



Fairbridge Gazette

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EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

(1944-45 Trainees)

RONNIE AUTON—Editor-in-Chief

DEREK GARSIDE

PAM MORRISON

VICTOR SMITH

AUDREY RICHARDS

EDITORIAL

No doubt you have been wondering why this number of the Gazette has taken so long to be published. The main reason or excuse we have to offer you is that this is a trainee number and, as you all no doubt have experienced, trainees work all day and they find it pretty hard, comes evening, to sit down and write a few items rather than go out and have some fun while they have the time! But despite this we have managed to get down to the task of collecting news and briefs of our community and have them written up by the person who knows most about it. So with this in mind I think you can accept our apologies.

This issue contains more than 50 per cent. O.F. news which has been forwarded to us by various O.F.s, to whom we would like to express our thanks. For this reason the editing staff and myself would like to dedicate this Gazette as a small token of our thanks to the Old Fairbridgian civvies here at home and to those G.I.s over there who are doing such a swell job.

In finishing, I would like to ask something which I don't think has been asked for in previous numbers, and that is, for your criticism and comments about this number. Whether good or bad, they will go to make the next Gazette that much better, and I am sure that the editing staffs of the issues to follow will endeavour to let you have the news just exactly as you want it. Thank you.

—Editor.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From John Monnington. Somewhere in Holland.

Dear Editor,—Many thanks for the Gazette that I received two days ago. I was certainly very glad to receive it and to read all the news. You have certainly made very good progress with the paper and you all deserve much credit for your good work. You probably wonder why I have not sent in my contribution. Well, it is kind of awkward for me to send money back home over here, especially when we get paid in guilders, which is the Dutch money. I will certainly pay you for them all when I get back.

It was very heart-breaking to hear of the death of John Logan and Tom Kemp. But that is the price many have to pay if we are to have freedom for our own countries and for our children.

As I sat on the edge of my slit trench and read your paper many memories came back to me. I could remember the day when I arrived at the School with the first party and of all the progress that had been made in those few years I was there. I really owe a lot to Fairbridge for the start they gave me in life and I only hope that the boys who are leaving the School for employment will go ahead in life. The army spoilt many of my plans that I had made, but I am all set to start off again once I return.

I often wonder how the boys in Italy and the others in the navy and air force are, and with receiving the Gazette it brings me all of the news. I often hear from Tom Turner, who generally gives me the news.

Well, I am afraid I must close this short note for now. Hoping that we will all be back again soon for one big reunion. Many thanks again for the paper and the best of luck to you all in all of your work and sports.

From Leslie Snaith, H.M.C.S. Uganda.

I have just finished reading the last edition of the Gazette and I really appreciate it very much. I would like to take this moment to express my congratulations to the Editor for this fine edition. There isn't a paper or book printed that I wouldn't put aside for a copy of the Gazette. It keeps me up with the School news, of which I may add I have nothing other than through the Gazette.

So, thanks a million for the last edition.

In it it states that "all O.F.s will have received a letter from Tom Turner asking for help for the Hostel." Just in case some one may think I'm not behind this man 100 per cent, I thought I might say that I haven't as yet received any word from Tom. In the next edition you might convey my heartiest congratulations on his marriage. I heard all about it from Andy Buglass, whom I met unexpectedly.

Another thing I'd like to comment on is the extract from Pat Webb's letter. It's true the navy is a good life—yes, if you like that kind of a life. It is, as Pat says, good on a small ship where you can eat when you like and wear what you like. It sounds like a great pleasure cruise; he MUST be on a small ship. I'd like to see Pat serve on this ship and still feel the same way about things and see if he can find so much time to eat and sleep. There's a little more work on a wagon this size. And there is a standard rig of the day, no good old dungarees and shirts, strictly Pusser overalls or the full dress. And try some day, Pat, to crawl out of your mick at 05:45, which, incidentally, is our time of rising. I'm not complaining about the navy as I've really seen a lot of the world, especially on this ship (and she is a good one, too). I've had only about two and a half years in it and I'll be quite content to be back home again. I'm V.R. myself.

I wish every O.F., especially in the services, the best of luck for anything that may be coming their way, especially to the boys in the same year as myself. I would very much like to hear from them. So come on, some of you soldiers and airmen, if it isn't too much trouble.

STOP PRESS

The good news that Jim Lally, now WO1, is safe in England, has just come in a wire from Ottawa. Jim is injured and in hospital. The cause and nature of his injuries are not yet known. Good luck Jim, and a quick return.

IN MEMORIAM

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Betty Lenton. Betty passed away in the Royal Jubilee Hospital in Victoria on Saturday, March 24, after a lingering illness. She was cheerful and brave to the end.

The funeral service was conducted in Fairbridge Chapel on Thursday, March 29, at 2 p.m. The Rev. Canon Hughes officiated. Mr. Grogan played the organ. The pallbearers were Old Fairbridgians Joe Fenton, Ken Bennett and John Mead, and Trainees Ronnie Auton, Derek Garside and Jock Bennett. Six former Pennant Cottage girls were present, viz., Marjorie Arnison, Barbara Lukins, Audrey Richards, Mary Kewen, Joan Valentin and Lily Clabby. Annie Usher also came, from Vancouver, to attend the service.

The remains were interred in the Fairbridge plot, Mountain View Cemetery. Floral tributes were received from Betty's many friends.

Betty came to Fairbridge in September, 1937. While at the Farm School she was a member of the Pennant Cottage family. She would have been 21 years old in August. Her friendly, happy nature endeared her to all who knew her and her death leaves a gap in a wide circle of friends.

FARM NEWS

COWBARN

In this report I think it only right that a bit of information is given so that those interested in dairying can see the characteristics that we are endeavouring to breed into our herd. A fine example is our herd sire, Fintry Wallace:—

Sire: Flashy Scholar. Dam: Fintry Unique, who as a three-year-old was the second highest in milk production in Canada. Her record was 26,572 pounds of milk and 1,085 pounds of butterfat in 730 days. This averages out to slightly over 36 pounds of milk per day for 730 days, and slightly under one and one-half pounds of butterfat per day.

From this record it is plain to see exactly why we are using one of her calves (Fintry Wallace) as our herd sire, in the hope of breeding into our herd Fintry Unique's characteristics. Another bull that we are keeping, slightly younger than Wallace, is Merry Scholar, who also is turning out to be a true dairy-type bull.

In the past month we have had six cows calving. The milk tester was up to test for butterfat content in the certain cows that were on test. The average content was 4.6; highest test was Springfield Jenny, who tested at 4.7. Also a T.B. test was given but showed negative.

We are hoping for a new manure-carrier at the barn, but are doubtful of its arrival. Two heifers have been dehorned the hard way because of failure to get all of the horn out when they were calves.

—J. Bennett.

POULTRY

This year the poultry has shown a marked improvement in both egg production and bird upkeep. We have 600 laying hens, as we have sold about 110 birds this month so as to make room for the smaller hens coming up.

In March, 1944, the highest egg production was 12,689, and the most eggs in one day was 440. This year in March we collected 521 in one day, with the monthly total of 14,023.

One new batch of chicks has arrived and doing fine, although they were rather late in coming and we lost 34 out of the 409. We are expecting a new bunch very soon and hope they do as well as the present ones once they get started.

We have started to feed the chicks a new kind of mash Buckerfield's Medicated Flushing Mash, which stops various bird diseases.

—Victor Smith.

GARDENS

During the last month we have done a lot of planting in the greenhouse. So far there are planted onions, lettuce, cabbage, cauliflower, celery and cress.

