soured is no more numerous here than at most stations and consists of the entire permanent staff minus the five afore-mentioned and the u/t Pilots. The reasons for it are clear. There are no blitzes, no shortage of cigarettes, food, gasoline or girls, no route marches, no armed sentry-go, no fire-watching, no debris-clearing, in fact nothing to provide a really good grouse, apart from being stuck out in a hole in the prairie, surrounded by

square miles of sweet Francis Adams, and nothing but pure prairie dust and a slight admixture of air to breathe.

These men give their number like a challenge. "Let anyone dare to say my name is not Jones, or my number not 352" is the feeling. One hears the seconds leaving the ring, as he approaches the table. The draught caused by his salute sweeps \$3,000 off the table and sparks fly from his eyes and heels as he seems to say, "My God, if there's one cent short of forty dollars, somebody's in for it." A sharp turn to the left and the thunder moves to Table two.

One person we have studiously omitted to describe, but he deserves a book to himself and one day soon it will be written.

J.S.R.

OKOTOKS 131 and 132 - - Our Private Lineshoot

(These anecdotes will never be found in any anthology of the world's great humour, but they are nonetheless amusing to us, in that they did really occur, and on our unit.—*Editor.*)

TRICKY WINDS

Last September 3rd Group Captain Blank made an appalling one-wheel landing at Calgary Airport, at least twenty degrees out of wind in his Cessna, which performance did not pass unnoticed by either pupil pilots or instructors.

When met by one of the officers of this unit below the Control Tower he waxed furious over the failure of the big red Wind Tee to indicate anything like the true wind direction. The other officer politely agreed and tactfully omitted to suggest that the two wind-socks were showing exactly the same wrong wind direction as the wind T.

THE SPIN

LAC Thompson from Dumfries put his Tiger Moth into a spin as instructed. When the spin had properly developed F/O Ritchie ordered, "Now pull her out" No response. The T.M. spun on. Again, "Come on, get her out" Still the kite hurtles earthward. Since the Earth is beginning to loom up perilously close, the instructor takes the necessary recovery action himself.

Later, on the ground. "Why didn't you pull the kite out of the spin instead of sitting there with your mouth full of teeth?" "Weel, sair, you see, I was so fascinated at seein' the wairld gang roond and roond, I did no' want to stop."

THIS SIDE OF THE OCEAN

An A/C Plonk who really tries
Knows all there is of T.S.I.'s
Striving desperately to be
A Corporal or an LAC.
But committing grave omission—
"Recommended for commission."

As P/O Prune he swots K.R.'s
And daily studies rules and laws,
Hoping he will quickly shoot
To F/O, or perhaps Flight Lieut.
After an appalling show
He was made an S. Ad. O.

As S/LA he did his best,
Pondering gravely, ignoring jest,
Initialling in service style
Many trays of unread file.
Alas—prone to meander,
He was posted—Wing Commander.

As Wingco. with a desk at Group
He thought he'd landed in the soup
When he asked to wine and dine
A W.A.A.F. with whom he wished to shine.
Found in staff car, W.A.A.F. arms wrapt in—
Automatically made Group Captain.

Once he'd got a hat of brass,
He ceased to look upon the lass,
Grabbed right people by the ears,
Dined with Admirals, Brigadiers.
So 'twas easy as you see
He quickly rose to A.O.C.

As Air Commo. he found his niche;
Increased efficiency to highest pitch.
A.M. big-wigs began to note,
(This despite the well-known mote)
Sent him stinkers on this and that—
So now he wears a bowler hat.

Anon

Orderly Officer's Report-Christmas Day, 1941

I HAVE the honour to report I inspected the Airmen's breakfast at the later hour of 9:25 this morning. I found everything clean and tidy. Although breakfast had been laid, nothing had been eaten. I questioned the Orderly Sergeant, as to the reason for this. He informed me that there had been "a bit of a to do" the previous evening in Calgary, and consequently the men were not hungry, or capable of eating, or words to that effect. When I enquired as to what was "a to do", the Sergeant replied, "I see you are not a Yorkshireman, Sir". I inspected the kennels, and found all the dogs had been liberated and that Lou the Great Dane was already making her way down to the Mess.

2. I visited the Guard Room some time later, even though the weather was terrific. I was informed that there were no prisoners therein, but if I wanted to inspect any, the Guard would contact Calgary and that within an hour they would return. I thought it was jolly decent of him to remember to collect the 'phone numbers before letting them depart. I stayed here awhile, exchanging views, and found that even the Guard is a human being; in fact, he told me he was known as "Pal" to the erks. I have sent this to Mr. Ripley as an entry to his "Believe It or Not" column.

3. I checked the Secret Publications, and suggest that Para 244, line 2 should be deleted, as there is a split infinitive therein. Otherwise, Okey blinking doke.

4. I will forward report on Airman's Mess, Kitchens, etc., etc., later as I have now to entertain the Sergeants.

5. Those Sergeants' Where did they learn it? What gift's What capacities' What thirsts' Anyway, I inspected the Airmen's lunch at 12.00 hours and had to wait a further hour before serving. During this period I made the discovery that the quality of the draught is much preferred to the bottled. I met my brother officers later, and a good bunch they are, although I may mention they are very concerned that my promotion is slow. "Darned bad show" said one, and "Hard Cheese" said another, to which I promptly enquired, "Any complaints"? But I told them that if the Adjutant wasn't going to put me up for promotion, I wouldn't take it, which as you will perceive is a tricky reply, which confounds all and sundry. The Airmen were rather clever this day; they all appeared to sit calmly and evenly, whilst N.C. Officers and others complained of swaying walls and rising floors. The only complaint I received, which I believe constitutes a record, was the slowness of the service,

so I detailed a number of Sergeants from the roles of Waiters to Wine Stewards. I can assure you, Sir, that a certain number of officers tried to catch my eye, as we say in the Mess, for the posts of Wine Steward, but I was adamant, with the accent on the second syllable. However, I had to remonstrate with one of the Stewards or Potmen as they were affectionately called; I observed he was having difficulty in regaining his upright position, but he informed me that three men were holding him down, by the names of Combes, Watney and Reid, the lucky bloke.

