



Fairbridge Gazette

SUBSCRIPTION:

ADULTS 10c — CHILDREN 5c

PUBLISHED AT:

PRINCE OF WALES FAIRBRIDGE FARM SCHOOL

VOLUME VI

FALL—NOVEMBER, 1945

NUMBER 2



THE NEW PARTY (1945)

NEW PARTY'S TRIP

At 5:30 on the morning of July 12 our party of fourteen boys under the care of Major A. H. Plows and Miss Fermer, left Fairbridge Farm Schools hostel at Bennington in Hertfordshire, and travelled to London, where we arrived at Kings' Cross Station. From Kings' Cross we made a short journey in taxicabs to Paddington Station, where we took the train to Havermouth in Wales, the port from which we were to sail.

On the train we were supplied with a lunch of sandwiches and lemonade and, at Reading, Mr. Green, who had travelled with us this far, left the party and returned to London. The rest of our party—ten girls and four boys under the care of Mr. Buckingham and Miss Hale, were to travel on a different boat.

Our boat sailed from Havermouth that evening. It was called the Bayano, and is a mixed cargo and passenger vessel. On the boat there were about two hundred members of the crew and a little over a hundred passengers.

We were accommodated three to a cabin. During the day we played games of shuffleboard and spent some of our time filling up on ice cream, sweets and fruit. The meals were very good; we often had chicken, which is something not very often seen in England in these days.

The first city we saw in Canada was Quebec, where we dropped one pilot and picked up another. We were all very interested in the view of the City of Quebec and in all the boats we saw on the St. Lawrence River.

Next morning, shortly after breakfast, we docked in Montreal and, after our passports had been inspected, we went ashore. While in Montreal we went to visit Beaver River and a park, then we had lunch in a hotel there.

At eight o'clock the train left Montreal and, as soon as the porter had made up our beds, we all went to sleep. The next day we passed along the shore of Lake Superior and saw a great many deer, some of the boys saw some bears, and we were all interested in the lake steamers, which could be observed loading and unloading from time to time during the day.

On the way across the prairies we saw some Indians in ordinary clothes working in the fields; we also saw some wild horses and some cowboys, but we did not see any mounted police.

Although the train was loaded with ice at many of the stops we had a difficult time to keep cool. Our method was to open the windows and then along with the cool air we got a great deal of cinders, soot and dirt.

During the day, when we weren't occupied looking out of the windows at all the things that were strange to us, we passed our time by playing cards and games and also tried to work some puzzles which had been brought along by Mr. Buckingham.

We were all very surprised to see snow on top of the mountains in the middle of summer, and on the mountain sides we saw many mountain goats and sheep.

Our new life in Canada has every prospect of being very interesting. We have already taken our place among the other children playing softball, which Major Plows had taught us at Bennington, and swimming. Although none of us yet swim, we hope to learn very quickly. Half a dozen of the older boys can now be seen working on the woodpiles around the place with the boys who have been here for several years.

—Alfred Hughes.

EDITORIAL

Returning to the Farm School on my furlough, I was pleased to find waiting for me a copy of the last Gazette, and was also asked to be the Editor of this number.

First I would like to congratulate Ronnie Auton, Editor-in-Chief, also the trainees who assisted him with the last number. In my opinion it was indeed a great improvement over all other publications, and likewise a great piece of work of which you can be proud.

Now that the war is over, the lads and girls who stepped into the ranks a few years ago, and went overseas, will soon be returning to Canada and, no doubt, to Fairbridge. Therefore, those of you who are still at the Farm School when they do come back, must toe the line and let them see that they did not go through all those hardships and sacrifices for nothing. You must prove to them that what they have been fighting for has not let them down. As you know, most of them will be war-weary and tired, so you must do your best to cheer them up. Do so by showing them that it has been worth it.

To the former members of the staff who left to join the Armed Forces, you too will some day be coming back on a visit, and it is my wish that when you do return that you will truthfully be able to say that what you once worked hard for, and what you left to join the Services, has not been a failure.

The answer to this is up to you, the children now at the Farm School, and to the younger O.F.s who have just gone out to work. Some may yet be too young to quite understand, but the rest of you must set a goal for yourselves and strive, and work hard morally and physically for that goal, showing them all that it was not done in vain.

