

Windy Wings

Published by The Claresholm Local Press,
Claresholm, Alberta.

By kind permission of Wing Commander W. E. Kennedy.
Circulation 1500.

EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor-in-Chief.....	F/O N. A. Wait
Associate Editor.....	F/L P. D. Cameron
Secretary.....	Miss J. Blackburn
Advertising Manager.....	P/O D. B. Hunter
Photographer.....	Sgt. C. Gardiner
Lay-out.....	Cpl. K. E. G. Patridge
Sports Editor.....	F/L J. H. MacLachlan
Circulation Manager.....	Mr. M. Sheedy
Social Editor.....	Cpl. MacClelland

This paper does not knowingly accept or print material of an objectional nature and every precaution in the power of the Editorial Staff is taken to keep its columns clear of matter of this kind.

It is hoped that all ranks will accept this paper in the same spirit with which it is intended.

● EDITORIAL—

Churchill speaks—and the world of men, in crowded cities and lonely countrysides, in palaces and huts, living in frigid climates or stationed in the torrid heat of the desert, men, women, children, of all races, nationalities, creeds—all listen to the voice as it expounds its message to the British Commonwealth of Nations, a message of inspiration, of facts, of plans, of admonition.

What is this spell that has been cast upon so great and varied a multitude of people, that, when the man speaks, common tasks are suspended, activities cease, and in silence the message is listened to through to the end? And when the voice has ceased why are heads higher, eyes brighter, why does the path seem more well defined, the burden lighter, the successful end of the journey more a realization?

This war will be won by able leadership. Men and women of the world have their dreams of the ideal community in which they wish to live their lives and deep in the heart of each individual is a desire to conduct himself or herself in such a manner as to bring about the state of affairs wherein this ideal community is a fact and a realism. But the baser elements of human nature take possession of the minds of many and lust for power, greed, fear, distrust periodically sway their judgements and their warped actions cripple the progress toward the goal. It is the mark of a leader truly great in that by his example and his words he can curb the self ambitious, shame the wrong doers, encourage the faint hearted, inspire the careless, move all to greater effort along the road which must be travelled to the desired goal.

The rank and file of the nation need leadership. There are leaders of sections, of companies, of legions, of nations; but the task and qualifications of each is the same. The leader, by his steadfast firmness of purpose, by his fervency of zeal, by his broadness of vision, by his eloquence of speech, by his sympathy, friendliness, righteousness, can generate in the hearts and minds of his followers a surge of effort for the cause that will resist all efforts to impede its march.

Churchill speaks—and low in the scale of human worth is the man or woman whose reaction is not such that he or she will cast aside self-seeking, deny himself or herself the pandering to luxurious appetites and desires and endeavor to direct his or her energies along a line of action which will be a real aid to the nation's effort. "Without vision, the nation perisheth." The vision is periodically being limned for our leader. Let not one single Canadian think that the call for service is not made personally for him or her, whether the effort demanded be on the

battle front of the sea, land or air, or among the routine tasks of everyday life.

Churchill speaks . . . do you listen only?

x x x x x

● YOUR PAPER—

The response to the appeal for material for the paper has been most gratifying to the Editor and the Staff. It is not necessary to tell you what has been done; you may read for yourself. Undoubtedly, many people who have a talent for writing are producing for the paper and we thank them for their efforts. If your paper is pleasing to you, and if you are interested in its publication, remember that you are not only a reader but a potential contributor.

The following is a listing of representatives of the various Sections and Squadrons who are making it their responsibility that contributions come to the paper from their personnel. If you feel that you can contribute something worthwhile to Your Paper contact your representative and consult with him or her.

No. 1 Squadron	P/O Ellison, LAC. Heeley
No. 2 Squadron—	
"E" Flight	F/O Hales
"F" Flight	W.O.2 Munro
Control Tower	F/O Welsh, LAC. Pilkington
Headquarters	Miss Blackburn, AC.1 Johnson
Accounts Section	Cpl. Simpson
Hospital	LAC. Dixon
G.I.S.	Sgt. Chute, AW. Robertson
P. T.	F/O Laidlaw
Section Guards	Sgt. Galipeau
W. & B.	Sgt. Sutherland, Cpl. Purdy
M. T.	Sgt./Major Marriott, AW. Cooper
Maintenance	Sgt./Major MacDonald, AC. Hall
Asst. Adj.	AW. Brown, AW. Claragood
Equipment	Sgt./Major Bowman

x x x x x

● DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE—

The deadline for material to be handed in for the issue of July First is JUNE 22ND.



THE LADIES LINGER IN LINE FOR THEIR (MALE) WHILE THE MEN WAIT FOR THEIR LETTERS

Tenth Wings Parade

● ANOTHER CLASS GETS ITS WINGS

Course 48, the tenth class to graduate from No. 15 S.F.T.S., were given pilot's flying badges in the Wings Parade held Wednesday afternoon, May 20th. This parade marked the return to open air for the ceremony and the parade ground was the scene of the largest assembly of Air Force men yet seen by visitors at this Station. Five Squadrons were on parade, including the Women's Division. The Station Band, under F/O Coates, provided the martial music.

The Commanding Officer, Wing Commander W. E. Kennedy, addressed the graduating class and presented the badges. He was assisted by the Adjutant, F/L J. W. Ross. S/L D. D. Atkinson was in command of the parade, and F/O Hales was in charge of the graduating class.

As the Commanding Officer mentioned in his remarks, while this was the smallest class to be graduated from the Station, the graduates enjoyed the advantage of having the highest ratio of flying hours to their credit of any class to go out from this training school.

The afternoon was exceedingly warm and the numerous visitors of the fair sex suffered sunburn for their patriotism. There were quite a few relatives and friends present, as well as a number of visitors from town and families of the Station personnel.

x x x x

Wing Commander Kennedy's Address to the Graduating Pilots

Guests, Officers, N.C.O.'s, Airmen and Airwomen of No. 15 Service Flying Training School, Claresholm, Alberta:—

We are parading today for the purpose of presenting the Pilot's Flying Badge to those members of the graduating class who have successfully completed the course. This is the tenth course to graduate from this Station and it is distinguished, if for no other reason, for being the smallest. However, due to its few numbers they have had the advantage of having received more flying time than any other predecessors and this is no small consideration. It should prove to be a tremendous advantage in their work in the future.

It is normal at such a time to extend congratulations to the graduating class for their work in the past and to encourage them to still greater efforts in the future. I do this wholeheartedly, and regardless of where your work may lead you, I am sure that you will be a credit to the Royal Canadian Air Force and to No. 15 Service Flying Training School.

At this time, however, I feel that it would be in order to pay a few compliments to the staff of this Station. Much is being said these days of the heroes who are overseas and winning so much distinction for the various services. While they undoubtedly deserve every reward given to them, I sometimes feel that too little thought is given to the work of the staff who carry on at home. I can think of no job that is more difficult to retain keenness and enthusiasm than in flying instruction, and without these qualities the standard of pupil turned out in Canada would long ago have deteriorated considerably. The staffs of these schools are the mainstay of our continued war effort in the air and they deserve their full measure of recognition and praise for their efforts. I must confess that I do not think



COURSE 48 IN WINGS PARADE MAY 20TH., 1942.
at No. 15 S. F. T. S., Claresholm

FRONT ROW (Left to Right)—McMonnie, G. S.; Van de Kamp, W. P.; Pelland, A. S.; Leader, D. T. B.; F/O Hales; W.O.2 Hore; McLennan, D. M.; Luma, J. F.; Owen, A. J.; Lyon, J. D.

REAR ROW (Left to Right)—Philp, J. A.; Finlay, J. G.; Holmquist, H. D.; Heywood, J. E.; Hingston, T. B.; Robinson, W. F.; Nice, R. F.; Clark, E. W.; Roberson, E. G. L.; Ringel, E.; Stark, W. F.; Inderbitzen, V. H.

that they will ever get it, but, I can at least say I am proud to have a staff of officers and men who have shown themselves to be loyal and willing to the nth degree.

To the members of the graduating class on behalf of the Station I extend our heartiest congratulations and best wishes for your future success in whatever you may undertake to do.

x x x x

Among those receiving their Wings were: (All I.A.C.'s) Philp, J. A., Chilliwack, B.C.; Finlay, J. G., Calgary, Alberta; Holmquist, H. D., Cheney, Wash., U.S.A.; Heywood, J. E., Lancashire, England; Hingston, T. B., San de Fuca, Wash., U.S.A.; Robinson, W. F., Vancouver, B.C.; Nice, R. F., Essex, England; Clark, E. W., Vancouver, B.C.; Roberson, E. G. L., Vernon, B.C.; Ringel, E., Baker, Oregon, U.S.A.; Stark, W. F., Glendale, Calif., U.S.A.; Inderbitzen, V. H., Tacoma, Wash., U.S.A.; McMonnie, G. S., Courteney, B.C.; Van de Kamp, W. P., San Carlos, Calif., U.S.A.; Pelland, A. S., Victoria, B.C.; Leader, D. T. B., Newmarket, England; W.O.2 Hore; McLennan, D. M., Victoria, B.C.; Luma, J. F., Helena, Montana, U.S.A.; Owen, A. J., Kelowna, B. C.; Lyon, J. D., Essex, England. The origin of the graduates showed British Columbia predominating, Finlay, the class leader being the only Albertan. There were some from England and Scotland.

● BAND ECHOES—

It has been some months since this column was heard from. It isn't that there has not been anything to tell, for the Band has run the gamut of human emotions in the past months.

On one occasion it functioned at a wedding, and the beautiful strains of the "Wedding March" added much indeed to the spirit of the occasion. Then but lately it was the Band's sad duty to play the last rites of a departed one.

The band has been ever ready to function at parades whenever called upon, to enliven the proceedings of Mess dinners, and very lately to supply dulcet melodies

at an important football match. On these extraneous occasions (it might be well to tell for the benefit of the uninformed), those responsible have been very generous with supplying liquid refreshments. The boys do not all indulge and those who do, only moderately. They wish, however, that it be made known they appreciate the treatment accorded them on the several occasions.

The bandsmen have been very faithful in turning out to practices, and generally have been and are, a credit to this Station. The band now numbers sixteen when all are present; but more players are yet needed. You will be indeed welcomed to its ranks if you can play. The band requires, at this moment especially, Cornet players and Clarinet players, though there is lots of room for anyone who can play any instrument and who wishes to do himself, the Band and the Station here, a service.

While there are certain specific privileges granted to a bandsman which a person ordinarily would not get there is, in addition, a pleasure that cannot be sensed or obtained in any other way to be derived from the playing of an instrument. The guiding hand of S/L Ashton-Cross, as Practices are held every Monday and Wednesday afternoons. A special room has been obtained, too, where one may go in the evenings and practice the scale without being called a public nuisance. If you are interested, come around and enquire into the matter.

Now that warmer weather has arrived, it is the band's hope that it may be able so to perfect itself that an open-air concert may be held once in awhile on a Sunday evening.

The band boys are trying hard . . . won't any of you who can play come and help?

PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISER!

Patronize the Advertisers who make the distribution of this paper possible!

— THE —

Claresholm LAUNDRY

Catering to No. 15 S.F.T.S.

●

Free Pick-Up and Delivery

Queen's COFFEE SHOP

BETTER FOOD
— at —
REASONABLE PRICES
"Efficient Service"

LOK QUON, Proprietor

RED Star Auto SERVICE
— "FORD" DEALERS —
"TEXACO" PRODUCTS
— 3 - PHONE - 3 —
LEEDS & GRANUM, Props.

BEAVER

(Alberta) Lumber Limited
* * *

BUILDERS SUPPLIES
"C. I. L."

Paints and Varnishes
* * *

14 - Phone - 14
* * *

H. J. Ferguson, Mgr.

GENERAL Construction

— COMPANY, LTD. —

J. BOYD, PRESIDENT
S. P. RAINFORD, Director

ASPHALT & CONCRETE PAVING
ROAD SPRAYING
DITCHING and DYKING
PUBLIC WORKS CONTRACTORS

● DO YOU KNOW YOUR PARACHUTES?—

If this article seems lengthy it is not because I have purposely meant it to be, it is because I am endeavouring to cover a great deal of ground which I had intended should be divided into four articles.

D.R.R. (Daily Routine Rumors), with which you are all very familiar, indicate that were I to spread this article over a number of issues I would be forced to mail the remainder from some Jap-infested swamp. At any rate, I have decided to give you a page of your paper devoted to a broad general view of the parachute and its function.

There are at present approximately nine different types of parachutes, and though all canopies are identical in the manner of design, the harness attachments differ in each case, but must all meet certain requirements. To put it briefly, they must be, above all, simple in construction and easy for the wearer to release, or get clear of, in an emergency. Second, the harness must be comfortable and fully adjustable and built to transfer the shock of opening in such a manner as to prevent any physical injury. Thirdly, it must be very strong.

The canopy, though it is supplied in various sizes, is without exception built of silk of very high tensile strength and attached to the harness by silk cords known as rigging lines.

These rigging lines and the canopy are packed into what is known as the pack cover. The pack cover is made of strong canvas duck and fitted with the necessary attachments, i. e.: lugeyes, grommets, cones, hooks-and-eyes for fitting the ripcord and pack elastics into place in such a manner that the fastest and simplest method of releasing the canopy is obtained.

The parachute was invented primarily as a life-saving device and, unless duties require that it be used otherwise, it should never be considered as a two-bit thriller, and the utmost care in its handling should be exercised by all personnel to whom it is issued.

A parachute descent is made up of four parts: (1) getting clear of the aircraft; (2) releasing the parachute; (3) controlling the parachute during the descent; (4) alighting.

The type of aircraft, the speed and manner in which it is falling, tends to control the manner of getting clear. In modern aircraft carrying a crew, the pilot's notes contain instructions as to the proper method and correct exit to be used by each member and also the order in which the crew must leave. These notes should be carefully studied by all personnel concerned.

However, certain rules should be remembered at all times. Before releasing the safety belt all other apparatus that attach the personnel to the aircraft, such as telephone and microphone leads, oxygen pipelines, etc., must be disconnected as close to the body as possible, due to the danger of loose ends becoming entangled in the airframe whilst the personnel is endeavouring to get clear. If it is necessary to leave an aircraft at a very high altitude it is obvious to all that the oxygen pipelines should be the last to be released from the wearer before releasing the safety belt and abandoning the aircraft.

The parachute may be released by one of two methods, either manually,

meaning that the release of the parachute is controlled by the man himself after falling clear of the aircraft, or automatically, by means of a static line. In this method a cord several feet long is attached to the aircraft and to the pack itself which causes the parachute to be released by virtue of the wearer's fall after he is free of the aircraft.

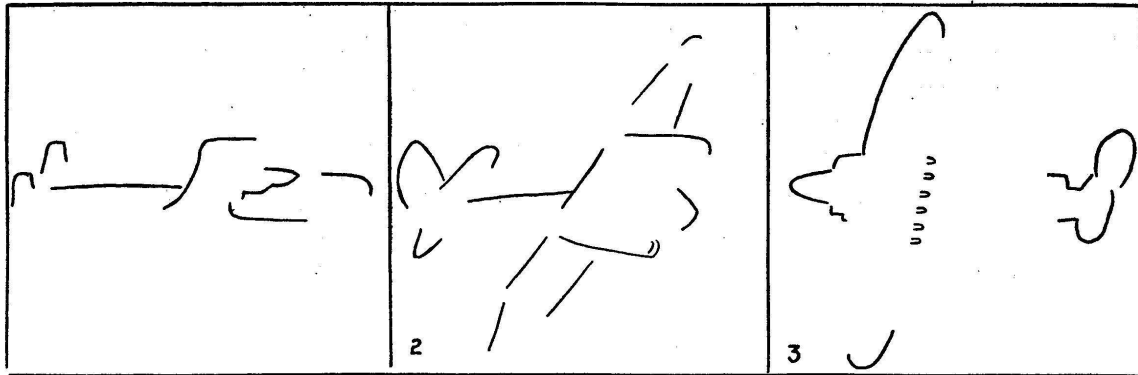
The manually-operated method of parachuting has been adopted because of its decided advantages over the latter method. In the manually operated method the members of the crew are NOT limited in their movements to the length of the static line. They may also leave the aircraft from either side and in any position, whereas with the automatic method special arrangements must be made within the aircraft for each member of the crew to enable him to abandon the ship. The parachutist depending on the static line becomes immediately a perfect target for enemy guns, whereas the personnel using the manually operated method of jumping can drop out of range of enemy fire before releasing the parachute. This advantage has proven itself many times in the present war.

