Lille Norge
AVISEN



Farewell to Canada



RECORD-BREAKING

Is Our Business!

SCALING • CLEANING • PAINTING
BOILER BRICKWORK • SAND BLASTING
***TURBINING • CAMOUFLAGING**

THE REASON BEHIND THE RECORD IS SPECIALIZATION AND "KNOW-HOW". Long prewar experience was the foundation of our specialized service. Our crews and equipment are topnotch and adequate—and available. on short notice—for any job, *including yours!*

TOLLEFSEN BROTHERS

ESTABLISHED 1914

"A Known Reputation"

MARINE CONTRACTORS — ERIE BASIN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SERVING THE MARINE INDUSTRY



NR. 11. FEBRUAR 1945 4. AARG.

INNHOLDSFORTEGNELSE:

PROLOGUE
Lieut. E. Severud

FROM ILLUSION TO REALITY
RNAF Training Centre

THE KING
Nordahl Grieg

NO. 111

TO OUR VOLUNTARY HELPERS
Lieut.col. Ole Reistad

NORSKE FLYGERE
Sigmund Skard

THE FAMILY ALBUM

VI FLYR
Konsul Harald Werner

TRENINGSVINGEN
Lieut. Tycho Moe

FAREWELL CANADA
Capt. Odegard Omejer

LILLE NORGE TEGNESERIE
LAC Rene Bjerke

FLYGESOLDATENES SANG
Nordahl Grieg

HJEMKOMST
LAC Rene Bjerke

FAREWELL TO CANADA
Program

LEBENSRAUM
Cartoon

KONGESPEILET
Edda den Yngre

VINLAND REDISCOVERED
LAC Yrje Bruland

LADIES CAN DRILL
Corp. Paal Roschberg

NOTICE FROM THE EDITOR

TIL PERSONELLET VED F.T.L.
Lieut.col. Ole Reistad

SIGURD GOLTEN

MACHINE CORP.

DIESEL SPECIALISTS

455 CARROLL STREET BROOKLYN 15. NY.
TELEPHONE MAIN 4-7371.



Nearing departure we hear the daybreak call and proudly salute Canada; as the time draws nigh when the vengeful strikes of the world's democracies shall crush our common enemy and through the flames of war shall liberate the downtrodden in triumphant justice we take this solemn opportunity of professing to our young and sinewy ally, Canada, our inviolable attachment and friendship—proving to the world that not treaties but the living principles of democracy hold men together.

For the generous hospitality in opening the doors of Canada to the Royal Norwegian Air Force, for permitting our men, who fought the war in Norway under the most disadvantageous circumstances, to train and to qualify for aerial combat in a country so happily circumstanced, and for the furtherance of friendly relationship between our two countries we present our thanks to Canada on behalf of every officer and every soldier in camp "Little Norway"; on behalf of those overseas and on behalf of the dead that return no more.

We have come to know the strength and integrity of Canada's manhood—the fruit of the pioneers' labor—and may it soon come to pass that this youthful nation shall again return to the task of peacefully surveying the vast prairies of Alberta and Saskatchewan, upheaving the virgin soil of the Peace River District and felling the primeval forests of British Columbia and Quebec, harnessing the rivers of Ontario and piercing deep the mines in God's Country.

May it live—and grow—this spirit of enterprise, a golden inheritance from your pioneer forefathers that you will transmit to future generations.

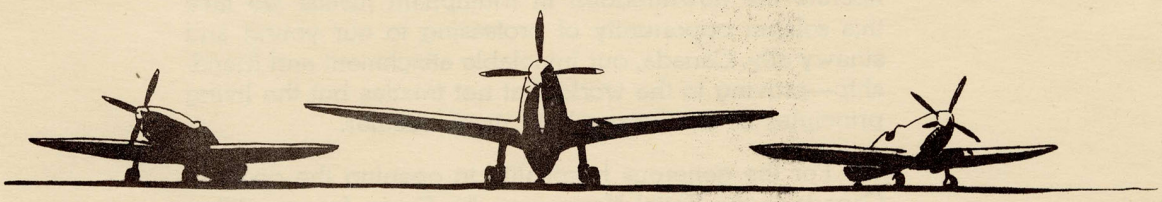
As we depart—and the curtain falls on the Royal Norwegian Air Force in Canada—we bid you an affectionate, long farewell.

A salute to Canada! Forever enshrined in our hearts!



ROYAL NORWEGIAN AIR FORCE TRAINING CENTRE

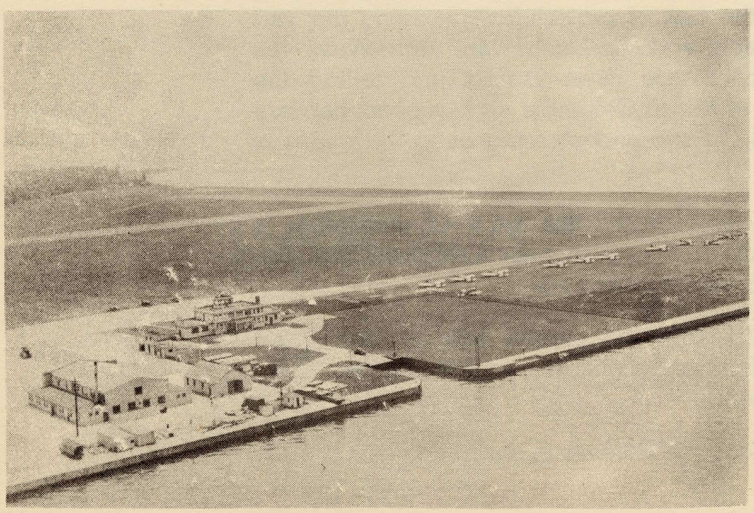
FROM ILLUSION TO REALITY



The 9th of April, 1940, will be recognized in the history of humanity as a dark day.

The 9th of April doesn't necessarily have to be remembered as a day of sorrow. This is in spite of the fact that many of our dreams and hopes have been shattered. We may not always have done our duty, but we Norwegians know our own responsibility as a nation.

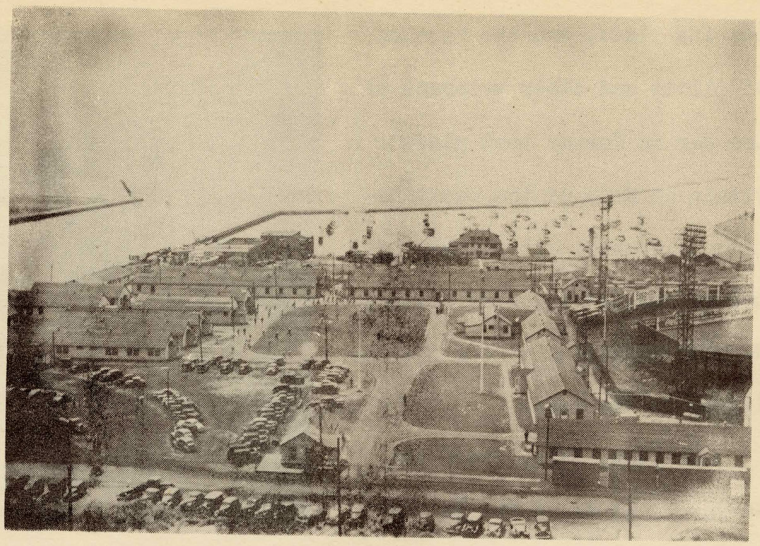
In spite of the fact that the 9th of April brought the greatest disaster to Norway, it is also the day of rebirth of the New Norway. We took up the struggle and we have never given in, even against the most bitter tactics of the enemy.



ISLAND AIRPORT, TORONTO.

Now, through nearly five years of war, the image of Norway grows clearer and clearer. The nation's best powers have returned in the conscience of the front, both at home and abroad. This image of the new Norway has a shape and a clarity more

respected and admired than ever before.



LITTLE NORWAY, TORONTO.

Therefore if the Norwegian nation has learned its lesson of the 9th of April, both in war and in the peace that will follow, and profits by that lesson faithfully, then the 9th of April will be a day of triumph for our people. We then will have turned the day of bitterness into the day that the nation can look upon with satisfaction and pride as the foundation of the new Norway.

The fight in Norway lasted 62 days and the Germans lost in men, ships, sailors and material potentials that caused a delay to their plans for invasion that in all probability saved England.

The Norwegian Air Force played its role, small necessarily for equipment and personnel were limited, but the role of the Air Force was played heroically.

When the fight was over and the capitulation necessary, when the King and Government had to leave the country to carry on law, defence and continued resistance outside the country, the Air Force disbanded the few units of pilots and planes left, swearing to each other to meet again where and when they could, for the re-establishment of the Air Force as an offensive weapon against Germany in association with Norway's friends and allies.

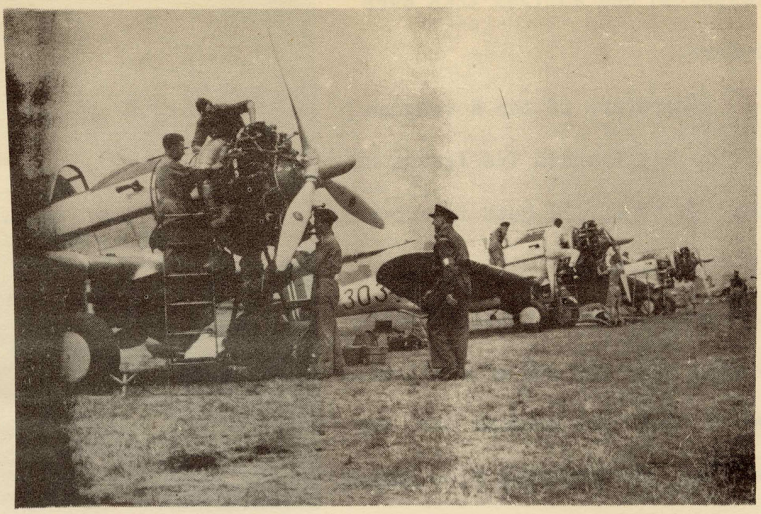


LAKESIDE HOME, TORONTO.

This gave the young patriots of Norway an opportunity and the greatest adventure of the war was the result.

The now famous Little Norway in Canada was the

meeting place, and the reunion of pilots and other veterans of the war in Norway took place within 60 days of the capitulation in Norway. It was not long before the Germans were again aware of Norwegian fliers and the Norwegian Air Force.



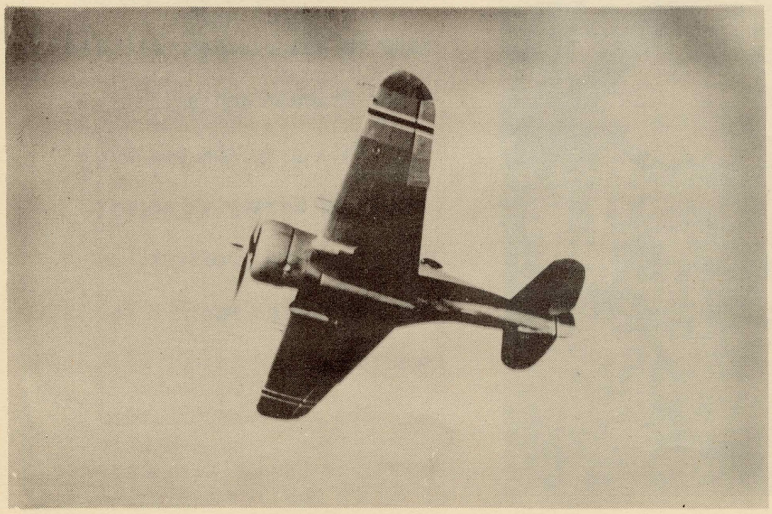
DOUGLAS PLANES FOR ADVANCED TRAINING.

In July, 1941, the first German Plane since the war in Norway was shot down by Norwegian bullets from a Spitfire in a Norwegian Squadron.

Norwegian boys had got wings again and were operating in an independent squadron under the R.A.F. Command from English bases.

Long before this time, the Norwegian Naval Air Force had sent a squadron to operate from Iceland, and had joined the important mission of securing the transport lanes of the Allies in the North Atlantic.

From all over the world and often around the world Norwegian boys came to Little Norway to join the Air Force. The now great legend of the Norwegian boys who escaped from Norway across the North Sea in fishing boats was shaping itself in the enrollment at Little Norway of boys in the flying school and in the mechanical courses and services necessary to equip and complete independent Norwegian squadrons for patrol, reconnaissance and for combat in Spitfires.



CURTIS PLANE USED IN ADVANCED TRAINING.

Air crews were trained for Northrops, Sunderlands, Catalinas and Spitfires and at last for Mosquitoes. Many pilots and navigators and aircrew were trained for service as individuals and in the various operational units under the R.A.F. Command. Norwegian pilots were in the earliest operations of the

Ferry Command and continue there as an important unit. Never before has Norwegian youth had a better opportunity to prove their stamina, ability, love of freedom and honor. Praise has been given to these boys by those high in the Command of the R.A.F., where praise is never overstated or exaggerated.



THE VISIT OF CROWN PRINCE OLAV AND CROWN PRINCESS MARTHA AT 192 BLOOR STREET, TORONTO.

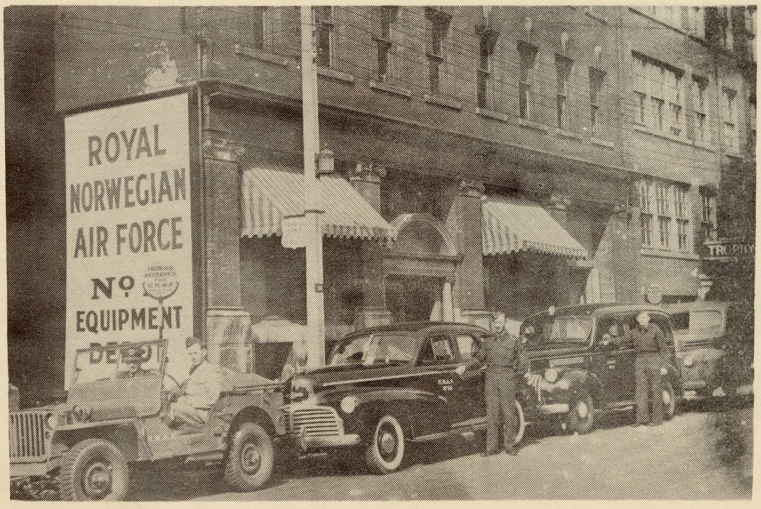
After the Dieppe raid in which the two Norwegian squadrons distinguished themselves above all other units participating that day, the English Wing Commander said, "In my opinion, the Norwegians carried out one of the finest jobs in the raid, and there is no better fighting group anywhere in southern England "

The most famous night fighter specialist in the R.A.F. said, "I should like to have Norwegian fighter pilots in my squadron."

Air Vice Marshall Saunders of the Fighter Command said, "They are among the finest men I have the nonor to have in my Command."

From the Chief of Air Ministry, Sir Archiblad Sinclair, "A Norwegian Fighter Squadron has been the best squadron in the Fighter Command in the United Kingdom since March 1943."

The climax was reached when the result for the year 1943 was summed up in this extraordinary statement: "The first Norwegian Fighter Squadron had 18 more German Aircraft shot down than the one next to it in score, which was an English Squadron, and the Second Norwegian Squadron came in third place, with 5 planes less than the English Squadron."



NO. 1 EQUIPMENT DEPOT AT 100 LOMBARD STREET, TORONTO.

There is no better proof o the part Norwegians are playing than what they have done in visual and physical contact with Norwegians at home. Norwegians in Norway have seen Norwegian planes and pilots in the Coastal Command flying along and over the coast on missions of reconnaissance, destroying ships and ground installations.

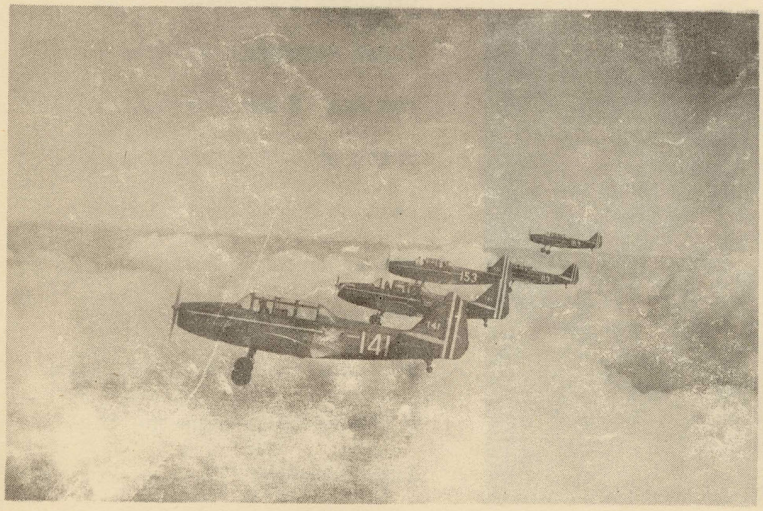


FAIRCHILD TRAINING PLANE USED IN ELEMENTARY FLYING.

Missions less visible at home are concerned with the protecting of Allied convoys and the spotting of enemy ships and submarines.

Norwegian boys in the air, whether along the coasts of home, or in combat over the continent or defending England, or in the Transport Command ferrying aircraft over the world from Labrador to Arabia, enjoy the thrill of men with wings and the glamour that surrounds the life of a pilot.

But let us not ever forget the ground crew. One of the most famous technical experts of the R.A.F. said under an inspection of a Norwegian Fighter Squadron: "I have never seen a squadron with such well-kept planes. One was in a state of perfection you could not even reach in the factory." This explains the fact that our squadrons have fewer flying accidents than any other squadrons and a higher percentage of aircraft in service.