—Ken Branton.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL

There is an old and well-worn proverb which says that too many cooks spoil the broth. This issue of the Gazette may have suffered from too many cooks, but it is certain that it would never have been published at all without the help of a number of Fairbridgians past and present. The Editorial Committee was hard at work on this particular number when I returned to the Farm School on July 1st. Then came the end of school and the rush of summer work. Some members of the Editorial Committee went out to employment and it was not until school began again that we were able to collect the material together.

To Ken Branton and Frank Todd in particular should go the credit for the spade-work in getting the number completed. Frank Todd designed and wrote the captions for the centre sheet and edited many of the articles. Ken Branton read the proofs and put the finishing touches. Ken Ryan, Ronald Gunnell and Ronald Auton all helped. Some of the news will be out of date by the time it reaches you, but judging by the letters I get from Old Fairbridgians, the Gazette is welcome however old the news. So it brings with it the best wishes of all of us at Fairbridge to all of you who are away.

For myself I am glad to be back again and it has been a particular pleasure to receive so many kind letters from Old Fairbridgians everywhere. Wars may come and wars may go, but Fairbridge goes on from strength to strength. We still have trying and difficult situations to face, but the danger is over and all we need is Patience and Goodwill to solve whatever problems may be set before us. I give you these two watchwords for the future.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Due to the ever-increasing number of Old Fairbridgians, Mr. Garnett now finds that it is almost impossible to keep up correspondence with every one.

For this reason he has started a news letter, which will be issued from time to time covering all the news which we never seem to be able to get into the Gazette.

By this time all the Old Fairbridgians would have received at least the first copy of this news letter.

MY HISTORY IN JOURNEYS

My home, it was first in Scotland,
That bonny land of the heather.
It kept me for my first eight years,
That could not have been better.

In accordance with my parents' wishes,
To England I was taken.
The new place was called Middlemore,
A home, but Godforsaken.
The buildings red and beautiful,
Housing children just the same,
Was to be my second home
In which I was sustained.

That night of sad departure,
We stayed in a new home.
Then morning came and off we went
To travel and to roam.

While looking through the porthole
And gazing at the sea,
I pondered awhile of this new land
Of which I would be so pleased.

We then did journey on the train,
From the five Great Lakes to the West,
Through the wide and flat prairie
Was the ride I loved the best.

Entering through the Rockies,
In tunnels long and dark,
We then observed the wondrous land
Like that of Jasper Park.

At last I arrived at my present day home,
A school, and I'll never forget
As its teaching and training has built me up
For a life-long journey I'll never regret.

—Scotty Milne.

MAJOR A. H. PLOWS RETURNS

All the Old Fairbridgians will be pleased to hear that Major A. H. Plows, who recently returned from several years of overseas service with the Canadian Scottish Regiment, and who arrived here in charge of the new party, will be entering Fairbridge work to take over the duties of after-care officer. We are sure that everyone will heartily agree with us when we say, "Welcome back, Major Plows."

FARM NEWS

GARDEN AND FIELD

Probably the best crop of small fruits and vegetables to come from the upper garden in many years was the result of our long hours of hard work there this season. The strawberries were plentiful and were equally distributed between all the cottages. There was also a large quantity of other berries grown too. The greenhouse had an exceptionally large crop of tomatoes, and the second lot are beginning to ripen now.

—Arthur Newberry.

POULTRY

We now have four hundred and fifty hens, which are laying about two hundred and twenty-five eggs daily. Of the seven hundred pullets, a hundred or so of them are beginning to lay already.

—Eugene Field.

BEEES

The bees have made quite a lot of honey this year, which is going to be collected very shortly. This is good news, because last year the production was so small that it was not possible to take away any of the honey without causing the bees to starve. During the summer five other swarms of bees which were found around the farm have been added to our other hives. The queen bees have been very busy laying their eggs and the young appear to be thriving very well.

—Arthur Newberry.

PIGGERY

Since our last publication, Rudolph Smith, one of this year's trainees, has been in charge of the pigs, which consist of Yorkshires and Berkshires. Two more litters have been born, each a mixture of black and white little pigs. The larger hogs have been fattened up and served as bacon, and some of the others are going to be slaughtered this fall.

—Rudolph Smith.

GENERAL FARM NEWS

This group of trainees have been working on the farm for four months or so and all are looking forward to going out to work on our own soon. First there was a lot of weeding and hoeing to be done in the bottom fields. Next on the list was the hay, cocking, pitching, hauling and not to mention spreading it out in the barn.

