ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE
WINDY WINGS

Vol. 2. No. 4. August 15th., 1942 "WINDY WINGS" — No. 15 S. F. T. S., Claresholm, Alberta Page One

First Anniversary Souvenir Edition

- August 16, 1941
- August 15, 1942

10c
Per Copy

A Message from the C. O.

ANNIVERSARY

The Anniversary of the opening of this Station is a fitting time to look back on our accomplishments and plan for the future.

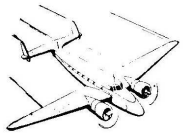
I think we can feel gratified in the results of our efforts to date. In spite of the fact that the Station is still under construction, it is beginning to have a well-kept appearance, with grass growing and even flower beds in existence. This part of the program has required no insignificant effort on the part of all personnel but it has been worthwhile and will pay dividends in the future. The main reason for the existence of a Service Flying Training School is, of course, the training of pilots, and in that end alone we have justified our existence. The low ratio of accidents to the number of flying hours of this Station is an excellent indication of the general morale and spirit of its personnel and I, for one, congratulate you all.

The heads of the various units and sections on this Station have made extensive plans for the future which should add to the comfort and contentment of us all. Regardless of how you look at it a Station covered with green lawns is much more attractive than the barren desert with which we began. The addition of a swimming pool together with the other facilities which are planned will go far towards making life here a fairly pleasant thing.

Insofar as our work is concerned we must plan well for that. The number of pilots and the flying hours which they must do are constantly being increased and the object can only be achieved by still greater efforts on the part of the staff. The effort required is by no means too much for this Station provided we maintain the unity, and spirit of friendliness which, I feel, distinguishes it today, but, without these two qualities, the problem would be indeed difficult.

Therefore, looking back we can say we have done well and we will do better still, always remembering that our one object in life these days is to win the war, and that object can be best accomplished by adopting the rather commonplace but still useful creed . . . "One for all and all for one!"

W. E. KENNEDY, Wing Commander.
Commanding Officer.



Windy Wings

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

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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.

● YOUR PAPER

This issue celebrates the First Anniversary of our Station, No. 15 S. F. T. S. It has been the aim of the Editorial Board to make this issue one which will be prized as a memoir of the year's activity on the Station. The Editorial Board trusts that its efforts have found favor and that the personnel of the Station will feel that they have in their possession a suitable memento of the fact that they were members of the Station on August 15, 1942.

The Editor-in-Chief wishes at this time to make his acknowledgements to those whose co-operation and assistance have made possible the publication of this periodical. To Wing Commander Kennedy, the Editor-in-Chief wishes to express his appreciation for the hearty co-operation, valuable advice, and personal contributions, which assistance has been given with the most prompt response on each and every occasion. To all Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Airmen and Airwomen who have served on the Editorial Board, the Editor-in-Chief expresses his thanks for their valuable aid and most efficient carrying out of their allotments. To all who have contributed material is expressed the hope that they have been rewarded by the knowledge that the publication is appreciated by the readers, and has made a favorable impression wherever its copies have circulated. To the advertisers, the thanks of the entire personnel of the Station are extended, in that they, by their contributions, have made the publication a possibility. To Mr. King, of the Claresholm Local Press, whose kindly co-operation and valuable technical advice was at all times available, the Editor-in-Chief expresses his personal thanks. 'To Wing Commander Carter, M.M., the first Editor of the publication, who laid the foundation upon which the subsequent issues have grown, the Editor-in-Chief expresses his thanks for the effort expended to start a new venture on the best of working principles.

The Editor-in-Chief feels that the Station has grown conscious of the fact that talent is available for the writing of material that is of a most high calibre. Future editions will be a reflection of this consciousness, and it is to be hoped that our writers will, with even greater zeal, turn in material which will make our publication a much sought after periodical. Contributors, realize that some of these copies find their way overseas, and will be read by men who have at one time trained on this Station; give them of your best so that they may be proud to claim No. 15 S.F.T.S. as their Alma Mater.

● LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR BOWEN SENDS GREETINGS

I am pleased to send a brief message of greeting, and congratulations to the Officers and Students of No. 15 S. F. T. S., Claresholm, on the completion of a year of service under the auspices of the Empire Training Project.

During the year classes in regular succession have completed their course, and gone out to take their place in the R. C. A. F. Some that were in that group to receive their Wings on the occassion when I visited the Station, have been on Active Service. One of that class, to my knowledge has been reported missing, while in operations against the enemy. This fact is a link between the present personnel at the Station and those who have gone out, and are now serving in an active theatre of war.

May I heartily congratulate the Commanding Officer and his staff on the fine contribution they are making in the National war effort. To the personnel now in training and to those who have gone, or are going on active service, I should like to offer my hearty congratulations on your being in the Air Force, and to say I wish you success in your training and many "Happy Landings" and "Good Luck" wherever you may be serving.

To you, it is given to defend the rights of humanity, the National honour, and justice for civilization.

J. C. BOWEN, Lieutenant Governor.

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● AIR VICE MARSHAL COWLEY SENDS GREETINGS

"In regard to a note for your Station paper, what can I say?. It was always a pleasure to visit Claresholm and to observe a well-run school in action but my present duties, unfortunately, do not give me any opportunity to make the personal contacts in the field which I have always found so valuable, and I can, therefore, only hope that No. 15 S. F. T. S. will continue to give my successor in office at No. 4 Training Command the same loyal support that I was so liberally blessed with during my stay in Calgary."

AIR VICE MARSHAL COWLEY.

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● NEXT EDITION

The next edition of Windy Wings will be that of October First. The deadline for material is September 20th.

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WING COMMANDER H. L. CAMPBELL
The first C/O. at No. 15 S. F. T. S., and now promoted to the rank of Group Captain and serving in England

A Message from the C. I.

ANNIVERSARY

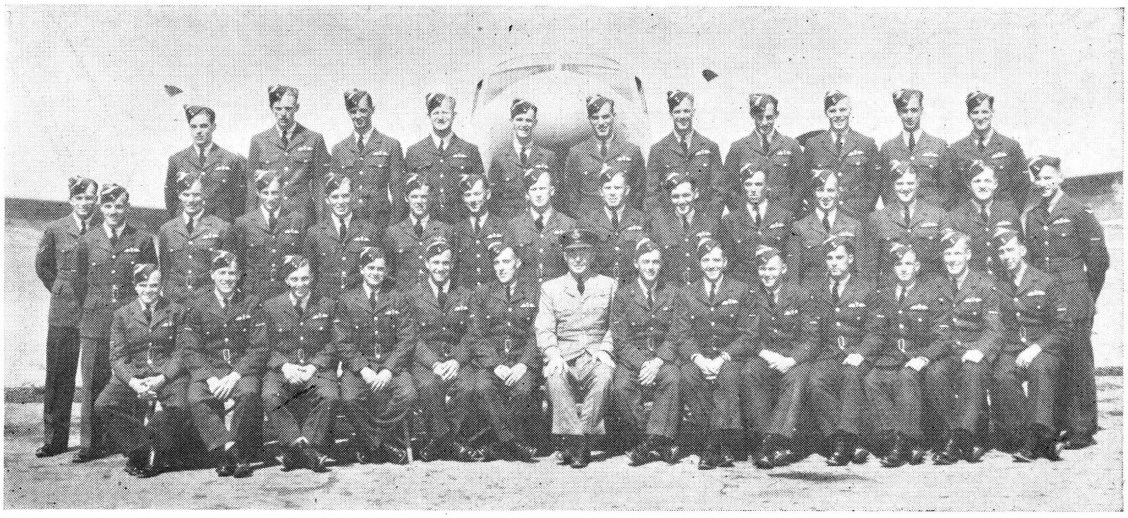
It has been my privilege to serve at this school since it was opened. In this, our First Anniversary, one looks back with surprise that the Station of today was once the dust bowl criss-crossed with ditches of a year ago.

The transition has only been made possible by the all out efforts on the part of the Station personnel. Officers and men are to be congratulated on their work that has made a Station of which on our First Anniversary we can all be justly proud.

To the Instructors I extend my thanks for their cheerful co-operation in doing a thorough job in turning out well trained students.

C. W. BURGESS, Squadron Leader,
Chief Instructor.

Course 52 Pilots Receive Their Wings at No. 15 S. F. T. S., Claresholm, Alberta Wednesday, July 15th., 1942



FRONT ROW (Left to Right):— LAC. Shires, G. M.; LAC. Mayhew, C. A.; LAC. Dockery, C. B.; LAC. Atcheson, F.; LAC. Grainger, F. H.; LAC. Peever, R. N.; F/O. Hunter; LAC. Ransom, G. I.; LAC. Goldring, T.; LAC. McGill, L. S.; LAC. Porteous, D. F.; LAC. Arnott, J. A.; LAC. Currie, D. A.; LAC. Finlayson, J. N. G.

SECOND ROW:—Cpl. Butterfield, J. A.; LAC. Bayley, C. A.; LAC. Allison, C.; LAC. Anderson, E. A.; LAC. Adamson, D. R.; LAC. Griffiths, T. F.; LAC. Blackburn, J. R.; LAC. Russell, W. L.; LAC. Petrie, D. J.; LAC. Morrow, H. F.; LAC. Milner, A. R.; LAC. Horsfall, J. A.; LAC. Tribe, D. F.; LAC. Schlitt, G. H.; LAC. Edwards, J. H.

BACK ROW:— LAC. Richmond, B.A.; LAC. Donovan, R. W.; LAC. Van Kleeck, R. B.; LAC. Cooper, W. S.; LAC. Brown, D. J.; LAC. MacKenzie, H. G.; LAC. White, R. C.; LAC. Luke, C. E.; LAC. Love, G.; LAC. Gibbon, D. E.; LAC. Bridges, S. W.

● THE ELEVENTH WINGS PARADE

The eleventh class of Student Pilots to graduate from No. 15 S. F. T. S., received their "Wings" during the usual impressive ceremony on the parade grounds of the Station Wednesday afternoon, July 15th., with the Commanding Officer, Wing Commander W. E. Kennedy, pinning the Pilot's Flying Badges upon the breasts of the proud graduates.

The weather was quite favorable and a full dress parade was staged with from eight to nine hundred of the personnel forming the hollow square for the ceremony. S/L C. W. Burgess was the officer in command of the parade, with the Adjutant, F/L J. W. Ross, acting as Aide to the Wing Commander. The Station Band under the leadership of F/O Coates led the parade onto the parade grounds, taking up their station behind the reviewing post for the March Past.

F/O Hunter was in immediate command of the graduating class, escorting Wing Commander Kennedy on his rounds of formal inspection.

Second only to that given the graduating class was the hand given the company of Air Cadets from Calgary in the March Past. This was the first time in the No. 4 Training Command that a troop of Air Cadets had been in a Wings Parade. The W.D's. were quite smart in their light blue summer uniforms.

There was an unusually large crowd of spectators present for the ceremony, including the families and close friends of many of the graduates, and following the parade these latter were entertained at tea in the Officers' Mess.

For the benefit of the visitors, Wing Commander Kennedy pointed out that the first name called was the senior member of the graduating class, all others being called in alphabetical order .

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Wing Commander Kennedy's Address to the Graduating Class

Guests, Officers, N.C.O's., Airmen and Airwomen of No. 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm:

We are parading today in order to present the Pilot's Flying Badge to Course No. 52, the eleventh course to graduate from this Station.

The presentation of the Pilot's Flying Badge to the members of the graduating class of a S.F.T.S. represents the culmination of many months of hard work. To the staff of the School it is a further indication that their part in the war effort of the nation is producing results without which our armed forces could not carry on. For all of us, therefore, it is one more long step in what we know to be a hard road, but which we trust will undoubtedly end in victory for ourselves and our allies.

The one moral which can be taken from today to my mind is the self-discipline that has been required of all concerned in order to achieve this objective. For the pupils, the change from civilian life to that required by the service is a tremendous and trying experience. In order to successfully complete the course each member of this graduating class has had to spend long hours of study and forego many of the past pleasures which help to make life enjoyable. For the staff it has meant a continual effort over the same ground week after week, and month after month, with these graduation parades the only visible sign of the effort which has gone into the creation of a class of trained pilots. When we are once more at peace I feel sure that all of us will feel that the effort has been more than worthwhile, but, in the meantime, I congratulate you on your perseverance and ability to accept any job happily and willingly and see it through to the end.

The pleasure which we feel today in seeing the members of Course 52 graduate from this School is tempered by the still fresh tragedy in the death of four of their classmates. I do not feel that the lads whose lives are lost in training accidents such as this are wasted any more so than those who are lost in actual combat, because they are a necessary part of any program as gigantic as the one in which we are engaged. I would like to feel that when such tragedies do occur that they are a still further spur to our efforts in the hope hat some day they will no longer be necessary.

The presence of a Squadron of Air Cadets here today is heartening to us all. The spirit which has driven these lads to prepare themselves for the future, whether it be peace or war, is, I feel sure, typical of the nation as a whole.

To the members of the graduating class I extend the best wishes of the Station for their future success and well-being, and wish you Godspeed and Good Luck!

● THE LEDGER SHEET

A lot of water pas passed under the Willow Creek bridge since the advance party of the Pay and Accounts section first set foot on the sod of No. 15 S.F.T.S.

The advance arrived here on May 26th, 1941, and consisted of Flying Officer A. G. Perkins, Flying Officer S. S. Farrell, Cpl. Bamford, Cpl. Mayhew, Cpl. Sharp, Cpl. Simpson, Cpl. Chessum, LAC. Stewart and LAC. Burt. Our first impression of the Metropolis of Claresholm was not a very favourable one, perhaps on account of us arriving in a driving rain. The train journey had been cold and miserable and we were tired and hungry, and were hoping to proceed at once to our new station, there to be fed and made comfortable, but no such luck. The M. T. could not take us right away and we had to wait for an hour or so until we were picked up.

We finally negotiated the trail (you could not call it a road in those days) to the air port to be greeted by a section of no-man's land. After safely crossing the drawbridge over the moat which surrounded the Administration building, we finally reached our destination and were officially signed in as being personnel of No. 15 S.F.T.S. The next thing on our minds was to have a hot shower and clean up some of the gumbo which had accrued on our journey. Fate ruled otherwise however as we soon discovered that there was as yet no water on the station, also no light or heat. We were directed to our new quarters and told to make ourselves at home. (Home was never like this.)

On looking back now it was quite an adventure, and one would never realize now that the place was such a shambles over a year ago. There were ditches everywhere, twelve feet deep, and after the rains came these were half filled with water and one had to be careful when leaving a building that he did not drop out of sight. One of the boys was less fortunate than most. Coming home late one night and forgetting about the ditches, he fell into about six feet of muddy water, and the air was blue for quite a while afterwards.

Now the station has fully grown up and is a highly trained working unit not surpassed by any other Service Flying Training School in the Dominion. Since our first Wings Parade and Official Opening on August 16th, 1941, there have been eleven classes graduated. Many changes have taken place in our Section. There have been many promotions and many postings but the majority of the original staff still remain. F. O. Perkins and F. O. Farrel have both been promoted to the ranks of Flight Lieutenants. Cpls. Bamford and Mayhew are Flight Sergeants and Cpl. Sharp is now Sgt. Sharp. LAC. Burt and LAC. Stewart are now Cpls., and have both been posted to other units. Cpl Chessum is now a Sergeant at No. 8 Repair Depot at Winnipeg.

The newer members of our Section consist of Cpl. Hooper, Cpl. Johnston, Cpl. Quilley, Cpl. Leedale, AC. 1 Davies (now on temporary duty in Calgary), LAC. Lyon, Cpl. Eames, P. O. Cole, who took the place of Flying Officer Duncan; AW. 1 Olmsted, A.W. 1 Berry and AW. 1 Craig.

We must not fail to mention our civilian stenographers. Miss Hagerty has a slight edge on us having arrived a few days earlier in May than we did and Miss Carney, who took the place of Miss Sorley, a few months ago. Other personnel who have been members of our staff and are now posted elsewhere are AC. 1 Jamieson, AC. 1 Tufts, AC. 2 Relyea, AC. 1 Robinson, AC. 1 Day, AW.1 MacGregor, AW. 1 McLean (now A.S.O. McLean), AW. 1 Smith, Cpl. Melville.

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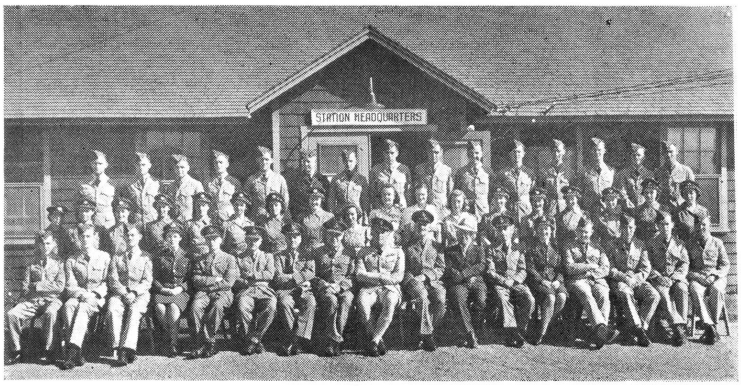

FRONT ROW (Left to Right):—Sgt. V. R. Hudson, Sgt. G. C. Moir, F.-Sgt. C. W. Shiek, A.S.O. M. L. A. Thompson, F.-O. T. B. Thomas-Peter, F.-O. H. Forbes, F.-L. A. G. Perkins, F.-L. J. W. Ross, W.-C. W. E. Kennedy, F.-L. C. R. Higgens, Mr. Mike Sheedy, P.-O. C. L. Cole, A.S.O. R. Goodman, WO. 1 J. J. McDonald, F.-Sgt. N. M. Bamford, F.-Sgt. F. J. Howitt, Sgt. E. D. Sharpe.

MIDDLE ROW:— A W. 2 Aglassinger, AW. 1 C. M. Binns, Cpl. T. L. Kennedy, AW. 2 C. G. Ennismore, AW. 1 E. MacDonald, AW. 1 R. A. Fitzgerald, AW. 1 H. Olmsted, Cpl. S. L. Parry, Miss H. Hagerty, Miss J. Blackburn, Miss M. Carney, Miss F. Pickett, Sgt. E. M. Anderson, AW.2 E. F. Depper, LAW. R. M. Berry, AW.1 G. M. Craig, AW.1 R. Tredgett, AW.1 W. M. Johnson.

BACK ROW:—Cpl. G. C. Whitehead, Cpl. L. R. Emes, AC. 1 E. W. Adsit, LAC. R. H. Douglas, Cpl. D. A. Leedale, AC. 1 I. T. White, AC. 1 J. D. Scott, Cpl. D. A. Quilley, LAC. F. E. Lyon, Cpl. K. W. Hall, AC. 1 G. L. Horton, Cpl. G. H. Hooper, AC. 1 J. Ireland, Cpl. A. Johnson, Cpl. R. B. Simpson.

Not shown in picture, being on leave, Cpl. G. L. Tuson.

● ACCOUNTS

"A"—is for Accounts, Equipment and Pay,
If we work long enough we'll be promoted, they say.

"B"—is for Banford and Berry, so shy,
At tennis, I hear, are both very spry.

"C"—is for Craig, another of our group,
She spends all her time in an Oregon coupe.

"D"—is for Dave—Quilley the same,
Of M.S.L. action and I.O.U. fame.

"E"—is for Eames, a conscientious lad.
If they'd give him three stripes, he Wouldn't be bad.

"F"—is for Fitzgerald, and the best of the folks.
She goes out all the time with one of those blokes.

"G"—is for George, a pay-ledges shark.
I still think he does his best work in the dark.

"H"—is for Hooper, the same as above.
He acts very funny. "It must be love."

"I"—is for Ireland, Don Juan of the ranks,
To whom all the gals owe many a thanks.

"J"—is for Johnston, McPherson or Jock.
Ask the connection—you'll get a shock.

"K"—is for Kash, and Karry and All.
When you get in accounts, you're behind the eight-ball.

"L"—is for Lyons from the east he does hale.
A fine lot, these easterners—look at Leedale.

