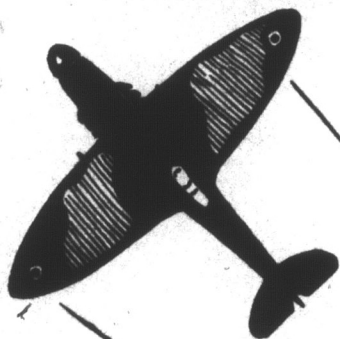


The

ELEVATOR



— No 36 E.F.T. SCHOOL —

— ROYAL AIR FORCE —



Vol. 1. No. 1.

June, 1942

Price 5 Cents



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"The Elevator"

The Magazine of
NO. 36 E. F. T. S. (R.A.F.) PEARCE

Published with the kind permission of the
Commanding Officer - W/Com. J. B. Stockbridge

Vol. I.

JUNE, 1942

No. 1.

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THE "ELEVATOR"

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LAC Hylton - Bruce Runnels
(Y.M.C.A.)

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Editorial

"Ever man's affairs however little, are important to himself."

—BOSWELL.

At last we lay before you the first number of your Station Magazine. We hope you like it, but we look for and hope to profit by, your criticism. Our aim is to mirror life at Pearce—a life which has so many new angles for most of us—for your amusement and, occasionally, your edification, coupled with a desire to show as much of the world as our circulation will reach that Pearce is something more than two elevators, some gophers and a wind.

In England, a station paper was something of a novelty, but here in Canada it is the rule rather than the exception. Competition is keen and if the "Elevator" is to make an impression, we shall need a constant stream of ideas, articles and news. For this first issue, the response has been very encouraging: Just keep it up.

We offer our thanks to all who have contributed, and regret that it has not been possible to use everything submitted. There will be other numbers, and some have been held over for these.

THE TITLE COMPETITION

The response to the appeal for suggestions for a magazine title was disappointing, and most of those which were received were of an unsuitable nature.

The "Elevator" was suggested by Squadron Leader Watts, and negotiations are now in progress between him and the Magazine Committee as to the form his prize is to take (i.e. Scotch or Rye!)

Congratulations to

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Greetings from -- The Commanding Officer



Very gladly I send my greetings to "The Elevator." I hope that the Editor and his helpers and contributors will have the greatest success in this venture.

Since we first collected together as a unit in England, we have developed a feeling of comradeship and of being a family. The journey across the Atlantic and across Canada, and the job of building up our Station in new surroundings, have strengthened this feeling. And it is my hope that the magazine will be a good expression of our life together.

We have left the front line for the present, but we have been given a vital and essential job to do in training pilots. If each of use does his job here well, he is striking a real blow in our country's war against tyranny and injustice. I hope that we shall never forget this aim, and that the magazine will help to keep it before us.

I hope too that "The Elevator" will travel widely among our people at home and our friends here in Canada, so that they may have news of our doings.

To be a success, the magazine will need the interest and help of all the staff and pupils of the Station. I am confident it will succeed.

—J. B. Stockbridge, W/Com.

Happy Landings - - - - -

to one and all of the

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In Memory

Remember ?

We were all confined to camp, packing our kits, scribbling notes and letters and getting ready for the great event. The huts were a bedlam. Fellows talking, gabbling, shouting, singing—and all for the one purpose, to try and forget that within a few hours we should be making our last trek in England for some time to come.

That day and night was a study of human emotions. The toughest shouted the loudest of their gladness to leave the old country, merely to disguise their greatest weakness. And yet, it was not until almost journey's end that the majority of us realized that the time had actually come. Until then most of us were, more or less, expecting something to turn up and prevent us leaving the country.

But it didn't. In all the muddle of which the service is accused, their organisation never worked so brilliantly as it did during those last few hours.

They were silent parties which packed the lorries from the camp to the railway station that Monday night and the world seemed to be in the conspiracy, too.

A moonless night, a deserted countryside and a sleeping town. Pin-pointed, flickering oil lamps marking a narrow lane through the station approaches, along which trod silently, in single file, each party of men as it arrived and moved over to the blacked-out train which stood waiting. The "ghost train," we called it—so eerie and unreal was everything, and the time—a little after midnight.

Few spoke—we didn't dare, somehow. The odd witticism or attempt at repartee fell flat, horribly flat.