Altogether the fact that the Officers and Sergeants waited upon the Airmen seemed to disprove the old adage that Officers do not work at any time, but as one old time-serving Corporal mentioned in attempting to prove the old argument, theory or dispensation, as it is called in the Khyber Pass, they couldn't have had any work to do, otherwise they would not have been present. This I may say was uttered sotto voce or words to that effect. Altogether a good time was had by all, which is a good thing.

6. I felt kind of tired in the afternoon and evening so did not inspect the rations, supper, retreat or hangars, but I visited the canteen and wreckreation room, wherein I was pleased to dwell and have promised to see them in the Courts of the morning.

7. I toured camp for lights-out, but one light kept eluding me. I followed it to my sorrows' regret, finding in the end it was a Calgary light which seemed to invite everyone from the prairies.

Altogether, Sir, with much respect and in anticipation of promotion, *verb sap*, I had a very busy day, but I assure you that the task of the Orderly Dog is always an onerous one and one that we are pleased to fulfil even if it brings forth many a sigh or care, but as the Poet said, "What is this life, but full of care, we have no time to stand a beer."

FESTINE LENTE

*"Life is short" I hear men say
Who rush on frantic in the van,
"Hurry, hurry, here's the way,
Grab in passing, what you can."*

*But do not follow—linger slyly,
Slow enjoyment is the stronger.
Simple people, living wisely,
Find love sweeter and live longer.*

A.C.B.

THE WORLD GOES BY

A LITTLE old woman sat in a high-backed chair at the big bay window in her favourite room. She was very still. Her white tapering fingers, bearing the tell-tale marks of hard usage and age, were in sympathy somehow with the creases in her kindly face. But no smile now lit her gentle blue eyes.

Beneath her window the world goes by. The busy street, like a machine belt on the mighty wheel of commerce, echoes and re-echoes to the roaring of engines, honking of hooters, and clanging of street cars over the points at the bottom of the road. The side walks carry their usual heavy volume of pedestrian traffic. The day is cold and collars are turned up against the icy blast from the north. They are a people at war. Grim, resolute faces, bear testimony to that. What are their thoughts, their fears, their sufferings, their expectations, in a war-wracked world?

Vaguely, in a detached sort of way, a little old lady wondered. Such a tumult of emotions that cross-section of humanity streaming past her window, must contain . . .

Up and down the road passed thousands of people. A truck roared up the slight gradient, a link in the gigantic life line of war supplies. A street car rattled over the points at the bottom of the road. A bird winged over the housetops.

. . . thousands of faces merged into a blur before two suffering eyes. Marching feet . . . W-A-R . . . their feet beat out the letters. W-A-R . . . louder, louder, the wheels of the traffic took up the cry. Footsteps . . . wheels . . . horns . . . rising to a crescendo in a gruesome symphony of death.

Tanks, armoured cars, mighty guns. Forward they stream. On, on . . . W-A-R chanted their speeding wheels. . . . Humanity answering the challenge of death to defend itself from worse than death.

. . . A ship ploughs through a restless sea, its prow dipping deep as it speeds to do battle. An explosion, the surging sea foaming through the gaping wound in the steel-plated hull. Fiery boilers hiss like poisonous snakes as their white-hot steam, released from its steel prison, sears the sweating bodies of its masters. Men struggle to combat a force stronger than man. Death has struck.

. . . Over a foreign land another ship—a ship of the air—dives and climbs in a battle to the death. Caught in a trap of screaming lead that tears at its beautiful lines like a ravenous wolf with a carcass. It banks steeply, stalls, then with a last dying shudder its nose

points earthwards . . . a motionless figure huddled over the controls.
. . . Columns of soldiers move forward . . . upheavals in the
earth and in the sky . . . explosions . . . white hot steam . . .
agonising death.

A little old woman sat in a high-backed chair at a big bay window
in her favourite room. She was very still. A busy street . . . on
either side passed thousands of people. A truck roared down the
street . . . a street car rattled over the points at the bottom of the
road . . . a bird winged over the house-tops . . .

A clock struck. Its sonorous chimes counted slowly up to eleven.
All was still. For two minutes, pregnant with emotions no words
can describe, no sound was heard. A nation honoured its glorious
dead of two great wars.

A little old lady watched the scene in a familiar street. The
traffic moved forward . . . the wheels of industry were set in motion.
Footsteps again hurried over the side-walks. . . A slip of paper
fluttered to the floor from white tapering fingers. "Your son . . .
missing, believed killed" read its message.

Her eyes lifted skywards, a little old lady sat on. There was no
beginning and no end to her time of remembrance. Two minutes,
two hours, two days . . . time was as nothing to her tortured soul.

Trucks . . . tanks . . . guns. Street cars . . . ships . . . birds . . .
planes.

Beneath her window, the world goes by.

