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They found the missing 'Boby' today,
it was at the side of Gill Lake,
after all that journey had been up
when he was he found the road too.
It must have gone straight in for
a fair high, because the larger piece
left of it was only about 10 feet across,
as I guess there was no chance for
the animal much partly not finding
it. The fellows could hardly have
had a chance they must have gone
straight in. It is a fact that
one hasn't a chance of getting out,
what with that long escape route,
& the comparatively low height they
fly in. I guess you just go
to sleep for the best. I feel
terribly sorry for those fellows trapped
back in England, just to receive a
brief telegram - it's very hard.

We were down on the 25th day
the other day with the blowing, it seems
a little sort of snow at that
short way. It was bitterly cold, except
for the brief period when we were
outside firing we were huddled in
the tent around the stove. It was
really given if there was a stopping.
That is one disadvantage of the Port
biffin being right down by the
French Port. We have to keep
all the way down there through the
wind, & the bitter cold wind
covering our ears with our hands as
they still won't give us winter caps.
When we get down there
we used invariably the answer, "What
news? Good? no, sorry, I wish it
didn't take so long to come across.
Telegrams are pretty quick, but they are read in
a minute.

Dec 15th December.

Our worries are now all over at last as far as the census is concerned. We took our last one today through the, and that was O.K., gone old Tuffy was over a hour over in that line, we were done. I was back just shipping the census to both of them. However, whether the result may be that the end of the winter is dry. side of Dr. G. Then only remain the question to get in now.

Our last side is no longer behind due to bad weather. I'm afraid, just lately I've had some incomplete censuses. Yesterday I tried to get a few back in the first line up there was a 2/3 back release & the census was incomplete. The second line up through everything went O.K. except the census.

I got 96 years for that, pretty good for last back. Last night I was up there trying for a third haul, the first time it was an incomplete census, because of being up and the second time it was badly filled. I was really relaxed, after hanging around the coal room most of the night, & go up there, then not be able to get an answer in.

One good thing over here, everyone has 4 days leave for winter & comes on the New Year which is better than at home as that is one benefit will have. We certainly have put in our work at the place, and now I can see the advantage in being the others so isolated. There are no outside attractions to take our minds off our work.

Friday. Red Deer

Today was the coldest day I have ever known, & I hope I don't experience any more. The dogs were 5 1/2 miles away, it was impossible to me that it could go on here. I'd been on an effort going right, across your exercise. But of the whole young flock they were only able to get on Blenheim estate it was so cold that it was impossible to get any legs out of the others. It seemed an effort to handle on the ground the air moved on them. Even so I was on the same ground, but I wish to record. Glad in fact with a north star with a view of going out on top of that, & two pairs of eyes as stopped out.

I was first in the hunt, a full hand - I had lost as I was "Yes". The Black Hand, in asking whether an estate

for some time 5 ft 6 in didn't react very favorably to my efforts to stick in. At last after a bit of a struggle I made things every time I rotated it, my feet were frozen. I saw the target Blenheim, & went to open fire, obviously he was in a playful mood, because he sat in the blind spot just under the trail, & would suddenly slide out, until he was in a struggle with the hand, my frozen hands gripping the controls, when the gun was about firing on him, he would pop back under the hand. Cooped? I didn't feel a chance to fire at all. He repeated the maneuver about 4 times, & I was nearly freezing with cold because so is about sixty in the open in those hands.

Suddenly I got a kick on him and pushed the trigger holding in down, then

looking at the weather first. I saw it
was raining, no plan was being worked
over. I moved & moved like a machine,
the cold had nipped at my strength so
much that my little thing about me
was more with hesitation. Dangling at
the corner I eventually left it & hauled
out the engine. I thrust it behind
me into the back & started for
another. He was rather a long while
I. I started & moved then he hauled
it up & I thrust it in. After getting
it all set up I found that didn't
work, so actually exhausted I almost got
out of the boat & thrust poor Jerry
quivering in the morning in his ear,
what I have not. It went long
before he was in the same state and
struggled at, trying to push me in,
but I had had enough & told the

girth to land. By the time the cold
had seeped through into our very marrow,
& our bodies were shaking in uncontrollable
spasms, apart from the absolute numbness
of our hands & feet.

Looking back in the warmth of the
hut it seems incredible that cold could
make us act like dumb things.
Yet, so much did it act at us, that
anything going wrong made us move &
thrust into the empty air & struggle
helplessly our fingers so cold they couldn't
grasp a thing. It was such a feeling
of frustration that I would have
threw the gun overboard, had I been
able. As it was the gun was so
frozen up it was impossible to
operate. I was surprised that they
went as up in that weather, with
only one little miracle.

Yesterday I was up with Smithy for
a check. He went in first to
but gave a good feed during race, then
said the windows was used so much
he could feed. All things the pilot
asked us to try & drop in so I went
in a feed & we laid up right to
the line of sight & no windows were
possible. Anyway I tried as best as I
could dropping bombs on the town & all
sorts of things. When we landed I
told the pilot to come over to the
plotting office & then out my statement
of the heavy conditions I had landed
under. When the result was worked out
it was only 156 yds & I only made 150 yds
in under the best a gun, as landing under
those heavy conditions I was only 6 yds
over. The little English 1/6 that we shot
like was in charge & when my pilot told

him the score he looked & looked, then finally
said, come back & see it later & it will
be different. When I went back early next
about just under 100 yds, was in good condition
it would have been that day, I found
he had taken 6 yds off, & I had 158 yds, a
long pass what a conversion it must
have taken his head to give it away.
I also got a two hit in & got 86 yds pretty
nice. Last night I had a wired accident,
to catch me up I went up alone, with John
Adams for pilot, he is a smoking guy.
I had 12 bombs & I had to complete
two conversions in, we got them off ok.
& the results were 73 yds & 55 yds, boy!
was I happy. What was better still
we were down early enough for the film
show, & as I was the only one in the class
on night bombing, I was able to nip over,
& go in the show with them. Truly a happy night.