"M"—is for Mayhew, with three stripes and a crown.
He's starting in Air Crew—I think on the ground.

"N"—is for "Normy", our long-legged flight,
He tears home to Polly at five every night.

"O"—is for Olmsted, the accounts jitterbug.
That gal from the east sure cuts a mean rug.

"P"—is for Perkins, at the head of us all.
I hear he can kick—I mean in football.

"Q"—is for Quilley, the same as in "D",
We're short on the staff, we had to you see.

"R"—is for Robinson, just back from his leave.

The way that boy day-dreams, you wouldn't believe.

"S"—is for Simpson, he runs 'round pell-mell.
"Just where did he meet that number 'Adele.' "

"T"—is for Terrific, is all I can say,
The way they waste time in accounts every day.

"U"—if you You, we pick and we choose.
One payday you win, and one payday you lose.

"V"—is for Victory, even we won't change that,
And the first guy that does can pick up his hat.

"W"—is for Work, it's up to our necks.
Everyone in accounts, are physical wrecks.

"X"—is for the spot, where you sign for your pay.
You count it once, and come back the next day.

"Z"—is for Zip, our steno's have more
Than any other civilians, than accounts had before.

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● BUZZES FROM THE BOARD

The Following is a Brief Summary of The Activities in the Telephone Office During the Beginning of this Station and to Date.

Way, way back in the very first days of our station the Telephone Office was located in a very small room which has since been torn down and is now part of the D.A.P.M.'s Office. In these early days Miss Helen Rose was brought to this station to operate the switchboard. Daily she had her hands full with the first switchboard that was put into service. It was a relic of the past ages, which in it's prime 'twas rumoured to have been used by Mr. Noah in the Ark. It was on it's last "legs" when Helen took over and to make matters that much worse it was on the "Drop" system. Day in and day out Helen would slave away cranking Ye Ol' Handle to ring the local numbers. Being as ancient as it was many of the "Drops"

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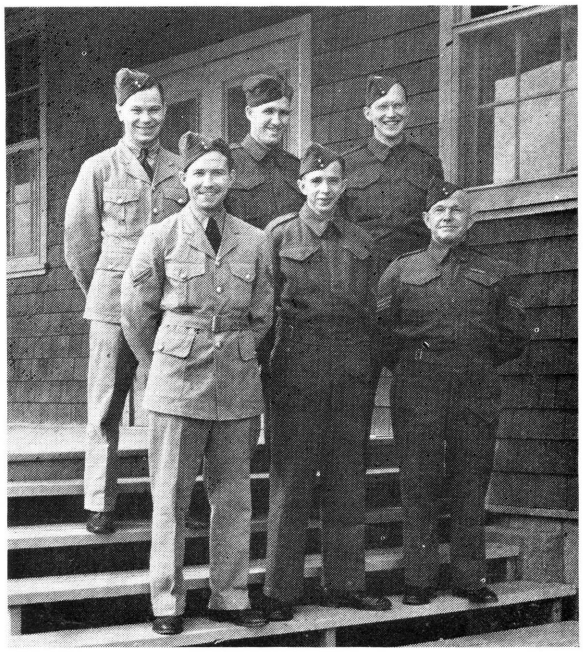

FRONT ROW (Left to Right):—Cpl. G. Barnes, C. P. C.; L/Cpl. D. Dowler, and Sgt. H. Leach, R.C.A.S.C.

REAR ROW:—Pte. R. Schidlowsky C.P.C.; Pte. C. Bolton and Pte. W. Trusler, R.C. A.S.C.

just wouldn't behave. If they weren't coming down all on their own without anyone wanting Miss Rose, they would be staying up when the station personnel would be wanting to make calls. On many occasions Miss Rose would simply take something—anything that was available at the time—and prop said fallen "Drop" up out of the way so she would at least be able to see what was going on around her.

As the station slowly started to take on strength the services of other operators were required to help handle the extra work and the other shifts which became necessary. To fill these new positions came Mrs. Jean Dersch and her sister, Helen Bell, of Granum. A short while later Miss Rose's services were urgently needed in another section of the station, namely the Control Tower, so reluctantly Helen trotted over there and "Bob" Olsen journeyed from the Manning Depot in Toronto to take over the vacancy made by Helen's departure. Bob will always be remembered by the old-timers of this station as the pleasing, Blonde, wavy-haired lad who hailed from Winnipeg, Manitoba. Jean, her sister, and Bob carried on until the ever-increasing strength of the station made it necessary once again for more operators. 'Twas then in July that yours truly, accompanied by Jimmie Dougherty were posted from Toronto to become part of the Station's Telephone Staff. Jimmie and I found our new home, way out here in the West, vastly different by far from that of back East. Jimmie first saw the light of day in Northern Quebec, the Ol' Homestead being in Maniwaki. (I personally think a lot of Hamilton, Ontario!) I don't imagine we shall ever forget the day we arrived on the station. Although greatly improved since the coming of the advanced party in May, the only truthful description we could make was that it was nothing but a barren, dry, dusty spot located close to the Foothills of the Rocky Mountains somewhere in Southern Alberta. However being as we were really going to start doing something in the Service we forgot personal feelings, pitched right in, setting about to do our share.

Many weary hours were put in by all during the next few months. Many were the times when everything seemed to go wrong! When the "Drops" still persisted in dropping when they weren't supposed to and staying up when they were supposed to come down! Perhaps during the day in the middle of a deluge of calls, suddenly the cranking apparatus would fall apart. We then would turn mechanics, and dashing around to the back of the board would crawl inside to do a hurried patch-up job, repairing the broken handle while the station personnel would be a-fuming at their end of the phones waiting for the operator to "snap out of a day-dream" and get cracking!

About this time Miss Enola Knutson, a native of Granum, started coming around to relieve on 48's. When Jean finally found it necessary to leave on account of her healt Enola immediately became one of the regular staff. Shortly after her sister's depa ure Helen too left for employment elsewhere. 'Twas then to help us out we were given one chap from every group of P.&O.'s that would come to this station to do Guard Duty prior to their leaving for initial training at I.T.S. Tho' the majority of these lads were only on the station for a period of six weeks at a time, much credit has to be given them in the way in which they fu co-operated with us.

In the early Fall rumour had it that we were to be getting a new Switchboard in the very near future. We patiently waited

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1 Block North Skating Rink

and carried on with the "Box" which was slowly falling apart until one day the good news got around that it had finally arrived. At this time much controversy arose among our Superiors as to whether or not we would be having a new office. At last it was decided that we were to move down the hall and take over part of the Orderly Room. During the next few days the Orderly Room was the scene of much activity. Men sawed, hammered, and wired, etc., making ready our new home. In record time it was completed and so we moved into much pleasanter working quarters. Our new board was just about the latest thing in operating equipment, complete with lights and keys to ring with, replacing the "Drops" and the cranking. With our new equipment we started in to give the best service the station had ever had!

Time rolled on until around the end of the year Miss Knutson ups and leaves us going down East for personal reasons. Once again we were in need of another operator who turned up in the person of Mary Wannop. Mary, an operator of considerable experience having worked for, roughly, eight years on local Exchanges in this district, came straight to us from the Banff Springs Hotel in Banff, where she had worked that summer as Chief Operator. On her arrival it was also decided that we were to obtain the services of another steady operator instead of having any more P.&O.'s. Paul Gagnon, who had never taken any great interest in a switchboard before coming to us, responded rapidly to learning of the finer points in the "Art of Operating" and proved to all that he was the person for the job.

On the 24th of February, the day the station was graced by the coming of the Women's Division, we were notified that in this group somewhere there were three operators for us. They turned out to be Margaret Allen, Margaret Orr and Pearl Wilson. These girls were all that could be desired as operators. They took over like Veterans and as all the other girls really showed that they were an asset to any station. Shortly after their arrival here Bob was posted to Aliford Bay, B.C., and Jimmy left for Bella Coola out in the same province. Closely following on their heels Pearl left for the Recruiting Centre in Vancouver. Stil there was Allen, Orr, Mary, Paul and myself to carry on in our chosen trade of operating. With the coming of summer, Mary decided that Banff would be the place for her this year once again and in her place we received Faye Elliott from Records, and Bernice Van Male from another section on the station, both of whom had considerable experience in this line of work in civilian life. Again we came out of the shuffle with a capable staff but with the coming of the latter part of June, Allen and Orr received word of their being posted to Gander, Newfoundland, continuing there to operate in the Service. To replace these two girls, who had gone from our midst to Newfoundland, we received two demure young misses from Toronto, both of whom lived out here in the West before joining, namely, Kathleen Jones and Nova O'Brien. The latter have rapidly gotten right down to business and are now upholding the traditions set by their predecessors. On July 11th due to the shortage of help for Central Registry, Paul was taken across to there where he is now employed and is doing a fine job we are told!

In this issue of "Buzzes from the Board", you have met, one by one, those who have helped to form just one tiny cog in a very large machine. Whatever we have accomplished in the past year—be it as it may—but to know that we have partially helped in our own individual undertaking to make No. 15 Service Flying Training School just what it is—there isn't any greater reward than the proud manner in which we all feel today!

CPL. JENKINS, W. J.

§

● NAVIGATION FLIGHT

A YEAR AGO AND NOW

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

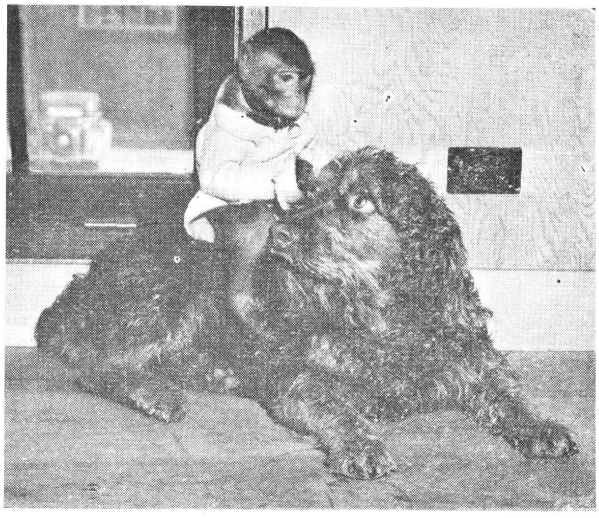
Q.—Where were we a year ago?
A.—We didn't exist.
Q.—Where are we now?
A.—Tucked away in the old Link Trainer section.
Q.—Where have we been all year?
A.—Here and there at No. 15.
Q.—Where will we be a year from now?
A.—On operations we hope! Who doesn't?
Q.—A definition of navigation flight?
A.—A heartache to students, the scorn of flying instructors and the pride and joy of Flt. Lt. Miller, senior navigation officer.

OUR HISTORY

On the first anniversary of No. 15 Service Flying Training School, we in navigation flight think it only proper that we try to boost our anniversary issue of "Windy Wings" by making our contribution as fitting as possible and at the same time recalling as completely and as closely as possible events of interest in the past year.

Our flight, as those who have been on the station since its opening will no doubt recall, has not been in operation as an individual flight throughout the station's history. Flt. Lt. Miller in the beginning was the navigation personnel on the station; gradually as instructors drifted in they were posted to flights to work in conjunction with flying instructors to teach ambitious

MASCOT OF NAVIGATION FLIGHT



Woody Sets a Course

Keep 'em Flying, Boys...

●

You've surely done a wonderful job at No. 15 S. F. T. S. in your first year!

●

GENERAL Construction Company, Ltd.

John Boyd, Manager.

students the elements of air navigation.

On or about the first of October, 1941, a separate navigation flight was formed in No. 2 Hangar where now we have "D" flight of F.I.S. Shortly after this a second flight was formed in No. 2 Squadron in "H" flight. At this time the personnel consisted of Flt. Lt. Miller, P.O. Wade, Sergeant Grant, and Sergeant Irwin in "D" flight, with Flt. Lt. Rae, P. O. Frankling, P. O. Davis and Sergeant Shaw in "H" flight.

It was at this point that navigation at last began to take its place of importance in the training of our B.A.T.P. pilots. Quite often in editions from overseas we are informed that graduates of service schools are lacking in practical experience in map reading, Dead-Reckoning navigation, and especially ability to keep from getting lost at night and under adverse weather conditions and it is our aim to reduce this criticism to a minimum. It is with pride that our flight can say that operating as a unit in the past nine months we have gone far towards reaching our aim.

The first few months as a flight found us with the old reliable "Avro-Anson" equipped as completely as possible with bomb-sight, camera and plotting table; exercises in D.R. photography and bombing gave us a variety of as interesting work, as could be found anywhere on the station.

As in all flights, days came and went; students came and went; instructors also. And then finally the Ansons went, first from "D" and then from "H" flight. On our conversion to Cessna aircraft in "D" flight, all Ansons were transferred to "H" which carried on very efficiently doing all photography and bombing work for approximately six weeks, then lo and behold, another shakeup. Ansons were all replaced by Cessnas and the two flights were combined as one in "D," all navigation being carried out from there. Two additional instructors, P. O. Ellison and Sgt. Manjbik, having arrived in the period of the first few months of the new year.

The early part of May found our work well ahead of schedule and as a result a tour of stations in Alberta and Saskatchewan was arranged. As mentioned in a previous edition this turned out to be very beneficial both to instructors and future students. Ideas picked up from other stations combined with our own system gave us an opportunity to revise our training to great advantage and that opportunity wasn't allowed to slip past.

On the arrival of No. 2 F.I.S. here we once again shifted, this time to "H" flight, where a week of gradual organizing found us once again operating with efficiency. In the period from April 1st to July 1st we were unfortunate to lose three of the first comers to this station in the persons of Flying Officer Earl Wade, who was posted to Rivers, Manitoba for an Astro course, and who since has gone on operations on the west coast, and Pilot Officers Grant and Shaw, who are now with our nearby neighbours, No. 3 at Calgary.

And so the history of our flight goes on. Quite recently we awoke one morning to find ourselves without a flight aircraft or ground crew. "Did all that move overnight?" you ask. The answer, "No, we moved." The grand total of seven instructors and a crew of one were hustled off to the old link trainer section in the corner of No. 3 Hangar and there we live in hopes that quite soon our new home in some flight wherever it may be, will be open to us.

The backbone of our flight, most of whom we still have with us, has been sorely neglected so far in our history. The next few paragraphs we dedicate to them whether they still be with us or whether they have moved to points east or west.

Most of the ground crew had been with the flight since it was organized and half of these were pioneers on the station before runways, roadways or modern conveniences were completed. Some of the boys have only recently been posted and I am sure it was with tears in their eyes, as they were, and the remainder still are, as jolly a group as one runs into anywhere. It is to these men we must offer our appreciation for the high standard of serviceability of both Anson and Crane in "D" and "H" flights throughout the past year.

Thus we conclude the history of our navigation flight on the first anniversary of No. 15. Its progress has been more than interesting to us who are directly concerned. We hope, in closing, that you, our readers, find this resume the same.

x x x x

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AC. 3 HECTOR.

I am a duck and I consider myself fortunate that although living amongst a large number of airmen who quite often, especially the morning after pay-day, miss their breakfasts, still I am a duck.

In the very early days of my being, I cannot recall whether I was bought, borrowed or stolen, but I found myself mascot to "H" flight at No. 15 S.F.T.S. All in all life has been good to me here. I have a house, a lovely lawn and a swimming pool, all nicely fenced off.

At the beginning of my stay on the station I used to travel from my home to the flight commander's office, quite often in the comforting arms of LAC. Bridgett, and there, although always expecting a severe reprimand, generally ended up with a piece of Flt. Lt.'s Miller's or Roe's cake that their wives had sent with them for their moonday meals.

While on the subject of my visits there, I might say I will always remember the look of annoyance that came over Corporal Eason's face whenever Mr. Miller used to holler, "Eason, fetch the mop!" I wonder if that mop was heavier that it looked.

Lately as I approach the 'teen age, I am very proud to display quite a fine set of wings, and I recall clearly an airman suggesting the other day that a red ribbon be tied around my neck to be removed when I solo. My pride has got my conscience, and no matter how much I console myself I still think that that airman was referring to the point that all bags are tied at the top.

Regardless of the fact that my hopes of evading a roasting pan to see the second anniversary of No. 15 are practically nil, I wish to take this opportunity to congratulate Wing Commander Kennedy, officers and men on their successful completion of a year's marvelous work.

Yours, with a Quack,
AC. 3 HECTOR

x x x x

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Our aim is to make these few paragraphs amusing, although before relating the following facts we must ask the student pilots of courses 50 and 60, whom we have with us now, not to consider such events as these necessary to boost the morale of natvigation instructors.

We would like to mention here the lad who was making his first solo cross country and ran into unforeseen difficulties. A reconnaissance sketch of his turning point, Drumheller in this case, was to have been obtained on his arrival there. This lad after flying in a northerly direction for half an hour or so, spied quite a large centre and says, "Ho, Drumheller," I must stop awhile and draw this place." Not being able to ask passing motorists the name of the place to verify his deduction, this chappy very laboriously drew his picture of Calgary, as it happened to be, and then quite at ease set course for home. On returning and reporting to his flight, faces of everyone he met seemed unfamiliar. "That's peculiar," he thinks, "perhaps a new course has arrived. I had better investigate." So investigate he did and some thirty minutes later took off from Macleod to return and face a very angry flight commander at Claresnolm.

Such events seem necessary to verify the value of correct navigation. Let us listen in on the conversation of two students, LAC. Steers and LAC. Brain, enroute from Claresnolm to Manyberries and return.

Steers: "What's that little place there?"

Brain: "That must be Drumheller." (It was Medicine Hat).

Steers: "Say, we are away off track. Better give me a course to R.C.L."

Brain: "Okay Joe, let's see! Oh steer about 198 degrees magnetic. That should get us there."

(One and one-half hours later, now having crossed into U.S.A.)

Brain: "We are directly over Lethbridge, fly contact home, eh!" (This place was Great Falls, Montana).

Steers: "Okay, Brain, say, you know we are getting short on gas?"

Brain: "Is that right? Well, we'll soon be home."

Steers: "Yeh, about fifteen minutes, we're okay."

(Forty minutes later. Sputter. Sputter. Two dead engines.)

Steers: "Say, I can't seem to hear our engines any longer."

Brain: "Gosh, that's right. Maybe they have quit. Let's bail out."

Steers: "Okay. Jump, jump. Good-bye, Anson."

And so the Anson was left to its fate. Such events aren't everyday occurrences, thank goodness. But sometimes we wonder if perhaps a little extra work at nights would not have saved us an aircraft.

x x x x

"WOODY"

Man descended from the monkey, so the saying goes, and if you have ever seen a man chasing a monkey up a tree you will certainly believe this.

Woody, our second mascot, arrived in this flight two months ago, and since then has proceeded to make a lot of friends. He is quite friendly and will make acquaintances with those who don't tease him. So fellows, just remember that after all you don't like being pushed around.

No. 1 & 2 SQUADRONS, CONTROL TOWER

A. Miller, F.-L. T. B. Akin, F.-L. W. Leith, F.-L. R. R. Livermore, S.-L. D. D. Atkinson, F.-L. R. A. Gilmour, F.-L. R. W. R. Day, F.-O. E. C. Smith, F.-O. W. T. Turner, F.-Sgt. S. Hardy, F.-Sgt. R. Grieves.

CENTRE ROW:—H. Rose, M. Blackburn, M. Wallace, AW. 1 L. P. MacDonald, LAW. D. L. McLay, AW. 2 V. Weber, LAW. E. N. M. Steen, Cpl. B. C. Galashan.

BACK ROW:—F. Dorion, AC. 1 R. Crawford, LAC. F. W. Lacey, LAC. H. A. Eastman, AC. 1 D. Campbell, LAC. S. Morris, LAC. S. Craig, Cpl. E. W. Kellough, LAC. L. W. Hart.