Lumps, heavy lumps, filled our throats as at noon the following day we hurtled past the meanest tenements of dockland on our way to the quayside and saw the Union Jacks waving to us from the windows. From upper floors women waved their arms and flung their kisses to the blue-grey uniforms filling the troop train. Men at work beside the track and people in the streets stopped to wave a friendly farewell and give us a cheery "thumbs up."

Now the carriage windows were open wide, each opening blocked by a flood of blue. The waving was returned and in chorus the lads sang until, at last, we drew into a deserted station, obviously cleared for the occasion.

Once again in file, by number and name, checked and re-checked, by ferry to our ocean home anchored way out in the river. For twenty-four hours, even more, we lay so, our last link with home the vision of Britain's shore from across the water.

Mid evening on Wednesday that last link was broken. With eyes that saw, yet saw not, the black smudge of coastline merge deeper and deeper into the ever engrossing blackness of the night, we felt the sea breeze on our cheeks, the tremble of the engines beneath our feet, as we murmured a silent good-bye—and uttered a prayer to keep our loved ones safe for our eventual return.

TO THE—
COMMANDING OFFICER, HIS OFFICERS & THE MEN OF
NO. 36, E. F. T. S.

WE SAY—

WELCOME TO MACLEOD

The Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating
We are doing our best to serve you
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THE MACLEOD PHOTO STUDIO

A Humble but Patriotic Song

In civilian life I hadn't a wife,
It worried me not at all.
For none said "No"
As I was the Beau,
If not the Belle of the Ball.

But when war came near my duty was clear
And from Duty I never shirk.
By gad! I'm a man—
(I couldn't scam!)
So I joined as an A/C 2 erk.

As I walked down the street with the world at my feet,
The church bells rang so true.
The auspicious occasion
Was not an invasion,
But me in my Air Force blue.

I'm the pride of my Dad, the Colonel, begad!
And the pride of the Squadron, too.
I can't play polo,
But I've been solo;
I'm one of the lads in Blue.

The Hun in the sun to me is great fun
And if my good kite catches fire,
From the office I'll bale
In my brolly, then sail
Down to land on a high tension wire.

Though I sizzle and roast like a piece of burned toast,
Or boil like the cookhouse stew,
For a fellow like me
That's the bite of a flea,
I'm a hell of a lad in blue!

So with plenty of wear, and beer, and tear,
Through the R.A.F. I'll meander;
If it comes to the worst
I'll return to Pearce,
As a jolly old Flight Commander.

And there if I choose I may sit round and booze
Till my nose is a scarlet hue;
But the smoke of the fire
Of my funeral pyre
Will be BLU-EST of AIR FORCE BLUE.

—P. Coryton, L.A.C.



Lake Louise

J.S.T.G.

Have You Thought About Climbing?

Most people appear to regard mountain climbing as a rather pointless waste of physical effort, and those who climb them as slightly insane. I do not intend here to make any serious attempt at their conversion, but rather to put forward a few hints and suggestions to any who may consider visiting, and climbing, the mountains, on weekends or leaves.

There are three practicable approaches to the Rockies from Pearce; by way of Waterton, Crows Nest and Banff. The first two are each about 90 miles distant, and I would recommend them for weekends. Banff is nearly 200 miles, but as access is gained by this route to a far larger area, this would probably be the best for a longer stay. Incidentally, the Canadian Alpine Club has its headquarters in Banff, and anyone intending to climb could no doubt obtain from them advice as to where to go and what conditions to expect.

The climbing season in the Rockies extends roughly from the middle of June until the end of August. Before the middle of June, the melting snow, which is soft and deep, makes the ascent of the higher mountains extremely tedious, and in addition there is considerable danger of avalanches. On the lower peaks, those between 8,000 and 9,000 feet, it is generally possible—from the middle of May—to pick a route more or less free of snow for the ascent, and the snow can be used for a speedy glissade down—once it has been ascertained that it does not lead over a cliff, because when glissading it is not always possible to stop at once.

Station Hospital

Being on This Occasion but an Introduction of the Members of this Station who give their Allegiance to Aesculapius.

Caduceus



Nec Aspera Terrent

magic and the preparation of noxious brews prescribed by an enthusiastic M.O.

AC1 Young: We don't know him yet. If he returns from Macleod one day we will doubtless feel more capable of reporting on his unusual capabilities.