Once clear of the slipstream, the parachutist has normal control of his limbs and can see clearly, therefore it is an easy matter to bend the head forward and locate the ripcord handle before pulling it. In case of temporary blindness due to oil or injury, or when jumping at night, the method of finding the ripcord handle by feel is laid out in the Air Force Manual and should be read and studied by all concerned.

It has been commonly held that it was impossible to control a parachute during descent, the parachutist having to trust to luck that there were no cactus in the vicinity. However, control of the parachute may be maintained from the beginning to the end of the descent by the proper manipulation of the main suspension straps. This control can be classified as side slipping and turning.

The oscillation or pendulum motion of the body is the obstacle to be dealt with





● FRIEND OR FOE—

Aircraft recognition is one of the most important parts of the training of aircrew. In recognizing an aircraft instantly as a friend or foe, if he knows the wing span of the enemy aircraft he then has a means of estimating range. Aircraft recognition can be used to advantage by aircrew on reconnaissance missions or bombing runs. By recognizing enemy A/C on operations both on the ground or in the air they can send word to their squadron and this useful information is forwarded to air command headquarters and used to advantage.

Aircraft recognition can also be useful knowledge to all Air

Force personnel so as to recognize friend from foe and also send information to headquarters of any aircraft acting in a suspicious manner over home ground.

All aircraft have recognition points or identification marks.

- eg.:—
1. Type and manner of engines.
 2. Shape and design of wing.
 3. Shape and design of tail assembly, either twin or single.
 4. Shape and design of fuselage.
 5. Tactics whether fight or bomber.

NOTE.—Key to above diagrams will be found on back page.

most frequently, therefore we shall deal with it first. Every parachute canopy has a small opening at the apex which continually combats any tendency towards oscillation by permitting a constant rush of air to escape from this point instead of spilling from the bottom edge of the canopy, known as the periphery. This oscillation will occur however and should be stopped as soon as possible.

Oscillation is caused by the air spilling from one side of the canopy, causing it to tilt, and consequently starting the parachutist swinging. This oscillation can be the cause of a heavy and awkward landing if it persists to the ground.

At very high altitudes oscillation is greater due to the rarity of the air and the consequent longer time before sufficient air pressure is built up to damp it out, therefore the following method is advisable: Grasp the main suspension straps and pull down hard holding both sides down. Care must be taken to see that the canopy does not fully collapse and if any tendency of collapsing is noticed releasing the hold on the straps will immediately allow the canopy to fill out again and the same procedure may be repeated. This procedure accomplishes two things, it partially collapses the canopy equally on both sides preventing the alternate decrease and increase of air pressure within the canopy, thus stopping the oscillation, and it also causes the parachutist to drop more rapidly into denser air and give him more oxygen.

When jumping at lower altitudes, oscillation is not as violent but can cause injury when landing if allowed to continue unchecked. As the first method causes rapid descent it is not advisable at low altitudes, therefore the following method should be used: When the swing commences grasp the suspension strap on the opposite side and pull down hard releasing it quickly and pulling on the other strap when the swing back commences. For example, if the swing com-

mences to the right the left hand suspension strap should be pulled down and immediately the body begins to move to the left the right hand straps should be pulled. This will quickly stop the oscillation.

If it is seen that the parachutist is likely to land on buildings, in trees, etc., it is possible for him to steer clear of such obstacles by slide-slipping. This is done by pulling down on the suspension straps on the side it is desired to move to. If it is desired to move to the right, the right hand suspension straps should be pulled. This will increase the rate of descent and therefore should not be attempted when too close to the ground.

The parachutist should at all times land facing the drift to enable him to see where he is about to alight and to prevent injury by being dragged when landing. This makes it imperative that he know how to turn himself around while in the air. It is accomplished easily by grasping with one hand a suspension strap on the side it is desired to turn to and pulling it down a few feet, then with the other hand grasping the opposite suspension strap and without pulling it down give it a sharp pull in the direction of the desired turn. When the straps are released it will be noted that the body follows the movement of the canopy, turning the wearer around.

When landing under ideal weather conditions a sitting position with the knees lower than the hips should be maintained and the suspension straps should be grasped above the head with the body muscles completely relaxed. Immediately the feet touch the ground the body should be lifted quickly by pulling down on the suspension straps, thus absorbing some of the shock of landing. The body should then sink to the ground and be allowed to roll if necessary.

When landing in water or in a high wind the importance of getting clear of the parachute equipment will be appreciated by all. Parachutes are supplied

with quick-release devices that are simple to operate and can be mastered by all in a few minutes' time. Under such conditions the parachute harness should be released from the body immediately prior to the feet touching the ground or the water, as the case may be. The danger in water is that the weight of the equipment if not released becomes an added load and an entanglement to the personnel. In a strong wind the parachutist may be dragged and possibly injured if the equipment is not released immediately.

Upon landing the parachute should be gathered up in the method laid down in the R.C.A.F. Manual.

The degree of safety of the parachute depends on its maintenance and primarily on its handling whilst in the care of the personnel to whom it is issued. Parachute personnel keep the equipment in first-class condition and ask the co-operation of the personnel using the parachutes to help maintain this standard.

—LAC. Freeman, D. J.

In Memoriam

GB 131376 Sgt. Pilot Kenneth Collis Holt, student in F.I.S. No. 2 (affiliated with No. 15 S.F.T.S.), from Horfield, Bristol, England, killed in flying accident near Stavely, Alberta, April 29, 1942.

● THE BEAR WHO ATE THE BEAR
BEHIND

§
Cannibalism by Remote Control.
§

By F/O J. Ernest Eve.
(All Rights Reserved)



The Author in the Caribou

There was probably an anxious look on my face as I peered through the yellowing panes of the windscreen of the old Fairchild Razorback Seaplane.

I had planned to make Williams Lake in the Caribou that night and here confronting me were lowering clouds, buffeting winds, and some of the worst peaks of the Clearwater to get over. I hated to plan a night or maybe even a week on the lonely lake some four thousand feet below. Knowing all the possibilities of things going wrong when you are alone, I confounded my stupidity for going without my engineer just for the extra pay-load. Were I to land in this desolation, supposing I could not start the engine by myself on the morrow, or even supposing I . . . !

My ruminations were cut short by a blinding flash of lightning and with a violent bump I passed into the edge of the lowering Nimbus above me. It chilled like a dash of cold water in the face and reminded me a decision had to be made. I let down below the cloudbase and started to circle. If I could only see some sign of habitation I would take a chance. As though in answer to my thought a thin blue wisp was emerging from a spot among the trees. Thank God, a human being of some sort! I almost let out a whoop at the relief and the prospect of getting down and talking to someone. It had been a tough trip this far and two days of loneliness had left me with nerves a little ragged. I circled cautiously, looking for sandbars or sunken logs, checked the wind by the froth along the lake shore, planned my approach and touch-down, reminding myself that the pontoons, in common with the old grey mare, were not what they used to be.

Experience had taught me that this was no time to get exuberant or over anxious. Everything went according to plan, and with all way lost I got out my paddle and, standing on the pontoon, drifted ashore, ready to fend off should the beach be unsuitable. However, things were just made to order and, setting my double trip anchors, I pushed out the plane and trip-

ped the anchors, tying my retrieve line to a firm young cedar tree and with a last look to see that anchors had held, I turned around. I froze to the spot, transfixed by the sight before my eyes, the most weird-looking face it has been my lot to behold held me spellbound.

Surrounded by a mass of shaggy mouse-grey coloured hair and beard, it was hard to define its shape. Above the ragged moustache shone two blue grey eyes like lakes in a forest. They held their gaze, although half wild, and seemed to have a friendly light as they stared through the overhanging and beetling brows. As I looked I felt myself growing cold. What grim fate awaited me here? What trick of fate had thrown me in this creature's path?

The complete form seemed to be shapeless, covered with an homogenous array of patches. For fully half a minute we faced each other, then, mustering a cheerful mien that belied my real feelings, I said "How do you do, sir!" The effect was electrical. The mass of whiskers seemed to draw apart in the middle, baring the teeth in a snarl. There was something animal-like and inhuman about it all. I was shocked to the very core and instinctively almost reached for my .32 S. & W. revolver, which I always carry in the event of a crash (I never intended to linger or bleed to death in those inaccessible wilds).

As I recovered my composure I noticed the eyes remained kindly and normal, and I was further reassured when the creature mumbled "Howdye! I guess you be staying over?"

Wild doubts flowed swiftly through my head. I would stay an hour and then fly down to the other end of the lake and anchor and sleep aboard my plane, and get away with the crack of dawn. Now to plan my retreat. As as always been my custom, I first offered a cigarette. To my amazement it was refused with a smile in the eyes and a snarl of the lips. The effect was incongruous. It seemed so wolfish, that hateful grin. But quite casually he just turned on the trail and with a wave of the hand beckoned me to follow. A moment's hesitation, then swinging my grubsack on my shoulder, I followed.

I was interested, intrigued. Now here was something a little different to the average northern hermit. I would stay half an hour and visit. Perhaps his abode held other unusual features. It did, but not in the way I expected. Compared to the average cabin of its type it was clean and orderly. The home-made table and chairs showed thought and effort. The double bunk, with its rush-stuffed sack-cloth mattress, was well covered with skillfully tanned hides and, presuming that the work was his, I realized he was no cheechako.

The only signs of paper were the oiled paper windows and a little bundle of letters tucked between two upper rafters, their corners curled and blackened by the smoke and heat of years. I found myself wondering how long since they had been read and what they contained.

My host put more wood on the fire and explained in friendly mumbling tones that there was no sugar or tea, but some coffee, and that he had lots of meat and a fresh mix of bread. He would be going out to replenish his supplies now the weather was better and he had his strength back.

He explained that just as the winter set in he had had the misfortune to crack into two complete halves his "store" teeth. Thinking he could fix them sufficiently to see him through the winter, he had stayed

in till the snows deepened. His efforts to repair them must have been tragic, as he bored holes with a little jackknife and tied the two halves together. Mumbly he told me of their durability. Sometimes they would hold for two meals, more often only part way through one. His digestion got bad, he started to get thin, and finally he gave them up and ground up all his food. He ate more fish and made soup of most of the meat. When the crisis was over he regained some of his strength, sufficient to renew his hunting, and on his second or third trip out he shot a yearling bear. As he sat on the still warm carcass he thought of the good pelt, the abundant fat, and the bear steaks he could have.

The thought of fresh steak and no teeth was almost too much for him. He looked woefully at the dead bear. It lay there with its mouth open, almost as though grinning at his predicament, its fine white useful teeth exposed. If only he had teeth like that, would he eat steaks? The saliva ran at the very thought. If he could only borrow that bear's teeth! He stood up, transfixed with the idea. He would borrow those teeth!

In feverish haste he got the carcass home. A close survey of the bear's jaws, some rough measuring, and his decision was made. He would try the lower jaw. It was the nearest approach to his own broken pieces.

Carefully, almost tenderly, he removed the lower jawbone. With rising excitement he measured the distance back. To his disturbed imagination they looked almost the same shape as his own. The front part of the jawbone was about the same width.

He described to me his days of whittling, his disappointment at the first week or two. They would not stay in, his mouth became sore and he had to go back to soup, but the whittling went on and on. Now they were fine, "jest about the same shape as his old ones". Reaching in through the door of the cabin to the window sill, he laid two halves of a broken denture on the bench on which we sat. The carefully bored holes and the little piece of dried gut holding them together spoke of the long winter, dreaming of a real meal; and then from his mouth he took out the borrowed bear's teeth, and as his face wrinkled in a toothless smile, his appearance was transformed. I saw before me the man he really was . . . a kindly old fellow.

Now I realized what had given him the wolfish look that had first dismayed me. It was the animal teeth he had worn. I laughed with him, loud and long, and felt quite at home. With my canned supplies and my camp cook outfit we dined sumptuously, and in the last flicker of daylight I crawled into the upper bunk and even as he still pattered around, fell fast asleep.

The following day I spent checking my plane and engine, whilst he indulged in the luxury of cutting his beard, and with the help of my safety razor had a real shave. I ultimately gave him the razor, and as he had decided to go out with me and get a new set of teeth, also supplies, I fixed him up with some overalls, a leather coat and a felt hat. I twitted him on his snappy appearance. I also advised him to keep his borrowed teeth in his pocket until he wanted to eat. At this he chuckled and opined that he figured they were the only teeth that had chawed up the owner's own hunkers.

As he had never been near an airplane I asked him how he thought he would like flying. His kindly eyes just seemed to turn to blue steel, and I glimpsed the soul

of this human that had faced nature in all her worst moods single-handed and alone. I wondered where he got his strength of character and purpose; and I found it as I have done with all who do things without applause or public acclaim. He loved Nature and unwittingly worshipped its Creator. He killed to live as mercifully as possible. He did lots of little things throughout the winter to help the animals. All this he admitted, almost apologetically. I smiled at his feeble attempts to cover up his faith and good nature, and before the evening was over we looked fearlessly into each other's eyes, for there lay the peace that passeth understanding.

Throughout the trip the following day I watched his face for anxiety or concern. There was none. He sat there immobile, bracing himself to the bumps of the updrafts and holding on to his seat on the downdrafts, of which this region holds plenty. Occasionally something would hold his attention and with expressionless face he would watch it out of sight.

Our destination at last. I bid him farewell. I had a lot of things to do before continuing, and I must make the coast that night. About two hours later I returned and my engineer had seen me circle the town and had gone out and had things already to go. Whilst I stood waiting to step onto the pontoon I felt a tug on my coatleeve. I looked around and it was my old friend of the bear's teeth. He had had a proper haircut and bought a complete overall suit and black Stetson hat, typical of the country. He grinned, toothlessly, and handed me a parcel, explaining that they were my clothes, and thanks a lot! Then, almost shyly, he handed me a piece of paper, explaining that I might like to come back and if he wasn't there this would be worth the trip. I shook hands with him and was away. As I circled for height I looked down. He was standing there with his hat off, not waving, just looking up. I reached into my pocket and opened the paper. It was a map with directions how best to work the creek for the rich pockets. Just then I struck a terrific bump and hurriedly stuffed the map back into my pocket.

Yes, you are right, I have never seen it since!

● A MATTER OF OPINION—

They told me it was a lot of fun. It looked alright to my inexperienced eye. Didn't I prowl all about the country as a small boy with long legs and a big nose looking for new and greater roller coasters to conquer? Said I to myself with great smugness, "Air aerobatics are a natural for me!"

Having been born on Friday the 13th.—way back when war was a pleasant diversion—nothing has gone according to plan since that day.

The idea is that I am going to give you the low-down on aerobatics with a few private opinions about pilots who practice this diabolic act.

Surely Satan has some such plan for torturing the most stubborn amateur demons—the ones who don't go to the infernal line with promptness.

One day I looked at a Tiger Moth with something akin to contempt. What could this misshapen sky buggy do? Surely it could not swoop and gyrate with grace. So I swaggered up to an instructor from "A" Flight who was suffering from boredom. At the moment he was giving "Superman" a thorough and scientific study. I tapped him on the shoulder. He marked the spot on the page of "Super-

man" with his thumb and looked up. I pointed to the Moth idling on the tarmac and with a refined nasal voice remarked, "Surely, Sir, to ride in such aeroperversion is a demeaning thing for one of your undoubted ability."

"You refer to the Moth?" he said.

I lit a cigarette and blew a smoke ring against the ceiling. "What will yonder fantastic contraption do?"

"It will do many things—would you like a ride?"