Out in the orchard we have tied up the berry vines and selected cuttings which are to be planted along the new fence, which cuts off a piece of land just beyond the greenhouse that has been turned into pasture because it was not very successful as a vegetable plot.

Mr. Woods has more time to concentrate on the garden

end of things now as we have a new farm man who takes over some of Mr. Woods's duties, such as driving the truck, etc.

Mr. Woods has been pruning in the orchard and supervising the digging of the plots around the trees. He is also putting the flower-beds into shape down on the Home Site.

This year, instead of planting mangels for seed as well as the usual crop for live stock, we are going to plant beets for seed, and we hope they will be as successful as last year's seed mangels.

—George Cumming.

PIGGERY

Since the last report there have been two litters of pigs, totalling 25. About 27 pigs have been sold to neighbouring farmers, but the majority went to be butchered. We have also slaughtered several pigs for our own use, with Mr. Bulcock as chief butcher.

A considerable amount of work has been done in the way of clearing around the piggery. A lot of trees have been chopped down and stumps pulled out and a new road was made which branches off the main road down the bank to the slaughter-house. This new road was built so as to eliminate the former inconveniences in the work of taking the meat from the slaughter-house by truck. Also the road to the cowbarn manure pile has been reconstructed by decreasing the slope, thus making it easier for horses to haul it away.

With the weather getting milder during the day, the pigs are starting to be let out in pasture, and I might add on both sides of the fence. It just seems impossible to keep them in. If they can't get through, or over, they dig their way out from underneath. So with that and everything else it's quite a job.

—Derek Merrison.



BLOSSOM AND SILVER

HORSE BARN

There are quite a few interesting things that have happened in the horse barn since the last Gazette. A few horses which we all knew as Tiny, Bluebell and Mary, have been sold. Three new colts have been broken into harness. They are Ernie, Romeo and Lily. Romeo, one of the Belles twins, has had some foot trouble but is recovering rapidly.

On March 9 young Blossom gave birth to her second colt, which turned out to be a very fine-looking stallion with silver splottches all over it, hence it was called Silver.

Hay has been transferred from the horse barn to the cowbarn, as the original cowbarn supply ran out.

That seems to be all, except that our teamsters, Mr. Reid and Mr. Spence, are still with us and still going strong.

DAIRY FARMING AT KOKSILAH

I have been asked to write about dairying, so I am going to do my best. First of all, people think that dairying is something anyone can do, but they are mistaken. It takes lots of hard work, ambition and brains.

It is not an ordinary every-day job, because there are a lot of things and points to take into consideration, such as feeding, artificial breeding, delivery of calves, and the general medical care given to the bovines.

Second: Show-cattle take a lot of patience in order to make your herd just exactly as you want it to be. Such things as cleaning, feeding, and training are important factors if you wish to succeed.

One example of patience that I can give you used by all Jersey breeders who wish uniformity in the horns of the cow, is

the certain angles and curves of the horns. This is obtained by the use of certain weights of various sizes which are hung on the horns to make them curve downwards. Another device used on the horns is called a horn trainer, which fits over the head and between the horns that, when gradually tightened like a clamp, draws the horns inward, thus making the desired angle.

I could write pages and pages, but I don't suppose there would be enough room, so I will close, hoping to help out again some time.

—James Charles Shelley,
Charles Nelson, Koksilah Jersey Farm.

A SUGGESTION FROM OUR GOOD FAIRBRIDGE

FRIEND, MR. BERTIE HEILBRON

(Contributed by request of the Editor)

A short message from me would be: "I hope you are all well—and send you all my kindest regards and best wishes, especially to our gallant Old Fairbridgians—young men and women—serving with His Majesty's Forces."

If that is not enough, I enclose copy of The Credo (the belief) of a fine young man serving in H.M. Navy. My suggestion is that this be published in your Gazette, as I do not think there is a Fairbridge Credo so far, and that a competition be held to compose The Fairbridge Credo, for the future glory of the School.

The competition to be open to all Fairbridgians—at school, in employment, or serving with H.M. Forces.

The selection of the three best Credos to be judged by the Principal of the School, Mr. H. T. Logan, M.A., M.C.

I offer three prizes for The Credos selected by Mr. Logan. First Prize, \$15; Second Prize, \$10; Third Prize, \$5.

With all kind thoughts to you and all at Fairbridge, and do your best to help on the good work being done there for every one of you, and thousands to follow.

THE CREDO

The Belief of Every True Fairbridgian, Boy and Girl,
Youth and Maiden, Man and Woman

I believe in the dignity of hard work, whether with the head or hand—that the world owes no man a living, but that it owes every man an opportunity to make a living.

I believe in the supreme worth of the individual.

I believe that every right implies a responsibility; every opportunity an obligation; every possession a duty, and that the rendering of useful service is the common duty of mankind.

I believe that Truth and Justice are fundamental to an enduring social order, and the Law was made for man and not man for the Law; that Government is the servant of the people and not their master.

I believe in the sacredness of a promise; that a man's word should be as good as his bond; and that character—not power, or position or wealth—is the true test of human values.

I believe that thrift is essential to well-ordered living and that a reasoned economy is a prime necessity of sound structure, whether in personal, business or government affairs.

I believe in an Almighty and an All-Wise God, named by whatever name, and that the individual's noblest fulfilment is to be found in high ethical integrity and self-discipline.

I believe that Right can and will inevitably triumph over Might.

The above Credo was written by an Old Hulmeian, a former pupil of The Hulme Grammar School, at Oldham, Lancashire, England, serving with the Royal Navy, at sea, in October, 1942.

SUB-TRAINEE CLUB

The Sub-Trainee Boys' Club has been meeting in Mr. Logan's house most Sunday nights since before Christmas. Club business, a guest or two, the reading of the "Seventh Cross," or a sing-song, and ending up with refreshments and a hymn, has been the order of the evening.

Capt. Conway, M.C., and Lt.-Col. Thorne have given interesting talks on the battle for Cassino, these being discussed elsewhere in this edition.

During our first meeting, Brother Douglas, of the Saint Franciscan Order, also spoke of his experiences.

The play recently produced was supposed to come off before February but, due to accidents and lost time, it did not show

until March 3, but it was a good performance, considering the time spent on practices, and I think all agree.

Our appreciation goes to Mr. and Mrs. Henniker for loaning and setting up the scenery.

We all thank Col. and Mrs. Logan for inviting us up to their house every Sunday night for fun and business, and also thank Miss M. L. Schofield for playing the piano for our sing-song.

—Brian Strawbridge.



NEW FARM TRACTOR

SPORTS

JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

This year the Junior Girls have been very successful in basketball. We at first played many exhibition games and won them all except one. When the league started we enjoyed two swift victories over Duncan and Shawnigan Lake and hence we were automatically district champions. We then played Port Alberni, both there and in Duncan, winning both games with a total score of 40-25.

As Island champions our next and last game was with the Vancouver Lancerettes, who were Mainland champions. Seeing that two champion teams were playing to determine which should win the B.C. title, the game was anticipated with much excitement. Vancouver Lancerettes arrived in the afternoon of the day they were to play, and were met at the train by a few of us. We returned to the farm with them, where we were glad to entertain them.

Came the hour of the game, we were pretty shaky around the knees, but we soon settled down and managed to win the game by a score of 25-21. It was really a tough game, but the best one of them all.

The Vancouver girls slept over-night at the School and the next day challenged the Junior Girls to a game of softball. The game was broken up as the girls had to leave for Vancouver. The girls really enjoyed their stay and were sorry to leave, and we greatly enjoyed having them.

In closing, we would like to thank Mr. Gillatt for the good coaching he gave us and the considerable time he spent on us, without which we could never have enjoyed the new thrill of winning the B.C. championship title.