FORMATION OF FAIRCHILDS.

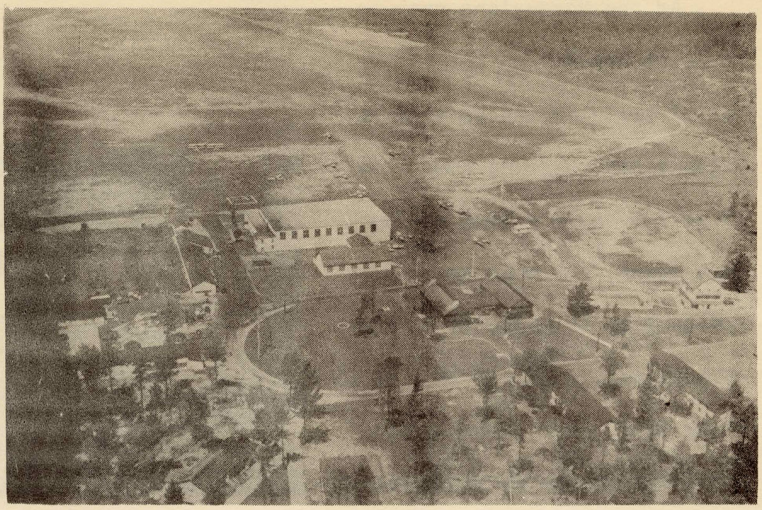
boys lost or missing or taken prisoner is tragic to a small nation that gave its best, that needs every competent, consecrated person in the nation for the work of rebuilding in peace.

These losses must be born, not alone in the grief of parents and families, but by the nation. Those left will need double consecration both in the job still

to be done in combat and in the rebuilding after peace.

The phases through which the Norwegian Air Force Training Center has passed fall into five general categories, three of which have been achieved and have passed into history, two are stil to be accomplished:

The war in Norway and Norway's fight for 62 days.



LITTLE NORWAY, MUSKOKA.

The re-establishment of the Air Force in Canada.

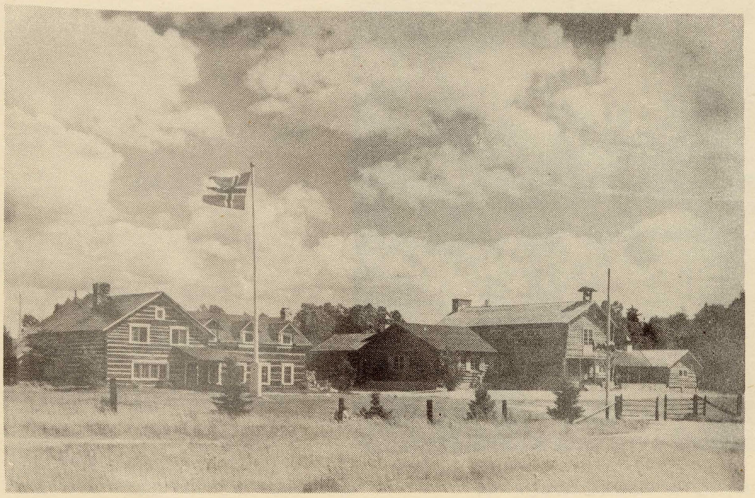
The Squadron's equipment and training and operational service in Iceland and in the United Kingdom.

The transfer of training from Canada to England.

Finally, the return home, still beyond the eastern horizon.

By the end of March of this year, Little Norway, Vesle Skaugum and other centers of the Air Force activity will be closed in Canada and each department moved overseas to continue training in England.

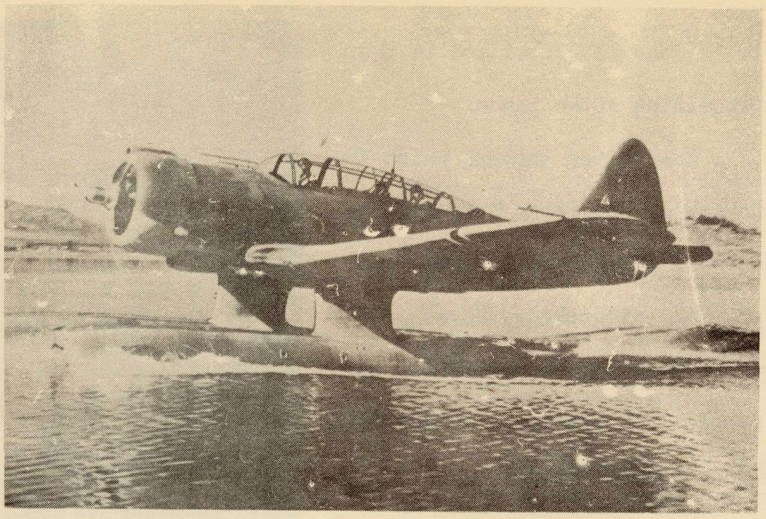
This phase in the history of the Air Force, in progress at the moment, will be recognized in a formal ceremony of farewell for which this number of Lille Norge Avisen is a



VESLE SKAUGUM, HUNTSVILLE.

On Friday, the 16th of Feb. at Little Norway, Muskoka, there will be a gathering of friends of the Air Force and its personnel, of all ranks at which goodbye will be said and appreciation expressed, officially to Canadians and friends in the States for the facilities enjoyed in training and for all kindnesses, courtesies and hospitality.

As the Norwegians prepare to leave Canada for the interval of training and waiting in England before going home, it is well to take a look at the past years, now more than four, and outline briefly, in an elementary way, the events of these past four years that stand out in the skeleton history of the Training Center and its life and activities in Canada.



NORTHROP SEAPLANE USED IN OPERATIONS IN ICELAND.

For our friends in Canada who would like to see, in outline, the development of the organization, the following sketch will define the chronology and emphasize the more important events.

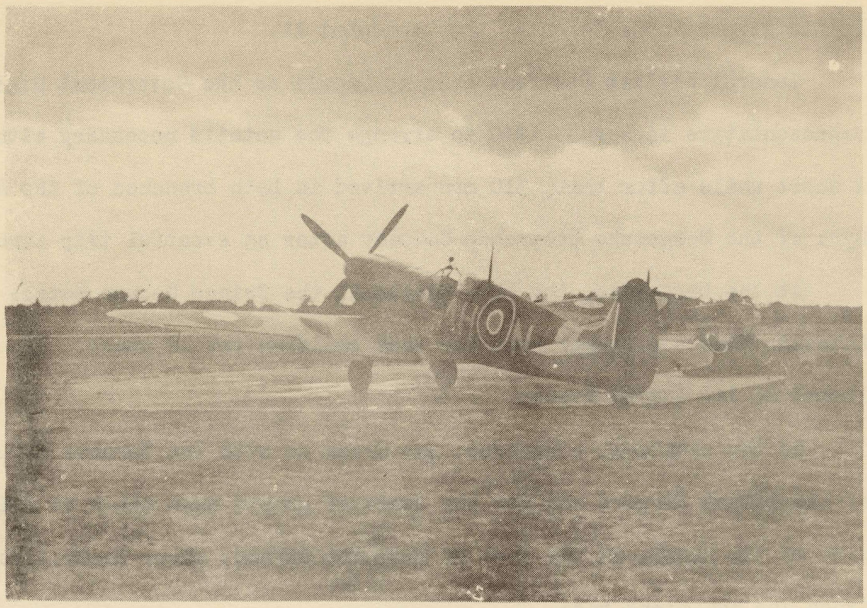
There are only a few here now who were at Little Norway during the celebration of its opening on November 10, 1940. Many have arrived since and many have left

In the beginning of June, 1940, when Norway stopped fighting and the King and Government left the country to continue the fight outside Norway, many members of the Army and Navy Air Force followed across the North Sea to England. The Government had announced its determination to continue the fight by the side of the Allies until victory was won. They planned to recruit among Norwegians outside Norway, and eventually to get re



NORWEGIAN PILOTS EXAMINING A FOCKE-WULF AT THE FIGHTER SQUADRON STATION IN ENGLAND

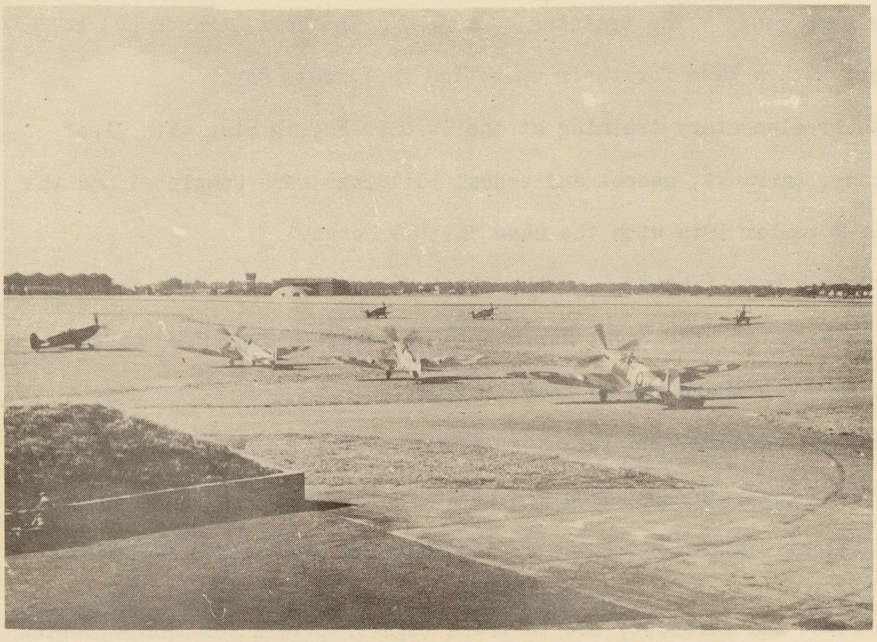
cruits directly from Norway.



A SPITFIRE OF THE FIGHTER SQUADRONS IN ENGLAND.

Both branches of the Air Force started immediately to organize their activities. The first thing that was needed was a training station which could give flying personnel already educated at home, the necessary extra training in refresher courses to qualify them as efficient flyers to be used in Norwegian independent squadrons in England and also to train new personnel who would fill the ranks in the planned operational units. The first plan was to construct a training camp in France, but this had to be abandoned after the break-through in France and Belgium.

A selected group of flying officers was sent to Canada to discover possibilities there. A great deal of British training had been established there in 1939, when the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan came into being.



SPITFIRES AT A NORWEGIAN FIGHTER SQUADRON STATION IN ENGLAND.

It was necessary to start as quickly as possible and when the officers were given the opportunity to rent the

Island Airport near Toronto, they accepted it.

General William Steffens came to Canada as the Government Minister of Defense's representative in August 1940 to arrange the details necessary with the Canadian authorities. A short while after that, 110 men arrived in both branches of the Air Force on the Iris and Lyra of the Bergenske Steamship Company after an eventful trip across the Atlantic.

At the beginning, the boys stayed at the Prince George Hotel. Later, some were sent to Lakeside Home - a former home for sick children for 12 years. The Headquarters were established at 341 Church Street.

In the meantime, a contract was drawn up with the Toronto Harbor Commission for the use of the Island Airport and for the lease of ground upon which to build the camp, on the town side of the canal, at the foot of Bathurst Street, where facilities were available for aerodrome and sea-plane base.

The construction of the first building in the camp, which was later to be called Little Norway, was started immediately. While this was under way, the first training planes were received. Norway had an order for planes in the U.S.A. for Curtis and Douglas planes, which had not been delivered before the invasion, and 24 of each were delivered to Toronto for training.

In the beginning of August, the first Norwegian Fairchild landed on the Island Airport, and it was soon followed by many other. The training commenced. The Naval branch had acquired 24 Northrop sea planes with a base for their operation in Toronto Bay.

The Naval branch had their elementary training at the Toronto Flying Club with Tiger Moths and Fleets. In the camp, barracks, messes and school buildings were completed and the official opening was held on November 10th with the name "Little Norway".

For the occasion, 800 guests were invited, and the opening ceromony was under the leadership of General Steffens. In December, the Naval Northrop Wing moved to Vancouver to spend the winter training in a place where there was no snow and ice.

They formed the First Patrol Squadron and left for Iceland in April 1941, as the first Norwegian Squadron in operation. Later the Squadron was moved to the United Kingdom where it continued the battle of the Atlantic with Sunderland Flying Boats in the Coastal Command.

The Army branch, which first and foremost, was to train fighter pilots for the Norwegian

Fighter Squadron, arranged Service Flying Training at stations of the R.C.A.F. in Western Canada, where equipment was available, since none at that time could be bought by the Norwegians. Gradually they arranged with the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan that Norwegian students were allowed to partake in courses in Canada. The Norwegian government paid the expenses of training. Norwegian instructors always went with the student units.

In Little Norway, initial training, elementary training was given and advanced training for fighter pilots after their return from the R.C.A.F. Service Flying Stations. At Little Norway were operated the mechanics school and the radio school, recruit school, officers' training course, and different technical courses.

Other technical courses were taken at R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. schools, so that when the airmen were ready for overseas there was only O.T.U. left before being ready for operations which they received in the United Kingdom.

On April 10th, both branches of the Air Force were combined under one Command, called by the initials, F.F.K., at headquarters in London.

The technical name of the Canadian Centre was The Royal Norwegian Air Force Training Center - known among Norwegians as F.T.L.

The creation of the First Fighter Squadron occupied the first months of 1941. On March 6th, the pilots had their final tests and exhibition over Toronto. It was a little bit playful, as an exhibition, and the inhabitants of Toronto were both impressed and frightened. Since that time, Norwegian planes have been prohibited from flying over the city area.

The First Fighter Squadron consisted of flyers trained in Norway with advanced training at Little Norway. The ground crew, who had come partly from Norway, and partly trained at Little Norway, completed the well-balanced units of the squadron.

On account of the difficulty of receiving them on the other side, the squadron did not leave before May. They started with patrol duties in the Orkneys and moved to the south of England for an active combat area in May, 1942.

In November, 1941, the second squadron went overseas and was fitted out with planes in February 1942. In June they came to the same station, and into the same wing with the First Squadron.

The training in Little Norway continued with better equipment and the buildings in the camp increased. Barracks were added, a hospital, depot building, office building and finally a radio school, "Radio City" and the gymnasium "Haraldshallen" were built, with recreation

room and steambath. Haraldshallen was an outright and magnificent gift from friends og Little Norway in the States, one of the first visible uses to which gifts were put. Many conveniences, comforts and aids in military and air training were received,including gift planes for training. Not so much the comfort of the boys were these generous gifts used, as aids in their training, their physical condition and efficiency. Recruits came from all over the world and those who managed to escape from Norway found their way to the camp by the most amazing routes. Not only were one and two motor pilots sent overseas from Little Norway, but also observers, navigators, radio-operators, gunners, mechanics, and ground crew of different categories.

A Norwegian detachment was set up under the Transport Command in Montreal where pilots and navigators have received valuable experience and have done extraordinarily fine service in ferrying bombers across the Atlantic and to other parts of the world.

As the activities increased at F.T.L. and the flying school became larger, it proved that the Island Airport was not large enough for all the types of training going on there. It had proved unsatisfactory to have elementary flying in Fairchilds, advanced training in Curtis and Douglas at the same aerodrome. In the summer of 1941 the elementary flying was moved to an emergency aerodrome in Elmsdale, north of Huntsville, 160 miles from Toronto, where the boys were sheltered in tents. Elmsdale had many disadvantages as it was too far away, and there was no equipment for winter and night flying. The experience at Elmsdale was good proof that better conditions were needed.

So F.T.L. became interested in the Dominion emergency airport in Muskoka near Gravenhurst which had all the advantages needed. In the fall it was decided to lease this airport. In the winter of 1942 the building of New Little Norway at Muskoka was begun with the hangar, the mess, the remodelling of barns. Working conditions in all departments were improved.

In the beginning of May 1942, 74 men went up from Little Norway in Toronto with the Chief of the Flying School. On May 4th the new camp was officially opened by His Royal Highness, Crown Prince Olav and the Norwegian flag was raised with the R.C.A.F. ensign.

Officials from Ottawa, Toronto, Gravenhurst and Bracebridge were present at the ceremonies. The neighboring property which is now Little Norway, Muskoka was bought from a farmer and is owned pro forma by one of F.T.L.'s officers, because it is forbidden in Canadian law that other States own property in this country.

The new little Norway at Muskoka had so many advantages that the question of moving the entire training camp there was taken up. The eventual sale of Little Norway in Toronto and plans for the enlarging of the camp at Muskoka were discussed under Colonel Reistad's visit to London in the summer of 1942. In the fall of 1942 guard houses, officer's building, barracks, work shops, depot, hospital and service buildings, a Link trainer room were built, so that the camp started to take on the appearance we are familiar with today.

The Canadian authoritites bought Little Norway in Toronto and used it as a Manning Depot, called Lakeside Camp.

In January 1943, the R.C.A.F. took over half the camp and in the beginning of April all Norwegian personnel and property had been moved from the camp.

On the 7th of April, the Norwegian flag was lowered in the presence of Air Vice Marshall McGill of the R.C.A.F. The Canadians marched in and the name Little Norway was transferred to Muskoka.

An important part of what we know today as the training camp in Canada is Vesle Skaugum. This property was acquired in the spring of 1941. It then consisted of the old building and several small log houses. The original buildings at Vesle Skaugum belonged to an old Colonial fur trading post, where Indians and trappers brought skins for trading and for sale.

The idea was that this place was to be a recreation camp and recruit school and was bought and enlarged from the soldiers' canteen fund and gift fund, but the daily expenses have been paid by F.T.L. Its importance in military training has been conspicuous in the toughening it has done for recruits, and in courses. Both winter and summer exercises there have helped keep the personnel in tough physical condition.

