

Like FATHER

Like SON



See how many sons follow Dad's taste
in tobacco — Old Chum! And it's only natural.

Old Chum has the right, rich, fresh
flavour for day-in, day-out smoking.
You'll find a lot of good smoking in a
package or half-pound tin of Old Chum.



Men who like a tobacco
that's always good . . .

Like

"Judged first-rate since '88"

OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality

CUT COARSE FOR PIPE — CUT FINE FOR ROLLING YOUR OWN

aviation, plus the extensive developments resulting from construction of the Alaska Highway and oil fields in the Norman Wells region, the element of adventure in flying north of the 60th parallel had died, and flights into the North-West Territories had become routine. Materials for erection and establishment of detachments, exchanging or replacing crews of the *St. Roch*, transferring replacements to detachments, transporting prisoners, equipment and supplies became a matter of course. Air travel in the Arctic was common, and criminals learned that this widespread area was no longer a place of refuge. Offenders in ever increasing numbers, endeavoring to evade justice were ferreted out with the aid of the Falcon, when they tried to cover their trails in the Arctic wasteland. There were also those who welcomed the Falcon, knowing it carried medical aids

so urgently required, or was to provide for someone dangerously ill transportation to the nearest hospital.

Although antiquated and in need of costly alterations to bring her up to present-day safety standards, the Falcon remained one of the fastest and easiest-to-handle aircraft of its type in the North up to the day of her retirement. Her reputation of versatility and reliability is legendary, and she remained the preference of many a member when given a choice with an alternative craft.

In her ten years of operation the Falcon flew 3,274 hours, covering more than 376,500 miles. Landings north of Edmonton totalled 924, and 169 were made in the Eastern Arctic. Though she has been replaced by a brand new sister ship, many members will miss the familiar sight of the Falcon approaching from the horizon in the midnight sun. ●●●