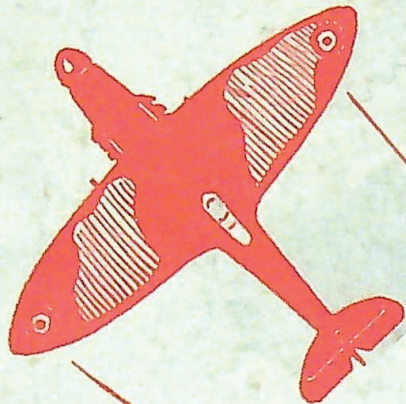


The **ELEVATOR**



—No 36 E.F.T. SCHOOL—
—ROYAL AIR FORCE—



Vol. 1. No. 2.

July, 1942

Price 5 Cents



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July, 1942.

No. 2.

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Editorial

All "gen" is duff until it actually happens.

With this knowledge, born of harrowing experience, we refuse to be intimidated by rumour, counter-rumour, even so called "official statements," and lay before you Elevator No. 2.

In response to many requests it has been enlarged thirty-three per cent over our first attempt and, if your support merits, will grow to even more corpulent proportions. It has been gratifying to find a greater display of interest this month and a larger flow of contributions. Most sections reacted to the appeal for an article—so many, in fact, that one or two have been unavoidably held over until our next issue, by which time we hope to have introduced everybody on the camp to everybody else.

So hurry up, you so far silent sections and give us the low-down on your activities, scandalous or otherwise.

Although no large brickbats were thrown at us for No. 1, an attempt has been made to accommodate the critics. Remember that we thrive on suggestions and ideas, so please don't be shy with your help. We would like to have a regular correspondent in every section in the School . . . are there any volunteers?

We must say "Thank You" to our deadly rival, "The Chinook," of No. 8 B. & G. School, Lethbridge, for their kind appreciation of "Elevator No. 1." Praise from such a bright publication is praise indeed.

An Appreciation

Friendship is a golden tie
Which binds us all together,
And if this tie should never break
We shall be friends forever.—Anon.

Across the many thousands of miles of prairie, bush and ocean this thin line of affection has been stretched behind us, as inch by inch, we travelled farther and farther from our homeland. But another tie, woven in the last four short months, connecting us with the neighbouring towns of Macleod and Lethbridge, and even as far afield as Calgary and Cranbrook, knotted firmly with the warmth and generosity of a Canadian welcome, has helped in large measure to compensate for the temporary disruption of our, life-long contacts.

It is this newest tie for which in heartfelt gratitude this tribute is written. Individual expression is often hard to compose but a simple "Thank you" spoken with a true sincerity of purpose is, we know, the only reward for which you ask.

Your townships have offered us life and enjoyment; your citizens the comfort of an open house, and we have not been slow to either accept or appreciate.

It would be ungracious of us, too, not to acknowledge the debt of appreciation we owe to our service colleagues of the R.C.A.F. Those of them working side by side with us on our own Station and those of other Stations, sharing our pleasures and offering us their welcome co-operation.

We take this opportunity to salute you all, civilian and service alike, and assure you that your kindness and hospitality shall remain forever in our memories.

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Coming Attractions at The

.. EMPRESS THEATRE ..

Cut this out for future reference.

"The Spoilers"

Fri.-Sat. July 3-4 starring John Wayne and Marlene Deitrich.

"Fiesta"

Filmed in Technicolor with Ann Ayar, and

"A Gentleman After Dark"

With Miriam Hopkins and Brian Donlevy.

Double Feature Program, Mon.-Tues., July 6th-7th.

"Twin Beds"

Wed.-Thurs., July 8-9; George Brent and Joan Bennett.

"The Great Man's Lady"

Fri.-Sat. July 10-11 with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea.

"I Wake Up Screaming"

Mon.-Tues., July 13-14, with Betty Grable, Victor Mature.

"The Stars Look Down"

Wed.-Thurs., July 15-16, Marg. Lockwood, Michael Redgrave.

"Tuttles of Tahiti"

Fri.-Sat. July 17-18 with Charles Laughton and Jon Hall.

"Always In My Heart"

Mon.-Tues. July 20-21 Kay Francis and Walter Huston.

"The Lady Is Willing"

Wed.-Thur. July 22-23, Fred McMurray, Marlene Deitrich.

"Son of Fury"

Fri.-Sat. July 24-25, starring Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney.

"Bed Time Story"

Mon.-Tues. July 27-28.

"Shanghai Gesture" and Walt Disney's "Dumbo"

Wed.-Thurs. July 29-30. Double Feature.

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

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Five Accidents in One!!

The following amusing letter, addressed to an Insurance Company in Ottawa, Ontario, appeared in a recent issue of *The Financial Times*, Montreal. It is signed by "Can I Take It," and reads:

"Gentlemen.—The soullessness of your Corporation is astounding. Let me review my case. I carry an accident policy in your company by the terms of which you agreed to pay me \$25.00 a week during such times as I was prevented from working because of an accident.

"A week ago, I went round on Sunday morning to inspect a new house that is being built for me. I climbed the stairs, or rather the ladder, now located where the stairs will be when the house is finished, and on the top floor I found a pile of bricks which were not needed there. Feeling industrious, I decided to remove the bricks. In the elevator shaft was a rope and pulley, and on one end of the rope was a barrel. I pulled the barrel up to the top floor and, after walking down the ladder, fastened the rope firmly at the bottom of the shaft. Then I climbed up the ladder again and filled the barrel with bricks. Down the ladder I went once more, five storeys, mind you, and untied the rope to let the barrel down. The barrel was heavier than I was, and before I had time to study the proposition, I was going up the shaft, my speed increasing every moment. I thought of letting go the rope but, before I had decided to do so, I was so high up that it seemed more dangerous to let go than hang on. So I held on.

"Half way up the elevator shaft, I met the barrel of bricks coming down. The encounter was brief but spirited. I got the worst of it and continued on my way towards the roof. That is, most of me went on, but my epidermis clung to the barrel and returned to earth. Then I struck the roof at the same time as the barrel struck the cellar. The shock knocked the breath out of me, and the bottom out of the barrel.

"Then I was heavier than the barrel, now empty, and I started down the shaft while the barrel started up. We met in the middle of the journey and again the barrel uppercut me, pounded my solar plexus, barked my shins, bruised my body and skinned my face. When we became disentangled, I resumed my journey downward and the barrel went higher. Soon I was at the bottom and stopped so suddenly that I lost my remarkable presence of mind and let go of the rope. This released the barrel which had reached the top of the shaft. It fell five storeys and landed squarely on me, and it landed hard too.

"Consider the heartlessness of your company. I sustained five accidents in two minutes. One on my journey up the shaft when I met the barrel of bricks; the second when I touched the roof; the third when I met the empty barrel; the fourth when I struck the bottom; the fifth when the barrel struck me.