AC1 Manger: Reputed to have been a Chemist's Assistant. However, a recent patient was ordered a Lysol Bath by the M.O., and friend Manger diluted a teaspoonful in a kidney dish. Said patient to Manger: "What the H--- am I, a Canary?" Nice chap really.

AC1 Hollyoak: A tryer in every sense of the word, but never knows where anything is—must be a member of our orderly room.

LAC Chambers: Was cautioned once for driving the ambulance. Actually is in complete control of the Hospital.

AC1 Price: Our Cook. Prepares excellent delicacies if and when Weller permits.

This month's literary achievement by—

LAC Chambers, AC2 Hildebrand.

F/Lt. Purser and F/Lt. Lee: The less said about these the better (after all we have to work together.) Advice on Gardening and Carpentry freely given. Between you and I they are beginning to fancy themselves.

Cpl. Callaghan: Should run the Hospital if that chap Chambers would let him. His one word, "Out-standing" (in the passage.)

AC2 Weller: Sanitation and Hygiene is this man's dream; however to get him to change his once white trousers is an achievement.

AC2 Garner: Decent sort of a chap, but wakes up every four days.

AC2 Hildebrand: Termed Professor by the M.O.'s, but as a Dispenser makes an excellent photographer. Also dabbles in Black-

The rock is mostly limestone, and is not nearly as solid as the granite generally found in the Alps and the British mountains. When rock climbing it is well to bear in mind that the small flat ledges are the safest. They do not give as good a grip as the nice big holds that you can get your fingers behind, but the latter have a disconcerting habit of breaking away when any weight is put on them. It is best on this rock to develop a climbing technique by which one pushes on the holds as far as possible, instead of pulling on them.

There are not many glaciers in the southern part of the Rockies, but north of Banff there are more. Crevasses are generally found at about the point where the angle of descent of the glacier changes, owing to the strains set up in the ice, and consequently they generally take the form of long narrow transverse slits, which may be hundreds of feet deep. It is inadvisable to attempt a glacier expedition except in a roped party of three or more, because if anyone does fall into a crevasse, it takes two to pull him out. When the crevasses are hidden by snow it is quite easy to go in, but if the party is roped and proceeding with due caution, the man in the crevasse merely dangles rather anxiously for a few minutes, and is then hauled up again!

Finally, just a few words about equipment. If serious climbing is to be attempted, properly nailed boots, a rope (100 feet), and an ice axe are essential, but plenty of good scrambling can be had with a pair of ordinary strong boots or shoes, preferably nailed. Light shoes come to pieces surprisingly quickly. A compass and map should also be carried, because mist can come down very quickly, and even on small mountains people who get lost in mist and bad weather sometimes wander around for days and finally retire into a cave to die of exposure. It is easy in a mist to mistake some small spur for a main ridge and so descend into the wrong valley, which is tiresome if it involves walking twenty miles in a valley without a trail, in the dusk and without food. Therefore, carry a map and compass. Large scale maps, suitable for walking, can be obtained for 25 cents each by writing to the "Surveyor General of Dominion Lands, Ottawa."

—J.S.T.G.



CONGRATULATIONS TO

F/Lt now S/Ldr. F. H. Davies.

LAC's now A/Cpl's Cahill, Ponting, Powrie and Edwards.

GOODBYE

S/Ldr. Raine . . . to 31 P.D.

F/Lt. Hatton-Smooker . . . to 32 E.F.T.S.

P/O Jordan . . . to 31 O.T.U.

Sgts. De Baughn, Carr and Hemsley . . . to 31 E.F.T.S.

AC Leles . . . to 31 S.F.T.S.

AC O'Neill . . . to 39 S.F.T.S.

What is it that the Canadian girls have that the English girls haven't got? (The boys seem to go for them in a big way). . . .

Nothing, only the Canadian girls have it over here.

Thank You, Cranbrook!

The people of Cranbrook, who so great-heartedly welcome us, are making our stay in Canada very much more enjoyable than we all ever imagined it would be, and quite a number of the lads have found a home from home there for short stays after the monotony of Pearce.

Up to the present well over fifty have spent very happy periods ranging from 48 hours to 14 days, and all are agreed that they will return at the earliest possible chance, so it seems as though the Citizens Committee are going to be kept busy when we start summer leave.