With its entirely Norwegian character, as far as its buildings and surroundings go, Vesle Skaugum has in the years been able to soften our homesickness and has been the source of much pleasure, the value of which cannot be over-estimated. Part of the picturesqueness and charm of Vesle Skaugum, both for Norwegians and especially for visitors, has been in the animals kept there. Teams of huskies have been kept in training, and used in maneuvers. Dog sleds accompany maneuvers in winter ski exercises. Puppies have been born and trained, and result in good dog teams. Nature bears are mascots at Vesle Skaugum. It is the home of that amusing creature called "Funny" who started her career at Little Norway, and is now retired into seclusion at Vesle Skaugum.

Even after Little Norway had been moved to Muskoka, F.T.L. kept some of its activities in Toronto. The busy headquarters in Church Street is still F.T.L.'s administrative center. Not far from it lies the training camp's main depot at 98 Lombard Street, where equipment of great value is stored and packed for immediate shipment to wherever it may be needed.

All Norwegian flying ceased on the Island Airport when the flying school was closed there in 1943. Repair work shops continued there with personnel housed in F.T.L.'s only Toronto residence No.192 Bloor Street, West.

The parachute depot in Queen Street continued to care for all parachutes, their regular inspection, packing and shipping.

The entire Little Norway's fate has been strongly influenced by the increase of personnel. Had there been an increase as in the beginning, there would have been great plans for expansion. As the number of recruits was uncertain and decreasing in 1942-43, there were fears of such serious depletion that there was talk of moving the camp and of closing down.

To keep the flow of personnel to Little Norway in regular numbers, has been of the utmost importance and perhaps the most satisfactory flow of personnel was in the spring of 1944. Then there arrived specially chosen and trained recruits from Sweden in large numbers. Even if the war situation in Europe looks quite promising now and the Canadians are closing down their training stations, Little Norway still has the great task of creating the foundation of the future Air Force in Norway, greater than before, better than before, when Norway is free again.

In the last few years one has been able to see results achieved by the air personnel trained at Little Norway. It is with great pride that we here in Little Norway have seen the lists of decorated personnel overseas with the very well-known names from the personnel lists here.

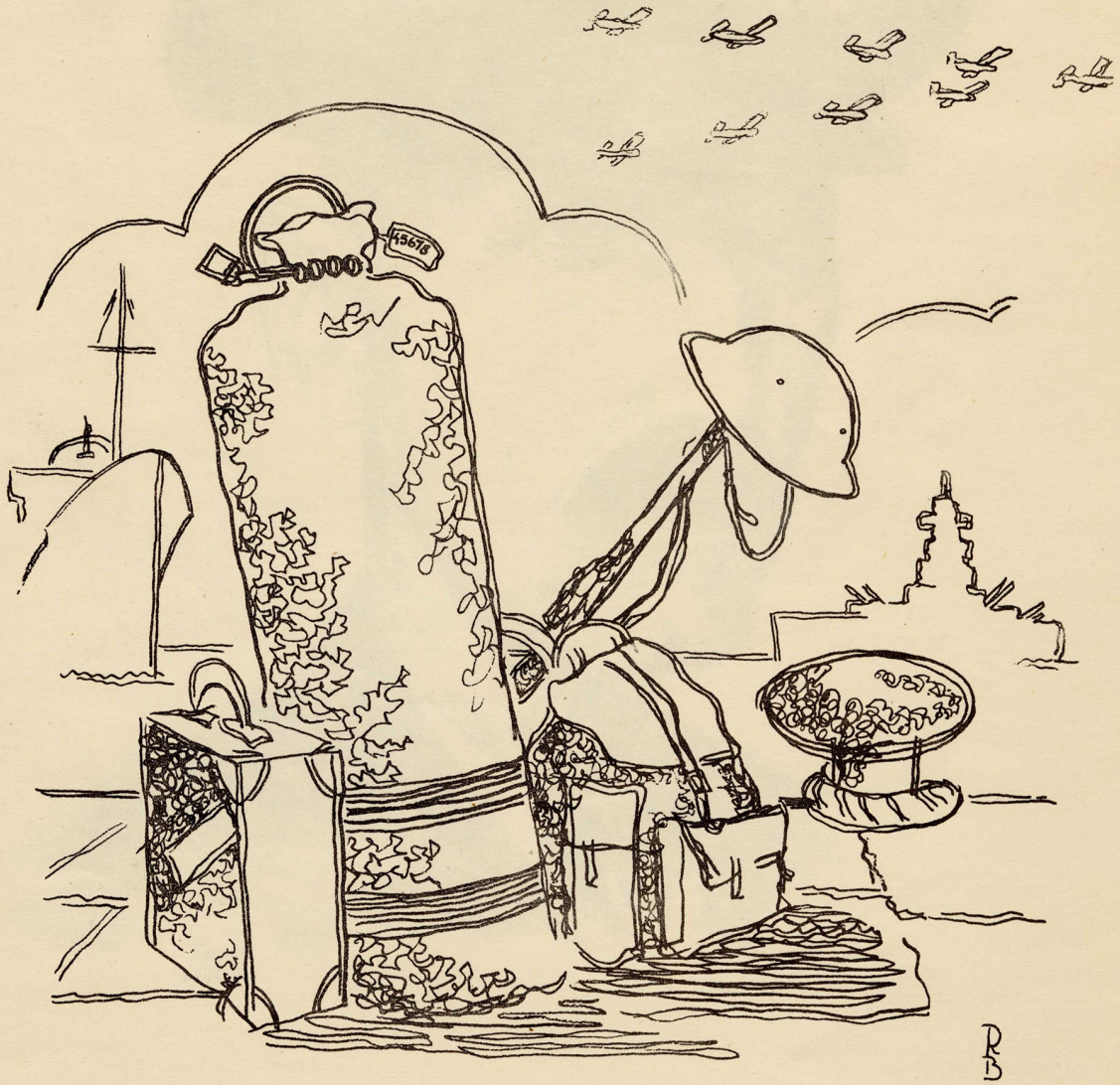
Little Norway can also share as part of its honor when a Norwegian squadron during 1943 was called the best Fight Squadron in England both with regard to enemy planes shot down and the lowest number of their own planes missing or damaged. When one looks back over the past four years and more, and considers the achievement of our squadrons overseas, one can well say that Little Norway has fulfilled its purpose - to bring the day nearer when we again can set foot on free Norwegian soil.

That day approaches across the horizon as we leave Canada for England.

Training will continue there. The fight in the air goes on wherever enemy aircraft can be found or wherever he can be damaged on land or sea. Eventually we will go home.

We now say Farewell to Canada.

We have made memories we will keep.




René
Bjerke
9.2.45

The King

By Nordahl Grieg

Thus our King shall live before us :—

By a white and silvery birch-stem,
'Gainst the dark of springtime pinewood,
Standing, with his son beside him,
Lone, while German planes fly over.

His alone the weary furrows
Toil upon his face has graven :
But the pain there is for others.
Such must be the face of Peace ;
Grey and drawn with sleepless vigils,
Hunted, tortured, scorned of tyrants,
None the less the strength retaining
Of all life to share the suffering.

He is kindred to the birch-tree.
As the dead with earth are blended,
So his soul and land are one ;
And his selfless gaze of anguish
And the tree's calm gleam of whiteness
Face a day which neither dreamed of—
Something fine and sacred outraged,
Something coarse and vile approaching.

O'er the open wound of anguish
Closes an unfaltering purpose.
Such must be the face of Peace ;
Quivering with tense-drawn sinews,
With a stern contempt for murder,
Guardian over all it cares for.

By the birch he stands and watches,
Tall, erect, the coming danger ;
Proud and lonely as an eagle.

II

When the Germans fell upon us,
Offering slavery, then he answered—
For himself he chose refusal ;
But the choice was with his people ;
They and they alone must answer.

None he forced into the battle,
Unto none appealed for succour,
Wary for the fate of others,
Careful but for their survival.
Since death comes to each man singly,
He stood waiting, claiming nothing.

Never seemed our land so desert ;
Roads were closed and towns struck helpless ;
Mind from mind was far asunder.
And it seemed that every spirit
Felt the burden of decision,
Trembling asked—what is my duty ?

Calm and pale they found the answer,
First his Council, then the nation.

First the answer came from ocean.
Norway's forty thousand seamen,
One and all, they chose resistance :
Chose the exile, chose the longing,
Chose the death of flame and frostbite,
Chose to drift on flimsy wreckage,
Lost, a thousand miles from rescue :
Chose to their eternal honour.

But they chose a life accustomed,
Deck and engine-room—their own work.

Those at home who marched to battle
Chose a way of life they knew not,
Made a choice they could not master.
But they found and faced the foeman,
From the workshop or the office,
Classroom desk or fishing schooner.
As a rule they had no orders
Other than their own hearts prompted.

Snow-fields thawed and birch-trees budded,
Flighted in the moon the woodcock.
German tanks were in the valley.
With his thoughts alive with springtime,
Went a man along the village,
On his hand a wedding ring,
In his clothes the smell of horses :
And the space that held him parted
From the cot where wife and children
Stood and watched him—grew a dizzy
Icy gulf that closed about him.

So did father go to war.

Many were the men who went not :
Northern harvests ripen slowly,
Are not conjured from the furrow.

So the hour of our disaster
Struck : the King with few companions
Homeless from the land departed,
Past the coast's extremest islands,
Where the spring's white gulls were lighting
From their long instinctive journey,
Having *reached* the home they longed for.

And the land was left deserted.

But the seed-corn that was scattered
Upon each man's naked spirit,
On a sad, pale day of April,
Grew in darkness through the autumn.
Each himself must choose his action.

No man then was lost or helpless ;
Each took counsel of the greatest,
In his solitude—himself.

Over all the soil before them
Swarmed the country's latest masters—
Blend of hypocrites and bandits ;
And they called themselves our gardeners,
When they were but noxious vermin,
Spawning in the roots we sprang from.
Greedy, venomous, they bored there.
Where is freedom ? Find it ! Kill it !

Thus the choice was not a hard one.
Thousands sailed across the ocean,
Bombing-planes and death defying ;
Braved the unaccustomed tempests
In a little fishing schooner,
Even in a tiny rowboat.
When upon the quay they landed,
Straight they asked for further dangers :
Fighting-planes were their ambition,
And they burned with lust of battle
As a lover for his mistress.

Many gained their heart's desire ;
And to-day they fly the Channel
To the savage tryst appointed.

In the land were dearth and terror ;
All was pillaged and polluted ;
But the foeman's final object
Still was foiled—to kill our spirit.

In the front rank stood the children,
For their rights of growth rebelling ;
They, perhaps, have most to fight for,
Since 'tis they shall live the longest.

Grew the pressure ; each must answer
What for his own life he purposed.
If he spoke of any purpose,
He was prisoned, beaten, martyred,
By a gang of slaves demented,
In their terror, filled with hatred,
For a liberty that never
By their leader-slave was taught them.

Northern harvests ripen slowly.
Here a man, alone with conscience,
Chooses slowly ; he must know first
Who he is and what he stands for.
None the less, it makes him happy
That the choice is of his choosing,
Tried and tested, found through suffering.
Thus his freedom grows from freedom,
All his own, from root to blossom.
He has earned the right he planned for,
Precious as the soil that bred him.

Pale and tortured men in prison
Face their martyrdom with singing.

Now the field is ripe to harvest.

Once but few our King surrounded,
Now his folk and he are blended ;
And a new, strange cry is sounded
Now from some of those about him :
Thou art leader, thou our chieftain,
We thy bodyguard to serve thee !

Wherefore is it they have chosen
Watchwords of our foe's invention—
Leader, lead us, and we follow !
Is it from the fear of thinking ?
Is it from the need for heaping
All their burdens on another ?

Has not this our world's disaster
Risen from its faulty thinking ?
Shall we make our contribution
To its cure by never thinking ?
But that thoughtless cry they utter
Carries an unjust suggestion,
Something blind and cruel to him.
Führerschaft makes others victims,
And must bear a load of bloodshed.
No such load our King shall carry.

No man in death's final anguish,
In a freezing lifeboat drifted,
Or at eve of execution,
In despair can cry reproachful—
Wherefore hast thou led us hither ?

They with kindness will recall him,
As a friend and as a fellow.
They themselves death's road have trodden,
They, like him, their course have chosen.

He who stood beside the birch-tree,
In his secret mystic kinship
With the pallid spring about him,
Felt a tender, sore compassion
For all life designed for living.
Humbly he has watched it growing
To the point where each is single,
To the point where death is freedom.

He is greater than a leader,
For he placed his trust in others,
Trusted in the spirit's kingdom.
He shall march towards a future,
Since his own heart holds more freedom
Than may fall to most men's portion.
So he is the people's King,
In a land where each is destined
Of his own fate to be leader,
In his own soul to be chieftain.

No. 111

The oldest and most honorable aircraft still in routine service at Little Norway is No.111.

It was flown first at Little Norway - Toronto on August 31st, 1940, by Christian Fredrik Jean-Hansen. If planes were given names, it could in all solemnity be called The Jean-Hansen.

Captain Jean-Hansen was killed in action on August 29th, 1943.

No. 111 was first flown before any flying class was formed. The first class to fly it was HI.

Every class from that day to the present day has flown it, HI and H2, Navy, M1, M2, M3, Army.

The designation F1 was given the class that started flying the 12th of May, 1941.

There were 34 pilots in E1. Eight are left.

On February 5th, 1945, No. 111 had flown 1750 hours. In this plane, instructors and students have worked together 1750 hours in the long course that leads to combat, to victory, to freedom.

Many have fallen, but the Spirit of Little Norway, a name any Fairchild can bear, still soars. The last flight of "The Jean-Hansen" if we choose to call No. 111 by that honorable name, may very easily be a flight with Lieutenant John F.S. Greiner, instructor, who received his training in it. If he had as student in such a flight, any one of the boys who have recently come from Norway, he would be carrying a strange product of the invasion of Norway on the 9th of April, 1940, for these students, many of them, were not more than 15 years old at that time. They have grown up under the Germans.

This plane spans the whole course of training and bears memories of achievements carried over into successful combat.

When No. 111 was first flown, the student was a boy of 15. It so happens that for every hour No. 111 has flown, the student spent a day in Norway, occupied by the Germans and Lt. Greiner a day in the service of his country fighting them.

When No.111 is dis-sembled and crated for transfer to England, a special label should be put on the crates: Handle with care. This plane carries with it the Spirit of Little Norway.

To Our Volunteer Helpers

For five years we have been longing for the day the order should be given to break up camp and move eastward.

Now the day has arrived—we are going to transfer our training activities to England as soon as possible and the Royal Norwegian Air Force Training Center in Canada will cease to exist.

We have already secured air fields in the United Kingdom and the transfer of personnel and equipment has commenced. We had, of course, hoped to be able to go directly to Norway; but if we now find it necessary to make a stop-over in England, we hope it will not be for any length of time.

So many thoughts come to me now when the hour of departure finally has struck and we suddenly have to give up our miniature Norway, "Vesle Skaugum" and all that we have come to know as the Air Force Training Center in Canada.

We know only too well that these excellent working conditions we have enjoyed here could never have been obtained without the help and interest shown by thousands of people of Norwegian descent on this continent.

How much help, inspiration and encouragement, have not the continuous flow of gifts, letters and hospitality given us?

And those who for years have been without all that a home and family means, know only too well how it warms the heart when one discovers that in spite of all someone cares—even far away from home and loved ones.

Neither shall we forget those of Danish and Swedish descent who gave their support to "Little Norway." We felt the warm handshake of the neighbour in the hour of darkness.

Indeed, from the remotest corners of the world, people of many different nationalities found the way to Little Norway to bring their support and encouragement.

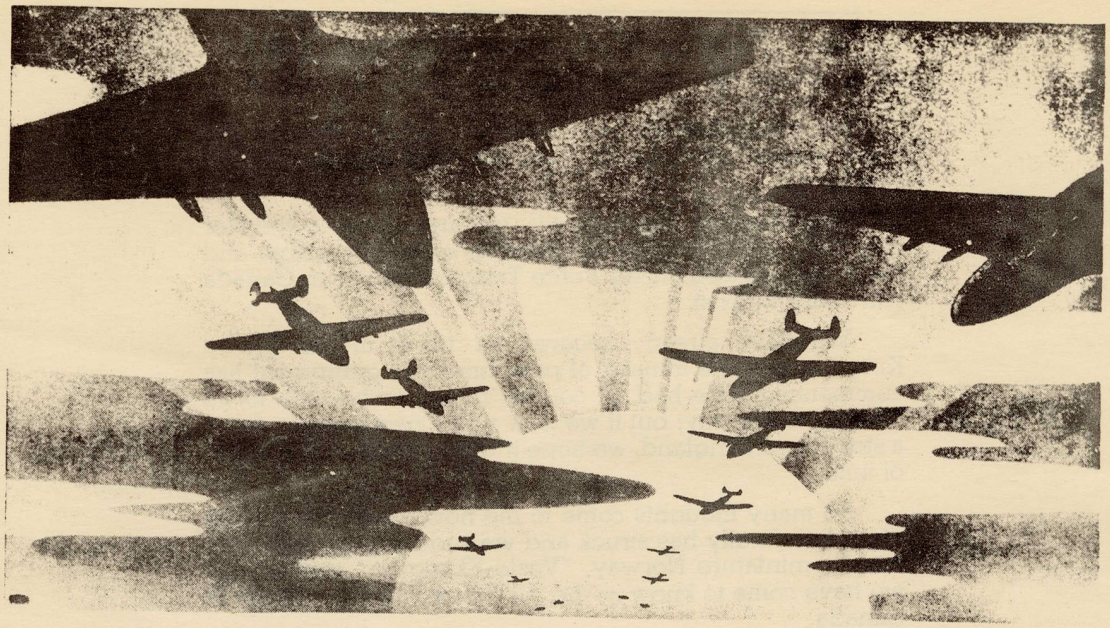
But Canada will forever occupy a special place in our hearts for the care and unique hospitality that has been shown us here.