Apart from this, Fairbridge and Haughland Ayrshire Farm have been carrying on the "Help Out Plan" and to some extent both farms helped each other in tight spots owing to the shortage of labour. It does, however, give one great satisfaction in seeing a job well done, as it always makes the next job look much easier.

—Ronald Gunnell.

COW BARN

Up to date we have seventy-eight head of cattle, of which thirty-three are milking.

At the recent Red and White Show, which was held here on our grounds, Fairbridge walked off with most of the award ribbons. Fairbridge Ellen, a five-year-old, won the female grand champion.

The barn was under the care and handling of Jock Bennett, who was one of last year's trainees, and who is now out to work. Since then a fire was started in the nearby sheep barn, which destroyed it, the root-house and the cow barn. Temporary shelter has been put up and Fred Harding is now in charge of the cows. Meanwhile Mr. Marrs and a crew of carpenters are at work building a new barn.

—Ken Ryan.

THE TANK REGIMENT

A tank regiment is equipped with sixty-one tanks, broken up into three fighting squadrons, A, B, and C, with a fourth squadron (H.Q.) acting as the administrative squadron. Each squadron is equipped with an echelon which brings up the supplies to the fighting troops usually at night after things quieten down a bit.

Each squadron is broken up into troops, each troop consisting of four tanks with H.Q. with three. Each troop has a troop leader, usually a lieutenant, with headquarters with the major (O.C. of the squadron) so that makes ninety-five tankmen to a squadron.

There are two ways a tank regiment fights, they are either used to break forward through the enemy's lines by superior numbers and weight of the attack or they can be used in a combined tank-infantry attack where the tank takes on things that are holding up the infantry. A tank can be put out by a good many things, such as 88 m.m., 75 m.m., bazookas, mines, bombs, or direct hits with heavy shells, so a tankman's life is not all Heaven, a tankman would never like to be an infantry man.

There are three of these regiments in a brigade, that makes 183 tanks plus the recce-tanks.

—Dan Brayfield.

FINTRY NEWS

Since we have been here at Fintry we have done the thinning and have picked the season's cherries, which was quite a lot of work for the small crew of men that we have up here. The crop of apples is much smaller than the one we had last year.

Bringing in the two lots of hay was quite a big job too, but I think that we have enough in to last us for the rest of the winter now. During the summer the weather was really hot at times.

A recent addition to the Fintry herd has been made. It was in the way of an 18-month-old bull which was the junior champion of Quebec.

—Victor Smith.

NINE DAYS LEAVE IN LONDON

I believe a leave in the capital of England is something one should remember, so with the proverb that all good things should be shared, I will do my best to share this interesting experience with our readers.

This is the third time I have had the opportunity of spending my leave in London, but the other ones were more or less to get away from the monotony of service life, so I went with the intention of having a good time. On this leave, however, as the time was drawing near to my return to Canada (I hope), I was determined to see the historical side of London, and forget the entertaining side.

In London, as in most British cities in wartime, accommodation has to be booked well ahead of time. So I booked mine through the splendid facilities that the Canadian Y.M.-C.A. has to offer. On arriving at the Union Jack Hostel, however, my wife and I were surprised to be told that there was no such accommodation for us. On looking through some files of letters, though, the clerk turned up one which a room had been put aside for under the name of "Tarnar." How my name had been fumbled around like that is beyond me, but I didn't argue and after I had persuaded the clerk that it was my letter, we were quite relieved when he gave us the key to the last room on the top floor, which isn't a very popular room for most people in London.

The first day, Saturday, I didn't do much of interest other than wander around the town, doing some window shopping, and visiting the various Canadian clubs, trying to get some good candy and drinks for a change. On going to the most popular amongst Canadians, the Beaver Club, I discovered a letter for me from Mr. Dan Morton, arranging to meet us on Sunday at 2 p.m., at the Beaver Club.

That night my wife and I spent at a dance, and to taste, for the first time since coming overseas, real ice cream. I have to admit, guiltily, that I made a pig out of myself by eating six cones.

Saturday night, for the first time during three leaves in London, I slept through till morning without the sirens waking me up in the middle of the night.

