

The
PLANESMEN

OCTOBER 21st

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NO. 2

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The Magazine of
No. 31 E.F.T.S.

The Planesmen.

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Canada.

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Mr. W.M. Alexander

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W. Mullen

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*Pro Tanto
Quid?*

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Vol. 1.

No. 2.

Dear Readers:

After much "binding" and burning of midnight oil, "The Planesmen" has survived the second edition, and in our humble opinion, has equalled, in fact, surpassed the quality of the first publication. This, to a great extent, was due to the "contributors", who valiantly rallied to the cause put forth a really fine effort. Thanks a million, fellow writers, and keep up the good work.

The magazine has now become a reality, and with "all down to earth" ventures finance is required. Last month our circulation amounted to almost three hundred copies. This month we aim to "step-it-up" to four hundred copies or more. Those who can't contribute can give their support by buying. It is your magazine and it is up to you to make it the best in this command.

The hour is now two a.m. Wednesday morning October 20th, and the staff, "bleary-eyed", but still "plugging", are patiently waiting for this masterpiece, so until next issue,

Yours sincerely,

The Staff

The Planesmen

Speed the Victory

At present, the minds of all English speaking people, at least, are filled with the one thought - that of prosecuting the war with the utmost vigour in order that it may be ended as quickly as possible, allowing us to return to peace time pursuits, ridded of the anxieties of war and of irritating war-time regulations, in a world of peace and plenty and greater individual opportunity.

There are those, both laymen and professional prophets, who, viewing the recent hard-won successes of the Allies, claim that the end is just around the corner, but on studying the distance between London and Berlin, and Rome and Berlin, to say nothing of Tokyo, distances which finally will have to be bridged by the infantry, it would seem well, at the present rate of travel, to heed the voices of those leaders who are in the best position to know, when they state that the hardest and bloodiest of the fighting is still ahead of us, and that only by an overwhelming mass of fighting equipment, tanks, guns, shells, planes and bombs, can an end be brought to the war.

Everyone cannot help personally to build all of these things, any more than everyone can train for the Army, Navy or Air Force, but all of us can help to supply the money needed to build them, and to train pilots, soldiers and sailors. We can supply this money in several different ways: by voluntary donation, through the medium of taxes or by loaning it to the Government at interest. None of us wish to see taxes any higher, even in the form of enforced savings, as these will not be repaid until two years after the war at only 2 percent interest, so the wise thing would be to take advantage of the opportunity to loan the Government the money which must be raised by investing in the Fifth Victory Loan now being offered, at 3 percent interest.

The minds of Governments, as well as individuals, are also turned to post-war problems, with the end in view that there will be no repetition of the chaotic conditions which followed the last war, but large scale operations such as will be necessary may take some time to become effective, and the person having money safely invested to fall back on will have a feeling of security well worth a little present sacrifice. Buy bonds: 'Speed the Victory' and at the same time protect your future.

As in the past, civilian employees and service personnel may purchase bonds, either for cash or through pay deductions, receiving all interest. Civilian employees will be approached by members of the Victory Loan Committee who will give them full particulars, while service personnel may obtain particulars from their Flight Commanders.

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A message from the Commanding Officer.

I must, first of all, congratulate the Editor and his worthy staff on their very fine effort in producing No. 1 of 'The Planesmen'.

I know, only too well, the vast amount of really hard work which has to be done in order to get a magazine of this description up to the stage of publication.

It would be a great pity if this effort did not succeed, but it can only be successful if it is given the support which it so richly deserves. This support does not mean just buying the Magazine. It means helping the Editor to maintain its present high standard and, if possible, improving on it. This can only be accomplished by help in the form of material assistance, such as articles, drawings, etc.

There must be a vast amount of hidden talent on this Station and those of us who have any pretention to literary skill should come forward with articles of interest and drawings or photographs of artistic merit.

This is one magazine let us make worthy of this Station.

Padre's Page

ARE YOU A FATALIST?

In these days when almost everything in life is exceedingly uncertain, and men learn to "live dangerously", it is inevitable that they must find some view of life on which their lives can be anchored. Many become fatalists, although fatalism is really a poor sort of anchor.

I remember some years ago reading a "Manifesto" published in the press by the late Horatio Bottomley (then in his heyday) in which he boldly expounded the religion of fatalism. "I am a confirmed fatalist," he began, "I am persuaded that all men and women are, from the moment of their birth, the creatures of an inexorable fate, as immutable as the laws which govern the Universe itself." I am glad he called it "My Manifesto", not "My Gospel", for "gospel" means good news, and it is anything but good news to be told that we are creatures in the grip of an inexorable fate.

What is wrong with Fatalism? It is an appallingly hopeless view of life. We are just children of fate pushed into a mapped-out world, where our part is no more than that of pawns moved by an unseen hand. No efforts of ours count for anything. Initiative is useless. Neither vice nor virtue can alter anything. The future is all mapped out like a navigation plot with an exact E.T.A. for your death. If you are due to be run over by a train in 1947, run over you will be though you spend all the intervening time on the seven seas. Fatalism breeds a feeling of apathy and despair. "It's all mapped out. It's a matter of Kismet or Fate," sighs the fatalist. "The finger of destiny wrote that he had to do aerobatics under 1,000 feet. He couldn't have avoided it." There is little use in being operated on for appendicitis. If the operation was successful, you couldn't have died unless it was the appointed moment. If it was the appointed moment, you wasted your money. A fighter pilot would feel that no effort on his part would make the slightest difference in a "dog fight" since the issue had already been decided. Fatalism makes God the predestinator of all kinds of ills caused by human slackness and sinfulness, and makes man mentally and spiritually inert, torpid, and moribund.....little better than driven cattle as Mr. Austin Dobson points out in his poem, "The prayer of the swine." A universe which turns out a creature who has a pig's end, but a man's hopes, a man's dreams, a man's glimpse of the meaning of the universe is irrational, cruel, unjustifiable....