Money Dancer Star

They are actually working on with this flying now, getting carriers in & every possible manner, if only the boys up in night finish on this yet. On Saturday I went up on ship level and got 105 yards, which was O.K. This is only on level with the landing carrier and that is landing up, especially in the blacked out weather, I don't know a bigger take. No go out to the tower before take off & put the 12 tons hanging under the aircraft. Under the kite we went & lay down in the snow & hunker down at the frozen halfway note, trying to get the weather over the give the birds. It is steadily cold & over clouds we wear the pair of gloves on down yet now. Hearing a New Zealander yell

his gun over & happening to get hold of the bird with his bare hand too and the skin off it.

After we have got the birds on we get back in the kite & wait till the pilot says the kite is serviceable (which it often isn't). Then out we usually did under the kite & start to pull the safety pins out. This is the worst part of the whole business, both engines are running & we would then in the shipboard, with the snow being whipped in our faces like a vicious storm. Once all the sides of my face and right hand & a good stiff sharp cold wind on it & it went O.K. again. The upper wire holding the pins in, is generally too tough to break & on these one gets a bit & hurt & pull in vain. Then

if that goes, more often than not the
split pin is forced or pulled in. We
had 2 pull, came 2 men, the entirely
they are out 2 back we work. Just
after we are up for a few
minutes 2 the squirrel is worked out
or sometimes a hand was left the
ground before flying is made. Then
back we work 2 push the pins
back 2 using by 2 wind the rope
win round the safety plunger, using
the win with gently, as the plunger
went spring out. Then if it does
you gentle round using for all you
can work. Ah! is what we mean
you this is.

We also went up Saturday night
to try to get a ship's hand in
but it was muddled owing to icing
up, the old story, they ought to

have something to keep the people free
for ~~the~~^{ice}, a guess or something. I
got the exercise in last night
though, it went a particularly
brilliant one, 14 years but it was a piece

Today was my first article giving
exercise 2 after all the tales I had
heard I was surprised that anything
went off without a hitch. I was
in the tunnel first, 2 was enjoying
looking away at the old dogs so
much that when I thought it was
about time to let Garrison fix
his watch I looked down and
saw I had fixed all mine and
all of his ranges for about 20.
There was nothing else to do but
pop them off. Still he didn't mind
because with his light it is a
work of art to get in 2 out of the tunnel.

Thursday 24th December

The missions are gradually being completed, we have all completed today or have only the rest of the quarry left to do. We are not quarrying on this stage, they have a contract a while ago, but were going to run on on leave for some time & on to ACNS without bothering to complete the rest of our quarrying missions. This has all been squared on the leave stage & we have to stay to finish this. The worst part of all, we have had two smaller, & we have to fly over them, Puffy & I have had to catch the people in Saskatoon, who invited us to stay there & tell them its off. Poor old bluffy Oliver he was nearly out up about & not getting it.

The ~~Navigation~~ School we are going to is NS / CNS Rivers School, & so the English fellows are going there. Most of the Canadians would like to stay out west, so we let them apply for Regina, because it would be a better link for us to try & keep them from their homes, we don't mind where we go actually. I do wish we could have been there.

I went up on the ship yesterday the first one, I had a really 4/3 gun, neither of us could do anything with it, so we had to hand with the service in progress. Sometimes if there is a stoppage that can't be cleared, & there are only about a hundred rounds left, we throw them over the side into Quill Lake so we can

got in a complete exercise. Today I got
in exercise in with Sgt. Sipes & Alvin
Trickett pilot. He is a real guy, a good
flier but a regular sucker, he drives
me to the point of having the gun
on him.

We all have to doubt our own
abilities, because he's done that many
thousand rounds over what he made
into balls, but it's not much
yet a job. Every individual has to
do a certain number, & there are
strong arguments about personal scores
& somebody sticking off & not doing
his share. Well it's getting on so
I won't join the boys in the fun
they are having & have but partly this,
& we have invited the Aircrew for
luncheon & the high in charge of us
but they are both about fellows.

Sunday December 27th.

James has come and gone and on
Monday & Sunday course is now complete.
at least mine is with a few others.
there are still some that have to get
under me on the gunning exercises in.
The James was the worst I have
ever spent, I made no time in flying
that, & it was entirely the fault of
the C.O. & guess that he is the station.
James as we had a recreation time,
because we required it ourselves. We all
had a good time & in the center,
at our party, then headed down to
the WAAP's recreation room. They are
allowed to invite our fellows with
but the whole mass of us just
murmured in there, & took the place
over. We didn't dance with the jokers
but it was bang on.

I think I got to bed about
3 a.m. on Tuesday morning but got up
rather early for the Tuesday dinner.
There was still a nice meal, but what
a fire it was. The officers & NCOs
were serving us & it wouldn't have
been so bad if they had laid
off the liquor before hand. I was
of that we had to sit at the table
for about three quarters of an hour before
they finally walked in. Boy! they were
entirely with liquor. The officers had
NCOs drink & in some the little
Sgt. QP who came back from England
was moving us up the table for that
we could just about see his feet.
Anyway they had the same old, the
same old, & there was really a
kick. They dropped with a splash &
were playing about the rest of the

time.

The morning was really slowing, the
boys began to eat up, an officer jumped
up to try to make a speech but
was hauled down. Then the orderly
officer & orderly NCO came in & the
NCO tried to shout at us, & I threw
him in the eye with an apple,
or he hit him good & hard. That
started the fun there was a shower
of apples that were provided on the
table. It was great whilst it lasted,
then things quieted down & we finally
got our meal, which was good, although
my taste was rather spoiled by the
effect of the previous night's hang over.

Thursday night what a night, there was
no tea, because the mess was still
in the shambles it was after the
dinner, so we had to fidget around

to get what food we could. Then we
looked for some amusement, the officers
were having a ball of a party with
bags of liquor, lots of women. The V.C.O.
were doing likewise in their own way
we having a whole of a time - except
the women. We drifted along to
the W.A.A.F. recreation hall to see if
there was a dance, but it was practically
empty, as the W.A.A.F. had been invited
to the parties. After unsuccessfully playing
a couple of rounds on the juke box,
we thought we would visit the
canteen & just sit there drinking, as
if we were. When we went there,
we found a notice to say it wasn't
opening as there was no beer. No drink
to be had in hours right at least
for the women, V.C.O. & officers were
going to drink & there wasn't a

drop for the other ranks. Pretty good
amusement on the W.A.A.F. part, in fact
the whole attitude was let the women
take care of themselves. Some said there
should have been 12 barrels of beer for
the women, but it mysteriously disappeared
with the other goods, whether, whether
was true or not I don't know, saying
we were out in the cold.