"Your agent states that it was only one accident, not five, and instead of receiving a payment at the rate of five times \$25.00, I am entitled

to compensation at the rate of one alone. I therefore request you to cancel my policy, as I have made up my mind that I will not be skinned either by a barrel or an Insurance Company."


LAC Hylton.

CONGRATULATIONS TO:

Cpl. now Sgt. Haseler.
F/Sgt. now W/O Jepson.
LAC now Cpl. Reed.
Cpl. now Sgt. Weymark.

You can only twist a Lion's tail
By sneaking up behind;
But when you face his business end
It's a tale of another kind.

GOOD LUCK
R. A. F.



You Always Do Better At
HOYT'S
3rd Ave. S. - Lethbridge

THE U-TEE PILOT

We're cutee U-tee pilots,
And we're really very smart;
We can fiddle with an Aldis,
Draw lines upon a chart.
We run across the countryside
In weather moist and frigid,
It's enough to bind the keenest bloke
Absolutely rigid.

In P. T. shorts and tunic too
We always look quite charming,
But things that we are asked to do
Are really most alarming.
We neatly fold our blankets so,
The sheets may coyly peep;
They are such lovely blankets but—
We don't have time to sleep.

Our stable meals are rather crude,
Our hair is cropped right to the wood,
But even if it spoils the food,
At least the bromide keeps us good!
The girls look round when we pass by,
We are the countries' stars;
And later on perhaps we'll fly,
But now we're trained as chars.

For you'll never beat the Nazis
If your brass is dark and dim,
And to leave your footsteps muddy
Is fearfully grim.
Oh, we're cutee U-tee pilots,
But we miss a lot of things:
We have to be so b . . . good.
As only angels get their wings!

Is it true that P/O Morton is the talent spotter for the camp? I saw him about 2 o'clock the other morning in Lethbridge, obviously looking for talent!

Padre's Page



THEORY OF FLIGHT

1. An aircraft keeps height only when it has enough forward speed. A man's soul keeps alive only when he makes enough progress in virtue.
2. If the speed falls too low, the aircraft stalls, because it is heavier than air. If the progress is too little, the man sins, because he is the son of Adam.
3. A stall leads to a crash. Sin leads to hell.
4. Even a good aircraft stalls. Even a good man sins.
5. Aircraft are damaged by guns and their shells. Men are hurt by the Devil and his temptations.
6. A damaged aircraft can keep height only if it jettisons some of its load. A man's soul can keep alive only if he sacrifices some of his possessions.
7. An aircraft cannot fly in a vacuum. A man cannot live in independence.
8. Only the lift of air on the wing surface keeps the aeroplane up. Only the power of God keeps a man's soul alive.

A NEW BRITAIN.

What kind of Britain shall we build after the war? It is time to think about that, even though much is still to be done to win.

We shall not be able to build a Utopia; that at least is certain. Mr. Churchill said the other day: "It is not the task of the present government, or of any future one, to make a new world, comprising a new heaven and a new earth, and no doubt a new hell (as I'm sure would be necessary in any balanced system)." All we can hope to do is to rid Britain of some of the things that are wrong.

"Let us first be right about what is wrong," said G. K. Chesterton. Is it discomfort? Is it injustice? Is it sin? The cure for discomfort can perhaps be found by science. The cure for injustice will only be found in a new Crusade for good government. The cure for sin can only be found in the Church (however sinful the Church itself may be).

SOME STATISTICS.

Do you know that the Church is growing faster now that it has ever grown before in its 1900 years? Decline in the west is more than offset by expansion in the east. In our own country, as in most of Europe, Christianity seems to be losing ground. In Russia it has suffered a major setback; there are now but 10% of the number of churches that there were in 1917. But in India, China and Japan, the Church is growing by leaps and bounds; in each of these countries the number of Christians has increased by 50% in the last ten years. And in Africa, in ten years, the number has increased by 100%.

(Are the Nazis right that Christianity is only an oriental religion?)

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LETHBRIDGE, Alberta

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so much owed by so many to so few."

—CHURCHILL.



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(14 BILLIARD TABLES—7 UPSTAIRS—7 DOWNSTAIRS)

The Good Old Days

Most of you will be familiar by now with the story of the Mounties' long trek in 1874, when they first came west and established themselves where the town of Macleod now stands.

From surviving accounts it is evident that the popular Hollywood representation of those "bad old days" is not in the least exaggerated. A decade later, in 1882, the proprietor of the Macleod Hotel—a rare character who went by the name of Old Kamoose (Squaw Thief)—drew up the following rules and regulations for the comfort of his famous—or infamous—hostelry:

MACLEOD HOTEL RULES AND REGULATIONS.

Guests will be provided with breakfast and dinner, but must rustle their own lunch. . . Spiked boots and spurs must be removed at night before retiring. . . Dogs are not allowed in the bunks but may sleep underneath.

. . . Towels changed weekly. . . Insect Powder for sale at the bar. . . Crap, Chuck Luck, Stud Horse Poker and Black Jack games are run by the Management. . . Indians and niggers charged double rates. . . Special rates to "Gospel Grinders" and the "Gambling Perfesh." . . Every known fluid (water excepted) for sale at the bar. . . Baths furnished free down at the river, but bathers must find their own soap and towels. . . No kicking regarding the quantity or quality of meals; those who do not like the provender will get out or be put out. . . Assaults on the cook are strictly prohibited. . . Quarrelsome or boisterous persons, also those who shoot off without provocation guns or other explosive weapons on the premises, and all boarders who get killed, will not be allowed to remain in the House.

When guests find themselves or their baggage thrown over the fence, they may consider they have received notice to quit. . . The Proprietor will not be accountable for anything. . . In case of Fire, the guests are requested to escape without unnecessary delay. . . No cheques cashed for anybody; payment must be made in Gold Dust, Cash or Blue Chips. . . To attract the attention of waiters or bell boys, shoot a hole through the door panel. . . Two shots for ice water, three for a deck of cards, and so on.

All guests are requested to rise at 6 a.m. This is imperative as the sheets are needed for tablecloths. . . Everything cash in advance. Tariff:

Board—\$25.00 per month.

Board and Lodging—\$50.00, with wooden bench to sleep on.

Board & Lodging—\$60.00, with bed to sleep on.

(This authentic information was culled from "When the West Was Young"—a very interesting story of early life in this part of the world, by Mr. J. D. Higinbotham, who opened the first drug store in Alberta, at Macleod, in 1884.—Ed.)