After breakfast—powdered egg and bacon—we decided to pay a visit to the popular Petticoat Lane, where the Jews, who recognize Saturday as the Sabbath, have their shops open and stalls along the side of the road on Sundays and one can buy anything from sweets to meat.

I don't think I'm far from wrong in surmising that this is where a lot of London's black market prevails. I can say this because I made use of it.

In gatherings like Petticoat Lane there are always men who tie themselves up for a few coppers, and they weren't absent here either, but this particular fella was a little different to the other ones I've seen, in so much as he was bending iron bars in his teeth. Of other characters, I noticed, a great many were fortune-tellers. One standing out more than the rest was an old wrinkled Abyssinian. I couldn't pass him by because he was wearing sandals, spats, a tartan kilt, with a red sash, a red checkered shirt, and a row of turkey feathers sticking out of a band around his head. Being the most decorative character I'd seen for some time, I asked him if I might take his picture. "Sure t'ing, Canada," he replied, so after posing for me, he came over and started talking to my wife. How he knew is beyond me. But, after me building up her hopes about Canada, he had to come back with some tall stories about it, and I had to do a little convincing that he was just "pulling her leg." This wasn't the last we were to see of this queer fellow, as you will see later on.

I met Mr. Morton at 2 p.m. During the afternoon we were destined to do a lot of walking. From the Beaver Club, which is at the corner of the Mall, we walked to the Queen Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace. The guards at the palace don't wear their gaudy uniforms during wartime, but the usual khaki and steel helmets. As yet I haven't had the opportunity of seeing the changing of the guard, but I suppose it is still as smart as in peace time.

From the palace, our next stop was a ball game between a bunch of Yanks, not 300 yards from the Queen Victoria Memorial and no more than a mile and a half from the heart of the city. We couldn't stay very long at the ball game as we had a lot of ground to cover before dark, so on we went to Hyde Park to spend the next two and a half hours listening to the soap-box politicians, as they are called there. They aren't all politicians that assemble here on Sunday afternoons.

Do You **REMEMBER?**





Top Left: Of course we all remember very well the creek at the bottom of this pasture. How we went fishing for the mighty salmon, and how proud we were when we caught anything over two inches.

Then in the summer there were our picnics. No one can fail to remember how we enjoyed these times, even the ants in the jam sandwiches.

Lower Left: Many of us remember this view of Fintry from the Hilltop as being the scene of many of our happiest memories. Do you remember the arguments, "I can pick faster than you"? or perhaps you remember more vividly how we ate so many cherries we swore off them for life, but always came back for more next season.

Top Right: We feel that no words are necessary to go with this picture, the Home Site where we spent the greater part of our school life must always be associated with the pleasant memories we have of those days.

Center Right: The fun we had when the snow came to Fairbridge, you can't help remembering how we all went to the hill behind the cow barn with our sleighs, some good, some not too bad, and then the majority that were little more than a couple of planks nailed or tied together. We were proud though, we had made them ourselves.

Lower Right: This picture, chiefly for the boys, should bring back many happy memories of our work and play, our fun and laughter together in our training on the Farm.



There were preachers, community singing, and brain trusts, as well as the politicians. It seems that anybody can get on a soap box in Hyde Park and speak or shout as they were doing on any subject, even pulling their Government to pieces, just as long as he or she doesn't speak of the king. We started at one end and listened to each speaker in turn. When we came to the last speaker, the crowd was so big I couldn't see who it was that was making things so interesting as to draw a bigger crowd than the other speakers. However, the voice sounded very familiar to me, so after five minutes of much pushing and shoving, we finally worked our way to the front and I was very much surprised to see that it was our friend, the Abyssinian. Our next two hours were spent listening to his wide scope of humour which was so good at times I had pains in my side with laughing. I would have liked to have spent much longer listening to him, but Mr. Morton had to catch a train back to his station, about one and a half hours run out of London, where he is an instructor in flame throwing. I was sorry to leave Mr. Morton but I hope the next time I see him will be on Vancouver Island in the very near future. After so much walking that day, we were glad to take the tube back to Waterloo and bed.

The weather in London this time was really surprising, two days of sunshine in a row.