● CONTROL TOWER

NO. 1 AND NO. 2 SQUADRON HEADQUARTERS

Out of a sea of mud, water, large ditches and one runway, such was the beginning of No. 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm, Alberta, on June 23rd, 1941. We have come a long way since then and our march forward is gaining momentum as each day passes by. In the Control Tower, headquarters of the Chief Instructor and Nos. 1 and 2 Squadrons, there are those who have seen and contributed to the smooth and efficient running of service flying training.

A few facts, some of which were gleaned from the Daily Diary, have come to hand and give one a brief outline of the progress made since the first Avro Anson took off on the morning of June 24, 1941, at precisely 0805 hours. Some of these Ansons used here on this Station saw service at Dunkirk.

Squadron Leader Macallister was the first Chief Instructor at this Station. To him fell the task of organizing the ground and flying training. It was with deep regret that after having served this Station so devotedly that he was reported missing early this year after air operations overseas off the Norwegian Coast. Squadron Leader Macallister held the position of Chief Instructor until the end of October, 1941, and during that period he was promoted to the rank of Wing Commander. Our next C. I. was Squadron Leader Begg. Time marches on! Squadron Leader Begg has left us too. After five months as C.I., he was posted overseas. His cheery smile and disposition was a tonic to all those who came in daily contact with him. Squadron Leader Begg, who came to Claresholm in June, 1941, was the first O.C. of No. 2 Squadron. Ah! Speaking of Squadrons, let's dig down into the records. First we have O. C. of No. 1 Squadron, Squadron Leader Burgess. Just a minute, I believe his slogan is "Keep them flying." I wonder how many times a Squadron Adjutant has heard this. Quote: "Give me ——— Flight. WHAT THE H—— ARE ALL THOSE AEROPLANES DOING ON THE GROUND? GET THEM UP. Just because No. 1 Squadron has won the Cup, you should't relax." Unquote. At the other end of the Control Tower, another Squadron Commander, Squadron Leader Atkinson, O.C. No. 2 Squadron schemes to get the Cup and back it goes to No. 2 Squadron.

Many changes have taken place since. Squadron Leader Burgess is now our C.I., having taken over his new duties when Squadron Leader Begg left for overseas. The position of O.C. No. 1 Squadron is now being filled by Flight Lieutenant Gilmour. Flight Lieutenant Gilmour's hobby, I believe, is shooting. I wonder if he can remember some wings that nearly took flight even though they had been nailed to the wall of his office.

Enough said for now, perhaps another issue of "Windy Wings" and my ramblings on the doings in the Control Tower may be continued.

FLYING OFFICER E. C. SMITH.

● "E" FLIGHT

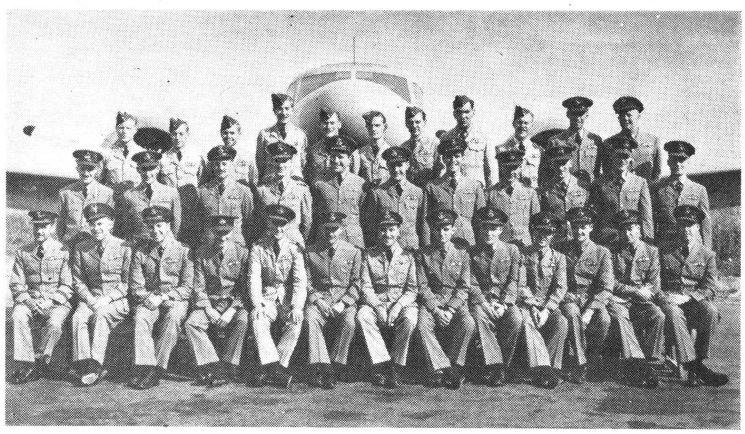
Old Sol came up the same as usual that morning, and Canada prepared the same—a cursory glance at the eastern shoreline showed ships for the sea, some coming—some going; a saunter through the Maritimes and up the St. Lawrence gave no indication of this being a special day. There were the white caps of the Great Lakes and along there, the waving wheat of the prairies; on still, towards the foothills—ho hum—just another day—but wait a second—down there, in the very shadow of the Rockies—a little cluster of buildings. Old Sol was curious and dropped in for a look. So it was that the filtered rays of morning slid in past the windows of No. 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm. And quite a station too, just new by the look of it, although at one particular hangar, ships were lined up. What does it say? A quick glance at the Flight door showed a neat sign ", 'E' Flight, O.C., Flt. Lt. Pulsifer."

Yes, that was "E" Flight in the days of July 1941. Flt. Lt. Pulsifer, O.C., F.O. Reeves, Deputy Flight Commander, and a crew of stalwart, hard-working instructors. Those were the days when Cheetah nines roared along the tarmacs, when Ansons raised their tails, hunched their shoulders, ploughed along No. 1 runway and wallowed uncertainly into the air under the hands of Harvard trained men. Day followed day and night followed night and soon navigation lights began to wink back from the sky through all the hours from dusk till the first gray streaks outlined the elevators of the town in the small hours.

Aircraft appeared readily every morning as courses started to flow through the evolutions of training. Course 30 made its hesitant entry, was received, worked on, graduated and gave way to a succession of new and eager faces, as the personnel settled down to steady, competent training.

Aircraft serviceability, however, even from time appeared always to be fighting for life. And the answer, tho rather obscure at first and covered under the mantle of necessity, emergency and general

No. 2 SQUADRON FLYING INSTRUCTORS



FRONT ROW (Left to Right:—F.-L. Reeves, P.-O. Ellison, P.-O. Frankling, F.-O. Edmonds, F.-L. Livermore, F.-L. Gilmour, F.-L. Day, P.-O. Thomas, P.-O. Baillie, P.-O. Hicks, P.-O. Hay, F.-O. Lewis, F.-O. Flowers.

CENTRE ROW:—F.-O. Smith, F.-L. Kenmuir, F.-L. Thornton, F.-L. Rae, F.-O. Haywood, P.-O. Hiembecker, F.-O. Madden, F.-L. McMurdy, P.-O. Thompson, F.-O. Davis, P.-O. Archer.

BACK ROW:—WO. 2 Ellison, WO. 2 Hore, F.-S. Henning, WO. 2 Rainsforth, WO. 2 Shaw, Sgt. Manyluk, WO. 2 Atkins, WO. 2 Shannon, WO. 2 McKenzie, F.-O. Waring, F.-O. Hunter.

co-operation, rested a short distance away; for as the sun shone on No. 3 Hangar so it shone on the Control Tower 175 yards distant with its constant demands for men—for materials—for aircraft.

And so it has been through the advent of the posting of Flt. Lt. Pulsifer, through the rise to Flight Commander of F. O. Reeves, through a succession of deputy flight commanders, changing instructors, pink-cheeked students, through all year of uncertainty, the unkindly light for the needs of "Control" has lead through all the encircling gloom to the door of "E" Flight. Combining straight training, expected unlimited aircraft supply, the flight has risen to perpetual Duty Joe, satisfying the unceasing calls for pilots and aircraft for all the buckshee trips to Calgary, Lethbridge, Pea ce, Macleod, etc., etc. . . . . Oh well! That's what we get for being so handy to the Control Tower. Joe! That's "E" Flight. But regardless, it has forged ahead to schedule emittance of calibre graduates.

Orderly room personnel come—some go—most stay; aircraft roar through sleet and snow, through dust and storm, through heat of summer—and mechs and riggers toil to keep 'em flying.

Yes, the training is longer, the days seem short and Cessnas have replaced the Ansons, but charts ride high on the walls and it makes a cigarette a luxury "round bull session table" when, for a short while, quiet reigns with all its comfort, at 2130 hours.

Thus it has gone on. Under able guidance of veteran Flight Commander Flt. Lt. Reeves, the work of Hales, Young, Hay Heimbecker and Hore goes ahead. The courses flow along . . . . 30-32-34-36-38-40-42-44-52-60 . . . and as it stands 60, is now chock chaffing.

The flight bids the best of luck to good men either moved or posted, to recent departures F.O. Lougheed and Wanless, to former personnel transferred to F.I.S., F.O. Mark, McPherson, Barsby and Roemmele, to men shifted to other flights, P. O. Thomas and F. S. Mackenzie.

It thanks Sgt. Kendrick, his N.C.O.'s and men for work done. It appreciates the co-operation of other flights and personnel. The first year has ended; the second slides into being and in the words of the "E" Flight Creed, we will gladly take on six more.

Old Sol is satisfied, climbs again to his chariot and slowly fades over the hills, past the mountains, to leave a purple dusk on No. 3 Hangar.

A lone ship circles, lowers wheels, drops flap, throttles back and comes in for a landing. In the dying day he taxies for E for Joe.

Another day, another month, a swell year. It's great, being a part of No. 15 S.F.T.S.

Old Sol sighs contentedly as he slips below the peaks.

—§—

● "E" FLIGHT, COURSE 60

July was more than half through and summer was deciding whether it should stay when there arrived a new course on the station and part of that [illegible] be known on history as Flight "E".

"E" Flight is a wierd collection—even "E" Flight will admit this but perhaps it may be that Claresholm is having its effect and the boys are getting "bushed."

Having been told by all and sundry that Course 60 is the junior course, "E" Flight is helping to live down the reputation of all junior courses—"where ignorance is bliss".

High River seems far away, Regina seems a paradise of sorts and Claresholm . . . . . well? To make matters worse no more "36's' for aircrew and now the Flight can't decide which is worse—no 36 and more drill or more drill and no 36, which was the choice offered them.

Bob Cowley is in favor of initiating "Sleepy Lagoon" Nielson and wants a sleeping day of 24 hours. Nice if you can get it.

Carl Kruger believes in night work—especially on duty watch nights.

The mad Arkanson—Bob Lieberenz (don't forget the zee) is watching the mails to see if his Pansy has sent any of "that thar likker, ah kaint drink these Kanajun thangs."

It seems strange to hear an instructor call out, "Oh Honey, get in 8120."

The ground crews bless the hot weather and people who are heavy footed on the brakes. New tires are hard to get. Too bad, LAC. Dunlop can't do anything about the situation.

Both instructors and students are still wondering what sort of material they have drawn. Apparently there have been no serious reactions as yet but sometimes the instructors wonder what they ever did to deserve all this—and sometimes the students wonder the same thing.

Barclay (Bob to you) Bennett is having Mother-in-law troubles it seems—and not in Regina either. S'funny too that the Bennett boy isn't whistling "Tangerine" so much these days.

Ken Britton stays awake nights trying to think up new ways of meeting (W.A.A.F.'s. Most of the boys agree that the W.D.'s make up for a lot of the station's disadvantages. Keeps up morale you know old top.

Jack Hamilton, our coke fiend is happy to be back in Alberta again. He really can't help it—love's a wonderful thing.

For that matter Bill Gill makes his leave headquarters in Calgary and for a good reason too.

Red Costie and Big Bower are of the opinion that issue shirts rip very easily and noisily.

6:30 a.m. finds Sgt. Allen a very popular figure—ask Heatherington or Dunphy.

Then there was the flight sergeant who claimed we knew less than nothing at all—or words to the same effect. The best use to be made of a bomb sight, according to Hank Hammet is to drop it where it would do most good.

Bounces were plentiful during the first two weeks (who said they still are?) but the little red first solo strips seemed to have their effect and other aircraft gave them a wide berth. Was it Alex Lamb who was so pleased he wanted to keep his strip?

LAC. Dalgleish likes Alberta and the hills. He even wants to know about Social Credit. Nothing like a thirst . . . . for knowledge.

Pat Coggins and Earl Erickson who also hold the exalted rank of LAC. are behaving. They think Claresholm is too small, at least compared with the "Silver Dell" in Regina.

The air force is quite an institution. Everybody blaming everyone else—and some wide shovels are in use. Air crew think ground crew has a snap—and vice versa. Seems that LAC. Kleckner needs new overalls too.

Our coastwise fisherman who came from Saskatchewan with a French accent—Al Barry—is looking for someone about five feet-two, blonde and blue eyes. It seems Al is having trouble with his finger nails. Any manicurist who fills the above bill may call at Hut 10 west during business hours.

Rumbles and weed picking—one a jolt to the pocketbook and the other a jolt to something else. Oh well, if it's for the cause we can't do much about it—and, a little tan is acquired while bending down—just for health.

This winds up "E" Flight ramblings for this issue. Be good little peelots and keep your wings level. Happy Anniversary and don't forget the track meet.

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● L'HISTOIRE .... D'EFFLITE

(To be chanted by students before going night flying.)

On bomber command, now overseas,
Our first commander, if you please,
F. L. Hobbs is his name,
Efflite contributed to his fame,
F. L. Gilmour, our second one,
Became O. C. of Number One.
F. L. Jones rose from the mob,
Now holds down an examiner's job.
F. L. Sinclair's with Uncle Sam,
Our payment on the Lease-Lend plan.
These four commanders from our flight
We groomed and pushed to greater height.
But one achieved a greater fame,
F. L. Kenmuir is his name—
Started here as Instructor Joe,
Decided to stay and GROOM the show,
To bolster Uncle Sam's Air Corps
We sacrificed four instructors more.
On Powell and Shirley we must keep tab,
Easier to watch are Nelson and Babb.
Munro and Miller will do their best
To help out "L'enfant" F.I.S.
In spite of these immortals gone away,
We point with pride to those who stay.
F. O. Hunter nursed Course fifty-two,
Is our advertising manager too.
F. O. Edmonds runs our squadron sports.
F. O. Waring connected with shooting, of sorts,
A one-man track team, sunburned fran'.
F. O. Thompson is the browniest man.
F. S. Henning collects the rumbles
For our overdues, mistakes and fumbles.
For logging and timekeeping and mistakes,
We commend to you our own Miss Jacques.
So ends our L'Histoire, enough to tell,
If you don't like our POME, then go to prose.

———§———

● "H" FLIGHT

You have a new voice to hear from this time, the unpretentious growl of "H" Flight. We are the fledgling flight and as usual have not the equipment nor accommodations of the older flights; but is that going to deter us? No sir!!! We, the students and the instructors, are in there plugging all the harder, and, from all aspects, doing a pretty good job, which is a feather in our cap. That makes two feathers we have now, 'cause Hector, the duck, kindly donated one the other day.

Talking about Hector, when I first came here, I hopefully looked daily into his penthouse to see if I could scrounge a tasty duck-egg, but all to no avail—until one morning F.O. Madden explained to me that Hector was a "he", then he gave me a little data on the ins and outs of evolution, so now I see that even if Hector was a "she" there'd still be no eggs.

We have a good working, conscientious Cpl. McGuire here, but he isn't eating any beef-steaks these days—seems he laughed too heartily when C.O. Campbell spilled his parachute all over the runway, and his grandmother's choppers fell out, so now he talks with a mighty lisp.

Just a few words about the ground crew and instructors.

F. Sgt. Herderson is no ballet dancer but he is on his toes all the time and between him and the boys our A.C. are kept in A-1 shape.

All of us feel lucky at having such a swell bunch of instructors, they are never too busy to help you out with anything from map-reading to eating your chocolate bars, and one and all take a genuine interest in you.

x x x x

Being one of the junior flights of the station, news in "H" flight is rather scarce as the pupils minds are cluttered with that antidote to happiness—the cockpit check. After finally mastering these four pages of misery the boys started enjoying life again, only to be plunged back into a sea of gloom when they stepped into one of the "F.J." series and started looking around for some place to start the check. I'm afraid the comments on the crane aircraft and their manufacturers were anything but complimentary.

But now to more pleasant things. I have had frequent inquiries as to the whereabouts of Corporal McGuire's new set of "choppers". The story as I have it is this: Upon receiving them the corporal set out to show the boys his new array of dental equipment. Not content with just having them admired he proceeded to demonstrate their guaranteed unbreakable qualities by bouncing them around. As a result, our friend, Corporal McGuire must stick to soft foods while his "choppers" receive a major overhaul.

On Wednesday, July 29, the local baseball diamond was a scene of action as the instructors and "A" group battled with the ground crew and "B" group for baseball supremacy. The highlight of the game came when dashing P. O. Thomas came tearing across home plate with the winning run and thus put his team ahead for the first time. The instructors then called the game on account of darkness.

By next issue the green should be gone from the eyes of the pupils and news should be easier to obtain.

J. E. S. M.

———§———

● CONTROL TOWER

Here hangs a tale, a tale of organization, co-operation, goodfellowship, which would be hard to equal anywhere and coming from an old soldier—R.F.C. and R.A.F.—this may sound, to put it mildly, slightly exaggerated.

Skipping the discomforts of the first few weeks which were greatly offset by meeting and getting acquainted with such grand fellows as the late W. C. MacAllister, at that time Squadron Leader or Granny to all, who was C. O. station pending opening. Mentioning him first, who at time of writing is still missing, presumed lost, let us at this time hope that the Air Ministry just once have been too presumptuous. Then into our midst came Wing Commander Campbell.

Our flying started under the most adverse conditions, with a single runway subject to variable cross winds and draped on both sides with four foot piles of drain tile. It was really a sight to see a sturdy old Anson do a ground loop and hear the crash of breaking tile scattered to the four winds, and then to see the Anson emerge unscathed.

To mention one or two of the more exciting moments such as during formation rehearsal for the official opening when McMurdy landed with half his tail chewed off, and control officers anxiously enquired for other aircraft, which greatly upset Mac. Another near fatality and exciting moment, the wind has changed but not the direction of the incoming student; Kenmuir landing in one direction, student in opposite, a pyrotechnic display from control tower, unheeded by pupil, quick work on Ken's part, and a few gray hairs for the Control Tower.

The A.C.O. takes off from the landing of the control tower steps and makes a three point landing on the next floor down; these steps have been a continuous hazard and have handed out many a laugh. This hazard Flt. Lt. White promised to eliminate at an early date; at time of going to press the laughs still go on and the stairs get steeper.

A pleasant feature of an extra hectic day was the welcome arrival of Stan Carter as Control Officer and his departure for Vulcan a few days ago was deeply regretted by his fellow Control Officers and by every pilot on the station. His popularity and ready laugh were something not generally found in a Control Officer.

Then came the whirlwind of Control Officers, Sandy Welsh arrives in person. An organizer of no mean ability, a Thespian of some repute, there was never a dull moment when he was around. His departure for Sea Island was R.C.L.'s loss.

Bill Turner, the salt of the earth from Peace River district, thank heavens, is still with us and he can speak for himself.

Another two who have departed our midst during the past year, P. O. Tate whose company we enjoyed for a short time until (he was an accountant of no mean repute,

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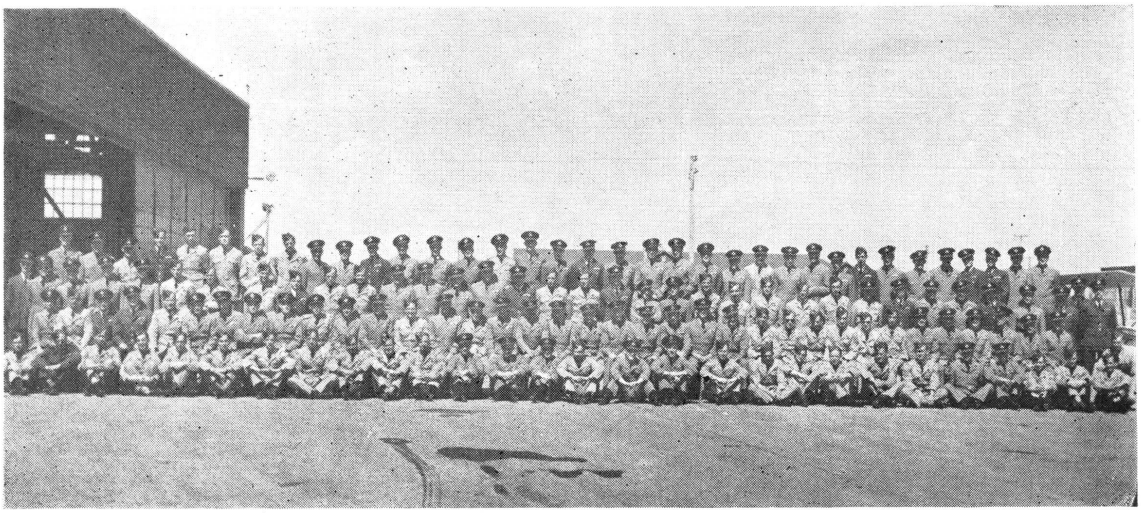

No. 2 F. I. S., ATTACHED TO No. 15 S. F. T. S., CLARESHOLM

his posting to Macleod as Link Instructor; with several years of experience in the account department of the Canadian Army); F. O. Beevor-Potts, whose sojourn was all too short, but pleasant, now Control Officer at No. 12 S.F.T.S. Brandon.