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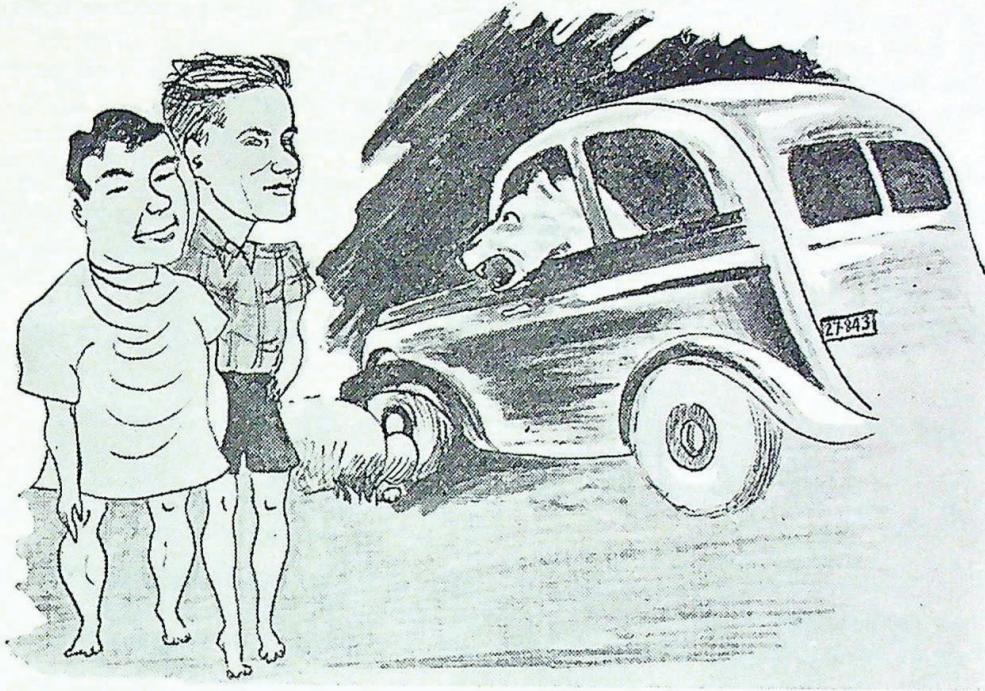
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Opp. Java Shop

MACLEOD

A Zoological Excursion



The North-seeking Bear (*Ursa Magnetica*) is a variant of the common Brown Bear, found in the Rocky Mountains.

An expedition from Pearce which recently visited one of the remoter recesses of this lofty chain had the rare opportunity of studying at close quarters the feeding habits of this wily and sagacious beast. The results of the research are set down hereunder:

Descending silently upon the haunts of humanity in the small hours of the morning the North-seeking Bear quickly detects the presence of a Compass, and of other edible material. If the objects of his desire are enclosed in a motor-car, this is but little hindrance. The windows may be smaller than the bear, but this is immaterial, as the bear is compressible. Should the windows be shut the monster is perfectly capable of turning the handle and opening the door. The particular specimen under observation entered through a window, but later, having consumed all he required inside the car, he turned his attention to the luggage compartment, which was closed, and had no difficulty in turning the handle and lifting the lid.

The activities of the bear while in the car are interesting and illuminating. His first necessity, as his name implies, is a Compass, and his unerring instinct led him, in this case, straight to a rucksack which contained, amongst other things, a first-class prismatic compass in a leather case. This he consumed, though it is interesting and possibly of significance that a map, which was also in the rucksack, was left rigorously alone. Probably

this was due to the fact that the map was a large scale one of the local terrain which was presumably well-known to the bear.

It is as yet undetermined whether the alcohol in which the compass card is immersed has in itself any significance. If this were so the animal's need for a compass might not be wholly due to the north-seeking properties of the instrument, a supposition whose acceptance would open to zoologists vast new fields for research. At the present stage of knowledge, it cannot be said that conclusive evidence upon these points has been obtained.

Besides the compass the bear under observation also consumed two tee-bone steaks, ten eggs, one and a half loaves of bread, $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. of lard, $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. bacon, $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. ham and 6 apples. This was considered unnecessary by the observers as the hardships thus imposed upon them were greater by far than their contribution to science would merit.

—J.S.T.G.

The Things They Say

The following gems of English Prose are authentic excerpts from letters written to A. M. Accounts by the anxious wives of men serving overseas, but not necessarily at Pearce.

I have no children; my husband was a bus driver and worked day and night.

I cannot get sick pay. I have six children. Can you tell me why this is?

Please find out for certain if my husband is dead as the man I am living with won't eat or do anything until he is certain.

I am glad to say that my husband who was reported missing is now dead.

Unless I get my husband's money I shall be forced to lead an immortal life.

In accordance with your instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.

Sir, I am forwarding my marriage certificate and two children, one of which is a mistake, as you will see.

In answer to your letter I have given birth to a boy weighing ten pounds. Is this satisfactory?

This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?

Please send my money at once; I need it badly. I have fallen in errors with my landlord.

I have been regularly corresponding with several officers down at Headquarters, but so far without result.

Autobatics

(Being But a Slight Elongation of the Truth)

An informal debate was started in the Officers' Mess the other night when Pilot Officer Knobbly claimed the distinction of being the first R.A.F. Instructor to have performed a satisfactory half-roll to the right off the bottom of a bunt in a car. F/O "Sticky" Night said he'd tried it a long time ago but he had insufficient speed and it developed into a steep turn, resulting in a side slip into the deck, damaging the port wing.

S/L Bullion said he doubted the veracity of P/O Knobbly's statement, as from all accounts he was in no condition to remember any details of the manoeuvre.

P/O Parkie said it was quite true; he was there and still had the bump on his head to prove it.

P/O Knobbly said it was quite easy when you knew how, and had a suitably manoeuvreable automobile.

F/Lt. Palmtree asked what kind of a car was used.

P/O Knobbly said "Mine's a Terrorplane, what's yours?"

F/Lt. Wildanwoolly woke up and said, with typical swiftness, "Mine's a rye and ginger, please."

P/O Knobbly said that he'd ignore that witty sally.

F/Lt. Briefbehind said, "Why ignore her? What's she done to you . . . or hasn't she?"

S/L Amps brought the conversation back to the point by remarking that in order to carry out aerobatics in cars three things were necessary: Firstly, a good deep ditch; secondly, a heavy load of alcoholic ballast, and thirdly, a job with an underslung chassis and well-rounded body.

F/Lt. Briefbehind said he knew a job in Lethbridge that had both of these . . . and how! He was interrupted by loud requests to pull his mind from underneath his instep, mingled with demands from all corners of the room for her telephone number.

Order was restored by F/Lt. Hat-trick-Snooker (pronounced "Chumley" . . . since departed) buying another round, a feat which never failed to produce respectful silence.

S/L Amps went on to say that he hoped P/O Knobbly was aware of the F.T.C. regulations regarding the altitude at which aerobatics were to be carried out.

F/Lt. Palmtree broke in, "Oh yes, Sir, he only does them when he's very high." This remark was greeted with hysterical laughter from F/O "Sticky" Night, who was sure it meant something entirely different.