W. McG.

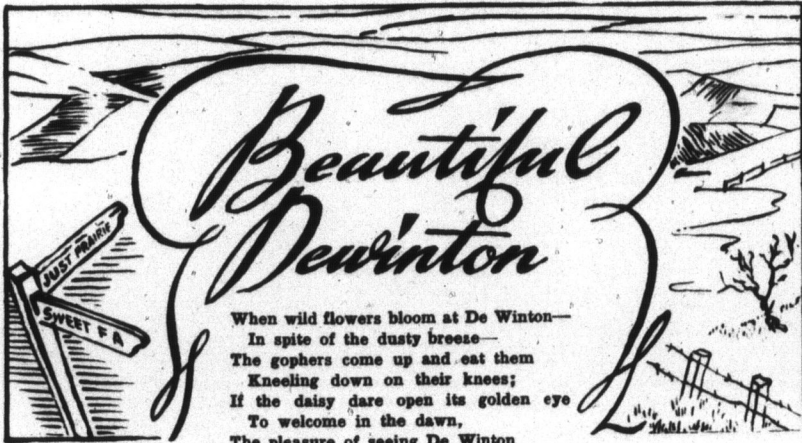
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When wild flowers bloom at De Winton—
 In spite of the dusty breeze—
 The gophers come up and eat them
 Kneeling down on their knees;
 If the daisy dare open its golden eye
 To welcome in the dawn,
 The pleasure of seeing De Winton
 Wouldn't be its for long.

De Winton, fair De Winton,
 I love your dusty trails,
 Your cow-tracks and your pit-falls,
 Your ditches and your dales,
 I love to dream, and oft I do,
 Of days long past and gone,
 When I was six thousand miles away
 From thee, oh fair De Winton.

(With apologies to
The Relay, magazine
 of the Calgary
 Power Co. Ltd.)

Ignored, forgotten, unknown and unwanted, there revels in the magnificence of natural beauty the lovely airport of De Winton, one of the rural beauty spots of the fair city of Calgary. The village proper lies about 18 miles south of the city, but the airport is 26 miles away as the crow flies. (Oh that I had the wings of a crow!) Where the visitor leaves the main highway to reach the airport, there he gets his first glimpse of the scenic and sylvan beauty amid the winding trails. (Scenic is the right word—memories of dear old Blackpool!)

One of the first things on the road (?) to attract the attention of the visitor is the slippery and serpentine nature of the tracks that lead with unflinching regularity to the enormous ditches on either side, tracks evidently awaiting with glee the unwary car driver. At this point we slow down the motor, so that we may get a fuller and more

complete view of the enhancing beauty that meets the eye at every turn. Suddenly, on turning a corner, we see before us what seems to be a yawning chasm, but what in reality turns out to be one of the innumerable dips on the road, all of which make the journey still more interesting and exciting.

On these beautiful autumn evenings, when the setting sun is like a ball of fire embraced in a corona of gold, the visitor may be forgiven for wondering just what the sight is that meets his eyes about 9 miles from the main highway. The thoughts and hopes of an explorer who has just discovered the ruins of some ancient city must flood his mind. Indeed, what can that wooden erection be, roofless, no doubt, through age—perhaps an outpost forgotten and deserted after the Indians had raided it in the good old days. (40 below zero and all that.) But never in his imagination could he know that this erection is the still uncompleted guard house, which, though not finished, already carried out its dark and dismal job, as many a janker-waller can testify. But stay, this can't be an ancient outpost, for soon appears the dim outlines of more erections, and the smell of new paint (and other odours commonly associated with country farms) drowsily scents the evening air. After closer inspection, we discover that it indeed looks somewhat like the camps that we have seen dotted so conveniently near a town or on the main highways; but surely there can't be one away out here on the bald-headed—and yet it must be, for on peering through the fence, figures are discernable walking in a distinctly "airmanlike manner", with buttons shining in the setting sun. Yet these do not look quite like the airmen we see so often downtown—the spirit of youth is not shining so happily from those eyes (or rather from the part of the eyes not quite covered by a layer of dust)—in its place there is a determined look, determination that when pay-day comes round again a bath must be had in Calgary, whatever the cost (\$1.50 per night—No visitors after 11 p.m.) And thus we pass on round the camp while the lads wend their respective ways behind the barriers, some lilting their weird Air Force melodies that sooth the weary heart and remove for a moment a world of cares.

We continue round the camp which, momentarily, has disappeared in a dust cloud, and wend our way to the Bow River about a mile and a half eastwards. We recall spending many happy childhood days here fishing, but are dismayed to find that there are no longer any fish in the river. Oh yes, didn't the *Calgary Herald* publish the news that the fish in the river had been dying in large numbers

recently—could it be that the noise of the planes had frightened them? Or could it be—**HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE!**

By this time, the last rays of the sun are casting their weird shadows across a much weirder landscape, and so we turn our face towards the city of Calgary, convinced that the sons of the pioneers can take it too, and in full agreement with the words that come wafting from a barrack block in a strong Scottish accent:

"THERE'S NAE PLACE LIKE HAME." S.



We like Canada in de Summer
and it's not so bad in de
Autumn, but it's B—y awful in de Winton.

U/T Pilot (swathed in bandages): I made a perfect landing while night-flying last night. It was so smooth and easy that I did not know I was down—and, by God, I wasn't!

One Batman to another: At Saturday night's dance F/O F_____ made a date with a girl for this evening. At eight o'clock this morning she phoned him to say she could not keep it, as she was being married this afternoon!

U/T Pilot: I did my dual cross-country flight this morning. When we had been going half an hour my instructor offered me a bite of his bar of chocolate, which I think was pretty decent of him. But I don't see why he shot off the handle when I offered him a swig of my rye hip-flask in return.

I wonder why Bertie Fisher spent his entire week-end at De Winton?

Did you know that Cpl. L_____ spent his third night in an overturned car in a ditch one night last week? How come that he always comes back with his hair so tidy and his face so flushed?

S/L Blank has been offered a good contract by CFCJ for a recital of Canadian folk and patriotic songs.

