



# Fairbridge Gazette

SUBSCRIPTION:  
ADULTS 10c — CHILDREN 5c

PUBLISHED AT:  
PRINCE OF WALES FAIRBRIDGE FARM SCHOOL

VOLUME V

JANUARY, 1944

Number 1

## EDITORIAL

It has been a year and a half since I've been home at the School and I find an immense difference, mostly in the children, not forgetting the Staff, who include many new members since I was last home. The Farm School itself hasn't changed a bit, still the same "Good Old Fairbridge."

You boys and girls still at the Farm School will be surprised how much you miss and appreciate Fairbridge after you once leave it, and will be glad to be back even if it may be only for a short visit.

I have been home with you two weeks now and I can truthfully say it's the happiest two weeks I've spent in a long while.

On behalf of all the Old Fairbridgians who have been home over Christmas, our hearty thanks for the way they have so kindly treated us go especially to Col. and Mrs. Logan, Mr. and Mrs. Bulcock and Mrs. Davidson, who have arranged for us to have many pleasant evenings which we have spent here.

Well, kids, here's wishing you all the best and hoping you'll all be a credit to Fairbridge.

—Pearl Daniel.

In reply to my request that he write something for the Gazette, Mr. Garnett wrote me the following letter, from Halifax:—

Dear Pearl,—I have had a number of pleasant surprises this Christmas and none more pleasant than the letters and cards I have received from my Fairbridge friends. They have come from all sorts of unexpected people and all sorts of unexpected places, and I have even bumped into one or two Old Fairbridgians in ports with unmentionable names! Leslie Snaith came aboard my ship the other day (not the ship I am on now) looking very smart and full of beans, and then who should I meet on the street only a few days ago but our one and only Fairbridge Wren. She was as neat as a new pin but slightly plumper. I offer no prize for guessing who she was.

I have been so interested in the Gazette lately, especially now that so many of you are out on jobs of one kind or another. I wonder if there will ever come a day when we can all get together again and exchange stories? There was a time when I used to sit down in front of a Cottage fire after supper on a winter's evening and be asked to describe some of my "experiences." There was the story of the cougar hunt at Cowichan Lake, and of the bear which ran away from me almost as fast as I ran away from it, but stories like those won't begin to compare with the ones Jim Lally will be able to tell when he comes back from Germany, or George White when he comes back from Italy, or Henry Brayfield and Dan, Sid Park and Norman Alsop, and all the others who are fighting not only overseas but here at home. And I am willing to bet that all of them will land up at Fairbridge again at some time or other.

You know, it's hard to forget Fairbridge, even if you want to forget it sometimes. It had its ups and downs, and we often had to work harder than we wanted to, but most of the time it was fun—and good fun at that. Plunging wood wasn't so bad, was it, when there were thirty or forty of you

going at it and there was a chance of a swim at the end of it if you got it done in time. Clearing land wasn't so bad, was it, when you could sit down at the end of a good afternoon's work and eat weiners and marshmallows round a good roaring bonfire. Milking wasn't so bad, was it, when you got good at it and your wrists stopped aching and when you found that you could milk nearly as fast as Mr. Morton or Mr. Macfarlane.

I like to think as I write this that Jimmy Lally in his German prison camp gets some comfort from the thought of the gardens he helped to make at Fairbridge; that George White, ploughing through Italian mud, looks forward to the time when he can return to the hills of Vancouver Island; that Henry and Dan Brayfield will remember that extra ounce of guts it required to win the Cross Country Run when they take part in the final onslaught on Germany; and that we all of us shall remember with gratefulness the help we got from our friends.

And now, Pearl, you have asked for an "Extract." It sounds rather like Heinz tomato sauce or something you make soup out of, but if you want a piece of good sound advice, I say, **STICK TO THE COUNTRY.** Don't get fascinated by the movies and the bright lights, don't think money and high wages are going to solve all your problems, and don't think you won't have to work so hard in the towns. It is the people who can look after and feed themselves who are going to succeed after this war, and who is better trained to do that than an Old Fairbridgian?

So good luck to you all wherever you may be, and when we have finished this unpleasant business, may we all meet again and really start to work. Yours sincerely,

(Signed) William J. Garnett, Lt. R.C.N.V.R.