"If swine we be...if we indeed be swine....

Daughter of Perse make us swine indeed,

Well pleased on litter straw to lie supine,

Stirred by all instincts of the bestial bread.

But O unmerciful! O pitiless!

Leave us not thus with sick men's hearts to bleed;

To waste long days in weary dumb distress,

And memory of things gone and utter hopelessness.

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AGAINST THE HOPELESSNESS OF FATALISM, CHRISTIANITY OFFERS THE FIRM ANCHORAGE OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH ... not rooted in blind inexorable fate, but in a living PERSON Whom millions have come to know; not in a chartered future which leads us into every pitfall and calamity, but on One Who guides us through, and makes Himself known as our comrade and friend. In his Rectorial Address at St. Andrews in 1934, Field Marshal Smuts said, "This is a good world. It is indeed a world built for heroism, but also for beauty, tenderness and mercy. I have sampled the world and human nature at many points, and I have learnt that it takes all sorts to make a world. But through it all my conviction has only deepened that there is nothing in the nature of things which is alien to what is best in us. There is no malign fatalism which makes fools of us in our dark strivings towards the good."

R.H. VERNON VIVIAN
Your Padre.

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I came from England.

I came from England
To find rest awhile;
To learn to live again
And how to smile.

I came from England
Knowing not I'd find
A peaceful rest
Descending on my mind.

I came from England,
From the troubles skies
Where we fought evil deeds
And fouler lies.

I came from England
And I found your heart.
Six thousand miles I came
For love to start.

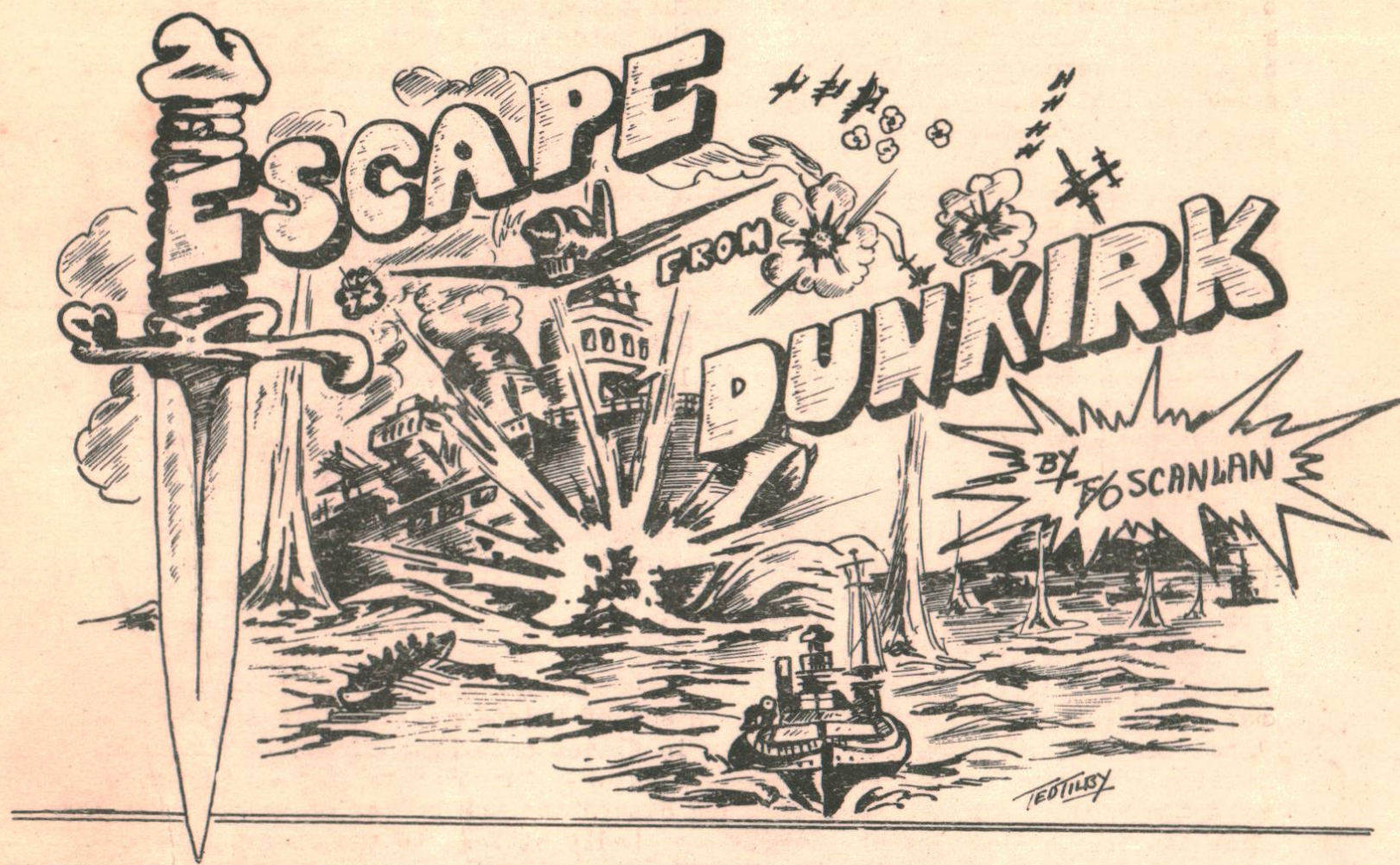
I came from England
Where, at night, I flew
Seeking to stem the horde
That Death and Evil knew.