FLIGHT AND SECTION NOTES



"A" FLIGHT

Wasn't it the poet Herrick who, while writing poetry all through the Civil War, forbore to mention it?

Probably he was too lazy.

Or, being right out of it, forgot that it was going on. Or, he didn't consider that it was a suitable subject for his lyrics and fortunately for us all went on making love to Julia.

This was all very well for Herrick however, but a pretty poor consolation to those members of this Flight who have been asked to record their impressions and reactions in the printed word.

In common with ourselves, the student of Arithmetic who has mastered the first four rules of his art, finds himself confronted with problems concerning four gentlemen by the names of "A", "B", "C" and "D".

The occupations of the arithmetical "A", "B", "C" and "D's" are many and varied. Hitherto they have contented themselves with doing "a certain piece of work".

This statement of the case, however, has been found too sly and mysterious or possibly too lacking in romantic charm. It has become the fashion to define the job more clearly and to set them various tasks like pumping water into cisterns, two of which leak through holes in the bottom and one of which is watertight.

"A", of course, has the good one. He also has the best locomotive, the best bicycle and the fastest horse, or, if the problem concerns aquatics, the right to swim with the current. In short, it is now assumed that, on the whole, the wretched "B", "C" and "D" get a pretty raw deal and should not be censured for devising means with regard to their own improvement and self-advancement.

But this, we contend, carried absolutely no justification for the contemptably mean and base theft of:

Chairs, kitchen, folding.....	4
Receptacles, galvanized iron, lids with.....	2
Heaters, Office, electric.....	2

We would suggest that, if "B", "C" and "D" are anxious to establish their betterment, they should do so by diligence and assiduity, rather than by actions calculated to incur the scorn and contempt of all right thinking people.

W.R.O.

"B" FLIGHT

To the Editor.

Sir:

You have honoured "B" Flight by asking them to contribute about 300 words under the above heading to the proposed Station Monthly Magazine. The ground personnel, pupils and instructors join in thanking you for this opportunity of expressing opinions and ideas each month to such a wide and intellectual circle as this Magazine will undoubtedly reach.

Before we embark upon the programme we have envisaged however, there are a few points which for the benefit of all concerned should be made quite clear.

What is to be the proposed tempo of this publication? Under the headings of "Flight Notes" are we to call a spade a spade? May we say exactly what we think for example of other Flights, the Equipment Section, Station Headquarters, etc.? May comments and criticisms, good and bad, be made of particular officers and airmen? Will it be permissible to comment freely on Rules and Regulations as they affect this Flight in particular and the Station in general? What are the Laws governing the contents of such a Magazine, e.g., could one be sued for libel in respect of subject matter submitted to and printed therein?

In short, we would like to see this Magazine become a really "live wire" publication and not develop into the timid, back-scratching affair that so many Station Magazines do.

The various members of our Flight are far from perfect. We have for example those who at eight in the morning have difficulty in getting a flag the right way up, and others who have still more difficulty in getting up at all. We are, therefore, in a position to be shot at, and that is precisely what we would like other contributors to do. Rest assured that we, for our part, will strike blow for blow and we hope that as in actual warfare these attacks and counter attacks will show up our weaknesses and thereby give us the opportunity of remedying them.

We eagerly await your reply Mr. Editor, but whether it is favourable or unfavourable to the above suggestions we wish your new venture every success irrespective of its tempo.

"B" Flight.

3rd January, 1942.

Reply to 'B' Flight

(To the O.C. and other Personnel of B Flight)

In response to the invitation of the preceding letter, we take this opportunity to define the policy of our magazine. It is not intended to be a Parish Magazine, where all "improper" expressions and opinions are sedulously expunged. Nor is it intended to be a counterpart to Razzle. It is to be in the first and last places a STATION magazine, reflecting every possible side of this Station's life and organisation. If others should find pleasure in reading it, so much the better.

We have no high-brow ideas about raising the cultural and spiritual level of the officers and men of this station. We might as well try to stand on our own shoulders. The tempo of the magazine is to be nothing more nor less than the tempo of the Station, with all its hidden ideals, stifled enthusiasms, frank good humour and sincere criticisms of men, their works and their opinions. As is proven by the letters in our letter-box all ranks are given an opportunity to express their feelings on things about which they feel deeply.

We know few people on this Station so devoid of humour that they are unable to take a spot of "ribbing". We know even fewer who are unable to differentiate between pulling somebody's leg, and merely being objectionable. Anyone whose short-comings gain publicity in this Journal, will certainly be given an opportunity to defend himself, and as the Critic himself will doubtless have his own imperfections, he must be ready for a sharp counter-thrust.

All honour to you, as Flight Commander, who specifically mention the weaknesses of your own flight. We shall have no fear in publishing your articles.—*The Editor.*

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CALGARY

"C" FLIGHT

"C" Flight. Oh yes, those are the kites with the blue wheel discs. Under the able leadership of Flight Lieutenant Somerville the flight is steadily whipping itself into shape. Established in our new flight-rooms and getting everything in order—things are definitely looking up—if only we had heat!

The U/T pilots have been having a fair time with circuits and bumps, as you have probably noticed from time to time. But that's all over now, isn't it, fellows?

Along the Grapevine.

Someone has a red face since that aircraft went berserk on our line the other day. . . . One remark, "Gad, fellows, I had to put my navigation lights on to take off the other morning—it must have been early" By the way, don't ask Sgt. C. . . . m to borrow his pen, watch or wife—he objects. F/O Dunne has been barred from the amateur dart contest. Reason being—he's a professional.

An instructor asking his pal about bowlers: "They're all bowlers chum, until they go." A few instructors and students had a sad look, when after successfully installing a stove, they found that the smoke refused to migrate up the chimney.