## CHRISTMAS DAY AT FAIRBRIDGE

There have now been nine Christmases spent at Fairbridge and I can honestly say our last one was one of the best we spent here, although we missed many of our old Fairbridgians who are in the Armed Forces, many of them overseas.

There was a basketball game in the afternoon between Old Fairbridgian Boys and Old Fairbridgian Girls. The girls won.

We had Christmas dinner as usual in the dining hall at five o'clock, and after dinner Santa Claus arrived with the presents. A good time was had by all, both old and young.

After the younger children left for their cottages, the older boys and girls had a dance. We really all enjoyed it.

I hope that next year we will have just as good a Christmas, but with more of the Old Fairbridgians home to spend it with us.

—Peggy Auton.

## EXPRESSION OF SYMPATHY

The sympathy of all Fairbridgians, staff and children, is extended to Mrs. R. Axon in the sad loss of her son, Glenn Sveinson, whom the R.C.A.F. reported as believed killed after air operations over Germany.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM TOM TURNER  
IN ENGLAND—1943

(Read in the dining hall after Christmas dinner)

To the Boys and Girls of Fairbridge.—I'd like to take this opportunity to wish all and every one of you a very merry Christmas and a most prosperous New Year.

Your mothers and fathers aren't having the good time that you are all having here to-night, but I'm sure they're quite happy to know that their sons and daughters aren't having any of the trouble that they're having, and that they are in good hands.

I've visited quite a lot of the boys' and girls' parents who live in Newcastle, as my home is there too, and they haven't in the least forgotten you. You may think they have when you don't get many letters, but believe me, they're having a hard struggle. But it won't be long now before we're all back home again as one big, happy family, and I wish I was back with you to-night to be able to enjoy myself in the same way. But I'll be thinking of you, and have a good time.

As ever, an Old Fairbridgian,

—Tom Turner.

THANKS FOR CHRISTMAS KINDNESSES

The grateful thanks of all at the Farm School are once again extended to the Grand Old Man, Santa Claus, for making our Christmas at Fairbridge such a happy occasion this year. In addition, we would like to thank the following kind friends who helped him in many ways:—

Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown, Mr. A. J. Henry, Col. H. W. Laws, Mr. L. A. Grogan, Mr. L. F. Solly, Mr. B. Heilbron, Mr. W. C. Mainwaring, Mr. J. Fyfe-Smith, Mr. N. E. Suddaby, Mr. W. Hudson, Mrs. and Miss Palmer, Cowichan Merchants Ltd., Mr. J. Lock, Miss A. Maltwood, Mr. H. J. Mackin, the Royal Society of St. George (Vancouver), and the Sussex Fellowship, the Birmingham and Midland Counties Society, the Scottish Ladies, the Lancashire Society, the Yorkshire Society, the Gloucester, Hereford and Worcester Association, the Cornwall, Devon and Somerset Association, all of Vancouver; Mrs. P. B. Scurrah, Miss J. Bostock, Mrs. T. H. Kingscote, Mrs. J. F. Malkin, Mrs. Harold Molson, Mrs. J. Rogers, Mrs. F. E. Winslow, Mrs. C. F. Armstrong, Mrs. M. F. Driscoll, Mrs. H. S. Wood, Mrs. J. A. Clarke, Mrs. Hobart Molson, Mrs. L. M. Dryden and the Women's Canadian Club of Vancouver, Mrs. W. C. Woodward, Mrs. J. W. Spencer, Mrs. D. Cavendish, Mr. D. J. Angus, Mr. J. Dunsmuir, Mr. W. R. Dowrey, Mr. F. J. Hume, Mr. W. Day, Mr. W. S. Charlton, Mr. J. L. Trumbull, Mr. A. S. Gentles, Mr. G. C. Derby, Mr. H. G. Eakins, Mr. T. C. Clarke, Mr. W. D. Robertson, Mr. T. H. Crosby, Mr. E. H. Adams, Mr. J. A. Collins.

We all hope that these generous friends enjoyed as happy a Christmas season as we did.