So I'll return to England,
To her troubles skies,
Where heroes fight with devils
And only Evil dies.

But, when I go to England,
I shall not go alone.
I'll take my love along with me
To be my very own.

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After the raiders had departed - no doubt to report a military objective "eliminated" - a deathly silence prevailed, punctuated solely by the sobbing and moaning of the injured and accentuated periodically by the shell of some building crashing to the ground. This, the first of many savage and terrible attacks, did not cause our Battery many casualties, which was something of a miracle considering the intensity of the attack. The civilians, however, suffered heavily and our time was fully occupied with the setting up of Emergency Casualty Stations for these unfortunates. It was a gruesome task handling the maimed and broken bodies, and we continually had to fight down an extreme feeling of nausea as we gazed upon the dismembered bodies of women, children and old men.

The following day we moved up through Seclin and Lille, eventually taking up our positions along the Franco-Belgium border, near the little town of Waradhout. Our passage, there, was greatly impeded by a never ending stream

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of refugees with their scanty and pitiful belongings - their haggard and grief stricken features would have softened the hardest of hearts. To add to our hazard, we were continually attacked by German Fighters and Stukas, which took great delight in machine gunning and bombing the refugees - and us, from practically tree-top level.

At Waradhout we immediately set up anti-tank traps in great haste; none too soon with them, for we had hardly completed them when we were attacked by the full weight of a light Panzer Division. Contacting this superior foe, our anti-tank guns did some good work against the enemy armour, while our Brens put the finishing touches to many of the motor cyclist scouts, and later in the day we used Brens to shoot down a H.E. 126 which was giving us it's unwelcome and undivided attention at Killlem Farm. In the evening large formations of Ju.88's came over and scattered their bombs at random, however the damage was negligible and we were able to advance into new positions the following day.

That afternoon two of us were ordered to ride back to Waradhout for spare Bren Barrels which we had left behind. The journey was urgent but even so our haste did not prevent us from watching what was the most spectacular air battle we had ever witnessed - it was a grand free-for-all with Hurricanes, M.E. 109's, Battles and even two Lysanders, all engaged in one glorious dog fight. The R.A.F. boys although greatly outnumbered, gallantly fought a most one sided battle, and many a Luftwaffe ace of Poland met his fate that day. First one M.E. 109 came crashing down in flames quickly followed by a couple of Battles - victims of the yellow-nosed fighters. Another two German Fighters paid the penalty and the rest, deeming discretion the better of valour, retired from the fray. The victims limped home, badly bitten, to the cheers of the Khaki clad spectators on the ground. On returning from Waradhout we saw our first real close-up of live Huns, a group of prisoners who favoured us with contemptuous and stoical stares.

The battle grew in intensity both on land and in the air; ever present was the menace of the fifth column. Hitler had always boasted of his famous, perhaps infamous, secret Weapon. By all accounts this was it, because the damage those fifth columnists did cannot be too strongly stressed; they were everywhere, sniping, guiding German troops, giving false telephone messages, etc. One night a report was received that parachute troops had been dropped in the vicinity of our gun position and a comprehensive search was made for them, but our man hunt proved fruitless. Later we found that this information had emanated from a Fifth Columnist who was disguised as a French Liaison Officer. We took great pleasure in disposing of him.

We were gradually being forced back under the pressure of the mechanized forces opposing us and at Neux-le-Chappel we were subject to extremely intensive and effective straffing by Stukas. The enemy might was getting stronger and stronger but we fought on, heavily outnumbered until eventually we had to "blow the breech," discard our heavy guns and make our way back towards the channel and Dunkirk.

Third Serial ----- EVACUATION.

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The "Gremlins"

As the world series has come to an end, and the New York Yankees are once again the champions of the world, our thoughts turn to our own Station Team, the De Winton Gremlins.

Organization of the baseball team presented certain difficulties which had to be overcome but, with the expert help of Mr. Harry Hutchcroft on the business end and Bob Hopper spending his evenings coaching, a pretty fair team was finally whipped into shape.

Owing to a late start the team was unable to enter an organized league. However, undaunted, they embarked on a series of exhibition games. The 'Orange and Blue' emerged victorious on five occasions; losing twice and tying once which, in our estimation, is an enviable record.

Team spirit and co-operation contributed greatly to their success. Bill Hamilton as catcher, to our mind, certainly played a great game on all occasions. Roly Marriot and Bill Wildfong shared the pitching honours and always gave their best. Ben Boyle, our little Irishman, Tommy Mitchell, Roy Burchett, George Sutherland, Ted Rowland, Frank Williams, Ed. Hammermaster, Abbie Stevens, Ray Phibbs, Gordon Fimio and Ed. Brundage were tops in positions played.

Having displayed keen sportsmanship and real team work in the season past, it is our opinion that No. 31 E.F.T.S. can look forward with anticipation to a ball team well worth supporting in 1944. Maybe in a Calgary league, who knows?

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BULLETIN...

It is officially announced that the Japs have taken Sal Hepatica. The War Department admits, but doubts their ability to hold it. A later dispatch states that the strain is tremendous. The U.S. has caught them on the run several times trying to evacuate behind the lines. Several flank movements have been undertaken while action in the rear remains only gas attacks. The Japs tried to suppress the report, but it leaked out and the Allies got wind of it. Now the Japs realize the value of a scrap of paper.