As we travel eastward now to be as close to home as possible when the hour of battle strikes, we send you all our heartiest and most deep-felt thanks and hope we never will betray the confidence and hopes you have had in us. We know that new knots of friendship have been tied and old ones made stronger through all that happened here.

Knots of friendship that we know shall be stronger till the day those at home in our country will hear about the care and support that was given their flying sons on foreign soil, in a dark hour.

For the Personnel of the Royal Norwegian Air Force Training Centre.

Ole Reistad.



NORSKE FLYGERE

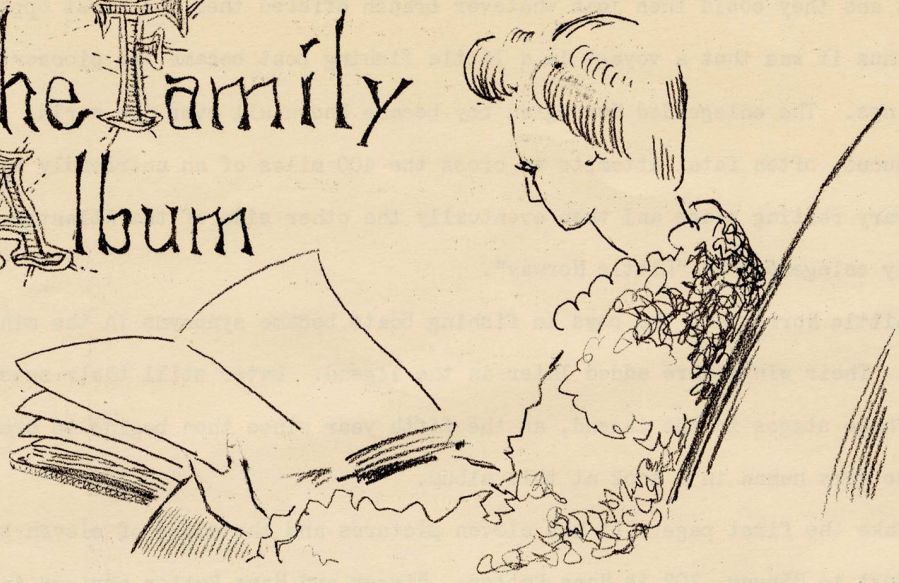
AV SIGMUND SKARD

Kringom vide verda har vi fare,
berre fuglen fylgjer våre spor.
Men i sveiter skal vi bera svaret
på ei stormsky til den norske jord.
Kvar mann giv akt!
Kvar vilje på vakt!
Propellane syng opp til fest:
storm frå vest.

Utan våpen heime kjempar våre.
Skam få den som ikkje no vil slåss.
Bakom tusen mil av berg og båre
kameratar, ventar dei på oss.
Kvar mann om bord
og kursen mot nord!
Det brusar ein storm under sky:
norske fly.

Gjennom natta fram vår fylking jagar.
Som eit lyn frå himlen skal vi slå.
Over skodda ser vi, når det dagar,
Norge fritt som før bak fjella blå.
Kvar mann slå til!
Vi veit kva vi vil.
Di framtid er trygg i vår hand,
fedreland.

The Family Album



One of the earliest records, one of the most interesting and dramatic in F.T.L.'s archives is a simple album bound in blue cloth, marked in squares for identification photographs, numbered in the corners of the squares, names written below the photographs, no rank, no data, only number, name and the never flattering look of an identification picture.

When enlistment began with F.T.L. in early August, 1940, the numbers from one to one hundred were set aside for enlistments in the naval branch of the Air Force.

The Army branch began with 101. The boy who had the honor to step before the recruiting officer and receive 101 was Birger from Aalesund. There are two of these books now, and the last number in the book and the last boy in the book is Thore from Oslo, quite recently from Norway. Birger left Norway while resistance against the Germans was still going on. He had fought them in the south and the line closed when the south was overcome. The only way he could get to northern Norway was by boat in the open sea. The Germans cut that way off by sea patrol so Birger and his four companions in the little fishing boat went on across the North Sea to the Shetlands hoping to find there a ship to take them back to Norway where they could join the forces still fighting in the north.

Before the return voyage could be accomplished the 62 days of fighting were over, Norway had to capitulate, and Birger and Hans Petter from Bergen, and their three other friends were forced to stay and were persuaded to believe there would be organized resistance outside

Norway and they could then join whatever branch offered them the first opportunity.

Thus it was that a voyage in a little fishing boat became the pioneer of many such crossings. The enlegended Norwegian boy became known all over the world. The sturdy, hazarduous, often fatal attempts to cross the 400 miles of an unfriendly sea ended in a temporary resting place and then eventually the other side of the Atlantic soon became equally enlegended as "Little Norway".

Little Norway and the boys in fishing boats became synonyms in the minds of the western world. Their wings were added later in the legend. Later still their success in combat.

These stages in the legend, as the fifth year since then begins to draw to a close, can be made very human in a look at this album.

Take the first page. It has eleven pictures and the names of eleven boys.

Next to Birger, 102 is Hans Petter. Birger and Hans Petter arrived in Toronto on Aug. 4th, 1940, with not quite a boat load of old pilots from Norway but the Iris and the Lyra were richer in pilot cargo than in mechanics. All that the old pilots needed was refresher courses and organizational experience and they were ready to form the first squadron and go into operational training. What was needed worst of all was mechanics. So the first five were trained as mechanics and craftsmen. The first five are still faithful members of the ground crew. Their rank is limited in military terms, but they rank extraordinarily high in loyalty, duty and the service they have given.

When pilots receive the highest praise there is invariably the accompanying praise for the maintenance and unparalled serviceability of the aircraft they faithfully attend.

One of the first five, Walter from Sandefjord became a flight engineer and has been missing since operations over the continent on December 17th. The next boy, Peder from Moy, has been a craftsman overseas since May 1943. Finn Olav from Finni in Telemarken has been a member of the ground crew overseas since October 1942.

Helge from Bergen, the sixth boy, got early and quick pilot training at Little Norway and went overseas in August, 1941. He was killed in action on the 22nd of June, 1943, with a score of 3 aircraft shot down, one probable and one damaged.

After Helge comes Christoffer from Drammen, a mechanic, then Helge from Lian, Aker who was a mechanic and then trained as a pilot and has been on bombers.

The next one, John Arvid, went back to the sea, to the Merchant Fleet, early in Jan.'41. Lars from Fredrikstad is a craftsman and Hans went to the navy.

Turning the page in this album the first five are pilots, four with long records overseas, and one has been lost.

There was a certain modesty in the laying out of the albums and in the numbers assigned.

The enlisted men's numbers run up to 799 and at 800 begin the non-commissioned officers. No. 800 is now a Lieutenant but his attachment is to him the first number given to him as a non-commissioned officer and not the new number given him as an officer. He is the pilot on the Air Force stamp in the Norwegian Merchant Fleet series.

The officer's numbers begin at 1000, the number borne by the commanding officer of the Training center, Lieutenant Colonel Ole Reistad. The first numbers after 1000 were given to officer-pilots. If crosses were put upon these pages after the names of the early pilots lost, they would be black and tragic pages.

There is probably no other military organization in the world where such records are kept as in "A Family Album". It could lie upon a table in a living room and not seem out of place, so compact in content, so human, so crowded with intimate associations with each other, so intertwined in personal histories.

If you like the idea of Mother Norway with a book in her lap, wondering about her children, then this is she, and this is the book - Norway's family album.

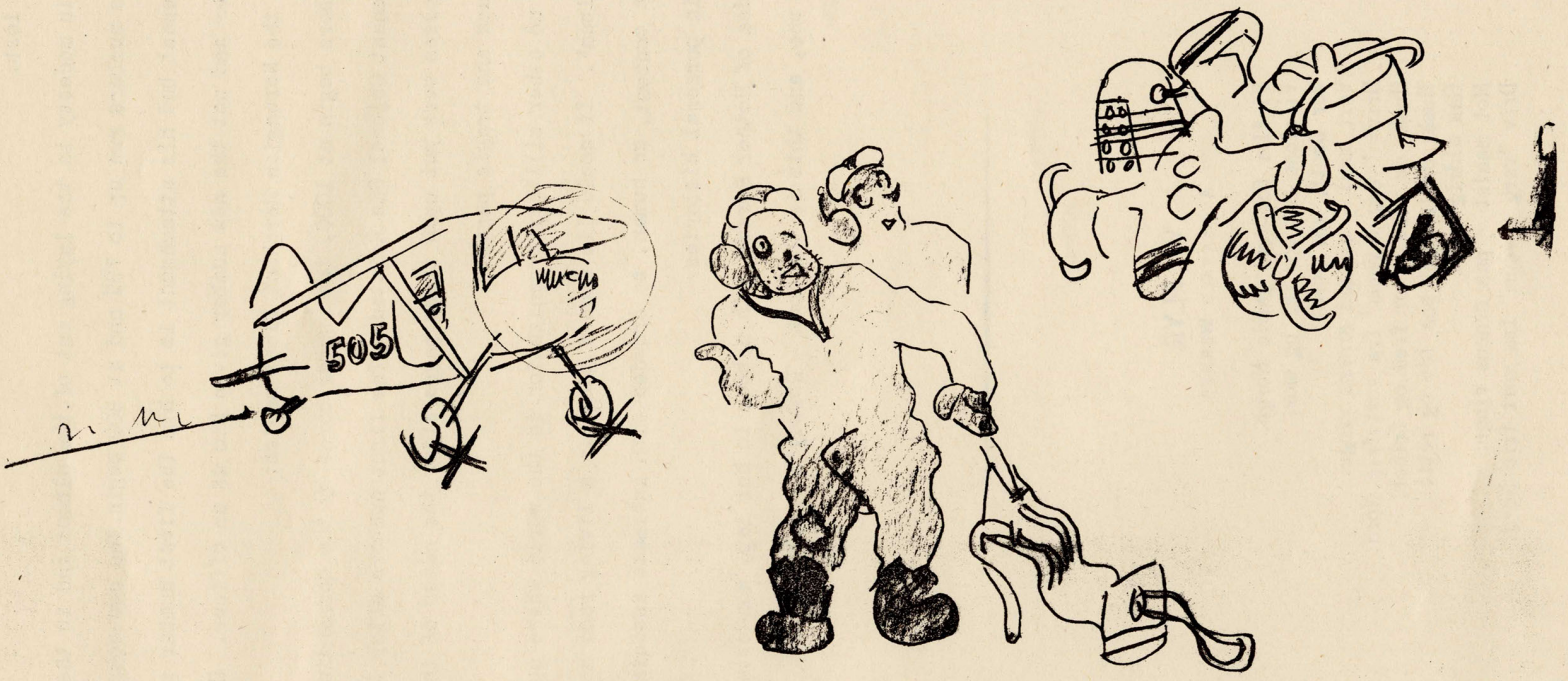
VI FLYR

AV HARALD WERNER

Vi flyr for vort gamle Norge.
Vi sloss for vor far og mor,
vor Drott, vor Jord!
Vort maal – er med ørnens vinge:
Driv "varg i veum" fra vort frie Nord.
Husk, de ranet, vor fred og frihet!
Husk, de trampet paa lov og rett!
Gaa aldrig trett – –
Mot maalet – paa ørnens vinge:
Driv "varg i veum" fra vort frie Nord!

o o o

TRENINGSVINGEN



— GIVE US THE JOB, AND WE SHALL FINISH THE TOOLS —

FAREWELL CANADA!

We've flown above the prairies,
we've flown above the bush
and parachuted down
in muskeg, grain and slush.

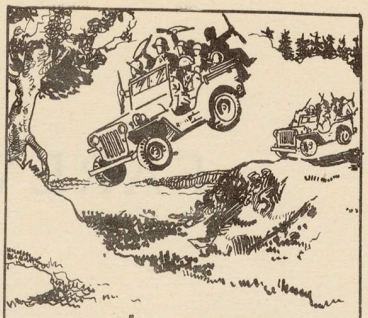
We've learned to love this country
as we saw it from the air,
and certainly we know it
in weather foul and fair.

We love its charming women,
respect its manly men,
and many of us certainly
are coming back again.

ODEGARD OMEJER

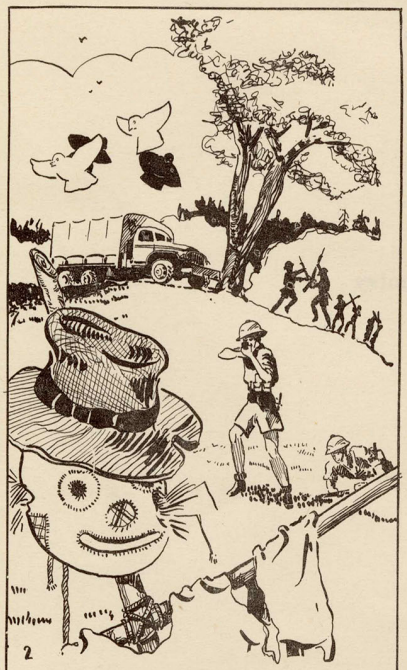
"LILLE NORGE"

Flygeväpnets Trenings Leir.



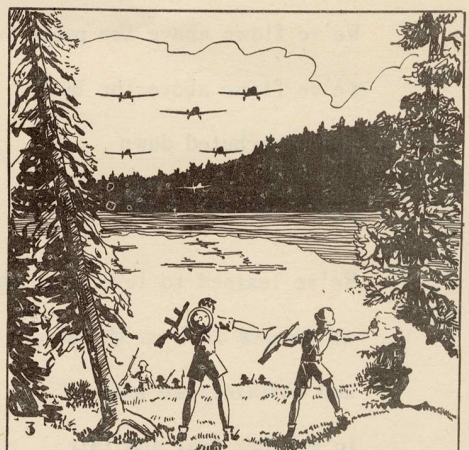
1

REKRUTTENE FRA VESLE SKAUGUM MARSJERER TIL LILLE NORGE. UNDERVEIS HOLDER DE PÅ MED FELTMANØVRER. EN REKONOSERINGS PATRULJE SENDES I FORVEIEN. GUTTA SKAL BLI FLYGERE OG FORSØKER DE MEDFØDTE TALENTER MED DE SMÅ AMERIKANSKE KRIGSBILER: JEEPENE.



2

KRIGSLYSTEN ER STOR, MEN DEN BLIR ENDA STÖRRE NÅR REKONOSERINGSPATRULJEN RAPPORTERER AT FIENDEN HAR OKKUPERT NOEN "CABINS". I DISSE TIDER AV SOMMEREN ER NEMLIG HYTTENE HER PÅ LANDET BESLAGLAGT AV KVINNER. MANÖVREN BLIR NÅ IKKE UTFÖRT UTEN TILSKUERS. SLAGET ER BLITT EN OPPVISNING SOM SENT SKAL GLEMMES PÅ DENNE SIDEN AV VERDEN. DE TÖFFE KARENE SLÅSS MANN MOT MANN MED DE VELLSLIPTE BAJONETTER. MEN DE ER TROSS ALT GODE VENNER. DE STOPPER KAMPEN HVIS DE SER EN ALDRI SÅ LITEN SPURV. SPRINGFIELDEN BLIR LADET MED SKARP OG DER PLAFFES I VEI FLERE PUND BLY.



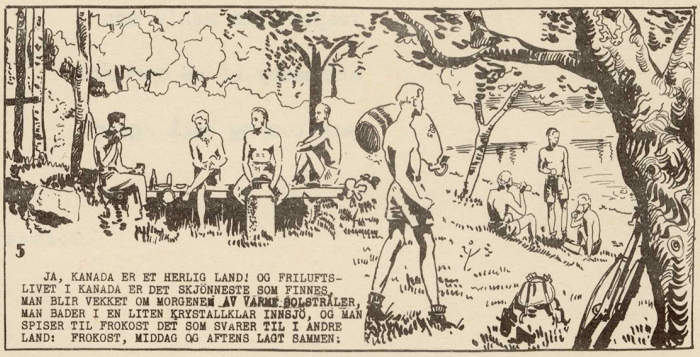
3

SLAGET ER PÅ SITT HÖYDEPUNKT. MAN HÖRER GRANATEKSPLOSJONER SOM EN SAMMENHENGENDE MUSIK. ETTER EN KORT PAUSE I SYMFONIEN BEGYNNER EN "CRESCENDO" NOEN OKTAVER LAVERE NED. DET ER FLYGEVÅPENET FRA LILLE NORGE SOM ER SATT INN I KAMPEN. FAIRCHILDENE SNITTFLYR OG MED EN USETT DYKTIGHET SLIPPER DE BOMBENE NED. NÅ ER SELVE RAGNAROKK LÖS. MAN RÖKLEGGER FELTPLASSEN, OG VENTER TIL LUFTANGREPENE ER OVER. BOMBENE HAGLER NED I FORM AV SMÅ PAPIRPOSER INNEHOLDENDE HVETE MEL!



4

MAN SETTER OPP LEIR FÖR NATTEN. OM KVELDEN SITTER DE GLADE REKRUTTENE RUNDT BÅLET OG SYNGER. DE TENKER PÅ INDIANERNE SOM HER FÖR SATT RUNDT ET BÅL, OMGITT AV DENNE VILDE KANADISKE NATUREN. DET ER NOE SOM TILTREKKER I DISSE TRÆR, I DENNE STILLHETEN.