OLD FAIRBRIDGIANS' NEW YEAR PARTY

A party was arranged by Mrs. Davidson and the Old Fairbridgians for the trainee boys and girls and the staff to mark the passing of the Old Year and the arrival of the New.

Until about 11:45 the boys and girls amused themselves, some dancing to the music of the radio, others playing table games and many playing table-tennis. Just before midnight we all gathered to watch the Old Year depart and to ring in the New on the bell attached to the ceiling. A toast was drunk to the New Year and every one wished every one else a Happy New Year, then we sang "Auld Lang Syne." Refreshments were served and we danced again until the party broke up about 12:30 a.m.

We Old Fairbridgians hope that all who were present had a good time. Our special thanks go to Mrs. Davidson, who did so much to make our party a success and helped us with the refreshments.

Let's hope we'll all be able to be together again next year.

—Pearl Daniel.

OLD FAIRBRIDGIAN HOLIDAY BRIEFS

Old Fairbridgians lucky enough to get home for Christmas were:—

FRANCES GIBSON, M.P. - C.W.A.C. Keep it up, Frances, you'll make a good M.P.

JESSIE NEWBOLD, C.W.A.C. Well, Tripe, old girl, hope Army life is agreeing with you. It was good to have you home.

NELLIE FALCUS, C.W.A.C. Well, Nellie, who's most disgusted, you with the Army or the Army with you?

EUNICE COCKBURN. So you're still at school, eh Eunice? Keep up the good work.

PEGGY AUTON. Well, Peg old gal, I can't find anything to say about you except I'm sure glad you're here and you're sure a help to the School.

KATIE TAYLOR, R.C.A.F. (W.D.). Kate, it looked as though you had a good time; did you?

PEARL DANIEL, who is waiting patiently for her wedding day, but is kept busy writing for the Gazette.

MOLLY WHITE, HELEN SLAUGHTER, MOLLY PRITCHARD, MARY DUFFY, who are all still doing housework. What are you planning, girls? To make good wives!

CATHERINE STOKER, who has spent all her time in hospital, poor Catherine! How's the tooth?

FRANK MORRIS, R.C.A.F. Well, Frank, where did you get the pull to get those sergeant stripes? I'm sure it couldn't have been all brain work.

FRANK TODD, Signal Corps. You did a good job of the last Gazette, Frank. Now it's my turn.

JACK LOWE, logger. Jack, you shouldn't be a logger; you make a good zoot-suiter.

KEN BRAUNTON, reamer. Duke, you're doing fine as a Cottage Mother.

BILL STOKER, Armoured Corps. Well, Bill, hoping to go overseas soon? Let's hope you get what you're after.

PAT WEBB. So now you're a sailor, eh Pat! You've joined a good branch of the Services.

JOHN MEAD and BERNARD KYNASTON, tugboat crewmen. Hope you're enjoying your trips. Don't get seasick.

—Pearl Daniel.

A PERSONAL MESSAGE TO FAIRBRIDGIANS

I have thought quite a lot about writing an article for our School book. From what I have read about our Cadet Corps I think that in all Fairbridge's history in Canada, a finer corps could not be formed; that is to say, a corps of boys and girls training, every day, every week, to grow up sturdy and strong to face life. I wish that I had learned this lesson while I was at Fairbridge. I am not saying that the Army is tough; it is not, compared to the thoughts that dragged through my mind on enlistment it is comparatively easy; but what I am getting at is that it would have done all our boys and girls a lot of good to take orders from someone, breaking them in gradually, rather than leaving them to face a hard-boiled N.C.O. whom they did not know from Adam.

I think all O.F.s. will heartily agree with me in saying that we are proud of our brothers and sisters who, at home, are training to be better than we are now. My congratulations go to all on the Home Front at Fairbridge who are working and paying for a Peace which will be ours, maybe not this year but certainly in 1945. There is no praise I could give that would be enough in regard to your work. All we in the Service say is, "Keep it up and we'll all see the end together, the end which will be a Victorious Peace."

I am, and will always be,

A Loyal Old Fairbridgian,  
(Signed) Gnr. Smith, Leonard, R.C.A.

STANLEY CUP SERIES — LAST YEAR  
COME ON THE LEAFS

Come on the Leafs, you battling crew,  
By fans you were forsaken,  
And by the experts you were through,  
But three straight games you've taken.