P/O Knobbly said it was no laughing matter because it required a pioneer spirit to do these things and he'd like to see anyone do any better.

S/L Amps said he'd do two complete rolls. P/O Parkie said, "Betcha don't," whereupon pandemonium again broke out at this extremely unconstitutional method of addressing a S/L. The uproar was finally quelled by "Time, Gents, please" from Patrickson, and the departure of the protagonists for their respective couches, where several witnesses to the debate were subsequently observed to be surreptitiously practising the manoeuvre on the floor.

(Author's Note.—Any resemblance between the characters in this story and any person, living or dead, is simply amazing!) —I. P. (A).
(With apologies to "Punch")



The Corporals' Club

This article is intended purely as propoganda, and is for the consumption of those Corporals who do not as yet appear to be aware of the existence of that very remarkable organisation, the Corporals' Club, R.A.F., Pearce, Alta.

The Club Room, it is true, is small, but so far, its capacity has not been unduly taxed. It is well furnished, even to the extent of a clock.

Needless to say, we have a very efficient organisation headed by that remarkable personality, Corporal Hemming. Cpl. Hemming has had considerable experience at organising corporals' clubs (and other clubs) and is an unchallenged authority on the ordering of beer. Another outstanding figure is Cpl. Blackburn, who has never yet been known to hand around the cigarettes or stand a can of ale. The committees are hardworking and efficient and nothing is too much for them to do if it is going to add to your comfort and enjoyment. (The Editor considers he is entitled to a beer for allowing this line-shoot to go in!!)

So please remember, Corporal, that you have a club, and if there is anything you want added or altered, we DO have general meetings where you can get up and say what you think . . . if you do.

The finances of the club are in the very capable (these corps are SO VERY capable . . . Ed.) hands of Cpl. Hobbs, and a very well-known twin-hooker (tall, dark and handsome) is looking after your interests in Lethbridge.

When the summer comes (?) a trip to Waterton Lakes is contemplated. How about it, chaps.

The Other Point of View

If you read "Elevator" No. 1 you will remember LAC Prang's reference to the "grinning ghouls" who speed out on the fire tender to gloat over the latest recruit to Prang's Secret Society. This has so incensed one of the said phantoms that he has been forced to retaliate with the following (oh-so-true) description of our Imperfect Pape about to start on a solo trip.—Editor.

"Start 36," yells the Sarge in my ear, and I realise with a jerk that I'm squatting on the tarmac at Pearce and not, as I was fondly imagining, parading Piccadilly with a fortnight's pay and a 14-day 295 in my pocket.

I walk out to the kite, my heart sinking as I observe that the begoggled apparition in the cockpit is none other than Prang himself. I remove the starting handle from its cradle and proceed to the nose of the machine from where I bellow to Prang at the top of my voice—"Petrol On!"

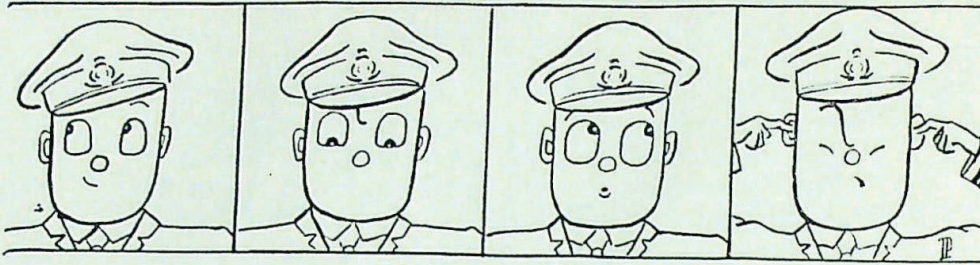
He fumbles about for a time and nods vacantly. Thus encouraged I prime the engine and begin the barrel-organ performance. When, after a furious five minutes, the scream of the works is exceeding that of ten thousand tortured souls in hell, I whip out the handle and bawl, "Contact" at Prang.

The dope grins amiably and, when the starter's note has sunk to a mere whisper and the inertia has departed whence it came, he switches on. So we try again, until, with my eyes bursting from their sockets and my arms aching as though they'd been racked, the engine roars into life and I am hurled on to the leading edge of a terrific blast of air from the screw. I stagger away while Prang sits back calmly with the rev. counter at 1400 r.p.m., an imbecilic smile wreathing his gormless features. Leaping on to the main-plane with a superhuman effort, I replace the handle before I am thrust back by the rushing torrent of the slip-stream. Having regained the wing-tip, I turn again to Prang. Suddenly he appears to be struck by a brilliant idea and throttles back until the prop is barely turning. He then begins to jerk back his head sharply like a man in an epileptic fit. During



LAC Prang says: "It can't be bad for your flying. Why, my Instructor . . . !"

Prang Goes Solo!!



my three months at Pearce I have come to read a meaning into these amazing antics, so I run to the tailplane while the enthusiast in the office runs up the long-suffering engine. Returning to my post at the wingtip I give my attention once more to Prang, who is pottering about with his helmet, goggles and multi-coloured Old Borstalian's scarf. By and by he commences to waggle his head vigorously from side to side. At this my "oppo" and I whisk away the chocks. Almost at once the aircraft begins to spin like a top. He on the inside of the turn is knocked down by the wing while I on the outside am dragged off my feet and hauled, like a hooked fish, through 180 degrees. Prang, however, is master of the situation and causes the machine to lunge forward like a racehorse. With myself still grasping the wing tip we dash along thus for several hundred yards until Prang gives me a look which clearly betrays his astonishment at my presence and decides to get rid of me. Thereupon he sticks his index finger high above his head and oscillates it slowly and deliberately. With a gasp of relief I let go and walk away, only to be smothered in a hail of dust and stones blown up by the darn fool's full throttle slip-stream.

Muttering incredibly ferocious curses on Prang and all his kind, I plunge back into the crew-room before the dreaded "Start number so-and-so" folks once more on my ears.

AC2 Knowlson.

OVERSEAS SERVICE

Nearly one hundred copies of "The Elevator" No. 1 went outside Canada. They went to every corner of the British Isles, from Golders Green to Galway and Land's End to John O'Groats. Not a few went even further afield, to brothers and friends in far less salubrious surroundings than ours here at Pearce . . . Egypt, the Western Desert, and India.

Did YOU use our Mailing Service? If not, start today; send a copy of this issue (and the last if you haven't done so) to your folks and your friends at home. Show them how Pearce is settling down to an (almost) normal station life in wartime.

Postage on one copy of "The Elevator" is two cents. For eight cents we will wrap and dispatch a new copy for you. Two numbers for 15c.

Leave the addresses and cash with the Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, and the rest to us.

Accounts Account

By TATLER.