Taking all in all, "C" Flight is really gearing itself up, and the people trying to keep up with us will definitely have to start burning up the gasoline (Petrol to you).

"D" FLIGHT

"D" Flight has suffered fundamental changes during the last few weeks. Since the School has been in operation the Flight has been under the happy and able command of F/Lt—(sorry—Squadron Leader)—Philipsen. Now alas, we have lost him. He has been posted to the new E.F.T.S. at Carron, and I am sure that I voice the mutual thoughts of the entire Flight when I wish him every success in his new position of Chief Flying Instructor. Our same wishes are carried to Wing Commander Worger-Slade and to Squadron Leader Greenwood. We sincerely hope that Santa brought them *all* the usual Xmas joys—including some Heat!"

Xmas with "D" Flight was much as usual—or at least, so we are led to believe. It is a pity that so many of the Instructors still fail to recollect where—or with whom—they spent their brief respite. But then, perhaps it is best. We are yet much too young for this sort of thing.

Now that the Japanese have entered the War the time has come

for increased vigilance from all Ranks. Dismay was caused in the Instructors (Only) Room when it was pointed out one morning during the break for Coffee, that the idea of a seaborne invasion must not be set aside too lightly. The situation was discussed at great length, and it is with grateful thanks we here publish the general feeling.

As Sergeant Martens pointed out, this Airdrome, lying as it does on the banks of the Bow River could easily be reached from the Atlantic Ocean. In co-operation with Sergeant Atkinson (silent "H" as in Ramsbotham) and Sergeant (Call-me-Lulu) Lamb, the following route from the coast was decided as the most likely:

Into Hudson Bay (main entrance—8th Ave.), thence through the Nelson River and down to Winnipeg Lake. (Refreshment by the courtesy of the Winnipeg Ladies—entertainments by their Daughters.) From there on into the Saskatchewan River, and up to the Bow. Flight Sergeant Evans (Wales for ever) already has his instructions, and has spent these last few evenings fitting bomb racks to the Undercarriages. His remarks are, unfortunately, unprintable.

PERSONAL

Congratulations to Sergeants Hall and Martens on their promotion to the Ranks of Flight Sergeants.

We notice with expectation that they have about three months' back pay to draw. (Oh Flightie—I couldn't—really, I couldn't—alright then, just a leetle drop more. Thanks—thanks most awfully.)

It is not true that F/O Deas entertained the guests at the Palliser on New Year's Eve with a well appreciated rendering of "I Belong to Glassco". It must be incorrect—he's an Old Watsonian.

(Sgt. Watson denies this.—*Editor.*)

It is with regret that we have to report the failure of the brilliant scheme of our Flight Commander to alleviate the acute shortage of Kites.

How silly—of course they won't breed.

On Friday, the 16th January, the pupils have to entertain their Instructors. A super programme has been prepared, and gargantuan meal arranged. It is undecided whether or not the Baron will be able to attend.

POEM—(Very Funny):

We schemed, we tried.
He pleaded,—cried.
"The C.F.I." we said.
He boomed and bounced
And was pronounced
Air observer instead.

(THE INSIDE DOPE)



It is not intended in this article to present a learned treatise on Orderly Room procedure which would bore the reader and, what is more important, strain the already overworked brain of the writer to breaking point. Already I can hear the sneers and vile insinuations of the mob. ". . . Overworked brain indeed." "Whoever heard of an Orderly Room Sergeant being overworked—and daring to presume that he has sufficient grey matter to merit the term brain!"

This would seem the appropriate time for a strategic withdrawal to the nearest beer parlour, emulating the ostrich by burying my head in beer. But no, I shall fight to the last ally and present a brave front to those "technical!" men who, according to their own modest assertions do all the work in the R.A.F. And so allow me, in self defence, to reproduce a sample of a normal morning in the Orderly Room.

I enter wearily at 08.00 hours and make a tour of all the offices searching grimly for at least one speck of dust on any officer's table. Finding one is indeed a happy moment, giving me a perfect reason to rid myself of accumulated spleen by cursing very comprehensively all duty clerks, runners, officers, b---l-s---t, Canadian dust storms, the climate, and of course the RAF. Why the purple hades did I ever join? What misguided, misbegotten, pygmalion sadist ever persuaded me at West Drayton that I should make a perfect Clerk G/D-----?

Having listened dourly to the duty clerk's magnificent oration as to how and why that dust escaped his eagle eye and eager duster, I sit at my desk and simmer, wondering meanwhile why I should be forced to do such penance. Suddenly the door opens and a Sergeant Pilot appears before my desk. "I say old man, I want to take some leave in about a month's time; how do I apply for it?" Even the newest AC2 knows how to apply for leave, but Sergeant Pilots never seem to learn. Before a suitable sarcastic reply is even framed the second query is on its way: "I want to go to Vancouver; can I wangle a reduced warrant?" Warily I quote D.R.O.'s, Station Standing Orders, Kings Regs., A.F.R.O.'s, and Training Command Instructions, meanwhile sadly wondering why the RAF was ever cursed with Sergeant Pilots. Having finally convinced him that I know everything and that his leave is now in good hands, he wanders away, his mind at rest. (If he only knew!)

Before I can return to my bitter reverie there comes a knock at the door, and everyone shouts "Come in". There is a second knock—again the chorus does its work. A third knock and we reflect gloomily that it is really terrible for deafness to strike one so young. The knocker is evidently a pupé, scared lest he break some sacred unwritten law of the RAF by daring to enter without permission. U/T's, by the way, are about the only people who take any notice of our signs, "Out of Bounds", "Knock and Wait", etc. They, however, will soon learn and come barging into the room in the usual airmanlike manner. One of the clerks resolutely staggers from his chair and opens the door. It is, as we suspected, a raw pupil who mumbles something about his flying times. The clerk, calling on his reserves of civility, directs him to the Flying Orderly Room, which he has passed blindly on his way through the passage, dreaming, no doubt, of the future when he will soar high above this dusty land in a super Tiger Moth.