This, of course, was what I had been angling for. My approach had to be subtle. "Sorry, old boy, I can't go with you today—too busy and all that sort of thing—some other day, perhaps."

"Come on now. If you back out I'll think you are afraid and you don't want us all to think that you a cowardly frump."

Ah! there was the setup. "Well", said I, "in that case I will forget that I am so busy and let you show me what this disguise to the aeroplane family can do."

Properly accoutered: headphones, speaking tubes, belted, buckled, harnessed and the rest, I climbed into the front cockpit of this stratosphere beetle.

After we had flown for twenty minutes or so and had attained considerable altitude I asked, "Can these things do anything but fly straight and level? How are they on aerobatics?"

"What would you like?", and I could see the pilot grinning in the rear cockpit.

"How about a loop?" He did it and it was O.K. Then I was becoming bold. "Alright, my good man, under your collar and let us have the works."

From that point on something seemed to happen to me. A small confusion took possession of my faculties. I couldn't understand why I was standing on my head in the coop top and I failed to understand why the sky was green and brown and why in the name of the devil the ground should be so blue with clouds growing out of it.

About this time I was becoming unhappy. Deep within me a curse was being born. The cook—it must have been the

cook. What manner of villainy was going on in the kitchen? Surely that solid chow for lunch was a gastronomic perversion if ever there was one. At this very moment the thing was in rebellion. Command ought to be notified!

I had all the things the well equipped pilots wear, but, Brother, there was one thing I had forgotten—a paper bag!

We were on our way home now.

"How did you like it?" came the voice.

Speech was denied me. The "Ugg!" that reached the ears of the instructor from "A" Flight may or may not have informed him that all was not well up in front.

Staggered, shaken, humiliated and beaten, I crawled out of the Tiger Moth. I dug deep into my moral reserve and produced enough energy for one good sneer. "That thing is enough to sicken anybody!"

The world swam upside down again, whirled, and twisted as I strode away with the too obvious deliberation.

● WINGS PRESENTATION—

(By Glory Lauriston)

You shall inherit the air, who march today Rank upon rank beneath the summer sun, And, with the knowledge of a task well done,

Proudly receive your wings. Then grave or gay,

Salute your officers, and say goodbye To far-called classmates who have shared your work.

Broker and baker, doctor, cook and clerk, Lift up your eyes. Yours is the sky—the sky!

Untried by actual conflict you must go— Some to train other fledgelings in the art Of flight, and many more to face our foe. May God, who reads the purpose of each heart

And knows the valiant cause you've gathered in, Grant you—in times of trial—strength to win.

HEADQUARTERS for Officers' Clothing

You will perhaps need a New Uniform in a hurry . . . if so we carry in stock all sizes, and can deliver them to you in a few hours. We also carry a complete stock of Caps, Shirts, Sox, Shoes, Rain-coats, in fact all wearing apparel. Also Tailored-to-Measure Uniforms by Warren K. Cook. Out Fits are Second to None

Gordon Jackson
Men's Wear



Claresholm CAFE

CLARESHOLM :: ALBERTA
122 - PHONE - 122
x x x

Up-to-Date Dinning Room
Always at Your Service
x x x

Charlie Lee, Prop.

UNIFORMS

BY
Wm. H. Leishman & Co.
AND

Fashion Craft
ORDER YOUR
Summer Tropicals Now!

J. L. McCRIMMON
Tailor :: :: Phone 18

MARGARET'S BEAUTY PARLOR

Latest Style Permanents and
Hair Styling
PHONE 117 FOR APPOINTMENTS

Claresholm Pharmacy

We Appreciate Your
Patronage
x x x

— The —
"REXALL STORE"
PHONE 17 :: CLARESHOLM

WILTON HOTEL

"Fully Licensed"

J. & J. BELL, Props.
x x x

BILLIARD HALL
In Connection

● THE GRANUM DRAMATIC SOCIETY PLEASES STATION PERSONNEL—

It is exceptional when a Society volunteers to put on a play without solicitation, but it is amazing to find a Society that not only volunteers to produce an evening's entertainment, but one that actually painted and brought along their own colorful scenery back-drop. Hats off to the Granum Patriotic Society.

The artist from Granum who painted the scenery is unknown but one who deserves considerable credit for a lot of hard work and a real artistic ability. The scenery, the first in the Recreation Hall since it has been opened, seemed to transfigure the whole place . . . the soft clouds against the azure sky, the emerald green waters of the sea, the marble sun terrace and even the architectural grandeur of a marble arch and gateway.

The play itself, "Young Mother Hubbard", a three-act comedy, sponsored by the Granum Dramatic Society, under the direction of Mrs. Anne Henker, revealed unusual talent and drew round after round of laughter and applause from the audience.

The Dramatis Personae

Mrs. John Hubbard Dorcas Blair
Her daughters—
Beth Jessie Troman
Joan Dorothy Heward
Sally Jackie Boyle
Chick (Joan's beau) James Bell
Sam (Sally's beau) Harold Smith
Henry Meeser (a banker) Donald Downie
Wilbur (his son) Edman Russell
Whit Wonderwell (writer) Albert Standell
Mrs. Abernathy Ella Kellieut
Mattie (her wee daughter) Dot Bell
Mickey (a page) Geraldine Lang

Thanks are extended to the members of the Dramatics I Class for their splendid work in arranging the stage setting and to those on the Station who co-operated in rounding up some of the necessary furniture, curtains, etc., etc.

And then to set the whole program off, various musical numbers that were highly appreciated, were solos by Merle Dimm, Jackie Boyle and Geraldine Lang, resulted in a thundering applause, with cries for more! More! And they were good enough to sing again. Geraldine Lang's and Jackie Boyle's duet proved a high-light of the evening's entertainment.

Our hope is that Granum will keep up the good work and give a return program of the same style in the early fall.

—Flt. Lt. P. D. Cameron,
Chairman, Welfare Committee.

● NEW N.C.O.'s. IN W.D.'s. OF STATION

Corporal Phyllis Trotter of Frobisher, Sask., enlisted Jan. 1, 1942, stationed at Training Depot in Toronto, and was chosen for the administrative course in April and graduated as a "Corporal Admin.," last week.

Corporal Betty Galashan, of Hamilton, Ontario, enlisted in the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) in December 1941, stationed at Brantford, Ontario and was chosen for administrative course in March, graduated as a "Corporal Admin.," in April.

These Corporals are replacing Corporals McClelland and Prud'Homme who are now Commissioned Officers, taking an Officer's course at No. 6 "M" Depot, Toronto.

● BAND CONCERT MAY 24TH.—

The Macleod Band, No. 7 S.F.T.S., visited our Station on Sunday night, May 24th., and the result was a really bang-up entertainment. From the first moment, when F/L Coyne introduced the band and presented F/O Coghill as the witty Master of Ceremonies for the evening, until the final note of the National Anthem, the affair was a complete and outstanding success.

Comprising about thirty-five members, the Macleod Band, under the able leadership of F/S Leaman, is an organization to be proud of, and has been touring the hills and taking Festival prizes at such places as Blairmore, Waterton, etc.

The first part of the program was composed of numbers from "H.M.S. Pinafore" and several favorites from "Faust".

LAC. James, soloist with the group, was encored repeatedly and starred especially in his spirited rendition of "Captains of the Clouds".

Popular numbers with the audience were: "In a Monastery Garden", complete with chapel bell and bird whistle effects, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp", with trumpet solo, and the "National Emblem".

The greatest "Community Singing" response came, albeit after some persuasion, from the Sergeants' balcony, and in several numbers AW.1 Elliott, from this Station, obligingly added her pleasant soprano on the stage.

F/O Coghill provided pleasant and entertaining continuity between the numbers and F/L Coyne, our genial Padre, practically convulsed the audience in his speech of thanks to the Macleod entertainers. Father Coyne added, among other things, dire threats about the entertainment which is to be put on by the Station Officers on May 31st. and issued a "defi" to anyone to attend.

For several days following the Macleod Band Concert the whole Station echoed with such remarks as, "Wasn't it just the TOPS in entertainment?", and "Boy, they were good!", etc., so we add our voice to the others and say, in all sincerity, "Will ye no' come back again?"

● THE RED CROSS DRIVE—

The Red Cross Drive, which centered largely around Pay Parade on the 15th., did not meet with such generous response as was at first hoped and, at the time of going to press, this Station was still somewhat short of its objective. In the next issue the complete Red Cross story, as regards this Station, will be told and with, we hope, very creditable figures.

● HOSTESS HOUSE TO BE OFFICIALLY OPENED—

On Wednesday, June 3rd., the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House at No. 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm, will be officially opened.

A reception will be held from 3 to 6 in the afternoon and from 6 to 8 in the evening, for all those interested in this National War Services project. Airmen and Airwomen will be welcome.

● BIRTHS—

Welcome to a new airman! . . . Little Norman David Anderson, potential pilot, weighing in at seven pounds, arrived in Calgary on Friday, May 22nd. Sergeant N. W. Anderson (proud Pappy) maintenance log-book room, is handing out the cigars.

● WEDDINGS—

A marriage of considerable interest to the personnel of this and other Stations was solemnized in Claresholm on Wednesday, May 6th., when Margaret Elayne Moffatt became the bride of Flight Sergeant John Strader of No. 15 S.F.T.S., and formerly of Iroquois, Ontario.

The bridesmaid was a schoolmate of the bride, Miss Dorothy J. Hughes of Lethbridge, while the groom was attended by Flight Sergeant Burley, also of No. 15 S.F.T.S. Rev. R. W. Dalglish officiated.

The bride was given in marriage by her father. The wedding march was played by the uncle of the bride, Mr. W. G. Moffatt of Blairmore. During the signing of the register Mrs. Alfred Dickson, aunt of the bride, sang "Love's Coronation". Flight Sergeant Burley proposed the toast to the bride, the groom responding nobly.

After a dainty buffet luncheon the bridal couple left on a honeymoon trip to Great Falls, Montana.

The bride chose a beige Redingote ensemble, with off-the-face hat to match, and corsage bouquet of talisman roses. The costume of the bridesmaid was a dusty rose ensemble, with a sweetheart hat, and a corsage of pink tea roses. The bride's going-away costume was of beige and brown, with matching turban.

The decoration motif for the home was most attractively carried out with the use of snapdragons and sweet peas.

Out-of-town guests for the occasion were: Mrs. Alfred Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. James Moffatt, Glenn Moffatt, Mrs. Ross Moffatt, and Miss Loretta Hardy, all of Calgary; Mr. W. G. Moffatt of Blairmore; Flying Officer George Thompson, Flight Sergeant A. Burley, Flight Sergeant B. Quinn, and Sergeant Leach, of No. 15 S. F.T.S.

The bride, a native daughter of Claresholm, is a most popular member of Claresholm's younger group, and has been employed on the Station, No. 15 S.F.T.S., since its opening. The groom is on the administrative staff of the Station and has made many friends since coming to Claresholm. They both have the best wishes of a wide circle of friends.

Just before going to press we learned that Flight Sergeant Strader is now Pilot Officer Strader and is leaving soon for Lachine, Quebec. The best wishes of P/O Strader's many friends go with him in his new work, as an officer, and congratulations are sincerely extended.

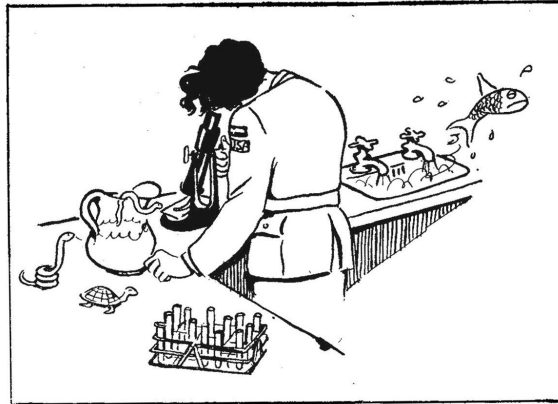
● OFFICERS' MESS DANCE—

Considered one of the most successful dances yet held in the Officers' Mess, last Saturday's dance was enjoyed by about seventy-five couples.

Rhythm was supplied by the newest dance orchestra of No. 15 S.F.T.S.—the "Ambassadors of Note"—assisted now and then by the Station's favorite maestro, F/L Kertland, and among the best-received numbers was the old standby "Coki-Oki".

Saturday's affair also served as an introduction to the new front porch of the Mess which, it was unanimously agreed, was a really grand place to cool off after doing the Rumba.

Guests were present from Calgary, Macleod, Claresholm, Nanton and Stavelly, including: Mr. and Mrs. Diekmeier, Mrs. Woodside, Mr. and Mrs. F. Fairbairn, Lt. Col. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Andy Laurie, Mrs. K. Sansom, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Amundsen, Dr. and Mrs. Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Fairbairn.



D. R. O's.—"Until further notice water on the Station is not to be used for drinking purposes unless it has been boiled."

● THE AIRMEN'S DANCE—

The Airmen's Dance held on May 5th., was a "repeat" of other outstanding successes of the season and was particularly distinguished by the presence of visiting W.D. Officers from Ottawa.

"Brad and the Boys" were really hitting the high spots in peppy music that night and the crowd of dancers kept getting more and more enthusiastic . . . in fact it was one of those dances where no one wanted to break off for the usual excellent refreshments served in the Airmen's Mess.

Wing Officer L. M. Crowther (W.A.A.F. Britain), Section Officer Ann Henderson (Ottawa), Section Officer Sylvia Evans (Calgary) and Section Officer Elizabeth Bie were among the dancers, and the visitors expressed pleasure at being on the Station for such an auspicious occasion.

S.M.O., F/L Lawson, and Mrs. Lawson, were among the guests for awhile, as were also the Adjutant, F/L J. W. Ross, and Mrs. Ross.

The dance was supervised by F/O Paul Laidlaw, in the absence of F/L Paterson, Mr. Mike Sheedy, and the usual helpful few senior N.C.O's.

● SERGEANTS' MESS SMOKER—

The Sergeants' Mess on Tuesday last, May 26th., was the scene of a farewell smoker for W.O.2 R. Pearson, who has left No. 15 to become a member of the armed forces of his native U.S.A.

W.O.1 McCauley made a presentation to this popular member of the Mess, and expressed the regret of all members at losing him, at the same time wishing him the best of luck and happiness in his own country.

W.O.2 Pearson hails from Las Vegas, California, and was one of the "originals" at this Station 'way back in May 1941.

● DID YOU KNOW—

THAT you should by all means marry. "If you get a good wife you will become very happy; if you get a bad one, you will become a philosopher, and that is good for every man."—Socrates.

THAT Gypsy Rose Lee's strip-tease burlesque was paid as high as \$4,000.00 a week at the New York World's Fair. One day she received an applause verified by

a meter, bigger than Roosevelt and Wilkie put together.

THAT peak employment in Australian munitions factories in the last war was 4,000. This time 600,000 Australian men and women have war jobs.

THAT the Berwick, one of the Boeing 314A flying boats of British Airlines, recently made the longest non-stop flight by a British Airline plane. It flew non-stop from Belem to Porto Rico, about 3,000 miles, in 24 hours.

THAT an American named Daniels runs the World's only four-leaf clover farm (so far as we know) in an outlying area of the Panama Canal zone? He sells four-leaf clovers raised from a special seed and pressed between sheets of transparent plastic, to toy and novelty dealers.

THAT most people have some sort of a religion? At least they know which church they are staying away from.

THAT Lou Gehrig played 2130 consecutive ball games, as captain of the Yanks? They won 3 world's series in a row, 1936-'37-'38. In 1938 he was named for the second time the league's most valuable player, the first time was nine years previous.

THAT it states in chapter XII of "Mein Kampf": The British nation can be counted upon to carry through to Victory any struggle that it once enters upon, no matter how long such a struggle may last or however great the sacrifice that may be necessary, or whatever the means that have to be employed, even though the actual military equipment at hand may be utterly inadequate when compared with that of other nations?

THAT a long range submarine can now cruise 5 times across the Atlantic without refueling.

THAT the modern torpedo, 15 ft. long and 21 inches in diameter, made with watch-makers' precision, costs \$12,000.00. It carries 500 lbs. of T.N.T., streaks through the water at 45 miles per hour and can hit a target 3 miles away.