—Audrey Richards.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

This basketball season, 1944-45, has been a very fortunate one for the players associated with the Fairbridge teams. The excellent coaching to all four teams was given by Mr. Gillatt, our school principal, who has spent much time and effort in arranging games and the necessary transportation. Transportation, I might say, has been the hardest difficulty, but all the teams would like to take this opportunity in thanking those who so kindly loaned cars for the teams, as it really was a very great help.

All our games were played outside the School, the majority being in Duncan. Our teams have done very well and have played through a very successful season, with our Junior Girls emerging from the league as B.C. champions, which is dealt with elsewhere in this issue.

The Midget Boys got into the semi-finals by beating the Duncan Olympic team. They, unfortunately, lost their games

against Victoria, both at Duncan and at Victoria. However, because of their increased skill in the past year, they made no easy win for Victoria in the first game.

The Junior Boys enjoyed a lengthy victorious streak by beating Port Alberni twice, both at Port Alberni and here at Duncan. They also beat Cowichan Lake, Youbou, Duncan and Shawnigan. They won the district play-offs but lost to Victoria in the semi-finals by a total of nine points. In the first game they were off their shooting and if they had been themselves at the first Victoria-Fairbridge game at Duncan, they might have taken the series.

In the second game at Victoria, Fairbridge Juniors lost by two points and came within four points of winning the series in the third quarter. But Victoria had a good team and really deserved their victory.

I can say in closing that this year the teams really enjoyed themselves and had lots of good fun and clean games, something that they will never forget.

—George Turner.



JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM
(Provincial Champions)

Back row, left to right — Sheila Hendrickson, Agnes Duffy, Muriel Lister, Joan Vallentin, Audrey Richards.
Front row—Irene Dobbs, Molly Preece, Isabel Wylie, Josephine Lough, Kathleen Duffy, Pam Morrison.

GIRLS' GYM

The day of gym classes is back again, to the enjoyment of the girls. Since Mr. Lynes organized gym classes last November we have had a varied programme in apparatus work, exercises, games and dancing.

Our classes are held every Thursday evening. The girls have been learning some new dancing steps, the French minuet and the waltz clog. We have had some springboard tumbling into the safety net, vaulting both lengthwise and crosswise over the horse, and acrobatic tumbling.

A gym display was put on by both girls' and boys' classes on April 8, at which were present the National Council of Physical Education, whose chairman, Major Eisenhardt, is an old friend of our instructor. The display was a great success and was enjoyed by all those present.

—Margaret Wylie.

BOYS' GYM

The gym classes, which started about four months ago under the able direction of Mr. J. Lynes, were very welcome to most boys. The boys are divided into two teams. These are Junior Boys, 13 years of age and under, and Senior Boys, 14 years of age and over. When the gym classes were first started very few of the boys knew anything about gymnastics, so we started from the elementary things, such as forward, backward and diving rolls. When these were mastered quite satisfactorily we went ahead a little with such things as cartwheels, hand-springs, long vaults, etc. A very few of the boys attempted to do somersaults, but most of these gave it up as it is kind of hard on the back, but one or two have mastered it very well. Then during the last month we went into quite advanced training which consisted chiefly of building pyramids. When these pyramids were mastered by the boys they went back to doing somersaults, etc. They did this to perfect them a little better for the display.

—Harry Sharp.

RUGBY

This year we have had the good fortune of playing three games with the Shawnigan Lake junior and senior boys' teams. The first game was played here at the farm. Our junior team played a very fast game, and we took the match by a score of 43-0. The second game was staged at Shawnigan. It also was won by our sturdy junior team. This time the score was 15-0. We had a few very outstanding players, namely, Ernie Todd, who made some wonderful converts; Lawrence McCarty, who got much praise for his touchdowns; and Philip Field, who did some magnificent running and tackling.

The last game was a senior game, played on Shawnigan grounds. We lost this game, largely on account of our inexperience in the game and the skill of our opponents. There is no doubt about it that Shawnigan had the better team at the time, but if our team could have a lot more time for practice it would have been a closer game. As it was the score wound up to 40-0.

Our coach for the latter part of the season was Mr. J. Lynes. He did a good job of cramming a lot of hints into us, as he had only a short period of time before the games came off. He also kindly arranged for the transportation and other necessities of the games, for which we would like to thank him.

Rugby season is over now, but I think if a few of us got together and organized a good team early next season, there is no reason why we shouldn't win all the games that we play next year.

—Stan Blake.



JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM
(District Champions)

Back row, left to right—Ronny Emmerson, Stan Blake, Jock Bennett, Ronnie Auton, Ernie Hodge.
Centre row, left to right—Frank Danks, Bobby Duncan, Henry Robinson, George Turner.
Front row—Dick Todd, Kenny Ryan.

BOXING

Under Mr. Burns's supervision, boxing is well up to par this season. Older, and shall we say, more experienced, boys are putting into shape the younger fighters. This method of training is showing satisfactory results and much enthusiasm. The gym is used every Monday night for boxing and training facilities are put to full use. The weights are lower this year because of uneven competition. A boxing display was held at the gym and a large attendance was present. A travelling cadet instructor, Sgt.-Major Pocock, Col. Logan, and Duties Master Mr. J. Lynes, were judges. R. Smith and R. Auton were referees. All winners received a prize at the close of the tournament. Here follows a list of contestants:—

(Continued on page 9)

ANNUAL BOXING TOURNAMENT

On Saturday, April 7, the Kinsmen Club of Duncan sponsored their annual boxing tournament. All the boxing was local, with no Golden Gloves exhibition bouts as those witnessed last year. Fairbridge, who had the most entries, walked away with six of the nine cups presented, also several second prizes, with Albert Bettonie winning the best-loser award.

The Fairbridge squad, formerly under the supervision of Mr. G. Burns, who has now left the School, was under the direction of Mr. J. Lynes, duties master here. The best bout of the night was between Albert Bettonie and Don Codville, who slugged it out toe to toe for three solid rounds. Albert, whom the majority of the crowd thought won the first two rounds and at least drew the last one, lost the fight. However, the judges' word was that we had to accept, and they did a good job all round, even though we would rather have seen Albert win the last fight. The seconds for Fairbridge were Alf White, recently home on leave from Camp Borden, and two schoolboys, Stan Blake and Harry Sharp.

The tournament was a great success, with the Kinsmen realizing a considerable sum of money at the gates, all of which goes to buy milk for kiddies in Britain.

—Editor.

AIM AT THE BEST

Aim at the best,
You may fail in the quest,
But never mind that—press on!
Keep your eyes on the height,
It's a heartening sight,
And bid all your troubles be gone.

If dismal and troubled,
Your woes may be doubled;
So pluck up your courage and sing.
It's cowardly quite, to slink from the fight
Or whatever the future may bring.

So start it . . . keep true
In whatever you do,
And remember the goal.
The steeper the way,
Just remembering, pray
For Vallance in body and soul.

—Leon Mendoza.

ENTERTAINMENT

NATIONAL FILM BOARD

The National Film Board has been coming up here for about two years. Their representative, Mr. R. Mills, brings the show every month, excluding summer. The pictures he shows us are of great educational value, not only for the children but also for members of the Staff, who are also regular attenders. We are thankful to Mr. Mills for bringing up these shows and also to the National Film Board who produce them, which are anticipated by all who attend. We hope that in the future the shows will keep coming regularly.

—John Roberts.

DANCING AT THE FARM SCHOOL

Dancing at Fairbridge started about two and a half years ago. The children enjoy these dances very much and hope they continue. We have a dance regularly every month and on other occasions. On New Year's Eve Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Burns gave a dance in celebration of their engagement. At the dance they were presented with two wedding presents from the Staff.