The most interesting thing that happened to me on Monday was my visit to the Houses of Parliament. We started from the Beaver Club on an official tour provided through the many facilities of the club. There were about 30 of us, all Canadians, soldiers, sailors and airmen. Our guide was a Londoner himself, and first took us down to Whitehall, where most of the British Government offices are, pointing out the places of most interest to us as we went. First, there was the Admiralty Building, where the equipment is for receiving radio calls from H.M. ships. At the beginning of the war an annex was built at the rear of the building, with walls 16 feet thick of reinforced concrete, and all of the secret equipment from the Admiralty Building was moved there. There are supplies in this annex for personnel to last for three months under siege. Also pointed out to us were the War Department, Scotland Yard, the Prime Minister's residence, No. 10 Downing Street, and next door to it the Chancellor of the Exchequer's house, Sir John Anderson. These two houses, incidentally, are under heavy guard by the police. We arrived at the Houses of Parliament at the same time as a party of Americans, and were able to make the tour all together. Our guide in this case was a police constable, who seemed to know the history of the Houses right back to the time of King Charles I. The place of interest he showed us was Westminster Hall, where the present roof is held by beams of hewn oak. At present it is reinforced with steel scaffolding so as not to cause too much damage if hit by enemy action. There are highly polished bronze (?) plates set in all over the floor, where many notable persons have stood. One is where King George V lay in state in 1936; another one is where King Charles I stood for his trial in 1649. Incidentally it may interest you to know that Westminster Hall was part of the Royal Palace 850 years ago. In this hall there is a room called the Colonial Room, where one can go in peace time and read his or her papers the same day as they are printed in the Dominion.

I can't begin to tell of all that I saw in the Houses of Parliament in my two hours there, but I do know a little more of what goes on there than I did the day before. Something else that may interest you is the fact that there are over 800 rooms in the building. I was disappointed to be told that we couldn't go up to the top of Big Ben, as a near hit by an enemy bomb had made it unsafe.

Having planned this leave beforehand, I found it going considerably slower than my previous ones.

Tuesday, and I made a third visit to the Regent's Park Zoo. I believe a large number of the animals have been removed to Whipsnade Zoo for the duration, such as all the poisonous snakes and elephants. However, there were still enough of the animals left to hold our interest for over three hours.

Practically all of the animals have been adopted for the duration by private people who pay for their feeding. The R.C.A.F. Lion Squadron have adopted three of the lion cubs as their mascots, but don't run away with the idea that these three cubs are left on the station. I'm afraid they'd object to the noise of the Lancasters. I'm sure the mountain sheep must feel quite at home in their natural surroundings of man-made mountains, also the polar bears and sea lions.

I paid a second visit to Mr. Green's office on Tuesday and

was fortunate in meeting Tom Speed (corporal), who was going to spend his nine days' leave at Bennington to help to relieve the staff shortage there.

Wednesday, my wife and I spent in a small historical mansion in Whitehall, where they had the most unique models of the various battles which Britain has taken part in right down through the ages.

In the banquet hall, upstairs, there were various types of armour, swords, lances, spears and helmets. Also in this hall there were the various types of weapons used in the colonies before they became part of the British Empire.

Downstairs, there was the most interesting collection of different kinds of aircraft as well as different types of small arms being used during the present war.

After our visit to the museum we were supposed to meet Nellie Falcus, but she unavoidably had to stay on duty that day but promised to meet us next day at Trafalgar Square.

Nellie was true to her word on Thursday and I was very pleased to see her again.

We took the bus to the south side of London Bridge and walked along to Tower Bridge. Not having seen anything but pictures of the bridge, I was much surprised at the height of it. I asked the policeman on duty if it were possible for us to go to the top of the tower, but he told us that it had been closed since 1934, when the public were allowed to go up one tower and cross over to the other one by the suspension bridge. After taking a few pictures, we ended up on the other side, by the famous Tower of London, which has been closed to the public for the duration. Forces can get in, however, but only at certain times of the day, and we were too late.

From there we took the tube to Westminster and thence to Westminster Abbey, which, I believe, was built in the 12th century. On entering the Abbey it wasn't hard for us to imagine that we were in church by the peculiar smell. The first thing to see on going through the side door is the beautiful tomb of the Unknown Soldier with its border of fresh flowers. It would take too long for me to tell what the inscription read, but it finished off with this beautiful phrase: "They buried him among the kings because he had done good toward God and toward his House." The body of this soldier, unknown by name or rank, was brought from France to lie among the most illustrious of the land and buried in the Abbey on the 11th of November, 1920, in the presence of His Majesty King George V.