The Y.A.C.A. took pity on us & secured a
couple of lunch films in Norway, & the place
we felt, it shows what a sign of equality
had come to. In the winter we would
have the fellow in Headquarters having a conversation
going to the English fellow broadcasting news
to their families, & we were going to
be at 10.15 - Merry Xmas.

Today I did my last two gunnery
exercises, one with Eugene, everything went O.K.
as my B.G. number is now over.

Saturday Dec 31st

1962 has about gone & it has
been quite a wonderful year for me. I
just as well be up when the New Year
arrives. Speaking of new things we are
now at our new station, Rivers, Hamilton
NS. I visited Navigation School. Back at Dept
we kept finding the others to get the
growing season in as this night to a
shrine of dead. They finally got there
in & our graduate party was out for
Friday the 29th. We spent the day
packing our things & getting everything
ready for our journey. Then in the
evening we boarded promptly in the 10:00
but for the provisions. The C.O. &
the officer arrived & after a few
minutes & the usual talk about the
one of the best seasons etc. though
then then they quoted figures and

we had better all previous seasons were.
Then came the reading of the outgoings.
Old Smiley was top, wages especially
that, it stood on that when the
final result was out, of both previous
& they said, I had some fourth
in the course, I didn't expect that.

Afternoon there was some drinking &
a big song but we didn't get around
or anything, then around midnight we had
dinner to the mess for a special supper
that was provided. I had the lot
of hard eggs, brown butter & chips, and
instant coffee. I was really starving.
When that was over some of the boys
broke off to a secret cache of
beer they had & were certainly happy.

We got to our room around 2 a.m. &
we were hardly asleep when we were
awakened at 6 a.m. to get moving.

After a quick breakfast we loaded
our kit bags in the back of the
lorry, then found we had to climb
in on top of them. The back of the
lorry was open, there was a steering
wheel & we had a 30 mile drive
across the prairie to Raymont where
we were to catch the train. So
we said adieu to all our Canadian
friends as the train was going
to Regina & off we went.

I find it impossible to describe what
it was like. We were in a open car
engine up. The whole world was so peaceful.
It felt like a thing that always existed and
it really did then. We were lying
down in the kit bags huddled together
like sheep for a little while. Before
long my feet had gone numb &
I couldn't move when we had to

get Tuffy to push & pull them,
because I was frightened of footfall.
What way for miles he did then?
I think that was all that saved
them. I was in agony with the heat
and, I thought the ride would never
end, or I was jittered until at
last we reached the little township of
Raymont. I fell out of the lorry &
we did quite a lot of the others
or got into the open waiting room of
the railway station for warmth. When
we had unloaded the kit & placed
it on a bench, we found out in
them which was the one we
packed up & hadn't left Saskatoon.
There was only one bottle in the place
so we went there, to have coffee.
Before & while we waited to have
breakfast as well, & got everything.

The hotel appeared to be devoid
of customers but as I didn't see
any people staying there, however, I knew
they made it pay. The old shop who
served it didn't appear to take it
as at ~~first~~ first, but he showed
out ~~the~~ bath. He plunged back through
the dining room to the kitchen to see
what the position was with the train still
locked outside and we were ordered dinner
at the hotel. As it turned out we
spent all the day there & never saw
I experienced such complete loneliness.

There was nothing at all in the hotel,
just one room with an old quinn, who
Smiley bought in, but as he played
very big music & the quinn there was
quite old & quinn, there wasn't much
amusement in that direction. In the
evening there wasn't one shop we could

look in, or a cinema, dance hall, anything
really. Some of the boys discovered an
old barbers shop with a good room in
the back & played there for a while,
but that was deadly.

After dinner the bar was opened,
& we sat there most of the time
drinking, then the station rang to say
the train would be in at 5.1.2. Put
Smiley & myself went out & found a
white cage. The lady came from
London by, & we had quite a chat.
Then there was a grave because we
found the boundary of Southern Time
& Eastern Time ran between the cage
& the station, so we didn't know
whether the station had meant 5.1.2. there
was a chat we in the cage, who
a happy busy time. As there was
no answer appeared we decided to

the station in a panic. Then we found the train still hadn't arrived & went to talk to the staff. But to the hotel for tea & we were sitting in the bar later when we heard the whistle, the train was coming through. We dashed out & there she was in the distance her headlights flashing and her whistle screaming how we should sit. She was 13 hours late.

Soon we were heading away from that dreadful spot, & we were near the England again. When we reached Bournemouth there was a Komet sailing & so we went. We had to wait in at the guest room, it was then 1.30am. They gave us a light meal & then took the first table for us. The fellow who asked where they were, we were apparently away & the

Capt. who showed us about. We stumbled into bed in the fifth third miller & Capt got junior books from the occupants & drank out. Eventually we found the train had odd beds amongst a jigsaw of navigation that was sleeping there. They had only just moved in for weeks they had been sleeping in bays, & we had to take the poor service with the light.

We were in bed about 3am. & they wanted us out at 8am to get ready for the schedule of rising in 11.15 & the usual routine, with hardly any sleep for two nights we certainly felt that now. Today we met our instructor had a look round at the glass & reviewed the usual welcome address, and we have begun our Navigation course it last 6 weeks. Ah! well it has just struck midnight on Tuesday 19th Jan 1963 - Happy New Year.

The food as a whole is pretty good here, & the crew said so too, although we had a really smashing dinner on New Year Day & didn't bother to go to church in the afternoon. Our instructor is a dead shot, his only loss a PLO a couple of weeks ago in the lake as then. He is rather easy going, but a bit hard, I'm afraid on the advantage of him. When looking at some set of rules & instructions wrote the other day, there was a diagram of a battle fleet at sea. It was obviously put on with the drawings given in a pamphlet I've chucked of the rest & of course aircraft carriers banded together at the rear. I wondered "I might be a sitting target for A. Bomb" at which he gazed hard at the diagram & rather vaguely said "I don't see any A. Bomb." Perhaps I noticed it I said "No, they are under the water." I couldn't resist it, he really roared for it, guess he has shown the head on me now.

