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knuckles and we rub the pain, starina uoward, star? tled by our ignorance. 'Here is a sprig of heather,' said Jock, and I took it and pinned it into a pocket o1 my flying jacket. There were press cars parked outside the field at Abingdon, and several press planes and photograph? ers, but the R.A.F. kept everyone away from the grounds except technicians and a few of my friends. The Carberrys had sailed for New York a month ago to wait for me there. Tom was still out of reach with no knowledge of my decision to leave, but that didn't matter so much, I thought. It didn't matter because Tom was unchanging • neither a fair- weather pilot nor a fairweather friend. If for a month, or a year, or two years we sometimes had not seen each other, it still hadn't mattered. Nor did this. Tom would never say, 'You should have let me know.' He assumed that I had learned all that he had tried to teach me, and for my part, I "The Messenger," on a scow, arriving in Louisbourg Harbour thought of him, even then, as the merest student must think of his mentor. I could sit in a cabin overcrowded with petrol tanks and set my course for North America, but the knowledge of my hands on the controls would be Tom's knowledge. His words of caution and words of guidance, spoken so Catering J Services I for Any f i Functions Large or I I Sg'll) Yellow Cello Cafe Bakery Aw* Pizza 295-2303 Deli ?** Stores To Serve You GAPE BRETON SHOPPING PLAZA SYDNEY RIVER mS' Featuring AW0 '*-' OC'AATMENT STONES OE'ARTMENT STONES The Crossroads of Cape Breton' Sobey's & Shopper's Drug Mart "'''''''''' ' '''' ' Open Daily • "10 p.m. Ti Ptenty Of Fre? Parking