Behind the tomb is the altar in which are buried many people who have made themselves famous in the eyes of the public, including two Field Marshals. Directly behind this altar is the choir and then the High Altar where King George V is buried, beside other kings of the British Empire. On the north side of the High Altar is the poets' corner, where many famous poets are buried, and statues of others are arranged around the walls. It is almost impossible in this end of the Abbey to walk without stepping on somebody's grave.

Many of the precious exhibits are at present sealed off to the public, such as the coronation chair and the tomb of Edward the Confessor. Fortunately, the abbey has sustained no direct hit by enemy action. It would be a sin to see such a world-famous memorial ruined through war.

From Westminster, we all had supper and then went to a show in Leicester Square to have our share of the laughs in "Arsenic and Old Lace." We were looking forward to seeing Nellie again at a dance on Saturday night, but once more duty came first. However, it was great seeing her again.

Friday, and I just had to make a visit to the Tower of London. I arrived there in time to start the tour with a bunch of Americans who, evidently, still take in most of the sights of England by taxi, when they can get them. You have probably heard of the guards at the Tower, the Beefeaters (I think Spameaters would suit them better during this war). Well, it was one of these fellows who was our guide in this case. I really couldn't understand most of the history he told us about the place, as he was a born Cockney, and also taking pictures kept me quite busy. However, I did see King Henry VII Chapel, where more lords and ladies are buried, and the tower where the two boy princes were murdered.

The crown jewels, much to my disappointment, were also locked up for the duration. Our guide pointed out to us three ravens on the castle green who, he mentioned, could probably tell us more about the history of the tower than any living person.

The most interesting place, I thought, was King William the Conqueror's Chapel, above the banquet hall in the main part of the castle. We went up a dark, winding stone staircase

to the top where two arches used to separate the ladies and gentlemen in church, the women going upstairs and the men downstairs. This rule, we were told, had to be strictly adhered to. This chapel was probably the most beautiful building in the tower grounds, having been built from white stone which King William had brought over from Normandy in 1066. I'm sure the chapel didn't look any more beautiful then than it does now.

Our guide could only give us an hour and a half of his time. So at 4 p.m. I made my first visit to St. Paul's Cathedral. Built by Sir Christopher Wren, I noticed it dominated the city from whichever point (?) I looked.

It's a miracle how this beautiful building has been able to escape the enemy raids with only two direct hits. The devastation in the immediate vicinity is something one would expect to find in enemy blocks of Berlin. The dome itself is something of an architectural masterpiece, one which I would say is one of the wonders of the world. A few facts about it may help to prove my point. From the floor to the top of the dome is 365 feet, with a cross on top some 20 feet high. The whispering gallery, which is the beginning of the dome, is 65 feet in diameter and about 150 feet from the ground. To the top of the big dome is something like another 150 feet with a catwalk around it. Then there is the small dome which has another catwalk around the outside and on top of which stands the huge cross.

Visitors are allowed to the top of the small dome (365 feet high) during certain hours of the day, but when I was there it so happened that there was an alert in progress and it is too dangerous to be up there then. There are no supports in the dome and it is only kept up by its foundations. One has to see to believe it. In my opinion I would say that St. Paul's has more beauty than Westminster Abbey, but that's just my opinion.

Friday night we had our second V-2 (rocket), the first time being Thursday night at 11:15. I was just dozing off when there was a terrific explosion which rumbled around the city for about a minute. I took a look out of the window and saw a huge fire burning about a mile away. It happened at exactly the same time on Friday, but without any fire.

Saturday, and our last day, we decided to pay a visit to the world-famous Madame Tussaud's Waxworks, where many famous and infamous people come back to life in the form of wax models. They are so real that one could think he was in the presence of the person in the flesh. They are so lifelike, in fact, I saw one figure dressed up in the uniform of the doorman, being asked a question by an American. There were models of Winston Churchill and his ministers, the Royal Family, and many kings down through the ages. There were hundreds of figures which I couldn't begin to describe, from all sorts of walks of life, such as sportsmen, V.C.s of the war, and past and present film stars. Then there was the Horror Chamber with its life-like figures of many headline criminals. We spent a most interesting two hours in Madame Tussaud's.

Saturday night my wife and I spent at a dance where there were three bands playing and broadcasting, and packed isn't the word for it.