Come on the Leafs, to-night's the night,  
And may the periods find you  
The champions—as it is your right,  
Let's go, we're all behind you.

—Donald Collins.

During the year of 1943 I think our Cadet Corps has been busier than any other previous year.

As given in my last report, we were all wishfully thinking of the arrival of our cadet uniforms. Well, I think if the cadets didn't accomplish anything else, they did some pretty hard thinking—WE DID GET OUR UNIFORMS!

The uniform consisted of a loose-bottomed jacket, pants, khaki shirt, black necktie, cap and anklets. On each arm was sewn a red maple leaf with the initials R.C.A.C. (Royal Canadian Army Cadets). These maple leaves were, however, sent before the uniforms arrived and, with the sole assistance of the girls in P, Q and L cottages, Major Wilson had sixty-eight uniforms finished in a day and a half.

In all their splendour and glory, the cadets of the 1878th marched down to the Fairbridge Chapel and attended the Christmas Day service there. Mr. Savage, who conducted the service, also took the salute during the march-past.

For the past two or three weeks we have been receiving instructors from Duncan to take instructional classes of chemical warfare and small-arms. It is hoped that these classes will be resumed in January.

A notice published in Cadet Orders, from H.Q. in Vancouver, stated the following: "The 1878 Fairbridge School Cadet Corps reports that, as a reward for services rendered in Aircraft Detection Duties, seven cadets were shown through the R.C.A.F. station at Patricia Bay, also that a sergeant of this unit holds the Aircraft Detection Corps Official Observer's badge."

## SPORTS

### SOCCER

We have not been playing any soccer lately, although we did have a very well matched league several months ago. The teams were the Day School, coached by Mr. S. Wilson, and the Trainee Boys, trained by Mr. G. Burns. After a seven-game league the Day School turned out victorious. A dinner was held in the bunkhouse to celebrate, but the trophy was not available so was not presented. Later a star team, picked from the two teams, played Duncan High School. The first game, played at Fairbridge, was won by Fairbridge, 1-0. The second, played at Duncan, was won by Duncan, 5-2. House teams then started a league, but this was dropped due, I think, to the start of basketball.

### BASKETBALL

All our teams except the Midget Girls have played in games against Duncan. At first we were not so good, but the last two games were very close; the Junior Girls won their game and the Junior Boys lost by two baskets after two overtimes. During the holidays all games were played between ourselves, and no games with outside teams were held. The league starts in February and all the teams are practising hard to win the championship. So—let's hope!

—Ronnie Auton.

## FARM NEWS

### THE HORSE BARN

At present there are fourteen horses up at the horse barn. Six are working, three were just broken in but are not working steady yet. One is kept for breeding purposes and the other four are foals. We had seventeen, but three were sold.

Not very long ago the three horses that were broken in had their tails docked and you can't groom them yet.

On slippery mornings or when the ground is too hard, the horses do not work and the teamsters do other work. The horses are at present hauling the manure wagon and ploughing.

—Frank Collins.

### THE PIGGERY

In the past few months the piggery has improved a great deal. Mr. Bulcock made a great job of the wooden aisle and he fixed the floor-boards, etc. Mr. Woods reinforced the troughs with cement and supported the cement boiler walls.

Some pigs have been sold and the litters that have been living up in the sheep barn have been moved back to the piggery. We have now eighty-two pigs, including a bunch of litters. We have now a black boar; its name is Sambo, at least that's my name for it. Two of the smaller pigs died, but I hope that will be all.

—Don Collins.

### THE POULTRY

At the Poultry we have 612 birds laying approximately 250 eggs per day. The birds are not laying as many eggs as usual owing to the weather.

After breakfast we feed the chickens hot water and hot mash, due to the cold weather. The pens have all been cleaned out lately.

This year we have stored quite a few mangels in the root house at the Chickens for the hens. During the summer quite a few loads of wood were delivered to the Poultry, which are now stacked inside one of the old shacks.

—George Pagden.

### THE COW BARN

Up at the cow barn there are only a few things of note. The cows at this time of the year are going dry, because they will be calving during the next three or four months. There are only twenty-five cows in milking.