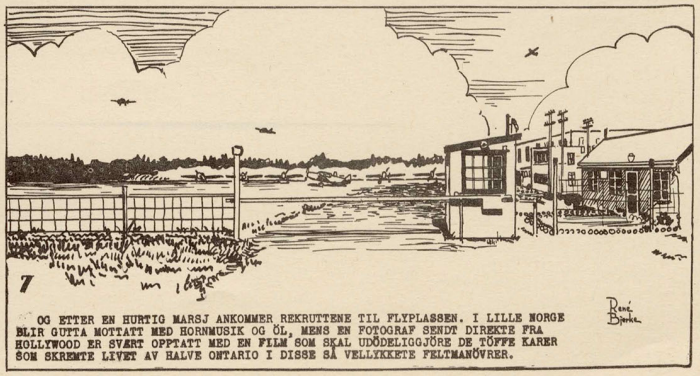
5

JA, KANADA ER ET HERLIG LAND! OG FRILUFTSLIVET I KANADA ER DET SKJÖNNESTE SOM FINNES. MAN BLIR VEKKET OM MORGENEN AV VARME SOLSTRÅLER, MAN BADER I EN LITEN KRYSTALLKLAR INNSJÖ, OG MAN SPISER TIL FROKOST DET SOM SVARER TIL I ANDRE LAND: FROKOST, MIDDAG OG AFTENS LAGT SAMMEN:



6

SÅ ER MAN KLAR TIL DAGENS MARSJ. IDAG SKAL EN GÅ DIREKTE TIL LILLE NORGE. DET SOM GJÖR DET NORSKE FLYGVÅPENET SÅ EFFEKTIVT ER DEN NÖYSOMME PLANLEGGNING AV OPERASJONENE OG DE GRUNDIGE FORBEREDELSER. BEFALET PLANLEGGER VEIEN.



7

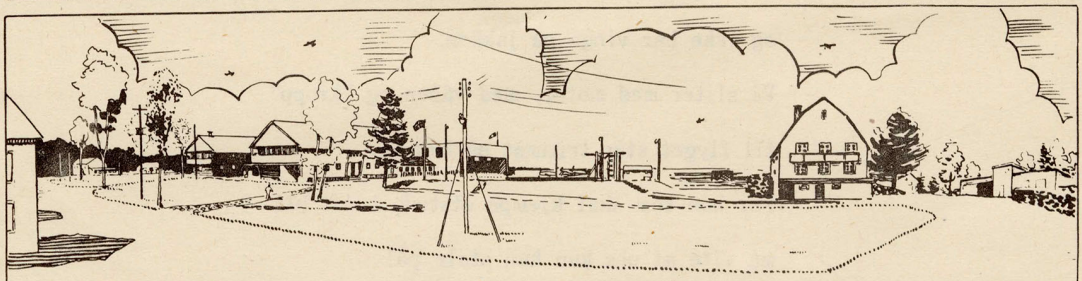
OG ETTER EN HURTIG MARSJ ANKOMMER REKRUTTENE TIL FLYPLASSEN. I LILLE NORGE BLIR GUTTA MOTTATT MED HORNMUSIK OG ÖL, MENS EN FOTOGRAF SENDT DIREKTE FRA HOLLYWOOD ER SVÆRT OPPTATT MED EN FILM SOM SKAL UDÖDELIGGJÖRE DE TÖFFE KARER SOM SKREMTE LIVET AV HALVE ONTARIO I DISSE SÅ VELLYKKETE FELTMANÖVRER.

René Brøde

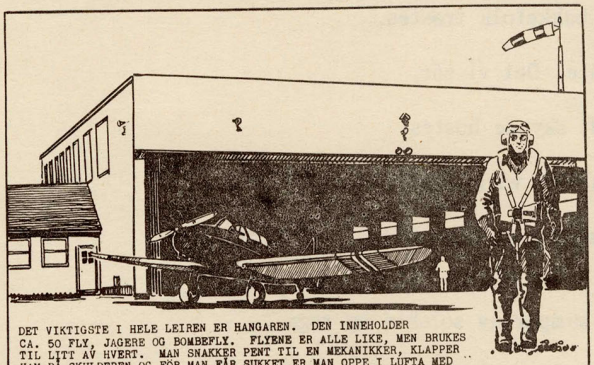




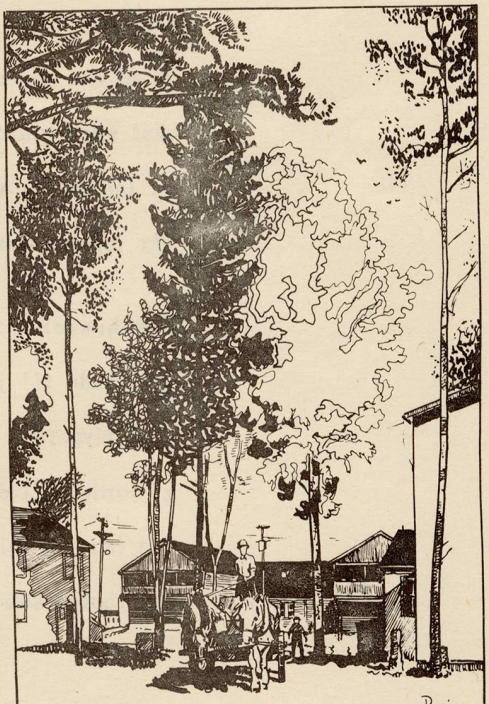
KAPTEIN THOMMESEN ER LEIRKOMMANDANT.



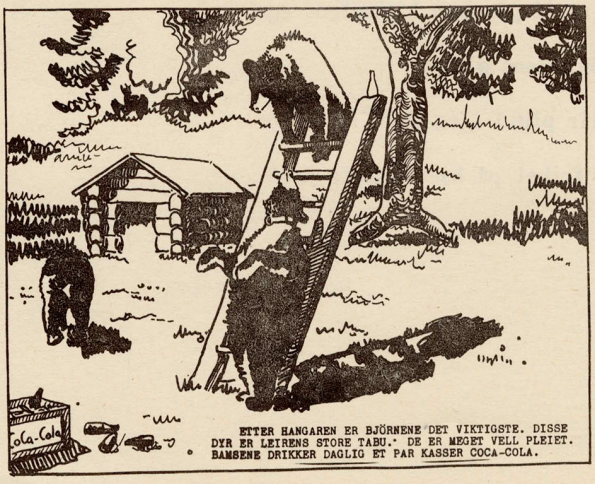
I LILLE NORGE BLIR MAN VEKKET KL.7 OM MORGENEN. REVELJEN GÅR GJENNOM HØYTALERNE I BRAKKENE. ETTER TROMPET-SERENADEN KOMMER EN SHOO-SHOO-BABY OG SÅ KOMMER DAGHAVENDE OFFISER. DENNE FÅR EN ANSTRENGENDE OPPGAVE I FORM AV GROVARBEID. HAN MÅ NEMLIG DRA HVER ENESTE MANN UT AV KØYA. DET ER FLERE HUNDREDE MANN I LEIREN. SÅ ER DET FROKOST. MAN ARBEIDER LITT. MIDDAG KL.12. OPPSTILLING KL.1. DER LESES LEIRENS SYNDERREGISTER, DET VIL SI HVEM SOM SKAL HA KAKEBU. SÅ PUSLES DER LITT TIL, OG KL. BLIR 5. DA VØKNER NATUREN TIL LIV, ALLE MANN BLIR VÅKNE. DE STORMER UT AV PORTEN I FINESTE PUSS OG TAR LEIRENS BUSS. DENNE KJØRER TIL GRAVENHURST ELLER BRACEBRIDGE, SOM ER DE NÆRMESTE MUSKLYNGER. DER STÅR DE OG VENTER HVIS HJERTER SKAL KNUSES. ; MAN ER TEORETISK TILBAKE I LEIREN KL.22.15 OG ALT FALLER SÅ ENDELIG TIL RO KL.23.00.



DET VIKTIGSTE I HELE LEIREN ER HANGAREN. DEN INNEHOLDER CA. 50 FLY, JAGERE OG BOMBEFLY. FLYENE ER ALLE LIKE, MEN BRUKES TIL LITT AV HVERT. MAN SNAKKER PENT TIL EN MEKANIKKER, KLAPPER HAM PÅ SKULDEREN OG FÖR MAN FÅR SUKKET ER MAN OPPE I LUFTA MED HAM. FAIRCHILDENE ER VERDENS BESTE SMÅ-FLY. DE KLARER PRAKTIGST TALT ALT. GÅR LIKE GODT UTEN MOTOR LANDER PÅ TOPPEN AV EN LOOP O.S.V. JA. MAN VIL NEPPE TRO DET.



DET ER MEGET Å SI OM LILLE NORGE. ALLE DE SOM HAR SETT LEIREN GÅR FRA DEN MED UFORGLEMMELIGE MINNER. LILLE NORGE SKAL NU FORLATES. TRENINGEN FORTSETTER I ENGLAND.



ETTER HANGAREN ER BJÖRNENE DET VIKTIGSTE. DISSE DYR ER LEIRENS STORE TABU. DE ER MEGET VELL PLEIET. BAMSENE DRIKKER DAGLIG ET PAR KASSER COCA-COLA.

FLYGESOLDATENES SANG.

Vi flygesoldater som aldri går opp
og ikke har vinge på jakken,
Vi sliter med motor, med våben og "kropp"
til flyget står trimmet på bakken.
For han som skal kjempe etsteds i det blå
må vite at oss kan han stole på!

Vi gjorde ham rede, hans strid er blitt vår,
med det får vi bakkefolk trøstes.
Vi er det ukjente. Det vi sår,
skal oppe blandt skyene høstes!
Vi takkes for slitet vårt tusenfold
når jageren tumler i seiers-roll!

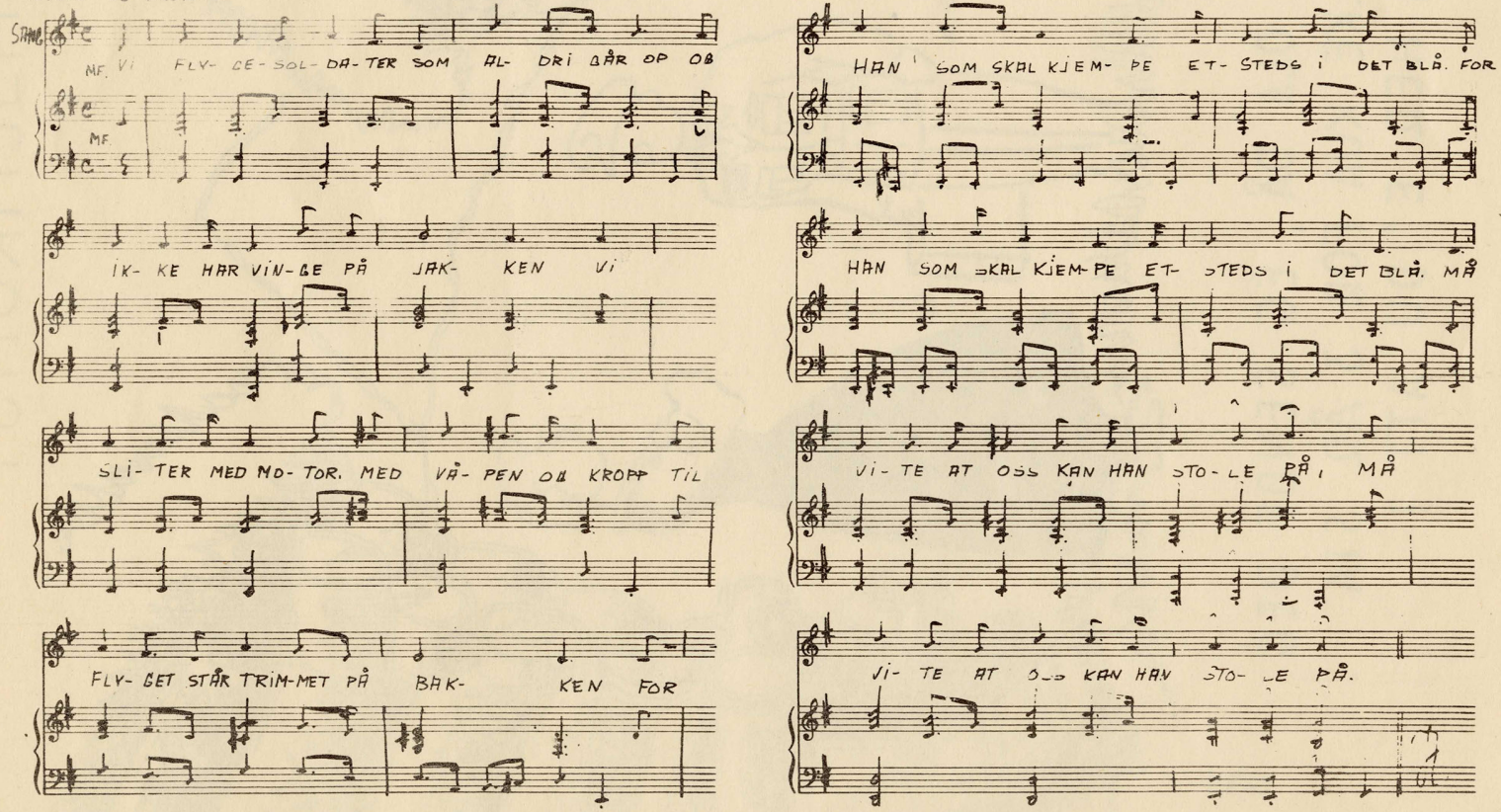
Som himmelens kamper av solskin og regn
gir grøde til jorden dernede,
skal flygerens strid gjennem himmelens egn
gi jorden tilbake dens glede.
Det håp som blir pløid i en Spitfires spor
skal bølge som frihet på hjemlandets jord.

NORDAHL GRIEG

Flyveldalens sang

A LA MARCIA:

FRISKT OG FREIDIG:



HJEMKOMST



RB

NAI, MEN OLA DÅ, EG SENDE DEG
TE' MJØLKE KUA FOR 3 ÅR SIA'
Å HER E' DU ATT !

CAMP

"LITTLE NORWAY"

FEBRUARY 16TH 1945

FAREWELL TO CANADA

PROGRAM

• • • •

THE ROYAL NORWEGIAN AIR FORCE

TRAINING CENTRE

FAREWELL

OF

THE ROYAL NORWEGIAN AIR FORCE

TO

CANADA

PROGRAM

0900 hrs – Special CNR train leaves Union Station for Gravenhurst
Luncheon served en route.

1330 hrs – Special train arrives at Gravenhurst and guests embus for Camp Little Norway.

1400 hrs – Guests inspect camp.
Central Band RCAF Ottawa.

1430 hrs – Formation Flying – RNAF Training Aircraft.

1530 hrs – Inspection of RNAF Personnel by His Royal Highness Crown Prince Olav.

1545 hrs – Presentation of Pilots Wings by His Royal Highness to nine RNAF graduates of No.1 SFTS, Camp Borden.

1600 hrs – Ceremonies in the Hangar. Music by the Central Band RCAF Ottawa as the Royal Party and officials assemble in the hangar.
National Anthems: "God Save The King"
"Yes, We Love" (Ja vi elsker)
Master of Ceremonies Lieutenant O.B. Reed–Olsen, Norwegian War Cross, DSC.

Introductory remarks by M.C.

Prologue: LAC Cramer Gundersen

1. Air Officer Commanding R.N.A.F.

2. The Norwegian Minister to Canada.

3. His Royal Highness Crown Prince Olav.

4. Representative of The Prime Minister and the Minister of National Defence for Air.

5. The Lieutenant Governor of Ontario.

6. Mrs. Albert Matthews.

7. Representative of the R.C.A.F.

8. Presentation of R.C.A.F. Ensign to the R.N.A.F.

9. Presentation of the Original Norwegian Military Flag to be flown in Canada to the R.C.A.F.

10. Representative of the District of Muskoka.

11. Presentation to R.N.A.F. by the District of Muskoka.

12. Presentation to R.N.A.F. by His Worship the Mayor of Toronto.

13. Presentations to the District of Muskoka and the City of Toronto by R.N.A.F.

14. Presentations to Her Royal Highness Crown Princess Martha by the Canadian Legion and the Rotary Club of Gravenhurst.

15. Mixed Chorus – Gravenhurst United Church and Camp Little Norway Glee Club.

16. The Ceremonies will close on the Parade Ground with the lowering of the R.C.A.F. Ensign and The Norwegian Flag for the day.

1800 hrs – Smørgåsbord – in various messes.

1930 hrs – Dance in Gymnasium.

2145 hrs – Moving Pictures.

2215 hrs – Light refreshments.