THAT any man can stand up to his opponents; but give me any man who can stand up to his friends.—William Gladstone.

THAT the first steamboat to successfully cross the Atlantic under its own power was the "Great Eastern", taking 15 days and burning 650 tons of coal. The latest Cunarder, "Queen Elizabeth", is capable of doing the journey in a little over 3 days.

THE RUNWAY

» «

Being a Page from which our Philosophers, Wits, Poets and Humorists do take off on their Flights of Fancy!

HOW TO PLANT A GARDEN

This being the season known as the "Growing Time", it has occurred to us that other residents (?) of this (and other) Stations might be interested in getting instruction in gardening . . . gardening as she is did in No. 15.

First, and this is MOST important, you talk about it. Over numerous cups of coffee and glasses of postum the gardening project (that's a name with an official sound) is discussed, all the pros and the cons and the suggestions as to whom shall do what and why and the usual amount of advice from well-meaning souls known as the "armchair gardeners".

Next, you survey your land, which, at first glance, appears to be a fugitive acre from a gravel pit, and is covered with rocks ranging in age and class from pebbles to boulders.

After a complete and most comprehensive survey has been made, you determine that the next avenue of approach is the section known as Works and Bricks . . . and, if properly requested (through the correct channels) they will promise to deliver sundry loads of earth sans stones, to your acre.

Considerable delay follows your approach to W. & B. during which time you draft all available labour (duty watches, etc.), and rake up as many stones as possible, level off the future lawn and dig all the loose earth out of your ditch, being careful not to throw it onto the roadway.

Finally, as the Duke says, "at long last" one load of earth is delivered, then two days later another load, and your next job is "spreading it". Shovels, rakes, spades and such like tools are procured and again it is suggested to friends (?) that it would be humane to assist with the spreading of earth.

After (some time after) the earth has been spread . . . and after it has been shoveled out of porches, etc., where it was carelessly thrown . . . the ground is leveled and the seeds tenderly planted here and there, and there and here.

Each day for a few days you watch hopefully for the first little fuzz of lawn or the first little sign of a flower. Then, one day . . . ah! one WINDY day! . . . you go home to find that at least half an acre of your garden has blown into your house and the other half is spread around the porch, walk and ditches. Nothing remains but the original "stoney plain".

Once again, and this time a little sympathy is added to the occasion, the earth is re-spread and re-raked and more seeds are tenderly planted (each getting a gentle push to discourage them from blowing away).

Now! you say to yourself and your friends (if you have any left), all we need is a little rain to help those little seedlings along.

Hopefully, one night, you listen to the patter-patter of the rain upon the roof and rush to your front door in the morning to see if the grass is up.

Alas, and again alack! . . . not only is the grass NOT up, but the garden is NOT there. All your acre is, this time, washed

into the ditches. The ditches have become moats, your land has huge crevasses across it (much as though an earthquake had passed that way), and you see, with tearful eyes that thousands of little seedlets are swimming around in the "moats".

As the rain continues the erstwhile garden also continues to sink. Lower and lower it sinks until the jeers of your friends re your "sunken gardens" drive you to despair.

And here, my friends, is the key to the entire gardening situation. With true Western stick-to-it-iveness (providing of course the rain subsides long enough) you START ALL OVER AGAIN!

Happy gardening!

—By Double U. Dee.

"I'LL SEE YOU IN THE SKY!"

In the glory of a new day,
Two Pilots passed through purple ray,
With flashing glow in front of hats—
Like flame of orange in high combats;
For Wings of Gold had caught the sun,
And needle rays a halo spun.
"I'll see you in the sky" one said—
The other smiled with nodding head.

Aboard bright yellow planes they climbed,
Small clouds of dust whipped back behind,
The ground swept by in easy flow;
The drome diminished down below;
Two powerful motors screamed and roared

As zooming upward high they soared;
Like birds of gold upon the wing,
Like hummingbirds in amber Spring.

Passed Rocky Mountain peaks they flew
Small specks of light against the blue;
Then disappeared in altitude,
In morning haze all rainbow hued,
In realms so new to human mind
All explanations hard they find,
For human language yet is void—
Thus High Experience destroyed.

So when a loved one lifts his eyes
And says "I'll meet you in the skies",
His eyes fixed on distant scene,
Focused on realms before not seen,
His lips a-tremble as he tries
To learn the language of the Skies—
Do not doubt because he stammers,
He sees what's Great! That's what matters.

—Flt. Lt. P. D. Cameron.

THE NIGHT OF APRIL 29TH. Or, Why Sgt. Falconer, W. A. No Longer Plays Table Tennis

This story begins about three or four days ago when Sgt. Falconer, W. A., entered the orderly room of "D" Flight and overheard Sgt. Bradley, H. A., better known as Budley, W. A., the N.C.O. in charge of "D" Flight, telling some poor AC.2 that he, Sgt. Bradley, had never been beaten by anyone in "D" Flight, not even by the Flight Commander, at the game of table tennis. Sgt. Falconer immediately challenged Sgt. Bradley to a game of table tennis and then proceeded to tell him, Sgt. Bradley, just how good he, Sgt. Falconer, was at the game and when they played just how badly he would beat him.

In fact Sgt. Falconer told everyone in the Sergeants' Mess, well at least three people, what he would do to Sgt. Bradley when they played. Well naturally this made Sgt. Bradley, better known as Budley, rather dubious of his ability to beat Sgt. Falconer. After stalling around for three days, Sgt. Bradley gathered together

enough courage to play.

At about 20:30 hours on that eventful night of April 29th., a knock was heard by Sgt. Falconer upon the door of his room.

"Come in," cried Sgt. Falconer.

"O.W. I'm coming," replied a voice which turned out to be Sgt. Bradley's, better known as Budley.

"Well," asked Sgt. Falconer, "what's the beef, chief?"

"I," said Sgt. Bradley, "have come to play you table tennis."

"Well what are we waiting for?" said Sgt. Falconer. "Let's go."

Sgt. Bradley and Sgt. Falconer then proceeded to "D" Flight, because Sgt. Bradley is the N.C.O. in charge of "D" Flight and "D" Flight have the nearest table to the Sgts.' Mess for playing table tennis. Of course Sgt. Bradley and Sgt. Falconer are members of the Sgts.' Mess and the Sgts.' Mess have a table for playing table tennis, but this table is not assembled and it seems that there is nobody in the Sgts.' Mess, not even Sgts. Bradley and Falconer, who have enough ambition or energy to assemble it. So consequently that is the reason why Sgt. Bradley and Sgt. Falconer had to proceed to "D" Flight to play.

Upon arriving at "D" Flight Sgt. Bradley and Sgt. Falconer removed their tunics and had a warm-up. Then the battle began.

Sgt. Bradley won the first game.

"O.K." said Sgt. Falconer, "Now I'll really start to roll."

Sgt. Bradley won the second game.

"You're finished," said Sgt. Falconer after this game.

Sgt. Bradley won the third game.

Sgt. Bradley won the fourth game. It was in this game that Sgt. Bradley, better known as Budley, stated that he spotted Sgt. Falconer five points and then proceeded to beat him very badly. The score being twenty-one to sixteen.

Sgt. Bradley won the fifth game.

"Budley," said Sgt. Falconer during a rest period in which both players had a cigarette, "if you win another game from me tonight I'll never play this game again."

Your correspondent is very sorry to say that Sgt. Bradley won the sixth and final game.

The battle ended here and Sgt. Bradley nearly broke both his legs getting back to the Sgts.' Mess to tell everyone, near and far, the results of the battle.

Sgt. Bradley was, and, as a matter of fact still is, very, very happy because he maintains that Sgt. Falconer has never before been so subdued. In fact the only other day in Sgt. Bradley's life which he considers more important than April 29th. is the day he, Sgt. Bradley, was born.

Sgt. Falconer was a little subdued. Naturally. In fact he admits that he is not a very good ping-pong (table tennis is another name for this game) player and that a child of three could beat him. Of course there is one consolation for Sgt. Falconer and that is that no one, not even Sgt. Bradley, will ever beat him again at table tennis, because Sgt. Falconer has stopped playing this game.

That is the sad, sad story of why Sgt. Falconer no longer plays the game of table tennis.

At the time of this writing Sgt. Bradley, better known as Budley, W. A., is still very elated over the result of the battle.

x x x

LATE FLASH:—It has just been reported that Sgt. Bradley has just lost his fifth straight game to some student in "D" Flight. Keep up the good work Sgt. Bradley.

IN RESPONSE

(To N. W. Emmett, Claresholm, Alta., by
A.W.I McLean)

A bunch of women in the way—
The theme of a poem I read one day,
The rhythm was good, the vocab. tops,
But the last line made us mad as hops.

Who was this airman who dared to state
That women his solitude did penetrate,
I assure you, my friend, that on some
dark night

Your mortal remains will be in full sight;
Perhaps a rope, or say tar would be worse,
And you'll rue the day that you penned
that verse.

Who's Emmett, we cry, with a roar like
thunder,
We're 100 strong and we'll plow him under;
Though perchance in the mess hall 'twould
be a relief
To have airman steak instead of beef.

It's perfectly rotten, a down-right shame
That one should thusly slander our name;
Quoth one young airwoman, "That'll be
the day
When we're a bunch of women in the
way."

There may be a few who are prone to
admit
That the girls are trying to do their bit,
But it's very discouraging to hear one
say
We're a bunch of women in the way.

**THE 13TH. CHAPTER OF
FIRST ESSENTIALS**

Though I speak with the tongues of men
and of angels and have no PARACHUTE
I am as a sounding gass and a crashing
screwball.

And though I have the gift of instruction
and understand all the mysteries of
flying, and have always received high
marks in G.I.S.; and though I have all
faith in my plane so that I am sure I
could fly over the Rocky Mountains and
I forget my PARACHUTE, I shall be
nothing.

And though I bestow all my wisdom
and experience upon those poor L.A.C.'s;
and though I give my life to the cause of
righteousness and liberty and have not a
PARACHUTE, it profiteth me nothing.

A PARACHUTE sticketh around, it
doeth no harm, and in a jam it's your
best bet.

A PARACHUTE does not mind being
thrown under a seat, or out of sight, it
vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up until
you jump for your life and pull the rip-
cord.

It doth not behave itself unseemly—
very often—for, according to scientific
research and records, few parachutes have
refused to open. Of course if your mind
is closed to the value of a PARACHUTE
don't expect it to open for you, and when
a PARACHUTE lets you down . . . well,
'nough said!

A PARACHUTE seeketh not her own.
It is there for your benefit to keep you
from breaking your neck.

A PARACHUTE is not easily provoked
but it does object to being regarded
merely as something to sit on, and re-
sents being poked or kicked around.

It rejoiceth not in tragedy, but rejoiceth
in your second-chance.

It beareth all things including the
short runt who stacks two or three up like
a club sandwich in the passenger com-

partment to get a better view of things in
general, or the careless cuss who uses it
for a footstool.

A PARACHUTE seldom faileth—but,
whether there be aeroplanes, they shall
fail; whether there be twin-motors, they
shall cease; whether there be gasoline, it
shall vanish away. For even the best of
instructors know in part and teach in
fragments.

But when the unexpected is come, and
the Pilot is dumb, and the plane is scat-
tered all over the fields, then that which
is in part shall be done away with, in-
cluding what is left of the Pilot.

When I was a child I spake as a child, I
thought as a child, but when I became a
Pilot I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass darkly,
for visibility is often poor and there are
many blind-spots on every plane. But
the time will come when I shall be face to
face with that perfect predicament when
the only way out is by PARACHUTE.
Now I know in part for a Pilot never
comes to the place where he knows it all.
But if I should, then shall I never be
known because I shall be beyond all re-
cognition.

But now abideth faith in my ability to
fly, hope for the best, and my PARA-
CHUTE; but the sanest of these is my
PARACHUTE!

—DON.

DAUGHTER BEWARE

The Glamour Girl of '39,

In petticoats and bustle,

Was just a maid

Who made the grade

With little fuss or hustle.

Her aim in life?

To be a wife

And seven children's mother.

'Twas just inbred,

And often lead

To one thing and another.

She learned to sew and knit and purl,

Embroidery and crochet;

And, if an outdoor type of girl,

Went in for lawn croquet.

When serious suitors sought her hand,

She'd turn on her allure;

But give a stinging reprimand

If they were premature.

She wouldn't drink; she wouldn't smoke;

She wouldn't tell a risque joke,

Or use such slang as "okie doke"—

No fooling, she was sure.

But girls to-day who act that way

Don't have a chance. No wonder!

For Mother has

More pep and jazz,

And steals her daughter's thunder.

—Contributed by F/O J. Ernest Eve.

THE AIRFORCE SHOWER

(With apologies to the Stavepost)

Warning! This strange room hath

A most mysterious shower bath

And man can prophesy no more

The strange events behind that door!

Abandon hope, all ye who come

To bathe in luke and medium,

For cold is cold and hot is blistering,

And which is which? Ah! that's the mys-
tery.

So twist the handles to and fro

In sweet suspense, nor seek to know

What torrent waits, what trickles coming,

Such fun we have with Air Force plumb-
ing.

**CLARABELL'S LETTER TO HER
AIRMAN AT No. 15 S. F. T. S.**

Dear Elmer:

I certainly was thrilled to receive your
last letter. I read parts of it to Clem
Hicks, so I guess he knows where he
stands now. Oh yes, you will be receiv-
ing a parcel one of these days. It's that
old problem of mine we've talked about
so often. First there was the old familiar
period of burning enthusiasm. You need
not be told how devotedly I worked in the
beginning, how I thought of nothing else.
You can guess, too, what followed. Grad-
ually the dreadful chill of indifference
set in. I fought desperately to retain my
interest, Elmer, but it was no use. Two
weeks have passed now since I last look-
ed at it, and rather than leave it stuck a-
way in the sewing basket forever I am
sending it on to you as it is, pleading for
your understanding. Just as a suggestion,
perhaps you could get someone to finish
it for you. You always could knit better
than me. I got the back finished and part
of the front started, but you know how I
am about knitting. Speaking of knitting,
I heard a cute poem the other day from
Katie about knitting for Britain. After
she explained it to me, we had a good
laugh.

I was over to your folks' place last
evening after I put the milk cows in the
back pasture for the night. They showed
me your last letter home but I didn't
show them your letter to me cause that's
just between you and I, isn't it Elmer?

I've been doing a lot of reading lately
and learning some new things. For in-
stance, I used a bunch of new words in
this letter. I told Clem Hicks you were
a G.D. and he said, "a G.D. what?" I
guess he don't know what G.D. means.

I hope you are looking after yourself
out there in the West. Have you seen a
cowboy yet? Can you ride a horse? You
will have a lot to tell me next time you
write. Oh yes, Elmer, what does, G.D.
mean?

Best love,
Clarabell.

A TRIBUTE

He turned his wings,
Far out to sea—
That this land might be safe
For kids like me.
He wanted to help
When the going was bad;
For he knew no fear—
That was My Dad!

And when he took off
On his last trip home—
And the trumpet sounded
And the bullets moaned;
He did not think
Of the glory he'd had,
But prayed there'd be peace—
That was My Dad!

They can't hurt him now—
His work is done.
And when this war
By men is won,
I'll think of him—
And always be glad
That our course was set
By men like My Dad!

Sgt. H. to pretty Steno: "Are you doing
anything on Sunday night?"

P.S. (hopefully): "No, not a thing".

Sgt. H.: "Then try and be at the office
on time on Monday morning for a
change".

THE MYSTERIOUS JAP

The Japanese nation always has been and probably always will be, if there are any Japs left after this war, a shining example of two-facedness. Centuries before Hitler started using similar tactics the Japanese were practising this policy. At the turn of the nineteenth century Japan was still a nation about which, comparatively, very little was known; their religion and customs were very carefully guarded. It was even impossible to approach the island by boat, as witness the fact that foreign boats that had been wrecked about the island were looted and their crews made captive. Indeed, the Japs were still pirates. It took an armed American mission to impress upon them the fact that other nations were not going to accept this kind of treatment. The mission gained a certain amount of security for foreign sailors and opened up two ports for foreign trade. After this the world gradually learned of their customs, religion and dress—most people thought of them as a quaint nation. Even to this day many people still regard them in this light but I dare say their numbers are decreasing daily.