I listened at 11:15 this night for the V-2, but it didn't come, at least, not until 3 a.m., and the city was lit up again like a bonfire. About 2:15 a.m. we were awakened by the siren when the first bombers in about nine months came over the London area. They dropped a few bombs but there was not much excitement. We had just gone to sleep when we were awakened again by the V bomb. Believe me, I was glad when morning did come.

With the coming of Sunday morning, it was the ending of my nine days' leave in London and I wasn't very happy on leaving Kings' Cross on the 1:10 for York and back to camp.

This leave was the best one I've had the good fortune of spending in London, and hope that my next leave in England will be equally good.

—Tom Turner.

ANNUAL CADET CAMP

The twelve Fairbridge boys who were selected to go to the Cadet Camp at Chilliwack, left Duncan on the noon-day train on July 4, for Nanaimo, where they took the boat over to the Mainland and arrived at the camp at midnight.

The next morning we had a medical check-up and were issued our clothes and equipment from the Q.M. stores.

During our stay there we rode in the jeeps and universal carriers, used the portable walkie-talkies, pneumatic drills, saw the correct method of laying a smoke screen, and had lectures on demolitions and mines. Of course, this all sounds like fun

but the idea of walking in the blazing sun for two miles for each lecture was not very appealing.

Everything was done just like the Army. We had inspections and our huts had to be kept very tidy, and we received passes at nights. In our spare time we would go roller-skating, swimming, or to a show.

One of the nights we were all kept C.B., owing to the noise that we had been making the previous night. Perhaps it was because the Seaford Cadets had raided one of the other huts. So we asked them to come and raid our hut so that we could get into some of the fun, but they didn't.

The second last night there Fairbridge started a pillow fight with some of the cadets from one of the other huts, and we really made a mess. Right in the middle of the fight somebody brought in the fire-pumps and started shooting water all over the place. We had a good time but we were made to clean up all the mess.

—Scotty Milne.

THE DUNCAN KINSMEN'S CARNIVAL

On July 2nd, through the efforts of the Kinsmen Club, the Dominion Day Carnival was held in Duncan. It was a splendid day for such an occasion, and even in the mid-morning parade the sun was radiating a pleasant warmth.

The parade was made up of six colourful floats, three bands and, of course, the children all took their parts too, and prizes were awarded to the best three presented.

After the parade reached the carnival grounds, the enjoyments which were to entertain the gathering were soon put into full swing. There was chuck-a-luck, ring-the-dollar, and, not to forget, the bingo and refreshment booths.

The acrobatical display was very good and done by none but experts. Their numbers were executed by five men, starting with forward and backward somersaults, dives and handstands.

After a light lunch, the procedure was resumed. The horse-racing was then in progress, in a miniature lot provided, and showed wonderful skill in horsemanship.

The loggers' sports were also very interesting. There were log-rolling, sawing and chopping contests, also the high-rigging event, where a man had to go up and down a hundred-foot tree as fast as possible. At the same time the children's sports were on. Prizes were given for high and broad jumping and sprinting. Fairbridge won its share of awards and walked away with quite a sum of the prize money.

—Ronald Hancock.

OLD FAIRBRIDGIANS OVERSEAS

I'm afraid that it is going to be rather difficult for me to give you all the news of O.F.s over here, as some of my letters travel around all over the place before locating them, and vice versa. I wrote to most of the boys last May, and so far have only received four answers, so you can almost draw your own conclusions.

First to answer was Sid Park, who has now had his surname changed to that of his parents, Jarvis. We have to congratulate Sid on his promotion to the rank of corporal. Nice going, Sid, and we are looking forward to seeing another hook alongside the others soon.

Can any of you imagine that John Monnington had to take orders from Andy Anderson and like it? Andy is a P.T. instructor and had John in his afternoon classes. We hope there were no hard feelings between L.-Cpl. Anderson and Pte. Monnington for making him bend too hard. Andy has about two hundred and fifty men on his P.T. parades; and how long will it be before we can address you as Cpl. Andy?

John Monnington is wondering if there are going to be any single girls left when he gets back to Fairbridge. Not thinking about settling down, John, are you?

Jock Stewart is still on the Prince David, and from what I can gather he didn't take any small part in the invasion, either.