The untiring efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Knight and Bill Hume are certainly appreciated and in fact we find all the folk there very eager to make the lads from Pearce feel at home, and all will cherish memories of very happy times spent with them.

Our efforts as fishermen have given the experts a few laughs, but with a little more practice we hope to make a better impression.

We are expecting to have as many of our friends from there as can make the trip, visit us in the near future, and will do our best to reciprocate their own wholeheartedness.

—V—

The Rifle Club

In early April when an evening walk by the river became a rather perilous crossing of No Man's land, and later after the guileless gopher had learned wisdom through the almost total extinction of his tribe in the vicinity of the camp, the formation of some organized outlet for this interest in shooting became imperative.

An open meeting was therefore held on April 20th, and the zeal displayed proved that there was ample justification for the formation of a Rifle Club. A President, Secretary and Committee was elected forthwith.

When approached the P.S.I. generously promised to provide six rifles for the use of club members, but unfortunately, after exhaustive enquiries, the Committee's unanimous choice of Martini action B.S.A. .22 target model rifles proved to be unobtainable in Canada. We are now awaiting the arrival of six Savage magazine target rifles, and the completion of the 25 yards Range before holding the official opening shoot.

Membership is open to all ranks on payment of 50 cents subscription, which entitles members to full use of club rifles, and entrance to any of the several competitions which have already been arranged. Ammunition will be available at a cost of about 25 cents for fifty rounds. It is proposed that the club meet five evenings a week between 19.00 and 21.00 hours, but these times may be amended as required. By winter we hope to have erected and equipped an indoor range, so that matches with neighbouring clubs may be continued all through the year.

—J. F. Dunham, Sgt.

circuits and BUMPS--

Meet LAC Prang



"He knows all the answers"

on the runway is a tricky business and failure to keep a good lookout will lead to awkward consequences. However, after explaining that half a rudder is better than none, and "Look at my prop anyway," carry on. The other bloke may turn back, the cissy, but what's a bent prop . . . it gives you greater ground clearance, anyway.

Now comes a tricky part. If you can't remember the magic word which does the cockpit drill, just loosen your top teeth and try to say quickly, "Pearce is positively perfect." This is calculated to placate the gremlins and you may now prepare to aviate with equanimity. Open the throttle smartly; this gives you more time to think of other more important matters. Don't believe that sketch of the 'drome which shows the runways as straight lines, when you know quite well that they're S-shaped, so paddle energetically on the rudder to get around the bends. When you hear a ringing sound, don't think it's the alarm on the dash-clock. It's really the prop embracing the tarmac and tells you that it's time to pull the stick back and take to the air. Having done this, fix your eye on a cloud and follow it until tired. Close the throttle and look for the aerodrome—it may be underneath you, so don't forget to get well over in your turn in order to inspect the ground below. Having located it, stuff the nose down and you'll reach the field before those three bad types in front. Having descended to windsock level, commence to check—this is nothing to do with chess. When you hear a bang, pull the stick back and wait . . . after all, everything, even dust, settles itself eventually.

Climb into a Stearman—preferably the one for which you signed the 700; this saves trouble with the timekeeper and also helps you to remember the number when filling in your crash report later. Cultivate an air of nonchalance and "je ne sais quois" as this goes down well with those two silly chaps who perform gymnastics at the front end of the machine just before the fan starts turning.

When you think the engine is making enough noise and you can't see the hangar for dust, get the aforementioned silly chaps off their perches on the wing-tips with bags of throttle and lots of rudder. Like the fox in foxhunting, they really enjoy this. Now beat it down a runway before the Flight Commander gets your number. Overtaking

On the second crump your troubles are not over, but have, in fact, only just begun. Remembering your instructor's second magic word, "Forgod-sakekeeperstrait," get busy on the tread mill again. When the dust has cleared a little, you'll see a red object tearing after you. Beat it back to the hangar at 40 m.p.h. (Dominion speed limit) as the red juggernaut is covered with grinning ghouls who seem to find you very amusing. Ignore the ground crew's reproachful looks and find, and fill in your crash report.

You are now a "pranger,"* and who knows, one day you may become an instructor.

* "Pranger": A member of my exclusive Secret Society, Pres. F/L Woolridge (but I hope to get the C.F.I. yet!)

—S.L.D.