And now an appeal to all pilots from A.C.O.'s, who—even if you think differently have your best interests at heart.

Please get the C.I.'s permission in writing before leaving for distant points.

Telephone communication re departure is taboo.

Please initial the log book out, and, definitely, in.

Try and land according to signal area even if in your own minds the direction is down wind. For your own and personal information the wind in this part of our Dominion has the uncanny habit of changing direction frequently and at the most unwanted moments; also for your information if the wind T were changed as the wind changed you would all be even dizzier than you are in your present state of self-righteousness.

The world's best pilot in our estimation, after many anxious moments, is any pilot with from fifty to seventy-five hours on any service aircraft. He, at that time—"but only in his own mind"—is the world's best pilot and has the world by the tail. How opinions differ!

An A.C.O.'s lament—"If I could only stop worrying about them."

The A.C.O.'s send best wishes for health and happiness to all.

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY
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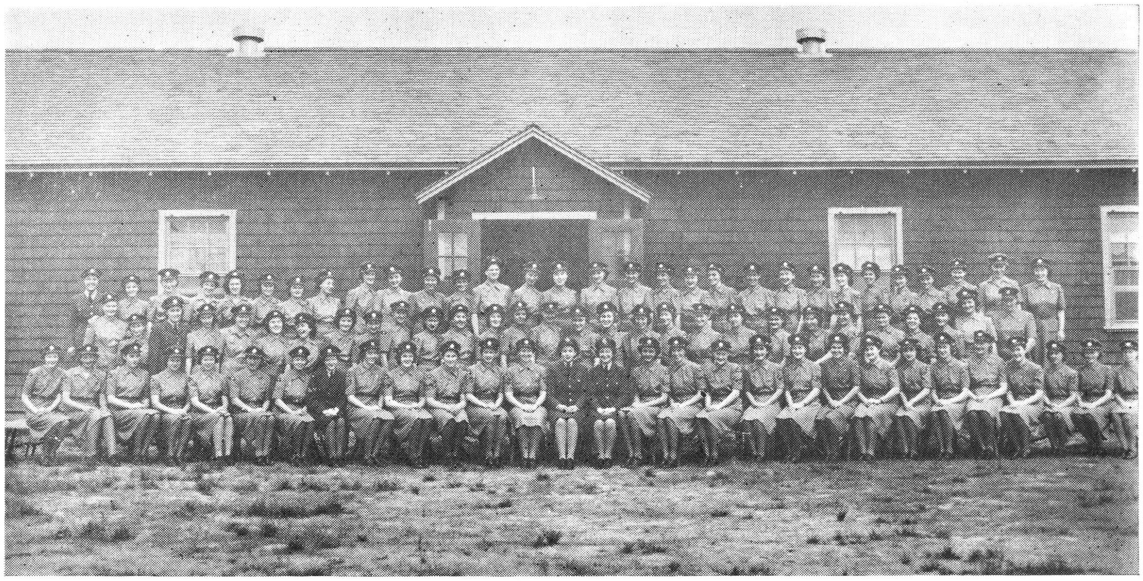

WOMEN'S DIVISION, R. C. A. F. on the Station
Officers and N. C. O's. in Charge on the Station:—Reading Left to Right) Cpl. Driver, Cpl. Pairy, Cpl. Blake, Cpl. Calshaw, Cpl. Viczko, Sgt. Anderson, Miss Thompson, A. S. O., Miss Goodman. A.S.O., Cpl. Galashan, Cpl. Smith, Cpl. Dalshang, Cpl. Bedu, Cpl. Kennedy.

● R. C. A. F. (W. D.)

After several months deliberation as to the exact part women were to play in this great war of the nations, an organization was formed which was then known as the Canadian Women's Auxiliary Air Force.

Realizing the high standard set by the R.C.A.F. and the importance of a sound foundation, great care was taken in choosing the first group of officers and N.C.O.'s which was to form the nucleus of the Women's Division.

It was a tremendous task to choose 150 applicants from the thousands of applications received from all over Canada. This difficulty was overcome by having a board comprised of R.C.A.F. officers and five W.A.A.F. officers, who were brought out from England for the purpose of forming the Women's Division, and in order to do the job thoroughly, travelled from Halifax to Vancouver interviewing with a view to recruiting the first class of air women. This first class consisted of lawyers, doctors, dieticians, librarians and secretaries from civilian life who willingly gave up their professions, homes and friends to stand side by side with their fathers and brothers to do their share in this great fight for everything we hold near and dear.

After an intensive five weeks' course at Old Havergal College, Toronto, the newly appointed officers, proud holders of a King's Commission, wearing the same cap badge, buttons and uniform of the R.C.A.F. set out to prove to the world in general and the Air Force in particular that they were capable of taking over the men's jobs, thereby freeing the men for more important work.

They must have proven themselves, however, because the R.C.A.F., realizing the Canadian Women's Auxiliary Air Force was not auxiliary in any sense of the word, but a component part of the R.C.A.F., changed the name to R.C.A.F., Women's Division.

This honour was greatly appreciated, especially by the R.C.A.F. and W.A.A.F. officers who had worked so diligently to make the Women's Division the great success it is today.

Many of the first group stayed on at the Training Depot at Toronto to help train new recruits. Others were sent to recruiting centres, A.F.H.Q., Ottawa, operational commands, S.F.T.S.'s, and B. and G. schools throughout Canada.

We now have thousands of efficiently-trained airwomen from coast to coast and even on overseas duty.

The following is a list of trades in which they are actively employed:

Clerk (accounting)
Clerk (operation's room)
Clerk Stenographer
Cook
Dispenser
Equipment Assistant
Hospital Assistant
Laboratory Assistant
Operator (telephone)
Photographer
Radiographer
Wireless Operator
Clerk (general)
Clerk (general medical)
Clerk Stenographer (medical)
Dental Assistant
Driver (transport)
Fabric Worker
Instrument Maker
Meteorologist
Pharmacist
Postal Clerk
General Duties

One of the first stations to receive airwomen was No. 15, S.F.T.S., Claresholm, Alberta. The officers in charge were S.O. Bie, and S. O. Clarke. Enthusiastically welcomed by the station they were soon settled into service life. Since then there have been many changes in the personnel. S. O. Bie is in Gander, Newfoundland, together with fourteen airwomen from this unit. S. O. Clark is in Brantford. S. O. Fulmer is recruiting in Vancouver. Several airwomen have been recalled for special courses while others have been posted to various other stations.

The airwomen are taught to work in close liason with the R.C.A.F. Actually, they comprise part of the all-important ground crew that keeps the planes in the air and thus provide cogs in the large machine that is the R.C.A.F., and who are doing their part towards ensuring world freedom and security.

It is the little cogs that make the big wheel turn!!!

M. L. A. THOMPSON, A/S/O.

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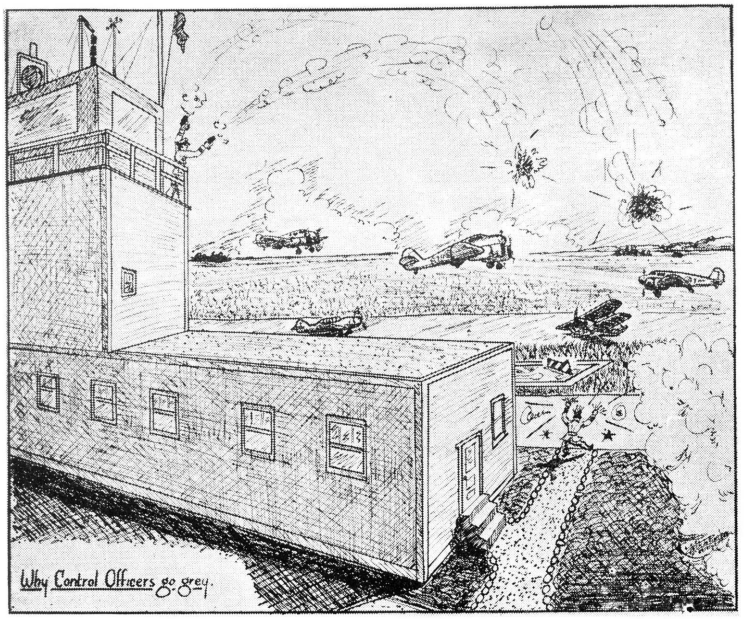

● SINCLAIR—GILLESPIE

The bonds of matrimony claimed another of course 60 on Friday evening, July 31, when Sgt. George Sinclair, eldest son of Mr. A. R. Sinclair of Vancouver, exchanged vows with Dorothy Margaret Gillespie, daughter of Mrs. Gladys Gillespie of Vancouver.

The ceremony was performed by the station padre, Flt. Lt. J. M. Roe, in St. John's Church in Claresholm, in the presence of a few friends. Miss Mary Roe was the bridesmaid, with Sgt. Alfred Smeed supporting the groom.

For her wedding the bride wore a powder-blue dress with matching accessories. Miss Roe, the bridesmaid, was also in blue.

Following the ceremony a buffet supper was served at the home of Flt. Lt. Roe with Sgt. Smeed proposing the toast to the bride, the groom suitably responding.

The young couple left for a short honeymoon in Calgary, followed by the good wishes of all Course 60. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair will make their home in Claresholm.

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● CIVILIAN GIRLS

DEAR EDITOR:

It seems that each and every section of No. 15 S.F.T.S., great and small, has contributed a write-up about such section. What about the civilian girls? You say—well, what about them? They are only nine in number and have been here at least as long, if not longer than any other station personnel. They comprise part of the civil service of Canada, and applied for a position on service stations as their contribution to the war effort. No Dominion-wide tour was made to select them. No write-ups appear in newspapers about them from coast to coast, no special training is given them to fit them for their work. No promise of rise in rank is offered them with its accompanying rise in pay. No special transportation arrangements for them or even the glimmer of a hope of seeing the Dominion of Canada. Furthermore, their remuneration, after deducting board, transportation and clothing is less than that of A.W. 2's. In this great machine known as the R.C.A.F., they are not considered as auxiliary, a part thereof, or even a cog in such machine, but they do supply a little oil whereby such machine operates. These girls work on the station and have done so since before this station opened. None of their time is spent on drill, P.T., or other service activities. In view of the above, it is wondered why, after a year's service on a service station while their civilian sisters are pulling down big salaries in a business world where there is a shortage of experienced labour, why these nine civilians are, not acclaimed by their fellow workers in the service, because they too are sharing the inconveniences which all are called upon to share in these stern days?

JANIE BLACKBURN.

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● AUXILIARY SERVICES

With the advent of service personnel to No. 15 Service Flying Training School, the assistance of auxiliary services came hand in hand. In establishing the Knights of Columbus Canadian Army Huts for work in Canada and overseas, among the members of the Canadian Active Service Force, the Knights of Columbus are continuing the work done by them during the war 1914-18 for a similar cause. In carrying out this work of supplying the wants of the service man, his spiritual and temporal needs alike, the Knights of Columbus Canadian Army Hut serves men of all races and creeds impartially. One by one as new camps are opened across Canada it is a duty and a privilege for any of the numerous auxiliary service organizations to have such centres allotted to their own particular group.

Our purpose on being allotted a centre is to provide social welfare which includes concerts, games both indoor and outdoor, movies, distribution of magazines, writing paper and envelopes, etc. Since we arrived on this station the first of last June, we have distributed one-half a million sheets of notepaper and 200,000 envelopes, to say nothing of the sports equipment which has been provided and magazines, etc.

Our hut since a year ago has seen the coming and going possibly of more personnel than any other single building on the station. First the boys, and now the boys and girls come there to wile away their leisure time in quiet chatting, studying, reading or writing. All who come will remember the cheerfulness of Harold Gourley who is always only too glad to assist the station personnel in any way such as suggesting reading they might enjoy to helping them solve their little problems.

Finally, on behalf of our organization, I wish to thank the staff of No. 15 S.F.T.S. for their co-operation and interest in assisting us in the welfare of station personnel.

MIKE SHEEDY

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STATION HOSPITAL

HOSPITAL STAFF PERSONNEL

FRONT ROW (Reading Left to Right:— Sgt. C. Douglas, F/L. L. C. Jenner, N/S. P. MacDonald, F/L. G. A. Lawson, N/S. A. F. MacIsaac, F/O. R. B. Palmer, Sgt. D. Smith.

MIDDLE ROW:—Helen Pontifex, Edna Trager, Eileen Wilhite, Rose Viczko, Margaret Brown, Doris Loyer, Dorien Freeman, Lulu Driver.

BACK ROW:—LAC. C. Bessie, LAC. V. A. C. Johnson, LAC. G. C. Gregoreschuck, LAC. F. J. P. Baker, Cpl. P. Gillespie, Cpl. R. F. Dixon.

Once again it is time to take up the pen (which is proclaimed mightier than the sword) and write. This month being the Anniversary of the opening of the station, the issue calls for something a little different. The writer, practically a newcomer on the station, will find it necessary to use a lot of imagination and trust it is reasonably close to facts. My colleagues here will no doubt lend a hleping hand but it is strange how memory fails one over a period of a year or so.

Of course, as it is fairly well known, we have a very nice hospital with accommodation for approximately thirty patients— officers, airmen and W.D.'s, the last, but not least, taking up considerable room. The hospital was opened under the direction of S. L. Jay, who was Senior Medical Officer here until he was transferred to Trenton in March of this year. He was very ably assisted at that time by Flt. Lt. Jenner, who is still with us. Flt. Lt. Lawson very soon joined the staff and upon the transfer of S. L. Jay, became Senior Medical Officer. Flt. Lt. McAllister and Flt. Lt. Lee stayed a short while and passed on again, Flt. Lt. McAllister to Edmonton and we understand from there is going Overseas; Flt. Lt. Lee transferred to No. 2 Wireless. Our latest addition to the Medical Officers' staff is F. O. Palmer. It is to be hoped he will stay and cool his heels for a while. N. S. McCausland and N. S. McDonald contributed their share towards organizing and getting the place into running shape. N. S. McCausland was transferred to No. 3 S.F.T.S. in Calgary in March and N. S. MacIsaac came here. You no doubt all know her. She gives the inoculations to all and sundry, taking a keen delight in doing so.

The staff has changed considerably, the one atnd only original being Sgt. Smith. He is like the proverbial brook—goes on forever. Two of our number have been posted overseas, namely Cpls. Bunce and Bradley. They were the lucky ones, at least to our way of thinking—that seems to be everyone's ultimate aim.

One of the outstanding events of the year was the advent of the D.D.'s in our midst. They changed the whole aspect of the station and helped to strengthen the morale of the Unit as a whole. Their presence in the hospital has added a cheerful atmosphere, that could only be accomplished by a woman's presence. After all, a woman's charm shows best at the bedside of a sick patient. (Did we hear a dissenting voice?) Even our W. D.'s are being moved around rather steadily, much to the annovance and chagrin of certain people. Cpl Kelly, one of the original Hospital Assistants, has been removed from our midst to a posting to Gander, Newfoundland, which is very far away judging from what we hear around the Orderly Room, but there is still a mail service, which is some help. However, she will be missed by all on the station and our good wishes go with her for a safe crossing.

Another welcome addition during the year was Miss Wilhite, our charming stenographer. She is very competent and efficient around the Orderly Room, and has certainly proved a great asset by taking over a lot of tedious and arduous work.

It has been a very busy year, taking it all around, for the Medical Officers and staff. At times we have been very short handed and everyone has been forced to put in long and tiring hours. We not only had our own hospital to look after but had to supply men for Woodhouse Air Field. Then, to add to our difficulties, during the late winter and early spring, an epidemic of Scarlet Fever and Mumps broke out, causing us to take over part of the Sergeants' Quarters for an isolation hospital. It must be admitted it was a great relief to have the W.D. Hospital Assistants join us and take over some of the burden. We have had quite a few minor injuries of one kind and another to attend to outside of the general run of sick. We have been very fortunate from the standpoint of recoveries and after effects and we think you will admit, can look upon a year's work as very successful. It has taken co-ordination and co-operation from the whole staff to achieve this success and a great deal of credit is due to the Medical Officers for their untiring efforts and complete understanding of patients and staff to make the hospital the smooth-running organization it is today .

There is a rumor of an extension being built to the hospital and it is to be hoped that the powers that be will not fail us. It is quite evident our accommodation is very limited and the winter season approaches rapidly. Judging by past experience, we will be able to use any further addition to the building to very good advantage.

As a closing thought to all the following is offered:

x x x x

FRIENDSHIP

There is a true enjoyment in that friendship which has its source in the uprightness of a True Heart. Such pleasures do greatly sweeten life, easing it from many a bitter burden. A sympathizing heart finds an echo in sympathizing bosoms that bring back cheering music to the spirit of the loneliest. Be all honor, then to true friendship, and may it gather yet more fragrant blossoms from the dew-bathed meadows of social intercourse, to spread their aroma along the toil-worn road of life. What a blessing it is to have a friend to whom one can speak fearlessly upon any subject with whom one's deepest thoughts come simply and safely. Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort, of feeling safe with a person—having neither to weigh the thoughts nor measure the words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them; keep what is worth keping and then, with the breath of kindness, blow the rest away.

REX

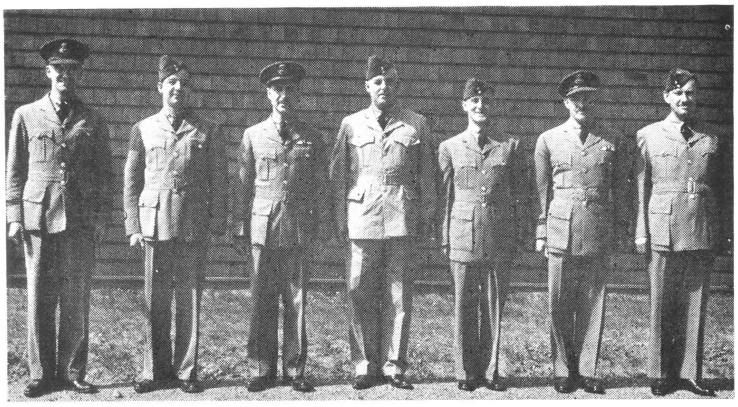
x x x x

W. D. CHATTER

So far our Hospital write-up has been in the hands of the male members of the staff, very capable hands we admit but after all the W.D.'s have something at the end of our arms too. I don't know much about the beginning of the Station Hospital but certainly the finish will be the better for a woman's touch, we hope. There are ten of us here to soothe the fevered brows of overworked and overplayed airmen. We feed the full, and starve the hungry, do anything from a paint job to a shampoo, turn out the lights at ten thirty instead of having then turned out on us. In fact, a woman's place is in the Hospital. (Did anyone say the home!)

We have two Nursing Sisters who, if they were not nurses, we are sure would be W.D.'s. They are good sports. We are sorry one of them is leaving but she won't be very far away so we will probably be sampling her cooking. Then there is Vicky, a very necessary and attractive part of the establishment. She cooks as well as she looks. As for the Hospital Assistants, we are seven. If you have been on Sick parade you will know our little red head—she is a great girl—but mind you are on time for parade boys, she doesn't like stragglers. We have a blonde, she is almost a R.A.F. and can she go to town. There are two black heads, one has been laid up for a while but we are glad to say, is about again; the

OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SERVICE



Left to Right:—F/L. Paterson, W.O.1 Mac Cauley, F/L. Reeves, F/S. Burley, W.O.1 Mariott, F/L Gilmour, W.O.1 Bowman.

