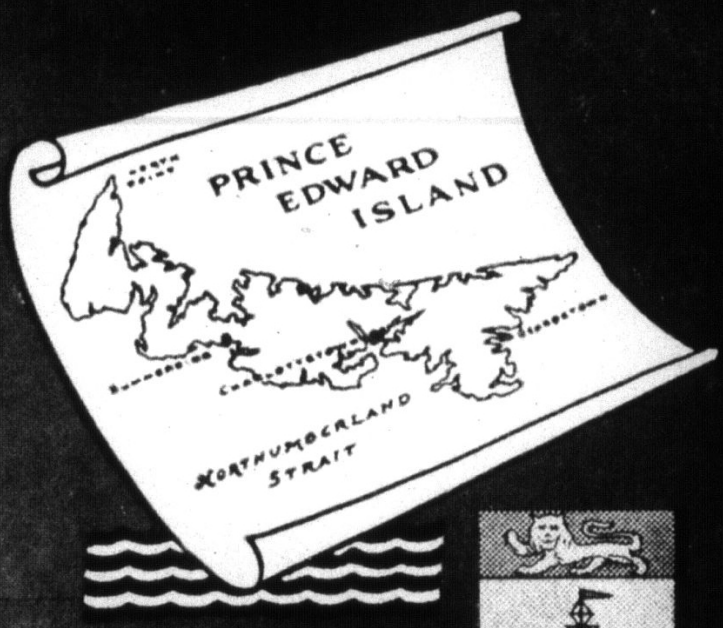
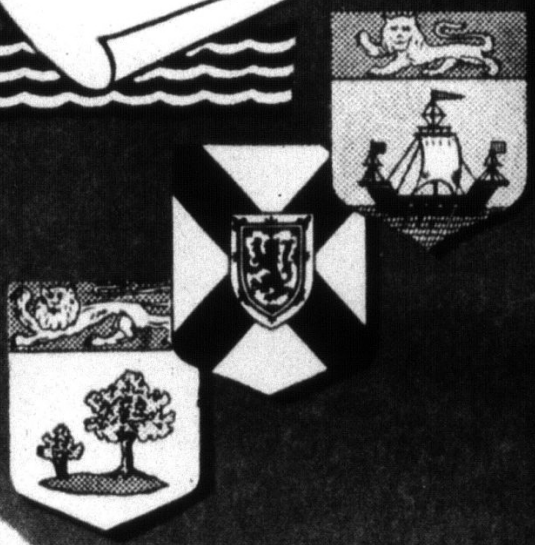
SPECIAL CANADIAN ISSUE.









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Granville Street

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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Queen Hotel Water Street

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You are always welcome in our store, and will find many things of interest such as—
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Victor Records.
Portable Victrolas.
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Bill Folds, Fitted Cases, Brush Cases, Travel Kits, Photo Cases, Cigarette Cases.
Electric appliances, including—
Irons, Toasters, Coffee Makers.
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Limited

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CHARLOTTETOWN

Welcome the

R. A. F.

AND ASSURE YOU OUR

BEST SERVICE AT

ALL TIMES.

Travel Bureau Queen Street

TRAVEL INFORMATION

During the past year and a half it has been our pleasure in this office to give a great deal of Travel Information to members of the R.A.F. who have called at this Office.

* * * *

We keep our Train, Bus, and Air Schedule information up-to-date and this is very necessary owing to the many changes that now takes place so frequently.

* * * *

If there is any way we can help YOU with Travel Information please do not hesitate to call at any time.

S — S

Compliments of

J. H. Strafford Industries, Ltd.

Montreal

HEARTS AGLOW

Last night I held a little hand,
So danty and so neat,
I thought my heart would surely burst,
So wildly did it beat.
No other hands ever held so tight,
Could greater gladness bring.
It was (the hand I held last night)
Four aces and a king.

Gorty.

Wuld she never let him know?

* * * *

(TWO FOR THE SCOTS)

The height of meanness—Sandy going alone on his honeymoon.

If you give a Scotsman enough rope, he'll smoke it.

Compliments of

Jamieson's Drugstore

THE GRAF

The Magazine of R. A. F. Charlottetown, P. E. I. Published by kind permission of Group Captain E. A. Blake, O.B.E., M.M.



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From The C. O.

The Editor has requested me, as commanding Officer, to make a few remarks appropriate to this souvenir number of the Graf. I feel that no more appropriate remarks could be made than to show general appreciation of our stay in this little Island in which we find ourselves.

Our first arrival on The Island was in storm and darkness. Charlottetown itself appeared mysterious under its cloak of rain and snow, but the reception when we left the train was cheerful. Every available means of transport was placed at our disposal, and the whole City was lit up, and Christmas trees illuminated with coloured lights lined the sides of the roads. We reached the Airport in various forms of transport and our first impression of the camp was the sight of tables well filled with food and the unblacked-out windows.

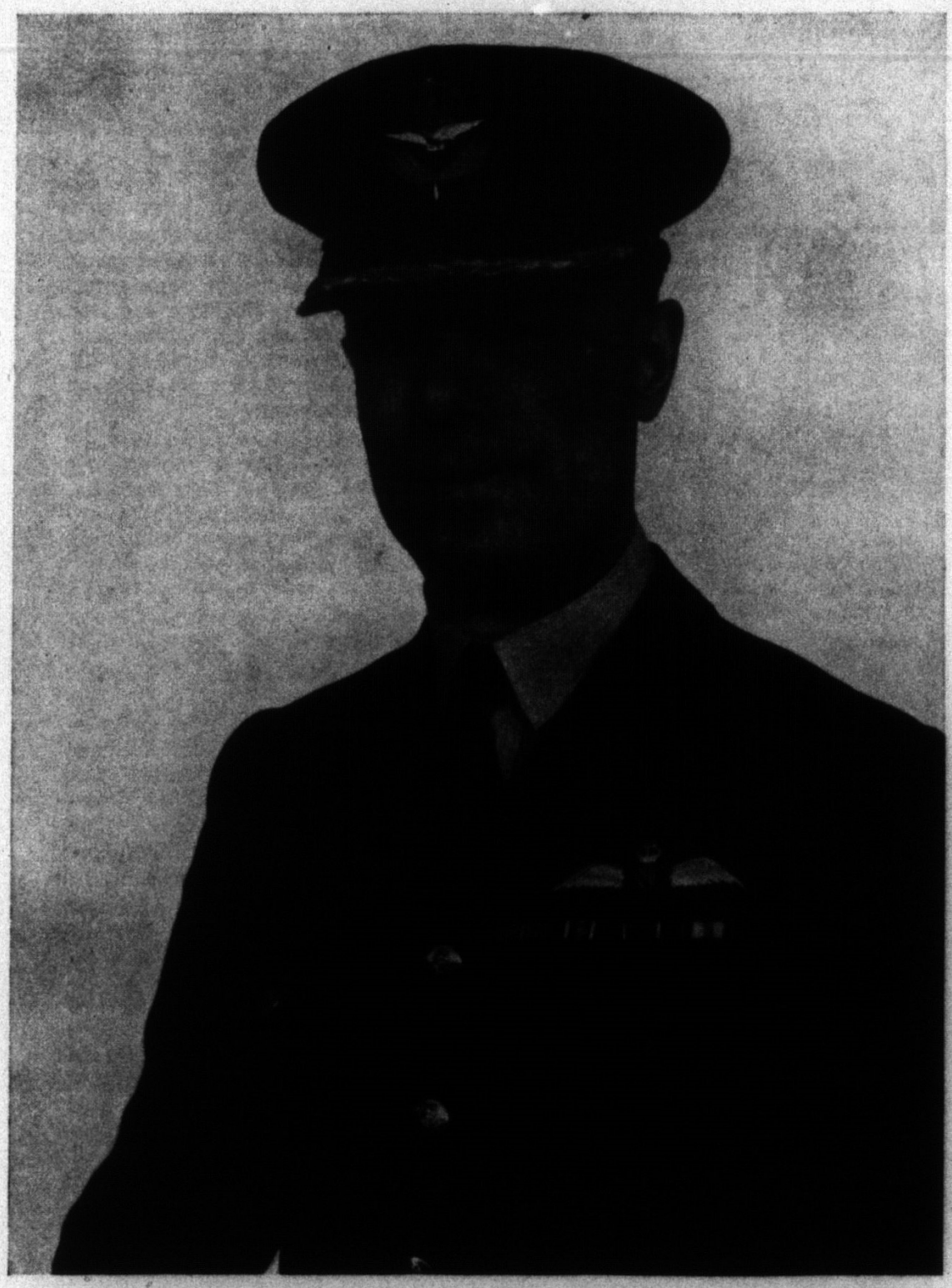
When daylight allowed a study of the situation, it was puzzling. We appeared to be in a place of deep snow, with a few buildings sticking out and no roads. During that winter of storm and snow, nerves were sometimes frayed and tempers short, but the kindness and hospitality of the people of the Island did much to cheer their newest settlers.

When Spring came and real real work began, the Islanders aided us again with real help in times of need. With the Spring came the mud, and the snow disappeared. As the snow disappeared, the Camp appeared, and many things which we did know existed were found—some useful and some, such as enormous holes in roads, extremely unwelcome. That first Spring was a battle with mud, and with the help of local knowledge of the inhabitants and a good deal of improvisation on the part of everybody, roads were built and the mud menace was overcome.

As the country opened up, it became more and more like our own homeland, with green fields and green trees, and in some places orchards full of apple blossom. As the summer progressed, the R.A.F. made more friends and explored further through the Island, and discovered many pleasing bathing beaches, fishing pools, and pleasant resorts all of which helped to reconcile them to their enforced exile. Again the kindness of the people assisted us. At one time, so many offers were received to give airmen homes during their holidays that there were more offers of hospitality than there were officers and airmen to take advantage of them. Those holidays away from Camp and among the local people will probably have a result much more far reaching than it first appeared. There is no doubt that many friendships which have since ripened into marriage were formed during those days. When the war is over many of the R.A.F. will no doubt settle in this Island with the girls they married, and form a new phase of history among Island families.

When the second winter approached we were prepared, but whether it was because of our own knowledge or whether because the weather itself was really better it is hard to say, but at any rate the second winter was not so terrifying a the first, and most of us have pleasant memories of it. Certainly as we approached the summer of our second year many of us had developed a very real liking for this little Island. How much most of us hvae enjoyed this summer is obvious. No visitor from Great Britain could have found a country more like his own than Prince Edward Island appeared this year.

As Commanding Officer I would like to give my appreciation of the way in which the Royal Air Force and the inhabitants of Prince Edward Island have cooperated in all things.



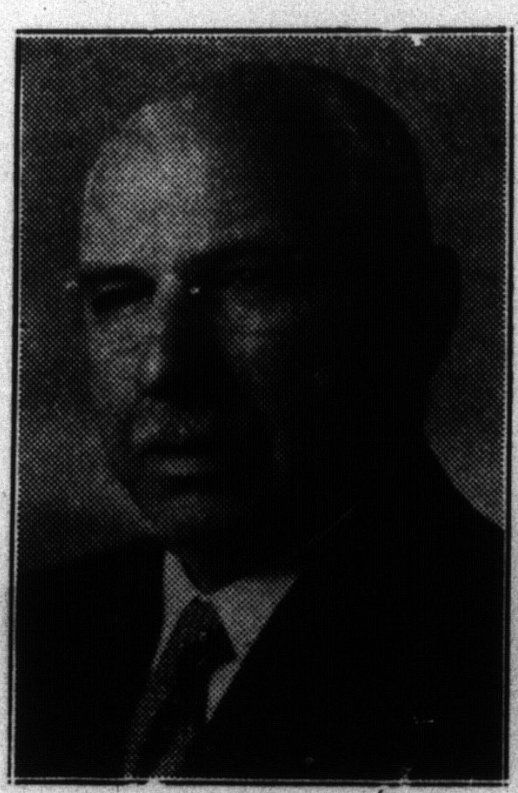
I most sincerely hope that the good feeling and cooperative spirit which has existed up to date may still continue, and that when the time comes for us to leave this Island, we may leave behind a memory of friendship and good feeling, and take away with us the wish to return.

E. A. BLAKE, O.B.E., M.M.
Group Captain Commanding
R. A. F. Station Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Canada Sends a Message of Good Will to the R.A.F.

Three Personal Messages to 'The Graf' From:—

HIS HONOUR THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.



I am delighted to have this opportunity of presenting to the readers of "'Graf" a brief outline of the early history of the Province of Prince Edward Island, which, by-the-way, is often referred to as:—The Garden Of The Gulf, The Million Acre Farm and THE ISLAND.

The beautiful name with which the Micmac Indians, the earliest known inhabitants, christened their Island has never been improved upon either as poetry or as description They called it "Abegweit" meaning "The Home Cradled On the Waves."

The first white man to visit our shores was Jacques Cartier. He did not name it at that time and contented himself with describing it as "the low and beautiful land." It remained for Champlain to bestow the first name of European origin, Isle St. Jean. The name was changed in 1796 to Prince Edward Island after Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, who later became the father of Queen Victoria.

His Excellency—Walter Patterson, the first Governor appointed by the British Government, arrived in the year 1790 and our records show that up to the time this Province entered Confederation, in 1864, fourteen Governors in all served from the British Isles. It is, therefore, quite apparent why the population is comprised chiefly of English, Scotch and Irish people whose forefathers cleared the forests, tilled the soil and built up fine community spirit which is so outstanding in the Province today. Not only did these fine immigrants lay the foundation for the future generations of this Province but their Sons and Daughters have contributed largely to the building of this great Dominion of Canada.

Prince Edward Island Citizens are imbued with the spirit of loyalty to their God, Their King and their Country and it is little wonder we are able to say with pride and admiration that the voluntary enlistments from this Province in the armed forces of Canada today are far greater, per capita, than any other Province in this great and noble Dominion:—The Land Of The Maple Leaf.

We welcome the Sons and Daughters of the British Isles who are serving in the armed forces to our fair Province, we want you to feel at home, we want you to be one of us and when Peace comes to the World again we would like to have you as citizens.

Remember, wherever you go our thoughts will be with you and I pray that God will give you strength to win this War and the Peace which will be ours.

B. W. LePage, Lt. Governor.

THE HON. THANE A. CAMPBELL, PREMIER OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

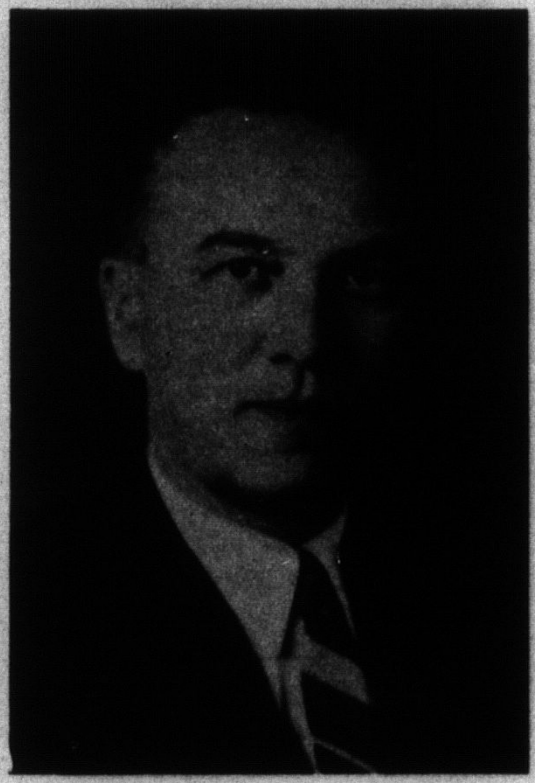
The people of Prince Edward Island have been greatly delighted at the presence in our midst of the men of the Royal Air Force.

"The Islanders" have long been air minded, and this was the first part of Canada to enjoy a scheduled air mail and passenger service. This service has now grown to the extent of three regular round trips a day between the Island and Mainland points.

Our Province is frequently said to remind one of the British Homeland, not only from its insular position, and the similarity of many of its countrysides, but from the simple and unassuming, yet hospitable, customs of its people. Our population is pratically all native born, and proudly claims descent, for the most part, from British ancestry, although a portion is descended from the early French settlers.

The population of our Island is not large, nor are its people wealthy. Yet the Island is more densely populated than any other Province of Canada as a whole, and the modest prosperity and thrift of our common peoples excludes the severe poverty which so often afflicts larger industrial centres. Our people are very democratic in their outlook, and distinctions of wealth or creed have no place in our ideals.

But although our position as an Island develops in us many local peculiarities and special interests, we take no second place in devotion to Canadian unity, to the ties with the British Homeland, and to the British Commonwealth of Nations. In fact, it was at our present Provincial Building, in our capital city of Charlottetown, that there was held in 1864 the first of a series of intercolonial conferences which ultimately lead to Canadian Confederation.



In the present war Prince Edwar Island has led all Provinces of Canada in per capita enlistment in His Majesty's Forces. Not a few of our men are members of the Royal Canadian Air Force, acting in co-operation with the Royal Air Force, which is playing such an unforgettable part in the defence of freedom and democracy.

It is therefore only natural that we cordially welcome to our Province the personnel of the Royal Air Force and the Royal Canadian Air Force, who are based on our excellent flying fields, and who are training side by side under the auspices of the Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

We wish the members of the Air Forces all the success which they so greatly merit, and we cherish the hope that when peace is again restored on a lasting basis many of those who have trained in our Province will find an opportunity to re-visit us under the happier auspices of peace and liberty.