The silence is shattered by the buzzer. We count the buzzes, a look of blank wonderment creeping over our faces. What is this? Feverishly we scan the buzzer code. "It must be for you, Sarj", chorus the staff. I cannot possibly think how this applies but decide that something should be done. Mentally tossing up I decide to try the C.O. first. "Did you ring Sir?" "No Sergeant". "Thank you, Sir". (Tactful withdrawal to the passage.) I try the Adjutant—the same dialogue ensues. Nothing doing. I try the S/Ldr. Admin. Finally the mystery is solved. As I suspected, someone is leaning on the bell-push. I politely ask that person to remove his carcass to another recumbent position, my mind seething the while with heaps of impolite and uncomplimentary remarks that must go unspoken.

Returning to my desk I find that the runner, in my absence, has placed thereon my morning cup of tea. Life immediately becomes more cheerful and, with the sigh of the martyr I am, I decide that there are, after all, compensations even in the life of an Orderly Room Sergeant.

Taff.

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FROM THE MEN WHO GET THEIR MEN

Receiving a request to submit a short report on the activities of the R.A.F. Police puts me in rather a "flat spin". The reason of course is largely that policemen are reputedly a section unto themselves who do not work for their living, but scrounge a miserable existence on the misfortunes of others.

However, here goes. Recently our strength was sadly depleted as a result of the posting of seven of our members and from what little information has come my way I think they are regretting their departure from beautiful De Winton. A case of "out of the frying pan into the fire" so to speak.

We must congratulate Corporal Kerry, one of the "departed" on his excellent performance in "Boy meets Girl", which had a run in town recently. Carry on, Gordon, but—be careful with whom you carry on!

The musically inclined members of the section—Cpls. Cox and Ingham—did their stuff at a Stag Party in the Canteen just before Christmas and as usual had a hot reception. We are proud to announce that no beer was thrown.

Space is rationed, so if any more "gen" is required, just dial "Jankers 252". As an afterthought, I might add that our specialities are solving crossword puzzles and gate lifting.

"The Head Snoop".

HUNTERS ALL

*Man, the hunter, one by one,
Kills his birds and has his fun,
But meets, at last, with blank surprise,
His doom in some Diana's eyes.*

*Then hunt he may—as hunt he will,
For Man, alive's, a hunter still—
If wise Diana lets him play
But takes good care to be the prey.*

*Then both may stalk and both may roam
In widening circles from the home
For Habit's urge they must fulfil
And keep returning to the kill.*

A.C.B.



Being a column in which airmen are invited to express themselves on subjects on which they feel strongly.

Sir:

Readers will recall a controversy in the local Press, the cause of which was a letter which was tantamount to a denunciation of Canada and Canadians, by one, Patrick D'Erin.

At the very outset, let me express the hope that his uncalled for outburst is not endorsed by his fellows at his unit. Someone has called Mr. D'Erin disgruntled—an incorrigible cynic without even the basis of good breeding is perhaps a more accurate description. He slashes Canada and Canadians. But his words are meaningless. No matter where he was he would find fault and be destructive, if one can judge by his vitriolic tirade.

Where does he expect to be better off? He is comparing Canada and Britain at a time when comparisons are futile and impossible. Britain, our beleaguered isle, as it has been called, is an active theatre of war. In Canada, we are behind the lines. Our job in Canada is important and we were sent here to get on with it. If you look closely enough at anything you will find anomalies. So our advice to Mr. D'Erin is to "get cracking" in his particular sphere without looking around to mis-call others.

When we arrived in Canada on a sunny Saturday afternoon in May, we were not only impressed, but literally overwhelmed, by the warmth of our welcome. And I may state fairly that nowhere in Britain could any welcome have been more sincere. Calgaryans did not stop at surface expressions of welcome, however. Not many, if any, in our ranks, were left out in the cold, and we have continued to enjoy the comfort of Calgary homes and Calgaryans kindly interest in us. We have often considered mere words an inadequate expression of our thanks, but we can say sincerely that we have appreciated deeply the generosity and kindness that have been shown to us.

If we prefer home, with its customs and its people, it is natural, but it does not detract from the fact that we hold a high opinion of those who have made Canada their home, and who have had to

make that home to their liking without much assistance from others.

Many Canadians stationed in England must be riled by many things there, but we do not think that they will have committed a fundamental breach of good manners by translating their thoughts in terms of destructive criticism.

Stationed here on the prairie, with its dust storms and other draw backs, we can appreciate Banff, an appreciation which is increased since we come from another country noted for its rocky grandeur—Scotland. And remember, Mr. D'Erin, most of us would not have had an opportunity to see Banff but for the kindness you so ungraciously deprecate.

As for the gals— It seems grossly unfair to criticise the mettle of someone who has not been put to the test. Our lassies rose to the occasion and there is equal reason for believing that their Canadian sisters could do the same. So, Mr. D'Erin, put on your best front as a guest of a people with your interests at heart and "don't bind".

Yours, etc.,

Taffy MacEngland.

(Several other letters have been received from other irate airmen who by Service Regulations are forbidden to communicate with the Press. As they are all unanimous in their condemnation of D'Erin's letter and we have no desire to resuscitate this unsavoury affair, this correspondence will be no longer pursued.—*Editor.*)

WITHOUT COMMENT

The following is an extract from a staff letter published by the "civvy" firm of LAC Lukehurst:

The many friends of "Ike" Lukehurst will be pleased to know he is getting on fine out in Canada. After joining the R.A.F. he was one of a large number sent to the new world to learn a "special course". He has sent home several good photographs of the R.A.F. football and cricket teams and needless to say, is included in both.