On December 19 Daffodil, one of the heifers, gave birth to a bull. As she has now given birth to two calves she is now classed as a cow. In her milk production she is giving approximately four gallons of milk a day.

On December 31 Freda gave birth to her first calf, a heifer.

Just a few weeks ago Winalot, the bull, had a very sore foot, so he had poultices put on him, but during the last two weeks he has improved greatly.

—Gordon Neale.



TRAINEE BOYS SOCCER TEAM  
1943

Reading left to right, back row:  
Don Collins, Fred Harding, Frank Collins, Barry Brown, George Pagden, Percy Millman, Bill Dowler;

Middle row: Raymond Phillips, Pat Conlon, Arthur Fewings, Gordon Neale, Ronnie Crawte, Ted Carr, John Danks, Bill Cockburn;

Seated: Mr. Sam Wilson, Albert Bettonie (captain), Mr. Geo. Burns.

## VICTORIA NEWS

Girls doing domestic work in Victoria are Barbara Lukins, Jean Ryan, Molly Pritchard, Mary Duffy, Betty Mein, Ena Taylor and Ethel Anderson. Ethel and Molly are also attending high school there.

Ellen Dufy is working at the Victoria bed and Mattress Co. Last I heard of Betty Lenton and Edie Phelps they were working in a laundry.

John Newell is working in the shipyards, helping to build ships for our gallant Navy.

Ken Arnison is working on a farm near Victoria. Jack Wheeler is driving a truck for the Shepherds Dairy.

This is about all the news from Victoria this time. I hope we have more news for the next Gazette.

—Pearl Daniel.

## VANCOUVER NEWS

It's a great pleasure to be asked to write about the Old Fairbridgians working in Vancouver.

There's Bernard Kynaston, who is working with the M. R. Cliff's tugboats, towing freight in the Georgia Straits. Bernard is now a fireman.

Jack Lowe is a logger at Half Moon Bay, which is a few miles up the B.C. coast. Jack has been in several logging camps and has decided to stick with it.

Pat Webb has joined the R.C.N.V.R. and is stationed at H.M.C.S. Discovery.

Pte. Nellie Falcus, of the C.W.A.C., is a typist at the Pacific Command Headquarters and is stationed at Jericho Beach.

Annie Usher is doing housework, and also doing the same kind of work as: Doreen Wilkinson, Helen Slaughter, Olive Turner, Catherine Hood, Dorothy Hood, Doreen Lister, Irene Lister, Molly White, Mary Green and Eunice Cockburn. Eunice is also attending King Edward High School.

The last of the girls over here is Mary Ann Wilkinson. She has a war job at Boeing's Aircraft.

I myself am working at the Dominion Bridge steel plant, helping to make ships for Victory.

Also one time working in Vancouver were Frank Wallace and Andy Buglass, who joined the Merchant Navy. I had a letter from Andy saying he hoped to be in England by now.

Peter Conlon, also one time of Vancouver, is now with the Merchant Navy, going between Halifax and England.

Recently left here are Joe Fenton, Ken Bennett and Ken Davies and Norman Richards, who are with the Canadian Merchant Navy. There seems to be quite a lot of navy blood in our Fairbridge boys.

—Ken Braunton.

## WITH THE ARMED FORCES

Former members of the Farm School Staff who are now serving with the Armed Services:—

MAJOR TREW is now Colonel in command of his old regiment in London, the Coldstream Guards.

MR. ALF LINCOLN, after being discharged from the Army on account of a knee injury, is now working in the shipyards in Victoria.

MR. SCOTTY McNAB served in the Canadian Forestry Corps in England for over a year, and is now back in Canada.

MAJOR A. H. PLOWS is O.C. of the Support Company of the 1st Battalion, Canadian Scottish, in England.

MR. GEORGE MacMILLAN is now Staff-Sgt. Piper with the 1st Canadian Scottish in England.

P.O. JOE LEWIS is with the R.C.A.F. in England, doing administrative work.

LT. JOYCE GOODING, C.W.A.C., is at present taking a three months administrative course with the A.T.S. in the British Isles.

MISS L. HOPSON is with the C.W.A.C. in England. She crossed the Atlantic on the same ship with Andy Anderson.

