

ON THE OCCASION OF THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE RCAF FLYERS - WORLDS AND OLYMPIC HOCKEY CHAMPIONS  
ST. MORITZ, SWITZERLAND - 8 FEBRUARY 1948

RIVERMEAD GOLF CLUB - 8 FEBRUARY 1973

THE SAGA OF '48

It was quite a Saga  
The year of '48  
When the RCAF flyers  
Went to St.Moritz to skate.

It started in Old England,  
The year was '46 -  
The sounds of war had ended,  
Giving way to hockey sticks,  
A young M.O. named Watson  
Had ideas going 'round;  
He foresaw, come '48  
Our team olympic bound.

It took some mighty scheming  
To put it on the road -  
At AFHQ, the S.M.O.  
Carried all the load.  
He talked to A.M. Curtis,  
With the situation tense,  
And then convinced Brooke Clayton,  
The Minister of Defence.

These days were very hectic,  
Some of them were hell,  
Before the go (ahead) was given  
With a push from Dave Mackell, -  
And then some further talking,  
Cec Duncan paved the way,  
Before approval final  
By the good old CAHA.

The first of many hurdles!  
And things looked fairly nice;  
All that was needed now  
Was a team to take the ice.

You might recall the problems  
As the players went and came,  
Not to mention the Redmen's  
Seven nothing game.

It took a lot of doing  
To win in Switzerland; -  
But requirement was just as great  
As we played from land to land.

The gang all pulled together; -  
We developed quite a team;  
With great pride and purpose  
We kept our record clean.

I knew that we could do it,  
I said so all the way, -  
From as far back as '46,  
'Til our triumph on this day.

There were headaches and heartaches  
And gut aches too, -  
But the RCAF motto had to  
Prove true -  
"Per Ardua Ad Astra" (Through adversity to the stars)  
There was nothing else to do.  
(and damn well do it we did)

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We had a practice work out  
Against the "left-behind" team,  
Those fellows they were bitter,  
They were rough and they were mean.  
As time ticked-on, the game got worse,  
With May Hem taking place,  
'Til Red thumped leader Harry,  
And put him in his place.

Arriving in England,  
The DOC thought it clear,  
That everyone knew  
Why we were here, -  
This question he asked  
As was often his wont -  
The stunning reply  
"As a matter of fact, I don't".

.../3.

Geo. Mara in Zurich, a play  
Finished nice,  
Scored a fine goal,  
While down on the ice, (tripped)  
He couldn't believe,  
It was one of those shocks,  
His award was a trip to  
The penalty box.

Murray, in panick  
Threw the puck up the ice; -  
The penalty given was not  
Very nice. -  
As he came to the box  
I remarked - "A good throw!  
But why did you do it"?  
In tears - "I don't know".

Sandy, at one point,  
To ease his ills -  
Found it a comfort  
To gaze at the hills.

George, this is Mara,  
After the games,  
Said cancel your tour  
Or you'll sully our names, -  
In Czechoslovakia you won't  
Win a match  
And how will this look  
In the local despatch?  
Of course we went there  
With great trepidation;-  
Not a game did we lose  
To that powerful nation!

Brooksie on orders -  
"Arrange for a flight  
To take us to Schipol,  
Make sure that it's right"  
Downtown he did go  
And finished his barbers,  
He did it up well,  
With at least 3 charters!

Hib, in Paris, showed  
Plenty of trust,  
When he turned his back,  
Let the girl steal a crust.

.../4.

In a darkened Paris alley,  
A voice with familiar ring  
"I think that truck ran  
Over my foot",  
The words came from Ross King.

Orval's complexion  
Went from red to green,  
As we headed for Prague  
In that flying machine.

Patsy was missing,  
A day at a time -  
Was seen even at breakfast  
Sipping on wine.

Forbsie, in Paris,  
Spring did declare, -  
'Midst a shower of glass  
He was hanging in air.

In Brno t'was peaceful'  
'Til Ab's stick went high,  
When thousands of snowballs  
Came from the sky.

McFaul had nylons  
And Candy to Gorge, -  
Amongst the dear ladies  
The cry was "Where's George"?

Dunster was tired  
From months at our hobby,  
And chose Bonny Scotland  
To flake in a lobby.

These are some memories  
That come to my mind,  
About a great bunch of fellows;  
The best that you'll find.

A moment of sorrow -  
What a sad loss,  
In the passing of good guys,  
Louie and Ross.

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So on this fine occasion,  
Some remembrances I've tried -  
A salute to all assembled,  
While remembering those who died.

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The team of '48,  
When the RCAF Flyers  
Went to St.Moritz to Skate.