Thane A. Campbell, Premier

HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR OF CHARLOTTETOWN



Charlottetown, the Capital City of Prince Edward Island, and county town of Queen's County, is beautifully situated at the confluence of three estuaries, the Elliott, York and Hillsborough Rivers. It has a safe and commodious harbour, which, unfortunately is not so much used as it deserves to be.

Named for Queen Charlotte, Consort of King George III, the City was well laid out by Hon. Charles Morris, Chief Surveyor of the Province of Nova Scotia, under the direction of Lieut. Governor Franklin, in the year 1768, the Island then being temporarily annexed to Nova Scotia.

Today, Charlottetown has a population of some 15,000 and is happy in the fact that of its people, none are very wealthy and but few extremely poor. Visitors unite in saying that ours is a lovely City, and very modern in the excellence of its amenities—its paved streets, its water supply, schools, hospitals, churches and homes—and of course Charlottetonians can but agree.

Charlottetown owes its prosperity to the fact that it is the trading centre for the fine farming country of Queen's County, as well as in a large measure, for the farming and fishing industries of the whole of Prince Edward Island. As such, it feels but little the feverish booms and glum depressions which have affected less happy cities.

Our citizens are all delighted that our airport was chosen as the site for a Royal Air Force School and to me, personally, it is a pleasure to testify to the relations of friendship and esteem which unite us with the boys of the R.A.F. staying with us during their tour of duty here. We have taken them into our hearts and homes, and the bonds of friendship grow stronger between us with every passing day.

B. Roy Holman, Mayor

AIR RAID VICTIMS FUND

The station's first contribution to the Queen's Canadian Fund for Air Raid Victims, totalled $69 42c, and a cheque for this amount has been forwarded to Halifax headquarters for despatch to England.

Collecting boxes have been placed in each station, and while the first results are not as high as were expected, Squadron Ldr. Mosse expresses appreciation to those who have been instrumental in giving the scheme its start, either as contributors or helpers.

The fund is for the folk deprived of home and belongings as a result of air raids on Britain, and is doing a splendid service.

It is hoped that personnel will generously support this cause, and enable a much larger sum to be contributed when the boxes are next opened, immediately after Christmas.



EDITORIAL

* * * * *

Should you find in this issue nothing that you have not already known before, but only that which is "old news", we ask your forbearance. The object of this special number is not primarily to provide an up-to-the-minute news service, nor indeed to enlighten or educate. Rather it is to place on record in convenient form, established and interesting facts anent our present environment and activity for retention into future days when some of you may be inclined to linger fondly upon the memory of your sojourn in Canada. Concurrently too, it may serve the purpose of acquainting your "ain folk" in more comprehensive manner than does the normal monthly edition of The Graf, about that which you have met out here, and that which you do—or do you?

If on the other hand you find herein much that is new and instructive, a probability that we do not by any means preclude, then our purpose is doubly fulfilled, and your purchase is doubly valuable. We shall not however ask for more than the customary 10 *cents!*

In short, this particular journal is produced as a souvenir calculated, if you think it worth while, to keep fresh the memory of the brighter aspects of your "exile". The beauty of the countryside around you, the hospitality which has been yours, some sporting triumph or minor gained, and above all the companionships which lighten the common task, are all recollections worthy of thought, and we feel that such a book as this will prompt your mind the easier in subsequent days. On an overseas station when the personnel remain so much longer than upon

(Continued on Page Eight)

(Continued from Page Seven)

the normal camp at home, communal life assumes a far greater importance for every individual. We trust that your experience at Charlottetown in that respect is of the heartiest, and should you take this humble chronicle along with you, we sincerely hope that at least no worse fate has befallen you at any future date when you may chance to glance within its covers.

Finally, we would have preferred a truer representation from all sections of the camp, in the activities recorded here, but that is a deficiency which has proved altogether beyond our means to control.

The Editor



UNIFORMS — By Jack Cameron

"Esquire"

Great George Street, Charlottetown



— POSTINGS —

* * * *

The moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit,
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

* * * *

(Excerpt from: "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.")

Go Over the Hills and Far Away—Take a

MOVIE VACATION

You can go on a real vacation trip today—and be back today. You'll see far places, unusual scenes, different people. You'll be escorted by interesting, amusing personalities. You'll count your cost in pennies, not dollars, and you'll come back with a relaxed, refreshed point of view. All this you'll find at the movies, just a few blocks away. Never have your favorite stars had better pictures to show you. Never have you and your family needed these priceless trips into delightful unreality more. You'll find a movie "vacation" pays.

Prince Edward, Capitol & Empire Theatres

CHARLOTTETOWN. P. E. I.

WARTIME Y.M.C.A. LIGHTENS LEISURE

Just as the Canadian Y.M.C.A. holds a prominent place in normal peacetime civilian life, so in wartime it assumes a vital role in the main effort. Upon the outbreak of war, the National Council put the War Services branch into immediated operation with the result that welfare facilities were available for the earliest constructed camps. Supervisors were drawn from all walks of life, largely men well established in business and profession with experience of welfare work who could not otherwise join the fighting forces, but who wanted to play their part. Now in Canada there are supervisors covering most army, navy and airforce camps and outposts. During the last war the British Y.M.C.A. served the needs of Canadians overseas, but on this occasion the Canadian Y.M.C.A. has its own establishments with every Canadian unit in various parts of the world.

The Charlottetown Station of the Royal Air Force was no exception. The Y.M.C.A. War Services were in "on the ground floor," and their well appointed building has served as the main recreational and social centre for the airmen in addition to providing ample canteen facilities. Profits from this canteen go directly back to the use of the personnel through the P.S.I., and the great bulk of the P.S.I. revenue s derived from this source to the extent of about 1100 dollars each month. Some 440,000 counter sales are effected each year. One of the most highly appreciated services is the provision, free, of writing paper and envelopes, and about 140,000 sheets of paper are provided over a 12 months period.

11,000 newspapers and magazines are also distributed. The newest service of the "Mothers Corner" has already in two months relieved 600 men of irksome sewing tasks.

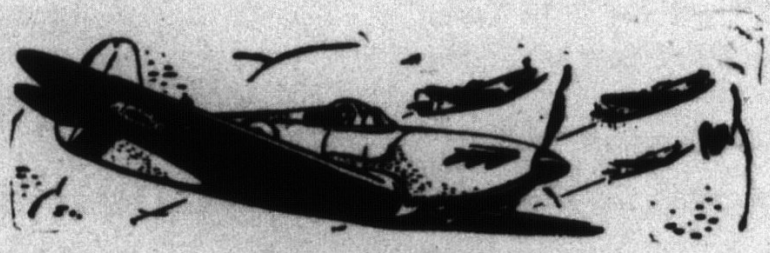
To mention briefly a few more of the channels through which the Y.M.C.A. has constantly and successfully endeavoured to lighten the leisure time of the personnel upon this station. It supplies three times weekly cinema shows free of charge, sponsors the popular musicale programme, and organizes the weekly bingo, quiz and table tennis tourneys which have attracted 900 competitors and entailed prizes to the total value of 312 dollars. The Y.M.C.A. also inaugurated the ice hockey competition last winter, and is now directing the table tennis league, the bowls league, and a variety of table games competitions. It undertook the promotion of dancing classes, and the experiment proved so successful that a series of such classes will be continued while the demand remains.

To state that "the Y.M.C.A." achieve things, may suggest some detached, impersonal accomplishment, but in point of fact it is all made possible by the enthusiastic endeavour of the Supervisor and his staff. There have been in the course of two years, five supervisors of the work at this station, all adding something to the comprehensive programme. Present "Chief" is Lloyd McInnis who hails from Sydney, N. S., and who has instituted many new features since his arrival in May.

In addition to all the material provisions mentioned here, there is another important aspect of his work which must remain obscure but which is of considerable proportion—that of dealing with individual problems of the men, and rendering assistance in a wide variety of ways.

The financial support and administration of the Y.M.C.A. War Services has now been taken over by the Government.

Meantime the established "local Y.M.C.A." continues its own financial and separate administrative course as in peacetime, although its work has been greatly extended to offer hospitality and recreation to the Forces. As in other parts of the Dominion, full membership facilities are available free of charge at the Charlottetown Y.M.C.A., but a notable addition here for the exclusive benefit of Servicemen is the Saturday evening "house party." This has become a highly popular attraction to R.A.F. personnel, as witness the large numbers who attend each week, and the considerable cost involved is cheerfully borne by the local association. These parties have been resumed for the current season, and promise to be more successful than ever.



The Book Corner

A REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS ADDED THIS MONTH TO THE STATION LIBRARY

Aldridge, James

Signed with their honour

This is a good novel, probably the first to deal with air power in action in this war. The author is a young Australian war correspondent. The scene is Greece during the Italian invasion, and the characters are from an R.A.F. squadron attempting to stem the tide of invasion.

Brown, Cecil

Suez to Singapore

This is the thrilling story of the war in the Far East by one of the best-known radio and newspaper correspondents. It covers the fighting from North Africa to the retreat through Malaya and the fall of Singapore, Java, and all the Dutch East Indies. Cecil Brown was also aboard the Repulse when she was sunk.

Henderson, H. B.

War in our time

This book is a history in pictures and text of the second Word War beginning with the Japanese invasion of Manchukuo in 1931 and carrying through to the summer of 1942. It is done in the style of "Life," combining a brief story and a large and illuminating selection of pictures with concise descriptions.

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WHO SERVE YOU
BEST
SERVE YOU
MOST!

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Favor us with your patronage and we will do the rest



UNIFORMS

For Officers of the

R.C.A.F. and R.A.F.

hand cut and individually tailored according to regulations.

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Charlottetown P. E. I.

Let us supply your household needs.
Genuine English cutlery

Silver ware **Enamel ware**

We have everything required by the efficient Housekeeper

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THE ROGERS HARDWARE CO. LTD.

Corner Queen and Grafton Streets

For prompt and efficient dry cleaning, pressing, or repairing at reasonable prices send your uniforms to

New Method Cleaners

LONGWORTH AVENUE

Old Lags Only

We have just received from England our usual monthly copy of the "Criminal Times" and for the benefit of those readers who have not yet received their copy, we give below selected extracts of interest to those who lived, until called to their country's cause, "outside the pale of the law."

In his column headed "Cracksmen De-Reserved", the Editor discusses the significance, to members of the profession, of the new revised Schedule of Occupations; especially in regard to safebreaker's, cat-burglars, thieves-in-the-night and men-with-glaring-eyes. It appears that these trades have now become liable to call-up for the Armed Forces. Cat-burglars, of the Blackshirt or Bruce Graeme variety, are required by the Army for training as officers i/c patrols over enemy territory, and pickpockets, too, who are capable of removing rifles and machine-guns from German soldiers without them knowing. Opportunities are available to kidnappers, as ranks rising to sergeant, in parties detailed to "snatch" Rommel and other Axis generals from their desks at G.H.Q.'s.

Concluding his remarks, the Editor states that he has had letters from many old readers now residing at Aldershot and other military prisons who report that the "Glasshouse" compares favourably with its civil counterpart for comfort, food and treatment.

Blackout times this month vary between 8.26 p.m. to 5.41 a.m. on November 1st and 7.54 p.m. to 6.02 a.m. on November 31st, thus providing plenty of time to complete jobs thoroughly and efficiently when on "night work."

The theatre critic recommends this month:

Jean Arthur in "My Two Husbands". Excellent film of interest to prospective bigamists.

Flanagan and Allen in "A Fire has been Arranged". Fair entertainment for fire-raisers and arson specialists.

"Dressed to Kill" with Mary Beth Hughes, which homicides with an eye for curves will enjoy.

Star Gazer, in his usual article "Putting the Heat on the Planets", recommends November 2nd for manslaughter, poaching and common torts, and warns that November 13th will be definitely unfavourable for infanticide, bigamy and assault with intent to injure, since Mars is in sympathy with the "Daily Mirror" and "News of the World" on this date.

In an article headed "Crime Does Pay", a contributor recommends readers to "horn in" on the Black Market racket. He quotes the words of a legal authority who stated that in this racket, the public was the biggest criminal. "Balance sheets of prominent Black Marketeers", he says, "show an increase in profits and

turnover since clothes rationing came into force. Statistics reveal that one in every seven householders are buying stockings, petrol, sugar and other rationed commodities from illgeal distributors to augment their existing rations. Black Market promoters, too, are free from Income Tax and are still on the Reserved List; the Association of Black Marketeers, however, does not permit its members to advertise.

On "Current Topics", 'Lightfinger' reminds readers that all night-working trades are liable for fire-watching and that should the arrangement of the rota effect their plans for the night, they are permitted to change with firewatcher's in other buildings. For example, should Sloppy Joe be on duty at the local gasworks on Tuesday night, when he wants to "crack a crib" at the Midland Bank, then he may exchange buildings with Scarface Sam, the Bank's firewatcher who is working the race tracks that week; so that Sam firewatches at the gasworks and Joe, nice and conveniently, at the Bank. We feel we must add that this seems to be a most excellent arrangement and does show that the Government is anxious to maintain an eight hour day in the Police Force, despite the present unsettled conditions.

Prize for the best advertisement of the month goes to Handel Bros., for their ad: "I thought my shirt was black until I saw Slimy's. Use 'Washo' and remove the fear of being spotted by a 'cop'."

A selection of interesting "smalls" from the back page are reproduced below:

Personalss

Ed.—Get me a file. Slogger, Dartmoor.

"Can you open the latest safes?" Our correspondence course will make safe-opening easier than getting caught. Apply for trial lesson, Cracksmen's Correspondence College, London, E. (Advt.)

Situations—

Wanted, co-respondent for divorce case. Box 16.

Position available for good murderer, preferably silk stocking strangler, in suburban house. Man, wife and mother-in-law only residents. Apply Henpecked Husband, Box 146.

Confidence trickster with opportunities in view desires assistant of good appearance. Captain ("Gentleman) S—H—Box 52.

Apparatus For Sale and Wanted—

Good set of "jemmy's for sale. 'Phone Whitehall 1212.

Wanted 5 lbs. T.N.T., capable opening door of safe deposit. Mail registered post immediately and ring Hampstead 5641 for prompt cheque.

Next month the feature article will be a full account of the construction and operation of the "Reliable" safe by its inventor.

Until then, we wish our fellow lags—good pinching.

D. J. O.



The Island

Prince Edward Island, scene of some of our early colonization, and harbor of much warlike history for a gisp of land so small, was to most of us known hitherto by virture of our school teaching, as the home of a thriving fishing community, and possessed of little greater significance.

Already this war has done much to readjust our vague conceptions of history and geography, and in Prince Edward Island we few sons of Empire have found a deeper interest than ever we had dreamed possible about this small but lusty "outpost."

We soon learned for instance that here in Charlottetown itself was sown the original seed whence sprang the Dominion of Canada in its present administrative form. It was in 1864 that the "Fathers of Confederation" first met in Charlottetown to discuss the possibilities of a union of the three Maritime states. Ontario and Quebec administrators, learning of this move, sought and obtained permission to attend the gathering, and it was then that the larger union of Canada was visualized. Subsequent meetings were held in Quebec, and ironically enough P.E.I. did not join the union until five years after it was established in 1867. This delay was necessitated by certain important stipulations laid down by the Islanders relative to commercial and transport matters, being settled to their satisfaction, a policy which was to prove thoroughly justified. One immediate cost of confederation to this province was the loss of its ship building and carriage building industries, and ship building had flourished to such an extent in the earlier part of the 18th century that some 3,000 vessels of varying sizes had been launched from local yards. This was perhaps a natural sequel to the fishing trade which had long been the staple reliance of its people. It was fishing which attracted the earliest French settlers to this "Isle of St. Jean" so named by one Champlain, who was a later arrival than the famous Jacques Cartier, first known white man to step upon these shores in 1534. Prior to this, the island was exclusively the home of the Micmac Indians, whose own picturesque description of their territory was "Abegweit" (the home cradled on the waves). No doubt they had many stirring struggles to retain their home, but that must for ever rest in the lap of conjecture.

FRENCH TO BRITISH

Upon the advent of the early settlers it was no uncommon feature for large fishing fleets to come over from France and remain throughout the season. Not until the middle of the 18th century did settlement develop to any substantial degree, and then it was prompted by the enforced migration of a large number of Acadians from Nova Scotia, under French Imperialist policy. But in 1758 most of these were deported to France, when a British force took possession of the island as a sequel to the capture of Louisburg. From this date, the island became an integral part of the Nova Scotia legislature, but 10 years later, it was given recognition as a separate British colony. In 1767, 67 "townships" each of some 20,000 acres, were plotted and subsequently handed into the "possession" of Court favourites in England. Under this unjust system of ownership the colony laboured for over 100 years, and its removal was one of the great accomplishments of the administrators at the time of confederation. It was one of the stipulations finally conceded that the Federal Government advance to the island government sufficient money to permit the compulsory purchase of the local estates from their owners, and they were then resold to the tenants. Very little of the island's surface now remains in the possession of the government, but all mineral rights have been maintained.

Most of the early British settlers in the new possession were Scots, and their motive largely that of religious freedom. In 1780 an attempt was made to change the name again to "New Ireland," but this apparently gave much offence to, and brought flat rejection from the British authorities. Finally, 18 years later, the present designation was applied in honour of Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, at that time Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in North America.

The population grew only steadily and the first official figures in 1827 showed a total of 23,266. By 1891 this had grown to its peak of 109.000. Since then, however, the migration of island youth to points on the mainland, coupled with a declining birth rate, have occasioned retrogression, and the latest available population figure (in 1931) of 88,038, is lower than that of 60 years previously.