Once upon a time when the R.A.F. was very young, there was a grand pow-wow of all the great white chiefs. While some there were who discussed "janker wallahs" and their habits, the most noble and wise of them were led to quieter parts and left to wrestle with a problem . . . to produce one system in the R.A.F. which was to be, forever, infallible.

So it came to 1942, when with equal deliberation the same great white chiefs chose out of the hat (an Englishman's wearing apparel designed to save his scalp) the thirteen braves best calculated to gum up the works at Pearce, a large metropolis (believed to be the lost city of the Ju-jubes) situated on a back road in Canada.

With lots of paper but little ink, the system evolved by the three wise chiefs was set in motion and to give this jamboree a name, a notice was painted on the door:

ACCOUNTS
NO EXIT.

Boss of all the thirteen chosen braves is Big White Chief Wood who has worked long and tiring hours to institute the laws of the three wise chiefs. So jealous is he of his trust that it is sometimes whispered he must be paying the tribe from his own sporrán (a Scottish garment designed to make the difficulty of obtaining the "wherewithal" outlast the patience of the receiver.)

Little White Chief Draper (he's bigger than the Big White Chief and would have been nick-named "Tich" by the smaller braves had not second thoughts prevailed), is boss of all the other white chiefs' pay. His ambition is, one day, to pay them only his reckoning of what they've earned and not what the R.A.F. thinks

Husky Brave Massey, "fire-water" champion of the tribe, suffers from housemaid's elbow through leaning perpetually on the bar (English for "boozer.") Suffers from spots before the eyes and pink elephants. Has ideas of being boss over smaller braves in the office but ideas grow in funny places.

Sweating Third Tape Hobbs, chief "shouter-out" on pay parades, is developing the art of serenading his lady love in a punt. Found asleep recently in his billet trying to launch his bed with a broom handle. Permanent address, after duty hours, c/o Miss Punt, Henderson Lake.

Also sweating Third Tape Nightingale, another of the elephant's friends but not so particular of its colour. Believed to have ambitions as a store basher (English for "No, we've got none"), especially when tea is brewed. Believed to have his own mug in the Equipment Section. "Nightie" to other braves of the tribe but a pain in the neck to his girl friends.

Leading Brave Gorman, believed to be the only Inventory-chaser in captivity. Finds Inventories as hard to give out as summonses (an English blue paper) and about as welcome to the recipient. Often heard to ramble in his sleep but gist of his conversations had, unfortunately, to be censored.

Leading Brave Millington, photographer in chief and dabbler in pay ledgers. Was recently held up in the mountains for four days by bad weather—not known whether blonde or brunette.

Leading Brave Hamer, ambitious "writer-out" of 1862's but more interested in neighbouring Indian Blood Reserves. Has been adopted recently by Big Chief Scott's Emulsion and given the honorary title of Big Chief Rocking Horse. Not allowed out of camp lest he bring himself back a squaw and need a wig-wam for a billet.

Leading Brave Wright, popularly known as "The Duke" because of his inherited English manner and superior bearing. Frequently found at his country seat—The Java Shoppe. Chief sport is running the Equipment Accounts and riding race horses at Pincher Creek. Had difficulty in persuading a young lady his name was "George" after being addressed by a colleague as "Bob."

Leading Brave Jones, the only Indian with a Welsh accent. Found wandering any Sunday in the Coulies but never unaccompanied. Rumoured his address book reads like the League of Nations but has yet to include a Free English address.

Fleet Runner Paton-Smith, refuser of all duties belittling a gentleman. A recent pupil of Henry Cotton (English for golfer—not a band leader, you fatheads.) Missed the near record of sending the Lethbridge Club House for a hole in one during a recent Sunday's play.

Ordinary (Typing) Brave Kershaw, believed to have certain ambitions in Macleod, owing to the insistence of a certain young lady phoning with the message, "I'm keeping it warm, Arthur" . . . his supper, it is hoped. Fears the Big White Chief of the office may give him time to get the typing done by 17.30 hours one of these days.

Ordinary Brave Walker, mucker-up of the M.S.L. and suffering from perpetual lightness of the pocket. Champion letter writer of all the braves, run close second by Big Chief Rocking Horse. Found writing "darling" in the "flight or section" column of his newly acquired register.

The last few pages of this modern fairy story are yet to be written for it is only three moons since the thirteen chosen braves began to upset the plans of the three wise chiefs.

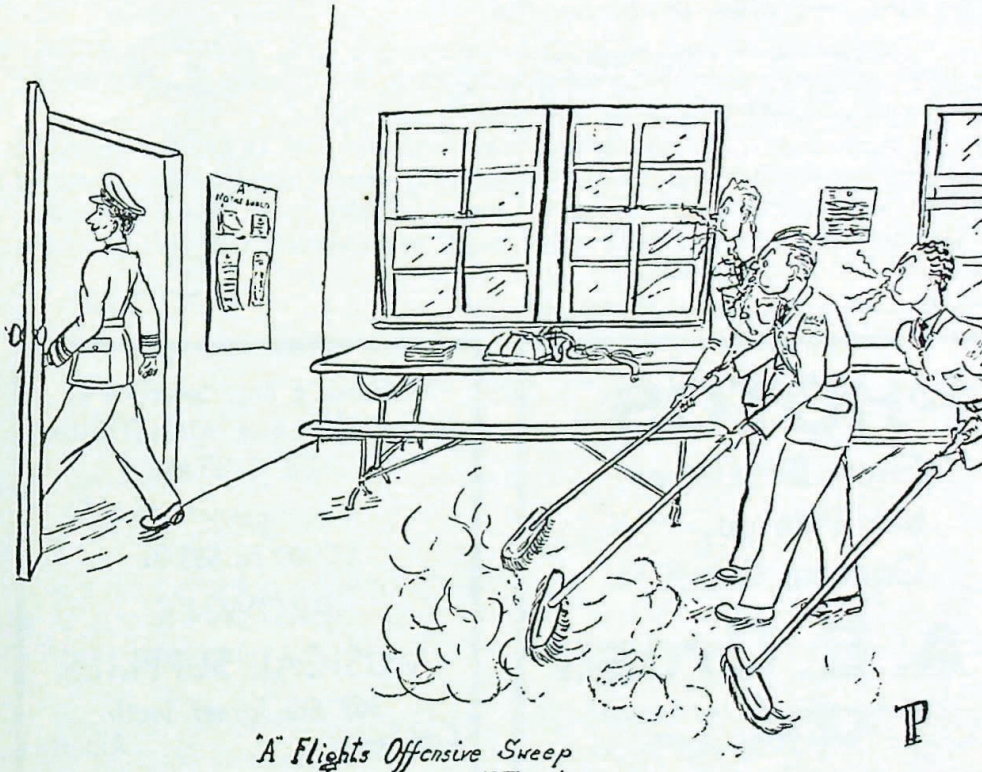
But it shall come to pass that, in despair, the same great white chiefs as in the beginning, will meet again in grand pow-wow, and the command shall go forth:

"SCRUB!" (English for "do away with") and in shame, the thirteen chosen braves shall slink aboard their tribal canoe for the lands of their fathers (they hope!)