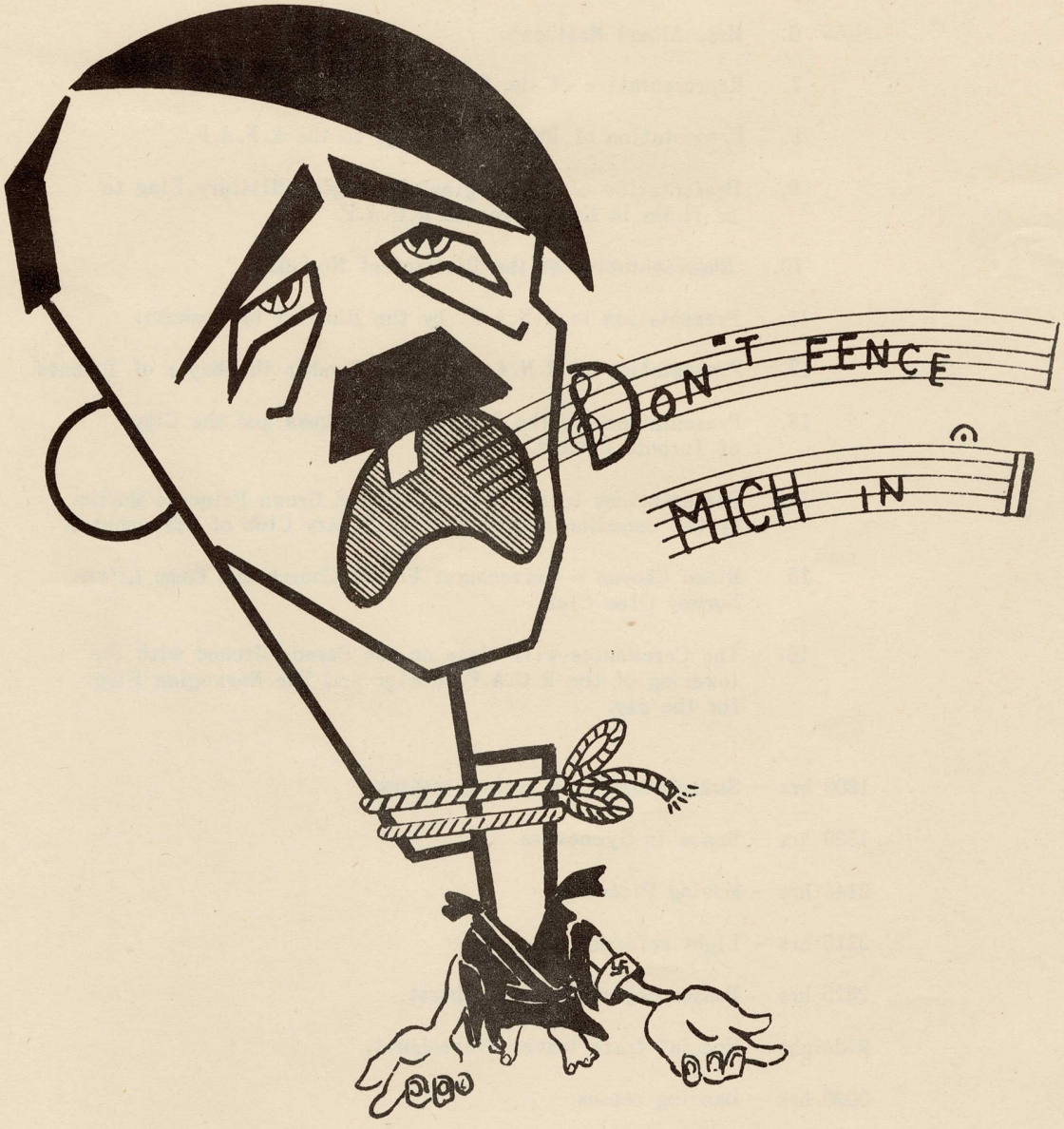
2315 hrs – Busses depart for Gravenhurst.

Midnight – Special train leaves Gravenhurst.

0030 hrs – Dancing ceases.

0100 hrs – Lights out. (Guests are requested to leave prior to this time)

LEBENSRAUM



KONGE SPEILET

I GÅR OG IDAG

I KRIG OG I FRED

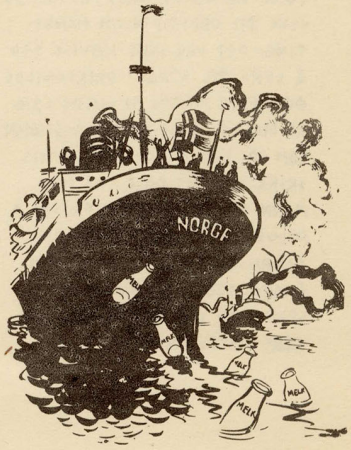
SAGAEN SIER AT LENGE STOD NORDMENNENE SAMMEN, VERGET LANDET SITT MED MELL OG PÓR I LEDING TIL VESTERLANDENE OG ØST I GARDARIKET + VIDT GIKK ORDET OM NORDMENNENES KAMPGLEDE, SNILDE OG DJERVHET I STRID +
MEN SÅ ER SAGT AT LÅKE SÅDDE SPLIDENS SED I SINNENE, SÅ FRENDE BLE FRENDE VÆRST PÅ STIMANDS VIS + MANNDRAP OG NIDDINGSDÅD FØR SOM FARSOTT OVER LANDET + MEN ENNU LEVDE MENN SOM MINTES STORHETSTIDENS KAMPGLEDE OG SAMHOLD + IKKE RÅDDE DISSE LANDETS SKJEBNE DA +



I SPEILET HANS, PRØVDE DE Å LÆRE Å BLI SÅ LIK MAM SOM MULIG + DE PULGTE FRIVILLIG MAM OG HØVDINGENE MANS I ETT OG ALT, FORDI DE ALLE VILDE TJENE LANDET SITT NORD I TÅKEHEIMEN +
HVER MANN VISSTE AT KONGEN OG HØVDINGENE AKTET MENNENE SINE HØIT, SELV OM DET LÅT ILLE AV DEM TIL YMSE TIDER I KRAPPE INNERSVINGER +
LENGE TRODDE NORDMENNENE AT DET VAR UFRI TRELLS KÅR Å LYDE HØVDINGEN NÅR DE MENTE AT MAN HADDE URETT, MEN I KAMPEN LÆRTE DE AT EN MANN MÅ PØRE DE ANDRE FOR BEST Å BERGE ALLES LIV OG FELLE



DOG TYKTE EN AV DEM AT DEN ARV MAN BAR I SITT HJERTE IKKE MÅTTE DØ MED MAM, MEN TEGNES NED TIL KOMMENDE SLEKTERS KUNNSKAP +
KONGESPEILET KALTE MAN DEN, OG SÅ ER SAGT, AT ALDRI ER BEDRE LÆRDOM GITT KONGENS MÆRMENN OM HØVISK SED OG FRAMFERD I FRED, LYDIGHET OG KLOK MANNS SNILDE OG SKJEMT I UFREDSTIDER OG MANNS MOT I ÅPEN KAMP +
I STORHETSTIDEN SOM KONGESPEILET TALER OM, VAR KONGEN UTTRYKKET FOR ALLE DE EGENSKAPER EN KRIGER SKULDE HA I LIVETS MANGSLUNGNE TILSKIKKELSER + NÅR MENNENE SÅ SIG



FLETS FIENDER +
MEN SÅ SIER KONGESPEILET, AT DET STØRSTE AV ALT VAR Å KUNNE TA ETTER KONGEN I SNILDE OG LIST OG NØIE FØLGE HANS RÅD UTEN Å MÆLE NOE HØIT+ FOR LITEN MAKT HAR SVERDET MVIS FIENDENS LIST ER STØRRE ENN DIN+ DU MÅ LÆRE FIENDENS VEKE SIDER Å KJENNE, OG IKKE MÅ MAN SE DITT SANNE ANSIKT FØR MAN KJENNER SVERDODDEN DIN I SIDEBENET+ OFTE KUNDE EN PÅ BEST MUGG PÅ FIENDEN VED Å MØTE HAM I ÅPEN KAMP, MEN STUNDOM VAR DET GOD KRIGSLIST Å SNIKE SIG INN PÅ HAM I TRELLE KLÆR MED SVERDET UNDER KUFTEN+ INGEN MÅTTE DA RIVE NEVER AV BIRKEBEINET

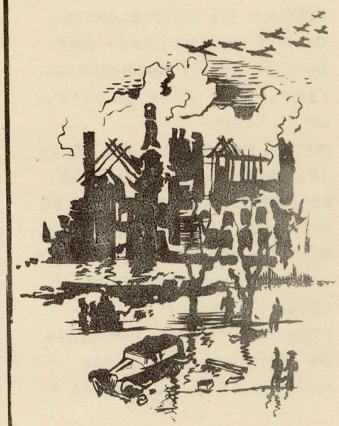


OG GJØRE OP ILD, SELV OM VIKINGMELKEN STIVNET AV FROST UNDER VAMSEN+ MEN I LANGE VINTERKVELDER UNDER FREDELIGE SYSLER, KUNDE NORDMENNENE SKJEMTE OM SINE EGNE OG HØVDINGERS MISTAK OG ESKE TIL ORDSKIFTE OM MANGE TING+ DET VAR IKKE HØVISK SED Å ESKE TIL STRID I DRIKKEGILDE OG INGEN MÅTTE SKVULPE I SIG SÅ MEGET MJØD AT MIDDAGSMATEN KOM OP I BOLLEN IGJEN, OG DÅRLIG SKIKK VAR DET DA Å TRÅ DEN MANN PÅ HENDENE SOM PRØVDE Å FØLGE EN TIL SENGE BENKEN + ALDRI MÅTTE NOEN NORDMANN SMAKE MJØD FØR HAN GIKK I STRID, FOR IKKE KUNDE HAN DA VÆRE LISTIG ELLER VERGE SIG



GODT NOKK MED SVERDET SITT + MEN ETTER KAMPEN FLØT ALLTID MJØD RIKELIG, OG STOR MEDER FIKK DE MENN SOM HADDE TJENT HØVDINGENE OG KONGEN MEST+ KVINNENE SKULDE IKKE JAGES SOM DÅDYR I VEITENE, MEN VINNES VED HØVISK TALE OG SMIGER, OG SÅ STORT MÅTTE EN KUNNE HERSKE OVER SIG SELV, AT EN KUNDE VENTE TIL HUN HADDE FÅTT AV SIG SERKEN+ I LEDING LED VIKINGENE MEGET AV VONDT, OG OFTE KOM MYSEN OP I BOLLEN IGJEN, NÅR MAVMESTEN HELTE SKUMVAND OVER SKJOLDREKKENE+
MEN ALLE STØD PÅ DEN PLASS SOM HØVDINGENE BØD DEM+ BARE NÅR MAGEN BØD DEM LØPTE PÅ BERSERKEN, KUNDE DE BE OM Å FORLATE PLASSEN SIN OG INNTA SKJOLDETS PLASS PÅ REL'INGEN+ HVER MANN VILDE HELST SITTE DER SOM SKJOLDET HANS PLEIDE STÅ, MEN MANGE BAR SIG ILLE NÅR SKJOLDET IKKE STOD I LE AV VINDEN+ I SENGEHALMEN UNDER SKJOLDBORGEN VAR HUGGET INN I LANGBJELKEN ET ORDTAK GJENGITT I KONGESPEILET: ILLE TYKKES SOMME AT NORSK MANN RAPER, MEN BRUKT MATS TALE HVER INGEN +
HØIT STOD KONGESPEILET I SAGAEN, MEN ILLE FØR TIDENS TANN MED NORDMANNEN OG SPEILET HANS+ MAN BLEV BLØT OM HJERTET OG GLAD I KVINNESERKEN, DUPPET



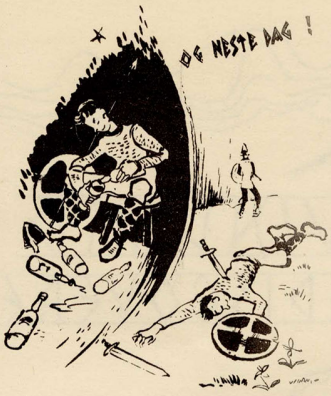


OVER MJØDBOLLEN OG VILDE LEVE I FRED MED SIG SELV+ FREMMED MANNS ÅK HADDE MAKT STJÅLET SVERDET HANS UTEN KAMP OG FRI MANNS SOL STOD IKKE PÅ HIMLEN OG VARMET HAM+ MEN EN DAG FIKK HAN SE SIG I KONGESPEILET OG KJENTE SIG SNØTT IGJEN+ ISTEDET FOR BRYNJE HADDE HAN FÅTT RØD TOPPLUE, OG SVERDET VAR BLITT TIL EN LITEN TOLLEKNIV MIDT PÅ DEN TRUVÆRDIGE BAKEN NANS+ MEN DA BLEV DET SKJOLDGNY OG PÅ HVER VEI OG STI KOM FOLK REKENDE +
ATTER STOD KONGEN SOM ET SYMBOL PÅ FRI MANNS LAND OG TANKE+ MEN SAGAEN SIER AT

FIENDEN MÆRTOK LANDET MED LIST OG FIKK HJELP AV NIDDINGS-MENN SOM VAR EFTERKOMMERE AV ERLING SKJALGSONS TRELLER + KONGEN MÅTTE FLY LANDET MED FÅ AV SINE MENN OG MANGE FULG-TE ETTER HELT TIL VINLAND + MEN SÅ ER SAGT AT KONGEN REISTE EN NY MÆR AV LANDS-MENN OG FRENDER OG BUDDE SIG PÅ ET MÆRTOG MOT LANDET SITT HVOR FOLKET VENTET HAM + MEN NÅ MADDE DET I MANGE ÅR MENDT MANGE TING I VERDEN MED PÅMITT AV YMSE SLAG + KRIGERNE FØR PÅ BAKKEN OG I LUFTEN MED TOFFVOGNER SOM GIKK UTEN AT NOEN SKJØV DEM, BARE EN MELTE SMELLVANN PÅ

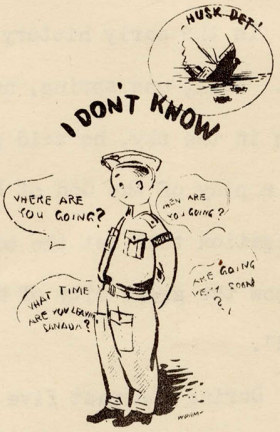


DEM; OG SKIBENE KUNDE GÅ PÅ OG UNDER VANNET UTEN SEIL + NÅR KRIGERNE SLOSS, BRAKTE DET SOM OM TOR KASTET HAM-MEREN, FOR DE FANGET VARMEN I SMÅ OG STORE RØR; OG NÅR DE TENTE PÅ, FØR SMÅ OG STORE JERNSPISSER GJENNEM LUFTEN OG VOLTE MANGE MENNS BANE + DE KUNDE SNAKKE TIL HVERANDRE HVOR DE SÅ ENN VAR PÅ DEN SI-DEN AV JORDEN SOM ER FLAT; OG NOEN SÅ UT SOM DE MADDE FALT NED FRA MÅNEN UTEN Å FÅ SIN BANE, MEN INGEN MÆLTE MOT OM DETTE +
NAZERNE SOM HERJET OG BRENN-TE I HJEMLANDET OG RØVET SAMMEN MED STIMENNENE, VOKTET



PÅ KONGENS SKIB, FOR Å KOMME OP AV HAVET OG TA DEM MED SIG NED IGJEN +
KONGEN BAD DA EN AV SINE MØVDINGER MÆLE DETTE TIL SINE MENN:
REDDET HAR KONGESPEILETS SNIL-LE OG LIST MANGEN NORDMANN FRA MANS BANE + OG SÅ TYKKES MIG AT DENNE LIST ER LIKE GJEV IDAG +
SÅ SIER MÆRMANN ØLMAGE FRA GØRING AT NORDMENNENE ER TROSKYLDIGE SOM SAUER OG IKKE KAN KRIGSKUNSTEN, OG IKKE SKAL VI SKUFFE HAM I TROEN SÅ KVAD SKALDEN LOON I VINLAND AT NORDMENNENE BARE LEVER AV FISK I POLDEN OG SUGER GJEIT-MELK I FJELLSKORTENE, HVOR GRASTUSTENE IKKE ER FLERE ENN HÅR PÅ BARKALI'S ISSE +
INTET TYKKES MIG NU BEDRE FOR OSS ENN Å VÆRE NAVNGJETNE PÅ DETTE VISET + IKKE MÅ NOEN VISE KAMPGLØD UNDER ØKELOKK-ENE ELLER LØFTE MÆRSKRIK OM NAZERNES BANE +
LÅKE SOM TRELLER OG MED SVI-NEKUPTE OM LENDERNE MÅ DERE PRISTE ÆRELØS MANS LIV I BUND-EN AV SKIBENE, OG DET ORD VIL JEG HØRE OM DERE UNDER LEDIN-GEN AT ALDRI HAR UKJENT MANN MØTT SÅ FÅMÆLTE MENN + SÅ GODT MÅ DERE KLARE DENNE LEK-EN, AT DET BARE ER EN TING DERE HAR LÆRT Å SI OG RISSE RUNER

OM: "IKKE VET JEG NOE OM NOEN TING" +
FOR HVER UKJENT MANN OG KVINNE~ MED ELLER UTEN SERK~ KAN VÆRE DIN FIENDE SOM STÅR DIG OG DE ANDRE KRIGERNE ET-TER LIVET + OG GI AKT PÅ OM NOEN HØRER DIG NÅR DU ORDER TIL DINE EGNE +
MJØD VIL BLI DIN BANE + DEN GJØR DIG SLØV OG STORTAL-ENDE OG HJELPELØS PÅ BUNDEN + SKULDE DU LENGES ETTER Å SE MA-GENS UFERDIGE VERK I BØLLEN, SÅ VIL MAVMESTEN HUSKE DIG SÅ DU GLEMMER MJØDEN +
MØVDINGEN DIN SKAL DU GI AKT PÅ OG VÆRE BRÅ MED Å LYDE HAM, SLIK SOM FEDRENE DINE



GJORDE DET I LEDING + HAN VIL RETTLEDE DIG I ALLE TING OG HAN MÅ ALLTID VITE HVOR MAN HAR DIG HENNE + MEN IKKE SKAL DU NØDES TIL Å FØLGE BRUKT MATS UTFERDSTRANG PÅ SKJOLDETS PLASS PÅ RELINGEN, SELV OM ALLE BÆRER MASKE TIL SKYDD MOT DET OG ANDRE TING +
IKKE MÅ NOEN VITE NÅR DERE DRAR I LEDING ELLER HVOR DERE SKAL MEN +
SÅ VISE AKTER JEG MINE MENN FOR Å VÆRE, AT DERE VIL KLA-RE Å LEKE DUMME +
DEN DAGEN KUFTEN KAN KASTES OG SVERDET TREKKES, SKAL NAZERNE FÅ SE VÅRT SANNE ANSIKT +
OG SÅ HAR DET KOMMET FOR MIG AT IKKE SKAL DEN SAGA SOM DA SKRIVES BLI LÅKERE ENN VÅRE FEDRES +

EDDA DEN YNGRE



BY Y. T. BRULAND

In the early history of the Vikings, we read about America's discovery by Leif Ericson. Early one spring, nearly a thousand years ago, when ice was broken and the sun was high in the sky, he said goodbye to his native Norway. Today no man can tell whether it was a play of the God of Fortune, a plain accident, or Leif Ericson's lack of knowledge of navigation that set the bold sailor down on the shores of New England - not far from what is now the great city of New York. He found wheat and grapes and named the new land "Vinland".