The Japs have the same enthusiasm for intricate and careful planning that the Germans have. As a matter of fact it has been proved conclusively that the Japanese started preparing for this war at least fifteen years ago—long before the Boche. However, this for the most part was motivated by their ever-present and long-suppressed desire to control Burma and the East Indies with all their wealth and resources. The Japs realized that they would have to engage at least England, U.S.A. and Holland to effect this, and thus laid plans accordingly. Therefore we can conclude that the entrance of Japan into the world war was no sudden decision but the culmination of many well laid plans.

—Maintenance Squadron.

THE RUNWAY PHILOSOPHER

Hitch your wagon to a Star . . . but remember, a "Very Light" is not a star.

Notice:—The men in the Control Tower do not take control of your plane and land it for you.

For those who are trying to grow grass around their huts . . . If you don't first succeed . . . seed again!

Two can live as cheaply as one in Claresholm . . . for half the time.

A nose by any other name smells the same.

Early to bed and early to rise makes a good milkman.

For those who expect to do formation operational flying over-seas:—Remember it's the banana that gets away from the bunch that gets skinned first!

Genius is 99 per cent. perspiration and the other per cent. sweat.

"Blood, sweat and tears" are the three essential elements to change a world at war into a place of peace, progress and prosperity.

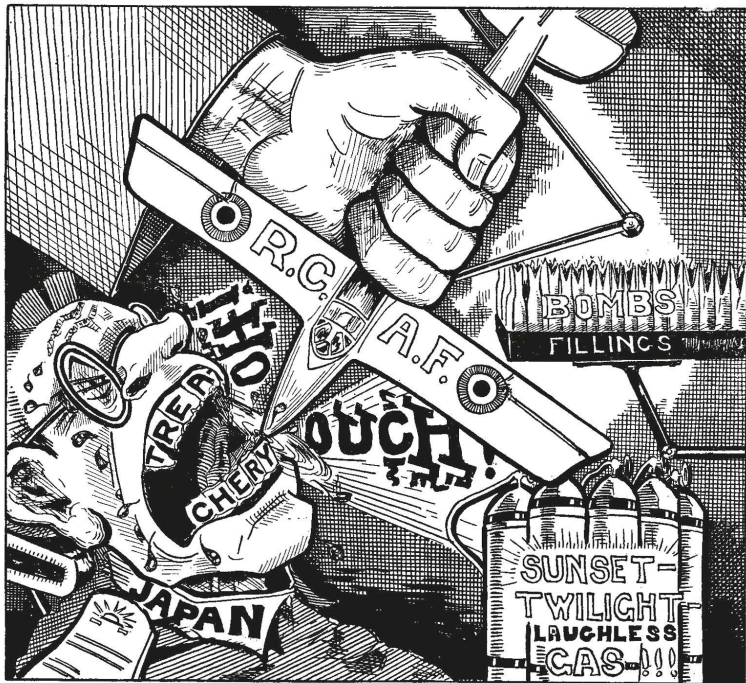
Many a man has used "Wealth" as a spring-board to Success, only to find the "Pool of Prosperity" has been drained by some poor man some time before.

You only need work and water to turn the desert into a rose garden. According to advanced science there is more hope for the desert than for the tropics. What a plug for the prairies.

The proof of the pudding is not in the eating . . . but in the after affects.

—By Don.

THE "YAP" OF A JAP



DRILL 'EM AND FILL 'EM —Flt./Lt. P. D. Cameron

● ESSAY —

— \$ —

"Is Service Life an Advantage or Disadvantage to the Individual in Future Civilian Life?"

With such a large percentage of the country's younger people in the services, this is a topic that might well be seriously brought to the mind of everyone at the present time.

In dealing with this subject it should be remembered that we are concerned with the individual, and the advantages or disadvantages he derives from life in the services from education, social contacts, physical improvement, general training and moral, and that we are not dealing with the economic aspect and the period of re-adjustment that follows a major conflict, except as affected by the individual.

I would say that service life is an advantage to the individual, and will be in civilian life after this war more than ever before, in view of the different and more specialized types of training received.

Let us deal first with the intellectual side. In most branches of the service today, higher standards of education are required, and in many cases, highly specialized training in some trade or profession. If the individual does not already possess such training, but has a good elementary education, he is given a course in some trade to which he is considered best adapted. In many cases these are courses which he has long desired, but his financial circumstances have prevented him from taking them. In addition to this, the educational facilities that have been placed at the disposal of all service men by the Canadian Legion, make it possible for those whose education has been neglected, to improve it in their spare time

if they so desire.

We might also include under this heading, the training received in organization and discipline, two vitally necessary factors if we are to attain the maximum of efficiency, whether in the services or in civilian enterprise.

From a social standpoint, the contacts one makes with men drawn from all spheres of industry, from all levels of social environment and from widely separated points geographically, are bound to create in the individual a better understanding of his fellowmen, and a deeper appreciation of his problems.

Lastly, the drill, physical training and regular routine of service life, combined with the excellent dental, medical and hospital facilities attached to all units, assure one of keeping physically fit.

In summing up then, let us say that the individual will leave the service and enter civil life in the future, not only with some just pride in having served his country in some capacity, whether large or small, in its fight for democratic freedom, but with a deeper appreciation of home life, a higher standard of education, and a wider perspective on the life of the other fellow. He will be in a better position to take his place in post-war society, and as an individual unit in the national scheme, better equipped to assist in post-war reconstruction. He will be more ably fitted to do his bit in upholding the principles of democracy as applied in peace time—those precious principles for which he offered his services, and his life if necessary—the principles that in turn offer a free, happy and full life to the most important people in our land: the individual citizens, each and every one!

—Cpl. W. H. Lacey.

SPORTS NOTES

» «

● GOOD BOXING CARD AT THE AIRPORT, MAY 7TH.—

Sgt. Thomas, well known Western Canada ring man and the boxing instructor at No. 15 S.F.T.S., staged another boxing card at the Station Thursday night, May 7th., before a crowd of some four hundred Airmen. On the card were six boxing bouts and a wrestling match.

Wing Commander Kennedy and F/L Perkins were judges, and S/L Ashton-Cross the time-keeper. Mike Sheedy was the third man in the ring. F/O McMurdy acted as official announcer.

LAC. Fitzpatrick 172 (HQ) won a decision over AC.1 Stinson 175 (HQ). Stinson lacked staying powers gained by training while Fitz played a waiting game and took the openings.

Cpl. Stevens 137 (W. & B.) won a decision from AC.1 Barclay 140 (HQ), the winner obviously being a ring veteran against a man just coming up from the bottom.

AC.1 Masterson 151 (Eq.) won a decision from LAC. Fernie 152 (M), the boys being fairly evenly matched but Masterson playing the science to better advantage.

AC.1 Oliphant 161 (B) won a decision over AC.1 "Frenchie" 155 (HQ), Oliphant being very plainly the superior boxer, but Frenchie taking the house by storm for his gameness and ability to get out of many difficult places.

LAC. Corderey 140 (M) won a decision over LAC. Rae 137 (M), this bout drawing about the only blood of the evening and the winner spilling most of it in spite of his victory.

The final bout for the Station middle-weight championship was won on a very close margin of points by F/O Madden from LAC. Lapointe (A Flight). Lapointe failed to follow up an advantage he gained in the second round when he landed a stinging blow to the side of Madden's head, the latter going on to point him generally the rest of the way.

Big-Time Wrestling

The Station has two ex-professional wrestlers on its roster and they put on a three-fall exhibition bout that would do justice to a Madison Square Garden promoter. These chaps are LAC. Dean, who won the first and third falls, and LAC. Lameraux, who won the second fall. Sgt. Thomas was the third man in the ring and he himself had to do a bit of wrestling at times to keep the peace. The boys gave forth everything they had, which included about all the tricks the winner's namesake, Man Mountain Dean, ever knew, except possibly the pulling of whiskers. They're welcome to these body slams and bone twisting. We saw a much poorer show by world champions in the Maple Leaf Gardens at Toronto a few years ago.

x x x x

● ANOTHER LIVELY RING SHOW May 21ST.—

On Thursday night, May 21st., another lively ring show was staged at the Airport under the direction of Sgt. Thomas. To add spice to the program there were some competing entries from No. 3 S.F.T.S.,

Calgary.

There would be about six hundred Airmen in the audience and a good sprinkling of civilians from town.

The officials were: timekeeper, S/L Atkinson; announcer, LAC. Pigeon; judges, W.O.2 Pearson and F/O Laidlaw; referees: boxing, Mike Sheedy; wrestling, LAC. Lameraux.

First bout:—AC.1 Stinson 175 won by a knock-out in the third round from AC.1 Erickson 178. Stinson showed marked improvement in form over previous time in ring.

Second bout:—LAC. Masterson 158 won a close decision over AC.1 Grassley in a smart contest. Three 2-minute rounds.

Third bout:—LAC. Lapointe 170 won a close decision over LAC. Fitzpatrick 176. Both these boys are clever boxers and really gave the crowd a thrill. Three 2-minute rounds.

Fourth bout (wrestling):—LAC. Petrie 150 won a decision over Cpl. Stevens 145, but these boys did not have time to get warmed up and find the knot holes under the canvas. 20-minute limit.

Fifth Bout:—LAC. Corderey 140 won a decision over LAC. Daze 145, Corderey carrying the fight at a fast pace every minute he was on the floor. A real crowd pleaser. Three 2-minute rounds.

Sixth bout (semi-final):—F/O Madden 170 found a real opponent in LAC. Selvage 173 from No. 3 S.F.T.S., Currie Barracks, Calgary. Madden won the close decision on his aggressiveness. Three 2-minute rounds.

The main event (wrestling):—LAC. Kitchen 176 of No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary, won two out of three falls from the pride of the local Station, LAC. Dean 170. This was a real bone-crusher with lots of action. The Calgary boy had a weight advantage and was able to manhandle Dean to his own advantage, but Dean seemed to enjoy an equality in strength and science. It was an extremely clever go.

x x x x

● SHOOTING CLUB NEWS—

The age-old sport of shooting has got off to a good start on this Station, under the guiding hand of S/L Ashton-Cross, assisted by F/O Mowatt, o-c Skeet; F/O Bryson, o-c Revolver; P/O Waring, o-c Rifle; F/L Robinson, Secretary; and F/O Wade, Treasurer.

A lot of real fun and excellent experience has aroused wide interest in the skeet shooting, F/O Mowatt being a master in the art of breaking the little birds regularly. Many others on the Station show promise of becoming very good shots if they will only persist in their efforts.

The revolver shooting, which also got off to a good start, had to be discontinued because of the scarcity of revolver ammunition.

The rifle shooting—22 Sporting Rifle Competition—has not only started but has grown considerable, and is now shooting three nights a week.

On Monday nights, individual men's shooting takes place; and on Thursday nights, individual women's shooting takes place. On Tuesday night, teams from each unit will compete.

We would like to see each Squadron, Maintenance, Headquarters, Officers, N.C. O's. Airmen and Airwomen, put up a six-man team to enter in Tuesday night's fun. There is little or no excuse for not raising a team from each unit, as there are many on the Station who are already shooting

a consistent 97 or better. All scores are logged and all targets of 80 or better are kept. Each marksman is registered with the Dominion Marksman Association and you are awarded a Bronze Pin for turning in five targets of 80 or better; a Silver Pin for ten targets of 93 or better; and a Gold Pin for ten targets of 98 or better. Spoons and shields are also awarded to those who continue into the Expert class.

So, come out and enjoy yourself. Make a reservation for a time to shoot, simply by phoning 29 on the appropriate day. For the very small sum of ten cents for a ten shot target, you can become a good shot, win handsome prizes and have a lot of fun . . . SO LET'S GO!

BOB DOYLE'S GROCERY

— FULL LINE OF —
Fresh Fruits & Vegetables
Quality . . . and . . . Service

65 — PHONE — 65

HARWOOD'S Meat Market

— Phone 43 —

Choiest of Steaks & Roasts
We Make Up a Tasty Sausage

OPERATING THE
Claresholm Locker Storage

RICE'S TAXI

Phone 222

— THE —
CLARESHOLM MOTORS
OPPOSITE C.P.R. DEPOT

C. A. COUTTS

Plumbing :: Gas-Fitting

:: Tinsmithing ::

177R2 - PHONE - 177R2

**SYLVIE'S
POOL HALL**
SNOOKER :: BILLIARDS

●

Tobacco and Soft Drinks

●

— SHOE SHINE —

**JENKINS'
GROCETERIA**
216 - PHONE - 216

x x x

PACKAGES FOR
— OVERSEAS —

ASK FOR FULL DETAILS

Please Remember . . . We make No
Extra Charge for handling or pack-
ing. "Postage Only" is extra!

**RAMAGE'S MEAT
MARKET**
Quality Meats at Low Prices

— PHONE 32 —

— THE STORE —
WITH THE STOCK
— Merchandise —
When You Need It!
Wide Gift Selection

x x x

Fairbairn Bros.
Claresholm :: Alberta

MILK BAR

Watch for Our
"SUMMER SPECIALS"

We are at Your Service

●

Milk Shakes . . . Cones
Hot Fudge Sundaes

● MAINTENANCE SOCCER

The first game of the inter-unit soccer league was played on May 5th. with Headquarters and Maintenance both fielding strong teams. The first half an even period, but after the interlude Headquarters brought on their "reserve" team which proved just a little too much for Maintenance. The game ended with 1 to 0 score for Headquarters.

May 7th. was the date of the second game in which Flying Squadron played against Maintenance. Flying Squadron turned out a strong team with Maintenance fighting back to the best of their ability, which proved more work than play, resulting in a 5 to 0 score for Flying Squadron. The outstanding player for maintenance was Biddle, while Tom Ellison excelled for Flying Squadron.

The third game took place on May 19th. when Maintenance played Flying Squadron, with the teams playing evenly throughout the game. Maintenance fielded a much stronger team than for the previous game. Flying Squadron scored a few minutes before half-time. Fine combination was played by both sides and the score remained the same until Cpl. Buczyk tied it up with about 5 minutes to play. Flying Squadron managed to come back for two more goals just as the whistle blew. The game ended with a score of 3 to 1 for Flying Squadron.

—The Skipper.

● MAINTENANCE

The Editor-in-Chief Sounds the Bugle Call for Material for "Windy Wings"

From Maintenance we greet our new Technical Officer, P/O Smith. We trust that he may soon feel at home in our midst and that one and all may work together with one goal in view—Victory.

To Flights, we would like to show our appreciation for having taken the hint handed out last month. The "checks" have been staggered and Maintenance personnel are able to breathe normally on week-ends. Keep up the good work!

Men from Maintenance one and all agree that the day of miracles is not past after seeing the remains of our recent wrecks. We are forced to give thanks that once again lives have been spared for further service.

It seems strange that our coveted constant speed propellers have been involved in the above mentioned crashes and that they really "got it on the nose" and have been laid aside—unserviceable.

With ideal flying weather day maintenance has been kept quite busy keeping up with major inspections. These are rolling in quite steady and we are glad to report that in general the Cranes will be able to "wing their way" for quite some time yet.

Specialist Departments

Log Book Room

One bright morning we were confronted by a number of cartoons in the Log Book Room. Our Maintenance artist, F/S Queale, had had a busy night with brush and ink. The most outstanding production was a sketch of F/S Henderson's profile. Readers, you should have been there to hear our "Smoky"! If he thought more than he said, it must have been pretty bad. Along with this there is the picture of Maintenance Twins—"Day & Nite"—and last of all but not the least is "Sloppy Joe". We are thankful that it is only a

picture and not a reality, as Maintenance cannot afford to have "Sloppy Joes".