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT R. M. PATERSON

Flight Lieutenant R. M. Paterson started his military career on the morning of his eighteenth birthday, viz., 24th March, 1917, in the Royal Engineers in Chatham, England. He was demobilized in February, 1919, to return to Scotland and complete his apprenticeship as a General Engineer.

In the Fall of 1923, he left Scotland to seek his fortune (?) in Canada. Arriving in Ottawa on 23rd October with the huge sum of £10-10-10½ (ten pounds. ten shillings and ten pence half-penny) safely tucked away in his wallet. That same day while out job hunting he landed in the Canadian Air Board on Victoria Island, Ottawa. On April 1st, 1924, the Royal Canadian Air Force was formed and AC. 2 Paterson was posted to Rockcliffe, later to Shirley's Bay where Squadron Leader Shearer was Commanding Officer. The aircraft used at that time were H.S. 2L and Vicker's Vikings. From there he was transferred to Camp Borden in the spring of 1926, where Wing Commander N. R. Anderson was Commanding Officer. On arrival at Borden he was welcomed by Flight Sergeant Beaumont of "A" Flight who, after inquiring about his trade, presented him with a broom and instructed him to sweep the hangar floors, which he did, day in and day out until qualified to look at an aircraft. In August of the same year he was one of the fortunate AC. 2's to be given government quarters in Borden known as 'Slop Pail Alley', at row of four houses (?) where there were very convenient communicating doors leading into each house so if one member got in wrong with his better half, all he had to do was walk into the next house and enlist the sympathy of his neighbour. Everyone knew each other and the whole camp was one big happy family. Saturday was the one day in the week to be dreaded by all as that day the Commanding Officer inspected all aircraft and hangars. It was a beautiful sight to see Canada's first line of Defence 'Avro Clerget', spick and span, lined up on the tarmack in front of the hangars with the pilot in front, the fitter at the port wing tip, the rigger at the starboard wing tip, the fitter's assistant and the rigger's assistant at the tail plane, the junior N.C.O. at the rudder and the Flight Sergeant at the rear, a position envied by all AC. 2's. From "A" Flight he went through G.I.S. under Flight Sergeant Boyd. "B" Flight under Flight Lieutenant Fullerton, through "C" Flight where Flight Lieutenant Middleton was Flight Commander. After passing through 'Dawn' and 'Eddy' Flights he went to workshops under the eagle eye of Warrant Officer Livingstone and Warrant Officer Gorrel who are now both Chief Technical Officers.

During those days in Borden the uniforms were a great source of worry as they consisted of breeches and putties. The former always giving way at the seams every time one stepped onto an aircraft. Then someone had the bright idea that airmen should wear slacks in winter and shorts in summer. The shorts were just grand only the mosquitoes in Borden are very friendly and stick closer than a brother.

In June, 1936, Sgt. R. M. Paterson was transferred to Trenton, Ontario, where he remained until the outbreak of war when F.I.S. was originated with the late Wing Commander N. B. Peterson as Officer Commanding. Around the beginning of 1940 the F.I.S. was transferred to Trenton to become what is now known as Central Flying School with Sergeant Major Paterson as Technical Warrant Officer.

Early in May, 1941, Warrant Officer Paterson received his commission and became Flying Officer Paterson and was immediately posted to Claresholm. After spending several hours searching the map of Ontario for a place by that name, two Albertans came to the rescue and pointed out this wonderful little dot that should have been on the map.

By October of this year Flight Lieutenant Paterson will have completed nineteen years in the service and has no regrets.

x x x x

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT R. A. GILMOUR

Flight Lieutenant R. A. Gilmour joined the R.C.A.F. 17-9-29, posted to No. 1 Repair Depot, Ottawa, on loan to C.G.A.O. (Canadian Government Air Operations) at the tender age of 17 years, officially classified as a Boy, standard labourer. On reaching the age of 18 years was elevated to the exalted rank of AC. 2.

Numerous trade tests resulted in the attainment of AC. 1 "B" Group A.C.H. by the spring of 1932, when the drastic hand of Premier R. B. Bennett cut the total strength of the R.C.A.F. to approximately 720 officers and other ranks, caused a set back to AC. 1 standard.

Posted to R.C.A.F. station at Rockcliffe in the spring of 1933 to receive training on an Operational Station. Next trade test resulted in an advancement to LAC. "A" Group, C.A.R. Performed various duties, crewmen on flying boats and sea planes, pearl diving and barman in the Officers' Mess, night guard, etc., until he was posted to School of Army Co-operation R.C.A.F. Station, Camp Borden, in June, 1935.

Then he was posted to Airman Pilots' course in September, 1935. Graduated in June, 1936, and was posted as a Sergeant Pilot to R.C.A.F. Station, Rockcliffe, to receive sea plane and flying boat instruction. On completion of Sea Plane Conversion Course, he was posted to No. 8 G.P. (General Purpose) Squadron, Rockcliffe, and given a course on Aerial Photography and in the spring of 1937 proceeded on detached photographic operations through North-

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other is a newer addition and worth looking at. Then there is a brown haired lass with a winning way, you will gargle and like it. If you want a few pointers as how to handle a gun, the Hospital can help there too—we have a girl who can shoot. And last but not least is myself, the best 'waker-upper' in the early hours. Now if anybody feels ill you know where to come. Everybody welcome.

Next time girls, I'll give you the low-down on the men of the staff, if they will let me.

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ern Ontario and on to the North West Territories. In the fall as early winter set in, operations were continued in the drought area in South-eastern Saskatchewan.

In 1938 the Squadron was equipped with Northop Delta, aircraft on floats, and proceeded on photo operations on the prairies but when the ice moved out, back in the Territories in the area half way between Great Slave Lake and Coronation Gulf, then back on the prairies until November, 1938.

In Ottawa all winter and away to the Maritimes in May, 1939, again on photo operations in the Gaspe region and in the eastern part of New Brunswick. Back to Ottawa in July to refit and off to the Labrador on photo operations.

Arriving back in Ottawa, with dark clouds beginning to gather in Europe, in the last week of August the Squadron was moved to Sydney, N.S. No. 8 G.P. was then changed to No. 8 B.R. Squadron. He then received his commission in the S.R., R.C.A.F. and still with No. 8 B.R. Squadron they carried out anti-submarine patrols, provided convoy protection and all the multitude of duties a Coastal Squadron is called upon to perform. In the fall of 1940 the Squadron was re-equipped with Bolingbroke aircraft and moved to R.C.A.F. Station, Sydney.

After a short navigation course in Trenton, he was posted for a short time to No. 5 B. R. Flying Boat Squadron, Dartmouth, and then back to Sydney, N.S. September, 1941, saw him posted to C.F.S., Trenton, and thence to No. 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm.

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FLIGHT LIEUTENANT REEVES

Flt. Lt. Reeves is really an old timer. HE doesn't admit it but his grown-up family gives him away.

He was brought up in Brantford, Ont., the telephone city, where he attended public and high schools and then left (without distinction, but with time to pack) for the big city of Toronto to make his fortune.

He first served an apprenticeship in a Dental Laboratory but dropped this pursuit in favor of an opportunity with Dodge Brothers Motors and while employed there as a bookkeeper managed to save enough sheckels to get his first taste of flying, which was in an old barnstorming "Swallow."

The desk job wasn't exciting enough after that experince, so with the ambition to be an aviator now fired, he joined the R.C.A.F. in October, 1928. Upon reporting to Camp Borden he was assigned to "Don" Flight where he served as flight clerk for Flt. Lt. Howsom, now our Air Officer Commanding.

The clerical work didn't seem to be the right approach to flying so an effort was made to remuster to Fitter. "After all," he thought, "I know how to crank the old Dodge back on the reserve, and they don't know that I can't figure out why the con. rods on a radial don't get all tangled up."

After much persuasion he was remustered to Fitter's Assistant. His first duty as such (setting tappets on a "Lynx") was performed under the watchful eyes of Cpl. R. M. Paterson, now our O.C. Maintenance Sqdrn. Flt. Lt. Reeves says he thought he heard the corporal muttering "that man is no good, better make a pilot of him", but couldn't be sure because "Pat" really rolled his R's in those days. "A happy thought that", says Flt. Lt. Reeves, "but unfortunately it did not come to pass 'til a long time after."

Pretty soon our new F.A.E. was making a name for himself. "Don" Flight managed to get a nice trainer from England—A Hawker Tomtit—and our hero promptly tested the prop on the hangar floor and the rudder against the ceiling. As most readers know, light aircraft are generally pushed around by the tail skid. This new aircraft was not tail heavy like the Moth and Avro, quite the contrary in fact, and did dirty tricks on anyone who slackened his grip during the lifting process.

About this time an invitation came from the Irving Co. for representatives of the Air Force to visit their plant at Buffalo, N.Y., so the parachute officer and L.-AC. Reeves, before the latter could damage any more aeroplanes, were posted to Buffalo where they studied manufacturing and testing methods of the Irving products.

At the conclusion of this course normal duty was resumed at Camp Borden. This peaceful life continued until one July day of the following year—1931, when a Kinner engine fired during "suck in". Young Reeves was thrown about fifteen feet suffering a severe leg wound and a broken hand. A flight to Toronto and a few weeks' sojourn in the military hospital there put things back where they belonged, and only a nice scar now remains which he proudly displays on the slightest provocation. You know—"My operation"—stuff.

After sick leave came a posting to Trenton with the first group going to open the new station there. Trenton came to mean home for our now veteran airman for no further postings came for seven and a half years. During this time he worked on various types of aircraft according to the different units with which he was attached, namely, Flying Training School, 2 (AC) Sqdrn., 3 (B) Sqdrn., and 1 (F) Sqdrn.

Many opportunities for indulging in sports were offered in and around Trenton, and our hero, with more ginger than he can muster now, did considerable swimming in the nearby waters, and played in the Quinte Tennis Circuit, and on the Air Force softball and basket-ball teams.

The most thrilling experience during this period at Trenton was a parachute jump which was made while taking part in another parachute course conducted by the Air Force. Apart from occasional items of interest like this, things were pretty quiet. The training of Airman Pilots was discontinued, and the prospect of this airman, married and now over the peace time age limit, ever becoming a R.C.A.F. pilot, looked pretty poor. "However", reasoned this "die-hard", "if I had a license of my own, and war should ever come——."

So with considerable unofficial "dual" from kindhearted instructors, he went on leave to his home town and secured a license through the Brant-Norfolk Aero Club.

Early in 1939 he went back to Camp Borden as N.C.O. in charge of engines for the Flight from which Flying Club Instructors received their refresher course. By August another posting had come through. This time to 5 (B.R.) Sqdrn., and the day before Canada entered war finds Sgt. Reeves sniffing the salt air of Dartmouth, N.S.

Working on flying boats was a new and pleasant experience for the Sgt. "Once a sailor, always a sailor" he now claims, and says he is just waiting for the day he can get his hands on a Sunderland, altho he hastens to add that he'll settle for a Catalina in the meantime. Many long anti-s patrols were flown off the coast with the Sgt. serving as Engineer on one of the Stranraers, and more than once did he come back green in the gills after wallowing so long in the elements. While with this unit he was promoted to Flt. Sgt. and placed in charge of "B" Flt. It was while in this capacity that he went one bitter February morning to an aircraft moored in the harbor to inspect a new engine heater being tried out. He stepped sprightly along the leading edge of the wing and swung onto the work ladder as in the manner of old. Someone, blast his soul, had failed to fasten it at the upper end and our hero now found himself out in space with the icy Atlantic coming up fast. The hand railing was on the starboard side some twenty feet around the bow so there was some great thrashing as he struggled to reach safety before the heavy clothing became water soaked. How-

ever here he is so he must have reached it.

During the summer of '40 he continued private flying at the Halifax Flying Club and another request to be remustered was submitted. In the Fall he was posted to Fingal, Ont., where a B. & G. School was to be opened, but in December before the school started operating he was posted to Camp Borden to take the S.F.T.S. Course. Training started January 1, 1941, and on March 17, which he described to the Presenting Officer as "My big day", he received his long sought wings.

In the meantime AFRO showed a promotion to Warrant Officer, but as aircrew he did not act in that capacity, and at the conclusion of the Course he was appointed to commissioned rank. Next he followed a posting to Claresholm where he started with the first class of students to train at this station. The scene of operations was what is now known as "E" Flight, where he has remained ever since and of which he is now O. C.

Upon being asked if he was happy in his work, Flt. Lt. Reeves said, "Definitely, very happy," and volunteered to say he thought the Air Force was the best life any man could have, and that he hoped to die, figuratively speaking, "with his goggles on." "If I could only get a job with more flying and less phone answering", he said wistfully, probably dreaming about those flying boats again.

Flt. Lt. Reeves has his family with him here at Claresholm: Mrs. Reeves, two girls, and one potential air cadet. The family have moved with him from one end of the country to the other, and now thoroughly imbued with the Air Force spirit, accept postings in the light of adventure, and always look forward eagerly to seeing new and different places.

x x x x

WO. 1 L. K. BOWMAN

No. 901, WO. 1 L. K. Bowman enlisted as Equipment Assistant at No. 1 Aircraft Depot R.C.A.F., Victoria Island, Ottawa, Ont., on October 25th, 1929. Remained on the strength of the depot for a period of 8 years. Wing Commander W. R. Kenny, later Air Attache to the U.S. government, was the Commanding Officer.

Transferred from the Depot to R.C.A.F. Station, Trenton, on November 1st, 1937, and posted to No. 6 Torpedo Bomber Squadron. Transferred to R.C.A.F. Station at Jericho Beach, Vancouver, B.C., with the Squadron on November 1st, 1938.

Remained at Vancouver after the declaration of war until May 1st, 1940, at which time he was posted to R.C.A.F. Station, Patricia Bay, Vancouver Island, to assist in the opening of the station, covering a period of four months.

Transferred to No. 11 Equipment Depot, R.C.A.F., at Calgary, as of September 4th, 1940, where he remained until posted to No. 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm, on May 1st, 1942.

x x x x

W. O. 1 Macauley

Enlisted March, 1927, at Winnipeg. Posted to Camp Borden April, 1927. Fourteen months at Camp Borden, was posted to High River, Alta., June, 1928. Two years at High River on forest patrol, in summer, and returned to Winnipeg for overhaul of engines every winter. Posted to Lac du Bonnet, Man. Five years using Lac du Bonnet as base while doing Aerial Photography, patrols, etc., over Northern Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and North West Territories during summer months and overhaul of engines and airframes during winter. Was on loan to Department of Transport for several months locating air fields between Winnipeg and Port Arthur. Posted to Ottawa Air Station and did aerial photography of Northern Ontario and Quebec, also transportation work. Attached to test flight for some time at Rockcliffe. Was posted from Ottawa to Regina as instructor with No. 120 (BR) Sqn. At outbreak of war was trade testing at Recruiting Centre, Regina. Posted to St. Thomas as Aero Engine Instructor, January, 1940. Went to No. 4 S.F.T.S., Saskatoon, September, 1940. Posted to No. 11 S.F.T.S., Yorkton, February, 1941. From Yorkton was posted to No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon, April, 1941. From Brandon was posted to No. 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm, May, 1941. Was then posted to No. 2 F.I.S., Vulcan, July, 1942.

x x x x

W. O. 1 MARRIOTT, R. W.

284 W.O. 1 Marriott, R.W., enlisted in the R.C.A.F. on the 6-8-29, as a motor mechanic, at Jericho Beach, Vancouver, B.C., under S. L. McLeod, remained on this station for two years, posted to Camp Borden, Ontario, on course under S. L. Croil as Commanding Officer, now Air Marshal. He was duly disciplined and trained as an airman by the one and only Sgt. Major, now S. L. Dyte; trained as a fitter by competent personnel, among them being our Chief Technical Officer, Flt. Lt. Paterson, then F. S.. He was discharged in 1932 due to reduction of establishment but re-enlisted at Jericho Beach on the 18-3-36, remaining on this station for two and one-half years. Transferred to W.A.C.H.Q. in July, 1938, moving with the command to their new location in 1939, at Victoria, B.C. Posted to the explosive depot at Kamloops, B.C., in January, 1940, remaining one year. Posted to No. 2 B. & G. school in January, 1941, and thence to Claresholm in February, 1942.

He has served under the following Commanding Officers, ranks shown are those held during the period served under their Command:

S. L. McLeod, S. L. Croil, S. L. Beamish, W. C. Shearer, W. C. Cuffe, A.C. G.O. Johnson, A.C. A.E. Godfrey, Flt. Lt. T.H. Fletcher. G.C. J.A. Ashton.

He is the holder of an Air Engineers' licence, obtained during his term as a civilian, which he is justly proud of, for A and C category; has had marine installation and machine shop practice; done rebuilding and reconditioning of aircraft; second engineer on Diesel, once on a trip with steam as second by error, did all right. Prefers Air Force life and routine to anything you can offer. Quite content to be an "old sweat", providing there is some phase of engineering or mechanics to keep him happy. "Bugs" on lubrication and gasoline subjects generally, has a well-thumbed reference library he takes with him wherever he goes. Hobbies are mental rather than physical, being a student of human nature, psychology and philosophy, likes swimming and skating, interested in physical exercise, but is not an active participant in sports generally. Newest hobby started at Mossbank—Bacteriology, knows very little about it but is willing to learn—has anyone got any "bugs"?

x x x x

F. S. BURLEY

F. S. Burley joined the C.A.F. in January, 1924, and served until March, 1924. On the formation of the R.C.A.F. in April, 1924, he re-engaged his services and served until August, 1926 at Camp Borden, at which time he took his discharge. He re-enlisted at Camp Borden on June 25th, 1930, and served there until May, 1937. On posting to Trenton, served until November, 1938; on posting to Jericho Beach, served until May, 1940; on posting to Aliford Bay, served until February, 1941; on posting to Patricia Bay served until May, 1941, at which time he was posted to Claresholm, Alberta.

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

§

● THEY DID TAKE IT

Like I was saying to one of the boys a couple of days ago, "Them boys could take it", and we talked like that for a while until the Flight Sergeant made some small remarks about someone not doing much. (Well anyhow, like I told Mike, there ought to be a washed-out Anson erected in their honor, in the middle of the Parade Ground or some place like that just the same as they erected a big tree with Paul Bunion's name on it back home. That was done in '97 to the East of the Village Pump. But Mike said that like always they would be forgotten and nobody would ever remember that there had been an age of ruggedness and iron men at Claresholm. And I am telling Mike that he is pretty wet on this important subject and I am suggesting that maybe he would write a poem about them and have it in the paper if there was too much stuff and Mike is not understanding what it is that I am trying to make with publicity. Then a little angry I am getting and striding away with hard heels on the floor and much annoyment and I am going to the editor of the paper and I am telling him that unless he is doing with something big I am remembering to think about him always like a shlemiel, which is not good. And he is looking at me and he is picking up a pencil and he is shoving it into the middle of me and he is saying, "you are making big with talk and with paper you are not making so well and maybe you are writing this matter yourself" and he is starting to write very fast on very important looking papers and I am going away and forgetting about everything and I am walking with much agitation across the Parade Square, for which I am getting pushed about quite some. All this is making me agitate all the more. At last I am making the grand decision and deciding to place on paper the thoughts of bravery and stuff that keep running thru my mind.

When this Station was very young there were men living here who had quite considerable of gallantry. It was a little like Mike said. "If they were not very brave or quite foolish surviving is being more and more difficult", and I was able to see that surviving was more than surviving. Some are getting filled with sadness and harmful chagrin and are at night going away and not coming back and some that went away then are coming back now but W.D.'s uniforms they are wearing. All the time like that is being.

In the papers now they are writing with much of gravity about the brave men who are making with splendid violence in Egypt and in Russia and about men who are living in much mud and I am saying to myself that maybe they are not more brave than other men who in mud also at Claresholm and living at No. 15 S.F.T.S. before ditches and such are reduced to below the ground. At night men are going out with in the mind blondes and stuff that is getting there when the sun is shining and forgetting in the dark and in a large ditch are falling. And at other times when the rain in the ditches is gone and the wind is agitating much dust is making all over the place and in the lungs giving much with mud. Many things being here then at that time we are not seeing now and sometimes before some essential establishments many people are waiting . These essential establishments we are not seeing any more. And that maybe is indicating that difficulties were not absent.