Thursday January 7th.

We have commenced our flying here, I went on on trip Tuesday, certainly we are there for May Reading, but actually we are ballast. Nobody bothers about us we sit up by the pilot & mechanically wind the engine up & down, say now and again the Navigator gives us advice to use the auto compass. Should be the very weather & say used diligently all the way, then after the New a pin point, he looks at you with deep suspicion, still I guess they have every right to be they get no very stiff pin points. There were some things last about these hours & we are supposed to drop me back at the end. What good we will do I don't know, but most pilots hate it, & wish do anything rather than carry out the bombing, they spit words at us.

P/O Grand gives us logs to keep
in the air, gas gauge, water reports etc, I
blacked to my coat of them in notebook.
He has the purpose of the plane too
actually though we will do a lot
of ground work here. The photograph is
the most striking I think. Looking the
way the story at night like at Duff, the
last week had change, I give the poor guy.
The house is the same as Duff though not
as clean & it is more crowded, not too
cheap. There is a fine view of the mountain
opposite with a bar one and divided by
the mountain. They will not drop for
a while now & I generally get a
quarter with I love them. Generally
they have a good selection of convenience
goods, shirts and everything. This is a
small YUCA by the gate where they sell honey
coffee, we will do so badly.

Tuesday 12th January.

I have been on the more over mountain
here we are gradually getting on home in.
My flying had long turned up after all, so
I didn't have to wear trousers that again.
God knows where it had been, sleeping even
before again I notice. He had a 36 lb
which we were going into Brandon after, over
the water. After going at the gate &
a road with we arrived in the valley,
but after walking back & forth along plain
Street we figured we had seen ^{something} ~~nothing~~.
I splashed out & bought a photo wrist
watch for \$65 (B.B.), it really is a lovely
thing though. Afterwards we went to a house
to see "My Sister Helen", quite a funny
film. Although we had been in this
valley for weeks already, we were still
able to wear change a large dinner
in the table.

After that we were steadily at a loss
as we went to a river again. It was a
fine little dirt valley? the fishes were pretty
poor. I supposed to be sitting next to
a beautiful 14 ft. or 15 ft. high? we noticed
my A.T. camp here, that I had come over
river country also my badge at Mandan.
I could hear her whispering to him "ask
him what it is" & I was all out to
that and Air Training School, as I had
an A.T. previously, but he didn't. After
the show we found there was absolutely nothing
to say for, Jack, Butch & a couple
of others stayed & went off to find some
more, but we caught the last bus
back to camp.

One thing I remember is the beginning
of February, the day we have winter after
all the time is getting pretty close now.
Oh! and I'd be glad to see you.

January 17th.

Life is still the same, fairly successful,
some days it runs, & some days it doesn't.
Some days we fly & some days we don't.
We went into River the afternoon, we started
to walk but didn't! it was so cold that
we were mighty glad when we got a light
half way. A good deal went for the
day then & we felt like men again.
I think we stay I like about River it
may be more & that, but hey! you can
get a good and pretty sleep. We generally
come in on the 10, straight into the day
then & there have, coffee, rolls, butter, etc.,
the eggs, green peas, French fried, with some pie
but just into my mouth water all for 65 cents.
Afterwards we were a little at the day "For
the "Charlie" on the other side, then time for
another meal, & just time to relax the
last part it really is a pleasant evening.

There is only one general store to be seen
around but they stock about everything, and
I think it was when we first had been
there, they really looked good. The new
creek bar on the camp is now open, it's
a real offshoot affair, red leather seats, with
chromium fittings & no leather outfit, some
cups for an Air Force camp. The little
hall or game hall is nearly completed, it's
a nice affair & quite a nice, the
bandiers certainly look after their men.

I went on the open air skating rink
the other night to try my hand, the skater
who would skate said it was pretty good,
but I'm no judge. As I have had a fair
amount of roller skating, I was able
to maintain my balance & not fall down
at all, & whip up a little speed on
occasion, but it really made my
skates ride, afterwards.

Thursday, 1st January

It really has been cold lately, and we
have had to wear leather over in the
dorm room, because there is no heating, and
we simply can't pay attention. So just
lately we have moved the stove over to over
bunk because they are warm, at least the
one next to me is, our leather keeps
burning down. On Monday the temp was
45° below zero, boy! that getting down now,
I hope never to experience cold like it again.
Love has difficulty in skating, & you explain
you up, every body is on one month's notice,
or the skin on the surface feels as though
it is being torn off in strips, it's really grim.
I never thought I should see the day
when it got warmer when it started
to move. Well, now this Monday, luckily there
was an invasion, & it was only -32° but
that was cold enough.

The other day on a day even windy
our track took us across Winnipeg, it
was with some wing above the air. The
bill building, I did think they are big enough
to be called city swans, they are very
clean & the mass of them in the water
looked like hundreds of balls trailing
along, in fact the whole scene resembled a
large oil slick. During the most of the day
was the railway station & grass yards, they looked
like hills by their puffing in & out of smoke
also, it was with some wing. He spent
on 4th, this & had a good time, spent
from the spot I collected a report letter
on, which means the size of a young foot-hill.
I was able to see things that I was not
very welcome. He went in on the "Flyer"
Friday afternoon & came back Sunday
night, it is a nice town, & it made a
break, I really enjoyed myself.

Thursday January 26th

The flying programme really has been
moving these last few days, I have found
that things running now, as this was a
good track in the weather. Let's hope the
weather continues to be P.H. & then we want
to hold up after doing Canada to complete
our flying hours. The matter of our old
Tara house, which we took last Saturday
even though, & we all passed, it was
quite easy as I guess we all should.
On first ones are off tomorrow & Thursday,
& we will all pass by boat or by creek
& using the latter. The whole class will be
visiting most of their winter ones, & I
will be coming in about 9 o'clock to the
right thing. The ship they take us in all
steadfast, & we will come out it when we
have done, both the intermediate & pupils across
it consequently there is no effort made to leave it.