INDUSTRIAL CHANGES

Almost coincidental with the disappearance of the ship building trade, exceptionally large catches of fish off the New England coast brought a decline in local fishing activity by virtue of lost markets, and more and more the islanders turned to agriculture and the breeding of livestock as their staple means of livelihood. Whether or not it be due to some peculiarity in the soil, island produce has proved particularly hardy, and highly

suited to seedling purposes. For this reason the export of oats and potatoes has grown to prodigious proportions. The island too, is eminently fortunate in its freedom from disease amongst livestock, and is in fact rated as the only disease free area in Canada for cattle. Hence the enforced trend towards agriculture was in many respects satisfactory.

More recently there has been some revival of fishing, and the government has provided buildings at sveral centres for the drying and curing of the catches. These processes, coupled with the extension of canning facilities have encouraged a new growth in the export market.

The introduction of silver fox farming brought a new boom dating from 1908, and this lucrative production expanded rapidly amongst the agricultural communities but latterly declined with almost equal rapidity when prices slumped, finally to suffer more serious effects upon the outbreak of war.

Another recent development has been that of oyster farming, which has flourished exceedingly in the clean waters of the northern shores. Some 6,000 barrels have already been exported this year. Tourist traffic too, has been a bright feature of the past few years, and with the stimulus of well directed publicity allied to the island's extensive attraction of natural beauty, commendable results were being achieved until the untimely intervention of wartime travel restrictions.

But perhaps the most important potentiality to arise from the constant struggles of the changing populace to wrest riches from their Island home, is the promise held out by recent oil boring experiments. In official circles it is felt that prospects are good, and considerable optimism prevails that "natural gas" may be located. Should this be realised, the Island possesses all other ingredients essential to the immediate establishment of a considerable glass making industry.

A WORD ON WARS

Prince Edward Island has always enthusiastically offered its high quota of men to the fighting services in time of war. A large contingent of volunteers went overseas in the South African War, and the last war found some 18% of its male population in the march to victory. Again on this occasion, the Island has set an example to the whole of Canada to an extent which has drawn

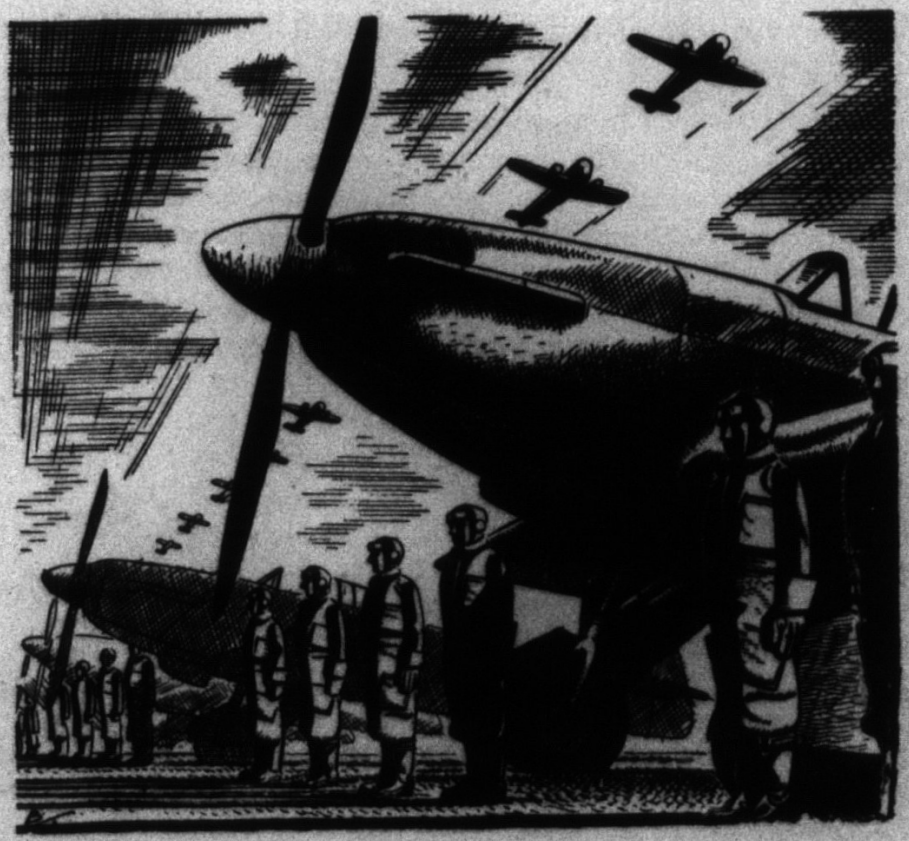


appreciative comment from all quarter. Over 12% of the Island population, or almost 25% of the male population have already enlisted, while its women have also fallen into line to lead the Dominion in enlistment on the basis of per capita population. Indeed in all aspects of the major effort, P. E. I., is acknowledged as playing a foremost part. The departure of so many men and women has left its mark—only temporarily we trust—upon agriculture, which still remains the prime industry, and the acute shortage of labour has created tremendous difficulties, only partially overcome by the system of co-operation now practiced between the farmers.

FINALE

Of such then is, and has been, Prince Edward Island.

Young Britons, who in 1942 have come to know a deep interest in its past, the while helping the Island to play a still greater part in the present struggle, will know a new concern—and cherish a sincere hope—for its future.





PADRE'S PAGES

THE CHURCH IN CANADA

Newcomers to Canada, seeking the Church of their own particular denomination, are usually confused by the fact that some of the Communions bear different names from those with which they are familiar in Great Britain. It is hoped that this article will clarify this difficulty in the minds of those who are not cogniscant with the organization and nomenclature of the non-Roman Churches in Canada, so that those coming to our country for the first time may recognize their own denomination.

First we shall deal with the Church of England. The official title of this Church is "the Church of England in Canada", a cumberous title which many feel should be changed to something more distinctly Canadian. Very often the Church is referred to as the ' 'Anglican Church" and in some places the "English Church" is heard. In the United States the Church which corresponds to the Church of England is called "the Protestant Episcopal Church."

The Church of England in Canada is self-governing. Our Church in Canada was founded by the Church of England, and received vast help in men and money from the Church in England. We therefore owe an incalculable debt of gratitude to the Church in England for all they have done for the Church in Canada. But so far as government is concerned, we are absolutely free and independent of all outside control. The Church in Canada is the same as the Church in England in faith, orders, worship and life, but in detail it is different. The Clergy are not appointed in the same way, nor do we elect Bishops in the same way and there is a Canadian Prayer Book.

Canada is divided into four Ecclesiastical Provinces. From East to West they are, Canada, Ontario, Rupertsland, British Columbia. Each Ecclesiastical Province has an Archbishop. The Archbishop of Toronto is the Primate of all Canada. The Ecclesiastical Provinces are divided into Dioceses administered by a Bishop. There are twenty-seven dioceses in Canada.

In all matters the only body that has the power to pronounce legally and authoritatively for the Church in Canada is the General Synod, which is made up of all the Bishops of the Church in Canada, and all Clerical and Lay delegates elected by each Diocesan Synod.

For administrative purposes the General Synod has organized three Departments, the Department of Missions to take care of the Evangelistic task of the Church, the Department of Religious Education, and the Department of Social Service. These three departments are channels for the accomplishment of the one great task of the Church, the bringing in of the Kingdom of God.

The United Church of Canada is a title unfamiliar to those reaching our shores for the first time. This name is the one used for the Church which has been brought about by the union of the Methodist, Congregational and some of the Presbyterian Churches. Some time previous to the actual union a ballot was cast by the members of each congregation to discover if the majority were in favor of union with the other denominations. A number of Presbyterian congregations decided

to retain their own identity and continue in the Presbyterian Church. Therefore members of the Methodist and Congregational Churches of England will find their Church home in Canada in the United Church of Canada. Presbyterians and Baptists will find their own Church represented here.

There are many problems facing the Church today. The following words of the Bishop of London are a challenge to all of us in these times: "We shall never make a peace which will endure unless through al the passions let loose in we we can keep the vision of Christ's Kingdom and His victory clear and firm."

Our immediate way of doing these things is by joining in the worship services of the Church, by learning how to make its influence felt in the world of affairs, and by supporting the Church as the instrument of the Kingdom of God on earth.

The Churches of all denominations in Charlottetown extend a hearty welcome to members of the R. A. F.

A. C. FRENCH

ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN CANADA

The religious atmosphere of a country depends very considerably on the flow of historical events in that country. Social conditions likewise have their marked effect; while such a condition as state control may prove as dangerous as is anaemia to human life. The tree that grows in a sheltered place cannot withstand the blasts of the hill-top; it needs the vigor acquired from continuous buffeting. The elements that made up the population of Canada in its pioneer days was such as to provide naturally the emulation and struggle necessary for vigorous growth. Especially is this true from a point of view of religion. Glance at those pioneers.

First on the ground were the French, whose roots were deep in the soil of Canada before other colonists began to appear. Their missioners were with them and Christianized the Indians. Religion was an essential part of their every-day life; any influence that would interfere with it would be severely opposed. Then came the English, accustomed to the Established Church, which brooked no rival at home, and tended towards similar privileges in Canada. Some of the Puritan stock from colonies to the south came in with Loyalist migrations, and they were fanatically assertive of religious rights. Scottish Presbyterians came, most enthusiastic in their religious tenets. Scottish Catholics, too, from the Highlands and Western Isles came in search of a country which would offer them freedom in the practice of their religion denied them at home. Irish from the South and from the North likewise sought a new land where religious freedom would be the boon that it is. In the 19th century Methodists and Baptists and members of other sects, all intent upon the right to worship God in their individual ways, without let or hindrance from statute or private opposition.

From this we see that Canada was made up of peoples deeply imbued with religious belief, and resolutely bent upon having the right to practice that belief. Edmund Burke in the House of Commons called them the dissidence of dissent. It is natural in the course of years that the ideals of people so determined should clash; and clash they did at various times, but with no great ill effects on religious practice. The most serious differences that marred the quiet flow of Canadian life have not had their causes in religion,—though such has sometimes been mistakenly attributed to them,—but in nationality. We are all so blind of, so hard of understanding the racial traits of another people. Was it not General French who told General Joffre at the beginning of the last war that no nation ever fully understood another?

Canada, up to the beginning of the last war, was a pioneer country, whose population was mostly rural, the best possible condition for maintaining a religious citizenry. The condition had not yet come when Goldsmith's lines were applicable—"a land . . where wealth accumulates and men decay." Perhaps in no country in the world is religion so respected and accorded such freedom as in Canada. However, the changing over from a country principally rural to one with a majority of urban population is weakening the deeply ingrained religious intent of the Canadian people. It is greatly to be desired that the present chaotic condition may bring about a revival in Canada of its early religious spirit.

I have yet to justify the title under which these rambling remarks were begun. It may be a new experience to many members of the R.A.F. to find the large percentage of Roman Catholics in Canada. As an introduction I wanted to point out the general religious tenor of the country, as well as the freedom of religious rights it offers. Since the 1941 census reports are not yet available for use, I shall base the percentage on the 1931 census. At that time Roman Catholics made up 41% of Canada's population. Of course, the percentage varied greatly in the different sections of its vast area; Quebec was far in advance of the others with 85%. New Brunswick had 46% P. E. I. 44%; Manitoba 25%; Ontario, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, each something over 20%; and British Columbia had fewest with about 13%. These figures will vary somewhat in the 1941 census, but no great change is anticipated.

Only in a few sections of Canada would the English speaking Roman Catholic population exceed 20% of the whole, (this province is one of them). The remainder is made up of the French speaking people. On the whole, the amicable relations between the various sects gives ample opportunity for development of religious practice, perhaps a friendly emulation stimulates it, and the assurance of liberty in this regard, and the advantage taken of it is the clearest evidence that we Canadians have "Freedom's soil beneath our feet."

F/Lt. R. V. MacKENZIE,
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"LET ME BE YOUR FATHER"

We are now far away from the firm of knowledge pedlars who claim to look after our interests in this way. Not that we need them in this country which provides so many opportunities for study of various kinds, for, since the commencement of correspondence tuition on this station nearly 180 students have enrolled for one course or another. A number of these have completed their work and a record of their prowess has been officially attached to those priceless records—their 'D ocs'. No doubt when the powers that be want the services of an AC2 acting Air Commodore, these are the men whose services will be sought after. Seriously however, the records of men who have endeavoured to improve their knowledge in this way, does show that their desire to learn, and initiative has stood them in very good stead when the question of promotion has arisen. Few airmen realize how much value a record of educational attainment can be to them, when a Senior Officer is comparing their documents with those of another airman about equally due for promotion.

So much for the service side of the work:—

"WHEN THIS WAR IS OVER"

Of course everyone hopes that this will take place very soon. If it does how do you stand for advancement in your 'civy' job? You may find yourself quite out of touch with your work on your return. That is if there is a job to return to, and if you want to return to the same work that you left at the beginning of the war! There is now available to you, free except for the cost of the text books a special range of technical subjects that you can study by correspondence from the tutors of the Nova Scotia Technical College, Halifax—and believe me these gentlemen know what they are talking about. If you are of a careful nature financially, let it be known that even this expense can be recovered from a bountious Government up to the limit of $15 per year (per person per trip) on successful completion of the course under study. Lists of these courses can be found posted around the camp. From time to time new ones are added and old ones remodelled so if you want the latest 'GEN' watch the notice boards!

"MOTHER SAYS I MUSTN'T MAKE MY HANDS DIRTY"

It is not everyone who has the interest or aptitude for mechanical training. There are a number of us who have vague ideas of taking degrees in all sorts of subjects at the end of the war. If you have this idea hidden away in the dim recesses of your mind, why not bring it out and commence work right now. It is possible by correspondence to study subjects right up to any standard that you choose. Most Canadian Universities do not offer degrees without a certain minimum period of residence in a university college either during the normal term time or during special Summer School Sessions.

It is however still possible to sit for London University examinations in this country. You may think that you have not even your 'Matric'—Surely now is an excellent time to commence study.

If you have never studied (for example) French, there are Introductory Classes and thereafter grades leading up to a degree standard. Arrangements can be made for you to practice your spoken French locally with an expert.

"MY GIRL WALKED OUT AND LEFT ME FLAT"

Don't worry or run after her—there are lots of other ways in which you can fill up your evening. Quite a number of courses are designed for general interest rather than for preparation for a specific examination. Incidentally if you have a hankering after any subject at all (within reason) don't hesitate to see the Station Education Officer, you will find that he will do everything within his power to obtain for you the information that you require.

"JUST MAIL ME A 3 CENT STAMP"

The correspondence method of tuition is one which although still rather frowned on by a number of the more conservative educationalists has already proved its worth by the number of students who pass the London University examinations every year by the use of this method of study. On a Station of this type where it is a problem of considerable difficulty to assemble a given number of students at a previously fixed time and date, it in invaluable. The only snag is:—

"DO YOU WANT TO BE SPOON FED?"

Studying by yourself is one of the most aggressive tests of will power and self control. As many of our number have already found it is only too fatally easy to lag behind in your work, promising yourself the while to make it up as soon as you have a few minutes to spare.

Such a method of study is not for the faint hearted. Once you have settled down to work however you will thoroughly enjoy it, and at the same time be doing something really worth while.

"QUITE FREE WITH EVERY PACKET YOU WILL REICIVE"

To help you in your work you will have two main services of which if you are wise you will take every advantage.

The study room which is about the only place on the camp where you can find the peace and quiet needed for study coupled with comfortable and attractive surroundings. In the same room is situated the library which contains an excellent range of books of all types. If you want a special book for reference and it is not in the library, tell the librarian, and if possible it will be obtained for you.

Y.M.C.A. NOTES

During the month of October we said hello to some new programme features and we said goodbye to others. It was with tears of mingled sadness and joy (99% joy) that we said goodbye to the station broadcasts. They were the source of much fun and amusement but demanded much time and work from those who took part. Here are some figures. 2657 people attended the broadcasts. Those who took part numbered sixty nine and one half. The half?.....Sammy. Much credit goes to F/Lt. Over for the excellent work he did on the station broadcasts.

Another dancing class for beginners has been organised. Thirty-five "trip the light fantasticers" are applying their insteps to the two-steps each Wednesday evening at the Charlottetown Y.M.C.A.

Basketball is coming along at the time of writing. It is expected that a league will be formed and in action early in November.

Our bowling enthusiasts are knocking the pins out from under each other on Wednesday evenings. The league has been given excellent support. At the present time we are looking for some kind hearted soul to donate suitable prizes for the boys who win. Has anyone some old socks?

We are now making plans for a station snooker tournament. From the lads who participate will arrive the snooker champ, and we hope he will be fittingly crowned.

And here is some extra good news: Word has been received recently, that film companies will issue the latest productions in 16mm and release them concurrently to theatres and armed forces.

Perhaps the brightest note to be sounded in the "Y" during the month came from an arm-chair generalissimo (A.C.1 somebody or another) who on listening to a broadcast by a so-called war expert chirped his opinion of that person with the following brainstorm:

"That fellow's no expert." "He's the kind of bloke who looks into the gun before or after it's fired and calls himself an expert." He went on: "A true expert is the chap who looks into the gun when it is actually being fired, but unfortunately his findings and impressions are lost in the noise of the firing.'

L.M.

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The Pioneers

(The character of this issue affords timely opportunity for publication of the article printed here. It records the impressions of a member of one of those earliest R. A. F. parties who saw the beginnings of the present great training scheme. It gains, rather than loses, in interest, by virtue of its application to the Western provinces, for it throws light upon the hospitality meted out to the R. A. F. pioneer parties in the west, and affords interesting comparison to the generosity met in this province by our own earliest arrivals.)