To get back to the dance programme, we get under way at about 9 p.m., have refreshments at about 10:15, and then dance till 11:30. Tony Hillyard supplies the music, something for which we are all grateful; also for loaning us the "mike" so as to be able to announce the dances so everyone knows what's coming up (quite a job for the M.C.).

Well, that's all there is to it except that we wish to thank all those who help towards the dances financially or physically, and we hope they will continue as long as Fairbridge carries on, which we all know is forever.

—Bobby Duncan.

CAPTAIN CONWAY, M.C.

On January 7 the Sub-Trainee Boys' Club (which meets every Sunday in Mr. and Mrs. Logan's house) had with them the Trainee Boys, Miss Barbara Logan, Miss Mary L. Schofield and, as honoured guest, Captain Conway, M.C., who gave us an

account of his adventures on the Italian front, especially around Cassino. He started off by telling us about how many men made up a company, how many N.C.O.s and commissioned officers it takes to make up a company. He also told us about their armament. He said that he would tell us about his adventures up till May 23, when he last saw action.

The action he dealt with took place when General Montgomery and Lt.-General Alexander planned to break the Hitler Line and capture Cassino. He said the Germans watched all the Allies' movements from two mountains. These two mountains stood one on either side of a flat plain that they had lined with barbed wire, sunk-in tank turrets, and other very heavy armaments. When the Allies were ready, the attacking forces were lined up as follows: one brigade of infantry in columns, 55 heavy Churchill tanks, 600 heavy guns which laid down a barrage of 600 rounds every two or three seconds. The force moved at approximately 100 yards every three minutes. The ground forces had strong air support. He said the land there was very muddy and the weather miserable. He explained that when they laid down a smoke-screen to hide their movements it was so thick that the gunners in the tanks had to ride with their turrets closed, and they had to observe what was going on through the slits in the turrets, and it wasn't easy to do so because of the smoke. When one regiment was advancing all its officers were either killed or wounded, and so the N.C.O.s took over, and were magnificent in the battle.

Their rations consisted chiefly of bully beef and biscuits. He said the rations come in two different sizes: one size to last one man 48 hours, the other to last 11 men for 48 hours. In the army the food stores are looked after by the C.Q.M.S.

Montgomery was to speak to all the officers in a large hall. He told them he did not believe in anyone smoking or coughing while he was talking, so he made it plain that he would speak for ten minutes then wait two minutes while everyone coughed. At this time Captain Conway was A.D.C. to an officer who was forever coughing. As the minutes went by the officer's face got redder and redder, and by the end of the ten minutes he looked as though he was going to choke.

He told us that Montgomery didn't smoke or drink and always went to bed at 10 o'clock sharp every night. When Churchill visited Monty he would get up at 10 p.m. sharp, leave Churchill by himself and go to bed.

He also told us that the German prisoners often volunteered to help with the wounded, German and Allied alike. He told us that a German dressed his wounded hand and gave him first aid.

Captain Conway lost his right hand in the Italian theatre of war. He has retired from the Army. His speech was very interesting and was enjoyed by all present.

We all, as one, wish him luck and a very happy future.

—Victor Redman.

LT. J. GROGAN'S TALK

On Tuesday, February 6, Mr. Grogan, a good friend of Fairbridge, came up on a visit with his son, Lt. Jack Grogan, who is attached to the Fleet Air Arm, R.N., being a former renowned English rugby player and rated one of the best full-backs in British Columbia before joining the R.C.N. He drew several diagrams on the blackboard, showing such things as the flight-deck on the carrier, the "island" on the edge, and the hangar-deck below for keeping planes, when not in use, from the outside corrosive elements such as salt water. Among other things he spoke of were the ways of folding the plane's wings when storing down in the hangar-deck. This makes for maximum accommodation. He told of the utter necessity of parachutes, even though a cushion is softer to sit on, and the use of the hook which is hung on a cable from the rear of the plane, that catches onto a cable running across the carrier, stopping the plane from continuing on and off the other end of the carrier when coming in for a landing.

Lt. Grogan also brought along his "Mae West," or, if you prefer it, a life-preserver, and his flying helmet with oxygen and throat mike attached. He went over all the gadgets on the "Mae West," although he was very skeptical about how it got its new name.

Time being short, everybody was sorry he had to leave, as I'm sure that we could have listened to him all day and never tire. I'm also sure that the girls present could have just looked at him all day and never tire either.

In closing, I want to say that if Jack ever does see this, every one here at the School wishes him the best of luck in anything ahead of him and that maybe some day he will be back to give us another talk on the Fleet Air Arm.

—John Cowans.

FAIRBRIDGIA

Service



ANS

g with the Armed Forces



1. Pte. Victor Hughes
2. Sgmn. Victor Garside
3. Tpr. Jimmy Dobbs
4. Pte. Mary Batt
5. Pte. Edmund Walton
6. Tpr. Henry Brayfield
7. Pte. Alfie White
8. Sto.1 Jock Stewart
9. L.A.C. Dick Speed
10. Tpr. Joe Duffy
11. W.O.1 Jim Lally
12. Pte. George White
13. O/s. Rab. Anderson
14. O/S. Jack Lowe
15. Sgmn. Frank Todd
16. A/B. Pat Webb
17. Cpl. Sidney Jarvis
18. Tpr. Dan Brayfield
19. Pte. Laurie Drape
- 19A. A/B. Leslie Snaith
20. Tpr. Jack McNally
21. Wren Joyce Pritchard Murdock
22. P.O. John Hunter
23. L.A.C. Tom Turner
24. A.W.L. Winnie Hardy
25. Cpl. Tom Renwick
26. Tpr. Hal Skelton
27. Pte. Leonard Smith
28. Pte. Frances Gibson McLellan
29. W.O.2 Frank Morris
30. Pte. Denys Beechey
31. Pte. Peter Wilkes
32. Pte. Jessie Newbold
33. Pte. Bill Stoker
34. L.A.W. Lavinia Anderson
35. Cpl. Tom Speed
36. Pte. Eunice Cockburn
37. O/S. John Meers



CHRISTMAS, 1944

This Christmas I can say, and I'm sure the other Old Fairbridgians can say so too, that we had the best Christmas yet. Although the holidays were short, everybody had a nice time and there were lots of things to do.

Most of the O.F.s arrived at the Farm on December 24. It was very nice to be able to sit down at a Fairbridge table again. The girls had their supper in Douglas Cottage. After supper there was carol-singing in the Chapel. The choir sang very nicely.

From the Chapel all the Old Fairbridgians went up to Mr. Logan's house. We really had a lovely time. First of all we re-elected the boys and girls for the Old Fairbridgian Committee. You will probably see who they are in the Gazette.

Mr. Logan then read us parts of letters from O.F. boys and girls overseas. After that we had a sing-song. We sang everything, from carols to popular songs. Mr. Logan sang "Romeo and Juliet," to everybody's delight.

On Christmas morning we woke up very early. We went to Holy Communion in the Chapel, then we had breakfast, washed the dishes and were ready to open our presents from under the Christmas tree. About 9 a.m. it started to snow, and were we excited! At 11 a.m. we went to church. Mr. Savage spoke to us all. We had lunch in the cottage.

Monday afternoon the O.F.s played a game of basketball against the Trainee Boys, which started at 2 o'clock. This was won by the Trainee Boys, and after the game we all got ready for the party.

At 5:15 p.m. everybody went over to the dining-hall. It was decorated very nicely. The dinner was really lovely. We had turkey, sausages, peas, potatoes, and gravy; for dessert there was Christmas pudding or mince pie—both were very good.