—V—

The busy street runs on:
The din of economic life
Fills my ears, and gone
Are bitter thoughts of strife.
The busy town, with all its cars,
Great buildings with ambition,
Quays and ships with tow'ring spars:
All serve Britain's mission.
By country road to sleepy village,
Where singing brook rotates the wheel,
No tyrants here our life to pillage;
Everything beneath Contentment's seal.
The waving corn upon the lea,
The whisper of the trees,
Are set there for all eyes to see
The prize that lies within all these;
From quiet valley up the hillside
To stormy crag upon the peak;
Beside the ploughman's cleanswept fireside;
On moors, where breezes fan the cheek;
You'll see in every street of stone,
On every mountain top, you'll hear
The reason why we stand alone
And fight for all we see in Her.
No foul hand shall touch a town,
No traitor foot shall tread a heath:
Britannia and her Britons frown
On those who would her air dare breathe.
Take heed, then, you goose-stepping clods,
We'll fight where'er a man still stands;
Your victories shall be grassy sods
Marking your graves by Britain's sands.

—R.H.H.

Padre's Page



What Is The Connection?

We stopped going to Church: our churches have been bombed.

We stopped using the sacrament of bread and wine: our food has been rationed.

We stopped keeping Sunday for worship: our hours of work have been increased.

We stopped being good neighbours at home: we are 5,000 miles from home.

We stopped caring about other nations: we are at war.

The Christian Front.

Two World Wars are being fought today, one between the United Nations and the Axis, the other between Christ and the Devil. Sometimes the two fronts coincide; sometimes they do not.

In Norway, Church and Government are fighting a clear-cut battle for the youth of the country. The Quisling Government made it compulsory for all boys and girls between ten and eighteen to join the Quisling youth movements. In protest, nearly all the 1,100 clergymen of Norway's state-paid Church resigned on Easter Sunday, and the leader, the Bishop of Oslo, was arrested.

In a Chinese town not long ago, a woman was in the hands of a Japanese soldier. To her amazement, she found herself taken to the door of a little chapel and handed over to the Chinese pastor, with the words: "This woman is in great danger. I give her into your Christian hands. I too, am a Christian."

Pearce Church.

Until we have a church on the camp, services will be held in the Recreation Hall. With a little artistry, the theatre stage can be made into a church sanctuary. But success in this transformation will depend mostly on the atmosphere which you create by your attendance and co-operation. The Padre welcomes all help and suggestions in improving the services. Speak to him, too, if you are interested in coming to a Discussion Group.

I'm Only The Driver

Way back B. C. (before conscription) I had the misfortune to become an ambulance driver. Things weren't so bad in England and having no wife to support me, besides being out of work since birth, I thought it would suit me for the duration. But my friends! here in Canada, it is all so different. Let me tell you about my normal day

All goes well until 5.30 a.m. when a fairylike touch from one of those gentlemen of the service—the S. P.'s—disturbs my slumbers. Filled with the joy of living at Pearce I go with a light heart to the M. T. yard, collect Ambulance No. 1, and drive to work in the now-familiar dust—rain—hail—snow . . . in fact in anything but that famous Alberta sunshine. First job of the day—wake the Duty Orderlies, their alarm clock having stopped. Then comes the Sick Reports, brought in by a dim orderly sergeant (though I DO know two that can sign their names!) The report usually has to be rewritten—bear in mind that this all takes time. Afterwards I return to the M. T. yard to fetch the taxi—the light ambulance—and do a D. I. on the two vehicles. This more or less terminates my work with the M. T. side of the job for that day.

On returning to the hospital orderly room, I find everything in full swing; the questions start pouring in and what I answer must be right because I've only made one mistake in life (joining up!) There's things to be done . . . 'phone to be answered . . . rations to be ordered, etc., etc. About 12.30 there walks in what I — out of politeness — term an ACH/Driver, for these men are unskilled—definitely so. One, I'm given to understand, is having his hair cut like his uncle, that is, with a hole in the middle. It is the dinner relief so I promptly set off on my only recreation for the day—a walk to the Airmen's Mess to dine with the unemployed. Sometimes, time permitting, I go as far as the camp postman's room, to tell him there isn't any mail for me: this saves him the trouble of telling me.

Getting back to the Hospital, and having told the driver to go (and where) I settle down to work of a serious nature until the two M. O.'s (Messrs. Middleton & Middleton) return; then it's gardening lessons until the orderly room staff get into a jam—this happens every five minutes—when I forsake the land and go to their rescue.