Remembering all the things I am seeing then it is making with much wonder that some of these same men are still living and seems quite strong. They are not going away where it is easy on Operations but are remaining here and do not become too old. They are not remembering now many things I am not forgetting and sometimes they are laughing and thinking funny and I am laughing too.

It is here that I am beginning to feel consternated because Mike he is not writing poetry for much poetry is in order when the Station is being one year old. In the year going by quickly many young men are coming here and going away again but not the same like when they come. They are going away with much in the head and hand and something in the heart also and they are going to do things that are not too nice to a man who is living sometimes in a Garden something or other and we are all hoping that a good job they are making. And some strong young men are not living any more and maybe they have not nice graves that we can see. But they have nice things left behind them and we will remember them. We are also remembering why they are not coming back again and with gratitude we are making very large.

I am returning again to the Editor and he is still writing very fast and is looking quite angry and bulging with annoyment and I am not too proud and I am hoping that maybe he is so busy that I am being able to leave this on his desk and go away but he is looking up and he is saying, "You again", and I am not perceiving his annoyment. He is reading and I am standing, much unhappyment hurting me and he is throwing the paper away from him and I am going away and I am guessing that maybe nobody will ever read the inside story about No. 15 S.F.T.S.

§

● BRITAIN . . . . COFFEE STINKS

If you happen to be one of those "Canada" boys in the future and on the way over you wonder what it is like to chat amongst your British cousins, you'd have a reason to wonder, for it is not the same as the casual Canadian conversation as far as "words" are concerned. Here's an idea:

The British, through being tea-drinkers, do not know how to make a good cup of coffee. You don't know how to make a good cup of tea. It's even steven.

The British are a leisure people, but not really slow. They hold world records in speed of the train, ship, car. If the British happen to be soft spoken and polite, do not let it mislead you. The English language covers practically every part of the globe, so you could hardly class them as panty-waists. You defeat enemy propaganda by not denying that these are existing differences but by openly admitting them and trying to understand them.

If you are from an Irish-Canadian family, you may think of the English as the prosecutors of the Irish. But there is no time today to fight old wars over again or bring up old grievances.

"The British are more often reserved in their conduct than we. On a small crowded Island where 45,000,000 people live each man learns to guard his privacy carefully—and is equally careful not to invade another man's privacy."

"Bloody"—Terribly wrong.

Language: The British have phrases and colloquialisms of their own that may sound silly to a Canuck. You can make just as many boners in their eyes. It is a poor idea, for instance, to say "Bloody" in mixed company. It is one of their worst swear words. To say, "I look like a bum" is quite offending, to them you look like your own seat—end. It isn't important—just a tip if you are trying to shine in polite society.

The British Tommy is likely to become touchy if you brag of your larger pay check. The advice is to spend your money

Cricket will seem to you as slow compared to some of our own national games, but it isn't easy to play well. On rugger: The British do not handle the ball as cleanly as we do, but they are far more expert on their feet. And general: Games in Britain are played by more people than in any other country and they play the game if they are not good at it.

In conclusion: When in Britain you will find yourself in the midst of a kindly, quiet and hard-working folk, whose lives have been held under a strain such as few people in the world have ever known. In your dealing with them let this be your slogan:

"It is always impolite to criticise your hosts; it is militarily stupid to criticise your allies."

LAC. R. BOWLEY, Maint. Squad.

§

● OUT FISHIN'

A feller isn't thinkin' mean—
Out fishin';
His thoughts somenow are mostly clean—
Out fishin';
He doesn't knock his fellow-men
Or harbor any grudges then;
A feller's at his finest when—
Out fishin'.
The rich are comrades of the poor—
Out fishin';
All brothers of a common lure—
The urchin, with his pin and string,
Can chum with millionaire and king;
Vain pride is a forgotten thing—
Out fishin'.
A feller gets a chance to dream—
Out fishin';
He learns the beauties of a stream;
Out fishin';
An' he can wash his soul in air
That isn't foul with selfish care
An' relish plain and simple fare—
Out fishin'.
A feller's glad to be a friend—
Out fishin';
A helpin' hand he'll always lend—
Out fishin';
The brotherhood of rod and line
An' sky an' stream is always fine
Men come real close to God's design—
Out fishin'.
A feller isn't plotting schemes—
Out fishin';
He's only busy with his dreams—
Out fishin';
His livery is a coat of tan
His creed to do the best he can;
A feller's always mostly man—
Out fishin'.

§

That man is idle who does less than he can.

§

● C. A. P. I . . . PART III

(With apologies to CFS, Tony Shelfoon, Uncle Tom Cobley, and all)

INTRODUCTION: If a pupil has never flown before he should be washed out immediately. This saves a lot of bother in the part of the instructor and is definitely easier on (a) Instructors' tempers, (b) Air-

craft, (c) Runway Surfaces, (d) Taxpayers' money.

1.—COCKPIT LAYOUT:

Before commencing flying instructions, the instructor should encourage the pupil to have a quick glance inside the cockpit. If you can get his full attention, quickly point out the position of the clock, and tell him it is the gas gauge. Unless he is an exceptionally bright specimen he will believe you, which may mean an extra hour's sleep for you per day, once you have cleaned up the Court of Enquiry, Summary of Evidence, Court Martial and Committee of Adjustment.

2.—EFFECT OF CONTROLS MOVED SEPARATELY WITH ENGINE

Draw an ordinary issue pupil from the Flight Commander. Sit him in the cockpit, and let him move the controls. The effect won't be frightfully interesting. As regards the engine, send for four fitters together with an assortment of tools and let them move it.

3.—TAXIING (including handling of engine)

Take a pupil you dislike even more than the rest of them. Put him in an aircraft. Pretend that you have his interests at heart. Show him that the aircraft will move forward over the ground just by a deft shove of the throttles. Experience has shown that it is almost worth spending two or even three minutes on this sequence as it is essential to gain the pupil's confidence.

Now stop the aircraft in the middle of the runway, and tell the pupil to get out and handle the engine. The little cherub will almost hop to do your bidding by this time. You can rely on him burning his fingers when he really gets down to a bit of serious handling. The instructor may now, and not till now, allow himself the luxury of a sinister chuckle. The throttle is then pushed wildly forward into the fully opened position, whereupon the aircraft will leap forward striking the still agonized pupil with the propellor. This must not be confused with "washing out" a pupil. While the result is very much the same it is technically known as "slicing up."

4.—STRAIGHT AND LEVEL FLIGHT

This is only for Old Men and Expectant Mothers so skip it.

5.—CLIMBING, GLIDING AND STALLING

This is stupid. If you climb 1000 feet and then glide 1000 feet you are back where you started so why start at all? Don't bother to teach this sequence.—This is called stalling.

6.—MEDIUM TURNS

To do a medium turn you must bank the aeroplane. This is difficult in Claresholm as the local branch is not very big, and anyway Mr. Laurie wouldn't like it.

However assuming that you have managed to bank some of it, turn the remainder over to a junk dealer for whatever you can get. This is called a medium turn.

7.—TAKING OFF INTO WIND

This is not taught now-a-days as the direction of take-off is organized by the Aerodrome Control Officers. The method of selecting the runway to be used is quite simple. Any runway which will produce a minimum of 15 degrees of drift is considered suitable for a bunch of darned pupils.

8.—POWERED APPROACH AND LANDING AND GLIDING APPROACH AND LANDING

These two sequences are usually bracketed together the only difference being that in the former you crash nose first and in the latter tail first.

In the powered approach, regardless of what you tell him, the pupil will point the nose of the aircraft vaguely in the direction of the aerodrome, open the throttle to about 2000 revs., plant his shoulder firmly against the control column, and make a screaching lunge at the runway. This type of approach can be recognised by the rippling of the fabric toward the wing roots, and a sharp pain in the ears denoting drastic descent.

On the other hand, again regardless of what you tell him, in the gliding approach, the pupil flies straight and level until he is absolutely certain that there is no chance of getting into the aerodrome, whereupon he smartly closes the throttles, and eases gently back on the control column. In this case, instead of the pandemonium mentioned above, a beautiful stillness settles upon the universe. There is no stabbing pain in the ear, although it is admitted in extreme cases that a slight sweat has been known to break out on the brows of even most intrepid instructors, this generally being the prelude to a good old-fashioned stall so loved by pupils both young and old.

9.—SPINNING

This is a fast-moving game usually played in Flight Offices, and invented by the brothers Coca and Cola, to assist in the sales of their beverage. The instructor borrows a coin from any unsuspecting pupil, preferably one who has evaded the rumble club by lying and other foul means. Deftly spinning said coin into the air he quickly puts his foot on it before the pupil makes the very grave error of being impertinent enough to look at it, and politely tells him (the pupil) that it's hard luck but the drinks are on him this time.

If the instructor is able to transfer the coin to his pocket without the pupil noticing anything amiss, he may apply to Trenton for an A.1 category, but he must be sure to enclose the top from a large packet of Lux Soap Flakes.

10.—FIRST SOLO

Put the pupil into an aeroplare. Shake hands with him, offer to hold his pocket book, watch, and any other valuables, offer up a short prayer, and go away and lie down.

While the author feels that it is incumbent upon him to complete this valuable treatise on the art of flying, he feels that he is at a slight disadvantage in that to the best of his knowledge all his pupils are still on their first solos, not one having reported back yet. However his spirit is still unbroken, for working on the assumption that "All God's Chillun Got Wings", LAC. Greengage, who took off on his first solo eighteen months ago, may have graduated while we were somewhat busy in the mess refuelling prior to the arrival of the next bunch of pupils.

— D. D. A.

§

● MAINTENANCE MAZE

Planes to the right of us,
Planes to the left of us—all torn asunder,
Everyone in a froth;
Here comes a conked-up Moth,
What can we plunder?
Order a mainplane do,
And have a patch or two.
Put on the damn fin!
Aren't there any bolts?
Don't be a bunch of dolts,
Look in the bin!!!
Riggers and fitters shun!
All out, boys, on the run—
Sports Day, old top;
Who's working on the lawn?
Now where the —— has Smitty gone?
Who buys the pop.
Split pins and washers nil;
E.26? Poor Bill.
Sign out this chute?
L.14 . . . where's it at . . . for the flights?
Who'll sign that?
Ain't Larry cute!
A.I.D. this, I beg,
Say, who is put on the peg?
Postings, new, daily!
Order my jacket, straight,
If this should be my fate.
I'll sign off, gaily.

AW. 1 BLACK, E.M.
Maintenance Stores.

§

● SEVEN QUALIFICATIONS FOR AN OFFICER

1. Intense desire to succeed.
2. Sociability, Sympathy.
3. Dynamic energy and endurance.
4. Intelligence and judgment.
5. Adaptability and open-mindedness.
6. Force and drive.
7. Understanding of Service spirit and Service ideals.

J. W. ROSS, Flt. Lt.

§

● A NICE STATION

FOREWORD—All characters and places mentioned in this story are fictional and any resemblance to persons or places, living or dead, is purely intentional.

How I have remained in Claresholm for a year or more is something that calls for quite a little explanation because I am not such a guy who would remain in Claresholm for one day let alone one year.

However it all goes back to a certain Sunday afternoon in May, 1941, when I was eating my dinner and minding my own business. As I was about to eat my dessert Fatstuff Duncan, the original goon in my estimation, entered the dining room. I could see that Fatstuff was very excited, but I did not care to have anything to do with him, so I returned to the pleasant task of eating my dessert. Quite suddenly a huge shadow fell across the table I was sitting at; it was like an eclipse of the sun. Upon glancing up I saw Fatstuff standing before me, still very excited more than somewhat.

"You have been chosen to go to Alberta and help open a new Service Flying Training School for the J.A.T.P." he spluttered.

"Oh!" I said, "And just where is this place situated that I am to go to and help open?"

"I don't know for sure, but it is a town named Claresholm," replied Fatstuff. "It is somewhere in Alberta, south of Calgary."

"Where is Calgary, or better, where is Alberta?" I asked Fatstuff. "Is it part of Canada?"

After looking at about a hundred maps Fatstuff and I finally located Alberta and then after searching for an hour or so found Claresholm. I was, at that time, very thrilled to know that I was going to help pioneer and explore new country, but upon arriving in Alberta I was disappointed to find that people had been living there for years. Why I still don't know but it takes all kinds of people to make a world.

After travelling by train through beautiful British Columbia, I finally arrived in Calgary. At Calgary I had to change trains and at this point I would like to say that the connections were wonderful. I only had to wait in Calgary eight hours before the local train left for Claresholm. The conductor on this train was not quite sure where Claresholm was, but after question-

ing about fifteen different people he finally found a porter who claimed he knew where Claresholm was situated.

After one of the roughest rides I have ever had I staggered off the train at Claresholm. I asked the conductor how much the railroad paid the passengers to ride on the train because anyone would be crazy to ride on it for free. But, much to my amazement, he claimed that people actually paid good folding dough for the privilege of travelling on that train. There is one born every minute, I said to myself, at that time.

I finally located the town after a great deal of searching and saw all there was to see of it in about three minutes. There were so many people in other parts of the country thatI thought a mistake had been made and that I was in a ghost town. However, the other three people in town convinced me that this was Claresholm.

Upon seeing the station of No. 15 S.F.T.S. at that time I received the greatest disappointment of my life. There was no electricity; no water, except when it rained; nothing but buildings and a lot of mud. There were, however, very deep ditches all around, over and under the station. One of the fellows who was with me fell down one of these ditches but luckily he was rescued a few days later when quite by accident someone heard his cry for help.

If you never assembled a double decker bed in the middle of the night with only a cigarette lighter to help then you have quite an experience awaiting. Finally I assembled the bed, but it hadn't been for the lighter I probably would still be trying to get the bed assembled.

The few minor difficulties which I had encountered so far were nothing compared to what was in store for me. The weather was beautiful; typical Alberta weather. Snow one day, a heat wave the next. But such is Alberta. However, gradually all our difficulties were overcome. We finally received equipment but it was like trying to get an advance from the paymaster now. Anyone that you see prematurely gray on the station now is an original member of No. 15 S.F.T.S. It was strictly a survival of the fittest affairs. I think it was only the people who didn't know any better who survived.

Finally aircraft (?) arrived. They were beautiful Ansons that looked like they had seen service in the Boer War. However, having the most efficient Maintenance Organization in No. 4 Training Command the Ansons soon became practically new (?) aircraft. Then one day one of them flew. That was a great day for the station.

After working harder and harder the first class finally graduated and received their wings. The station was officially opened on August 16th, 1941. What a day that was. Hot, it was so hot that—well never mind that.

From there on in everything became more difficult than ever. Courses were graduated. Personnel were posted to and from. Overseas postings were a common occurrence. But still I remained here. That is why I have remained in Claresholm for a year or more and it isn't my fault I haven't been posted. But all cometh to he who waits.

If anyone has ben crazy enough to read this far they shouldn't be running around loose, but if you ever write a story or article like this I'll read this much of it just to be sociable.

And I hope no one will take offence to this story because it has been written all in the spirit of fun(?).

Good-Bye Now.

AC. 3 PIPERIDGE, Z.A.Z.W.E.T.C.

● QUALITIES OF AN OFFICER

An officer has been described as one who:

Never inflicts pain.

Makes everyone at ease and at home in his presence.

Doesn't bring up topics that might cause irritation to another.

Makes light of favours while he does them.

Never gossips or slanders.

Never takes unfair advantage of another.

Is never mean in disputes but always fair and generous.

Never gives out sharp sayings for argument.

Bears no malice.

Is kind to another intellect inferior to his own.

Always just.

Respects weakness in human nature a d makes the proper allowances for it.

Measured by these rules of manly conduct,
Are you an officer?

J. W. ROSS, Flt. Lt.

§

● GIVE US MEN

Give us men!
Men—from every rank
Fresh and free and frank;
Men of thought and reading,
Men of light and leading,
Men of loyal breeding,
The Nation's welfare speeding,
Men of faith and not of fiction,
Men of lofty aim and action:
Give us Men—I say again
Give us Men.
Give us Men!
Men who, when tempest gathers,
Grasp the standard of their fathers,
In the thickest fight;
Men who strike for home and altar,
(Let the coward cringe and falter).
God defend the right;
True as truth though lorn and lowly,
Tender, as the brave are only,
Men who tread where saints had trod,
Men for Country—Home—and God,
Give us Men I say again—again—
Give us such Men.

J. W. ROSS, Flt. Lt.

§

● AN AIRMAN'S LETTER HOME . . . .

WRITTEN FROM No. 15 S. F. T. S.

DEAR MA AND PA:—

As you can see I took an extra long time composing this letter because this is the last one before our anniversary and I've got to rehearse from now on for the sports. I been out a couple of times practising for the 200-yd. dash. It sure does feel good to get these newfangled boots off and dig my toes into the grass again.

And speaking of anniversaries, you should see all the things about life I learned last year. I know everything there is to know about wimin I figure. I'll be able to steer Clem correct when he joins up next year. For instance he should be awful careful about blind dates, 'cause they usually turn out to be lemons. He oughta be careful about these girls who belong to that secret society called "Canada is east of Lake Superior" society, cause they use the most awful tasting lipstick.

My advice is for him not to play games like in our Hut where all the boys play a game called "Harlem Polo". This game is played with two "bones" with black spots on them which the boys use to find out who is going to take your money. Clem would be sure to turn up the wrong numbers all the time 'cause I used to be able to beat him in 7-up and even I lost at this.

I been exposed to a lot of culture too. There's lots of cultured people in the Air Force—for instance our padre is very cultured. I had to go to Church one Sunday 'cause I was on Dooty Watch and when he got up to preach he found that he had forgotten his sermon notes, so he told us, "I regret to say that I have forgotten my sermon notes, so I will have to depend on the Lord for inspiration but next time I will come better prepared."

Air Force culture isn't like civilian life. For instance we don't talk to our pals at breakfast because he might not get his coffee drunk in time for working parade. Also you don't ask him to pass the jam, for the same reason. Also you don't stamp hard when you stand at ease after a rain as you will spoil his shoeshine, unless it was raining before breakfast and then nobody shined their shoes anyway. That's Air Force culture!

Of course there's lots of stuff I don't know yet. None of my officers could tell me how come the old hen knows how to lay eggs the right size to fit an egg cup yet.

Tell Clarabelle I'm awful anxious to see her. I been awful lonesome lately because when I ask a girl for a date she says she has to study for the next trade test. Then when I go down town I see them with other guys. Gosh, girls study in funny places, I figure.

Write soon.

ELMER.

§

● WHIPPIN' AROUND WITH WOOZIE

Hy gates . . . . Best Gag of Month in last issue . . . . were the words of our genial Flight Sgt. from "H" Flight . . . . spoken to a W.D. at a weiner roast . . . . and overheard by one "Willie" Falconer . . . . reminiscing . . . . a year ago, here . . . . outdoor toilet facilities . . . . ah yes . . . . enough dust on the station to make the Sahara look like a sandpile in comparison . . . . wind . . . . and more winds . . . . as one stated in an earlier issue . . . . F. O. Laidlaw stepped out of the Administration Building one day and was immediately picked up by a strong breeze (very strong) and drifted down towards No. 1 Runway . . . . on the way down he passed what he thought was an airman . . . . he exchanged the compliments of the day . . . . saying "How do you like the station?" to which the reply came back "What station? I'm flying the mail to Vancouver!" . . . . cite the case of what happened to a certain fitter who went up for a test hop with W.O. 2 Rainsforth . . . . Ducky had a parachute . . . . The Fitter had none . . . . the Fitter exclaimed "Hey, what's the idea?" to which the reply came back "They need me." . . . . Oh, well, you can win and you can lose . . . . we still like this one . . . . Pardon me, my name is Rigor Mortis, may I set in? . . . . You shredded wheat! . . . . get it . . . . recall when F. O. Barton was Orderly Officer . . . . he was speaking to an airman and on leaving him, stepped back smartly, whipped up a snappy salute and disappeared into a ten-foot ditch . . . . those were the days . . . . members of the Inner Sanctum, Barrack Block 12 W regret the loss of honorary members, AC. 1 Robinson, and LAC. Bestall, who have both gone out to the coast . . . . keep fightin' fella's and quit trying to draw one card to an inside flush . . . . W.O. 1 McAuley gone to Vulcan . . . . your straightjacket is coming up Major . . . . that's all gates . . . . woof! woof! ? ? ! ! let me out, let me out! ! I've been posted . . . . Victoria, B.C. . . . . hey, where's that . . . . I guess I'll never see Canada again . . . . aw nuts! . . . . goodbye Claresholm.