Soon after dinner a telegram came telling us that Santa Claus was in Calgary and would soon be with us. Five minutes later another one came telling us he was in Vancouver. And then he came and everybody cheered him and we were all excited. Then he called out everybody's name when he picked up their presents, and they were really very nice ones. After Santa left we all took our presents back to our cottages and stayed there until 9 p.m.

We all came back when the bell went. The dance lasted from 9 p.m. till midnight. There were many of us, which made it very nice. Music was provided by Mr. Hillyard, of Duncan, and he brought some very nice music. We were all good and tired when we got to bed that night.

Quite a few O.F.s left on Tuesday morning. About ten of us stayed, which gave us the opportunity to sleep in, which I am sure we all did. The rest of us left the Farm on Wednesday, with the exception of two. We were very sorry to leave as we had had such a lovely time.

—Helen Slaughter.

ANDY BUGLASS'S TALK

On Sunday, April 15, Andy Buglass, who was a guest at our weekly Sub-Trainee meeting, gave a very interesting and amusing talk on his many voyages and experiences while serving with the Merchant Navy.

Andy set sail from Vancouver on his first ship and sailed around the world. He touched the following ports: Lyttleton, New Zealand; Colombo, Ceylon; Aden, Arabia; Port Suez, Port Said; Alexandria, Egypt; and Valetta, Malta. For a short time they made several shuttle trips between Malta and Alexandria prior to the invasion of Italy, carrying ammunition and supplies. Then they began ferrying soldiers and more supplies for the invasion. His ship was attacked by German aircraft but managed to escape injury and accounted for one of the attacking planes with rocket fire.

After the Sicily job was over, they sailed through the Mediterranean and coaled at Gibraltar. They then went to West Africa and took on more coal. They then set sail from Africa for England, but fire started in the coal bunkers from the combustion of two different coals that had been mixed, so they had to go back and refuel again. He finally arrived in England, where he stayed for some time. Andy returned to Canada, where he joined the Canadian Merchant Navy. One amusing thing that he spoke of was the ship and its captain. He said the ship looked like Noah's Ark the first time he saw it, and the captain had a bay window like a beer barrel.

Many other things, too numerous to mention here, he told us about, and some day we hope he will return again and spin some more of his sea yarns.

—Ken Ryan.

LAC TOM TURNER'S MARRIAGE

We all extend our congratulations to Tom Turner, who was recently united in marriage to Jean Allison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Killops, of Glasgow, Scotland. The marriage took place in St. Stephen's Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

The bride, who looked very beautiful in her white bridal gown, was given away by her father, and was attended by Sylvia Watson as bridesmaid and Doreen Watson as flower-girl, with Ronny Little as page.

The reception, ably prepared by Mrs. Graham, was in the Ordnance Hall, with over 80 relations and friends present. The tables were beautifully decorated by many varieties of chrysanthemums to match those carried by the bride and attendants. The head table was decorated very effectively and was centred by an iced wedding cake almost pre-war in attractiveness. The toast to the bride and groom was proposed by Staff-Sgt. Don Morton, an old friend of Tom's and who worked here at the School as herdsman before the outbreak of war. Mr. R. Forsythe made a short speech mentioning the fact that three more of the Turners were in B.C. The best man spoke on behalf of the personnel at the R.C.A.F. station where he worked with Tom, and also the bride, who is a member of the W.A.A.F.

Telegrams were read from Gordon Green, secretary of the Fairbridge Farm Schools Inc., London, England, and from Col. H. T. Logan, principal of Fairbridge Farm School, B.C.

Among other guests present were Mrs. Wylie and Miss Coulson, both good friends of Fairbridge. Also present was Flt-Lt. Malcolm Jackson, whom a lot of old Tynesiders remember.

Tom hopes soon to return to Canada, where he wishes to live with his wife. We all wish Tom all the happiness in the world and may he soon return to Canada, where we are sure his bride will experience a beautiful future.

—Editor.

FLORRIE COWANS'S WEDDING

Miss Hyndman and I got a telephone call to say that Florrie was getting married and we were invited, so we made a mad rush to get ready. We finally reached Vancouver at 6:30 p.m. on January 13. Mrs. Willis was waiting for us.

Florrie was to be married at 7:30 the same night in West Vancouver in a small Anglican Church. Florrie looked very pretty in her long white dress and netted veil. She carried a bouquet of pink chrysanthemums. The groom wore his navy uniform. Due to unforeseen circumstances, the bridesmaid was unable to be there, so the bride was unattended.

After the ceremony we went to the bridegroom's home for the reception. The wedding cake was very pretty; it had a large cluster of pink rosebuds on it and several more around it.

Mr. and Mrs. Vecqueray left for their honeymoon at 10:30 the same night. I spent the night with a friend, feeling pleased because I had a new brother.

The following Tuesday Florrie and her husband stayed overnight at the Farm on their way home.

—Sylvia Cowans.

STAFF MARRIAGE

On January 29, Mrs. K. W. Davidson and Mr. G. D. Burns were married in the School Chapel. They had previously announced their engagement at a party which they gave on New Year's Eve.

The Rev. W. F. Burns, of the United Church, Duncan, joined the two in marriage, with Col. H. T. Logan giving the bride away. The daughter of the bride, Eileen, was bridesmaid, and Mr. J. Lynes, duties master, was best man. Ushers were Percy Wilman and Ronnie Auton.

All guests and friends at the marriage were invited to attend the reception at Douglas Cottage, where the cutting of the wedding cake took place.

The bride and groom left the same morning under a hail of confetti for a ten-day honeymoon on the Mainland.

—Editor.

MR. GREEN'S VISIT

We were all very pleased to have a visit for a few days in February from Mr. Gordon Green. It was six years since we had seen him at the Farm School. He returned to England by bomber. It is rumoured that he will visit us again during the month of May. We hope the rumour is true.

R. Mackay lost to C. Cooper, 60-70-lb. class.
 B. Tibbles lost to L. Field, 60-70-lb. class.
 P. Mein lost to H. Taylor, 70-80-lb. class.
 M. McDonald lost to K. Dobbs, 80-90-lb. class.
 Louis Field lost to E. Foster, 70-80-lb. class.
 P. Field lost to G. Tonks, 80-90-lb. class.
 C. Gray lost to B. Meers, 95-105-lb. class.
 L. Mendoza lost to K. Turnbull, 110-120-lb. class.
 E. Todd lost to R. Milne, 110-120-lb. class.
 J. Cowans lost to R. Emmerson, 135-145-lb. class.
 R. Hancock, 135, and B. Hodges, 132, fought to a tie.
 E. Field scored a technical win over D. Crawte.

—Ronnie Hancock.

BOXING TOURNAMENT

Duncan "Leather Pushers" under the guiding arm of Dennis Hogan, took on the hard-hitting beltiers of George Burns at Fairbridge on Monday, March 5.

From the first gong, which brought Gordon Tonks and Clement Gray together, to the last round in which Rab Anderson and Doug Cleough exchanged blows, there was enough action to gladden the heart of any boxing fan.

The semi-windup of the evening between Rudolph Smith and Doug Davis was the real ringer of the lightweight class. Although the Duncan boxer, Davis, had a longer reach and was more ringwise, Rudolph fought well and the fight was a draw. Billy Meers and Joe Harrison put up a good fight, also ending up in a draw. Billy Payne, Duncan, out-boxed Leon Field, of Fairbridge, but Eric Foster, Fairbridge, evened it up by winning over Alex Johnstone. Kenny Dobbs and Malcolm MacDonald won decisions over two Duncan lads. The remaining bouts were all local except the exhibition bout between Rab Anderson and Doug Cleough.

