



"Now as we came up to the 18th hole." The face of the narrator beamed with unconcealed delight as he described the event. With a beautiful young lady waving them on from the middle of the fairway, the first two officers in the threesome had driven wildly into the woods. Unto the green tee stepped the handsome erect embodiment of a squadron leader, long accustomed to meeting such occasions with an air of assurance. His golf had been erratic all afternoon. The young lady watched wistfully. "Fore", he cried as his tremendous drive swished by the dazzled damsel, headed straight for the green. He was on in two, about one foot from the pin. Yes he made it. A par 3 on the 18th hole of the Bay of Quinte club. Now just walk into the office of the O.C. of #1 Squadron, S/L.O.S. Dunn any day of the week, and hear him say "Now as we came up to the 18th hole..." Just a Grandstand Golfer, but how he rises to the occasion!

A native of Hamilton Ontario, S/L Dunn enlisted for active service in the last war in 1914, with the 36th battalion. He went to France in March with the 19th battalion, and was awarded the coveted Military Cross in July of that year for brave action during a night raid on the Salient. Transferring to the Royal Flying Corps in 1917, S/L. Dunn became a member of the famous Camel Fighter Squadron.

Returning to active service for his country at the outbreak of this war, S/L. Dunn has served in recruiting activity for the R.C.A.F. across Canada, has been S.A.O. at Mountain View, and is now the popular O.C. of our NO.1 Squadron. Apart from being a grand(stand) golfer, an expert at five ball combination shots in billiards, and a fine officer and gentleman, S/L. Dunn's one weakness, according to #2 Sq., is that he is always willing to wager that #1 Sq. is the best in the whole air Force. He really means it too!



"Can't those fellows get to understand that we are rationed just the same as civilians? That's why we have to cut the butter into small pieces, so each man will be sure to get some." It

was the melodious voice of our Welsh born Sgt. Hughes, N.C.O. in charge of the Mess. He comes from the land of beautiful voices, but some of the men under him are sure he sang bass, even in the cradle. Affectionately known as "The Bull of the Woods", Sgt. Hughes speaks with a voice matured by many years of life spent among two-fisted sailors and soldiers.

A voyage from Liverpool to the South African coast began a career in the Merchant

Marine, serving aboard Minnowcops in the last War until 1919, Sgt. Hughes then joined the Armored Cars and headed to Mesopotamia to keep the rebellious natives in their place. The United Provinces and the North West Frontiers of India felt his impact until on returning to England in 1927, he decided to sail for Canada and settle down. Arriving here in 1928 Sgt. Hughes settled down to the quiet life of farming until the present hostilities commenced. This veteran soldier felt a strange rattling in his bones, a peculiar tugging at his heart, and before he had time to resin his throat to bark a command, he found himself in uniform once again.

The father of four fine boys and one girl, the sergeant finds his chief delight in his home and his garden, next to the airmen's mess. His one desire is to give the airmen all they want to eat at any time... "But if those fellows could only understand... there is a war on, and we are trying to do the very best we can. We can't give two desserts even if we wanted too."

That's O.K. by us Sarge but don't lose the recipe for those jam tarts.



L.A.C. Robert George Walker of the R.A.F. is typical of the youths throughout the British Commonwealth who come to Canada to take their instruction in the Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Bob, hails from the pleasant English town of Northampton. Prior to joining the R.A.F. in Feb. of '39 he was employed as a clerk by the J.Sears Co., an English shoe firm.

Training as a Wireless Operator Ground, L.A.C. Walker was stationed in the metropolis of London during the height of the blitz. Early in Jamaica he, along with several other English lads, were posted to the Ferry Command in Jamaica. Early this year he was transferred to Dorval, where his re-muster to aircrew came through. Along with three other R.A.F. lads from Dorval, Cpl. Brayne, Cpl. Boyd, and L.A.C. Maudsley he entered Course 75 here at NO.5 I.T.S.

Having successfully completed his course, Bob, leaves us to go to Pendleton to continue on for his pilot's wings. His one ambition is to get home as soon as possible and help to finish the job. We are glad to have the comradeship of these fellows who are but representative of countless others from many lands who have received their training here and have gone to their several shores of service to make their contributions to our common cause. At present we have students from South Africa, South America, the West Indies, as well as from many places throughout the United States and Canada.