MISS L. M. ENDICOTT is doing office work with the C.W.A.C. in Vancouver.

MR. TRUEMAN is supervising the construction work on Canadian Army camps.

MR. HAROLD GLENNIE was in the same Air Force training establishment in Toronto with Dick Speed.

STAFF-SGT. DON MORTON, of the 1st Canadian Scottish, has been loaned as senior instructor in chemical warfare at one of the Canadian Army training schools in England.

GNR. JOSH WHITTAKER is with a light anti-aircraft unit in Italy.

MR. ELVIN GOWER is teaching in the Ground School for Aircraftmen in Vancouver.

MAJOR JACK SHANEMAN recently returned from two years' service in Great Britain, where he was attached to the British Royal Artillery. He is now an instructor in gunnery, stationed in British Columbia.

P.O. M. K. BROADHURST is in charge of the stores, kitchen and domestic arrangements at the W.R.C.N.S. training establishment at Galt, Ontario.

P.O. JACK McALLISTER is instructing at an R.C.A.F. station in England and recently had Norman Alsop among his pupils.

N.S. M. O'LEARY has been nursing at No. 7 Canadian General Hospital in England for a number of years. She and P.O. Joe Lewis and Mr. Bulcock's sons get together quite frequently.

LT. W. J. GARNETT, after more than year of Atlantic convoy duty with a Canadian corvette, is now on duty with the Royal Navy.

F.O. P. E. WILKINSON was with an Air Force unit in the Aleutians and has now proceeded to England.

F.-LT. GEORGE WARNOCK is in the administrative branch of an R.C.A.F. training school in Regina.

L.-CPL. FRED MILLS is with the R.C.E. in Victoria.

F.-LT. ARTHUR SAGER, now Acting Wing Commander, has been flying a Spitfire from his base in England for nearly two years, with distinguished success. He is expected to return to Canada on leave shortly.

## STOCK RAISING

My interest in stock raising and judging began when I went to work for Chas. Turner, Westwood, B.C., on March 1, 1939. I went there not knowing the first or the last thing about beef cattle or sheep.

Mr. Turner gave me a calf in April, it being about six months old, and told me to care and feed it up for the Winter Fair at Kamloops on December 2 or 3. Of course, he showed me what mixture of feed to give the steer to eat. The calf, of course, had to be halter-broke and taught to stand in certain positions and show himself. Which you can all take with consideration took a great deal of patience and time.

Well, time drew on, and by a great deal of coaxing the animal grew and learned the tricks of the trade. To make things more interesting, I was given a lamb to take to the Fair and that meant more work. Although my lamb had a great deal of Suffolk breeding in it, which is one of the friskiest breeds of sheep, it didn't take much time to drive a little sense into its head. At the time of the Fair the steer weighed 1,900 pounds and the lamb 90 pounds.

The steer came second in its class, which I considered was very good, although I didn't think myself that it was second-best, the Judge thought so, although it was made to look second-best. The steer made me 13c per pound, which was very good money for meat those days.

The lamb, poor little thing, sold by the head for \$21, which was the highest-selling sheep of the sale. I felt sorry for the sheep as she grew to be quite a pet. She had to stand through all of the classes. First the boys' and girls' classes, in which she came first, and then the open classes, in which the big sheep breeders took place, and still she topped the class, making her the Grand Champion of the Winter Fair. You can all imagine how proud I felt. The unhappy ending came when I saw the buyers take her away.

Anyways, we had our pictures taken and put in the paper, which is one keepsake of my first and best sheep I ever had.

A few things which we had to learn to make judges of ourselves, as far as judging cattle was concerned, is: To get the short, thick and blocky type of cattle, with short and well-coupled bones; short, wide heads and showing great characteristics in the head; that's about the main points to notice.

And a few pointers on the sheep: We wanted low-set sheep with a plump leg of mutton, a bold spring of rib, wide thick loins, and showing great characteristics in the head. Anyone not sure of some of those peculiar names will, if they ask Mr. Brown or Mr. Macfarlane, find out what they mean.

My making out good with live stock is due to the good and persistent teaching of Chas. Turner, who I thank very much for it, and hope to be of some help to him after this war.

—Jack McNally.