His experience and cleverness at both games will make up for any lack of speed and no doubt he has given colleagues and Canadians alike, the surprise of their lives at his ability on the sports field.

He is fit and well, writes a very cheerful letter, and wishes to be remembered to all old friends.

EATON'S

extends to the publishers, the friends, and all readers of

The Adastrian

best wishes on this, its initial issue, and for its continued advancement. May it serve them and entertain them—and, to quote our neighbouring ally's slogan, help to

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'Q'

They first launched "Q" on us one June night in 1941. It wiped out all our out-posts that night—23 men in all. Our experts listed it as "P.P.Q." but we just called it "Q", because it was the queerest gas we'd ever contacted. Without exception, every man who came under it (and there were hundreds) died with a smile on his face. It was definitely queer. No one ever knew why.

SERGEANT Bob Hamilton was depressed. It was a lonely vigil and he was beginning to wish he had never volunteered for it. He knew that the one thing he must not do was to go to sleep. To do that would mean shame and probably a court-martial.

Suddenly the bushes to his left moved. "Who goes there?" he challenged. A figure pushed back the foliage and stepped out into the open. By the light of the half-moon he recognised his commanding officer.

He jerked swiftly to the salute. "Doing a good job of work, Sergeant," the Wing Commander said. "Anything happening at all?" "Nothing, sir", he answered. It was a pity there wasn't something to report, but he had heard nothing except the lonely hooting of an owl and the rustle of the breeze in the woods.

"At ease, Sergeant", said the Wing Commander. "I want to say something to you." Hamilton obeyed, wondering for what purpose the old jossler could be out of bed at such a ghastly hour of the night.

He was soon to know. "I've got good news for you, Sergeant. Unofficial, of course, but you'll be told officially later. I'm proud to be the first to inform you that you've been awarded the D.F.M."

Hamilton stared, while the full significance of his commanding officer's phrase sunk in. Then he gasped. The D.F.M.! No! If this was true, it was the greatest thing that had ever happened to him. He visualised in a moment the joy of his mother, the admiration of his squadron, the pinning of the decoration on his uniform. "It—it can't be, sir", he stuttered.

"Flight Lieutenant Davies made the recommendation", went on the Wing Commander. "He was impressed with the way you handled your guns and the havoc you played with the enemy fighters. Many a rear gunner would have lost his head but you did not. A

PHOTOGRAPHS

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very gallant act, as I said at the time. The notification of the award came through this morning."

Now it would be untrue to say that the thought of a decoration had not entered Hamilton's mind. It had, in fact, been very present in his mind. But that did not detract from the exultation he now felt. He could only stammer a few words of thanks.

"Don't thank me", replied the old man. "Thank yourself, and try to live up to the reputation." Then—"But I'll have to be getting along now as we are expecting some planes back soon. I thought you might be feeling slightly lonesome, and that a piece of news like that might buck you up. Good night."

"Good - night - sir", gasped Hamilton. He waited till the commander was out of sight, and then flung down his rifle. If the officer had looked back he would have seen an excellent imitation of a cannibal war dance.

o o o o o o o

With a jerk he took up his stance again by the edge of the wood that marked the outer boundary of the 'drome. Was he imagining things or was there another figure moving amongst the bushes? No, there wasn't. Yes, there was! "Who goes there?" he challenged, and a voice answered, a voice that seemed strangely familiar somehow.

He covered with his rifle the stocky little figure who was approaching. Then he gasped—Simpson! What in the Name?—no it wasn't Simpson. Yes it was. What in hell was Simpson doing out here—Simpson of all people!

Simpson it was, the old familiar figure in the old blue suit, and when he reached Hamilton, he took off his spectacles and rubbed them, as he had always done. "Good evening, my boy" he chirped, "Enjoying it out here?"

"B-B-But" stammered Hamilton, "What in the Name are you doing out here?"

A smile curved round the old man's mouth. "You'd be surprised, my boy, you'd be surprised. I've come out here especially to see you. What do you think of that?"

He stared at him blankly. Obviously the old fool was joking. He saw it now. He was out on some visit to the front under the auspices of the local paper. That was it.

Simpson's voice cut in on his thoughts. "I've been given a great privilege my boy, a great privilege. I've always hoped that some day I'd be able to say this to you, and I'm going to say it now. I've brought you a pair of shoes."

Corporal Hamilton put his hand to his head. Was he going crazy? Old Simpson had come two hundred miles, past mines and

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through shell fire, to buy him a pair of shoes. Suddenly he started to laugh. It was funny.

But Simpson wasn't laughing. And suddenly Hamilton stopped laughing too. For there came back to his mind a remark that he had heard once, made by one of his colleagues after promotion, "The old jossler called me in to his room and asked me if I'd accept a pair of shoes."

Then he realised that Simpson was speaking to him and that he wasn't listening. What was this he was saying. He was getting old . . . the bank had accepted his resignation . . . successor . . . they had asked for suggestions . . . he had always held a high opinion . . . might he add his own congratulations.

Hamilton felt suddenly faint. This crowned everything. First the D.F.M. Now stepping into Simpson's shoes as soon as the war was over. He stared at the old man's retreating figure. Was he off already?