From the Flights

It is hoped to make this a regular feature, if sufficient support is forthcoming from the people concerned. For this number, contributions have been received from "A" and "C"; we hope to see the other two and the Maintenance Section represented next time.

From "A" Flight



"A" Flight's Offensive Sweep

The Life of an Erk in "C" Flight (or in any other flight)

No! An Erk is not a species of deer—although if you should use the term in writing to your grandmother or great-aunt, they might be excused for thinking that it is. The "Erk" is a form of animal life invariably found crawling around any RAF aerodrome. It is, undoubtedly, the lowest form of life in the RAF kingdom, and lives in constant dread of the higher and nobler (sic) forms of civilization—the Flight-Sergeant (or Chiefie), the Sergeant (or Binder, Mark I) and the Corporal (Binder, Mark II.)

In the cold grey light of each dawn, the wretched Erk is rudely aroused from its angelic slumbers by an uncouth beast known as the Orderly Dog,

barking viciously "Wakee, Wakee!"—a dread sound which the Erk believes to have originated in some Japanese dosshouse.

Having fortified himself for the rigours of the day with a few stale crusts, our miserable Erk staggers off in his sleep to his stamping ground . . . the hangar, where he is immediately set upon by the Binder, Mark I, who proceeds to bind him in the way that Binders have.

The Erk has a number of amusing tricks which endear him to the diligent observer. The best of these, everyone agrees, is his death-defying "barrel-organ" act, in which he hurls the top half of his body round a crank at an incredible speed, at the same time balancing his nether regions on a mainplane or a wheel of the aircraft.

When he has at last succeeded in coaxing a noise from this plaything, he loses interest in it, and promptly forsakes it for another silent model, upon which he commences to work the same magic.

So it goes on . . . all the long day through, until, at the conclusion of his show, the Erk may be observed wandering wearily and aimlessly home to his lair—to collapse upon his nest of beautiful hard rocks, where he dreams of the day when he may work some magic upon himself and change into a Corporal (or Binder, Mark II.)

—AC Slack.

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LETHBRIDGE — — — — — ALBERTA

Station Hospital

Caduceus



Nec Aspera Terrent

- (a) Cooking a dinner for 500 men single handed.
- (b) Rising at 4.30 for the occasion.
- (c) Giving 15 pints of blood the other day, and
- (d) Whose nervous collapse is now imminent—has been granted IN THIS SPECIAL CASE—his AC/1.

We are pleased to welcome once again in our midst F/Lt. Wooldridge, who is attracted more by the aroma of AC/1 Price's Lemon Pie than the possibility of being cured. It is the 4th visit in six weeks.

The M.T. Driver—LAC Chambers, R.G., is about to receive a course of instruction on the use of the small ambulance. However this is delayed for a period as the M.O.'s can't spare it.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances, over which the Medical Officers had no control, the ambulance driver did a run to Calgary—a book was run by F/Lt. Purser, as to whether he'd make it or not. (He did.)

All has gone well at the hospital this past seven days—A/C Young has been on leave.

LAC Chambers had the nerve to take a day off for the boxing at Lethbridge; both the transport yard, and Hospital were put U/S.

A U/T Pilot said to me the other day as he was walking down the road, "Am I all right for Macleod?" "Certainly," I said, "they aren't particular there."

Materia Medica - Hippocrates.

Now that the hospital is in full swing, all the medical staff consider it their bounden duty to be "on duty" at all times—particularly "domestic evenings."

Air Vice Marshall Eir Eric Young (affectionately known to ALL the Air Force as "Tubby") has returned from Macleod, 7, S.F.T.S., by ration lorry. Authority: F/Lt. Lee's room needs cleaning.

Notice.

We are pleased to announce that AC/2 Price (C. & B.) has, after:

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Who's Who in Equipment

The Elevator disclaims all responsibility for any feelings which may be hurt by the following biographies and autobiographies:

F/O Milsom (Der Borse) . . . should have joined the Intelligence Service (Naval Section), but meanwhile will continue to cater for boating and fishing parties. All enquiries treated with the strictest confidence. Regrets that there is no further tackle available in the store at the present time, all stocks having been depleted. Will a certain officer please return one gimlet?

W/O Jepson . . . meet Doctor Jepson: specialty—"hangovers." He also means to secure a seat in No. 4 T.C. before leaving Canada. Incidentally, he's also known over the phone as "Golden Voice." Anyone who doubts this should consult F/Sgt. Gooderich.

Sgt. Allanson . . . We do not know him as yet, but have hopes of being introduced before he gets posted.

Sgt. Haseler . . . the staff of Eatons, where he is so well known and well loved, know him a lot better than we do. A letter from them told us of his recent promotion, which staggered us all. A lot of queer things happen in this section and this is only one of them.

Cpl. Boyle . . . "Scotch 'inside' and out"—undoubtedly comes from a good family.

Cpl. Parr . . . rose from the ranks of Chinese Corporal; nice chap; well spoken, always ready to please; will now accept goldfish in exchange for old blues.

Cpl. Wood . . . the authority on stationery—sold the Daily Worker in civvy street. Will anyone knowing his present whereabouts please tell us. (Tel. 25.)

LAC Bason . . . another link with the Navy—walks like an Admiral, and has come to Canada to carry out Churchill's request . . . "Give us the tools." Beyond this he's always agin' the government.

LAC Eckersley . . . Petrol and dope king . . . dope's right!

LAC Edgar . . . very small, but a recent X-ray revealed that he is beautifully made.

(There are thousands more of these blokes' biographies, but space will only permit us to mention:

A/C McGowan . . . alias Mr. Middleton: has sown many a seed since being over here . . . most of his gardening efforts will, no doubt, bear fruit in Pincher Creek! and

AC Richardson . . . a true son of England—never drinks, smokes or gambles. In fact, he never does anything.—What the h--- he came out here for, we'd like to know.

STOP PRESS: In order to remove any false impressions, the W/O's hangovers are not habitual, but periodical.

If you can stand it, we'll give you the remainder of this Rogues' Gallery next month.—Ed.

Y.M.C.A. Notes

How to spend your leave and your forty-eights:

1. **Cranbrook and District.** The kind people of this area have taken in a great number of our airmen and want more. A dude-ranch near Cranbrook wants Pearce airmen for weekends at To-Tu Creek, B.C., the fisherman's paradise. Accommodation has been arranged. The cost of spending your leave in this beautiful country is your bus fare only, so take advantage of this great opportunity, and of the kindness of these good people by spending your leave in the mountains.