During the past five years, many thousands of descendants of Leif Ericson have left their native Norway and sailed westward. First to some point in the British Isles and then over the great ocean to the New World. They could not wait for spring or broken ice or high sun, but sailed in all weathers - and mostly at night. They travelled in every kind of craft - rowboats, fishing smacks, schooners, even purloined passenger steamers. Behind them they left terror, mental and physical torture and the iron regimentation of the invader. But the fit among them had one purpose only. They sought strength and arms and training to help their Allies from all parts of the world to defeat the common enemy - Germany. Leif Ericson's "Vinland" was rediscovered.

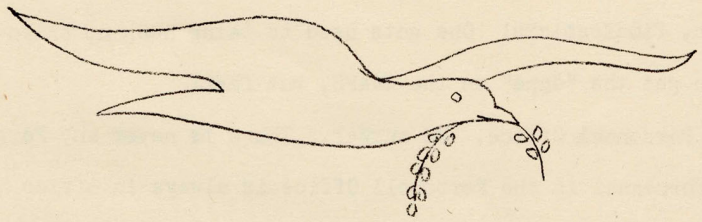
The discovery has been good. In Canada and the United States, we have seen a democracy at work. The freedom in this new world appears to be based on individual liberty. Any citizen at any time may speak his mind on matters of public interest. Here the subject seems to be protected against the state, rather than being turned into a slave of the state. In so many ways, it is like the old Norway, before the "protectors" arrived.

If anything, we have gained in democracy and in our knowledge of democratic procedure.

Our beloved homeland has been overrun by a hard and merciless enemy. The best of our people have suffered for years under the cruelties of martial law. They have been starved, beaten, imprisoned, punished for patriotism and forced to accept the ways of the conqueror - at least on the surface. Thousands of young Norwegians have been trained at Little Norway in wonderful Canada. Side by side with their Allies they have fought hard and like Norwegians everywhere they burn to eject the enemy from our homes. Now that day seems at hand.

These sad things make us appreciate more than ever, the great war effort of our Canadian and American Allies. Though families have been torn apart by the desolation of war, no homes here have been blasted or burned. Children go happily to fine schools and the people are warmly clothed and well fed. At the same time, the people of North America are fighting as hard as any Europeans to end the menace to our democratic civilization. They fight for an idial - freedom of the individual through a democratic world system.

Canadians, Americans and Norwegians have formed a great and enduring friendship. Never must that friendship be weakened. We must stand together as under the motto of the Royal Canadian Air Force "Per ardua ad astra" - "Through all difficulties to the stars". Tomorrow's war, once the world is cleansed of Nazism, will be against stupidity, ignorance, brutality and intolerance. The weapons of all of us will be education and the fine things we have learned from each other. May our solid friendship do its share in producing a better world.



Ladies can drill

BY Cpl. Paal Roschberg

The Norwegian Air Force has come of age. We have at last acquired our own Women's Auxiliary. Our own washproof Norwegian WAAFS.

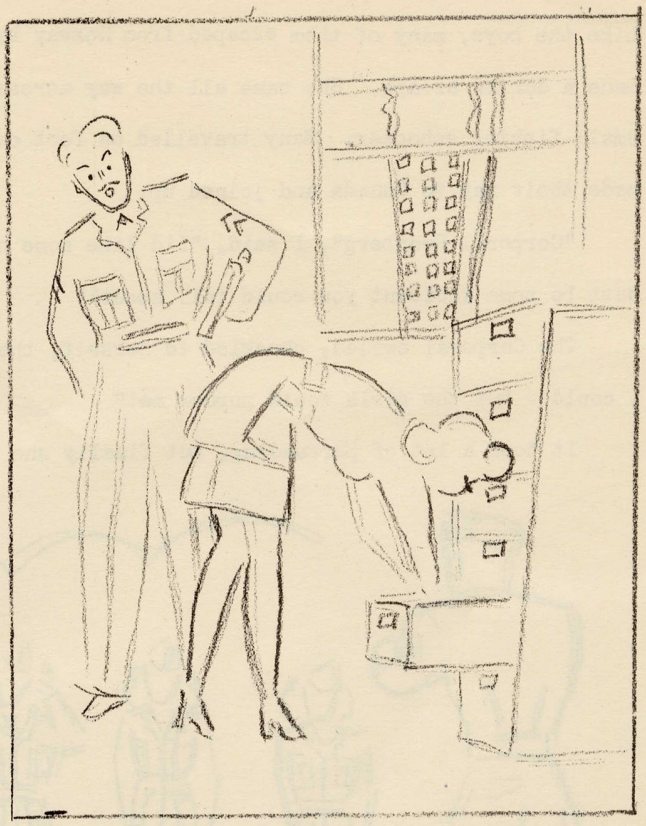
Less than a year and a half ago, our C.O. finally sacrificed a rib and the flying Eva was created.

I have admired these charming pidgeons secretly, and, of course, from a respectful distance, but it was a bit of a shock to me when the Editor of "Lille Norge Avisen" rang up and asked me to write a two thousand word article about them. "But Lieutenant", I said, "I really don't know anything about our WAA...." "You will get all the data and information at Headquarters". I knew from previous experience that this Lieutenant does not take "No" for an answer. "When is your deadline, Sir?" I asked politely. "In half an hour", he answered bluntly. "But er...ah.... that is...", I ventured, all the time trying to be as precise and military as I could. "I haven't the time, and besides..." "It's an order!"

The obnoxious sound of a phone being not so gently hung up, played havoc with my sensitive eardrums. Oh, fiddlesticks! One gets used to being hung up on in this military life. The problem was to get the "dope" on the WAAFS, but fast!

I called the Personnel Office. No answer. There is never any Personnel in the Personell Office. The Personnel in the Personell Office is always in Office No. 13. Office No. 13 is the secret chamber of the R.N.A.F., Headquarters. No one knows quite what goes on in No.13, not even the telephone operators.

Better try the Expedition Office, I thought. Indeed this proved to be an excellent idea because here I could really get some first hand information, since we have two WAAFS working there. In the"E" Office I found Cpl. Wennberg. She came scooting towards me on a little chair with wheels on, and which she used with all the reckless abandon of a jeep driver, all the while nibbling casually on a big, red apple.



Cpl. Wennberg is an ash blond, very pretty, and is a veteran at 21. "From one Corporal to another, and between you and me and the lamppost, could you give me the lowdown on your sisters in arms?", I asked. "I shall have to look it up in the files," she answered coldly, and took another bite of the apple. I waited politely. Looking for the WAAF folder was not a very easy task. We finally located it under last week's funnies, which we found under the sewing basket, with Donald Duck embroidered on it, which was under a box of Laura Secord's Candies, which was filed in a drawer marked "Secret Documents".

"Shouldn't the sewing basket be filed under "Sundries?" I questioned. If looks could kill, I would have been a dead duck after that crack.

The Norwegian WAAFS in Canada first donned their trim uniforms on the 1st of November, 1943. They are very proud of their smartly tailored Air Force blue uniforms with the embroidered Norway mark on the left sleeve. They have all proved themselves worthy of wearing this uniform. There are very few Norwegian WAAFS here, due to the fact that enlistment is restricted to girls of Norwegian citizenship, or parentage, as well as the rigorous physical and mental examinations they must pass in order to qualify.

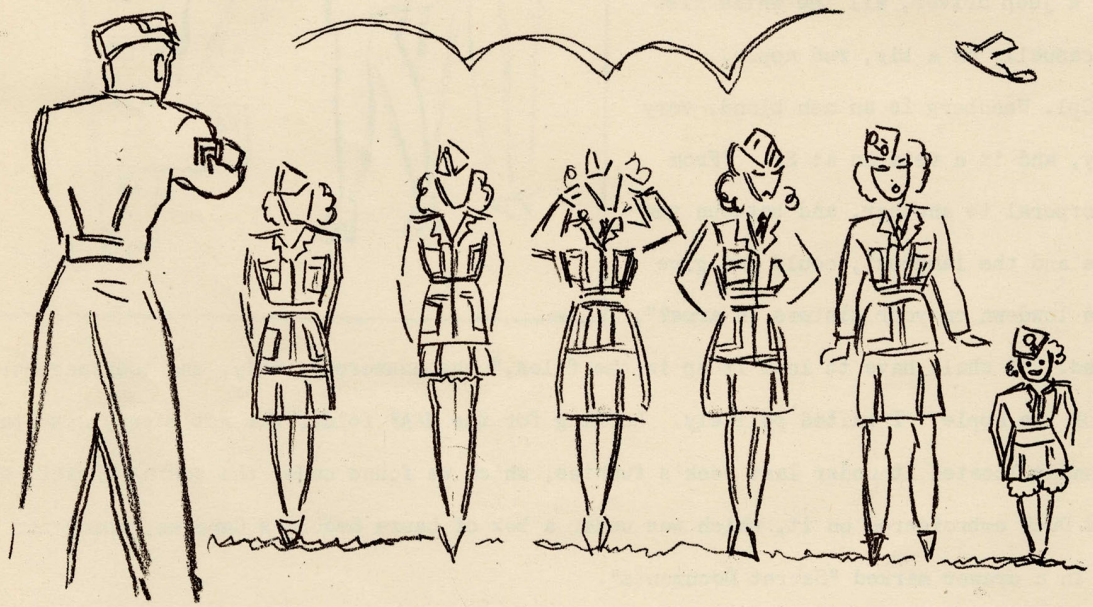
The duties of these "Pidgeons" vary. They work as secretaries, accountants, teletypists, switchboard operators, hospital assistants, waitresses, equipment assistants, painters, and mechanics. They are proud to have in their midst, a champion figure skater, Randi Gulliksen.

Like the boys, many of them escaped from Norway by very perilous routes. One, in particular, made a daring escape. She came all the way across the Atlantic Ocean with the family, in a small fishing schooner. Many travelled on foot over the mountains to Sweden, and from there made their way to Canada and joined up.

"Corporal Wennberg", I said, "I'd like some human interest in this story. Surely there must be some incident you could tell about?"

The Corporal smiled, chuckled to herself, then laughed and replied: "Oh, yes of course I could - but the girls would murder me!"

It took a lot of persuading, but finally she broke down: "There was, for instance, Tess



from Minnesota, who, inspired by loyalty and patriotism for her Mother's country, enlisted with us. Tess's stay was short and tearful. She was, alas, a victim of homesickness. After a short while, she was discharged on compassionate grounds, and returned joyfully to Minnesota. While here, a dental officer supplied her with six dazzling new front teeth.

Oh - and yes. then there was that fateful day when we were drilling on the parade grounds.

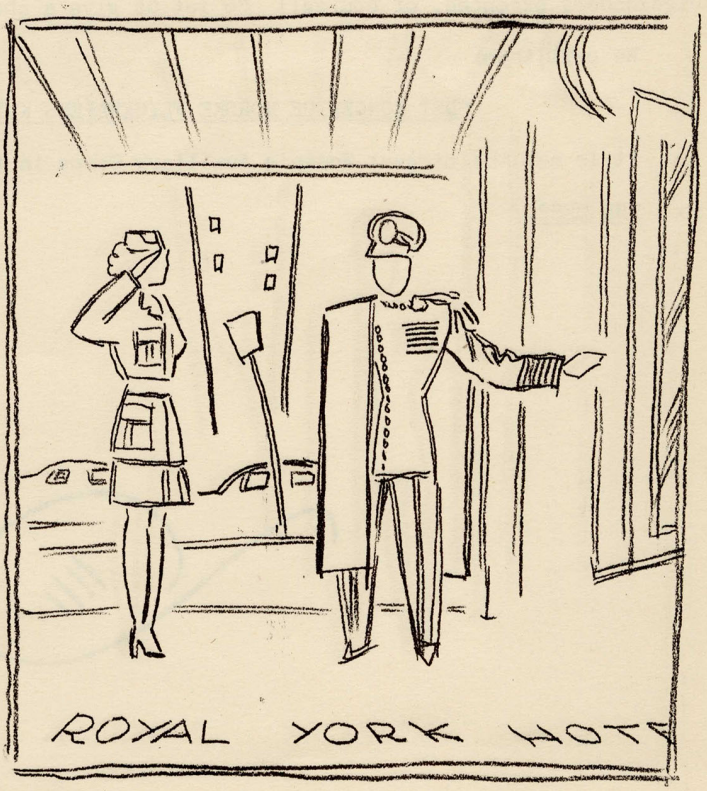
"Squad - two steps to the right, forward march!" barked the drill Sergeant gruffly. Two girls turned right, eight girls kept going straight forward, and four girls did absolutely nothing! A little peeved at this unmilitaryish behaviour,the Sergeant ordered us into position again. The command was repeated, and we started out - when all of a sudden, the eyebrows of the inspecting Officer went up while his eyes dropped to the ground. Lo and behold! There it was -

dangling playfully around the ankle of one unfortunate "pidgeon" --a garter! (the round, not-allowed-to-wear-kind), and coming down fast, was the stocking! The girl blushed shamefully, and the others giggled while the Sergeant just gave the whole thing up, and resolved to return to civilian life."

At this point, I felt we were getting a bit too human in our human interest, but there was no use stopping her now. She had a gremlin in each eye, and went gaily on: "We have our little problems too, you know. Life can be very confusing for a WAAF at times. Last Christmas we were all given gifts of perfume from the Air Force, such tantalizing and rapturing odours as "Foolish Virgin", "I Surrender", and "My Sin". Then we were later severely reprimanded for <u>using</u> these aids to glamour too lavishly!

But the blow came last summer one morning while we were on parade with all the boys - as usual - we were startled to hear the Adjutant announce over the loudspeaker, that for the summer months, all personnel was to appear on the parade square <u>stripped to the waist and in shorts</u>! The boys cheered madly, and we -- well, we had no alternative, - we blushed!"

We were rudely interrupted by the telephone, just as the interview was getting interesting. Corp. Wennberg quickly lifted the receiver and became cold and businesslike again. "It's the Colonel! I've got to take dictation. Get out of here!" I did.



What now, little man? Somehow it was my"Red Letter Day", because still another idea popped up in my head. I will call Corp. Severud, I thought. She is charming, she is also a veteran and besides, it will annoy the Lieutenant Editor, who happens to be her husband.

I got Corp. Severud on the phone. "I want you to tell me about the most embarrassing experience in your career as a

WAAF." The voice on the other end of the line seemed a bit amused. "Well, now let me think." She was silent for a moment, and then rang out in the melodious Bergen accent which is one of her birthgifts: "To be sure - I can remember one incident that happened right after I came back from the basic training course. Amongst other things, we had learned how, when, and whom to salute. Naturally, at the time, this seemed very important, and we were all anxious to do our best. I shall never forget one evening, when I was to meet my husband in the lobby of the Royal York Hotel. As I was about to enter, I saw the most impressive looking uniform I had ever seen. More Gold Braid! An Admiral, at least, I thought. I saluted smartly, and even stood at attention for a moment. Imagine my embarrassment when this dignified looking gent leans over to me and says in a very confidential tone: "Don't waste your strength, sister! I'm only the doorman."

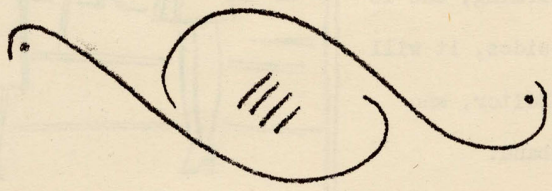
But that was the childhood of our WAAFS. Those were the growing pains. The WAAFS have gone a long way since then. Today one can certainly say that every one of them does a mansized job.

And by Jove, they can march better than any soldier who ever marched in skirts.(The Highlanders excepted, of course!) So let us give a cheer today for the Norwegian WAAFS.

We call them:

"DET KONGELIGE NORSKE FLYGEVÅPENS KVINNEKORPS."

It is not the biggest Women's Auxiliary Corps in the world, but - at least we think so - THE BEST!



NOTICE FROM THE EDITOR.

As "Lille Norge Avisen" goes to press for the last time in Canada it is with a very real debt of gratitude we say goodbye to the many who so generously have contributed to help make our camp newspaper a success.

We send a special THANK YOU to our advertisers whose splendid support has enabled us to publish the paper regularly every month and, in addition, by their liberal patronage have helped create a substantial fund for the erection of a memorial monument in Norway to the members of The Royal Norwegian Air Force who gave their lives in the service of their country.

We also extend sincere thanks and appreciation to our many friends and readers in Canada and U.S.A. and to members of The Royal Norwegian Air Force, here and abroad, for the many interesting articles, drawings and poems.