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When speaking on another, five things observe with care - of whom you speak, to whom you speak, and how, and when, and where.

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Grunts and Groans from G.I.S.

We, at the G.I.S., as in all other departments, have our humorous moments. Times when queer things are said and even done. Yes, even the private lives of the G.I.S. occupants come up for scrutiny. 'The Planesmen' gives us the opportunity to let you in on the fun.

The Gallup Poll we held up here is really very enlightening. In fact, at times it even delves into fairy tales - better than Grimms, and that's going some. The latest to be heard is that in the last popularity vote eighty-eight went on record as loving their ground school; never finding it boring; and much preferring it to their flying. Well, kids, a little easier on the 'soft stuff'. We still have to mark your papers although you don't know how happy it makes us to hear you love us anyway.

It has been rumoured around lately that one of the instructors has invented a new type of tonsil remover for 'amateur Bing Crosbys'. The canaries from 89, 90 and 91 courses had better note as this would probably entail a very delicate operation, and who wants to be chloroformed?

We're getting a little worried about using our 'dividers' too openly as the Calgary museum has lost some very valuable medieval daggers and are really 'hot on their trail'. Who knows but it might lead to De Winton? Bigger mistakes have been made.

A certain armament instructor is causing quite a stir over the fact that he is long overdue for a haircut. In fact, it has been rumoured recently that the 'Aircraft of the Day' bottle is being saved to pay for the above. However, this has since proved to be just another idle rumour.

Well, freinds, I think that is just about all for the time being.

This is your Honourable G.I.S. reporter signing off until the next issue.

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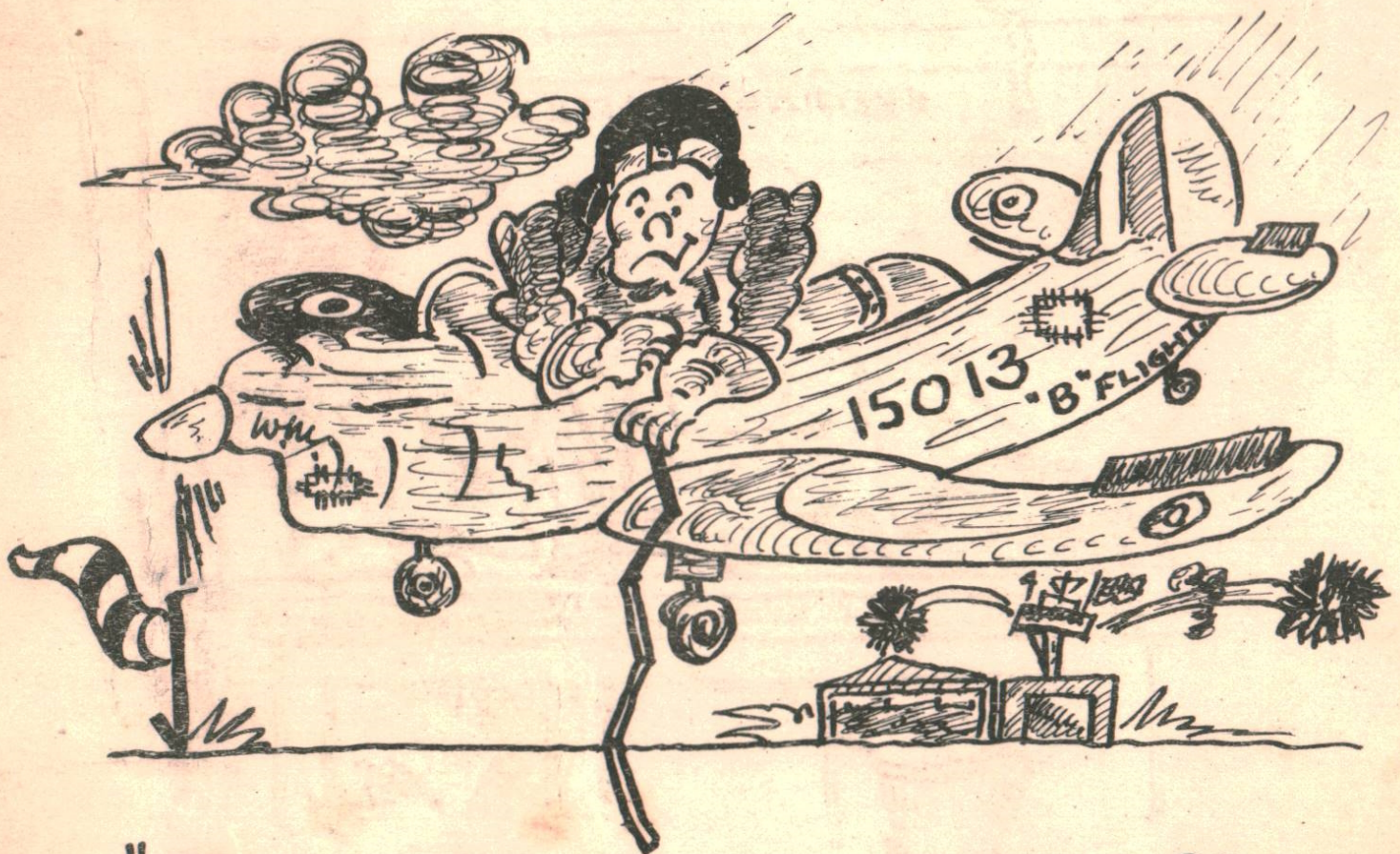
One day I went a-swimming,
Not again for me.
The tide it came and took my clothes
Away into the sea.