Mr. Burns thanked the Duncan boys for their keenness and sportsmanship and hoped the spirit of clean boxing would again be witnessed at the Kinsmen's annual boxing tournament in Duncan at the beginning of April.

—Henry Robinson.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

On Easter Monday we held our annual cross-country run. It turned out to be a good day, although not too hot, as is usually the case.

The runners lined up at the main dining-hall where, after several photographs had been taken, they were started off on their 4½-mile run by Col. Logan. While the boys were slugging it out around the course an anxious crowd waited at the office to witness the arrival of the first runner.

Ronny Emmerson was first to come down the home stretch, followed by Billy Meers, who was about 100 yards behind. Third to come in was Bobby Duncan. Several of the younger boys made a remarkably fine showing.

Prizes were presented in the dining-hall later in the week to Ronny Emmerson, Billy Meers, Bobby Duncan, and also to Kenny Dobbs, who was the first out of the 13-year-old class. I might add that the record set by Kenny Arnison has not yet been beaten (31:5).

—Editor.

ANDY ANDERSON, 1945 FEATHERWEIGHT CHAMP

L.-Cpl. Andy Anderson, one of our Old Fairbridgians, astounded us all with the news that he had captured the 1945 featherweight title for boxing in the Canadian Army in the United Kingdom. We all knew Andy was a good boxer while here at the School, but never realized he would reach such a high position in the boxing game. He took the title from a 28-year-old infantry lieutenant, Joe Cagnon, of Montreal, who had held the flyweight title and was finalist at the British Empire Games at Sydney, Australia. The bout was held before 2,000 Canadians.

Andy did considerable boxing in Duncan tournaments sponsored by the Kinsmen and always managed to make a good showing, win or lose.

DAN BRAYFIELD

Dan's picture was in the Vancouver Daily Province, with a small article about the title he had just won in boxing overseas. His title was light-heavyweight champion, 2nd Canadian Army Corps. Dan also was very keen in boxing and took on the toughest or the next best whenever he could. Congratulations, Dan. Keep it up!

LORD BYNG HIGH SCHOOL

(Written by Editor's request)

When I first went to Lord Byng High School I thought it was awfully crowded, but now that I am used to it, it seems as comfortable as Fairbridge.

This year I am taking the heavy course, which consists of: French, Science, Mathematics, English, Social Studies, and Health. We also take cadet training, but seeing the weather is wet we are using that period for war work.

Sports are one of Byng's favourite hobbies. This winter our boys' senior football team won the New Zealand Cup by beating Kitsilano, our hated rival. Other games played are badminton, volley-ball, and grass hockey. It was bad news for me to hear that there was no basketball played, as we have no suitable hall.

In the entertainment line we have plenty of fun. When a big game comes up we have a pep talk, where we rehearse the various cheers we are going to yell. Nearly every Friday we have some kind of a dance. Sometimes it's a football dance, or a grad mixer, and just before Christmas we had a Dogpatch dance. We also put on an operetta entitled "Conita," which was a great success. We have also our own paper, "Scarlet and Gold," and it is put out once a month.

Byng's school bands have not been up to much, but this year they have really got down to business and are quite good. Our swing orchestra is something new and has recently played for outside dances.

In the line of Cadets the boys can either be Army or Air Force, but for the girls just Air Force. We have not yet started drilling, as the weather hasn't allowed that. Other things at the School are our various drives, held each Wednesday, and we have so far collected \$143.78, which also includes the war effort. Every Friday is War Stamp day and stamps are sold in all the main halls of the School.

We have a school council, run by the students themselves, and it handles all amusement and war drives under the guidance of two instructors.

That seems to be all there is to say, except that I have not tried to build the School up but have just given you an idea on how it is run and what we do. I can truthfully say that I wouldn't exchange it for any other in Vancouver.

—Phyllis Gay.

BENNINGTON HALL

Fairbridge now has a farm at Bennington, England. It has a lovely castle on it. It is one of the most picturesque spots in the whole of the country. It was formerly owned by Sir William Botts. My grandfather was the head gardener there. He looked after the fruit trees, which consisted of plum, apple, pear, cherry and peach trees, as well as the flower beds.

On entering the grounds you pass between two massive iron gates about 14 feet high. On one side of the gates is the gate-keeper's lodge, while on the other is the village green. Beside the village green is a very nice duck-pond with two nice weeping willow trees at one end. It is surrounded on three sides by a white rail fence.

As you go farther inside the lordship's grounds you see a well-kept border of lawns interspaced with flower and shrubbery beds on each side of the road. On the right-hand side of the road you will see the chicken-houses which house about 300 hens. Ahead is the lovely old castle with its ivy-coloured walls, its turrets and its slots for the olden-day archers. Besides the gardens are the greenhouses, where prize tomatoes, onions, cabbages, etc., are grown. I used to go there every summer to help with the hay-making.

The farm is a mass of hills that are low and rolling. The roads are well kept, as are the neatly cornered fields. On any of these hills on a clear day you can see for a distance of 30 to 40 miles. The view takes in the big smoky city and the patchwork quilt of fields surrounding you. The boys over there have a farm to be proud of; so all I can say is that if a farm is worth living in, it is working hard to make it a LOT BETTER.

—Peter Tearle (Pte., R.C.A.).

HOSTEL FUND

Message from Tom Turner, Chairman Hostel Fund.

R.C.A.F., Overseas,
August 31, 1944.

You should have all received my letter by now relating to the "Old Fairbridgians' Hostel." I don't know whether you have done anything about it as yet, but some of the replies I've had have been very encouraging. This is just a reminder that we're out to get the Hostel this time. So send in your contributions as soon as possible to Mr. H. T. Logan, marked "Hostel" and payable to Fairbridge Farm Schools.

I'm sorry I can't answer all your letters personally. So I'll say thank you through this reminding note.

From Joe Fenton, Treasurer Hostel Fund.
3050 St. Kilda Avenue,
North Vancouver, B.C.,
March 8, 1945.

Dear Derek.—Received your letter quite some time ago but as I had no information at the time, I had to postpone my reply until now. The list you see enclosed was given to me by Dick Speed and should be as accurate an account as we have up to date. However, I suggest you compare this list with a copy of the O.F.H. Fund as it stood at our last meeting, so as to eliminate any possible error.

In the event that I receive any further data you will be informed with all possible haste.

Hope you are enjoying the best of health.

Old Fairbridgians' Hostel Fund 1940-41

Mrs. K. W. Davidson	\$ 25.00
Fintry Boys	6.00
A. A. Gray	2.00
Tom Turner	1.00

1944-45

J. Moore	1.00
J. Fenton50
L. Smith50
J. Newell50
P. Tearle50
H. T. Logan	1.00
W. Stoker	2.00
T. Turner	2.00
N. Richards	5.00
E. Spencer	2.00
R. Bennett	2.00
T. Stockbridge	2.00
A. Phillips	2.00
M. A. Wilkinson	5.00
Olive Turner	2.00
Ellen Duffy	2.00
Mrs. M. Buckingham	2.15
Tom Turner	5.00
Ken Braunton	2.00
Leonard Smith	5.00
George Pagden	5.00
Ray Phillips	2.00
Gordon Neale	1.00
Pat Hood	20.00
H. T. Logan (V. Garside)	5.00
John Danks	25.00
Kenneth Logan	30.00

Total.....\$166.15

EDITOR'S APPEAL

To ALL O.F.s. No important developments have turned up re the Hostel that we have heard of, but the main thing now is to get your contributions in, and those who have can always dig down a little deeper and let the committee have it. It's a big project and the financial end of it is the big problem we have to beat. So, as Tom says, let's have the contribution, big or small, it all goes to make a swell Hostel that will be our very own. So far you have a capital sum of \$166.15, and we hope this reminder will serve to double that amount before publishing the next number.