Sgt. Falconer returned from leave on the morning of May 20th. He reports that all the money is spent and that he is quite willing to live a QUIET and peaceful life for another year.

Bestall was heard to be making quite a noise with the megaphone one day at 11:55. For a moment we wondered what was ailing the man, but on paying close attention we found it was a re-making of the "Lucky" advertisement we hear over the radio. The grand finale was "come to dinner quickly"—and the call answered without delay—we did.

Before we leave the Log Book Room we hear that a number of our personnel have been visiting a house in Claresholm with a green roof. We wonder what the attraction is, and what Sergeant has been visiting the rent control board.

Spark Plug Room

In our last write-up we said that modern equipment was being installed in the Plug Room. Upon entering the said room one is greeted by a strange sound—the rapid cracking of high voltage from one point to another. Upon investigation we find that a magneto is driven by an electric motor at around 1,500 R.P.M., delivering 6,000 sparks per minute at 1,200 volts. Now one is more cautious and you might get into a "shocking situation" if you make the wrong move—hence the sign on the door "Out of Bounds". Spark plugs are being tested by modern methods that are found to be very efficient. In operation we find practically no failures; and again we say: "efficiency must be first and foremost!"

Stores

One of the highlights in our hangar during the past month: Time—Smoke Period; Place—Hangar Floor. A.W. Black was on her knees surrounded by Senior N.C. O's. As the writer viewed the scene from a distance, it appeared to be leap year. On moving closer it was apparent there were other things taking Black's attention (more than men). It was a beetle, a large-winged type; in fact there were three of these creatures that had landed and taxied into the hangar. They were given a careful D.I. by Black and lined up in formation. With a little "boost" they started from a slow crawl until flying speed was gained, winging their way to other landing fields. Black arose and in her usual way, said "Goodbye, Dears", whereupon the onlookers dispersed.

F/S Prasow claims that a great feat was performed the other day when a tool check was held. It kept stores personnel busy carrying away the find. In fact they have almost enough extras to start a nice business.

From the stores comes the news of A.W. Terry's departure for an administration course in the East. We trust that she will make good and feel sure she will take advantage of the opportunities afforded her.

When passing Stationery Stores we often here the words "Dodge Brothers"—many times often too late for the passer-by. Someone has suggested putting a warning device on the Dodge to give the boys a fair chance to detour. Some detour!! It's a long way around.

Propellor Room

As previously mentioned in our article, the "prop" men are sorry to see the new constant-speed propellers falling to the ground so often. In fact they are having considerable trouble keeping up with the repair work on wooden propellers due to their inferior quality. The Prop Room

has ben "blitzed" by the starter crew, and it's a wonder if the starters ever work again, for it was like the small town on Saturday night . . . hardly room to breathe. However, there have been some changes made and the "starter crew" have vacated as quickly as they took possession.

● METEOROLOGY AND THE METEOROLOGIST—

Linked up with the rapid progress made in Aviation is the Science of Meteorology. Cold fronts, warm fronts, isobar winds, and cloud accumulations in their various forms are factors which the meteorologist has to reason with in order to map out in advance what conditions will prevail for flying operations during an ensuing period in his and other particular districts. To say that a spell of bad weather is in the offing is merely guess work unless there is something to support such a prediction. Meteorology does battle with, and predict, such conditions. Sometimes this is simple but more often it is definitely otherwise and because it is such, only an intensive study of the situation can bring about reasonable accurate forecasts. One of the worlds most renowned and expert forecasters has this to say on the matter, I quote: "In order to be able to forecast the weather with reasonable accuracy, it is necessary to have a thorough knowledge of the physics of the atmosphere, several years of experience in general forecasting, and also a thorough knowledge of the numerous local influence due to terrain."

To the layman, winds blowing from the east may be a sign of rain in the offing, and a ring around the moon may indicate some change in weather conditions and so on. However the weather man looks for his fronts to determine when weather may be expected—when precipitation will occur, or when high winds or periods of settled or unsettled weather may prevail. Of all weather conditions which one is called upon to forecast hours in advance, perhaps that covering wind velocity may be considered the most difficult. Winds like many types of humanity, are definitely "shifty" in both nature and performance and often vary in speed as much as ten to twenty miles per hour in a few seconds. If it was as easy to predict in advance wind velocity as it is to measure its actual speed, a good measure of the difficulty of forecasting would be solved. However the odds are not always too large for his capacity to estimate an accurate situation and it is simply a matter of routine in his day-to-day effort. His main goal is to hit actual conditions on the nose and if he can do this from day to day he is considered an expert forecaster. However, to err is human, and as his key to the situation is the weather map plotted every six hours, a bit of ingenuity and a basic knowledge of the science—these factors coupled with the closest observation possible of the present situation, are what determine the safety of valuable equipment and most important of all, valuable life.

To say that your guess is as good as mine is simply belittling a Science that has advanced rapidly with progress in aviation, and is one of the essential factors short of actual mechanical operations, which is come to be regarded as the safety guard for aviation.

—D. Wright.

● HEADQUARTERS PATTEN AND CHATTER—

Two Gun Tucson once again contributes his usual medicated corn to our column. This time it's about the iceman. This iceman brought a huge piece of ice to his prospective customer one morning and it was too large to fit into her icebox. The iceman was a true salesman and suggested leaving the ice on the porch and covering it over with a sweater, just to keep the hot sun from it. The lady was very indignant and exclaimed, "Oh no you don't! You can't pull the wool over my ice."

When Plunkett was asked why she didn't do something about that photographer who pulled a fast one on her, she told us, "Oh no, I'm awaiting developments."

Little Sandy is losing sleep, Going around to dances; Leave her alone and she'll come home, A victim of circumstances.

Major even contributes a grain of wisdom by informing us that women who are level-headed usually are flat-chested.

Doug Piette is fast becoming a horseman of no little note. At present he is perfecting a little trick riding. At galloping speed he guarantees that from the rear view it is possible to see at least one foot of daylight between he and the saddle. Latest developments include racing beneath an avenue of trees and getting hung up on a low branch without the horse stopping. At least it's one way to get up a tree without climbing it.

It's just a little confusing to one Gil Horton to have a Maddie in the Orderly Room, especially when there is one in town, too. However, it is reported time will tell, and, on the other hand, we often hope it won't.

AC.1 Hale, blushing to his hairline, was caught fumbling among "Permission for Marriage" forms the other day, but staged quite a comeback by bringing forth a "Re-classification" form. Of course, Hale, a marital change would re-classify you at that.

Cpl. Mould is recovering from the rest he enjoyed while on leave.

Cpl. Pesto has not quite got over the impression of the recent crash into 11E. The other night while in town with Vi, a Cessna flew pretty low. They were in the house at the time and immediately called "Blackout". They immediately made fast exit to the cellar. Arriving at the bottom Vi, who was now quite excited, ran into Bob who had got down ahead of her. She, thinking it was one of the bomber crew, grabbed the handiest weapon available, a turnip, and started to strafe the unprepared boy friend in a manner befitting any British household. After the scare was over and presence of mind had been recalled, a truce was called in the shelter and first aid given casualties. Bob now sports a beefsteak on his eye where the hand grenade hit him. After the fortress was fumigated things were normal. At least we know who will be prepared should the worst come to the worst.

An interesting extract was found in No. 2 F. I. S. Daily Diary, (quote): "At 18:30 hours a game of soccer was played between No. 2 F. I. S. and No. 15 S. F. T. S. In goal S/L Harvey and S/L Atkinson, respectively. There was some fast foot work and despite many shots on goal no score was made by either team. F/L Jones and F/L Gilmour acted as stretcher bearers and had one stretcher case who

HEADQUARTERS FOR

- GROCERIES
- DRY GOODS
- BOOTS AND SHOES
- MEN'S & BOYS' WEAR
- HOUSE FURNISHINGS
- RADIOS
- ELECTRICAL GOODS

Soby & Smith

CLARESHOLM :: ALBERTA

— 11 - PHONE - 11 —

ROLLY'S TAXI

Airport Bus Service

AGENTS—
TRANS-CANADA AIRLINES
GREYHOUND BUS LINES

JOE SLETTEDE

High Class Shoe Repairing

We Use the Best Grade of Leather
and Rubber Obtainable

Claresholm DAIRY

PASTEURIZED
for Your Protection

"You Can Whip Our Cream, but—
—You Can't Beat Our Milk"

182 - Phone - 182

» » LUMBER « «
— AND —

BUILDING MATERIALS
— OF ALL KINDS —

— HARDWARE —
BUILDER'S HARDWARE
GARDEN TOOLS
SCREEN CLOTH AND DOORS

CROWN LUMBER CO., LTD.

Are You Mechanically Inclined?

We have a couple of "As Is" Used Cars, Priced Low, that should have considerable transportation left in them. We haven't the time to re-condition them. Act Now and avoid the Rush!

Qually Motors

We Service All Makes of Cars and Trucks . . . Specializing on General Motors.

● WATCHES ●

NOVARIS WATCHES
\$6.95 - \$7.95 - \$8.95

WATERTITES
Priced up to \$14.50

— also —

BULOVA and WESTFIELD

From \$22.50 and up

CRESTS and CHAINS
for Your Hearst!

x x x

G. M. GODLEY

— STOP AT THE —
DOMINION Hotel
When In Calgary
120 9th. Avenue, West.

DOMINION CAFE

"A Modern Restaurant"

Phone 137

WONG WING, Proprietor



— THE —
Queen's Hotel
HOT & COLD RUNNING WATER
IN EVERY ROOM

●
We Are Here to Serve Air Force
Personnel and All Services.

●
Fully Licensed

apparently should have been a walking case. At any rate the patient jumped off the stretcher and ran to the ambulance so he would be sure to have a seat." (unquote).

x x x x

EDIPOR'S NOPE—Sorry po say phap our "p" has been losp and we are subspipuping phe lepper "p" in ips place, will reduce price of paper pill found.

AD.—Wanped, Airwomen po chew bubble gum and amuse cap. Lovely home. No cows. Apply Clem Hicks, c/o Elmer, phis Spapion.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Letter "t" has been replaced.

x x x x

We wonder who AC.1 Dixon could have been referring to when he said, "I'll be a comin' back, Red!"

A matter of no small concern arose on the night of May 18th. when one Mildred Wallace, civilian steno in the control tower, went on an errand to fetch one Big Ben clock which would weigh approximately fifty feet. She left on this errand at 21:30 hours, but she did not leave alone. She was accompanied by one civilian Met. officer. Hours passed! No Mildred, no clock! The household retired for the night. Still, no Mildred and no clock. Finally, just as the eastern horizon was tinged with pink she crept up the stairs clock in hand. In view of the foregoing, it is recommended that any efforts on the part of this civilian steno to re-muster to runner be discouraged. It is quite reasonable to assume that if she went on an errand involving a dozen eggs, she would probably turn up in two weeks with a hatching of chickens. Speaking of forecasters this correspondent might do a little forecasting too—"Whether" or no "weather".

Bits of wisdom and deep reasoning are often forthcoming from personnel in the Orderly Room. To wit: The reason a fire engine is painted red is as follows: A truck is a dance and a dance takes two people. Two people have four feet. Four feet is a yard and a foot. A foot is a ruler. Queen Mary is a ruler. Queen Mary is also a ship. Ships sail on the ocean. Fish swim in the ocean. Fish have fins. The Russians beat the Fins. The Russians are red. Fire engines are always "russian" around. Therefore fire engines are red.

The second birth on the Station has taken place and in the Airwomen's canteen. Both mother and children are doing well. The grey cat on the Station gave birth to four kittens.

Speaking of Limeys, it is noticed that our D.R.O. clerk is acquiring a little more than an English accent from observations made at Banff on the week-end of May 16th.

A companion club is being advocated by a number of bachelor N.C.O's. Among those supporting this drive are W.O.2 Hourigan, F/S Burley and F/S Kibbler.

● HOSPITAL SECTION —

Not having heard of anyone going berserk from reading the last article that we were so bold or venturesome to write, call it whatever you like, we are indulging upon your fine and good nature to try again. A lot of things have happened, and a lot of water has gone under the bridge since the last issue of our now-named paper "Windy Wings". The last issue of the paper was a great improvement over

previous issues and the Editors and Staff are to be congratulated for the fine effort they must have put forth for such an achievement.

We of the Hospital Staff have been kept busy looking after patients, but we know that that is what we are here to do, and feel very fortunate that we can contribute this much to our Great Country. We would all like to see more action, and possibly will before this great struggle is over, but must realize that, as we champ at the bit, that someone has to do these jobs and that they are all a combination of one effort—part of the cogs in a big wheel. There are a great many things that we don't like, and resent, and feel that we could make a little more effort and sacrifice towards the goal that we are all trying to achieve. It appears to us as though a lot of time is wasted on trivialities that have no direct connection with our war effort, and feel that more time could be given to the essentials; but at the same time, we must have confidence in our superiors and leaders if we are going to come out of this struggle, as come out we must, with final victory. We as Canadians have the fighting spirit to win, and win we will, if we only set our hearts to the task of full co-operation with each other for ultimate victory. Although the Hospital Staff are regarded as non-combatants in the true sense of the word, we all have that spirit that is going to carry us through to a finer world where tyranny and oppression are unknown, and we can live our lives in peace and security.

There have been many changes in our Staff. We have had quite a few additions and D.A.P.S. has also been busy on the other side of the ledger. F/L McAllister has taken his leave, returning to Edmonton. He was only with us a short time but during his stay, became very well liked by those who worked with him. We are sorry to see him go but realize that that is the way of things, and have every confidence in his successor, F/L Lee, to fill the position to the same high standard Dr. McAllister maintained. Our other two Medical Officers are to all intents and purposes, as far as we can see, intact. Dr. Lawson, we understand, is taking on a little weight lifting to improve his appetite, and Dr. Jenner has taken to checkers to exercise his fingers and keep them in shape. He seems to be at the present time undisputed champion around the Hospital, but there is the possibility of a change in the very near future, as the boys are practicing up for a show-down.

LAC. Edmund was posted out to the Pacific Coast, and understand that he has a very fine time out there being part of a Crash Boat crew. Some people have all the luck, basking in the sun on the blue Pacific all summer. LAC. Ross, another Orderly who has only had a short stay, coming to us from MacDonald, has been posted to Edmonton. We wish them both the best of luck in their new Stations, and trust that a little promotion will be thrown in. Not so fortunate, however, was Cpl. Halliday. He was forced, through ill health, to relinquish his position in the Orderly Room and retire from the service. A conscientious and good worker and one that will be missed, we, the Staff as a whole, wish him the best of luck, and trust that his health will be restored before too long a lapse of time. "Happy Landings, Doug."

Of our Hospital Assistants, Miss Kelly, the old stand-by, is the only original one left, and we trust that D.A.P.S. will leave well-enough alone. We have four new

girls: Driver, as red headed as they make them; McGee, quite dark; Freeman, quite a blonde; and last but not least, Heseltine, the tall one with blue eyes. So you see that we have variety if nothing else; and I mean variety! Visiting hours: seven to eight thirty, except Sunday's. Oh, pardon me! That is for patients only.

We notice quite a little activity around the precis and text book these days and understand that in the very near future quite a lot of ambitious Hospital Assistants and others are going to attempt a higher or lower grouping, as the case may be. We extend to them all the very best of luck, and hope that the Trade Test Officer will not be too hard on them. By the time that this goes to press the worst will be over and there will be that long anxious wait for the results that take so long to come out. However, if one never tries one never knows, does one?

Before signing off we must take this opportunity to extend to the new Medical Office, F/L Lee, a hearty welcome to our Staff. He no doubt finds this quite a little different from Vancouver, which he left to come here; but we understand that the soft spot in his heart is Ontario, and no doubt would be quite elated to get a posting there. In the meantime we trust that he will bear up under the strain of our Alberta climate and enjoy his stay with us here.

As the old saying goes, when making a speech: "Get Up, Speak Up, and Shut Up", so I will take the good advice that is laid down and do the same thing. In the meantime, "Keep 'Em Flying", for the Victory that will be ours, with our eyes to the skies, and our trust in God!

—Rex.