I found the morning paper,
My waist I stuck inside.
I saw some people coming
So I ran away to hide.

The paper round my waist
It fluttered in the gale.
The girls all shouted, "Mother,
Look what's in the Daily Mail".

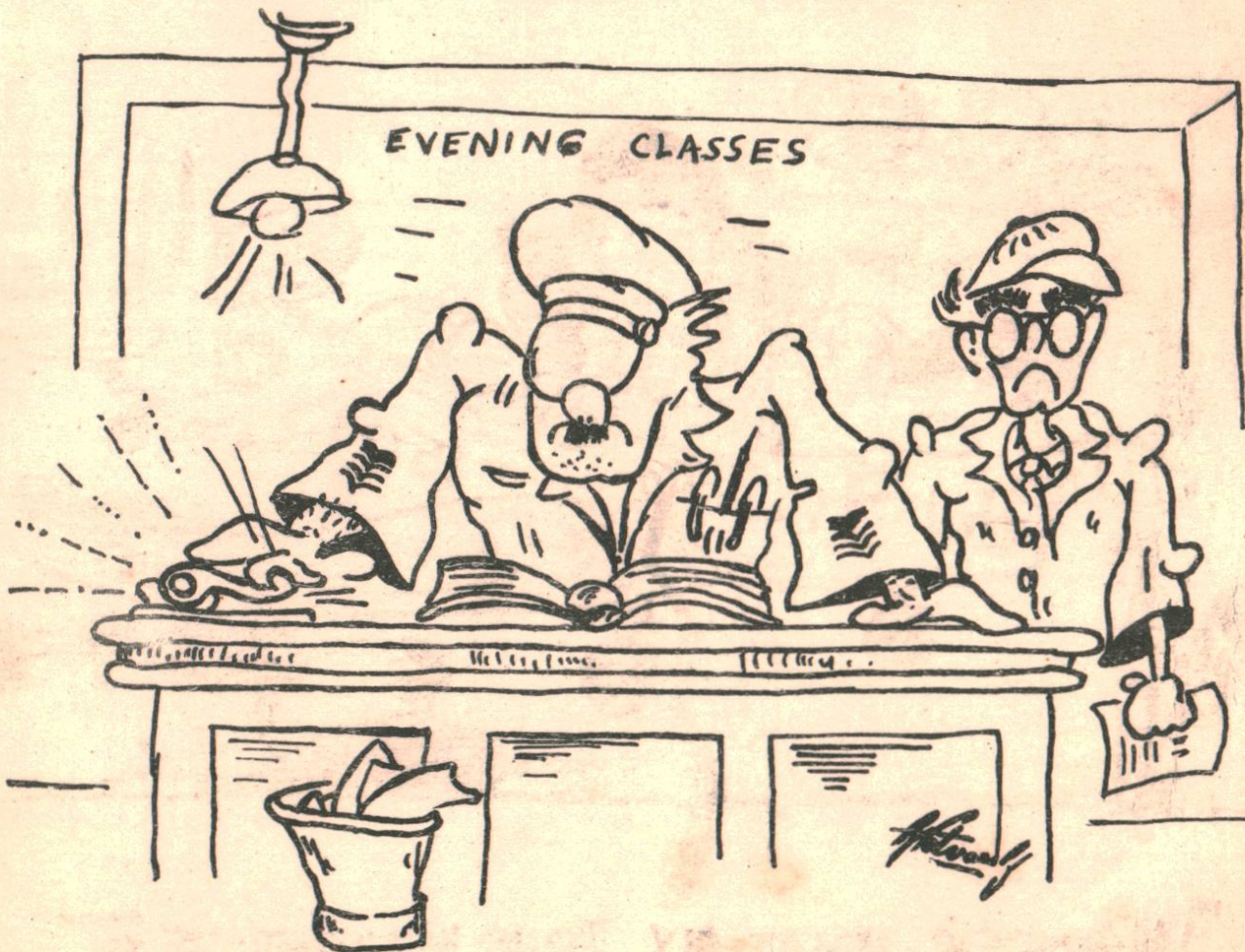
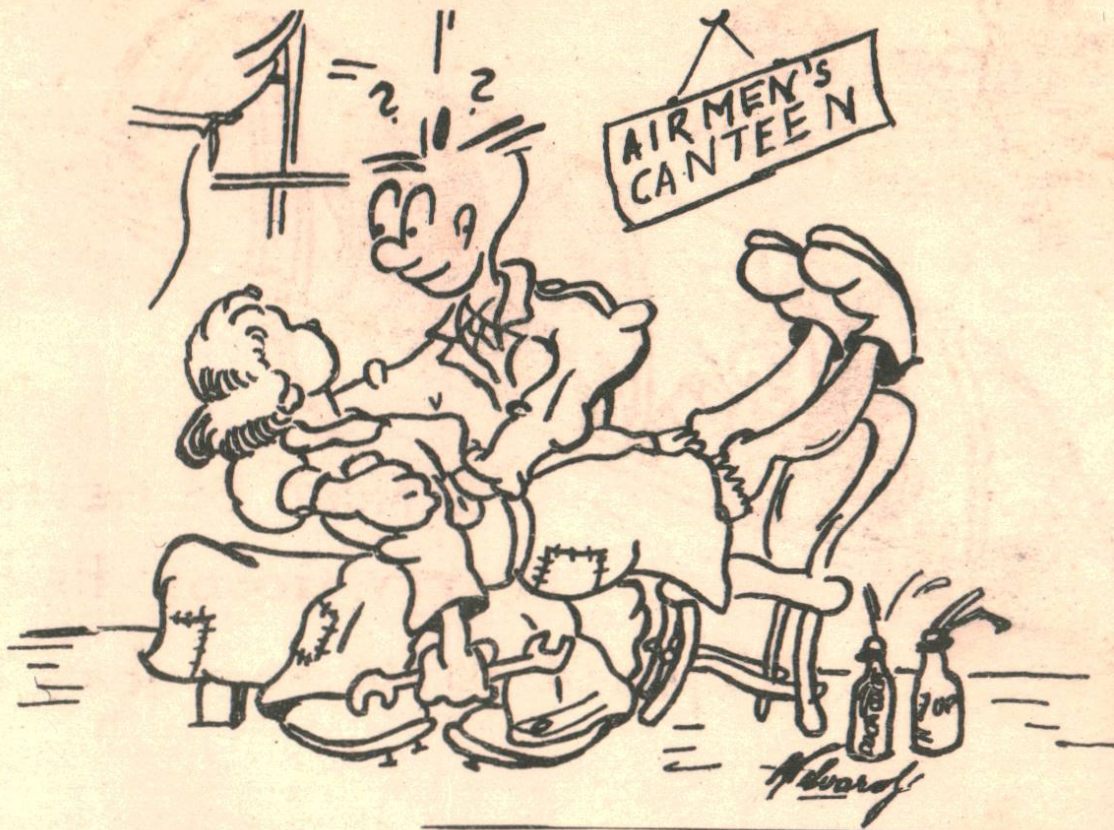
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The Planesmen