17.30 hours, I ring the M. T., telling them not to send relief as I won't have time to go for tea. When I have a moment to spare I often ask how the Ambulances are running, because, after all, I really am the driver!

Evening falls and I'm standby fireman when our A/C Y---G takes over the cook's job, and it's a case of bearing a hand with the extinguishers.

21.30 - 22.00 hours. Ting-a-ling: flying packs up for the day. "Thank goodness," I say. "In another half hour I can away to the billet to get ready for 5.30 a.m."

Two conclusions I've arrived at: that the ambulance driver must be the original brass monkey—see nothing, hear nothing, say nothing; and that the next ambulance should be a model without stretcher gear, which takes up a lot of room, but with a place for the driver to ride.

—R. G. Chambers, LAC.

Social and (Sometimes) Very Personal

Three dances have so far been held at Pearce, the Sergeants breaking the ice on May 8th, when lots of our new friends in Lethbridge and Macleod had their first glimpse of our elegant "Home." The Station Variety Company (P/O's Morton, Parkinson and Clark, and Cpl. Homer) did their stuff between whites. It is whispered that "Parky" is preparing a tight rope act, but this is unconfirmed.

Of the other two (the Airmen's on May 15 and the Officers' on the 16th) the less said the better. Neither the office boy nor myself can remember the names of the distinguished visitors, but both parties earned their promoters full marks.

"Siesta Street" has been suggested as an apt description of the Officer's Quarters on a warm afternoon. We think, however, that "Sawmill Alley" would be far more appropriate when the morning shift are really getting down to it after three goes at the luncheon sweet!

Motto of an R.A.F. Romeo (shall we say a wellknown Cpl. with a flair for the ivories?), after a week-end in Lethbridge:

"I came . . . I sighed . . . I conquered."

F/O (Noah) Milsom and his henchmen are to be congratulated on the foresight they showed in launching their ARK in time for the May floods. We would like to know, though, who of those who went in (the river) two by two was detailed for the duties of dove, if it had become necessary to abandon camp and take to the high seas.

His War Effort . . . Much admiration has been expressed for P/O Clark's "Save Your Rubber" campaign. What a pity it's so hard on the roof!

The Officers' soccer XI. strenuously deny the story that they have challenged next Thursday's Sick Parade to a game.



LAC. PRANG SAYS:
He wants to go on the Coastal Command because they are the most sensible about the dress question.

Sports Review

After ten weeks at Pearce we find the only games that are really organised on a regular basis are soccer, badminton and softball. There are, however, many reasons which will account for this dearth of athletic endeavour, the chief being lack of playing pitches, slow delivery of equipment, and the hard work which fell upon everyone's shoulders when we arrived while we wrested the Camp from the dust and the gophers. From this time forward something new should be starting almost every week: Basketball will commence in the Drill Hall shortly—this is a game which will provide more than enough exercise for even the most strenuously-minded.

By the time this page appears, and provided the ground remains soft enough, it is hoped to hold a rigger trial. The oval ball game has been held up for posts, but the suitable weather is (we hope) fast disappearing and something will have to be done quickly if we are to have that long-promised game against the Colonials at Macleod.

By the way, did you know that we have an England player on the camp? He's none other than P/O Parkinson (you'd never believe it, would you!) of Waterloo and Lancashire, who went to South Africa with a touring side. I'm not allowed to tell you how many years ago!

Table Tennis has still to be organised on a competitive basis. What about one of you keen types volunteering to run a knockout tournament?

Preparations for cricket are going ahead—so many surveyors' pegs have been put in the proposed "square" it looks almost like a new Klondyke.

Tennis will begin in the Drill Hall when the supports for the nets turn up, and later there will be outdoor courts for everyone.

Badminton

This has proved very popular and the Station team has already started putting Pearce on the map with a 28-8 victory over the Lethbridge Y.M.C.A. Stars in this surprising runaway were A/C Napier (Stores), a Scottish Counties player, and two pupils, LAC's Marshall and MacIvor. The heaviness of the defeat certainly didn't depress the good folk at the "Y" and the game was followed by a very pleasant evening's entertainment.

The Station outfit has also beaten the Officers 6 - 3.