We have, then a couple of night over-
-winter & I said we they are much thing.
If the trip is bad it is inevitably by
Dinwiddie & we now we are asked to 6,000 ft
the glow of Dinwiddie can be seen in the
distance there is no chance of losing it.
Even if the navigator gives a stiff course
the pilot fly towards it, as they don't
have to stay up longer than they can help.
It is pretty slowing for us, we got out
there in the cold, as a time left up on
the ground, which a nice light on you wrap the
in our leg to make an entry. I worried
the pencil on leg reflects on the glass and
we gaze around for it, whilst the
pilot waves about the light flashing.
The other night I saw the pilot laughing heartily
at something as I crawled into the landing
helix & put the engine on, they were looking
at Bob Page, as I discovered a way to relieve the
London.

Sunday 21st January.

Out on last evening we were a party,
we have no more to take our trip we
got our wings, that should be pretty soon
now. The snow smell the bad, & we
don't have to do a lot of waiting,
the whole is a couple of days that we cannot
proceed with, still we will make the
grade. Now we are trying to get our
30 odd flying hours in & I thought it
would be a waste of time. We flew
yesterday & today & only need three
days now & our flying programme will
be completed. 65 hours was our aim
Page with us, left for Scotland caught
on ship he had to stay behind
to get his flying hours in. Before
the ship I used to work with
him gone on the 4th Victor course as
I just tell us his CP is over here.

I still think we shall get very little
after our season, the last lot of fallow
deer, they certainly have killed as much
of the deer dogs here as should have had
for 2 or 3 or the New Year. Our life is
the course of business now, as there is
nothing for us to do in the way of
hunting. We write, read & gaze most of
the day, & sleep along to the dinner
at night. It gets rather quiet now as
we have to give about a quarter of
an hour outside to make some of
getting in for a meal. 'Red' Sullivan and
the rest of the neighbors that are passing
out with us have just about finished
working through their piles of carcasses, they
certainly have come to get through.
Now and now I think my body does
that when I worked out as good I would make
a neighbor I just cannot bear this it.

Sunday February 7th.

It winds at last, about a year to
the day of entering the AAF we have our
ships and I am now Sgt Grand. The big
day was yesterday - it was about three days
before, on the Thursday, & there on Friday
in order to get our flying finished in
time. Old Grand wants us to fly on the
first night soon coming on Friday, we can
get into another trip & fly on the second
on in order to get our time in, that
was on the 6th of flying 3 hrs in the day time.
It would mean 10 hrs flying in about 16 hrs,
anyway when I returned from my first
night across country I told him what
he could do & whether off, or did one
of the others, a few flew again. When
we got to the next place on midnight and
they wouldn't come out because we were
wearing flying boots. So we sat back

Sunday 14th February

There we are back in Montreal, as some will put it "Brother, this is where I came in." We had quite a pleasant ship back here, we left on the Monday, the train was a fine horse back owing to snow storm. It went for good a coach but at Winnipeg we changed onto the train that was taking us across to Montreal, and we climbed into our coaches there. On the whole we slept fairly well, the only thing that disturbed us was every time the train stopped there was a colossal study of jiving as each coach hit the other. The Canadian railways had snow in many ways, but I certainly think they would be wise to use spring buffers. Our returned steward was quite a good sort. I showed our shoes if we left them out.

Our journey back across Canada was quite a lot different from the journey out. Before it had been routine and maybe just a little of nature creeping in, but now the country was really in the grips of the winter. Some others would say "the fine grassland snow would fall in under the edges of the snow. The snow was really lovely in its majestic beauty though. The greenness and whiteness of the snow is certainly something, as we passed through forests and along the edges of frozen lakes one couldn't help but be impressed. Although our coach on the train was the old wood & leather type, the men were everything we could wish for, with excellent service. To say it had snow was a tourist can next to it, at least I believe that was what it was.

It had large soft armchairs on wheels,
with enormous windows allowing the maximum
vision. Such a large intention to spread
back a gaze at the panorama flitting by.
We had a little break at Ottawa and
took a few scraps, & then on to
Montreal. The snow had been very heavy
around there & was up above the
fence tops, quite a few telephone wires
were down as well. I don't think I've
ever got over Canadian telephone poles, having
known & looked in there, whereas ours are
dead straight & straight. The snow it is
because so many roads down that it is
only walk while topping the branches off
trees and shaking them up. However at
about 6 p.m. on Wednesday we came
rolling into Montreal. We reported to the A.B.
got everything fixed up, dumped our kit
& set off for a place to stay.

Donna Chapman & I set off for the YMCA
but got lost & had a hell of a job
finding it. I was surprised to find the
pavements and roads were covered with a
solid sheet of ice a foot thick. To make
matters worse the temperature rose suddenly
& it rained forming pools everywhere, then
just as suddenly it froze. It was
exactly the same as walking on an
ice rink. At the YMCA they said they
didn't know that but they would fix us
up. I'm afraid we were none the wiser
for a space than anything, consequently we didn't
want to stay in a private house and
were in pretty early. So merrily we
went out & started to look for rooms,
we soon got fixed up, in a place
owned by a Frenchman, a decent cheap thing.
Following this we went back to the
YMCA for a meal.

Jack Benny was in town with his
show. Another Don Wilson, & the rest,
they were giving a show in the Y.M.C.A. that
night or the next, it was pretty good.
Afterwards there was a film session in our
apartment, it lasted for a while but the
new books absolutely spoiled our interest.
The next day we were mainly right mining
and shopping during the day. Groups of
men were shipping the ice off the ice works,
because people had been going down like
mushrooms the night before & I guess there
was a few boxes broken. We hunted
at Dinky Morris we had nearly all our
meats there, & sent back towards 9-
"While We Wait", it was very good. The Y.M.C.A.
gave us free seats for any film show
that we wanted to go to. After tea
we strolled a neat round of the various
alleged clubs & diners.

Our first walk was to the Beaver Club,
because that was the only place we could find
where the price of tea was reasonable. It
was 40 cents a quart, so we would prefer
a goodly sum, & then beat off to the
dinner places, well laden. The Beaver really
was a kind thought, the greatest excuse for
a cabaret I ever saw & a really good
hot club at times. Still it proved its
purpose when off we would beat to the
Hotel on Main Ave, we looked around both
places, but I know we finished at the
Hotel. Every Jewison or Bowie was really
you & had a couple of women with them,
we saw some the photographer & snapped
them & charged them \$5 a copy. The
cabaret there wasn't too hot, anyway we
revised till the end around 3 A.M. and
we wandered our way back rather stopping
to our bed.