"WONDER WHAT MY TRUE HEIGHT IS?"

The Planesmen



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The "Linkery"

Our magazine would hardly be complete if we didn't have our bit in. That's a cocky statement to make but, taking 'The Planesmen' as a cross section of No. 31, we, up at the Link, can claim one of its valuable pages.

You all, no doubt, know where our 'air conditioned' building is. We have a good check on all who chance to come or go from the Station. That in itself could prompt us to write a book at times but, after all, we're really not much concerned with that.

Among our regular patrons of each course, some come early and some late - mostly the latter, with varied excuses. Cross-country flights really take a beating at our Section but, more than likely, a lot of the Pupes' 'ground speed' is lost between the hangars and the Linkery due to 'stalling' at the Canteen or whiling away time in front of 'forbidden territory' - really, the fair damsels should know better - but all is usually forgiven and everyone remains happy. However, the majority are very good; here on time, the proper dress for our ships, the required sheets for their instructors, and not forgetting to wipe their feet at the door.

Some are more proficient at flying the Link than others. The odd fellow really gets 'hot and bothered' in our ships and proclaims they are uncontrollable. To the one who is pessimistic about the Link, let us put it down to a necessary evil. Our 'Kites' endeavour to teach you co-ordination. An error in our craft does not mean you 'crack-up' as happens in some cases when flying the Cornell.

Once in a while a new pupil turns up for his first flip at Link complete with flying boots and 'chute. Just recently, one of the new course asked one of our instructors if he needed his flying helmet while doing his Link !! Someone is pulling 'Joe's' leg. We all get a laugh out of it in this department, but that's not hard for us to do as we are a smiling bunch.

There has been quite a few changes in our staff recently. One of our gang gets his commission so he gets posted. Then two more postings follow on the heels of the first. We have been very fortunate, though, in the replacements who, like the rest of us, are all swell fellows.

Let's see, what else can I tell you about our set-up? Oh yes, the flowers we tried to grow about the buildings didn't do so well. We'll put that down to poor gardening, a cold spring, and dogs from across the way. Nevertheless, we got the odd sweet pea and bachelor button. Speaking of bachelors, there aren't many up here. Most of the gang are married - one just recently. Loads of luck, 'little Joe' and Elaine.

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Say, I almost forgot; we had some pet turtles here this summer - the tiny ones, not the soup variety. The only reason we kept them was for the odd derby and, apart from that, they were just a bit of curiosity in our O.C.'s. office. Then along came one of those 'special events' - a party - and the turtles were invited. While there, two of them were mysteriously kidnapped and only one was returned. Soon after, the poor little fellow died from sheer loneliness. Full military honours were accorded and, with much sorrow, he was buried. Well, I could say a lot more about it but I won't. However, I believe the guilty party should be punished for the crime. Shall we say a couple of 'rounds' to the mourners?

That's about all at present from the Linkery. It's quite dry reading, I know, but 'Yours Truly' hasn't much time these days with pheasants flying about. May do a little better next time.

Cheerio, for now -

the Linkery

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OUT OF THE MOUTH OF.....e.t.c.....

Thanksgiving day was a memorable and joyous occasion in the Airmen's Mess this year. In the mad dash for the turkey (as they thought) one of our handsome corporals did a bit of low flying under the tray table and shook his under-carriage somewhat. He was not hurt and the incident caused a great deal of laughter, and perhaps a little embarrassment on his part.