Anybody remember Art Cain? He's over here on H.M.C.S. Huron, which keeps away from dry land too much for him. Maybe that is why we haven't heard from him for so long a time. If John Leebetter reads this, Art would like him to get in touch with him again.

Vic Garside has been over to the Continent quite frequently since D Day and is now discharged from the navy.

I'd like all O.F.s who are overseas to drop me a line or two so we can let each other know our aches and pains through the Gazette.

—Tom Turner.

NEWS OF OLD FAIRBRIDGIANS

A number of O.F.s recently returned to the Farm School, on their way to join the now disbanded Canadian Army Pacific Forces. Among them were John Leebetter and John Monnington, and it is rumoured that they both plan on getting married within the next few months.

We had a letter from Tom Renwick, who tells of meeting Tom Speed on the tube in London.

Sid Jarvis, who, as we have noted elsewhere, has now attained the rank of corporal, sends to us from Holland a programme for a show put on by his unit, the Lake Superior Regt. Sid was billed as the crooner, Bing, Mark II.

Victor Hughes has also returned from Europe, where he was wounded. Spent some time at the Farm School before being discharged from the Army.

A letter from Les Snaith in San Francisco tells how he got there by way of El Alemain, Alexandria, the Suez, Ceylon, and Australia. While in Perth, Western Australia, Les had a chance to phone the Principal of the Farm School at Pinjarra.

Matthew MacDonald visited the Farm School recently and expects to be discharged soon.

Tom Speed, now a corporal in the Army Medical Corps, has recently moved to the Continent with the Canadian Occupational Force. He tells that his brother Dick had volunteered for Pacific warfare.

Jack Lowe was at the Farm School for two months leave, and has since reported back to his ship for duty in the Pacific.

Albert Betonie, Gordon Neale and Phil Tipler were all at the Merchant Navy Manning Pool in Vancouver a few months ago but, according to the latest report, they are all now at sea.

We had a very short letter from Denny Beechey a few days ago. He is with the South Saskatchewan Regiment.

Ronnie Auton is now working at Menzies Bay.

Benny Alsop, Frank Collins, Pat Conlon, Donald and George Cummins, Fred Henderson and Victor Smith, all last year's trainees, left Fintry recently and have now gone to employment elsewhere.

John Newell, previously employed in Victoria, is now working in Duncan.

Of the C.W.A.C., Nellie Falcus and Pte. Eunice Cockburn are still overseas.

Edie Phelps, now discharged from the Wrens, plans to take a course in chemistry in Victoria.

PO Jim Lally was looking well after spending 22 months as a prisoner of war in Germany. He paid a short visit to the Farm School and then returned to Vancouver and was discharged. Jim is now married and is working for the Campbell Floral Co. His address is 202 Second Ave. West, Calgary.

Frank Morris, still overseas with the R.C.A.F., has completed 24 missions, and is now taking an administration course.

Len Smith, stationed at a repat depot overseas, has just come out of hospital and we hear that he may be getting married in the near future.

Dick Speed has been in Eastern Canada, taking a course in bomb aiming.

Henry Brayfield spent two days at the Farm School recently, after five years overseas. Henry married in England and hopes to have his wife with him before Christmas.

Ted Spencer is doing very well at his job with Mr. S. B. Morrison, at Knutsford, B.C.

Amy Dobbs is now in Halifax with Mrs. Ruttan.

Bob Warnock appreciated letters from Josephine Lough and would be glad if the trainees would write him occasionally. He expects to be in the army for some time yet.

Andy Buglass has struck up an acquaintance with Jack Davies, of Duncan. He wants to go out hunting on his next leave, and has also been promoted to A.B.

Wedding bells have rung out since our last issue to three of our girls: Doreen Wilkinson, Catherine Hood and Jessie Newbold.

Little "strangers" have been welcomed to the families of Mrs. Remillard (nee Pearl Daniel), Mrs. Kent (nee Jean Morrison), and Mrs. McLellan (nee Frances Gibson).

A number of the girls spent their two weeks holidays at the Farm School. Among those who have been here lately are: Nancy Scott, Sarah Falcus, Doreen Pleasant, Molly Pritchard, Mary Green and Helen Slaughter.

Of last year's trainees who left for employment are: Averil Ingram, Kathleen Duffy, Audrey Richards and Pam Morrison, who went to Vancouver; and Josephine Lough, Mary Kewen and Sheila Hendrickson, who went to Victoria.