● MOTOR TRANSPORT WINCHELLINGS

THE STATION HOSPITAL

In Southern Alberta, so they say,
There is a home where Airmen may
Lay in their backs, and sleep all day.
It's called the Station Hospital.

An Airwoman by the name of Brown
Thought her luck had let her down
As she was ordered, wit a frown,
"Up to the Station Hospital".

An equipment assistant am I, she cried.
This hurts my dignity, and my pride,
To wait on males who are kept inside—
Up at the Station Hospital.

I run around all day with junk,
Tending to some awful punk,
I really think that I am sunk—
Up at the Station Hospital.

If I don't soon get my very own way,
Go back to equipment, where I'm gay,
I'll poison all inmates, then I'll say:
"So long", to the Station Hospital.

—Orlandos.

x x x x

Who's the AW. driver who has the jelly-bean habit,

Seems that the railroad tracks make a better road home to the Station lately. A certain Birdie told us so.

Is it true that the water of a certain spa not far from here is good for making coffee at 4 a.m.? Just ask a certain LAC. with a little cookie duster from the motor transport.

What certain AW. Showed the Sergeant Major a few things about weight-lifting? Was his face red!

Much to our surprise the other week Sgt. Bradley entered our orderly room.

He doesn't come around much. He just works here. Everyone rushed in to have a look at the tall, black, curly-haired, handsome romeo, only to be informed that he had just dropped in for his pass and then he would be on his way east to Toronto. When he comes back I think we will have to shoot the rest of the orchestra so we can enjoy the sound of his musical voice flowing forth in "C" flats, I do mean flat. Hope you had a good trip, "Brad", and that she was happy to see you "Pitter, Patter, Sigh! He is handsome!!!"

Major (poking his head into the driver's room): "Call me a taxi".

Bailye: "Very well, six. You are a taxi".

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

What actually happened on Monday and Tuesday nights at Edmonton and Regina on the good-will tour, and why certain parties were kinda late getting out to the airports in the morning? Any information gladly received.

What happened to Corporals Butner, Easson and Haines? Very quiet this last month. Spring fever, I suppose.

Where LAC. Johannes goes for his hikes in the country; and also why any man would be found walking home from Stavely at 4 a.m. after a dance? Well, Tiny, she must be really nice!

● "D" FLIGHT NEWS

News that Stews and Brews

Sorry to have missed the last issue, but with the lack of co-operation, it has been hard to find items of interest. So come on fellows, give a little. Surely some of our Flight have some good poems, stories or something else of interest. You all have 48's and go places, so let's hear about some of the attractions. Maybe someone else is wondering where to go on their next 48.

x x x x

By now most of the Station has heard about the tour of three aircraft from Don Flight taking in Edmonton, North Battleford, Regina, Swift Current and Medicine Hat. This correspondent was lucky enough to be included as part of the crew. No mechanical trouble was suffered on the trip, although the morning after Edmonton, P/O Grant complained of a banging in his head. The tour was very interesting and most of us learned one or two things to our benefit. I understand that F/L Miller and his colleagues, all of whom were on the trip, have collected considerable valuable information that will help turn out better and more competent navigators. The morning after the trip all the instructors proceeded into a deep conference and by noon they burst forth demanding plywood and saws. From then on everything turned into a madhouse, saws going madly, instructors rushing here and there and ground crew standing by, ready to put the straight jacket on the first one that got out of hand. On the second morning saws were abandoned and knives and maps took their place. Now the ground crew really thought they had gone wacky. Imagine what you would think of a lot of highly educated navigating officers, sitting around, cutting up maps with knives—queer goings on! Well, on the second afternoon, after pasting these on boards, they set out with paint and brushes and proceeded to paint queer shapes all over the faces of these board maps. Oh my! Maybe we should have

stopped off at Ponoka.

Well fellows, not being a navigator myself, I don't fully understand just what all this is going to lead to, but I can assure you of this, the way those instructors have been working, some lucky students are going to benefit. I hope they appreciate the efforts of those officers.

(Signed) A. Fitter.

**CLUB
BOWLING ALLEY
AND BILLIARD PARLOR**
x x x
THE POPULAR
— HOME OF AMUSEMENT —
Soft Drinks :: Tobaccos :: Candy
"RESERVATIONS"
Sid Lamb, Prop.

**FOSTER
MOTORS**
● 99 Gas and Oil Products
● DODGE Cars and Trucks
1938 Pontiac Coach
Snap for Cash
x x x
E. N. Foster, Prop.
Claresholm :: Phone 224

**TRU-TEX
Dry Cleaners**
x x x
Alterations :: Repairs
— NEATLY DONE —
— 24 Hour Service —
— 75c A SUIT —
x x x
Next Door to Bank of Commerce

HUGHES'
— DRUG STORE —
(A. A. Cruickshank)
●
Headquarters for
GIFTS OF ALL KINDS
Magazines, Cigarettes, Tobaccos and
Nationally Advertised Drug Lines
Agents for the Very Popular
POCKET NOVELS at 39¢

● THE LEDGER SHEET—

Several changes have taken place in the Pay and Accounts Section since our last edition. We are all quite happy that Sgt. K. K. Franzen, who has been on this Station for several months, and has been the mainstay of the Canteen Accounts, has been granted a commission and has been posted to No. 1 Manning Depot in Toronto. His many friends miss his happy smile and pleasing personality, and we all wish him the best of luck.

Upon the departure of P/O Franzen our one and only E. D. "Slipstream" Sharp hoisted up another hook, making three in all now. Everything comes to him who waits, eh E.D.? Nice pitching and lots of luck. All the boys in 12W are mourning since you left us, and especially your old room-mate, "R.B."

Another lucky fellow is N. M. Bamford, who is now sporting a crown on each sleeve in addition to the three hooks. By way of information, F/S Bamford is quite a sport, both indoor and outdoor. About the indoor, we won't say too much, but he has been noticed swinging a mean niblick on the golf course, and he also puts a mean cut on a tennis ball. Better be careful, Norm. Tennis balls cost 65¢ this year. Deal me in and give me four.

"Something new has been added" in the way of two stripes to L. C. Collett, who we are happy to welcome to the long list of "Joes" now on the Station. The more the merrier. Nice going, "Les"! Keep up the good work.

We welcome once more to the Inner Sanctum of the Pay and Accounts, AW.1 Berry and AW.1 McGregor, who, having successfully mastered the intricacies of the Clerk Accountants' Course at E. & A. T.S. at St. Thomas, have been posted back to Claresholm. St. Thomas' loss is our gain. We understand that AW.1 Berry coined off an automatic "B". Watch out fellows, look to your laurels!

There is an awful lot of mumbling going on around our office these days. Things such as this are being overheard daily: "Say, Jimmy, is propeller pitch an "A" or "B" class stores?" or "What is the reference number of a left handed Crescent wrench?" Could be that a Trade Test is coming up shortly.

While the sporting news will be another section of the paper, we cannot fail to

mention the results of the initial soccer game held on this Station. The Headquarters team, which comprised of four members of the Accounts Section headed by F/L Perkins and F/O Duncan and other members of the H.Q. Staff, made a good showing. F/L Perkins showed that he has not forgotten how to play the game. The ball did not take very much punishment. It couldn't have, because most of the kicking seems to have been directed at the other players. For several days after the game the remainder of the office staff was treated to the sight of bruises and cuts and scratches displayed with pride by the recipients. We particularly mention one beautiful bruise which contained all the known colours of the rainbow and a few not already there. Upon enquiring who did it, the answer was: "My wife did it last night when I trumped her ace whilst playing bridge". Who scored the only goal of the game? Well, none other than our pride and joy, AC.1 F. M. Robinson.

A woman's fondest wish is to be weighed and found wanting.

It is not so much the size of the dog in the fight, but the size of the fight in the dog.

x x x x
Huge sign adorning Trafalgar Square—
appeal for common effort:—

USSR
USA
U

x x x x
There are only two kinds of people left
in Germany—Non-Aryans and Barb-Aryans.

x x x x
Speaking of reducing, there's the story
of the two girls talking thusly:—
"Mamie lost a hundred pounds in a
month."

"You don't say?"
"Yes! She went from two hundred and
fifty, down to one hundred and fifty,
casket and all." —"Funny Bone".

x x x x
A live man pays 25¢ for a shave. It
costs \$5.00 to shave a dead man in a
morgue.

A woollen overcoat costs \$40.00. A
wooden one \$400.00.

A taxi to the theatre costs \$1.00 for the
round trip. It costs \$10.00 one way in a
hearse.

Stay alive and save your money . . . it's
easy . . . drive carefully!

—Cpl. R. B. Simpson.

● NOTES FROM THE EDUCATIONAL OFFICER—

During the past month, classes for re-mustering to aircrew have got well under way. The largest class by far is taking mathematics, with physics a close second. At the moment of writing, about fifteen students are attending English classes. Should anyone be interested in doing some work in physics in order to be prepared for these classes at a later date, it is suggested that the text book—"New Practical Physics" by Black & Davis be purchased. Any bookstore in B.C., Sask. or Man., can supply it.

At a later date a new class will be beginning for those with low educational qualifications. In the interim a great number of these students are taking allied subjects in the C. L. Ed. Services. This is a proper step forward and heartily recommended. At present there are approximately one hundred persons tak-

ing Canadian Legion Courses or other Correspondence Courses. The object in view of the majority of these students, is to raise their educational standing and to obtain Department of Education recognition. Many, however, are studying technical and vocational subjects—Engineering, Practical Electricity, Radio, Mechanical Engineering, Auto Engineering and Music. Several hope to register in typing and shorthand, while one student has applied to be registered in a course in Spanish. Several persons are registering for University Courses and one man is on the road to a University degree—all by way of correspondence courses in his spare time.

For private study, our classroom is available in G. I. S. every evening. Here one may study in peace and quiet with no disturbing factors. The Educational Officer is also trying to arrange it so these may become supervised study periods, with a qualified person in attendance to offer assistance when required. In any case the Educational Officer will be glad to assist anyone at any time with difficulties encountered in these courses. If he is unable to solve the problem, he will get someone who can.

To date the Airwomen have not been rushing into any new obligations educationally. However, these courses are for them too. There are also certain other courses for which they may have an aptitude. Among these courses is found: Art, Commercial Art, Home Painting and Decorating, Secretarial Practice, Needlework and Home Economics. The latter course is a good one and one which any girl is well advised to know something about.

Be you very sure that all the studying you do now will stand you in good stead in the perhaps difficult days to come. The provident person will look ahead and not put off until too late that which can easily be done now.

● DISCIP. DIGGINGS—

Many things have happened since we last went "digging".

Our budding Discip. has now blossomed forth and has returned to "Canada" on his long awaited course. It might be said that his absence is noticed—no one brags about "Canada" any more. Well, congrats. and best wishes, Bob!

Spring must really be here, if we are to judge from Flight Kibbler's actions on Parade the other day.

We are pleased to hear that Sgt. Texmo was up for a while the other day; but we miss LAC. Berry, who still remains in the Hospital, and we hope he'll soon be back.

Poor Tom Salinsky! He's working now, for a change. We quote: "Bless (?) those dear P/O's."

From information gleaned heretofore, Mike Sheedy no doubt appreciated the little "gift" Bob accidentally left in his car.

We overheard Flight Sheik, referring to his summer uniform: "I guess I'd better wear braces, or they'll call me 'Droopy Drawers'."

And the rosy mood still continues.

Why did Cpl. Sdlosky receive some "extra duties"? We wonder! Were you out late the night before, Corporal?

Famous last words: "How's the grass coming?"

Oh, my nerves!

When In Town Attend

— The —

REX Theatre

ON THE STATION

Attend at the

Recreation Hall

Mons. - Weds. - Fridays

at 8:00 p.m.

NOTE CHANGE IN PLAY DATES

At The Rex Theatre, Claresholm

June 4-5-6: "JOHNNY EAGER"

Robert Taylor :: Lana Turner

June 11-12-13: "BALL OF FIRE"

Gary Cooper : Barbara Stanwyck

● WHIPPIN AROUN' WITH WOZZIE—

To all those having twelve months on this Station, or any other who can come under the term of "screwballs", this column is respectfully dedicated.

Latest remark regarding a neighboring town is, "that the only way to get across to the other side of the street is to be born there . . . don't know how long it's been dead, but it's certainly laid out beautifully!"

How does one get a posting back east?

Best story to come out of war-torn London is one about two refugee children from the slums of London who were sent to New York where a wealthy dowager took charge of them. Taking them up to her palatial penthouse she quickly conceived that they needed a good bath as their clothes were filthy, etc. Stripping both of the two little tots she placed one in the bath (the first one they'd ever seen) and informed the butler to take the discarded clothes and burn them. Turning to his brother, the little fellow in the bath, looking very miserable said: "Blimey, the old lady is going to drown us."

We look with joy towards our future home, which is rapidly reaching completion . . . contractors say we'll be in there by June 1st.

News item—Takes 3 days in fine weather to construct and complete a double hangar . . . crane erecting girders one of two on continent . . . designed and operated by owner (painted red).

Rumours have it Bob Hope off the air, reason can be found by asking any Airman on the Station.

Staples! staples can be found in large quantities by contacting one of the senior N.C.O.'s in No. 5 Hangar . . . for a nominal fee of course.

We still like this one—"What did Mae West buy a roll of tar paper for?—50¢"

What senior N.C.O. is repeatedly getting calls from High River . . . maybe he should shift his scene of action . . . from the birds . . . lovely little things, aren't they?

N. W. A. will soon be a pappy . . . must be spring or somepin'.

What very high official on the Station was seen on the golf course pushing a baby carriage, lugging a bag of golf clubs and leading two daschunds while his wife merrily ran up a score of 86 . . . or somepin'?—Well, nearly 86!—Well, nearly—Well!—

Why a certain pilot up in the Flights usually flies kind'a low around a farm about 10 miles east of Macleod.

Airman in No. 5 writing a book which should be completed in about 20 years, entitled "My Life in the Service", or "How I Lapped My Way to the Top".

Who's that in the straight jacket?—That's Pink, he just got posted!

Remember what Confucius say?—"A kick in the puss is worth two in the slats . . . or never throw bridges at burning glass houses".

Seen at the dance in town on the 16th. AC.2 Smoky Henderson . . . he couldn't see us!

● "C" FLIGHT NOTES—

Whilst Course 50 was struggling and sweating over their final ground school exams, "C" Flight took off en masse for Regina. Ten pupils of this week's graduating class were the lucky dogs.

Two flights flew formation both ways, stopping at Swift Current, and then continuing on to Regina to paint Regina and particularly the Hotel Saskatchewan a crimson hue. It was only an over-night trip but the boys claim it was a wow!

Those making the trip were F/O McMurdy, P/O Baillie, W.O.2 Lee, W.O.2 Ellison, F/S McKenzie and LAC's. Clark, Finlay, Pilland, McMonnies, Owen, Robertson, Nici, Luma, Stark and Heywood.

The cross-country was the first of its kind and was made possible through the co-operation of S/L Atkinson. As it was

a success, both from an operational and social point of view, it is hoped there'll be more like it.

Wings tests and instrument tests are the order of the day around the Flight lately. Most of Course 50 students are through, with the exception of Navigation, and that's no cinch.

With the new set-up devised by F/L Miller and his associates, Navigation will be done on a bigger and better scale and, although tougher than formerly, should make better navigators of us all.

Claims that "C" Flight have the best athletes on the Station was further substantiated Tuesday night when F/O McMurdy, W.O.2 Ellison and six students formed the backbone of Flying Squadron's attack on Maintenance to the tune of a 3-1 soccer victory.

G'bye now!

CLARESHOLM'S ANNUAL RACES & STAMPEDE

- 6 RACES
- STAMPEDE EVENTS
- CRESCENT MIDWAY

ADMISSION

General Public:—50¢
Service Personnel:—25¢

WED.
June 17

2 DANCES 2

I.O.O.F. Hall :: Squadron Hall
Les. Cookshaw's Orchestra
Len Davis' Orchestra



● MAINTENANCE MUTTERINGS—

J. P. Sniggledorf's Lecture to Maintenance Squadron

O wilderness of drifting sands,
O lonely desert car-a-vans.
—Rudyard Kipling.