—Editor.

MY VISIT TO CALGARY

(Written by request of the Editor)

This visit was the first visit I've had in some time, and I enjoyed it very much. It is a lot colder there than it is on the coast. The absence of the dampness which we have on the Pacific Coast accounts for the dryness of the cold, if you understand what I mean. There is lots of snow and ice, and practically all of the houses have a back-yard skating rink. There are also many larger ones for everyone to skate on.

I visited the Natural Historic Park on St. George's Island. It was quite wonderful, with the prehistoric monsters set up all over the park. It is hard to believe that such big beasts roamed the earth at one time. They also have quite a variety of tropical birds and animals. In the park there are playgrounds for the children, also there is an old house, the first ever built in Calgary, in the park.

Although Calgary is not a very big place, it is really a swell city.

—Nora Dillon.

TRIP TO AUSTRALIA

(Written by request of the Editor)

I joined the Merchant Navy in September, 1944, and signed on the S.S. Kitsilano Park after having spent a few days in the Vancouver Manning Pool. My job aboard ship was to make beds for the 60 officers and help serve their meals, also looking after stores which came aboard. The work is not hard and the hours are not long. My work commenced at about 7 a.m. and continued until about 5:30 p.m., with a few rest breaks in between.

The boat left Victoria in October and went straight to Sydney, Australia. The trip was very uneventful, but our month's stay in Sydney made up for this. After arriving "down under" the first thing you encounter is the customs officer, who comes aboard and makes an inspection; then we get our mail, which we had been anticipating since leaving Canada.

We hit Australia on a Sunday and it was extremely hot, so all decided to go ashore after having received passes from the chief officer. We had a job trying to exchange Canadian money for £. s. d. We finally found an American Red Cross centre where we changed our money and then danced or fooled around until midnight, after which we returned to the boat. The rest of the evenings we spent in much the same way.

Our next stop was Melbourne, where we spent Christmas and New Year's. We went swimming and then we went to a large hotel and really had a bust-up. From Melbourne we went to Adelaide, then back to Sydney, where we refueled for the trip back to Seattle. We arrived at Seattle 30 days later, having seen only a few ships and an American destroyer. Here our long-awaited mail caught up with us and I was glad to see a copy of the Gazette amongst the bunch. The next day we left Seattle, hit Vancouver, where we spent a quiet holiday.

—John Mead, Merchant Navy.



TRAINEE GIRLS, 1944-45

Back row, left to right—Hazel Hughes, Sheila Hendrickson, Josephine Lough, Muriel Lister, Averil Ingram, Kathleen Duffy, Isabel Wylie.

Front row—Mary Kewen, Audrey Richards, Pam Morrison.

EXCERPTS FROM O.F. LETTERS

MESSAGE FROM JOCK STEWART

(Letter dated October 15, 1944)

To all the children at Fairbridge—

This, fellow Fairbridgians, is one of your own brothers talking to you. It may possibly be that some of you don't know me, but in that case any of the Staff will enlighten you.

It seems that at a time like this, when there is conflict and strife going on in all the world, that there is at least one place where peace seems to reign supreme, and that is your own community at Fairbridge, and that is the way we have to keep it.

To us who are in the Services and have seen the work of the enemy on your home, the British Isles, and also the homes of the French, and other countries under Nazi oppression, it takes us, I am sure, to that little Island in Canada where we have been accepted as Canadians, and it is up to us who remain to see that we are worthy of the name which Fairbridge has given to us.

From past experience I know that there are times when things go hard, and the attitude is hostile to the members of the Staff concerned, but bear this in mind, there are children who don't know what a home is like and some who have never had the love and care that you are getting. Remember also that Fairbridge asks nothing in return—all it wants to do is help you become the kind of citizen that Canada will be proud of.

Myself, I may not be spared to see you again, and if by chance I don't, I shall try to go as it would be expected of any Fairbridgian and also of any member of H.M. Forces, that is the way of your brother, Norman Alsop, whom I knew personally. His example is one to be upheld by any Fairbridgian. In closing, I want you to bear in mind those three words, "Industry et Veritate," and live up to that mode of life, and you will find that everything we are fighting for will not have been in vain.

Good luck to you all and best wishes.

—Jock Stewart,

Royal Canadian Naval Commandos.

A BOMBING TRIP OVER GERMANY

W.O. 1st Class FRANK MORRIS

(written by request)

Briefing is after dinner. You can hear the familiar "You're on 'ops' to-day, Mac" going around, so everyone rushes here and there to make sure he has the right amount of flying clothing, etc. At briefing we are told the target for to-night is—; other useful information also is given. This session being over, we go out to our aircraft and make sure everything is in first-class condition. The pilot comes out and starts the high-powered engines, which blow dust across the wide expanse of the airfield. We taxi out to the runway. The sun slowly dips beneath the horizon. Four engines open up and we can feel the power as we start down the "strip." This is the worst part of flying, that is, from the ground to the first 500 feet.

We circle our drome then set course for Germany. Shadows are fast falling on the ground but still the last rays of the sun are glittering on the polished surfaces of our plane. Time passes and everything is quiet save the throbbing of the engines and the occasional word over the inter-communication system. Now we pass over the English coast, then the coast of the Continent. The enemy very probably knows that we are approaching now, so the gunners search more intensely for German fighters. The navigator's voice is heard over the intercom: "Target is about fifteen minutes away, skipper." There is a tightening in the chest as we wait expectantly to fly over our objective. Now and then the sky is lightened by a flare dropped by an enemy fighter. Searchlights probe the blackness in an attempt to catch us in their beam; occasional flak-burst with a vicious light. Still we fly on, and then there's the target—a brilliant glow where bombs are already bursting. The bomb-almer's voice is now heard: "Bomb doors open, left, left, steady, right, steady. Bombs gone, bomb doors closed."

We now set course for England, but the German fighters are angry and don't wish us to return. They fly around hoping to see a bomber. We see a few fighters and wait with baited breath for them to attack. One comes in now. We try to evade him as our guns start to chatter. The fighter breaks away to be lost in the darkness of the night, which is our protector. That battle is over. We are not tense any more but calm and a little more confident. We fly on through this blackness till we see the English coast and our searchlights, which seem so

friendly as they welcome us. Better still do we like to see our own drome with its twinkling lights. They seem to say, "Come and get it, dinner's ready."

SIDNEY JARVIS

I have travelled far and seen lots since I wrote last. I am now writing this letter to you from an old barn in Germany, and the houses around are unrecognizable. They really have taken a beating, but that's what Germany has asked for. We are doing our best to see she gets all she has coming to her. The weather has been damnable, as you probably have read in the papers. It seems to be clearing up now, though.

As you say, it would be very interesting to compare our warfare with your warfare of 1914-18. There are no more communication trenches now. Instead, we bail out of the vehicles and start digging, hoping to get below ground before he gets our range with his mortars and shells. I figure that I have turned over enough ground since my arrival in France to save ploughing for years, at least it seems like it. Of all the countries for digging in, Holland was the best and France the worst. Of all, though, I would sooner be digging in Canada!

About a week ago our division ran into the Second Division and the R.H.L.L., the regiment which John Monnington is in. One of our sergeants, an old friend of mine, told me John was asking for me and where could I find him, but Hitler's rats had other ideas. The mortars and 88-m.m.s didn't permit the meeting and now I have temporarily lost touch with him. I am continually looking for him.