2. **Waterton Lakes**—the mountain resort of Southern Alberta is open to the airmen of Pearce. Arrangements have been made to have all airmen from the Camp met on their arrival and taken to the accommodation arranged for them. A forty-eight spent at the Lakes, including room, meals and entertainment, will cost you about \$5.00.

Come and see me if you would like any further details.

BINGO—Bingo games are being held every Tuesday in the Dry Canteen at 20.00 hours. Come along and have fun while winning the free prizes.

SOFTBALL—The Station team has failed to win any of their league games to date, but they are getting stronger all the time and before the tournament is completed, we intend to give Claresholm, Lethbridge and Macleod quite a battle.

Something You Must See

Macleod Stampede, June 30th-July 1st.

Through the kindness of the Commanding Officer, arrangements have been made to have all the personnel on the Camp see the Stampede. One-half of the Station will have June 30th off and the remainder the following day. Bus services will start at 8 a.m. each day, so that the entire programme may be seen.

Camp Concert Party. The next concert will be on July 9th . . . Don't miss it!

Camp Cinema.—July 1, Meeting on the Black Hawk. July 3, Last Warning. July 6, Black Cat. July 8, Crime of Dr. Halleff. July 10, His Girl Friday. July 13, Tight Shoes.

—BRUCE RUNNELS, Supervisor.

When in Macleod Visit the —

SILVER GRILL CAFE

Confectionery and Tobaccos

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Sports Review

The position regarding Station Sports is much the same as last month. Rugger has been . . . and gone again! The solitary match between an Officers' VI and a station side was a very good one and showed that the camp could produce a very fair side if called upon. The hardness of the ground after a day or two of sunshine, however, makes the arranging of fixtures extremely difficult and it seems likely that the game will have to be forgotten until the autumn rains arrive . . . a great pity.

An amusing feature of the trial was the fact that the cry of "Come on, Taffy" brought a response from nine of the thirteen station players and one of the officers, so well was the land of the leek represented.

No further station BADMINTON; matches have been held, but games take place every evening in the drill hall.

BASKETBALL has not, as we go to press, started, but it is a case of "any day now." The equipment has at last been constructed and things will shortly be humming at this fast indoor sport.

CRICKET is no further ahead. We have everything needed to start practising but nothing has been done about a wicket . . . why is this?

SOFTBALL is gaining more converts every day. The inter-station league is in full swing, with Pearce conspicuous by its absence from the winners. So far we have:

Lost to Claresholm, away	7 - 1
Lost to Macleod at home	20 - 1
Lost to Lethbridge, away	7 - 0
Lost to Lethbridge at home	9 - 1

Although the Station side is an all-Canadian one, it should be remembered that we have very few experienced players to choose from, compared with the hundreds at the disposal of each of our opponents.

SOCCER continues to flourish. The month was marked by the defeat of the Camp eleven by Claresholm, 4-0. True, we fielded several reserves, but, even so, the quality of Claresholm's play was high and they thoroughly deserved their victory.

We defeated Macleod 6-2.

The most interesting fixture of the month, however, was the match at Coleman against the "Pass All Stars," who originate in Michel-Coleman-Bellevue-Hillcrest. Pearce was successful by four goals to nil, the scorers being AC Leach (2) and Cpl. Jacobson (2).

Proceeds from this game went to the Soldiers' Comfort Fund of the Ladies' Auxiliary, B.E.S.L., the amount raised being practically \$100.

The game itself was a very good one, with much promise displayed by the All Stars. With a little more practice they should be able to give us a very close match.

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A pleasant feature was the inviting of our team for the week-end. They stayed at Coleman and had a very enjoyable time indeed. Thanks very much, you folk up in the Pass.

Results of inter-section games: Sgts. 3, M. T. Section 2; Sgts. 1, Cpls. 0; Sgts. 2, Equipment 2; Officers 2, Equipment 0.

BOXING

Easily the outstanding sporting event in June was the boxing tournament at the Lethbridge Arena, organised by the Lethbridge Kinsmen Club in aid of their "Milk for Britain" campaign.

The promotion was a thorough-going success and a packed house had not a dull moment from the opening Battle Royal between six blindfolded youngsters to the thrilling finale when the referee held up our Corporal Jacobson's hand in token of a brilliant victory.

There were seven fights, beginning with a very good three-round exhibition between LAC Daze and LAC Cordrey, both of Claresholm. Though no decision was given, Cordrey, by virtue of his greater speed and clever left, was undoubtedly the master.

This bout was followed by a scheduled four-rounder matching Cpl. Couran, Macleod, and LAC Stubbard of Lethbridge. This was a hard-fought scrap with both boxers swapping punches. Couran's were the heavier in round two and he had Stubbard in difficulties in a corner, where he proceeded to knock him silly. The Lethbridge boy broke away and tried to fight back, but a beautiful right ended the contest after half a minute.

Pearce came into the picture in Bout 3, when AC Hedges (145 lbs), making his first appearance in public, met the former Alberta welter champ, F/Sgt. Thomas of Claresholm (147 lbs). The fight was obviously unequal from the start; Thomas' greater experience was very evident and his steady but accurate hitting soon had Hedges in trouble. The latter got in two rights in the second, but took a terrific beating and was adjudged the loser by a technical K.O. at the end of this round.

Next came our AC Edwards to fight LAC Lapointe of Claresholm. Here was a very good scrap which went the full four rounds. Edwards carried the fight to his opponent throughout but, due chiefly to his lack of height and reach, was unable to make much impression with his punches. Lapointe used his feet and his left cleverly and the result—a draw—was a fair reflection on the contest.

Fight No. 5 also went the distance with Pearce, in the person of AC Banks, being just pipped by Bud Dowdle of Cardston, bantam champion of the province. Banks was a reserve and had only a few hours notice to fight; nevertheless he put up a most plucky display against an obviously fitter opponent. Dowdle was the more dangerous throughout, though many good lefts from Banks took the sting out of his gloves. Our lad was down in the first, third and final rounds, but in each case he came back fighting and was still punching at the final bell. A good show, Banks, which the crowd appreciated.

The semi-windup, between LAC Spreadbury, one of our pupils, and Hughie Sloan, Cardston, lightweight king of Alberta, lasted only two minutes. Sloan started like a tiger and soon had Spreadbury groggy . . . so much so that he was forced to quit in the first round. Sloan put up a lovely display and was easily the master.

The Big Fight

Finally came the main bout—and what a fight, to be remembered as long as the R.A.F. are at Pearce. Those in the know had built their hopes on Cpl. Jacobson, who was facing Buster Murdoch, Macleod, middleweight champion of Canada in 1940—and Harry didn't let them down. Murdoch had the advantage in height, but Jacobson, at 160 lbs, was 5 lbs heavier.