The next day was much the same as the previous one, with stakings & excavations, being purchased at Berlin, & a general turn around. We went to Berlin to see a film, & then would have way to the station, we were very sorry to have to leave, I should have liked a fortnight there, but days was after too short. The train journey to Montreal was pretty uneventful, the sun was shining brightly on the road, & we took quite a few photographs.

At 4 P.M. yesterday afternoon we drove into the exhibition station at Montreal, & took a bus to the camp. They hadn't been expecting us, because we would have had a few days more leave, Jack Campbell hasn't come back yet anyway. Now we are settled in our billets and are getting quite comfortable again, I love the central heating.

Wednesday February 17th.

The weather has taken a turn for the worse now when we arrived the sky was clear but wind had a couple of snow falls since. Things have lightened & the sun is now about staying, there is more of a streak on you. We passed in the morning after breakfast, if we can get up for it. The track is in here to go right round the hall, because there is quite a few N.S.O.'s here, it saved us having to have our own bus & a looker again, most of us had done that way.

After parade they made us to believe they had just started, they are now on for a game and a lot of you given us. There is quite an amount of snow backing on a large parade ground, they have built, what a life, well to come.

I have been into about one, everything is much the same, a new restaurant has opened, & is packed out always. As there has been no stoppages having for a few weeks there are lots of AAA shops & the town is crowded. Once I went to the bump cinema its really the offest I've seen in real living effort. Best plates are chairs, correctly draped, velvet curtains, everything done in modern style. Beside the the is an ordinary cheap cinema, which is free. The town is a good one, and we had a decent camp, with ranges & with wildlife, so we are pretty well off. We find little the best, the majority of our meals are at in the town shops, but the whole North west get 5% of its business from the AAA.

Sunday 21st February

The work of writing has passed, with lots of news flying around regarding politics here. Some hope that the camp here is crowded owing to the return of Post campaign in AAA shops have failed after a few weeks, & the camp is jammed, and the hole is full. The other day a big bunch of Swiss & Canadians arrived from Chile as they were completing their as well. It is really fine in town trying to get in at a shop or cinema, the air force are here everywhere, & are really hot after a place to eat. On a corner we don't notice the time passing but here on the last shop here, it just seems to drag. Under they are don't get much news because no the way at home to some writing when our camera was finishing at Pima. In this way

it strikes bundles of old letters chasing
you to England. There are stamps regularly
to the Post Office each day just in case
"whether there is an old one that has
been chasing all over Canada."

We are in a different flat now, it
was a kind of higgling all the time.
The old "F" flight at Vancouver (65 years old)
are in the next room, it's offering them
after all this time is an odd thing.
It has just now changed who are getting
commissions. They are the boys, Pat Kinsley,
Smith, Dale, Jack Bright, Charles, & just
step in under the Duke. I believe he never
is. Most of them are experts, Jack Bright
was a doctor he had had more education
a change than all the same just together,
he would have given a good day leave.
Some of the same then someone through
change, it's a pity we are split up now.

It was a humorous but tragic night for
the other day. The weather was just some when
out of the yellow, went into some snow
for. At 8 PM it dropped heavily in temperature,
so they only had their ARP caps, there
was with over 50 fellows walking about with
a lamp on their head & two great pairs
over their ears. After my dose of it I
was truly sorry for them. They try to
get in an amount of snow walking but it's
a kind, with belly in one by 8- & that
as the as the temperature say. He is the
darker w/o & really like snow - I don't
think.

It is strange nothing they, but I'll
have to believe the present when I
will have. There various ideas have
brought some ideas already, & will
be travelling a good offer were before
they are ultimately decided.

Monday March 1st.

One more week gone & it really seems as though something big is moving now and I sincerely hope so. Some of us popped off to New York for a few days but he managed it by George's father's former imaginary post down there, as this was necessary, I think everybody knew they were afraid including the officer, still we had a fine time. Lots of times we have been warned of the Fifth Column over here, & we have had ample evidence of it. From bags of people we have had inside you regarding our ship, you & sailing etc. Most of them seem to favour the Green Liberator from New York, I hope they are right. From the point of camp. Regarding the sailing date it is sometimes during the next fortnight, and that seems feasible enough.

The Club this time always had a party last night a regular bar up, they finished up with women in the kitchen, we could hear them shouting & laughing all over the camp. So a few officers were just to go along & keep them out. One had had a real heavy headache after getting out of camp, instead of walking right across to the main gate, we have a hole in the fence at the back of our hut. After we sleep through & settle a bus riped into the center of the tent, it is most funny watching at night the being dropped off almost in the doorway.

Some of the commissioned boats are regarding their boat, some strange to see them in shore-crafts. I don't really know if I would or not, we could start if I'm sleeping I know I wouldn't take that commission Green order of to go on the 4th boat alone.

Wednesday ~~23~~ March.

Things definitely are moving and it's
beyond doubt will be in a year days,
it seems too good to be true. That
which has happened but we have been
unable to stick by & get all our
belongings together, & then round to
the various places, & if we have any part
or share etc. anywhere. We came across her
with nothing & her things scattered, we did
and it all we kept the nothing with us, &
the bit bag was stuck in the hole. Now
we are only allowed one bit bag & now,
& we keep these with us all the time
the thing nothing done in the hole, &
don't know why. We are hauling in an
offspring bit bag, but we still have
a lot of room, as offspring bit would
go in $\frac{1}{2}$ of a bit bag and the rest
of the room would be used for nothing else.

So it has come to the question of
room for more stuff or for our garments,
& the answer is emphatically garments. After
baggies then this for us certainly and
going to leave them behind now for
some more gear.

We had the job, one night of
worrying up through the night for an
inmate arriving here from England. They
are pretty fat & we kept worrying in the
night but listening for the wheels of the
buses in the siding. We found a heavy
fast asleep in one empty but in the old
bit March. He said he had been sleeping
there every night for a fortnight, we
told him to shut it in case the
S.P.'s came along & boy! did he move.
The inmate arrived at 10.30. After a question
about training & working, we were ready
the man when we got home.