But this was life—life at its fullest. He had never known life like this before. It was like fitting together a jig-saw puzzle. The solution had been evading him for years and now in a moment it had all fitted together. It was complete. Quite com—but no, he was wrong, it wasn't quite complete. There was one piece missing, a piece he would never find. If only—

Suddenly he felt his heart beating quickly and his breath coming and going in short gasps. It couldn't be! It was impossible!

o o o o o o o
But it was Margaret, Margaret in a lovely, white, low-cut evening gown, cool and fresh and fragrant in the night air. And she was smiling at him.

"Margaret!" he exclaimed. "Margaret!" What are you doing here? I thought you were hundreds of miles away"

"So I was," she whispered, "But I just had to come and see you. I just had to somehow. You see I—I—oh Bob, don't you see? I—I've changed my mind about what I said."

He could think of nothing to do except to stretch out his arms and hold her. His mind went back to that night months ago, before he had sailed. He still remembered her words, "No Bob, I'm afraid not. I'm fond of you, but you are a soldier now and no-one knows what will happen to you. I am fond of you—but I don't love you—that much." It had been the collapse of all his hopes. It was just as if a great weight had been hung round his neck, a weight he had never been able to get rid of since. All the way out on the boat he had been silent. His friends had thought it was fear. But he knew better.

"Will you forgive me?" she whispered. "I'm sorry, I really am. I know you want me Bob, and I—I want you too. I only realised it after you had gone away."

He clasped her more tightly than ever, and held his lips to hers. "Darling" he whispered, "Darling. I've just had some wonderful news. We can be married—at once."

They first launched "Q" on us one June night in 1941. It wiped out all our out-posts that night—23 men in all. Our experts listed it as "P.P.Q." but we just called it "Q", because it was the queerest gas we'd ever contacted. Without exception, every man who came under it (and there were hundreds) died with a smile on his face. It was definitely queer. No one ever knew why.

S.

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Since the unit's move to De Winton, sport has suffered a temporary "black-out" principally because of the lack of facilities. Soon after arriving in the west, the unit got down to serious sport and during the months of "occupation" at Calgary gave a really good account of themselves in the realms of soccer and cricket.

SOCCER

During the season, inter-squadron matches were played on the Station ground. From a series of keen games which brought to light considerable budding talent, Headquarters emerged winners of the Commanding Officer's cup and medals.

The Station's representative eleven, The Flyers, were not long in making a name for themselves in football circles outside the confines of the camp. A notable success was the winning of the Black Cup in the Black Cup League. Many games were played at Mewata Stadium and also at Drumheller and these were productive of first class soccer which caused a revival of interest in a sport rapidly dying out in the west. During the season, only two defeats were suffered, when the Flyers had to bow the knee to No. 37 S.F.T.S. It is hoped that another season will see the Flyers with adequate training facilities at their disposal when there is no doubt that matches with 37 and other teams will rouse the interest of Calgary fans to an even greater degree.

A number of games have been played to give a boost to War Victims Charity Funds and needless to say, our players have been only too glad to give of their services to such good purpose.

THE PRESS SAY

The following extract from the local press gives a good indication of the revival of football as we know it since the unit's arrival.

"The short soccer season is just about over, and Calgary fans can look back with pleasure on the 1941 term, for they were entertained to better soccer than they have been used to for a number of years,

this due to the Royal Air Force. The game was being allowed to die in this part of the country, but the arrival of the Old Country 'Flyers' gave it a new lease of life, and it is now up to the local officials to carry on with the good work and keep Calgary where it belongs in the soccer world. We cannot always have the Royal Air Force with us but we can always have our favourite pastime if the officials show the same energy and spirit as the old pioneers of the game in Calgary did. We have to hand it to the 'Flyers' for the splendid part they have taken in local soccer."

CRICKET

Highlight of the cricket season was the winning of the Hingston Cup by this unit. The eleven made rapid progress from the first practice match on the matted wicket at Riley Park last May except for a defeat in the first competitive game against a Calgary eleven who administered a defeat of 155 runs to 50 runs. We pulled up our socks after that, however, and of 19 games played, 14 were won, two drawn, and three lost.

TENNIS AND SWIMMING

Less in the limelight, but highly popular were tennis and swimming. It is hoped that other indoor sports including boxing, badminton and basket ball will be inaugurated when facilities become available.

THANKS

In conclusion, a word of thanks to those who have helped the unit in their sporting activities. Appreciation goes to our Commanding Officer, Wing Commander, R. Noel Smith whose encouragement and interest has helped greatly to keep sport going on the unit. Thanks are due to the members of the various cricket clubs who were kind enough to loan their equipment until such times as we had acquired our own, and also to the Y.M.C.A. officials for the provision of many articles of useful equipment. Finally a vote of thanks to the Alberta Football Association who helped to pave the way to success for the "Flyers" eleven.

W.A.P.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Mac.—I cannot quite confirm the statement you heard downtown, but I have heard on good authority that a Welshman is really an Englishman with his brains knocked out.

Worried.—How can I tell you what is the matter with you from this distance? But do try the well-advertised soap—it may help.

Bill.—No, it is definitely wrong to use this word in society, unless of course when referring to a lady dog.

S.



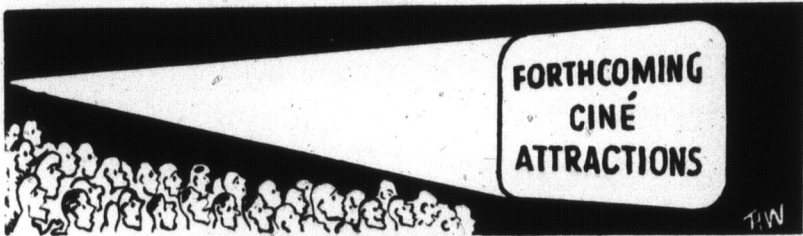
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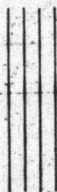
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