Coming across the above noted piece of poetry the other night, I recalled reading the same a few years ago in an English class back home in Canada, namely Toronto. If I remember correctly, I can distinctly hear my illustrious pedagogue saying that Kipling was speaking of Egypt and the surrounding country. At last I fear my education has been of nought for I must now disagree with my earlier teachers in Kipling. Must've, at some time or another, been lost in the desert regions of Southern Alberta and written those two lines which describe so beautifully the location of our Station. It is a recognized fact by all and sundry that to the east of the encampment there is an oasis named Claresholm where it is said that there are even trees. Some claim to have seen them but this tale has been discounted as a mirage or perhaps the claimants have been subject to hallucinations. Having been a dust-dweller now for the past 12 months I was moved to add to those two lines the nostalgic sentiment that arises within my throat when I gaze out upon the serene and placid areas surrounding this Station, with your approval gentlemen:—

O wilderness of drifting dust,
Posted here, I was one of the fust—
Forgotten by all and left to rust—
For a future, what could be wust.

x x x x

Word comes to us from the 480th Bomber Squadron, R.A.F., England, in the words of AC.1 Dave Phillips, who, up to a few months ago, favoured us with his presence in Maintenance Squadron. Despite the condition of the letter when it arrived here, looking like a cross between a hair-net and a fugitive from a pack of hungry moths, when deciphered it disclosed many interesting facts. Chief among these was the news of LAC. Roy McNabb, another one of our celebrities to proceed overseas; he won first prize at a large amateur show in London and has since kept on singing, making a name for himself in musical centres over there.

x x x x

We, of No. 5 Hangar, would like to announce to all of those intellectuals who seek their recreation in the higher things of life that we have in our midst two artists who we think are fated to enter the Hall of Fame and stand supreme among their fellow contemporaries, Rembrandt, Van Dyke and Dali. They are none other than Msieu L. W. Queale and Signor F. A. Bestall. A present some of their latest works are being displayed in the Maintenance Log Book Room and we wish to announce to the Station personnel that this fine exhibition of modern art is accessible to art lovers every evening between 6 and 8 p.m. Admission free. No refreshments.

The personnel of Maintenance Squadron are disgruntled, very disgruntled, I might add, with regards to the C.O.'s trophy. We took the bit firmly in the teeth last month and with a couple of championship teams took the trophy in a breeze. However, at this date, May 19th., nothing has been seen of the trophy itself and we are beginning to wonder if we are going to see it at all. Maybe the powers that be in the Control Tower figure that they

have now attained permanent ownership of the coveted mug. This deplorable state of affairs will have to be remedied at once. Shall we organize an armed party and with rifle and bayonet lay siege to the Control Tower or shall we assume a more manly attitude and walk right in and demand our (I say our, because that is the way it will be for months to come) cup? Something really should be done about it, when, after so many months of holding down the cellar of the league, we manage to win the cup and then can't get it!

● SCRAPS FROM THE MESS—

This is the first appearance of any news from the kitchen in Windy Wings. We think it is time we said hello.

Many changes are taking place in our Mess staff these days, and we think some of them are not so bad, when we consider the latest W.D. additions, AW.2 Pewardchuk, AW.2 Donaldson and AW.2 Kealm. One of them is destined for the Officers' Mess.

We all miss AW.1 Smith who is back again to civilian life. Good luck, Smitty!

We were sorry to lose LAC. Gordy Wright, who is now on embarkation leave. We hear he has turned his leave into a honeymoon. Our best wishes, chum.

Best wishes for a speedy recovery go to AC.1 Griffith who has been in the Colonel Belcher hospital so long. We hope soon to see his cheery smile again, and per-

chance hear him sing "Mexicali Rose". How about it, Lee?

Corporal Merriam had his hands full on the night baking shift last week. Which was the most trouble, Red? The two W.D. assistants or the new phone in the Airmen's Mess? Sh! not so loud.

Corporal Stevens has a faraway look in his eye since he became daddy again. What, no beer?

We were all glad Flight Sergeant Burley had such a good time on his last 48. How do we know? Why, the twinkle in his eye when he came back. And how about that sore hand, Flight? We hope it's soon better.

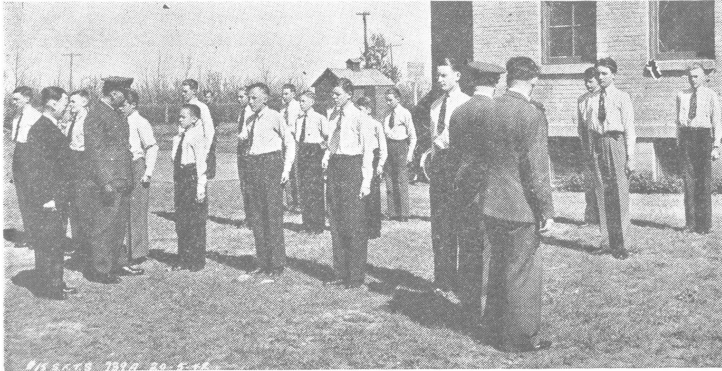
So long folks, the chow is on.

● CONGRATULATIONS—

If you are one of many who are wondering why it is AC.1 D. H. Wilson, M.M., is walking around around the Station with a grin wide enough to move his ears back two inches, I'll let you in on his big reason. He has just received word that one of his daughters, Miss M. A. Wilson, was awarded an Honors Bursary in Biology by the University of Saskatchewan. Also let me have a glimpse of her picture that appeared in the press! She not only has brains but she certainly has been well blessed with that essential element so desired by the fairer sex . . . beauty. Congratulations, AC.1 Wilson. We're proud of you and yours.



"CONFIDENTIALLY. BOSS. HOW DO YOU KEEP 'EM SO CLEAN?"



CLARESHOLM'S NEWLY ORGANIZED AIR CADET CORPS IN THEIR FIRST OFFICIAL INSPECTION.

Wing Commander W. E. Kennedy of No. 15 S. F. T. S. making the inspection.

● AIR CADET NEWS—

The Claresholm Air Cadets Corps, now formally affiliated with the R.C.A.F., received their first formal inspection at a parade held on the school grounds Wednesday morning, May 20th. The twenty-one boys were all slickered up, shoes polished bright, clean shirts, pressed trousers and hair lacquered down, and for a group who had only the benefit of three nights of drill, they put on a really smart performance.

The inspection was made by Wing Commander W. E. Kennedy, the commanding officer of No. 15 S.F.T.S., acting for Flight Lieutenant Bowman of the No. 4 Training Command, Calgary, liaison officer in Alberta or the Air Cadet movement, who was unable to arrive here in time for the inspection. Wing Commander Kennedy gave the boys an inspiring talk and really put pep into the local Corps by announcing that most of their training and lectures in future would be given out at the Airport Station.

Wing Commander Kennedy was accompanied by Flight Lieutenant MacLachlan in his inspection, while Flight Sergeant Kibbler was in support of Pilot Officer A. P. Grant, who commands the local Corps. A drummer was also sent in from the Station to provide a rhythmic beat for the parade.

School was dismissed during the parade and all the pupils were lined up to view the proceedings. Quite a number of the parents and friends were also in attendance.

The inspection party completed their routine by also inspecting the records of the newly organized Corps.

The Cadets were taken out to the Airport Station Thursday night and shown around. They were given a technical lecture by Corporal Willows on aero engines. Then they were taken out and shown the planes, the hangars and other points of interest.

The Claresholm Air Cadet Corps is sponsored by the Claresholm Men's Club, and is functioning under the guidance of the two male members of the Claresholm School Staff. A. P. Grant, with the rank of Pilot Officer, is in command of the local Air Cadet Corps. H. T. Coutts, with the rank of Warrant Officer, is second in command. The civilian committee ap-

pointed by the Men's Club has School Trustee A. W. Miller as Chairman and W. J. Harper as Secretary-Treasurer.

Ferd Seymour has given valuable assistance in drill.

● OUR NEW "MASTHEAD"—

With the change of name of our Station Paper to "Windy Wings" it was necessary to have a new "Masthead" designed for the front page. This assignment was handed over to F/L P. D. Cameron whose drawings have dressed up our columns since the very first edition. We think he did a very nice job and this paper as a result ranks very highly with the best of the papers published on other Stations and coming among our exchanges.

● LETTERS TO THE EDITOR—

The Editor, "Windy Wings".

Kindly allow me to congratulate you and Elmer on his letter home to Ma and Pa. But . . .

I am of the opinion that some explanation is due regarding the paragraph concerning our comrades of the W.D.

Let us get things straight, Elmer. First of all, our girls do not wear boots.

Then, Elmer, you proceed to describe them as scruff. During my term of service, the term "Scruff" or "Scruffy" was definitely not a compliment—quite the opposite in fact.

In the course of my duty in the K. of C. Hut, it has been my privilege to speak to and know all our friends in the W.D. I have seen them on parade, noticed their bearing and the pride they take in their personal appearance; and take note, Elmer, they have manners enough to remove their hats when entering the K. of C. Hut.

Bearing all this in mind, I thought perhaps "Scruff" of the old days had a different meaning today. I turned to the dictionary and found enlightenment. This is what I read . . .

"Scruff, Scruif, n — the nape or outer back part of the neck."

So, Elmer, it looks as though the explanation of "Scruff" as applied to our W.D.'s is much overdue and would be appreciated by the Station personnel, especially if you came out in the open and

signed your rank and name.

As regards being "Stuck Up"—if this means pride, well they are quite justified in being proud to be members of the R.C. A.F. (W.D.). They are inspired with the spirit of service, and by their bearing and efficiency are a credit to the Women of our Empire who were the pioneers of Women's Service in our armed forces.

Yours sincerely,
Harold Gourley.

x x x x

To the Editor, Windy Wings,
No. 15 S. F. T. S., Claresholm, Alberta.

Dear Editor:

This is yore hillbilly korespondant reeportin' agin—and a goldarned heprier wun I might ad. I wer reely serprized wid yore last issou—vary hepily serprized. Yore papr has improoved tremendusly and its almost in the Cornpone Center Chronicle's klass now.

Lulubelle wer deelitid with the Sassiety Colum—must be sum pretty toney folks down thar, by the deeskripsunns. Dotter susedjed that the fourth-cumin merrage of Elijah "Skunkweed" Gooch, my half bruther, too Annie "Beargrease" Belch of Gopher Hollow mite bee put in the papr.

Yer hev no ideer how well sirkulated—i think thets the werd—yer papr is. Cusin Herb "Rabbitpuss" Moop wer down lest weke frum his homestead and he allowed as how he hed sene a copy away up thar. Yer cant go much fether into the hill past Rabbitpuss' place without runnin' smack dab into a mounten—bruther thats sirkulashun.

The whether is gettin' reel nise up here now and i wer out to the garden patch yestidid and i'll be consarned if the ternips arnt sproutin allreddy. The corn is beginin to look kind of grene too and i expekt we will hev a good batch of munshine this fall.

Well here's lukin four a bigger and bettr payper.

Yers Trooly,
Zeke "Hamfat" Gooch.

—This paper will be most happy to allow space for the reporting of the above mentioned marriage.—Editor.



● THE WASTE PAPER BASKET—

It is a good thing our Editor is a modest man, his waste paper basket was so full of compliments there is no room for anything else, and compliments are still coming. Of course you must admit the new paper is an improvement on the old. Someone might argue that anything improves with age, even our wind storms. But who is he who will not admit when something is good?

Among the many compliments on the paper we found another item. It said something about "Copper Knobs". No one seems to know what the originator was driving at. We assume that one of the R.A.F. lads left it. They may have been discussing the difference between the "Copper Knobs" among the W.D.'s and the Airmen. "Copper Knobs" as you know, is what we call . . . "Red Heads".

Reverting to the subject of compliments, did you know that the "Sky Line", Brantford, Ont., reprinted N. W. Emmett's poem "Ballade to the R.C.A.F. (W.D.)". I'll bet you never read the poem. It was in the March 15th. issue of our paper, and shame on you for not reading it. You should read your paper—you'd find some material worth reading.

Even "Wings Abroad", which is printed Somewhere in England, congratulated No. 15 S.F.T.S. for the paper we are turning out.

We heard the other day that a certain party thought the Waste Paper Basket was a good column. Can someone inform us, please, if this is another one of our Station rumors or did someone really read our babble?

We do not wish to suggest—but were thinking—the W.D.'s have been on the Station three months. Here it is June—will there be a June wedding?

It seems the ambulance and stretcher-bearers were exceptionally busy at the Officers' football game the other night. Do the Officers play rough or was it because the teams were so evenly matched?

We are sorry to hear that there was so much kicking during the game. It is alright for the spectators to throw pop bottles and lemons at the umpire in a ball game, but when the players start kicking during a good football game, that is going too far. A good time was had by all. The Referee stopped the kicking in time.

Curiosity grows daily over the items found in the waste paper basket which we cannot print. In fact we hear, via the Grape-Vine, that a raid may be expected any day to see what actually is withheld. It will do you no good, folks. Anything left must be bad, considering what we have to print to fill the columns. Never mind though, the odd good scoop will turn up now and then.

No doubt you have heard many yarns about the aircraft crash that shocked so many boys out of bed, and I mean "out of bed!" Well, amid all the yarns did you hear or notice how annoyed F/Sgt. Burley was about the way the pilots tried to get into the Airmen's Mess for dinner? He said he could excuse the Airmen crowding their way in and the Airwomen cutting in, but would not stand for the P/O's or Sgts. making three point landings on his roof to get in. A more dignified entry could be arranged if they insisted on eating in the Airmen's Mess. The pilots felt sure they could make a better landing if given another chance, but the guards objected to having their dreams interrupted so suddenly. As one lad argued, beds were made to sleep in not for landing fields.

● KEY TO AEROGRAPHICS—

(Answers to semi-outlines on Page 5)

1. DORNIER D.O. 215—
Twin-Engined Heavy Bomber.
Wing Span 59 feet.
Length 53 feet 6 inches.
Maximum Speed, 275 m.p.h.
2. JUNKERS JU88—
Twin-Engined Dive Bomber.
Wing Span 60 feet.
Length 47 feet.
Maximum Speed, 310 m.p.h.
3. LOCKHEED HUDSON 414—
Twin-Engined General Reconnaissance Bomber.
Wing Span 65 feet 6 inches.
Length 44 feet 4 inches.
Maximum Speed 234 m.p.h.

● POINTS OF IDENTIFICATION OF PLANES USED ON THIS STATION—

CESSNA—
Five seat, light training monoplane.
Wings untapered on leading edge.
Wings tapered on trailing edge.
Rounded wing tips.
Low wing monoplane with dihedral wings.
Two radial engines, underslung engine nacelles.
Retractable landing gear.
Single tail fin, triangular shaped fins, rounded corners, rounded tail plane tips.

DE HAVILLAND MOTH—

Two seat light training biplane.
Wings, equal span, single bay.
Rectangular shaped wings.
Rounded tips sweeping from tailing to leading edge.
Sweep back on leading and trailing edges.
Single inline engine.
Narrow nose and fat fuselage, narrows again aft of pilot's cockpit.
Fixed landing gear.

BRAREN'S STORE

We Handle a Complete Line of
Merchandise for Officers
and Men

IN SHOES, SOCKS, UNDERWEAR,
SHIRTS, ETC., ETC.

Perhaps



The Uniform
Headquarters
in Alberta

THIS is the Uniform YOU'll Wear after Graduation Day

To every man who receives his commission on graduation day, we extend an invitation to select his new officers uniform and other dress requirements at our Calgary store.

But it is not business alone that prompts this invitation. It is service . . . style and faultless tailoring . . . factors you need in a hurry, and which

we are equipped to offer. Being the largest single outfitters of Air Force and Military Officers Clothing in Alberta, we've had plenty of experience, and know the value of speed.

Call in during your brief leave and let us fit you. Credit facilities are yours for the asking, pending the arrival of your clothing allowance.

334
8th. Ave. W.
Calgary