Perhaps there was a more decided air of the pioneer about this particular venture, since we had held no communication with the few who had gone before, and who indeed were hardly yet settled when we took a last look at our own shores and turned our nose fairly into the awe inspiring widths of the Atlantic.

The haunting dreams of boyhood days, now revived in saner thought, served to overcome or at least allay any physical discomfort of the ocean journey. For soon would we not set foot upon a land which had not long ago conjured a vigorous conception in our youthful minds of mighty rockies, prairies, ranches, cowboys; yes, and Indians.

At last we reached Canadian shores. A cheering crowd lining the quayside registered our arrival, and the brightly lit hotel gave an early indication of what Canada had in store for hungry eyes, its trains awaited us, all too conveniently parked but a few yards from the jetty.

Crowded recollections now. The engine driver, who with pipe well plied with "rum and maple" first mentioned in casual voice the few days train journey ahead of us. The roaring, tearing, hissing engine, the brief consciousness of three provinces, and the wild beauty of Lake Superior's northern shore, in which vicinity we made our first acquaintance with sub-zero weather. How clearly I recall the lake as we wound in and out of a myriad of bays, all frozen, white expanses, broken only here and thereby an island which seemed oddly out of place, like some rich fruit cake set alone upon some spotlessly white table cloth. In the lee of these small islands came a glimpse of deer or caribou herds, all unaware of our interest. So to a halt at the station serving a large city, and a sense of exaltation as I saw lights that had remained

undimmed, and people gathered there to greet us. Tired, dirty and fully aware now the "18° below" tmperature, we gladly clambered into buses and cars provided for our transport to the camp some miles distant. The station was incomplete, but we made good use of the few huts already erected, and after a meagre meal of soup and tea, we lapsed into a refreshing sleep,—undisturbed to its natural end!

It transpired that a civic reception had been planned for our arrival, but we lost nothing by the change enforced by our appearance ahead of schedule, for the good townsfolk instead gave to the camp for its exclusive use an ice rink which was to be the "last word" in illumination and general suitability. That was our first experience of local hospitality, but this material offering could not compare with the warmth of feeling which we met everywhere in that township. This warmth never waned. Rather did it grow as the populace came to understand us the more fully, and we they.

The War Services Club was opened for us a few days later, and drew from all of us a wonderment of what we could have accomplished to prompt such a lavish display. In a thousand ways these people showed how we had deeply stirred something within them, and our very presence begat their gratitude. Homes were thrown open without restraint, and we moved freely into them.

I am glad I came to Canada. I take away with me the memory of a fathomless reservoir of kindness which was made available to my fellow airmen and myself, when we took our meagre but useful share in instituting a scheme which now em ploys thousands of men. We came when little was known of us, and my only hope that we did nothing to impair, but perhaps something to cement the relationship between our blood countries, the Canadians, and representatives of the four countries, known more affectionately here as the "Old Country."

Thank you Canada!

An Appreciative "Pioneer."

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Some National Customs

(With Accent on Weddings)

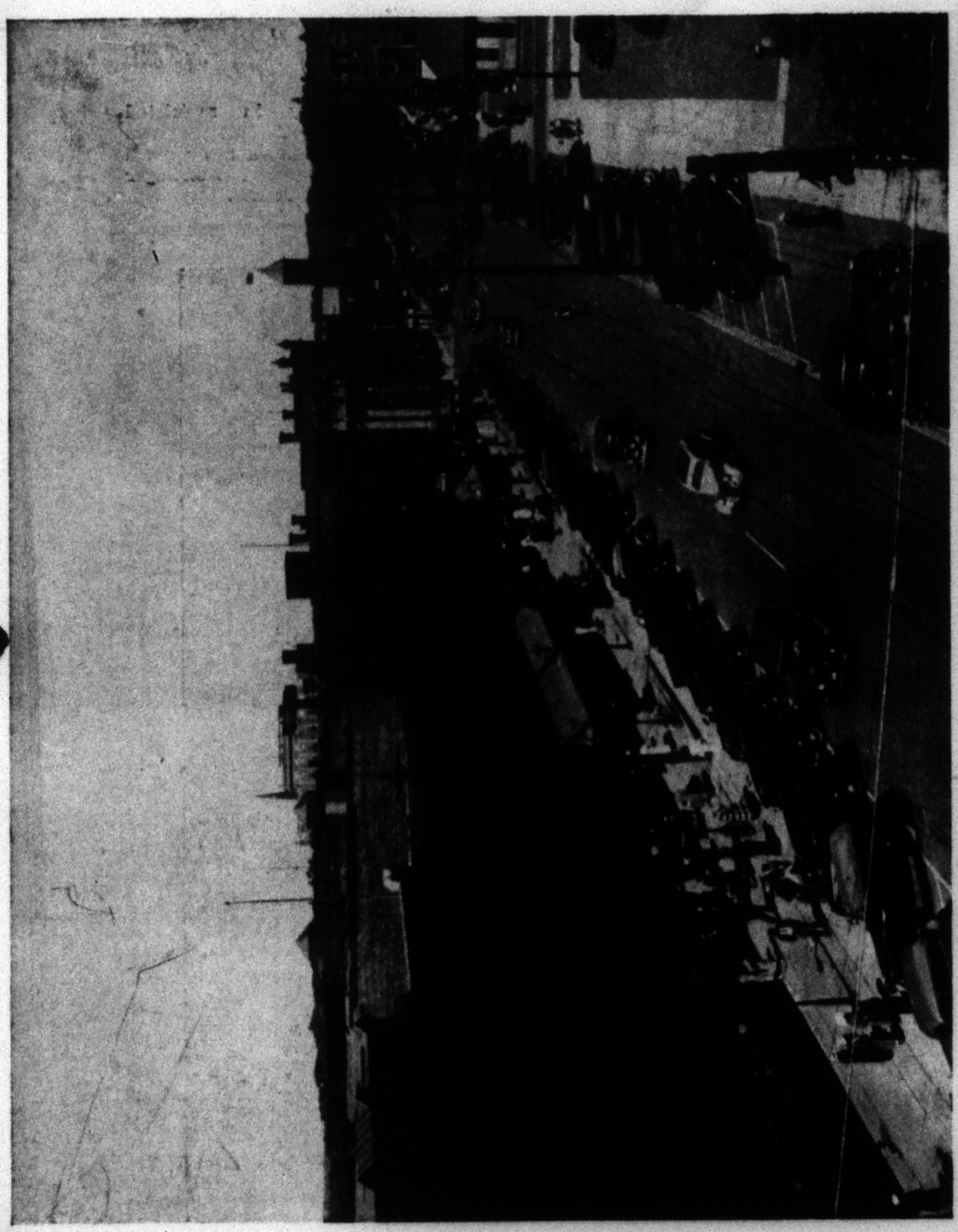
(Upon the Island, as in all parts of the Dominion, traditional custom adds much to the "simple" business of "getting married."

The Canadian bride for instance seems to do pretty well out out of the pre-marriage ceremony of "showering" by her colleagues in several spheres. It is not uncommon for a bride to be honoured at five or six gatherings sponsored by personal friends, working colleagues, or associates in social, religious and sporting spheres, and at each of them, gifts are brought by those attending. Further gifts may be proferred at the wedding reception, although not on the scale of the displays we know in Britain. Another pre-wedding custom is the "trousseau tea" whereat the bride exhibits to friends the articles of her trousseau. Ladies only!!



The bridegroom comes into the business at the "thicker end." In contrast to our dignified "house warming" gatherings, Canadian well wishers descend in a wild body upon the newly weds immediately on their return from honeymooning. And the wilder the body, the more successful is the affair in general regard. This delightful function is known as the Charivari. Men, women and children, clad in garish garb, often with faces coloured, and bearing any instruments from shot guns to dustpan lids, capable of producing discordant noise, make the night hideous around the happy household, and the festivity is not concluded until hospitality has been accorded to them. This may be a prepared feast, more often a distribution of "candy," but it must be some form of food or drink before the throng will disperse. Sometimes the whole party will parade through the house from front door to rear, receiving their allotment en route, or mayhap the candy is thrown outside to excite a scramble. Then the bride must be presented, and the final ceremony is the "bouncing" of the groom.

The origin of the Charivari is not known—probably it was some old French custom—and although it is difficult to uphold in the largest cities it remains generally prevalent in all smaller townships and rural areas.



A custom more peculiar to the Island these days is the "Sleigh Ride." Folk gather together in one or more sleighs which are lined with straw to afford greater warmth. The sleighs are driven over some specified course with its occupants enjoying an outdoor singsong to the accompaniment of several instruments. Usually the journey ends with a meal at the home of one of the participants.

Hallowe'en is one of the festivals widely recognized in Canada. All manner of nocturnal escapades are the general order—or disorder—some of them humorous, some merely wantonly destructive, and without exception police patrols have to be augmented in all centres to prevent widespread damage.



Another popular institution which generally survives on this continent, is the Thanksgiving Dinner, held on the Thanksgiving holiday which is allied to the Church Harvest Festival. The festive dinner is upheld in most homes, and in many centres, large communal feasts are held in local halls or hotels.

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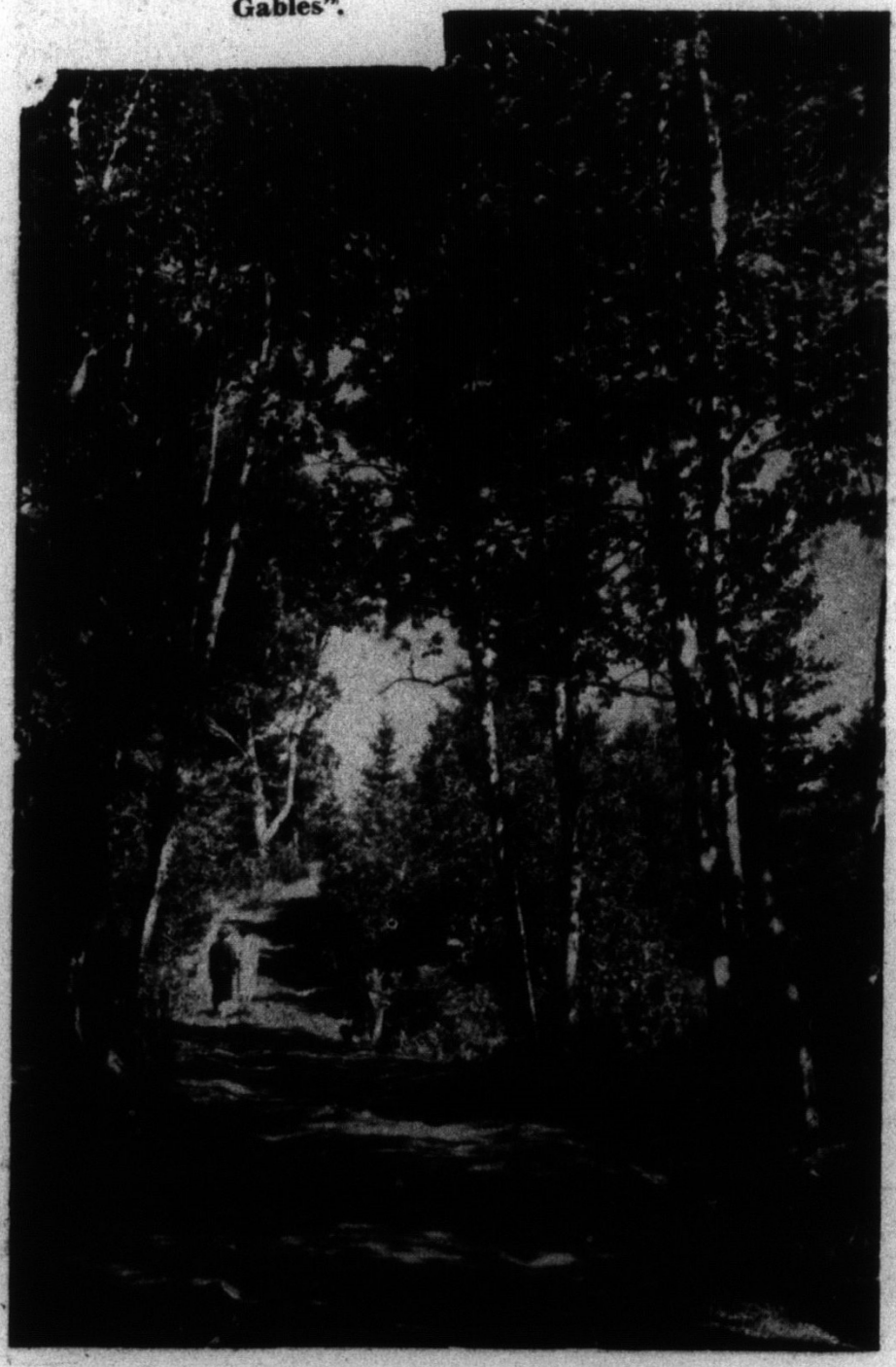
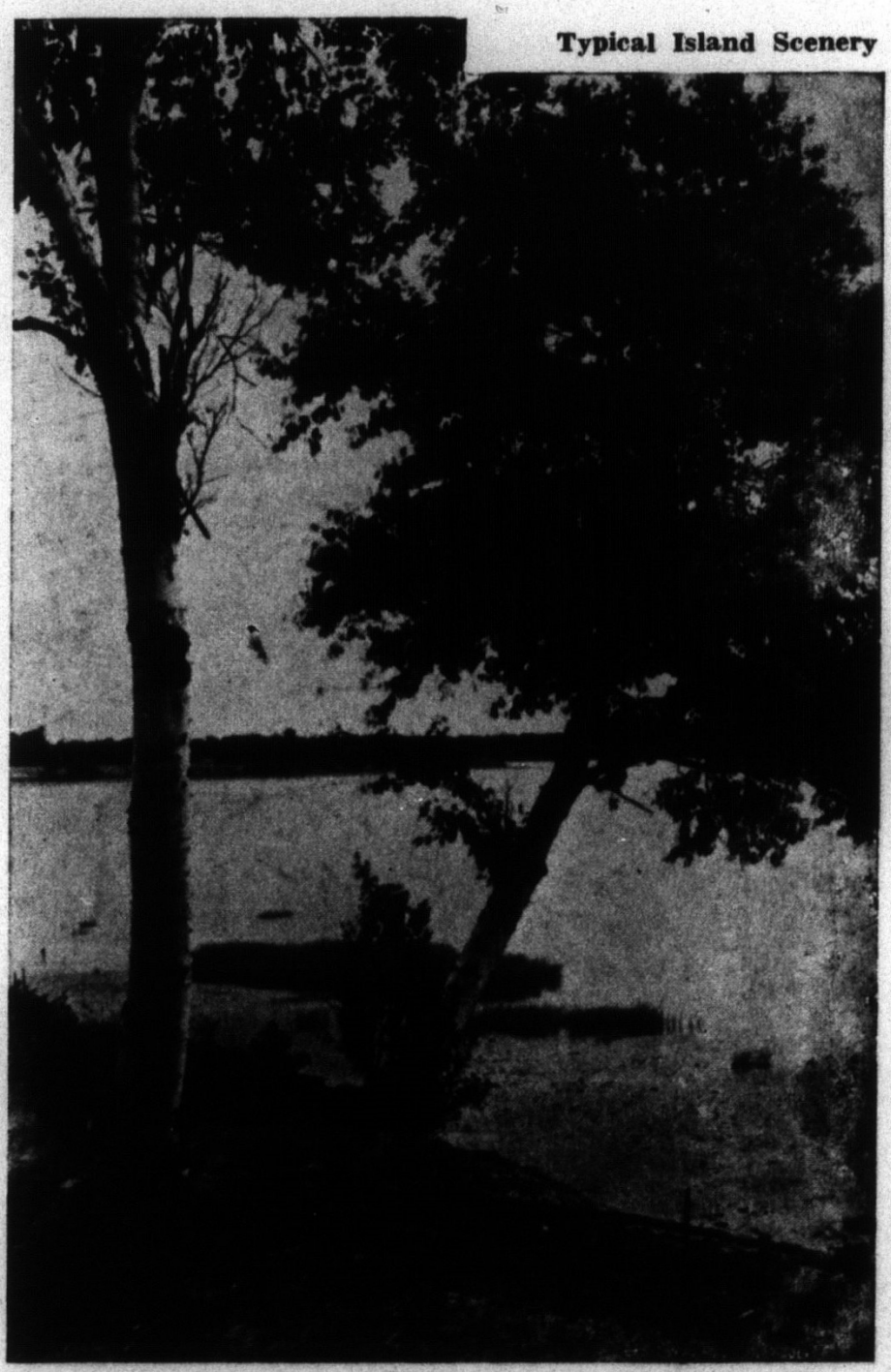
"The Garden of the Gulf"

This photographic supplement is intended to convey in restricted measure, a fairly comprehensive cross section of the life and interests of Prince Edward Island. The pictures, chosen at random are typical of hundreds of such scenes which may be found wherever the stranger might wander along the coast or inland parts of the Island.