Review of Sports

» «

The whole-hearted attempt to bolster sports on this station in the past year has been greatly appreciated and the excellent turn-outs looked on with favourable criticism. Headquarters has not made an outstanding show except at indoor sports at which they are rumoured to excel at all times. However, surprising enough they have proved to be quite successful at soccer, which may not seem so surprising when you take into consideration the fact that it has to do with kicking. With the anticipated removal of F.I.S. to Vulchers' Gulch (we do not know where this place derived its name, whether it is the location or the inhabitants) it is fondly hoped that once they get officially established in their own stronghold we will have the opportunity of meeting them on equal terms and that such games will provide us with some good practice. In the inter-unit events excellent support has been given by Maintenance and the Squadrons, and it is hoped that, in the near future, two squadrons will again be resumed. Inter-section events, too, have been successful with even more loyalty to sections being indicated than to a unit. So, come on gang, keep up the good work and maybe, who knows, at the end of another year, we will have even greater laurels to our credit.

x x x x

BASEBALL

Originally away back when—sometime last June, 1941, to be exact, baseball got off to a start with four competing teams participating. In the early stages games were keenly contested on this station, the K. of C. supplying the equipment, and even Works and Bricks became involved and finally constructed a backstop as their contribution. Games were played two nights a week between the four sections, points being awarded towards the coveted Commanding Officer's trophy during the months of June, July, August and September. With the setting in of winter this sport was temporarily discontinued until the end of January, at which time, regardless of the fact that there were no screens on the windows of the Drill Hall, baseball was once again taken up with renewed vigor, and even our English squadron leader, using cricket tactics, spent a happy evening batting flys. During the months of January, February and part of March ye old baseball resounded and rebounded from the walls of the Drill Hall accompanied by the odd tinkle of shattered glass and light bulbs. Yeah! he hits, he runs, he's safe! With the coming of spring baseball was once again taken up with a new zest. Doug Piette became very enthusiastic about this sport and through his untiring efforts his enthusiasm became contagious and even the Limeys were enticed into taking part and have made remarkable progress in this line. Such interest has been taken in this particular sport this season that, in addition to a very successful inter-unit league, No. 15 S.F.T.S. is at present on top of the ball league for Southern Alberta Service with ten wins and two loses. Good show!

x x x x

BADMINTON

Badminton has found considerable favour on this station and has been organized and run more or less as a club rather than as an inter-unit team competition. It is becoming increasingly difficult to secure shuttlecocks and it is maliciously rumoured that AC. 3 Hector is going to be approached re a nominal contribution to the war effort in this regard with the kind permission of F. S. Budley. Owing to the coming of the Air Cadets to this station this sport has been temporarily abandoned for the time being, but will again be resumed with renewed interest this coming fall.

x x x x

MINIATURE SKEET

Wednesday skeet shoots are becoming inceasingly popular what with No. 4 Training Command kindly donating 3,000 rounds of ammunition per month which is sufficient for six teams of five or thirty men per night using six rounds apiece. This sport, in addition to being an interesting sport, is also valuable training and encourages maintenance of physical fitness in order to be able to have that minute timing, quick eye, and steady hand so necessary for attaining success. A station tournament is being held on the 19th and 20th of next month with handsome cash prizes being offered to the most successful contestants. Also, looming in the future is the Western Canada Moskeeto Tournament when new champions will be discovered and former champions defeated.

x x x x

SOCCER

This new sport, at least fairly new to Canada, is becoming increasingly popular in Canada especially on Service Stations where R.A.F. students have been on courses. However, our Canadian lads have taken up this sport with much enthusiasm to the extent that Canadian stations are beating R.A.F. stations occasionally at their own game. In our particular case, No. 15 S.F.T.S. is, at present, only one point behind Pearce in the Southern Alberta Service standing. It is expected that at the termination of the season the final decision will be made by a general play-off of the Service League for the Province of Alberta. With a little more spurt we can make a showing in these play-offs. In connection with this sport the authenticity of the current rumour re the shortage of clothing material in Merry Old England is somewhat questioned on viewing the Limeys' culottes in comparison with the Canadians' shorts.

x x x x

BASKETBALL

This was very popular last winter especially when we had so many U.S. boys here. Basketball, like many of the other sports on this station took considerable starting, but when the equipment was finally acquired, the boys went to town in a big way. Right off the bat they beat a boys' high school team. Good Show! During the season games were played with Macleod, Calgary and Barons with more than our share of success.

x x x x

SWIMMING

As yet a swimming pool on the station is still an unrealized dream, but it is hoped that it will soon be realized. Imagine a swimming pool on the east side of the Drill Hall near the canteen, equipped with showers, steam tables and swimming facilities. Even better, it is hoped that eventually it will be roofed in and will be an all-year proposition.

x x x x

TENNIS

Southern Alberta finally kicked through with some good weather and our tennis courts are now in fine shape. The acquiring of these tennis courts on this station has been quite a battle, but has at last been waged to a successful completion. Station personnel are now busy brushing up getting their arm and eye in shape for the play-offs coming up both in singles and doubles. Tennis on this station is being run as a club and from the winners on the station will be chosen a four-man team to compete in the play-offs in Calgary. The tennis courts are the most versatile sports equipment we have on the station. In the winter they will be used for skating, and on the night

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, Raincoats, in fact all wearing apparel. Also Tailored-to-Measure Uniforms by Warren K. Cook. Our Fits are Second to None!

OUR PRICES ARE LOWER!

Gordon Jackson's MEN'S WEAR

of our big anniversary, it is rumoured—in spite of opposition—that the tennis court is going to be fixed up for settin' out.

x x x x

HORSESHOES

This is often thought to be an old man's game, but this is not true. However, it is a game wherein quite often an older man shows a young man up. Pitches are in fine trim and this sport is being taken up with considerable enthusiasm. It would appear that we had to import horses onto the station before we were successful in obtaining shoes, but, at last, hand in hand with other sports on this station horseshoes has now reached the zenith where it is ready to have a tournament in order to determine the station championship. So-o-o, get out and practice, you may be an undiscovered champion.

x x x x

ARCHERY

This sport on this station so far is still in its infancy. A committee of sorts is working on it and some equipment has been obtained, but it is strongly hoped that some personnel can be discovered who can assist with the making of bows and arrows. We know that many of the boys take the initiative after a bow and arrow has been used, but now, we are looking for boys to make the bows and arrows. It's amazing what the war has done to our set-up.

x x x x

BOXING AND WRESTLING

It's surprising what a one-man dynamo can do when it gets going, but this was almost the case with boxing and wrestling on this station. F. S. Thomas, a boxer of note, came to the fore and started the ball a-rollin' and with surprising results. Boxing and wrestling became, for its current run, the outstanding sport on this station. Great difficulty was encountered in obtaining the necessary equipment. F. S. Thomas practically built the ring himself, but he had plenty of backers and helpers in no time. At first, the set-up looked pretty grim. No one was in shape and even the most hopeful had their doubts. However, the boys went to work with a will, and in a short time our boys were doing surprising things in the ring. Bouts were had with boxers from other stations with our boys making a good showing. Competitors from this station went to Lethbridge and made a good showing for themselves. Ah yes, that Lethbridge trip?

Wrestling on this station has been more or less on the basis of exhibition bouts with LAC. Dean and LAC Lamoureaux being the participants. Some good shows in this sport have been enjoyed greatly by an appreciative audience.

x x x x

TRACK AND FIELD

After a squirmish with the Works and Bricks section we finally succeeded in obtaining equipment to carry on. We held our first meet on July 14th with fair success. It's amazing what a fine show a one-man team and two W.D.'s can put on, and thus bolster one squadron's points for the C.O.'s trophy. Talk about "tall, tan, and terrific!" The second meet was held on August 4th with a larger turn-out. However, the big meet of all is being held on August 15th at which time it is anticipated that many records will be bettered and others equalled. On the same date we are sending a tug-o'-war team to Calgary, and again, on August 22nd, we will have mustered our best line-up and will send them to Calgary where it is hoped they do their stuff.

x x x x

W. D. SOFTBALL

With the assistance of LAC. Logan, the W.D.'s have organized a girls' team which they guarantee will put up a good show with all comers. To date the girls have more than their share of winnings.

x x x x

PHYSICAL TRAINING

From the original P.T. set-up in the Drill Hall on a cement floor where only standing exercises could be taken, P. T. moved to the Drill Hall, where the wooden floor allowed of a more versatile schedule of exercises. Since then many changes have been incorporated and a small body-building gym was opened in the old navigation room in No. 1 Hangar. Due to the rush of business the room soon proved totally inadequate and the old link room in No. 1 Hangar was remodelled and proved far more spacious and adequately handles half of the station in this form of training. Plans are in the making for the construction of a special room to be fitted for the training of boxers, wrestlers, and tumblers. Efforts are being made to secure more and more equipment for the building up of station personnel so take advantage of the facilities offered you thereby making yourself the profiteer.

x x x x

CURLING

This sport was indulged in generally by the station and considerable good showmanship was displayed in this connection what with playing team games and grudge games between groups with a picked team. During the short season this sport provided good watching interest as well as the enjoyment derived by the participants.

x x x x

VOLLEY BALL

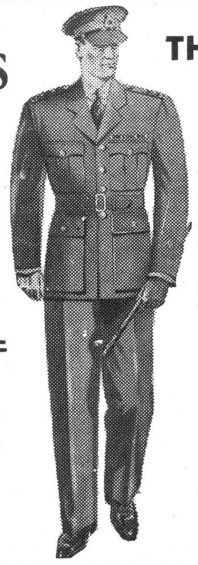
Volley Ball became prominent when winter set in last fall and softball went out. It became more and more popular with even duty watches being allowed to participate. In fact, it was attended just like a parade even to a man. The final outcome of this was that F. S. Quinn and his firefighters took a severe hosing.

x x x x

HORSEBACK RIDING

This is a comparatively new sport on this station but it is being well supported. Even the equipment section have taken to sorrowful, lonely soliloquy on the backs of plugs. Over barren fields, which, somehow remind one of the attendance of their section at sports meet, they can oft be seen loping into the dusk of eve. Everyone is taking this sport up in one form or another and it is rumoured that several glue factories have had to close since the personnel of No. 15 S.F.T.S. have started purchasing horses. It is just possible that the fox farms are suffering for the same all too apparent

Perhaps 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.

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reason. There is one question which comes to mind in regard to this sport however: is the size of the hat to keep the rider on his mount or to keep the sun off? The question of fodder has even presented its l and what with our hay crop on the station, it wouldn't be surprising to find haystacks on the station one of these days. Uh Uhh!

x x x x

BOWLING

This is one station sport where headquarters really came nobly to the fore and showed their proficiency. In fact, they even won the C.O.'s trophy on the strength of it. It just goes to show you that you can't keep a good section down all the time. However, this is quite understandable. Headquarters, in view of their occupation—typewriter, cowboys, filing, writing, keeping records, etc., sometimes find it difficult to compete in sports with men who are working in the open air, wielding monkey wrenches, etc., but when it comes to a game of skill headquarters show their prowess, yea, even unto victory. Bowling had a long run on the station, being participated in two nights a week for several months, and it is hoped, that with the advent of the winter months, once again the boys will be flocking to the bowling alleys.

x x x x

HOCKEY

Hockey playing on the station itself was participated in little, if at all. Owing to our famous Chinooks it was impossible to keep ice long enough to get on it. Another obstacle was the conservation of water by the fire chief. However, in spite of the fact that we played very little hockey at No. 15 S.F.T.S., yet off the station—as a matter of fact, at Lethbridge, this sport was indulged in with probably the greatest amount of fan interest that any one sport has aroused on this station. When the play-offs came up, with Macleod and ourselves being the two teams left in the fray, even trains were hired and we went down to those games by the hundred. Three of the civilian girls even braved the ravages of the winter elements, etc., and organized a cheer-leading section to accompany the team. In addition, the station band also followed the hockey team. Such was the friendly fray between ourselves and No. 7 in the final stages of the game that the fans played as big a part in these games as the players themselves. Besides the service fans we were considerably bolstered by the noble turnout of the Lethbridge police department. It is anticipated that if the arena is enlarged we may be able to accommodate the fire department next year and make the hockey games an even more gala event than last year. And those hockey trains! It is suspected that this is where the idea of introducing wrestling as a regular sport on this station originated We lost the play-offs but we certainly had fun. It is hoped that next year, providing we have some friends in the posting department by then, that we will be able to come out on top at that time.

x x x x

MEDALS DONATED FOR BOXING AND WRESTLING

Special acknowledements from the Athletic committee of No. 15 S.F.T.S., and indeed from the entire personnel of the station, are due to Mr. J. D. Deikmeier of Claresholm, for his generous donation of medals which were the awards to successful contestants of the first boxing and wrestling tournament held on the station during this past season.

The innovation of any new sports event requires an effort on the part of the promoters and backers, and the encouragement given by Mr. Deikmeier by his timely assistance proved to be a factor in starting a most successful series of boxing tournaments.

To Mr. Deikmeier are tendered the thanks of the Athletic Committee and of all those interested in the sport of boxing and wrestling.

x x x x

NO. 15 S.F.T.S. SHOOTING CLUB

It is well-known that the vast out-door spaces of Canada have played an important part in moulding the character and traits of the Canadian men and women; rarely does one meet a Canadian who is not imbued with an enthusiasm for some phase of out-of-door life. Many Canadians are ardent practicers of the art of rifle or gun shooting, this sport being particularly adaptable to out-of-door conditions, besides being an adjunct to the more-serious activity of hunting.

No. 15 S.F.T.S. is a community which, being composed of a personnel of the active out-door type, has developed a splendid shooting club organization. In February, 1942, under the guidance of Squadron Leader Ashton-Cross, Squadron Leader Burgess and Flight Lieutenant R. M. Robinson, the task of organizing a shoot club was commenced. The executive was as follows:

President—Sqn. Ldr. Ashton-Cross.
Sec.-Treas.—Flt. Lt. R. M. Robinson.
Rifle Shooting—F. O. Waring.
Skeet Shooting—F. O. Mowat.
Revolver Shooting—P. O. Bryson.

Revolver shooting was ruled out almost immediately after starting, owing to lack of ammunition, but the rifle shooting section and the skeet shooting section have flourished and at present many enthusiastic members are using the facilities provided for regular shooting practice.

An account of the activities of the Rifle Club would show an amazing increase from a small beginning to a complex organization of teams. Each of fourteen sections on the station provide a team which shoots weekly in a play-down competition. There is a rotating schedule for thirteen weeks. No. 4 Training Command provide the ammunition. There is a two-dollar prize each week to the winning team. This competition is held each Tuesday at 1900 hours.

Thus far the results are as follows:

June 30—Winning team from G.I.S.
F. O. MacGregor and Cpl. Sands.
Aggregate score, 196. Possible, 200.

July 7—Winning team from G.I.S.
F. O. MacGregor and Cpl. Sands.
Aggregate score, 197.

July 14—Winning team from No. 1 Sqdrn.
F. O. Coghill and F. O. Watt.
Aggregate score, 195.

July 21—Winning team from Maintenance.
Sgt. Burch and LAC. Silver.
Aggregate score, 198.

July 28—Winning team from G.I.S.
F. O. MacGregor and Cpl. Sands.
Aggregate score, 200. Possible, 200.

August 4—Winning team from No. 2 Sqdrn.
LAC. Thorburn and LAC. Patiest.
Aggregate score, 198. Possible, 200.

At the end of the thirteen weeks the team having the highest aggregate score will become the temporary possessors of a Cup, donated by Mr. Gordon Jackson, one of Claresholm's business men, and of a Shield, donated by the K. of C. Hut.

From this competition the ten men who have shot the highest individual scores will be chosen as a team to represent this station in an inter-unit competition in No. 4 Training Command. This competition is one which is carried on by mail, thus each team will be shooting on their own range, and it will be realized that it is probable that the team winning the competition will need to shoot a possible score.

Individually, there is a goal in that all targets are entered for credit toward Dominion Marksmen Gold, Silver and Bronze awards. Thus far, the personnel have won approximately one-hundred pins. It is expected that after receiving the highest award, the Gold Pin, some may attempt the task of qualifying for the Expert Shield.

The plant is composed of a range of six benches, with mats, heated and lighted; there is an adequate supply of target rifles which are kept to a high state of efficiency by the experts of the Armament Section.

Every Monday evening at 1900 hours the range is available to all personnel who wish to learn to shoot, or who are eager to improve their shooting ability in order that they may represent their section in the competitions, or attempt to qualify for the award of the Dominion Marksmen Association.

Those who have associated themselves with the shooting Club have found this activity extremely interesting. The Shooting Club issues to you an invitation to avail yourself of their facilities.

x x x x

WESTERN CANADA SKEET TOURNAMENT

The first Western Canada Miniature Skeet Shooting Tournament will take place the evenings of August 19 and 20 at the Station Skeet Layout, rain or shine. Shells and birds free.

The programme calls for sixteen birds at the regular positions for which nine cash prizes are up for individual competition. Three of these prizes are for the "Tyro".

Practice will be held every Wednesday evening under regulation rules. For further information see Lieutenant Burgman, Pilot Officer Baillie or Flying Officer Mowat.

WILTON HOTEL
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J. & J. BELL, Props.
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BILLIARD HALL
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We Appreciate Your Patronage
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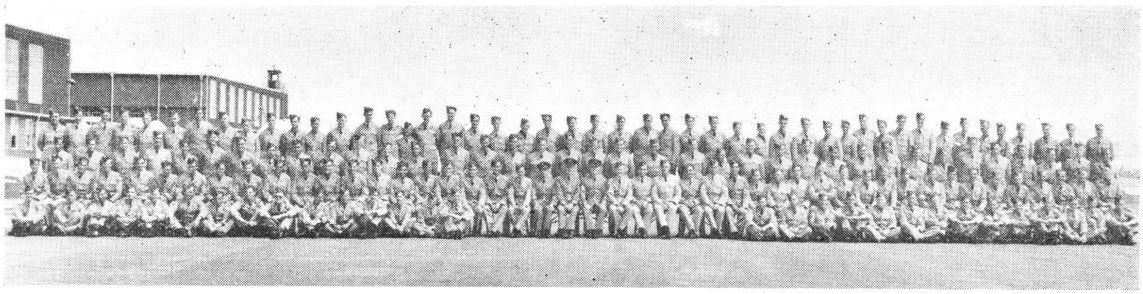
— The —
"REXALL STORE"
PHONE 17 :: CLARESHOLM

SERVICING SQUADRON



Officers in Charge on the Station:—(Read ing from Left to Right) F/L. T. B. Akin. Engineer Officer; F/L. R. M. Paterson, Chief Technical Officer; F/L. T. G. Miller, Administrative-Adjutant.

MAINTENANCE MEMOIRS

Readers' note: To thoroughly enjoy, reader should recline in an easy chair, relax and close their eyes regularly to dream.

Let us go back into yesterday, back to the formation of "Our Squadron." A year slips away and we behold, surrounded by huge ditches "A" hangar. In this hangar men are forming a parade. W.O. 1 Peckett W.O. 1 Macauley are calling out names, and filling in eight flights with personnel. Those left over are as a body "Maintenance". There were not many of us then, but we have expanded in size to our present status of "Maintenance Wing" in one of the fastest years we have seen.

At that time we had no aircraft so all the work we had to do was sweep and straighten our No. 4 Hangar and then sweep again.