Soccer

This is flourishing—thanks to the keen interest and good advice of Cpl. Watson, and will be kept going until the weather gets too hot. Sections running teams at present are the G.D.'s, Maintenance, S.H.Q., "A" and "D" Flights, the Sergeants, Corporals and the Officers. In addition, both courses of pupils have played, No. 2 Course being particularly good and more than a match for any of the others.

Two Station games have been played, both against No. 7 S.F.T.S., Macleod. The first, at home, resulted in a 6—0 win, with the visitors obviously out of practise. The second, at Macleod, was a closer affair than the 4—1 score suggests. We played an almost completely changed team which lacked cohesion in the first half and could only produce one goal. Macleod showed promise of becoming quite a useful eleven, given more games.

Scores in inter-section games played to date are:—No. 1 Course 7, No. 2 Course 1; No. 1 Course 3, Officers 0; No. 2 Course 5, G.D.'s 0; Maintenance 3, Senior N.C.O.'s 0; No. 2 Course 6, Maintenance 0; No. 2 Course 10, Officers 0; Equipment 1, M.T. 0; Maintenance 2, S.H.Q. 1; No. 2 Course 3, G.D. 0; Sgts 0, G.D. 0; Officers 3, Cpl's Club 0.

This is going to be a regular feature so if you have anything interesting, news, personal remarks, complaints and the like, bring them to Cpl. Webb at the Drill Hall, or leave them for him at the "Y."

—V—

Our Musical Ambassadors

No one can deny that few have done more to rectify the popular local conception of the Englishman as a sober-faced uppish bore than the Station Dance Orchestra. Directed and inspired by P/O Morton, the quartette lost no time in making its presence felt, or rather heard, in Lethbridge and Macleod, while the outstanding success of the three dances so far held at the Camp has been due in no small measure to the infectious notes coaxed by the leader from his saxophone and clarinet; to the twinkling fingers of Cpl. Homer—doubtless many of you used to listen to Charlie on the radio back home; and to the pleasing trumpeting of LAC Atkinson—at one time he performed with the champion St. Hilda's Colliery Band. LAC Marten and AC Gibbs have shared the drummer's position where both have worked hard and done a very good job.

A word of praise must go, too, to P/O's Clark and Parkinson who, teamed up with P/O Morton and Cpl. Homer, constitute a cabaret show which, since its "smash hit" at the Lethbridge Wartime Revue, has been in demand at many functions.

Keep it up, fellows . . . you'll have Pearce on the map (or the mat!) yet.

Send It Home

It costs 2c to send "The Elevator" to England, if in a wrapper with open ends.

If you leave your folks' address at the "Y" Office, with 8c, we will wrap a new copy in our own wrapper and dispatch it for you.

"Y" Notes

The Y.M.C.A. Lounge Room is now comfortably furnished for airmen wishing to write their letters, or read in quiet. There are any number of indoor games obtainable—draughts, chess, chinese checkers, dominoes and pick-up sticks.

Softball

Interest in this—to most of the boys—unfamiliar game is rapidly increasing and games take place every evening (when the day's rainfall hasn't exceeded 5 inches!) It is rumoured that the officers and sergeants intend shortly to lock horns. This should be some battle, but a headache for the umpire.

Our Station teams, one English and one Canadian, have done very well in their games against 7 E.F.T.S. at Macleod, having won two of the three matches played.

June 1st will see the commencement of the inter-station league games between Claresholm, Macleod, Lethbridge and Pearce. Don't forget, your team will need lots of vocal encouragement. You don't have to know the rules to shout!

The Airmen's Dance

This was a great success and—to quote the locals—a swell time was had by everyone. Much of the credit for its popularity must go to the Social Credit Women's Auxiliary of Macleod, who supplied and served the very fine lunch. Thanks, too, to the kind people of Lethbridge who were responsible for the most important item of all, the dancing partners, and to the Station Band, who worked so hard and well. We all hope the function can be repeated in the very near future.

On May 27th, a very interesting lecture was delivered by Chief Mike Mountain Horse on the Western Canadian Indian. The troops thoroughly enjoyed every minute, especially the relics the Chief brought along, including some real scalps!

Many thanks, Chief Mountain Horse.

Other Activities

These are increasing in number and variety almost daily. Both the Camera Club and the Glee Society are in full swing with meetings every week.