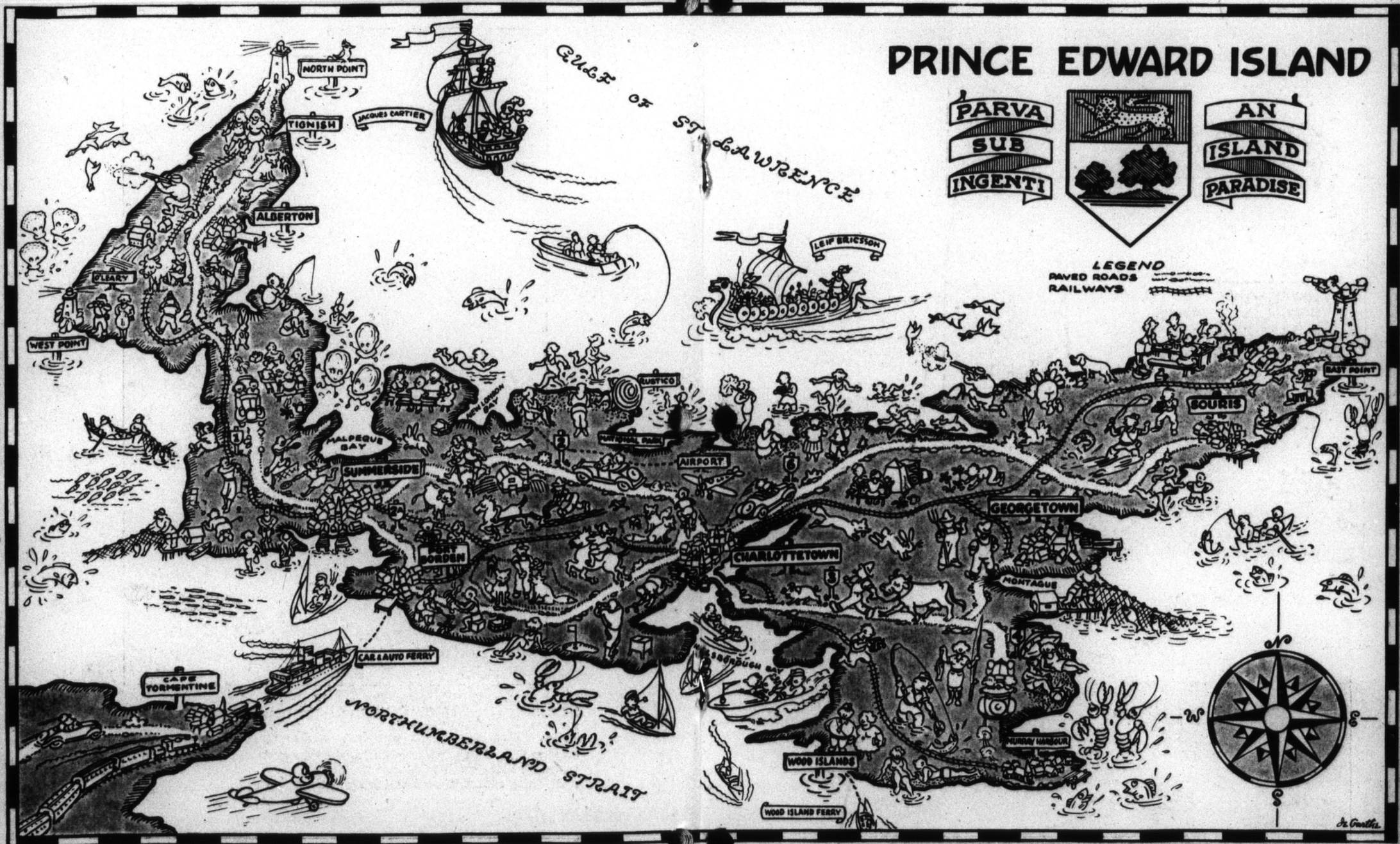
Lover's Lane, referred to in "Ane of Green Gables".



Typical Island Scenery



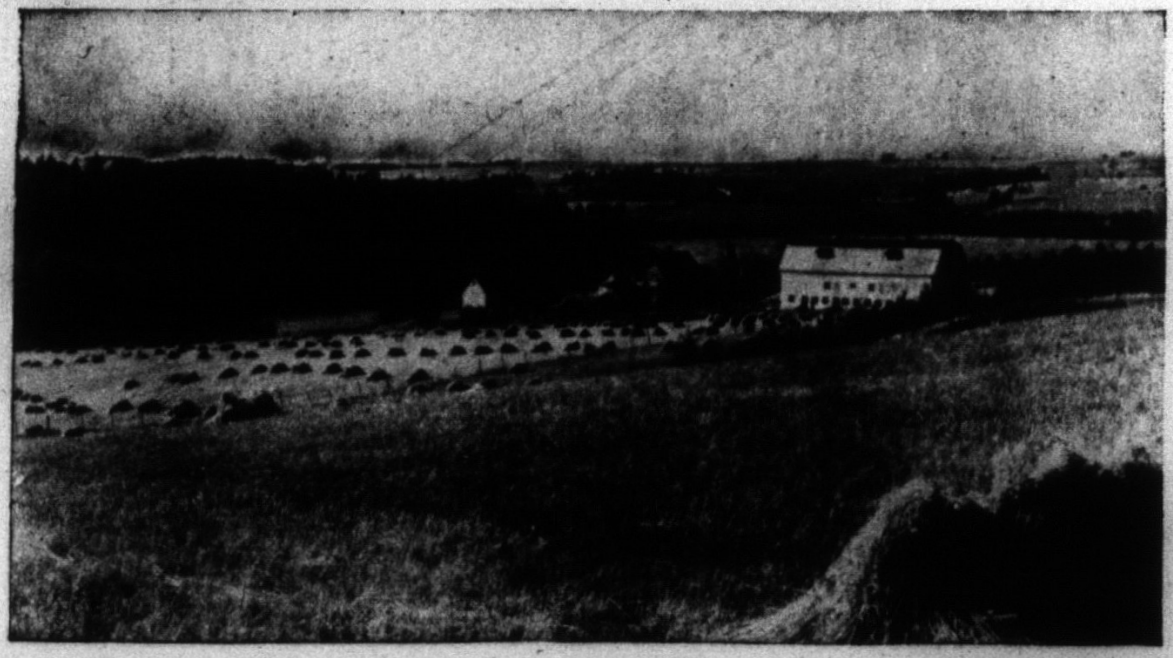
The main street of Charlottetown, shown in the picture on the first page may well be described as the heart of the province. Here particularly at weekends, the Islanders gather together from town and countryside, be it in search of entertainment, to transact business, or to indulge the quaint but general practice of sitting in their cars drawn up by the roadside, and watching the crowds drifting by.



The interests of the Island are many, as is shown by the picture map above. Its National Parks are well provided with facilities for 'Picnicing' and the like. Lobsters and Oysters are shipped to epicures all over Canada and even to the United States of America. For sportsmen interested in shooting and fishing it is almost a paradise, as can be seen from the last picture in this supplement.







PARVA SUB INGENTI

The pictures on these pages depict the main Island tendency to agriculture and the picturesque rural environment in which the farms are set, which coupled with the fishing industry provides a countryside which is a constant delight to both inhabitants and visitors.

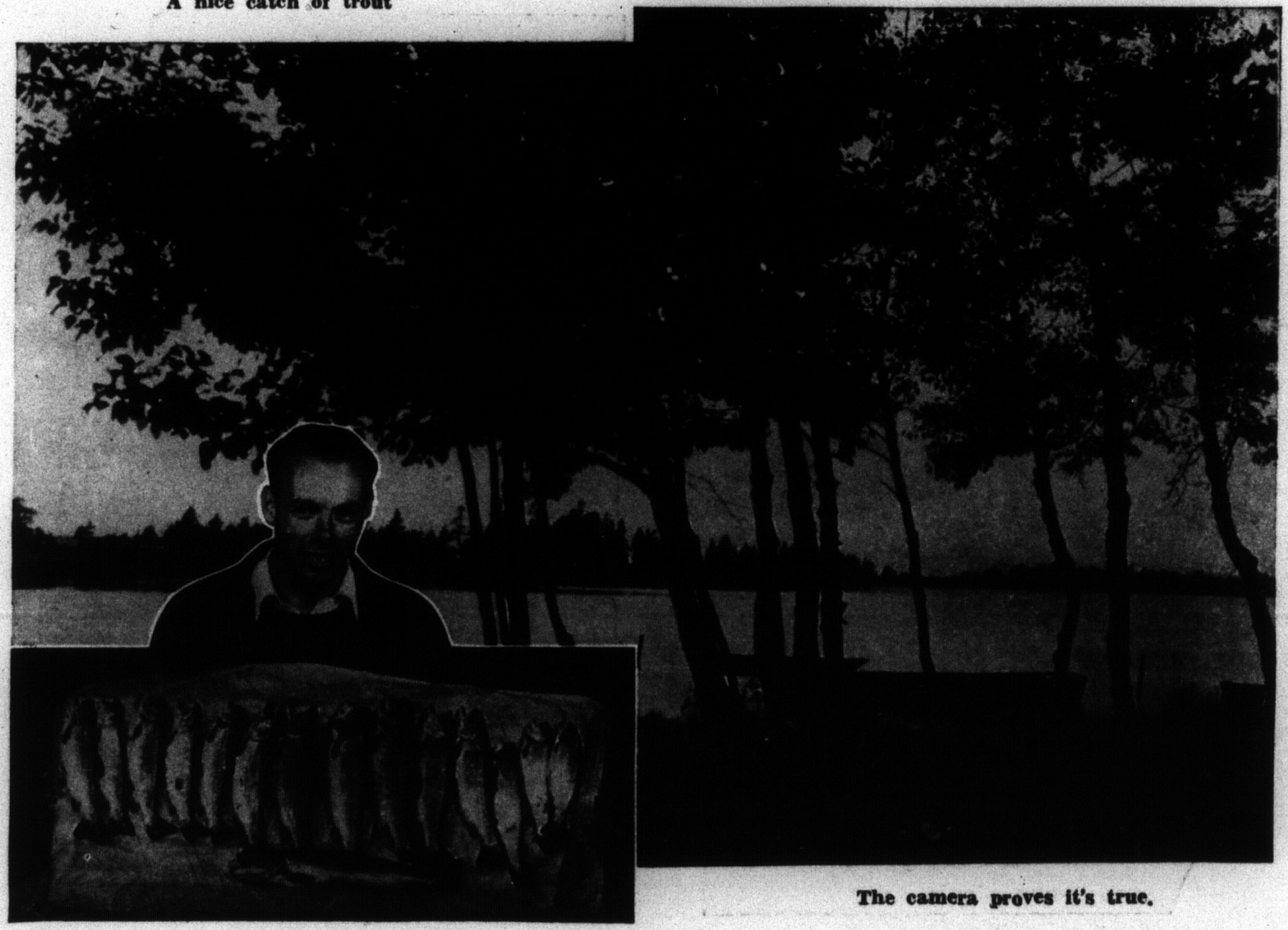


White birches on the banks of a Prince Edward Island River

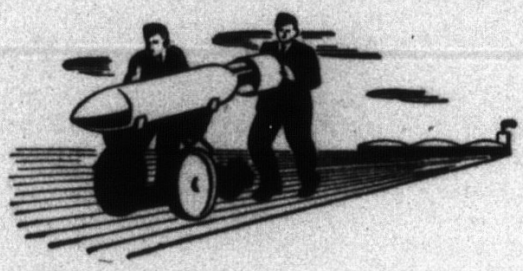


A typical birch-lined Prince Edward Island Road.

A nice catch of trout



The camera proves it's true.



AIRMAN'S CANADA

(Condensed from an article which appeared under the same title in "Aeroplane")

After completing our stay at an Elementary Flying Training School we learned that the course was to finish training in Canada. Groans from the married, cheers from the single. Came swift embarkation leave, a bleak crowded drafting depot, a jolting troop-train journey, a wet quayside wait. Then the heave and sway, cramped discomfort and monotony, enjoyment and adventure, of a war-time Atlantic crossing.

Late one afternoon we docked. Strolling restlessly around the docks, we waited for the order to disembark and, as we waited and talked early twilight blurred the hard outlines of the harbour works and town. Darkness and a sudden silence. We gazed a little unbelievingly (but how appreciatively) at the many twinkling lights and sky signs. But Pay Parade broke up our momentary reverie, and soon we were counting our first Canadian Dollars, stacking kit, lining up for another inevitable routine roll-call, walking jerkily down the gangway.

Being used to English standards of travel, it was a little strange to spend more than a day and a night in a railway compartment, and we were not sorry when the puffing juddering express clanked to a stand-still outside a little prairie town. We felt stickily dirtly and our minds only vaguely comprehended the vast loneliness of the great distances we had just traversed. Some Flying Instructors and a baggage party were waiting for us, and very soon all were "genning up" on news from home and life in Canada.

The aerodrome was about a mile and a half distant along a bumpy, dusty road. From its tidy appearance, well laid roads and sturdy grass bordered buildings, we took the camp to have been long established, and were sharply surprised to learn how recently and in what a short space of time it had been erected. Our quarters were in a large air-conditioned hut, which formed one arm of an H-shaped block, showers and abultions being in the cross-piece. The beds were of the familiar service pattern, but were double-banked one on top of another bunk fashion. This proved vastly preferable to the old-English custom of jamming an extra bed between two others all along the room, thus depriving all airmen of any individual bed spaces. Dumping our kits, we settled down gratefully to sink into the first really comfortable sleep for some time. All too soon came the Orderly Sergeant's "Wakey, wakey" and it was work again.

Soon we got to know the country and got to know our way around even more easily than over England. The snakily curving river, certain lakes and the solitary C.P.R. double-track railway became our constant guides. There were numerous stretches of barren lands where one could fly between 50 and 100 miles, without seeing a single land-mark, and our cross-country exercises became genuinely interesting tests of D. R. Navigation.

Although we were Out in the Blue, our spare time was as well spent as the working hours. Most of it was spent in the nearby "town" a place which was a compact compromise between a city corner and a village. There was one short main street containing shops, a hotel,

cinema, and several American-style cafes. From this small centre of modern civilisation a few unsurfaced roads, irregularly bordered by old-fashioned wooden houses, straggled off leisurely into the surrounding scrubland. One particular cafe the C.V.M. became our rendezvous and any evening one could always find noisy company and good in there consuming steaks or sodas to the muted blast of a massive record-playing machine called a nickelodean.

Lest hard-bitten Service men cynically shake their heads at our apparent indifference to more solid refreshments, here is the explanation. There was one "local" or beer parlour, to use the correct term, stocking solely a fizzing, rather sour, foreign tasting brew, which, by licensing laws even more incomprehensible than our own, could only be served—by a waiter—if one sat down decorously at a glazed-top table in a compulsory plain room. To stand up to consume one's drink, to attempt to order another at the counter, to carry a drink between two tables, or to raise one's voice in the mildest of song, were all Federal offences. The atmosphere at its merriest never penetrated far through this frightful pall of legally enforced gloom, so we sought our pleasures elsewhere.

Provided work was up to schedule, week-end leave was granted every fortnight. We usually spent it in distant Winnipeg, getting there by hitch-hiking or by coach. There we learned what real Canadian hospitality is like, and bitingly refreshing it was, after the well-known English reception of the "tea and bun and a last year's Illustrated London News for Tommy" type. In the centre of the city was a spacious Airmens Club with snack bar, lounge, writing and games rooms, and above all a spontaneous friendly welcome.

"Are you boys spending the week-end in the city?" asked the lady at the Club, for the first time, late one night. You are? That's great! Just hold on one minute, and I'll get you the names of some people who would love to have you stay with them." Five minutes later we were driven round to meet our hosts, who entertained us for the next two days. Imagine Central London, re-planned in sensible wide straight streets with new clean spaced buildings, fresh air to breath and a clear sky. That was how I found Winnipeg. I will not digress further save to say that there were usually more names of people who wanted to offer airmen hospitality than there were airmen available.

Friendly, regretful farewells. I think one of the least recognized jobs of the war is being done by the permanent staffs of the Air Force stations in Canada. To take only one side, the ground crews have performed a magnificent wearisome task in maintaining good aircraft serviceability through Winter temperatures far below zero, and today the Allied Air Forces on the Russian soil may well be reaping the reward of their research, improvisation, and toil. I have found that many people in England think that the lads in Canada are "on a good thing" with all luxuries easily at hand. To a certain extent that is true, but any luxuries soon lose meaning when news come fo British fighting victories, losses, air raids. The Libyan desert's most lingering loneliness does not approach that totally unjustified but insidiously persistent feeling of being "out of it."

A few days later we again stood on the deck of a ship and watched the mainland pale into the distance. Thanks to the Navy we returned quite safely. Early one morning, land again grew above the horizon, and by midday we were at anchor in a northern port. "Isn't it grand to be back home again" was the rhetorical question heard up and down the crowded decks, making some Canadians among us smile, a little ruefully. But it was grand to be back again to think about leave, home, loved ones . . action at last: and to look at the sombrely majestic scenery about us, say nothing, but feel, inwardly, proudly: "All This is Ours."



GOLF

on

Prince Edward Island

One of my many activities during the far too few summer months on this island has been golf, or perhaps I should say "golf after a fashion", and in this way many a pleasant evening has been whiled away.

Just here I would like to mention that I am only a complete novice at the game but have been fortunate enough to have played a round or two with the one professional golfer (in civvy street) on the Station. You might wonder why he would be bothered playing with a mere novice but he too learns something from these games—he teaches me how to address the ball before hitting it and I, in turn, teach him how to address the ball after missing it. But that's merely in passing.