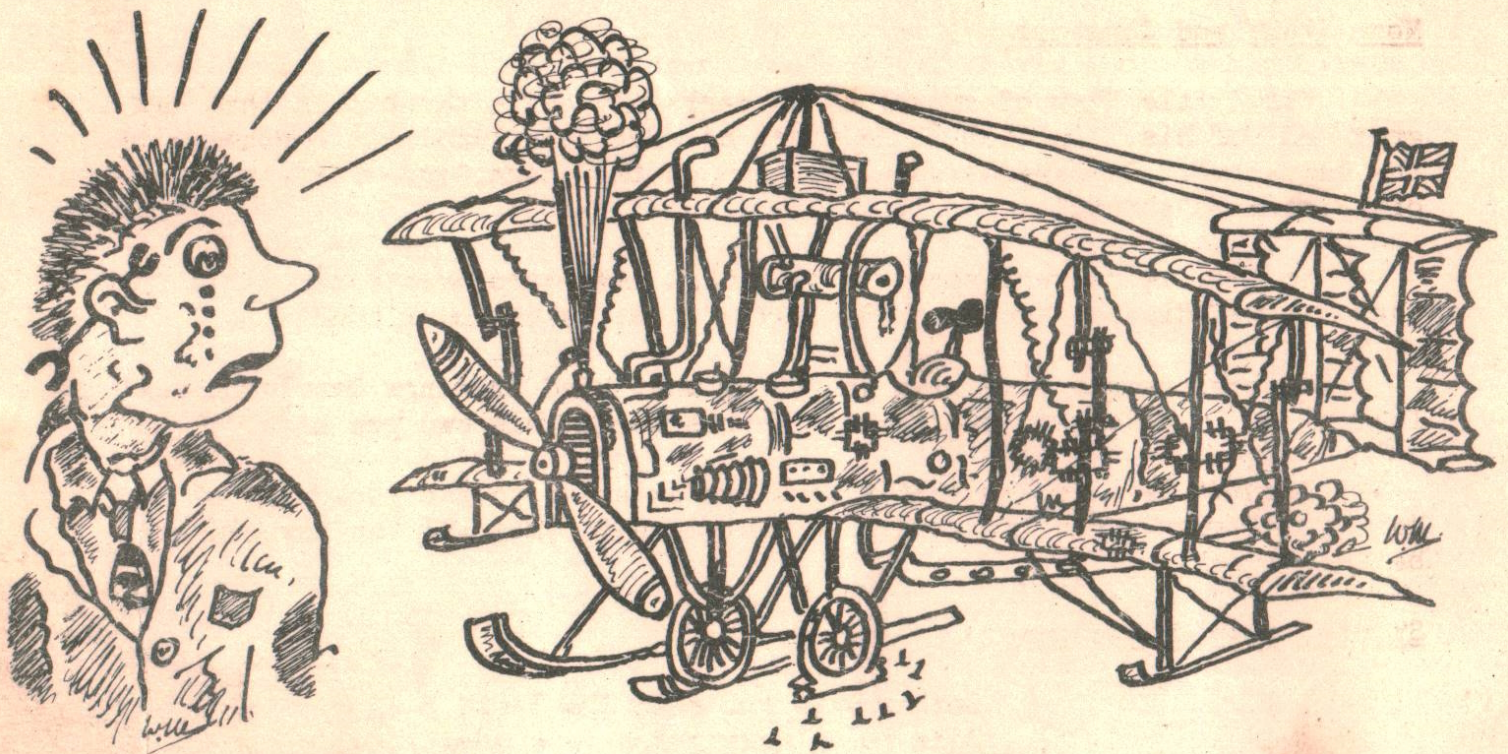
"Go to Father", she said, when I asked her to wed.
For she knew, and I knew that her Father was dead.
And she knew, and I knew what a life he had led.
And she knew, and I knew what she meant when she said,
"Go to Father".

Breathes there an airman with soul so dead,
Who has never to the waitress said,
"Please, Miss, have you no fresh bread?"

“ AIRMEN'S MESS ”

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Maintenance!

I guess you wonder just why our friend, above, has such a worried expression. Well that contraption on the other side is his worry, and believe me there's more truth than fiction in that picture owing to parts being as scarce as hen's teeth and crack-ups or "prangs", as the R.A.F. calls them coming with such alarming regularity. Nevertheless, we continue to smile believing more firmly in "Give us the parts and we'll finish the job". However, with Bill Brown, now stationed in stores, being in sympathy with us, I feel by the time the next issue goes to Press you'll see our friend with a much happier expression.

In spite of our trials and tribulations maintenance can still smile and we have plenty of fun in our own special way. Okotoks seems to be the "hangar crews" playground and I think it is almost time that the Bluebird ran a regular bus service for our convenience, (there's a "hot tip" Mr. Hanson).

You certainly have to hand it to the "lad from the Emerald Isle", Benny Boyle and our friend "Apple" who bravely struggle along next morning with nothing more than a slightly haggard expression and the occasional "Oh my head". I don't know but guys with the name of Don just seem to possess the necessary appeal and our "Dons" are no exception. How about that standing invitation to the "Hangar Playground", Aye Don?

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More Stuff and Nonsense

Our little "Ray of sunshine" is certainly quite the kid in that new grey suit of his. In fact if he isn't careful he's liable to become quite the cassanova. Be careful when you turn on the charm Ray. There's a lot of wolverines about?

Oh yes, we're very sorry to hear that Dave Amos hasn't recovered from that dreaded disease known as "Banffitis". Maybe he doesn't want to.

Several people have been wondering what kind of rings Charleton was looking at in a Calgary jewellers. He has one of his own you know.

Congratulations and best wishes are extended to the "Schooley's" who have just embarked on the good ship "Matrimony". May all their ventures be smooth sailing.

Special from Maintenance

Ladies have you seen the West?
Come to Calgary and have a good time.
See the West, a nest and BEST!!