It was a fight in the true sense of the word—no quarter given or asked—with hard punching from start to finish. Murdoch started well and soon marked Jacobson's face, without shaking him. Much the same happened in round two, with Murdoch slowing up.

It was in the third session that Harry began to look like a possible winner, when he started beating Murdoch to the punch, drew blood with several hard lefts and staggered the R.C.A.F. boy with a fierce right over the heart. More blood on Murdoch in round four, from a cut beneath the eye. Jacobson was getting more confident, taking hard blows apparently without effort and slinging back harder ones each time. The crowd was on its toes for the final with both fighters going all out. Jacobson was still the stronger, but Murdoch's clever footwork averted a K.O.

Still, there was no doubt of the victor, and Harry was deservedly chaired from the ring by the enthusiastic camp contingent.

A great fight—Cpl. Jacobson—a great fight!

LATE NEWS. The Officers' XI fell back into their rut again on the 23rd June when they were beaten 4-2 by 15 S.F.T.S. Claresholm. The match was quite a good one with the winners fully deserving their victory.

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The Camp Concert

This, to put it mildly, was a Wow!

The entire company were, before the night of the show, so modest and secretive about the whole thing that its quality, and quantity, came as a complete surprise to most.

There wasn't a dull moment from the opening scene where Comper P/O Clark introduced the Band, to the finale with the whole company singing the Pearce song, "They're in The Air."

It is difficult, in fact impossible, to discriminate between acts. The note for the entire performance was set immediately when the Pearce Glamour Parade (daringly dressed in crepe paper) did their high-stepping, pulse racing, 100% sex appeal Hula-Hula. From then, right through to the end, turn followed turn, slickly and with a balance that was a credit to the Producers.

The Blackout scenes, and especially the Air Raid, were excellent pieces of timing; the straight singers, AC Griffiths and AC Hughes, went over well; AC Burns' amazingly clever impersonation of Sgt. S - - - brought down the house, and, of course, the Band, with P/O Morton in a real "jive" mood, was just grand. Cpl. Homer, at the ivories, was hardly off the stage at all, and worked like three men. Bruce Runnels, the "Y" chief, was deservedly thanked at the close by the C.O. for his hard work both before and during the night.

Thanks are due, too, to Mrs. Young, Mrs. Love and Mrs. Connor of Lethbridge, who did the make-up. The Company consisted of:

The Station Band: P/O Morton, Cpl. Homer, LAC Jim Atkinson and LAC "Yank" Martin.

The Glamour Parade: Cpl. (Pavlova) Carter, Premiere Danseuse F/O (Markova) Knight, AC (Sheila) Hughes, AC (Nita) Sutherland, AC (Leicester Square) Richards, AC (Gloria) Burne, LAC (Dolores) Massey, LAC (Margot) Branch.

LAC's Scott and Davies rendered popular numbers. AC Griffiths sang in a pleasing tenor voice. AC Hughes almost drew blood from the audience with "Mother" Machree, then paired up with AC Burns (whose impersonations have already been noted) in a clever skit on a well-known local radio programme.



"A'bert" Parkinson

Cpl. Chapman and AC Price took a prominent part in several of the blackout sketches. P/O Parkinson was there . . . no one could keep HIM away! . . . P/O Clark not only compered but did several acts.

The show was devised and produced by the Entertainment Officer, P/O Morton, with the able assistance of P/O Clark and Bruce Runnels.

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JULY ATTRACTIONS

- | | |
|---|--|
| Wed.-Thurs., July 1-2:
"The Saboteur," Robert Cummings,
Priscilla Lane. | Fri.-Sat., July 17-18:
"Hellzapoppin," Olsen and Johnson. |
| Fri.-Sat., July 3-4:
"Song of The Islands," Betty Grable,
Victor Mature. | Mon.-Wed., July 20-22:
"Tortilla Flats," Spencer Tracy, Hedy
Lamarr. |
| Mon.-Tues., July 6-7:
"H. M. Pulham Esq." Heddy Lamarr,
Robert Young. | Thurs.-Fri., July 23-25:
"To the Shores of Tripoli," Maureen
O'Hara, John Payne, in Technicolor. |
| Wed.-Sat., July 8-11:
"Rio Rita," Abbott and Costello. | Mon.-Tues., July 27-28:
"Men in Her Life," Loretta Young,
Conrad Veidt. |
| Mon.-Tues., July 13-14:
"We Were Dancing," Norma Shearer,
Melvyn Douglas. | Wed.-Thurs., July 29-30:
"The Male Animal," Henry Fonda,
Olivia DeHavilland. |
| Wed.-Thurs., July 15-16:
"Lydia," Merle Oberon, Alan Mar-
shal. | Fri.-Sat., July 31-Aug. 1:
"The Spoilers," Marlene Dierich and
John Payne. |

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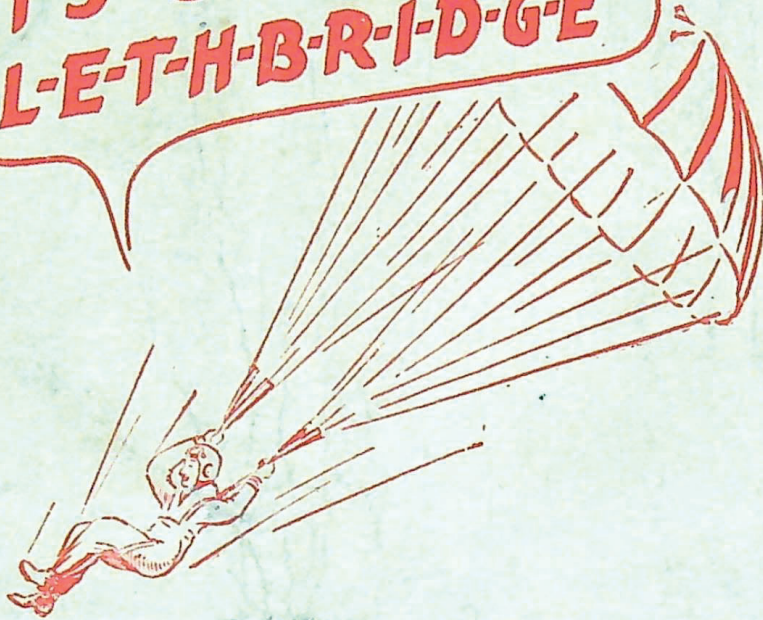
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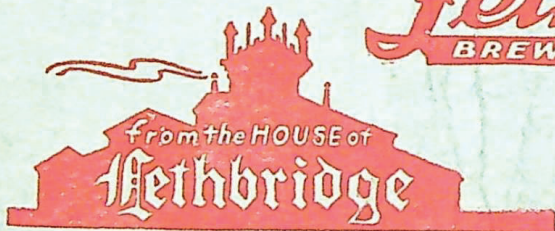
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