I'm rather pleased with my game these days, which is not to be wondered at really, as I had a 36 the other evening—I'm going to play the other 16 holes at the first opportunity. I'm afraid I'm not being very original but it wasn't meant as a poke and, in any case, all of my 'sayings' are more or less stereotyped and I must just trust that the reader has not heard them before. To get on with my story:

The golf course here is very pretty without a doubt but you would be amazed to find how sly and treacherous such a pretty looking course can be. No doubt some of you have already found that out. There are literally millions of trees and I'm quite sure I'm on speaking terms with every one of them. It has been definitely established, since I started to play down there, that each tree is magnetised in some way to attract golf balls, and especially my golf balls. Honestly, it's difficult to believe one's eyes at times. You must realize, dear reader, that even I, every now and again —more again than now—hit a beautiful drive which soars straight down the fairway, the sight of which sends a thrill tingling through my veins always, and then just when it reaches the very zenith of its flight, it makes a right or left angle turn, and drops right in the middle of those great friends of mine, the trees.



HAIL AND FAREWELL

(The trades of Fitter A. E., Rigger Aero, Carpenter Rigger and Metal Rigger are soon to disappear from the R. A. F.)

Now must you go, and so by this decree
You take your place among the shades that we
In happier days recall: The titles that
We knew you by merge slowly into history.

When we were few, during that twenty years
When Peace sat ill at ease with dimming sights
You helped us fill the air with biplane wings
And bore us to the threshold of another flight.

We knew you well—and knew the silver sides
Of these machines you loved to work upon.
Is it long since that you and I were there
To see the dawn come redly up at Ctesiphon?

You were with us—Khartoum and Aboukir
You stood beside us there at Singapore
In Shaibal's heat we fought the desert men
Was it then peace for us—already steeped in war?

Bull-nosed Victoria, Gerden and Wapiti
Long have they passed from out of sight of men
Their deeds live on, though they have turned to dust
But you serve still—new-called and born again.

For we must know you by another name
And mingle you with men of younger breed
But you are not forgot—old comrade and old friend
In sterner times, for you the greater need.

To you also the task, with steady hand
With watchful eye, for you the torch to bear.
You still shall be the guardian of our flight
And bear us safe to base from hostile air.

As we grow mightier yet with passing days
And growing still—we need your faithful aid,
It matters not that you are different named
Grey haired Reservist, with old-fashioned trade.

Veeblock.

They are my friends in a way and I sometimes think that its because I talk to them so much that they, insist on my company and I have got to know them intimately and call them by name (or names). I don't suppose for a minute that they have the least idea of what I say to them—it is most unlikely for if they did they would ignore me completely; in fact, no self-respecting trees would do anything but turn away when they noticed me approaching. But I should, I know, count my blessings for my extensive vocabulary has, in just a few rounds of golf, been augmented considerably.

There's a darling little gully which must cross at the 9th hole and then again at the 10th. Running right through it is a delightful stream of clear, sparkling water which, like the trees, holds an irresistable attraction for my golf balls. Just when I'm congratulating myself on a really stunning shot, the ball is making directly for the green, it stops in mid-air, hesitates and then drops like a stone, plump and plain in the centre of the aforementioned stream. Generally speaking, when you see clear, sparkling water you may almost always decide with certainty that it is cold, very cold, and this stream is no exception to the general rule. IT IS COLD. In order to retrieve my ball, I have to discard my shoes and socks which I carefully leave on the bank and then amidst grimaces awful to see I gingerly leap into the water. And without exception, just as my golf balls can divine water, my toes can locate sharp rocks in an apparently sandy bed.

Just when I find myself in the centre of the stream, an inevitable stray dog picks up my socks and in my hurry, I forget to miss the sharp rock encountered so recently before. Another howl of anguish echoes around the golf course and, strangely enough my temper does not in the least improve. I then have to run myself into a state bordering upon exhaustion in an endeavour to catch that — — — — — dog which is careering about the course still with my socks in its mouth, which just goes to show that some dogs are not in the least particular. If you have any troubles with your own feet, please attempt to imagine a couple of feet ten times worse and then realize just why I thank my lucky stars I wasn't born a centipede.

It has taken me quite a time to describe to you my adventures in only a very small portion of this celebrated golf course and so, to avoid boring you too much, I intend to say no more about it but if I am still here when the next issue of the magazine goes into print, I shall give each and every one of you a detailed account of my attempts to accomplish the long seventh. I remember once having a glorious 15 there but most other times I must admit my efforts have ended in heroic failure. Oh well, I'll get along to all that next month if I don't take pneumonia through getting my feet wet before then.

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COMPLIMENTS OF

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FOOTWEAR

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SPORTS SECTION

A CHAMPIONSHIP WON — A CHAMPION LOST

Rarely has it fallen to the lot of a Britisher to assail this continent and make good his return with a boxing championship safely tucked "in the bag". Many have tried but few have succeeded before L.A.C. Walkey came over. His main purpose was to assist in the Empire Air Training Scheme, but while accomplishing that task, he also grasped the chance of literally crashing into Canadian boxing honors, and he has since departed as undisputed inter-services middle weight champion of the Maritime Provinces. His title was gained at the Maritimes inter-Services tourney staged at Halifax in September. Five men comprised the Station team, Walkey, Gates, Brown, Markwick and Ward, and although the long programme was well studded with knock-outs, none of our representatives met that unpleasant fate.

Walkey won each of his three bouts by the short route. His first fight was stopped by the referee in the first round after he had hammered his opponent into a state of helplessnss. The second bout went as far as the second round, when he again achieved a knock-out, while the final was an even briefer affair. Walkey, unscathed from previous bouts, went right into his man. He connected with several heavy blows in his initial assault, and thereafter his opponent staged a series of strategic withdrawals until Walkey finally caught up with him again, and quickly applied the finishing "touches."

Gates was unfortunate in that he could not make the 136 pound class by a margin of only three quarters of a pound, and he had to fight in the 147 lb. class. He had a hard fight in the first bout, which produced three rounds of fast and heavy exchanges. Gates gained the points verdict, but the effects were noticeable in the later stages of his semi-final encounter. This was another fast and furious affair, but Gates finally lacked that aggressive strength which would have settled matters in his favour, and the verdict went against him.

Markwick won his first bout by piling up a very considerable points lead in the first two rounds, and the judges deemed the third round unnecessary. In his semi-final he met a different proposition, and both men gave a speedy exhibition of crisp boxing. His opponent's longer reach and effective leading gained him the spoils.

Brown had only one opponent to face, and so close was the contest throughout three rounds that the large audience waited expectantly for a long deliberation of the judges, who finally decided again Brown. Both boys were warmly applauded.

Ward was at a serious disadvantage against an opponent who commanded a much longer lead, and although he battled on through the three rounds, he could not reduce the leeway of points.

Conditions for the contestants were most unsatisfactory for both afternoon and evening bouts but L.A.C.s White and Sheppard did some creditable massage work upon our representatives upon tables improvised from dust laden packing cases filling the room which they found for changing purposs.

Incidentally the Champion and his colleagues were delivered back to camp in a plain van. A furniture van supplied the final transport.

Some time after the Halifax tournament, Walkey was challenged by a local Navy fighter, Noonan. Walkey immediately agreed to fight in defence of his championship, and the bout was arranged to take place in the Drill Hall. Actually the Maritime boxing authorities would not allow the championship to be at stake, but the fight went on, and Walkey proved that his title would not have changed hands anyway. He was quite content through the first round to measure his man and test his strength. He apparently soon made up his mind, for he resumed his accustomed attacking role at the outset of the second round. Suddenly changing his stance, he swung a ferocious left lead to Noonan's body, and while the latter was still bewildered and distressed, Walkey moved in to deliver two terrific rights and put Noonan down for the count. Station fans will be sorry that Walkey left before he could take part in the Charlottetown inter-services meeting.

Other competitive activity amongst our enthusiastic boxing group, was a visit to a Summerside tournament promoted by the Legion branch. Our three representatives, L.A.C.s, Hind, Ward and Daye were all victorious.

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INTER SERVICES TOURNEY

(The inter-Services tourney claimed the spotlight of attention on November 3rd., and despite a weakening of the R.A.F. team by the absence of two men on leave, and the inability of the organizers to find a suitable opponent for champion Walkey, our boys contributed good measure to another splendid programme. The event was promoted by the Charlottetown Kinsmens' Club and the substantial proceeds were devoted to their "Milk for Britain Fund." The silver trophy offered by the Club was won by the Army team, who gained four victories out of the six bouts in which they were concerned. Both Navy and R.A.F. teams claimed three victories from seven entrants.

Star contest was that in which Ward (R.A.F.) gave a polished display of boxing and hard hitting to beat the Army team captain, Stead. The latter was always ready to carry the fight to his opponent despite terrific lefts which rocked him backwards, and all three rounds were marked by rousing action and skill. The R.A.F. man's work even drew appreciatiev applause from the Navy contingent, a remarkable feat in itself!

Biggest disappointment was the premature ending of the Gates (R.A.F.) and Robinson (Navy) bout. The first round was full of fast crisp work by both men, with every move full of purpose, and suggesting a thrilling duel for supremacy. Unfortunately Gates had sustained a cut over the eye during one exciting and equal passage, and despite his own strong disapproval, his seconds decided that it would be unwise for him to continue.

Hrading gained a particularly meritorious win over Palm (Navy) for he had to overcome a severe disadvantage in height, weight and reach. The Navy man did most of the leading, and had a very effective left, but Harding often found a "way in," and his were the more telling punches.

The other R.A.F. victory was secured by Bradshaw, who landed what few powerful hits there were in his contest with Ford (Navy). The latter's dancing was impressive, but his wild rushes often led him only upon Bradshaw's back or shoulders!

But these verdicts were very close as also were the remaining three which went against the R.A.F. competitors. Moore was not able to setle down to his best work against the rush tactics of McClusky (Army) but he used his right to very good effect.

Hind was building up a nice lead against McIntyre (Army) by dint of good clean hitting in the first two rounds, but he was shaken by a series of blows in the third, and presumably that was enough to turn the verdict in McIntyre's favour. Both were very tired at the end of the gruelling bout.

Lewis gave a very game display against Noonan (Navy). Although of much lesser height and reach, Lewis constantly bore in with two handed attacks. Often he was stopped by Noonan's

good defensive thrust, but often also he forced home his own blows.

Altogether an evening full of tumult and action. Referee was Brent Hooper, and judges were Messrs. J. Cameron, E. McInnis and N. Matheson.

Trophy, and medals (given by the Provincial Government) were presented by Hon. J. P. McIntyre, Acting Premier.

('B' FLIGHT ADD TO THEIR LAURELS)

(All Set For Winter Programme)

The shouting and the tumult surrounding our national outdoor sport is now stilled for another winter, but the comprehensive programme of indoor activity is now well under way, and there is a wide scope of activity to keep the sportsman well occupied.

Congratulations are due to the "B" Flight boys; who proved themselves the team of the year in both soccer and cricket circles, even if they did slip up in the soccer final. They claimed all other honours, and the majority of their players were included in both cricket and football teams which gave such consistently good displays throughout the summer months

There is still a strange apathy concerning several of the subsidiary events which go to make up the complete sport life of the station, although the plaint of the Sports Officer and the organizers generally is not of a lack of initial enthusiasm so much as subsequent disinterestedness amongst people who have previously guaranteed their support for some project. If all who signified their intention of participating in fact did so when the time arrived for action, all would be well, and the organisation perfected, however large or small the numbers. But it does not work out that way.

The acquisition of sports equipment, made possible by a further considerable allocation from P.S.I., has assured the continuity of most games for a long time ahead—as far ahead as most of us care to dwell—and this station promises to develop at least as flourishing a sports life as any in the Dominion.

(FOOTBALL)

Highlights of the concluding days of the soccer season were the final of the cup competition and the series of international games. "C" Flight sprung a surprise the night after a hard fought semi-final against Minors, by upsetting the strong favorites "B" Flight, in the final by a score of 4-2. The teams were:—"C" Flight: Bonney, Brierly, Crabbe, Patton, Lewis, Johnston, Checkley, Kilroy, McDonald, Everest and Wardlaw. "B" Flight: Rimmer, Molyneux, Daww, Rees, Hickman, Christie, Lowe, Robinson, Durkin and Fairclough.

The international games provided an interesting climax to the season. Both English and Scottish teams beat the Irish side by csores of 5-3 and 4-0 respectively. Sad to relate the Welshmen could not muster a representative XI. In the final England gain-



ed a creditable win and dealt still another blow—if another were needed—to those Scots who will misguidedly persist that their country possesses the better footballers. The game was well contested and the two English goals were scored by Taylor and Hancock.

The chosen teams were:—England—Rimmer, Green, Dawn, Lewis, Hickman, Boyle, Taylor, Kilroy, Horsham, Hancock and Wood.

Scotland—Paton, Christie, Webster, Morrison, Blackie, Mulhullan, Williamson, Checkley, McDonald, Robinson and Wardlaw.

(A couple of additional poles attached to the goalposts quickly transformed the arena for the use of the rugby enthusiasts to enjoy a restricted season of their own. Although not more than two full fifteens were available for the series of practice games, a useful station side was obtained. Victory was gained in the first fixture against St. Dunstan's on the College ground, although it was a close call, and a converted try in the last minutes gave the R.A.F. the verdict by 14 points to 12.

For the return match the Station XV was weakened by injuries and the departure of "stars" Gwyther and Duncan, and the remodelled team last 8-3. Incidentally this is where the Welshmen came forward to claim most places in the rugby team.

A third game between the two teams was featured by splendid defensive play by the College side. The R.A.F. swept to the attack for long sustained spells, but the College players held grimly on to a lead secured in the early stages, and finally won 11-6. This game was the first of a proposed series of three to determine the Island championship.

(CRICKET)

"B" Flight confirmed their form of the whole season by winning the cricket knock-out competition, and made no blunder this time as they did in the soccer final. All the mistakes on this occasion were made by the other finalists, Signals Section, who had gone forward with a line of big victories. Signals strengthened for this competition by the inclusion of Walker and Gibbard, but surprising lapses in the field—previously their strong point—destroyed the promise of a keen tussle in the final. Walker and Gibbard, contributed well to the respectable total of 91 in the limited time but the "B" Flight opening batsmen Hackman (36) and Fairclough (58 not out) were given several "lives" and they went merrily on to lay the foundation for an easy six wickets victory. The teams were:—"B" Flight—Hickman, Fairclough, Relton, Rimmer, Molyneux, Grimes, Darkin, Lowe, Law, Chappell. Signals—Horsham, Walker, Gibbard, Smith, Featherstone, Dennett, Jones, Chapman, Connor, Morris and Dodds.

The trophy was presented after the game by Mrs. Blake, wife of the C.O. Spectators from Charlottetown were invited to watch the game and refreshments were served in the recreation hall.

TABLE TENNIS

Table tennis will probably hold pride of place amongst the indoor sports, for 12 teams are entered in the Station tournament. Monday night is table tennis night in the recreation hall, when six matches are decided each week. According to the opening games, G. R. S. and Majors appear to have the strongest teams but there are lots or rapidly improving players, and results may turn any way before the league has run its full 11 weeks course. Apart from the team championship there will be an award for the most consistent player. It is proposed to organise a second tournament in the latter half of the winter season.

BOWLS

(Many airmen, by dint of casual experience on the Charlottetown Y.M.C.A. alleys on Saturday evenings last winter, have became enthusiastic—and in some cases, expert—bowlers, and a league tourney was launched to accommodate them. Teams have been entered from nine sections and the weekly programme of matches is decided on the Y.M.C.A. alleys on Wednesday evenings. Here again the bowles competition will be spread over both halves of the winter session. G.R.S. bowlers started particularly well, and will need a lot of stopping.

OTHER ACTIVITIES

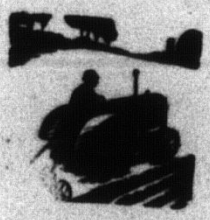
The badminton section promises to have a stronger membership, and regular matches will be played against Charlottetown district clubs. It is hoped too, to stage a series of tennis matches.

Fensing is the latest innovation. Equipment is now available, and a club has been formed for development of the ancient art under the direction of Sgt. Johnston.

An attempt will also be made to popularise basketball with a view to arranging outside fixtures. The first game between a station team and the Army played at Beach Grove last month resulted in a win for the R.A.F. 23 to 22.

The drill hall is now assuming the appearance of a vast gymnasium with its conglomeration of "effects" including ropes, hings, bars, weights, wrestling mats and boxing impediments, and a system of miniature sports gatherings have been introduced, in which the competitors obtain points for proficiency in a wide variety of athletic and physical activity. The initial meetings attracted only few teams, but if the idea "catches on," there are great possibilities about such weekly programmes.

Cpl. Sykes has undertaken the secretarial duties for ice hockey, and already he is preparing a comprehensive programme for an inter-hut competition, for station matches, for general skating, and for visitors nights. All he awaits now is the ice, and meantime the work of preparing the station rink goes steadily on.



40 Degrees Below and All That

"You're Posted" usually means going to some nice warm camp about which there's always a little preliminary "Gen." In my case it meant travelling about 16,000 miles and living and eating on a succession of stations nobody had ever seen and few had ever heard of. This was an "opening-up" job and to me it suggested a pretty grim sort of posting. As it turned out, however, I don't think a single member of that opening up party regretted a mile of the thousands he travelled or an hour of the many he shivered through sub-zero weather, mostly on the Prairies.

One place we visited in the west was so badly snowed-up that it took us 40 minutes to go from the Guard Room to the nearest building—and neither the Guard Room nor any other building on that camp had either windows or heat. We set up our H.Q. in a hangar lean-to 48 hours before the roof was completed, but stoves and overcoats kept us almost warm and that was probably the best of all the units we opened. Anyway, the people in the nearest town were most hospitable.