When and where the next issue of the "Lille Norge Avisen" shall be published is as yet undecided. It may be in England but, we have hopes, it may be in Norway.

Until then – au revoir!

The Editor.

ROYAL NORWEGIAN AIR FORCE
TRAINING CENTRE
PRINTING DEPT.
TORONTO, ONT. CANADA.

Til

Personalet ved Flygeväpnets
Treningsleir i Canada.

Det haver inntrer.

I løpet av få dager er de
farmende, ikke naturene i «Lille
Norway» forstummet og de norske
fjeller kryster ikke mer over
Canadas himmel.

Flygeväpnets Treningsleir
i Canada skal nedlegges og
inntannelsesvirksomheten over-
føres til England snarest mu-
lig.

Tilbake for at det er dette
vi har gått og longtet etter
så blir det norsk med blande-
de følelser vi knytter leir og
skilles. Å skulle forlate «Lille
Norway», «Vår Flygeväpnet» og
våre andre arbeidsplasser i
Canada hvor vi nu på det
sente krigsåret etter bedste
evne har arbeidet med å

legge grunnen for og bygge opp det nye Finnmarken, skjer ikke uten et visst mål.

Vi vet så godt at under arbeidsforholdene har vi aldrig hat og det er vel et stort spørsmål om vi nogensinde får noe lignende.

Hvad kan ikke disse våre kvinnelige fortelle om strålende ungdom, om utfoldelse av de egenskaper vi setter høiest hos menneskene, om den friskhet, ekthet, påpasselighet og ansvarlighet som gå as Turistlinjen. Hvor den sammensmeltning som fandt sted av representanter fra alle distrikter i Norges vidstrakte land, fra alle samfundslag og næringsgrener, de forskjelligste aldersstrinn, — både kvinder og menn; ja også endel representanter fra andre nasjoner både med og uten norsk bakgrunn sluttet sig lagalt til.

Og så skapte de alle dette miniatur Norge som for hver dag

voksne og solidere og sterkere og som idag er mere effektivt, virksomt og produksjonsdyktig enn nogensinde.

Dette samfund har likesom alle andre hat sine problemer og vanskheter, hvis og skyggesider; men det positive har kontinuerlig steget stort. — Selv om vi også hadde våre stridigheter så forstod vi å holde det innen våre egne vegger så det aldrig skulde svekke respekten for våre meningsforskjeller utad eller innflytte på saken når det gjaldt personlige tvistigheter. —

Hvorledes har vi ikke følt fellesskapet når skrekkbudskapene hjemsøkte kommunen, og ikke minstat når det kommet en av våre egne.

Men hvorledes har ikke stolthetten overfeilet oss hos os alle når nordmennene gjorde et godt arbeid og selvsagt først og fremst når de unge innen vi selv hadde klokket ut og

vært med på å gi ringes
slag ved på våre fiender.

Hvad skaptes der ikke
av samfølelse ved den bitter-
het og sorg som grep os
når dagsordren lar lyde
om at det igjen var navn
av våre som var revet bort
i kampen, eller tilbyttet
sammet ved i vår egen midte;
men samtidig fattes mennet
og pariotismen som blev lagt
på de igjenlevendes skuldre
etterhvert som kameratene for-
svandt.

Det blir dessverre så
altfor mange som mangler og
vil komme til å mangle, den
dag vi igjen er herre i vårt
eget land; men det får være
vår høist at bedre og mere
pariotiske og varig kindemid-
del enn disse ungjættene som
så opofrende, kjendsgjerning og
pliktoppfyldende kastet sig inn
i kampen, vil en nasjon som
skal tæres sammen aldrig
få.

Det gjelder bare at vi
alle par-tar vårt historiske
ansvar i disse dager når vi
setter stuttstrekken for virksom-
heten i Canada. Et ansvarlig
i Sagaen om Vargas store
prikete kanye er tilsynelatende
fardig-strevet når vi nu gå
inntover. Et litet og beskedent
ansvar kanske når hjemme-
front, handelsflåte og de spe-
rrende stridskrafter legges
i vektskålen; men for os som
virket der vil det alltid stå
vi også der møtte motgang
og skuffelser sikkert ble et
ansvar vi senere i livet stadig
vil vende tilbake til og være
glad for at vi fikk være med
på i skape og oplene. Ikke
minst samarbeidet med alle
dere av andre nasjonaliteter, med
canadiere, amerikanere og dan-
sker i spidsen som så lojalt
og trofast har fulgt os i disse
seige krigsårene vil bære til
de lyseste minner.

Men „Little Norway's"
saga er på ingen måte fardig-

skrevet. Det er vi, alle sammen
som har det felles ansvar for
at ikke det blir satt noen
skattestrek her, men at „Little
Norway" lever videre. Det skjer
når vi tar med os den tanken
„Little Norway" gav og aldrig
glemmer hvad Turistforeningen
betyr og aldrig svikter at sam-
følelse og enighet er en nød-
vendighet når noe stort skal
skje. Husker hvilke forpliktelser
vi har overfor våre fædre og
hvilket ansvar vi har overfor
alle de som har støttet opp om
os her ute og gitt os sin støtte
samt hvad de venter av os
derhjemme.

Tar enhver av os det
tankte fra „Little Norway"
og praktiserer det på en over-
bevisende og utholdende måte
i nært fremtidige daglige virke,
vil „Little Norway" aldrig få
sin skattestrek, men gå inn
i det virkelige Norge og leve
videre.

Med disse signaler hilser,
Kan vi trygt og med god
samvittighet gå videre til
den oppbyggingen av forenlig
og til gjenoppbyggingen av
vårt land.

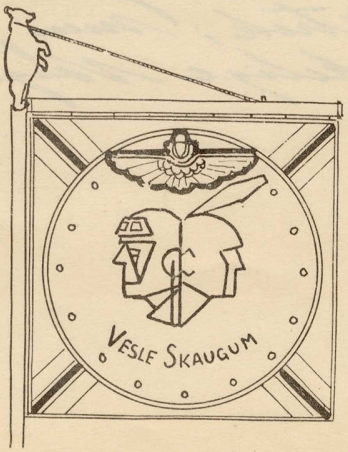
Jeg ønsker held og lykke
for enhver av dere, takker hver
især for trofast og solid inn-
sats og for den forståelse
og lojalitet jeg er blitt møtt
med.

Toronto Februar 1946.

Ole Reistad.







BUILDING MATERIALS
FOR
SUMMER
COTTAGES
ON
MUSKOKA LAKES.

NORTHERN PLANING
MILLS CO. LTD.
BRACEBRIDGE, ONT.

SEIREN
ER NÆR !

"LA VOGUE"
JEWELLERS


Stoppeklokke

Klokker, armbånd og ringer med det Norske våben og ving.

Post–Ordere ekspederes hurtig. Alle telefonordere over $10.°° betales telefonen av oss.

317 BAY STREET,
TORONTO.
Telefon: EL. 1722.
Efter kl.7 Ring LO. 6910.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF
CAMP LITTLE NORWAY

HAPPY



LANDINGS!

EXCELSIOR LAUNDRY CO. LTD.
TORONTO

Telegramadresse: „Benjoh"—Alle coder
Telefon: WHitehall 4-6636

B. C. BENDIXEN & P. T. JOHANNESSEN

Innehavere: Chris. Bendixen og Trygve Johannessen

SKIBSHANDLERE EN GROS

33 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK

Proviant, Dekk- og Maskinrekvisita
Kjøtt og Grønnsaker

PORTLAND OFFICE:
NORDIC SHIP SUPPLY CO.
13 Custom House Wharf, Portland, Ma.

Established 1827

BAKER, CARVER

&

MORRELL

SHIP SUPPLIES, INC.

★

37 PEARL STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

201 SOUTH FRONT ST.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

NILSEN & MILLS

Sail-Makers

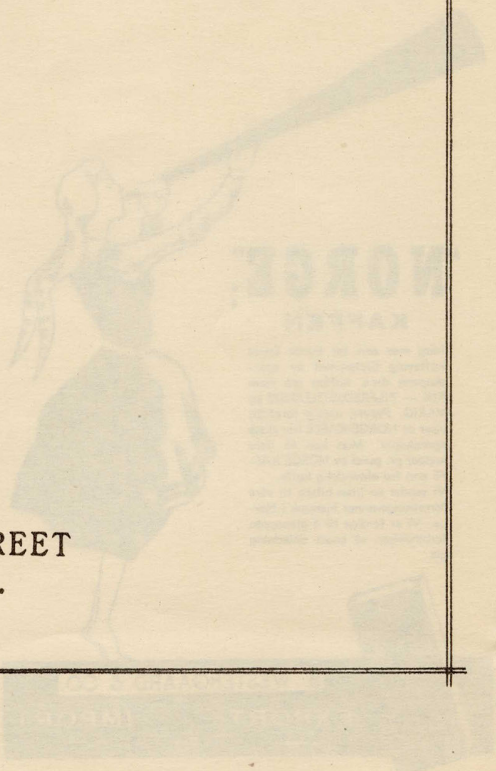
Tarpaulins — Awnings — Boat Covers
Wind Sails — Cotton Duck — Cargo Slings
Hatch Tents — Flags

Day Telephone: WHitehall 4-7280
Cable Address: Sailduck

33 Pearl Street, New York City

COMPLIMENTS OF

PRECISE STANDARDS CORP.



25 LAFAYETTE STREET
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

COMPLIMENTS OF

NORTH ATLANTIC AND GULF
STEAMSHIP COMPANY
INCORPORATED

120 WALL STREET, NEW YORK



SHIP REPAIRING
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

H. W. RAMBERG, INC.

37 VAN DYKE STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Shop Phones: CUmberland 6 - 3960 or 3961
Residence Phone: VIrginia 3 - 4292

MACHINE SHOP • DIESEL WORK A SPECIALTY

COMPLIMENTS OF

KERR STEAMSHIP COMPANY, Inc.

17 BATTERY PLACE
NEW YORK

GEO. W. ECCLESTONE
LIMITED,

HARDWARE & FURNITURE
BUILDERS SUPPLIES &
SPORTING GOODS

STORES AT HUNTSVILLE,
AND BRACEBRIDGE,
ONTARIO

Greetings from

S. A. HARAM & COMPANY
39 North Moore Street, New York, N. Y.

Manufacturers and Distributors of the following Norwegian Style Food Products:

Nordic brand Gjetost and Nokkelost
King Vasa brand Kalassill and Spisbread
Husmor brand Anchovies, Fruit Preserves and
Saft, Peas, Beans, Potato Flour, etc.
Royal Snacks brand Herring Tidbits in Wine Sauce



KING VASA BRAND
KALAS-SILL
In Wine or Dill Sauce



The quality of Nordic brand Gjetost is now as good as it is at all possible to make Gjetost in this country and a trial will convince you that it is good.

Our contribution to Norway in their war effort is to try to keep the Norwegian style food products on the market until they are again able to resume export of food delicacies to this country.

GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK

TO

LITTLE NORWAY

NILSEN & MILLS

SAIL-MAKERS

33 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

INSURANCE

GEO. McMURRICH SONS limited

22 TORONTO ST. TORONTO 2

TELEPHONE EL. 3317

VI ASSURERER PERSONLIGE EFFEKTER

UNNER OVERSJÖISK TRANSPORT

AUTOMBILER



Authorized Bottler of Coca-Cola

Brown's Beverages Limited

Gravenhurst, Ontario

GREETINGS AND

HAPPY LANDINGS

TO ALL MEMBERS

OF

CAMP LITTLE NORWAY

BAKER, CARVER & MORREL

SHIP SUPPLIES, INC.

37 PEAL STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y.

201 SOUTH FRONT ST.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ALFRED ANDERSEN
& Co.

SKIBS - HANDLERE

PROVIANT – DEKK OG MASKINREKVISITA

15 MOORE STREET

NEW YORK 4. N. Y.

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS

OF

THE DOMINION BANK
ESTABLISHED 1871

GRAVENHURST BRANCH
ONTARIO, CANADA

T.A.SMITH
MANAGER

GOOD LUCK

AND

GOD SPEED

LAYCOX DAIRY
GRAVENHURST

MILK, CREAM, ICECREAM,
BUTTER AND EGGS.

WITH COMPLIMENTS

TO

R.N.A.F.

IN TRIBUTE TO THOSE THAT HAVE GONE
AND WITH GOOD WISHES TO CARRY ON.

BRIARS DAIRY
GRAVENHURST

MILK, CREAM, CHOCOLATE MILK —
BRIARS BRAND BUTTER.

WITH COMPLIMENTS

TO

R.N.A.F.

BEST WISHES AND GOOD LUCK
ON YOUR ROAD TO NORWAY.

ECCLESTONE & BATES LTD.
PLUMBERS

BRACEBRIDGE

FRED OLSEN LINE AGENCY,
LTD.

15 MOORE STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

TIL PERSONELLET I
" LILLE NORGE "

HELD OG LYKKE TIL ENHVER AV
DERE PÅ TUREN TIL ENGLAND –
OG NORGE.

OLAF HERTZWIG
TRADING CO. INC.

EXPORT - IMPORT

42 BROADWAY N.Y.

COSMOPOLITAN LINE
NORWEGIAN FLAG VESSELS
THEY ARE DOING THEIR PART . . . "KEEP 'EM SAILING"

COSMOPOLITAN SHIPPING CO. INC.
GENERAL AGENTS
"OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OF CONTINUOUS SERVICE"

42 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK 4, N.Y.

AGENTS

ENGLAND
CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES (OVERSEAS) LTD.
44-46 Leadenhall Street, LONDON, E.C. 3
10 Victoria Street, LIVERPOOL

ERIC THORNTON & CO., LTD.
28 Baldwin Street, BRISTOL

*FRANCE
CONSORTIUM MARITIME FRANCO-AMERICAIN
1 bis Cite Paradis, PARIS
HAVRE, DUNKIRK, BORDEAUX, ST. NAZAIRE

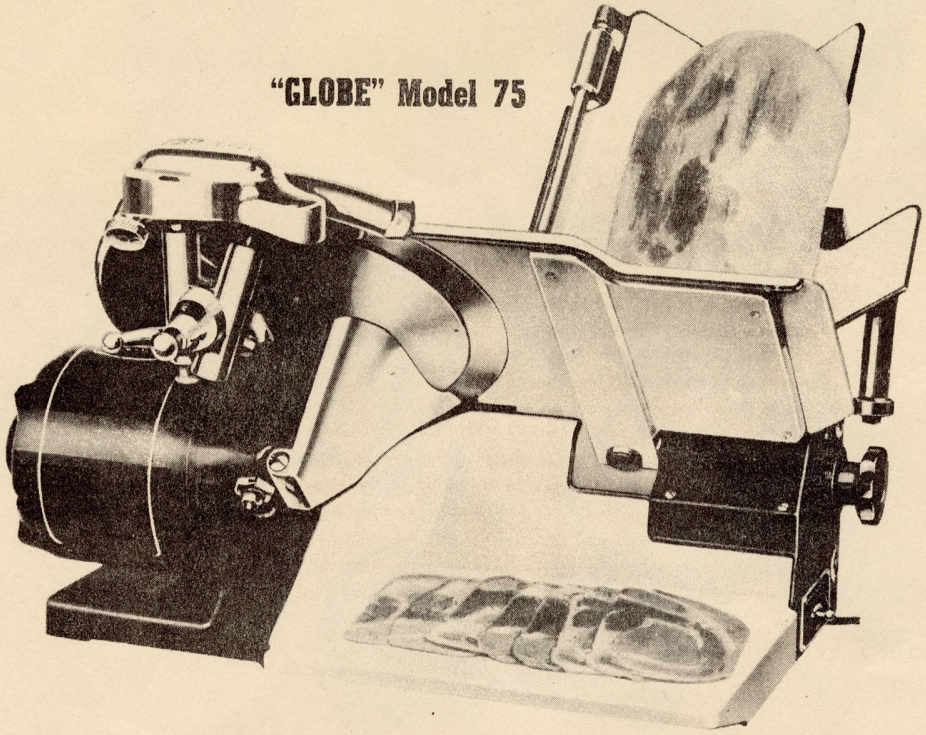
*BELGIUM
AGENCE MARITIME DE KEYSER THORNTON
2 quai Ortelius, ANTWERP

* As war conditions permit.

GLOBE GRAVITY FEED

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR SLICER

"GLOBE" Model 75



In the GLOBE slicer, the food to be sliced is placed upon an inclined feed chute. It advances automatically, by the force of gravity, each time a slice is removed.

This simple, patented feature eliminates the necessity of feeding by means of spring pressure plates, clamps, or automatic mechanism. Gravity Feed is simpler, faster and more reliable.

GLOBE MASKIN
Pildammsvægen 1,
Malmø, Sweden.

SINGER & IRMAO, LTDA.
Av. Rio Branco, 9
Rio De Janeiro, Brazil.

H. BERRY & CO.
568–580 Collins St.
Melbourne C. I., Australia.

MR. VIKTOR ÖSTHAGEN
Nordbygt. 5.
Oslo, Norway.

K. HERUD Y CIA, LTDA.
Casilla 2211
Santiago, Chile.

GRAVITY FEED SLICING MACHINE CO., LTD.
20 Hammer Copse Road
Haslemere, Surrey, England.

GLOBE SLICING MACHINE CO., INC.

STAMFORD, CONN.



Good Luck Norway!

EATON'S joins with Canada in the hope that your move to the United Kingdom will be only a short sojourn in the journey to your homeland.

We will cherish the many pleasant associations with Norway's gallant sons and daughters long after you have gone.

Good Luck and God Speed on this . . . Another Step Nearer Home.

THE T. EATON Co LIMITED