Sunday Monday Tue.

We have said our last goodbyes to the part of Canada we are in, not that Montreal is representative of Canada that leaves but that is the only place available. Tomorrow morning with us no moving off heavily laden, too soggy & then England & home jitters! This has been a pretty experienced walk on the whole, hurried under pressure for some one year. Being put into our outdoor flippers, with calls over & over again, 'thump' around in a huge shaggy chair, without thinking that offshoot will be 'taken off the draft' it really is a knot. I met Fred Rose the other day, a chap I knew back at the YMCA club in civic school. He is a Big Ray/W. we had quite a chat 'way' on the old time, I was pleased to see him.

There was an enormous gay parade, we had to wait a half of a hour before we entered the pretty house, most of us went into there & bought up bags of things that will be unobtainable in England. Chief among these was acetone, the way in Father was going he had never seen anything like it, these days running now he has had his complete stock bought up. That is one of the most obvious signs that there is a draft moving out, this terrific orgy of last minute spending. Then all the shops that we went to with their girls in turn told he going goodbye, yes! if there's a person in there who doesn't know we are all moving out tell me. Still I give the opinion that he are fully aware of this effort & have taken it into account, I hope so anyway.

Jack Brighton put a report on me on
one of the boys, he said quite a few of
the packets of money. When he first came
he kept putting them off, & I saw the
draft is going to be suddenly gone with,
got word into hospital, & refers to me
again. Consequently he is missing the draft
& his creditors, he never had any business
in those matters though.

To-morrow morning we have our official
quack with full setting, I really hate the
stuff now, I've put it on & off & much better.
Very considerable inch of it is covered with
punch, it is a masterpiece of quacking, bags
of black thoughts on the most abhorring punch.

Naturally I should be very glad to get
home, but I would have liked time
to have looked round Canada now.
Although one thing I should be sorry to
leave is the row, I'll never visit a white Christian

Travelling March 9th.

Once more I am writing reflect, days
we sail under way, we are on the
boat but she is still moved to the
dockside. The old quack was pretty large
with their eye. The boat we are on is
the Green Elizabeth & just outside Harlow
Lib' old New York. This date of sailing
was not to offer out either, we leave
tomorrow.

We paraded yesterday morning in the
mill hall at Harlow, with all regularity.
The ordinary period of sailing moved, during
which we sailed with our setting "fifty
three" it is the floor. The boat we
saw to move off, slipped by slipped, down
past the buildings along the big mill square
& to the railway siding where we met
a waiter for the train. Well! it was late
my car nearly uprose again, with the train have
early night "just" in time.

It would not begin after dark with
slaps getting stamped with each other but
everyone rolled down the slaps. I would
have kept for one slap. Like a lot
of fellows he had bought a large new
kit bag in the store so he could
get more stuff in it than the service
kit bag permitted. It was made of rip-
cushion canvas & split right down the
side so he was strong. Permits for one
right & left canteen thrown away, and
side slaps in abundance. It looked fine,
but when it was rolled he had only
lost the small jar of cream butter, and
one box of powder. All the time going
he was busy moving it up with slaps,
& looking it with slaps.

off went the train with the pretty
lunch & series of bags, then became lost
in a maze of sidings around Maunabo.

before beginning its midnight journey.
On 7 or 8 we went with the afternoon longline,
into evening, then with the dark and would
come the winds so the groups would get
going. There wouldn't be much activity and
the movement, because all along the way,
even when it was dark, lots of people
would come out to their doorways to
wave at us passing. We were the
first troop train to go through so
quite a few people must have known.
That is one pleasant thing too, the
hospitality & friendliness of the people, anyone
likes not to wave at you passing. At
one place there was a long stop and
we all started out to get something
to eat, but they asked us back again.
Canteen meals were served in the old trains
& still plenty while we were traveling, they
were a bit gone though.

When we awoke in the morning we were
with us on our way, the sun was shining it
was much warmer, & wonder of wonders the
good earth was shining without a cloud in
the sky. We had crossed the border & were in
the States again. We followed the banks
of the Hudson River for miles, taking up
of photographs. The ground around us was
taking shape of a sublime grand garden
on, as he said a good first in a
shape with a canvas. It was quite
a large place, with several other black
shape around. The Hudson was really
good here & later we found an even
better & pulled up in New Haven. There
was a wind of over an hour here, and
all the other things there were also
standing there. At this point the clouds
there came into view with the perfect white
cotton like one. Truly here, they are truly great.

On we went & walked into the suburbs of
New York, everyone around us was back, all
was happy & life was grand. There was a
brief halt in Pennsylvania Station, then back to
forth across the island until we were up at
the docks. There we were right on East
River, with the skyscrapers towering above the
provinces Manhattan. No doubt about it, it
entirely does improve you, I guess we have
got used to the great city buildings etc.
as the main thing. It really does look
dramatic from the river its on the Empire
State, the Lincoln, Rockefeller Center, Chrysler,
& others rising up to the sky, actually
better than they look when we are on land.
The ferry boat pulled in & as we went, I
could never stop thinking of the old Norwegian
camp & old New River, when I was there.
They were so identical in shape to the
old garden there that I could back to youth.

We slowly moved up East River, past
the skyscrapers, wharves, docks & shipping, I knew
no thing which was that I had not before.
Here apart from Manhattan, New York
is pretty flat. There was the bulk of
the old Bowdoin, at the Bowdoin wharf, she
was lying over on her side, half covered
with wooden pilings all around & over it,
a gang of men sawing the pilings out.
The General Gray was next & then there
the Green Edwards in her water grey was
pinned. He looked & gazed up a narrow
gang plank with our fish bags, we then
had on a long & overbalanced & fell
into the water. It was examined with
presents & with other determination he refused
to let go, but gripped on it tightly.
With that & fell sitting he was ready on
the point of throwing the whole boat over
board with a boat hook.