One of our jobs further west was in full view of the Rockies and most of us managed the odd day at the nearest holiday resort. This town is surrounded by mountains and cut off from the rest of the world most of the winter, except for horse and sleigh outfits. (A typical view is shown on page 63). The deer and small bears in the mountains get hungry in winter and come down into the village, where they get so well treated that they bang on doors whenever they want a snack. Both bears and deer are usually as friendly as puppies and make good snapshot subjects for tourists.

East of the Rockies are 200 million acres of the world's finest wheat land. The prairie provinces are damnably cold in winter and extremely hot when it gets to be 100° above in the shade in July—even if you can find any shade. But those are the only evil things about the Prairies and even they aren't so bad, as both heat and cold are pretty easy to bear when the country's dry. The average rainfall in Saskatchewan is only 12" a year.

Most Prairie towns are built around small tree-lined rivers and have as many gardens, attractive homes and good shops as those in any other part of Canada. Being newer, in fact, the prairie town compares favorably with the Maritimes in its wide streets, modern buildings and excellent Canadian plumbing—which we heard a lot about at home but rarely see east of

Montreal. The best things about the Prairies is its people. They're mostly English or Scottish folk who arrived in Canada during the last 40 years, folk who are hospitable in the way only pioneers can be.

Stores in the west—shops to you—are more Americanized than they are in Eastern Canada. So is their service. The first Prairie store I ever visited had sold out my size of overshoes, so the proprietor sent a clerk round the town to get a pair and bought me a beer while we were waiting! You'll find beer parlors all over the west but don't get excited about it, as the word "beer" is more or less a courtesy title. The liquid is intoxicating but there its similarity to English beer finishes. To promote temperance, beer parlors are not allowed to sell cigarettes, snacks or soft drinks.

The biggest and most de luxe of all Prairie cities is Winnipeg, fur centre of the world and H.Q. of the huge Hudson's Bay Company, which owned one third of the Dominion until they sold it to the British Government. Winnipeg has two of North America's most comfortable luxury hotels and is blessed with more holiday resorts than most towns 1,500 miles away on the Atlantic or Pacific Coasts. These "summer towns" are clustered around Lake Winnipeg and up the Lake itself runs a regular steamer service to Norway House, where the Nelson River starts to Hudson's Bay.

Calgary is another fine city, one of a dozen boasting the world's finest scenery. Don't tell a Vancouver man, but Calgary certainly is lovely, set in the foothills with the Rockies towering above it to the west and the Prairies rolling away 1,000 miles into the east. And how could a city be better placed, with the Prairies offering the world's best sunrises and the Rockies the best sunsets?

Something I miss in the Maritimes is the Western Sizzling Steak. (They are obtainable here but they're not quite the same). In Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba every restaurant "stars" its steaks on the menu. I've eaten finer steaks in a dozen Saskatchewan towns than I've ever found in London, Belfast or Edinburgh. The secret is simple. The chefs cook by coal, keep their ranges clean and fry the steaks on the red-hot top of the cooker itself. Quick cooking and serving on an extremely hot metal plate stop the juices wasting and thoroughly justify the word "sizzling."

Another delight is the Western Chicken Supper. As soon as a farmer has half a dozen plump chickens, some geese and a few turkeys ready for the table he invites friends, in the proportion of two per bird, to a beanfeast. Some of them bring fiddles, some bring banjos, some bring home brew or home made wine and the whole party sits down in the barn. What with the food,

the home brew, the wine and the singing, it's a poor party that breaks up before dawn. The western capacity for banquets and late hours is amazing and speaks volumes for the climate: in spite of anything said to the contrary in this article or elsewhere, the climate IS wonderful. You don't feel cold to the marrow at a few degrees below zero or as though you're being fried at 95°, when the humidity is almost non-existent.

I'll miss the Prairies this year. I'll miss good ice hockey, rye and high and dry, Western houses and people, Winnipeg and a whole lot of good friends. But Charlottetown's O.K., so why worry?

THE MANAGEMENT AND STAFF

WHITE'S RESTAURANT

Extend to all our Armed Forces a very cordial invitation to our establishment at 162 Queen St., Charlottetown

HARTT
ASTORIA
PICCADILLY



Three Famous Makes of Air-Force Shoes, Correctly designed to Regulation demand. Also Stocked in Smart Tans, Brogues or Dress Types.

Correct Fitting——Wide Variety

The Wright Shoe Company

The P.S.I. Can Hand It Out, Too!

(The recent enterprising policy of the P.S.I. in furthering a host of activities on the station by providing the essential financial backing, continues without abate, and there were more chippings taken from the golden egg at the October meeting, calculated to banish the forces of gloom.

Chief claimant for support was Sports Activity, and this rapidly developing infant of the station got all he asked. Altogether a total of 1100 dollars was granted to permit the acquisition of



a wide variety of sports equipment for winter and summer use. This total was composed of 399 dollars for cricket needs, 159 for soccer, 45 for rugby, 109 for fencing, and 364 for sundry other equipment covering indoor sports. The Sports Officer P/O Bryden, explained that the acquisition of materials at this stage would enable a comprehensive sports programme to be planned and accomplished throughout the next year. Of the numerous items requested, there was nothing which was not needed, he said.

The committee, over which the President, Squadron Leader Mosse, presided, approved his farsighted policy, and the money was made available.

Further tangible aid was afforded the newly formed pipe band, and 200 dollars were allocated for the purchase of further instruments. Sgt. Blackie, who originated the scheme reported to the meeting that there was considerable interest amongst the 24 members, most of them learners, but said that effective practice as a band was impossible with the meagre equipment already in their possession. With more instruments, such as pipes and drums, available, more of the enthusiasts could practice at one time. Sgt.



Blackie also announced that the band was to make its first public appearance at the Charlottetown Victory Loan Parade some three days later

A further call upon the "treasury" was made when it was agreed to finance the purchase of a billiards table for the Corporals Club, and it was felt that this provision would do much to revive waning interest amonst the members of that establishment.

As a contrast to the evenings commendable trend toward spending—a contrast which afforded visible relief to the President's growing anxiety—it was reported that the Sgts Mess had devoted the whole of the months subscriptions (a sum of over 90 dollars) to the P.S.I. in view of the heavy expenditure recently undertaken in the cause of sports development. Cordial thanks were extended to the Sgts Mess.

The FIT-RITE SHOE Co., Limited

Specialising in Government Approved R. A. F. Oxfords

$10.

Hartts' R. A. F. Oxfords

Fit-Rite R. A. F. Oxfords $6



Ritchies' R. A. F. Oxfords $8

Fit-Rite Plain Toe Oxfords $5.

We carry a complete stock of Goverment approved R. A. F. and R. C. A. F. Oxfords. .Both in Hartts and Ritchies' high grade and .medium priced lines at $5 and $6. .We also carry a complete line of Ladies' high grade footwear. .Walking Oxfords and Hi-Style Shoes, Rubbers and Hosiery. .We invite you to visit our store where you will be convinced we have the goods.

See Our Windows

The Fit-Rite Shoe Co. Ltd.

Visit Our Store

"Evrything In Footwear"

Snnyside, 137 Grafton St., Charlottetown

W. K. ROGERS

AGENCIES LIMITED

181 Queen St. Charlottetown

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Telephones 540—541

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Carvell Bros. Ltd.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Produce Dealers, General Agents

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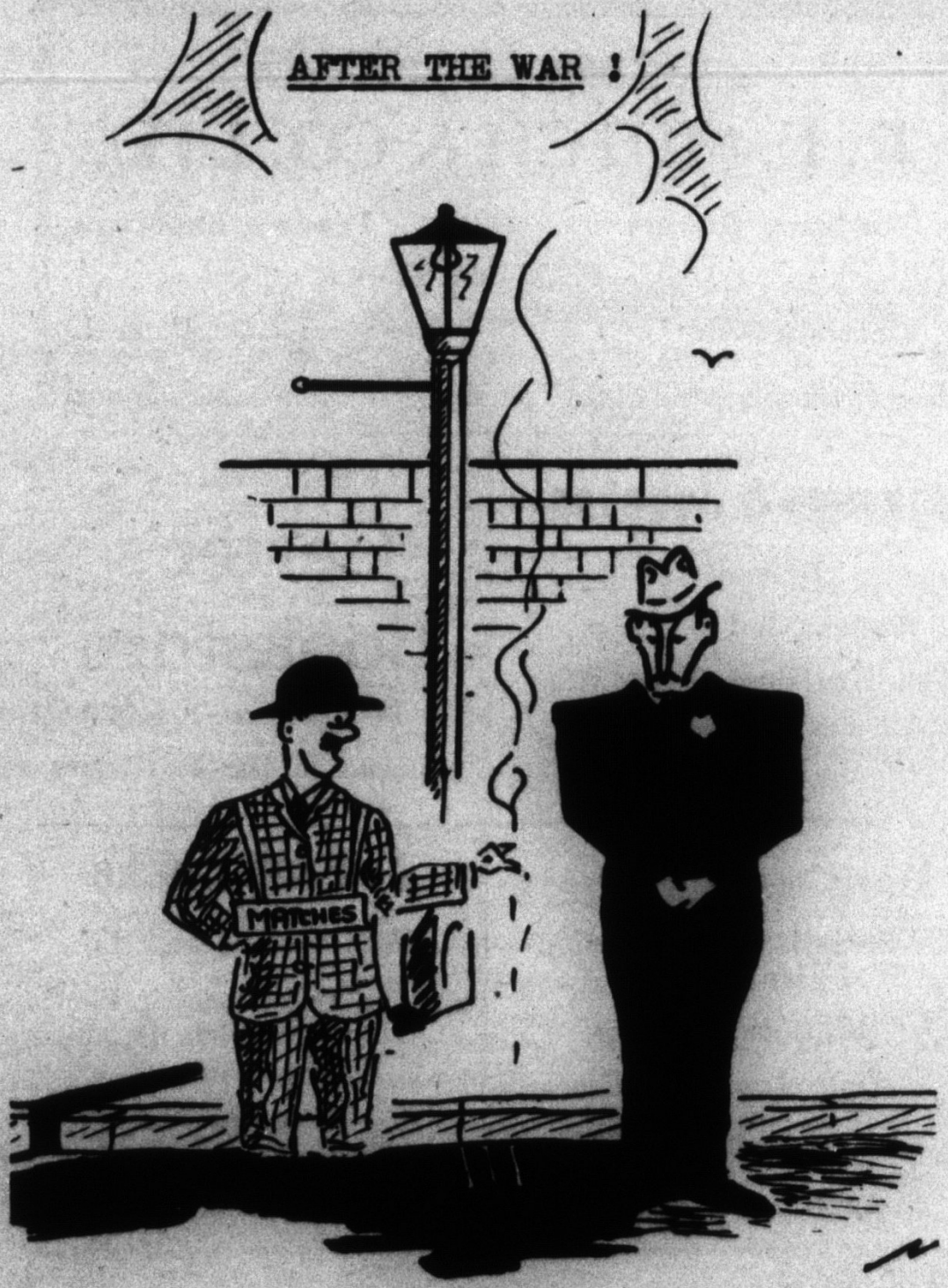

" PERSONALLY I RATHER LIKED THE ANSON !

L.A.C. Hyatt becomes the new secretary of the P.S.I. He was unanimously appointed to succeed L.A.C. Daniel who has resigned. L.A.C. Daniel expressed regret upon relinquishing the post, and appreciative reference was made to his work as secretary since June.

"HAPPY LANDINGS"

R. E. MUTCH & CO. LTD.

Wholesale Grocers Produce Exporters

—P. O. Box 303—

Charlottetown P. E. I.

Johnson & Johnson

Druggists

Kodaks and Supplies

Cor. Kent and Prince Sts.

Ch'town P. E. I.

Compliments of

Carter's Bookstore

One of the largest and best stocked in the Maritimes

Maritime Stationers

Charlottetown's Leading News Stand

Stationery, Books,

Loose-Leaf Supplies.

Cards and Stationery.

J. Pope Clarke

Wholesale dealer in

Foreign and Domestic Fruits and Vegetables, Dried Fruits, Nuts, etc.

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Charlottetown P. E. I.

TOILETRIES

Hughes Drug Co.

Kodaks and Supplies —Prompt Developing and Printing Reliable Fishing Tackle

Sectional News

MAINTENANCE WING HEADQUARTERS

Once again we endeavour to give you some sort of literary effort—not that we are literary-minded, as you will in due course agree—but that, since our last contribution, we have been sort of noticing a few things going on around us and we feel that, as some of you may not have noticed them yourselves, you should be "let in" in them. If you find no interest in this local "gossip" let us know, and we will endeavour to find some real "scandal" for you at a later date.

By letting you in on this "stuff and nonsense" we will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that we did try to please the Editor and help to make the "GRAF" either interesting or not-so-interesting.

However, let's get down to "gossip" and let me whisper in your ear.

DO YOU KNOW

That we have recently lost two of the Romantic figures that once adorned the portals of Maintenance H. Q.

That "our Blonde" was truly escorted to her new abode by one of the nice young fellows—with a "regal" (without his coat) name—who has enjoyed her company for quite a long while.

That on the sunny morning of departure they reminded us of a real honeymoon couple—and the bridegroom looked so shy.

That a certain well-wisher who was seen waving from the window will also miss her very much.

That "CLAUDE—yes, alas,—"Just goin' round the Hangars CLAUDE" is no longer to be found in our midst.

That we are sure that in the dead of night the ghost of Claude may be found dodging around the Hangars waiting to "clamp" down on those unfortunate people who will insist on growing long hair.

That a certain airman who delights audiences in Charlottetown with his fine voice will, for some unknown reason, bluntly refuse to sing that very charming and stirring song "Trumpeter."

That it is all the more mysterious as we are aware that he is very capable of giving a fine rendering of this solo.

That this same airman is rather expert on privately teaching the "Polka".

That we are wondering what the top score of 38 held by a certain airman in a certain billet means.

That it may be Cricket or even the number of "models" on the Station, but we rather think not.

That being Duty Clerk can be very interesting.

That a certain airman still thinks that K.R.'s is Kay Kayser's brother.

That there is "murder on the Fly" at M.H.Q.

That the plaintive appeal of a certain member of the staff could not have been made in vain, as we notice that "fly-swotters" now appear in Stores Voc.

That although we cannot find "flies" mentioned in a certain C.O.'s Inspection Report, we can authoritatively state that the order to clear all flies by the following Saturday was given.

That you need have no "qualms" about seeing a film twice at our Camp cinema.

That the audience truly make a new picture of it.

That they seem to find all the "crafty" things which the producer never thought of—or did he?

R. R. H.

SIGNALS SECTION

All around is change but not decay.

Some have gone, some have come, since our last contribution. The latter group now show signs of "coping" upon recovery from the initial onset of nervous paralysis. But by virtue of their arrival, the section enjoyed a new, if passing, phase of sporting glory. Such newcomers as Walker and Gibbard gave new power to the cricket team, and we sailed through in great style to the final of the cup competition. There we met disaster in the aggregated forms of eleven men from "B" Flight, and the place hurriedly prepared for the trophy is now descended under dust again. It was however a worthy effort, but it is well that some members can grasp a key more firmly than they do a cricket ball in flight. No names of course. Their day of suffering is over. Horsham had a splendid bowling record in the competition.

In soccer circles, the section supplied players for both the English and Scottish elevens in Horsham and Paton, while on the rugby field our honour was duly upheld in the station by P/O Evans and newcomer Bastin, which is more than the latter could achieve for his pants. We exhort you now to watch our table tennis team, even if betting is prohibited. Station "champ" Cpl. Featherstone and his merry men have ideas about clearing once more that spot for a trophy.

In the vaster field of industry all goes well, be it between ear phones or at the wrong end of a brush. A minor crisis in the health of the community was only just avoided by a change of management of the tea swindle, and there have been occasional upsets like

swiping the security guards rations, and the enlightenment of A. C. Bush as to which frequency is the wrong one, but otherwise our work goes on with alternating periods of panic and placidity. Relations with our brother operators are often strained but rarely broken off.

It is proposed shortly to institute a series of "sprints" from billet to section to determine who shall operate the aircraft frequencies. The present system of handicapping will cease, and all will start from scratch, for it is feared that some folk are missing their meals in the frantic rush.

GOSSIP FROM TRAINING WING HEADQUARTERS

An observation heard on the camp the other day to the effect that the typing of Daily Routine Orders had improved considerably calls for an explanation. This Section's Orderly Room (commonly referred to now as the Corporals' Club) is now responsible for typing Part II Orders in respect of Trainees. No other comment appears necessary, except that the number of amendments requiring to be made has been considerably reduced.

For the information of all concerned, Training Wing Daily Orders are no longer to be known as "Comic Cuts" or "Cut's Comic."

Since taking over most of the responsibilities of the old Flying H.Q. Orderly Room, the clerk in question in this Section has been maintaining Flying Times in a most capable manner—in between anonymous telephone calls from a young lady who may or may not be "Lizzie of the Legion."



Congratulations to Wing Commander Warcup, Squadron Leader Tremear, Flight Lieutenant Undrell and Flying Officer Cadman on their recent promotions. Presumably, the Orderly Room will celebrate at their (the officers concerned) expense as soon as possible.

Many of the old members of the Staff have left us and others will soon be going, taking with them the very best wishes of those of us who are left. We will miss seeing the "old faces" around, although for days on end we never did see them anyway. To those who have taken their places we extend a hearty welcome and hope that they will enjoy their stay here and that they won't "bind" the troops.

With the fishing season over "many feet will be getting under many tables" for the winter months. For all other Sports activities see F/O Bryden.

We are no longer shown a lack of respect by the Wireless Operators. The fact that their Forms 295 are now signed here has got nothing at all to do with it of course.