The Station Cinema

All "flicks" will, in future, be held in the Recreation Hall. Coming shows are:

- June 3—"Diamond Frontier."
- June 5—"You're Not So Tough."
- June 10—"I See Ice."
- June 12—"Tropic Fury."
- June 15—"One Night in the Tropics."
- June 17—"So You Won't Talk."
- June 19—"Arizona."

—Bruce Runnels, Supervisor.

The Camera Club

Even before that never-to-be-forgotten March morning—to be known hereafter in the history books as St. Patrick's Day, 1942 — Invasion of Pearce — it was evident that a keen interest in photography was shared by a large proportion of the unit. Almost the moment we stepped ashore and were released from the irksome but necessary restrictions of military secrecy, the cameras appeared in scores and our passage across Canada was marked for me by the rush, at every stopping place, of a crowd of amateur Jarcho's to all the likely viewpoints in sight, and the trail of yellow film cartons which we scattered from Moncton to Macleod.

At first glance, the photographic possibilities of Pearce and its environs appeared even less encouraging than the social and personal, but, as with the latter, closer acquaintance brought many surprises, and if the absence of vertical planes makes good composition difficult, no one is going to complain when the alternatives offered for our celluloid are dust-storms, floods and the ever-changing but always beautiful mountains.

But to get down to the "gen" . . . A Camera Club has been formed and meets every Thursday at 9 p.m. in the "Y" reading room. Thanks to P.S.I. generosity, it already possesses a vertical enlarger taking negatives up to 5" x 4," dishes, safelights and all the chemicals, etc., necessary to equip a darkroom. Up to going to press the committee have not succeeded in lining up this last item but are chasing the powers-that-be with several suggestions. Watch the "Y" notice board for latest news in this direction.

At the first meeting, Sgt. Bayetto gave a very entertaining, and at times, quite dramatic account of his adventures in France with the photographic section of the Advanced Air Striking Force. The following week we had a demonstration of indoor candid portraiture using photoflood lighting, with most of the members taking turns at modelling for those who took cameras along.

Membership is open to all ranks, subscriptions being 25c per month. Pay them at the "Y" and this will give you full use of the darkroom and all equipment, including chemicals.

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Wed.-Thurs. June 3-4.

"Corsican Brothers"

Fri.-Sat. June 5-6.

"Here Comes Mr. Jordan"

Mon.-Tues. June 8-9.

"The Sabateur"

Wed.-Thurs. June 10-11.

"Remember The Day"

Fri.-Sat. June 12-13.

"My Favourite Blonde"

Mon.-Tues. June 15-16.

"Dangerously They Live" and

"Wild Bill Hickok"

Double Feature,

Wed.-Thurs. June 17-18.

"Songs of the Islands"

Fri.-Sat. June 19-20.

"Henry and Dizzy" and

"Fly By Night"

Double Feature,

Mon.-Tues. June 22-23.

"Confirm or Deny"

Wed.-Thurs. June 24-25.

"Courtship of Andy Hardy"

Fri.-Sat. June 26-27.

"The Remarkable Andrew"

Mon.-Tues. June 29-30.

"Rio Rita" (Abbott & Costello)

Wed.-Thurs. July 1-2.

Two Shows each night at 7 and 9 — Matinee on Saturday at 2 p.m.

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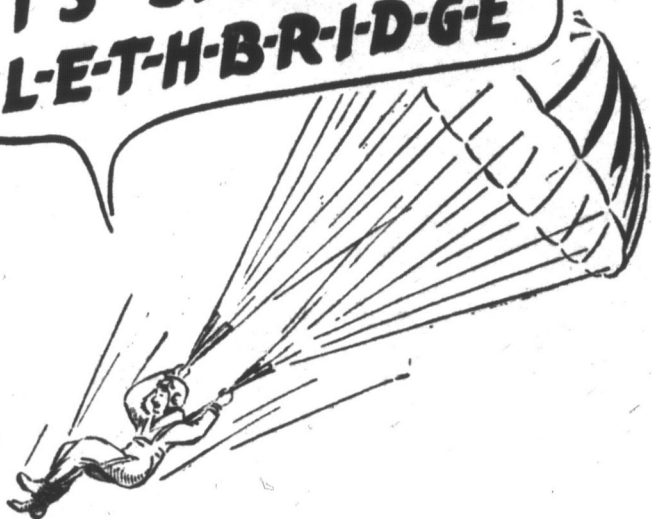
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