I would like to extend my congratulations on the success and improvement of the Gazette. It shows the motto of the School is not idle chatter. I regret not having corresponded more with the leaders and writers of the Gazette. Being in the Army one sees things in a different light, and being in battle one sees them even more differently. I, for one, shall never regret one moment I spent under the care of the Fairbridge Farm School. As I near the age at which I shed the care of the School and start out on my own, I think how nice it would be if I could start my life at Fairbridge all over again with the same things I know now.

PETER CONLON

(From a letter to Paul, Feb. 27, 1945)

I have seen Mr. Warnock and Mr. Garnett on my travels in London, and often go to Mr. Green's office for news of other Old Fairbridgians. I intend to meet Bill Stoker if I can get in touch with him, I believe he is somewhere down in the south of England.

I received a Gazette on my arrival home. They are improving immensely and it is great to sit down and read it and to know that you can be anywhere and yet not out of the scope of Fairbridge. I read your poem in the last one. Well, at least you're honest about your school work.

HAL SKELTON (from Italy). Everything with me is in good shape and my spirits are exceptionally high. We are in billets now and are enjoying a much-needed rest, and I feel it was dutifully earned, as we have seen most of the action since the start of the Gothic Line. I was with the infantry for over a month and a half, as this definitely is not tank country and reinforcements are practically nil now. . . Many incidents will live forever in my memory, such as my trip to Rome and Florence; also the week spent on the Isle of Capri; historic battles such as the Liri Valley, where on the 24th of May I was wounded; the Gustav Line, plus the Hitler, and this now-famed Gothic Line. But of all these, including the fact I was among the first 30 men to cross the Rubicon River, the sight that I was enthralled by most was the eruption of Mount Vesuvius. To this day it still leaves me gaping and wondering.

LEONARD SMITH (from Belgium). My last letter may have told you I was in Belgium . . . a little country whose liberation meant a lot to them . . . I met my partner in crime over here, Vic (Boots) Hughes. We had quite a discussion on Fairbridge. . . News is scarce now, but I just want to say that I miss Fairbridge now more than anything in the world. I am old enough now to know what is dear to me, and above all I put Fairbridge. A home of Freedom and good spirit among all. God bless it.

JACK McNALLY (from England). I have just come off leave and had a wonderful time at home. I was in to the Fairbridge office in Newcastle and talked to the lady in there for quite a while. It was a leave very well worth having. . . I have seen Andy quite often and also Joe Duffy until he went into the infantry.

Laurie Drape (from Italy.) We are up in the mountains here, and it gets very cold. A mild foretaste of what's farther north, I imagine. We have much snow here, which makes the countryside look quite pretty—from the inside of a warm army hut. What beats me is the way these little Italian kids run around in the snow and ice with no shoes on at all. Their feet don't seem to suffer.

Coincidences are rife in this man's army, I find. I made the acquaintance of a nice chap in the Edmonton Regiment, and during our conversation I disclosed the fact that I was born in England. A far-away look came into his eyes. "When I was in Vancouver," he said, "I met two English girls who came over before the war. Let's see, one was Kay Taylor and the other was Winnie something-or-other."

"Hardy," I suggested.

"Yeah, Winnie Hardy, that was it," he said. "Do you know them?"

"Do I know them? I'll say so!"

It seems he was lodging in the same boarding-house in Vancouver.

Andy Anderson (from England.) Well, I did it at last. I mean I won the featherweight boxing championship. I didn't win it for myself, I really won it for the Farm School and everybody in it. It was a tough fight, but I managed to pull through okay. . . I was talking to John Leebetter the other day and we were talking of old times, especially about the School.

Peter Wilkes. Since we have entered Germany we have been told something that is told to the whole Canadian Army. It goes something like this: "Lest We Forget—this is not the war of 1918; do NOT fraternize!" One instance where a man was caught fraternizing cost him a court-martial. He was carrying a pail of water for a German woman who looked too weak to carry it. Well, the brigadier caught him, so he "had it," as you might say. We have been told to be very harsh with the civilians, just as the S.S. Troops and the Gestapo were with the people of France, Belgium and Holland. The hard part of it is trying to be harsh with them. They tell us to kick them out of their houses if we need the room, but we have not got the heart to do that. We are not brought up to that kind of living and we find it very hard to do. Whereas the Germans have never been taught any different right from childhood. I think it will soften up as we get farther into Germany. Right now most of the people we run into on the different farms are mostly slave labour, consisting of Dutch, Poles and Russians. . . . The war will go a lot farther than the Rhine this time. I don't think we will be very far from Berlin when it's all over. It sure will be good for all the Old Fairbridgians to meet at the School after the war and have a big celebration party. . . I saw Denys Beechey one night when we were back in Nijmegen for a rest. . . He is a stretcher-bearer now.

John Hunter (from England.) I am now stationed overseas on board an aircraft carrier and I find my work highly interesting. I'm responsible for the maintenance and working of the fire-fighting equipment in the hangar and have a few men to keep on the old grind. You will anticipate the constant practice we maintain to reach the state of perfection absolutely essential in combating fire, an extremely dangerous hazard aboard a carrier. Censorship allows me to write that already we have been in action twice—off the Norwegian coast. Further than that I guess is censored. . . I haven't as yet run into any of the old boys over here, but of course there is every chance. It will be nice seeing some of them.

EDITOR'S NOTE

We greatly appreciate the story entitled "Nine Days' Leave In London" sent in by Tom Turner, but owing to lack of space we could not include it in this issue. It will be published in the next number.



TRAINEE BOYS, 1944-45

Back row, left to right—Mr. Melvin Fletcher, Ronnie Auton, Ernie Hodge, Jock Bennett, Victor Smith, Derek Merrison, Derek Garside.
Front row—Don Cummings, Benny Alsop, Doug. Townsley, George Cummings, Dennis Harmer, Fred Henderson.

WHAT A LIFE!

By Pte. K. J. Braunton (Duke)

(Written by request of the Editor)

It started some little while ago, and goodness knows when it is going to end! But, to start from the beginning. You're sitting in a reception centre, with some 50-odd other fellows whom you have never seen or known before, yet in time some of them are going to become some of your closest friends.

Well, you sit and smoke, and finally your name is called out, which relieves the strain a bit, but you end up waiting in another room—just waiting for action again; but before you are called it is dinner time and everyone goes out for an hour. After eating your first army meal you feel you are a soldier already.

Returning to the reception centre, you again wait for half an hour before everybody gets settled down, but in the end, after going from one room to another and repeating your life's history half a dozen times, you are all ready for your uniform, which in turn is issued to you. You then hang around the district depot for a few weeks, when you receive a blood-test and vaccinations and several inoculations, and I still say some of those fellows would make good horse doctors.

Then the topic for the day becomes: Where and when are we going for our basic training, which we always seem to find out some way or the other. It so happened that I landed up at Fort Garry, which is a few miles south of Winnipeg. There we learned to march and do arms drill and were taught a little about different kinds of weapons and war gases.

After the fourth week at basic, the training begins to turn into a grind, and everyone is looking forward to go to their advanced training centre, when, after eight weeks' training, we leave by train for Camp Borden.

Now, to ride on a troop train is an experience all of its own. There is always somebody who gets off at a station and nearly misses the train.

The first week at advanced training centre we have a recap on all our basic training. Later on we are introduced to new weapons, such as anti-tank guns, mines and booby traps, and always find time to put in a full hour of P.T. every day, which consists of bayonet charges, rope-climbing, assault courses, and what have you, so you can see there is some truth in the saying that the infantry either makes you or breaks you.

Near the end of our eight weeks here we will be going 70 miles out into the country, where we will leave for a week under conditions which will be made as much as an actual battle-field as possible; but I bet it's going to be fun.