Since a certain clerk in this Section has now been promoted to Corporal, he refutes his previous statement that there is such a thing as a colour bar in the Service.

Musicians Forward

At the outset of another winter sason, the station dance orchestra is out with a recruiting campaign of its own, to permit of the accomplishment of the extensive programme which lies ahead. There has been some waning of enthusiasm recently, and the strength is now lower than at any time since the band earned its notable place in the locality during the past two years.

Sgt. Houtheusen, the director, asks that any new musicians on the station, or former players, contact himself or other members of the present group. Sgt. Houtheusen, in peacetime played with several reputable bands including Harry Roy's and Victor Sylvester's, and he appeared in the "Band Wagon" Show.

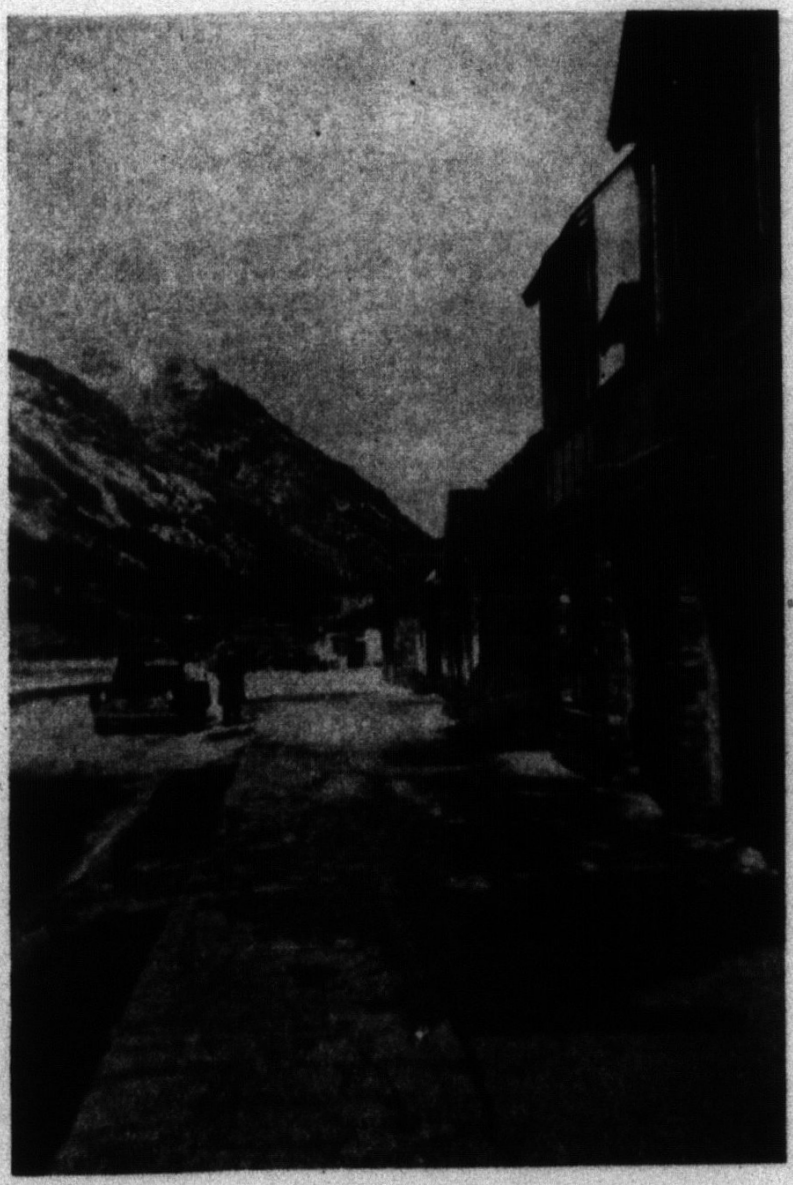


L.A.C.'s Large and Astley, the latter also a professional musician, were originally responsible for inaugurating the band, and its numbers and repute steadily grew until throughout last winter, it appeared at many Charlottetown and district functions in additions to providing camp concert entertainment. Possession of the band was largely responsible for the regular weekly camp dances last year, and subsequently their combination played at Government House, the Charlottetown Hotel, garden parties, and appeared also as a star attraction at a number of charity concerts in the city to raise funds for other organizations. By virtue of their enthusiastic activity, the members also contrived to raise considerable funds for the P.S.I., and reallocations from that committee permitted the purchase of several instruments which are now available. The banners which the band uses at its performances were provided and embroidered by certain of the wives of officers on the station—to these ladies for their many generous services to the station—our grateful thanks.

Station dances which are to be a weekly feature of the current season, were resumed at the end of September, and in addition to maintaining these, the band hopes to continue its comprehensive "outside" programme, including several other charity concerts and a broadcast feature. The band played a prominent part in the station broadcast series completed recently, and for those programmes, pianist Astley did much valuable work. On behalf of the orchestra he has been responsible for many special arrangements and musical innovations.



Present members of the band are:—Astley (piano), Robertson (drums), Isaacs (accordion), Houtheusen (saxaphone & clarinet), Eccles and Evans (trumpeters) and Renaut (guitar).



A typical holiday resort in the "Rockies"—See page 52.



The Station dance band "flashed" at their last broadcast.

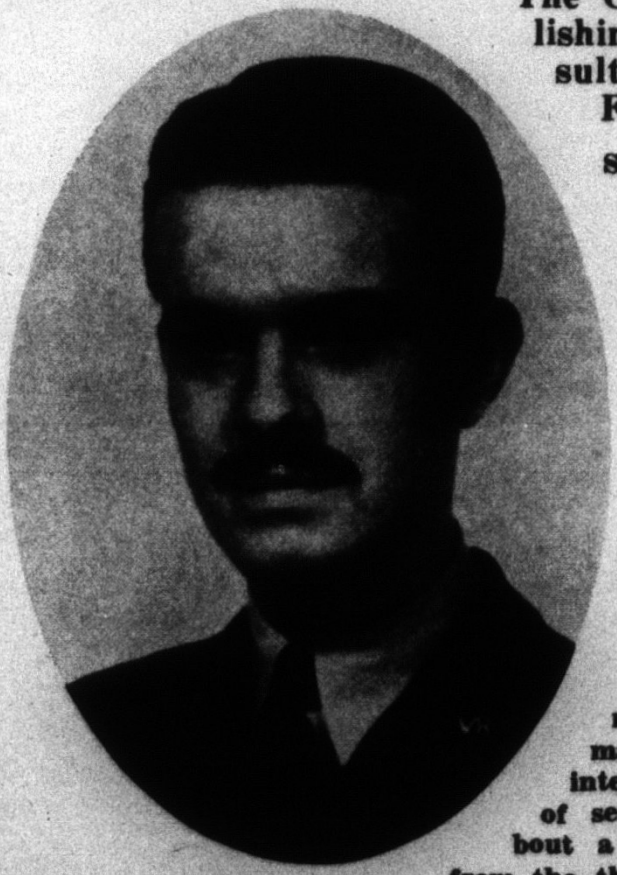
Greetings From The Graf

A station magazine can present a lively record of camp events, topical, serious, or humorous; it offers a forum for arm chair statesmen, a pulpit for idealists, a circus ring for the fanny men, and a chronicle for current news.

All these things were visualised when the 'Graf' became one of the 1942 innovations on the station. In the absence (owing to other war duties) of a full time staff, we have of necessity to rely on the contributions of all and sundry to accomplish that dream. Nor has so much been accomplished in six months. The establishment of sectional correspondents proved very disappointing as it would seem to be the last thought of anyone engaging in, or witnessing any event of interest, to send it in for the 'Graf' for publication. This magazine has tended therefore to become a review founded upon contributions of a more general and 'undated' nature, rather thans a news organ. Hope springs eternal however, even in tunic bound breasts, and the publishing committee, numbering three, struggles with little support to publish regularly; it is therefore most gratifying that the 'Graf' both sells well and pays its own way.

The waning year sees the 'Graf' a healthy publication of six months seniority.

Its publishers feel however, that as yet it is not fully representative of the life of the station. Whether or not this is to be remedied during the coming months depends entirely on you, the reader.



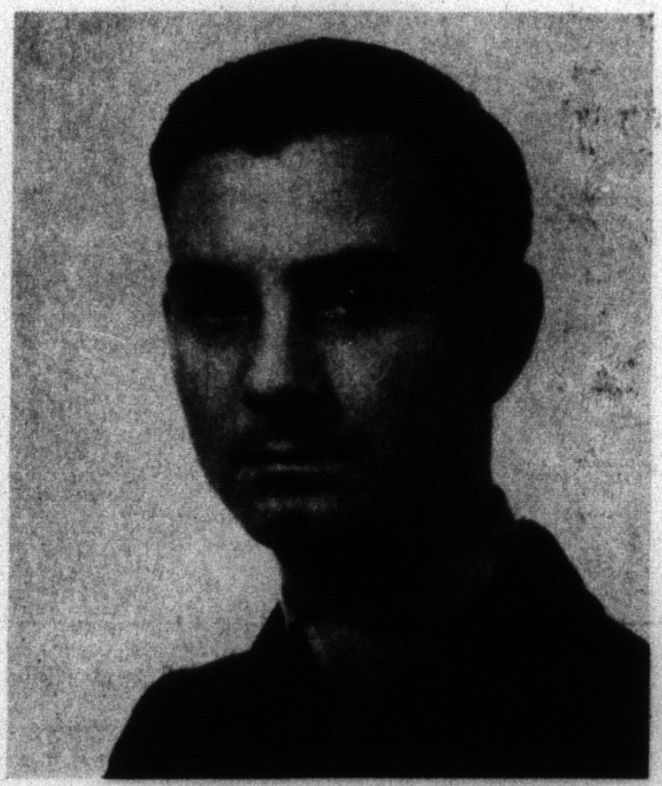
The Chairman of the Publishing Committee and Consulting Editor—F/Lt. R. F. S. Patchin.

Signed up for service in the R.A.F.V.R. in February, 1939. Came to Charlottetown as an administrative officer with the first bunch of hardy pioneers, and later undertook the additional duties of Station Education Officer. Was responsible for the Genesis of the "Graf", in the welfare of which he maintains a keen interest. Is all out for any innovation calculated to improve the lot of the airmen on the station, his normal duties being constantly interrupted by a steady stream of seekers after informtion about a gamut of topics ranging from the theorems of Euclid, to the ticklish problems of how to become an air gunner or gain a commission. An incurable idealist, he conceived the idea of this special issue of the "Graf," in the hope that it might help to strengthen the bonds of friendship and understanding between the Canadians and their brothers from the United Kingdom.



The Editor — T. Dennett (not sufficient space for his number) Recently graduated L.A.C. W/OP and all that. Found in Signals Section—if your mission be in peace. Wearied and worn by the unequal struggle to garner information, but hardened to patience in adversity through 15 years news reporting with the "Sheffield Telegraph" and associated journals of the Allied Newspapers group. (Is notable that in spite of all worry he still shews a smiling face to all comers.) Still clings misguidedly to the hope that the news service of his original dream may yet materialise, but his chief ambitions are (1) to avoid all magazines on all other stations and (2) another honeymoon!

The Business Manager —F/Sgt. Wyeth. Arrived out here in the summer of 1941. In June this year he joined up with the hard-working editorial staff and endeavoured to brighten up the "Graf" with interesting adverts. He wishes that the Station personnel would support the magazine as well as the advertisers, his contacts with the latter having given him considerable pleasure and encouragement. Quietly spoken and reserved in manner he successfully overcomes all the problems lying in wait for any business manager. Optimistic to the last degree he foresees in the near future the day when each airman will buy two copies of the "Graf"!



The Pipers Lament–No More

What noise comes here to startle the night?

A plaintive wailing, growing ever louder, but strangely rhythmic withal under the guidance of ferociously beaten drums. Out of the night come the shadowy figures of marching men, heralded by their clamour. Can this be that "devilish" sound which is said to have struck terror into the hearts of Germans and Italians on our far flung battle fronts? Yes, it is the pipe band, the station's newest innovation.

Since Sgt. Blackie had his inspiration some few weeks ago, the enthusiasts have banded about him in the Snow Compaction premises.



Eight players and double that number of learners have been meeting regularly these four weeks. Not all of them Scots, but a few venturesome Sassenachs. With three sets of aged—very aged—pipes borrowed from townsfolk, with borrowed drums, they have practiced, and in addition to the "chosen few," the practices were completed by the remainder drumming on the table with their fingers, and playing chanters to create pipe effect. But under the direction of Sgt. Blackie, coupled with their own enthusiasm, the bandsmen have moved steadily nearer to perfection.

An invitation to take part in Charlottetown's combined Victory Loan Parade On Sunday 18th October, was accepted with alacrity, borrowed plumes an a' an a'. Then came only a few hours ago a bolt from the blue—or to be more literally correct, from the P.S.I.—in the form of a gift of 200 dollars for the acquisition of instruments. Hitherto, what little equipment the band owns, was secured out of a loan of 60 dollars from the P.S.I., and already the members have repaid 20 dollars.

Is it the incentive of the 20 dollars, the vision of actual instruments, which brings them bursting forth into this night? or is it that only three days remain before their first public appearance? Be what it may, here they come. Aroused from reverie, I stand outside, a solitary spectator to watch their passing. A shaft of light thrown across flushed and smiling faces confirms that the first march is going well. They wheel around the corner, then turn into "Minors" hangar. Lights flood on. It is close on midnight. Was there ever band practice so strange as this? Only the aircraft stand silently by. One of these is pushed aside to allow of a marching lane diagonally across the hangar. The eight bandsmen range themselves in formation. The Sgt. lifts his pipe and gives a command—and the whole structure reverberates to the sudden tumult. Back and forth they go, each circuit bringing a better performance, defects remedied. All of this company are Scots, a fitter, a pilot officer, a cookhouse hand, joined here more than ever in the common cause—the common glory.

Finally it is enough. They wheel again from the hangar, into the night with greater vigour and confidence, passing again before my bewildered scrutiny, back to their "headquarters." I am no Scot. I cannot enthuse. But I know tonight that the numerous Scots in that Charlottetown throng will enthuse, that they will feel as one the deep stirring which only the pipes, amongst all the worlds music, can give to them. Yes they will be moved, even if the kilts must be left to the imagination.



SUNDAY 18TH. OCTOBER. Yes, they were certainly moved. I have seen them enthralled. The band has fulfilled its first engagement and it is established beyond doubt. The weeks of struggling are justifid—and now to assure the future with those 200 dollars!



The Station Pipe Band.



R.A.F. SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

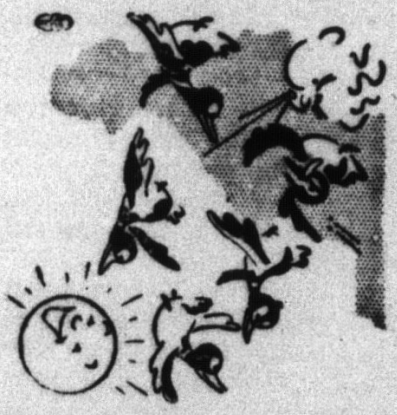
Left to Right Front Row—L. S. Courtney, G. Richards, D. V. Osborne, D. P. Sideiman; Centre Row—H. Rees, R. Bastin, J. Johnstone, S. W. Munday, A. M. Smith; Back Row—J. F. Parker, S. Duncan, H. V. Gwyther, J. W. Waring, J. Smart, T. Evans.

MINIATURE RIFLE CLUB

For some months, efforts have been made to organise a .22 Rifle Club on the Station.

The chief difficulties encountered, have been (a) obtaining the equipment (b) finding a place suitable for the construction of a range.

Most of the equipment has now been obtained and the range is under construction. It is hoped that by the time this appears in print, sufficient progress will have been made to enable the first shots to be fired.



The club will affiliate with the Canadian Small Bore Association who have a very fine programme of competitions and awards in the form of medals and silver spoons, etc.

The Association also sponsors "postal shoots" which, it is hoped, will provide an outlet for a station team.

For the less expert among us, it should be possible to arrange inter-hut or inter-section competitions for those interested in improving their shooting.

Further details will be announced in D.R.O.'s and in the GRAF.



EXPECATION

He paced the hospital corridor nervously.
Cold sweat stood out on his brow.
If only they would hurry! God!
Every minute seemed an eternity.
This couldn't happen to him. She meant
His whole life, his everything, his all.
The door opened. A nurse approached
Him timidly. Her lips parted. He held
His breath as she spoke:
"Yest I can get off tonight!"

MODERN ASPECT

Girls when going out to swim.
once dressed like Mother Hubbard,
But now they have a bolder whim,
They dress more like her cupboard.

ED'S TAXI

Phones 170—1010

The Official Airport

Taxi & Bus Service

12 Cars 4 Buses

24 Hours Service.

The taxi firm that supplied the service last winter

WORTH A MILLION?

You car's value cannot be calculated in dollars now, or for the duration. Protect this asset which cannot be replaced, by keeping it in good repair

We have the staff, equipment, and experience to service your car 100 per cent.

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— Phone 678 —

Chevrolet and Oldsmobile

Dealers

Kent Street Charlottetown



To All Members of the

R. A. F.

Stationed at Charlottetown

We send to you a very special invitation to visit our store when need of wearing apparel of all kinds. Good quality merchandise and a very courteous staff to look after your requirements.

Our motto—Quality and Service

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Eastern Hay
and
Feed Company,
Limited.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Canada

The
Charlottetown
Guardian

Covers Prince Edward Island like the Dew and contains the Latest News and best informed Views on Current Events.

136 PRINCE STREET

* * * *

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