After being checked in carefully at the
gate we filed on board received our berth
& went back & set off to our room. I
was unable enough to get a bottom berth
again, but it would do. I had dinner
on deck & set out after our meal.
The crew were as cheerful as the Green Gray,
none of the boat is, because she is finished
as a troop ship, & the Gray was complete
in green time. I'll say more about the ship later.
Tonight we made up our beds & slept in our
cabin for the last look of New York by
night. Although it has a supposed
black out it still resembles grand times
Pierdilly. Late workers in the skyscrapers
had various windows lit, & now & again,
we could go out as they picked up
and went home. Marble columns lights
were visible up & down the river with
hanging cranes, whilst on the rocks others

of boats returned back to port. Bright lights
were twinkling everywhere, & I would have given
anything to just be sitting in a comfortable
chair, still in ~~the~~ ^{my} ~~room~~ ^{house} —

They were loading our cargo on Monday
in the forward hold, & it seemed strange
to see the big iron tanks gliding down
on the ships. It was funny that yet
this time we are at last going home.

Tomorrow morning we shall be under way
to England, in a way I shall be very
happy. I have enjoyed myself over here.
Still I got a bit homesick and had
to come down upon the deck & the
briny water, being I tried to visit
this. I wonder how long we will be
about, before we dock again, it all
depends on the route. Well, I'll have in
me, & see if I can sleep, so farewell
State & Canada.

Thursday 11th March.

Once more we are afloat on the Atlantic,
& it is no wonder that it was before, a little
rougher if anything. At about 10 A.M. yesterday
we cut off from the quay, & a small flotilla
of tugs moved on out into the river and
shaky took us out to sea. There is
nothing like the explosion, on board the ship,
that there was on the lower wharf. They never
allow anybody on deck & all goods were
supposed to be shut. Naturally everybody
was gathered at the narrow opening to get
the last glimpse of New York & the State.
It was a pretty cold morning & the air
was in a floating cloud. After a bit
the famous Manhattan skyline faded into
the mist & the next land we would
see would be good old England. Suddenly
was the front of our engine the stop and off
towards a last farewell to the river on our way.

They allowed us up on the Boat & House
Deck then, the food was completely out of
sight. We still had an exact count
of our exact food ration in weight & up
there around us in a U.S. Navy Belong.
Backwards & forwards she went, but after
a while it seemed to be a sense of
reluctance & very often after jumps. We went
down to the cabin after awhile, & when
we came back on deck the event
had gone, we were on our own. Then
certainly isn't as much operation on board
as about go to a lot of places, all
the decks around the guns are out of
bounds. With us the troops on board,
they estimate there are 25,000 it gets a
bit crowded especially at the quarters.
There are two one for cigarettes etc and
the other for chocolate, nuts & oranges.
They open at certain times during the

day and long before opening time comes, there
is a large queue stretching right down the
corridor & up stairs. Quite a few go over on
board before "sit" & play cards, naturally
we are all doing something to take down,
the four tables American, Canadian & English
money & most make a deal of a packet.

Not certainly not the pattern then,
because owing to the number of troops aboard,
they can only give us two meals a day,
though they are serving all the day, but
two meals are P.A.R. & 5 P.M. & stay!
we certainly get hungry in between. There
is a kitchen queue for each meal up the
staircase & along the corridor with trays
clattering around. They maintain the meal
cards very carefully at the place, because
they just haven't enough for service. The ration
is also rationed, food ration only this afternoon before
P.A.R. & after five yards in packet at each gate.

Saturday March 13th.

We thought as we were U.C.B.s we would have to work this ship, but they had other ideas. 6 or 7 gang of ships were made good, then hours on and ran off, it was a bit at first but I rather like it now. The main reason being that at night it is really something down in the troop decks, & I have a stink pot on the main deck. This is removed for sailing hours & above, & is placed roughly between the two funnels, there are vents in the floor more or less, allowing the warm air to blow back along the deck, so it is never cold.

I love standing there at night with the wind blowing & the old ship sailing along it really shows at night, & the sparkling phosphorescence shows up marvellously. It certainly is better than being down below.

I think if anybody is on deck at its launch starts, with the hull & everything open, then whenever we go out, when it is time to eat, also this is a queer thing with little bedrooms inside the ship. Looking along a terrific long corridor it gives every impression of being on land, then suddenly look over it really is queer. This ship rolls terrifically, because there is no ballast in the hold, they have temporary hoop gaskets there, every piece of space is utilized, that is the reason that we had to keep our bunks with us.

I would like to see the next this ship take across the Atlantic I bet it certainly got places, very much then we again. It is surprising to watch the water as the ship zig zag about every couple of minutes we have seen no action by day however.

Monday 15th March.

We must be lost part of the way across now. I thought the journey would only take 4 or 5 days. The other night they said we came up with a convoy that was being attacked & we had to turn right round & take back. I don't know how true it was. Yesterday the weather was fairly good & the strength of the wind was pleasant, it suddenly drove the rain against the ship. From the height of the boat deck the grey waves still look so large, but by joining the row I should just have to be in an open boat. It is a curious thing that looking round the horizon with the waves rising we could never see any ships on the horizon. I think it is quite a significant fact that a large ship can cross the Atlantic unobserved in the midst of a big boat campaign.

This afternoon I was up on the ~~top~~ top deck on guard watching the gun crew, when the Tenny went after another vessel at the gun. They often used to have dummy practice with imaginary aircraft, and I thought this was another one. However there was no aircraft very far out in the horizon very much but distant. The gun was trained directly, aiming round & following it. When it came round we were able to distinguish the shape of the gun the Sunderland, coming out to assist us. What a curious sight it was it must be very approaching there at last. She started to retreat all around in one she was a harking at boat. It would have been a sight, should it have been in company, then we'd go aboard, that helps to make the ship rock as she is so top heavy, & with so much in the hold.

This ship certainly has a variety of animals, the birds in the store should give any 4 birds a lot of life. For me and, the one to come. Perhaps 20 more, besides, & they also have two sets of 12 rabbit guns, it would be quite a sight, an air attack.

Well I guess with the Summer reaching us today we should be doing known routine, that makes 7 days, the one as an island journey. This evening he attacks that will be I am aware before the war I would ever see it. Out of the two journeys I think I enjoy the other one more, mainly because there was more comfort I think. The last time I wish I wish to be in England one more, as I wish to enjoy the same as one more stage of our travels are over & there is with the saying 'Hello England'.

15th MARCH 1943

CONCLUDING BOOK 4
AND ENDING MY
EXPERIENCES IN
CANADA.