Roly Marriot's sudden interest in doping is no less astonishing than Peggy Wickstrand's sudden interest in cowboys.

Congratulations to "Kiltie" Rayner for finding he long-lost master G.B.

Be seeing you
next issue.

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News from "B" Flight.

If you can smile when things go wrong
And say it doesn't matter,
If you can laugh off cares and woe
And trouble makes you fatter
If you can keep a cheerful face
When all around are blue,
Then have your head examined, bud
There's something wrong with you
For one thing I've arrived at
There are no ands and buts
A guy that's grinning all the time
Must be completely nuts.

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Famous Last Words- "I did what my instructor did".

"The wind was blowing that way when I took off".

"My altimeter read 500 ft., when I hit the deck".

"Did you hear of the fellow who bounced so high they had to de-ice the plane when they found him"?

"My first solo landing I bounced so hard I had to side slide back to the aerodrome".

"Did you ever hear of the fellow who crossed the Rockies on the way to Bowden?"

"I was flying so low over the sea my airspeed registered in knots".

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News from "A" Flight.

On hearing from various sources that we had to supply material for the new publication which has been flooding the camp, our attitude was one of consternation.

However, delving back into the past at the time when we were accustomed to exercise that part of the brain which is concerned with literary gems, we groaned and reached for a pen.

As is well known to all and sundry, "A" Flight have gained a reputation for going quietly on with the work in hand and being a source of delight both to its Instructors and their Pupils who occasionally look in on us for a brief stay whilst wrestling with that bogie (sic), the Cornell II. (Somebody has just remarked that forms by the hundreds have to be filled in if there is any likelihood of sickness, Air.) - Never touch 'em Old Boy!

A quite important part of a flight's working machinery is to our mind the timekeeper! - Well, it's on record in the Time Office, that our Pencil Basher is honest, sober (sometimes), and occasionally industrious. It has been whispered that the word industry is being hard put to supply all the needs of Evelyn, but rumour is a lying jade.

Our D.F.C. (Deputy so and so!) is suffering from the effects of that grim disease, Fortyeightitis, and during his first trip after his return from the salons of Calgary, formatted on a outsize hawk. His description of the plumage leads us to think that Doc. Huey should show him the little coloured book again.

It's fantastically grotesque to think that we have managed to get all this on paper and we trust that supplies will not again be requested.

The Planesmen

There's a deputy here called "Cramp", There was an Instructor of "A" flight,
Who insists that he is not a tramp, Whose bark was far worse than his bite,
But we've heard news So they gave him a gong
From the Calgary news To help him along
That he was out last night on the ramp. Which we think was definitely right.

In our flight there's a fellow called "Chappie",
Who had never been near so unhappy,
As the day when he fell
From his horse called Nell
And consequently missed his "Recattie".

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News from "C" Flight.

You've heard of courses - compass true
But here's a tale we'll tell to you,
Of another course called eighty-eight
We hope that you don't share their fate.
They got off to a flying start,
And busted props and undercart,
And then with ground loops had their fun
Until they'd tried out everyone!
Their flying really wasn't bad,
And many decent flips they had,
With stirring sticks and waggled wings
Until their mid-term altered things!
The result of this t'was plain to see,
An alteration there must be.

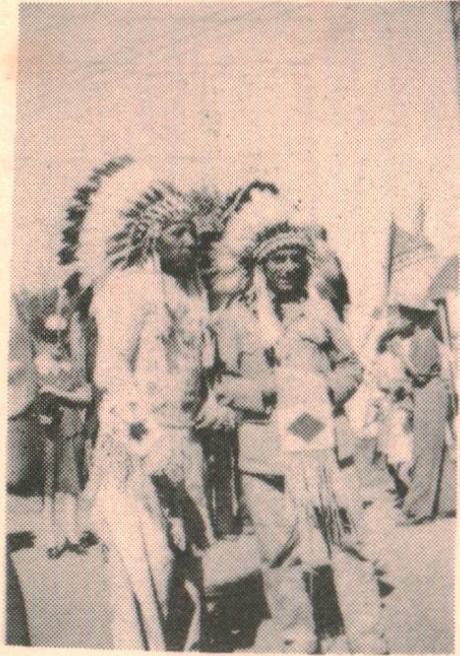
Then every night when finished "drill",
They trooped to Ground School with a will,
And there at NAV. began to bind
And get some answers of a kind.
"Chiefy" thought they were dumb,
Because they wrecked his Browning Gun!
In signals they all faced their plight
Did lamp and buzzer half the night,
When at last in finals week
They were so "GENNED" they couldn't speak!
Now take heed all you juke box fans
Don't be in the also rans!
Don't leave your binding quite so late,
Just take your cue from eighty-eight.

The Planesmen



Guess Who?

"CANDID SHOTS"



The Planesmen

Smash Cinema Hits.

Oct., 28th
"Forever & a Day"
all star cast.

Nov., 7th
"Spitfire"
Leslie Howard.

Tues Nov., 2nd
"HERS TO HOLD"
Deanna Durbin
& Joseph Cotton.

Nov., 14th
"PHANTOM OF THE OPERA"
Nelson Eddy, SUZANA FOSTER
& CLAUDE RAINS.

Gala Hallowe'en Dance.

MONDAY 1st NOVEMBER. DRILL HALL.
High River Flying School Orchestra.
Whist Drive - Prizes - Refreshments.
Tickets 50¢ per person.

DON'T FORGET!!!

Every Wednesday Night
DANCE.