Then Happy Day ???? A foreign noise was heard and as it grew louder we all rushed towards the control tower and there on our only serviceable runway landed seven Ansons. F. O. Paterson, among others, greeted them and as soon as this official opening of the runway was over the aircraft were taxied up to No. 5 Hangar.

We towed them through the mud and muck into No. 5 Hangar and began acceptance of them. By this time Cpl. Champagne had his tool room (the present "H" Flight students room) all fixed up with (you guess, but it wasn't tools)—and so our organization flourished through these trying times. And they were trying as the condition those flying greenhouses were in will testify.

Things went fine for awhile, until our first Forced Landing on 22-7-41, when a student landed in a wheat field, wheels up, just outside of Vulcan. For three days our crew would leave at 8 o'clock each morning and come back at dark until we finally got the aircraft home. How hot those days were! We worked stripped to the waist and got red as beets from the sun. Remember the piles of bologna sandwiches F. O. Paterson got us for our dinners—the tea and pop as well? Still we were hungry and they tasted like caviar and champagne to us. Pat would remember (if he should) a trip to Macleod for a trailer and how he brought back the wrong one. Another incident was our O.C.'s trip to Montana to see what souvenir hunters left of an Anson.

REMEMBER:

Sgt. Evans.

Our Anson tire situation.

Our move to No. 5 Hangar as a body, all except Maintenance Stores.

The arrival of Sgt. Bradley.

The arrival of F. S. Olson and Miller, then eight or nine days later, Sgt. Waycott.

F. S. Glencross' trip to Calgary and his arrival back with half the Repair Depot's equipment.

The load of grief the Repair Depots left after taking an Anson wing out for repair and left the fuselage in the centre of the floor.

Those scrounge trips to Calgary for parts.

The search for our tow bar.

The Anson that brought home a duck dinner.

The Anson that got moth eaten in a hail storm. That gave Macdonald his hands full.

Our worst day—when the Ansons tried to get together and left pieces all around the tarmac.

Our search for engines and tires.

Mr. Paterson's worry every C.O.'s inspection.

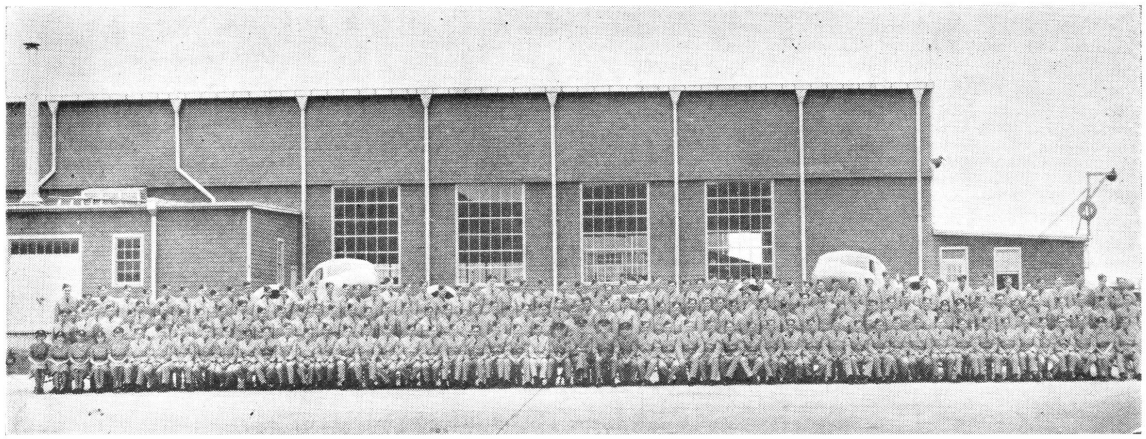
Our men leaving for overseas — among them Caspell, Dave Phillips, Roy McNabb, our song-bird. Later, Cassidy, Elm and Warnock, etc.

Our men going out to the coast, Cpl. Smith and Phillips, F. S. Olson and Miller.

Remember the I.G. coming in January. It was around that time we had our Cessnas come in. Things went along fine until our next headache; F.I.S. arrived with their Moths and recently their lovely little Cornells. Remember some of the things F.I.S. did for Maintenance? They are probably still in the hangar somewhere.

Our change of engines — Spigelman,

MAINTENANCE SQUADRON



Officers in Charge on the Station:—(Read ing from Left to Right) P/O. H. P. Smith, Engineer Officer; F/L. R. M. Paterson. F/L. T. G. Miller, Administrative-Adjutant; P/O. R. C. D. Ward, Engineer Officer.

LINK TRAINER SECTION

Did you ever realize that No. 15 S.F.T.S. had a full-fledged "kindergarten" where fledglings can learn to fledge before sallying forth to scale the stratosphere?

Many advantages accrue to the seeker after knowledge in this ground school of the air. Ground looping, swiping off of undercarriages, busted and bent props and sundry other ills that afflict ordinary humdrum flying are unknown in this modern and scientific branch of our school. So dexterous and adroit do its frequenters become that down wind landing can be made with impunity, nose high spins without any altitude whatever (and recovery therefrom) are on everyday occurrence and really do not merit mention. Never has a pupil been known to get lost on a navigation flight. Control tower officers have proven to be excess baggage and have been dispensed with. Likewise, ambulances, crash-crews, parachute sections, adjutants and administrative officers all have no place in this Utopia, and were accordingly relegated to the salvage committee.

The high authorities of our service being keen as hawks and smarter than owls soon perceived the uncommon merits of such a "flight" and immediately ordered that new and commodious quarters be erected in keeping with their attainments, hence our new air-conditioned, insulated building.

Instructors who are privileged to be attached to this spectacular branch of the school occasionally suffer from propitis. The symptoms of this malady are a sort of nervous jumpiness, a tendency to duck when there is no apparent reason to do so. This is caused by dodging the constant speed propellors with which our make-believe airplanes are equipped. A little sunning on the porch, or a horseback ride in the hills, or even a bicycle ride will usually suffice to restore the sufferer's equilibrium. Medical officers require a very fine sense of discernment to properly diagnose these cases.

All flying instructors are urged to do some linking as and when, the only stipulation being that not more than ten come at once. The Link Flight is only braced for unusual attendance on air cadet days, men's and women's social club days and commanding officers' inspections.

Of the original four Link instructors on this station, Flying Officers Ings, Coates, Abraham and Meyers, only Actor-Ranchman Ings remains. Coates is leading-scholar in the educational branch; Abraham, a lone Canadian learing to tea-off at an R.A.F. station, and Curly Meyers of seven Sutherland sisters fame, is showing the boys at No. 3 the fine points of poker and crap. A once-upon-a-time member of our staff, one A. Thompson.

Our loss of Mr. Peckitt to Calgary. The establishment changes. F. S. Waycott left; Cpl. Bowles, Cpl. Clovis, Sgt. Daniells, F.S. Walker—they all went and we just sat twiddling our thumbs waiting for a posting, especially those of us who have been here for a full 14 months and into our 15th.

Our final loss of Mr. Macauley; that was truly a sad day: there was an N.C.O.

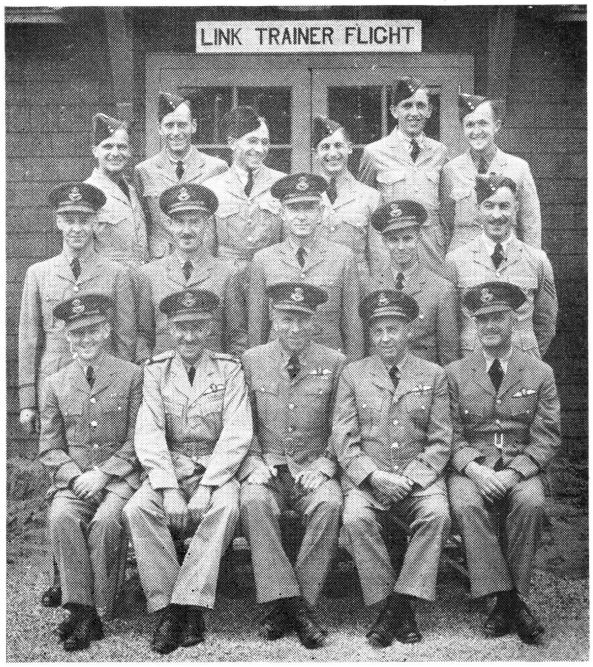
Then as almost an anniversary we had another belly landing on July 23 just past a perfect year between the first and last—we hope.

To the N.C.O.'s and men who have over a year in our Maintenance goes a vote of thanks from our Flt. Lt. Paterson. But with an O.C. like him we can't fail to carry on for another 12 or 14 months with the same spirit as before.

Some of the men who have been with us for 14 months are:

Flt. Lt. Paterson, F. S. Baine, F. S. Foan, W.O. 2 Glencross, F. S. Brooks, Sgt. Macdonald, Sgt. Legassicke, Cpl. Yokom.

LINK TRAINER FLIGHT



LINK TRAINER PERSONNEL

Front Row (Left to Right)—F/O J. F. Markle, F/O F. W. Ings, F/L E. S. McNames, O.C. Flight, F/O S. A. Mowat, F/O J. E. Eve.

Second Row (Left to Right)—F/O F. A. Meadows, F/O N. M. MacGregor, F/O H. G. Teskey, F/O G. G. Thompson, Sgt. F. R. Fraser.

Back Row (Left to Right)—AC.1 C. Banting, Cpl. Wilson, Sgt. Rootes, Sgt. Craven, AC.1 F. M. T. Nevins, AC.1 A. M. L. Bolduc.

Absent—F/O F. B. Merrill.

Hanna, suffered a moral lapse. He took to late hours and cigarette smoking. Nemesis finally caught up however and he was banished to Vancouver. Our list of instructors is as diversified as a reputable bond dealer's investment list. Where could you find a more varied aggregation than General list aspirant MacGregor, who once was happy watching seedlings grow; Eagle-eye Mowat, who knocks off 98 out of 100 without previous practice; Controller-of-alcohol Meadows; Poet, Author and Riding-tutor Eve; Dispenser of Pills Thompson; Sea-Lawyer Teskey; Commando Fraser and Never-Late Craven?

Sgt. Rootes and Corp. Wilson of our maintenance staff have been with us since the first Link arrived. Long association with the Link has made Rootes an expert scrounger which should qualify him for a high post in the equipment section. Wilson has displayed a faculty for saxaphoning and is a valued member of the station band and orcestra. LAC. Banting has earned honorable mention through his deft wielding of pen and pencil as our charts and graphs will testify.

There are those that may feel this covers the Link Section, even as some may think a watch case and dial tells the time. But there must be a mainspring, something to make it tick. And so it is with the Link, the mainspring of which is Flt. Lt. McNames, more affectionately known as Mac, whose gracious, discreet, yet rigid disciplinary measures form an opiate for the administration of a Link schedule or sentence. It is only a man of iron will that could tell the greying eagles of limitless heights and horizons. Come what may, rain, shine, theatre or sports day, the Link must go through.

Think of the strain of eating luncheon faced by a man that you have just sentenced to seven days chained to a desk by a pair of earphones.

I happen to know the secret of this man's power. Listen! A cold shower in Alberta water, first thing in the morning. Come what may throughout the day. He is immune, nothing could affect him. After that there is no feeling left, and so we salute Flt. Lt. McNames, O.C. Link, for a good job well done.

And so we conclude this little narrative, with the hope that No. 15 will continue to expand and earn a top flight spot in the flying training scheme of things.

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REAL SERVICE
to Claresholm and District
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LEADING
COMMUNITY DRUG STORE

We Welcome and Appreciate Your Patronage!

● NO. 15 S. F. T. S. STATION BAND

It was a grand September day, 1941. The harvest was nearly over. There was a laziness in the air that seemed to be reflected in the casual mien of the personnel of this Station. The casualness was infectious, but I roughly braced myself and left the mess for another session with the "fighter link." Walking briskly down the street, my reverie was rudely brought to a close by our esteemed S. L. Burgess. "We need a band, Coates. You're it." Then after explaining my deficiencies for such a task, the Squadron Leader remained adamant. So it became a case of "do or die". Thus was initiated the idea which has developed into No. 15 S.F.T.S. Military Band.

It is a far cry today to the lazy afternoon, nearly a year ago; and for the Band, devious has been the route, rocky the way.

Immediately following this brief conversation a meeting of all prospective bandsmen was held in No. 3 hangar. A number turned out and plans were drafted. However, there weren't any instruments. It was then that a benevolent society offered to try to get some instruments. Quite a period of time elapsed, however, before a negative result was accepted. Shortly afternwards, November 25, to be exact, W. C. Kennedy arrived as our new C. O. He was at once approached concerning the matter and immediately became an enthusiastic booster for the Station Band. Mr. Les Cookshaw was next contacted, and with his help, instruments were obtained from the local band in Claresholm and neighborhood.

Happy Landing

●

BEST WISHES
TO
No. 15 S. F. T. S.
ON THEIR
FIRST ANNIVERSARY
From the Management of

REX Theatre

— and the —

Recreation Hall

DOMINION CAFE

"A Modern Restaurant"
Phone 137
WONG WING, Proprietor

"V"

No. 15 S. F. T. S. BAND

BANDSMEN

FRONT ROW (Left to Right):—R. Stack, A. J. Martin. F. E. Lyon, Cpl. R. G. Freckleton, F/O. R. J. Coates, Cpl. L. J. Lund, S. J. Carlson, H. Patterson, Cpl. P. T. Gunby.

REAR ROW:—H. W. Smith, A. E. Thorsell, A. Cooper, C. F. Tupper, G. S. Schriver, Cpl. W. S. Wilson. P. Lachat, Cpl. K. J. Anderson.

Absent when picture was taken:—Sgt. Harris, Cpl. Tuson, AC. 2 Adsit.

These instruments were of divers shapes, colors and states of repair, but they served the purpose well. Mr. Cookshaw persisted, and acting as bandmaster, whipped a twelve-piece band into fair shape. The K. of C. Hut was used as a band-practice room and still serves today to house the instruments. Practices were held twice a week until the Christmas season interrupted the schedule. These were again begun in January. With the prospective arrival of the I. G. in late January, pressure was put on, and the day before the Band's debut, the C. O. inspected the bandsmen, heard the "Rifle Rangers" played and gave his O. K. The I. G.'s inspection was a success—the I. G. complimented the bandsmen, whose chests rose somewhat in proportion to their resolve to carry on. During the rest of the winter the little group of bandsmen braved the elements on C. O.'s inspections and modestly functioned at "Wings" presentations.

A few new members were gathered, but this was countered by the loss of others.

In the early spring it was seen more instruments were definitely required. Thus it was in the due course of time that the Barons Band Syndicate was approached with the intention of the Station purchasing their instruments. The purchase was almost completed, when a hitch in negotiations occurred, and necesitated a new deal having to be made. Thus it was, one cold evening in late February ,that Mr. Cookshaw and F. O. Coates drove to Barons to contact the Band Syndicate. After due deliberation the instruments were rented for a nominal charge per month. It was then found necessary to visit the surrounding countryside and contact the various people who had possession of the instruments in question. The hunt began about 1900 hours the same evening, in mid-February, in strange foreboding territory. Darkness fell, the snow deepened, and all roads looked alike. As a result the travellers got lost somewhere east of Nowhere, the gas reserve gave out, and they generally had a merry time of it. However, with things under control once more, Claresholm was reached again at three o'clock in the morning. But the trip had not been of no avail. We brought back the instruments.

The bandsmen were overjoyed at this turn of fortune and started to work in earnest. Mr. Cookshaw continued as bandmaster until early April, when the pressure of business prevented him from coming to practices in the afternoons. The bandsmen are very grateful to Les for all he has done for this Band. Without his advice and assistance it never would have reached its present degree of excellence.

Sgt. Daniels, member of the Band since its inception, was then appointed conductor. He served in an able manner until the time of his posting back East. The Band was sorry to see him go, and his loss is one it has been difficult to replace. At this point, fortunately, several new members were initiated into the Band and have since assisted ably. Corporal Lund, "Red", another original, is the Master now, and wields the baton with unerring grace. Arrangements have also been made for Flight Sergeant Lehman of No. 7 S.F.T.S. Band to come here from time to time and conduct the practices. He really does a good job, and the bandsmen appreciate very much his efforts to improve their playing.

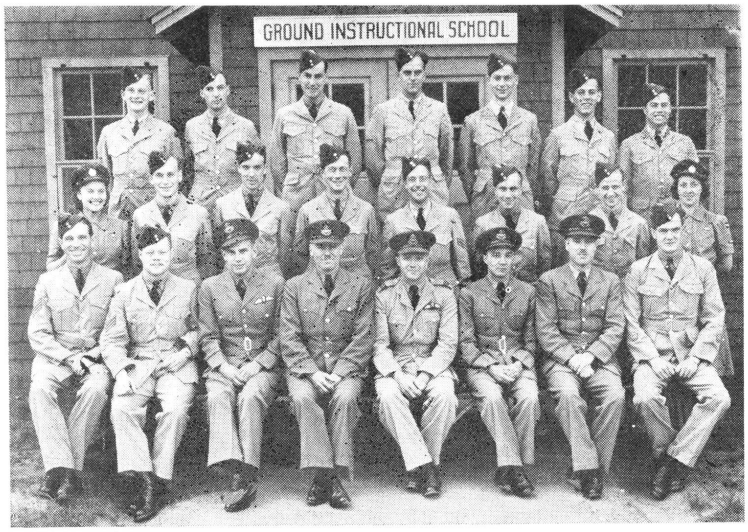
The vagaries of fortune have persisted in playing tricks on this Band. It is ever a problem to have the whole band together at one time. Moreover, many of the best players have been posted away. The remaining bandsmen, though, have stuck to their guns and tried to do their very best, often under most difficult circumstances. The present personnel of the Band is, I believe, without doubt, the finest aggregation of bandsmen one could hope to meet. They are loyal, and that truly counts when trying to build up a voluntary organization.

Should we have a resident bandmaster of repute, this Band would do an even better job. That is one hope the bandsmen still entertain.

Of the original twelve members, seven are still with us—Sergeant Harris, Corporal Freckleton, Corporal Wilson, LAC. Tupper, Corporal Tuson, Corporal Anderson and Corporal Lund. These seven deserve special mention for their persistence and faithful efforts during many months.

There are nineteen bandsmen on the roll at present, and as a voluntary organization they will continue to serve No. 15 S.F.T.S. It is a matter of pride to the personnel of this Station that they have a voluntary Band the calibre of this one. It is also their hope that No. 15 S.F.T.S. Military Band will continue to grow from strength to strength, will continue to enjoy new musical experiences, and will continue to rise to heights of new excellence.

G. I. S.



FRONT ROW (Left to Right):— F.-Sgt. VanRuyskenvelde; F.-Sgt. Chute; P.-O. Ellison; F.-O. Wait, F.-L. MacLachlan; F.-O. Casper; F.-O. Coates; WO. 2 MacKinnon.

CENTRE ROW:—AW. 1 Tuplin; Cpl. Anderson; Cpl. Stacey; Cpl. Ryan; Cpl. Sands; Cpl. Doran; Cpl. Freckleton; LAW. Agar.

BACK ROW:— LAC. Pendlebury; LAC. Craig; LAC. Reid; LAC. Nelson; AC. 1 Ford; AC. 2 Campbell; LAC. McPhail.

● A YEAR'S REVIEW OF G. I. S.

The work of a G.I.S. is never spectacular, because of the nature of the duties required of G.I.S. personnel. Such personnel could almost belong to the silent services, because their accomplishments are hidden away in the files which hold the results of ground examinations of pupils who have passed through the school. However, during the year the results obtained by the Ground Instructional School staff is amply proved by the number of pupils who have successfully completed courses and obtained wings. The work of the G.I.S. contributed in no small way to these "Wings" parades.

The school was opened in May, 1941, with Flt. Lt. R. Miller in charge. In June Sqn. Ldr. (now Wg. Cdr.) A. Carter, M.M., came from Camp Borden to take over as C.G.I. With many years of experience in Instructional work behind him. Sqn. Ldr. Carter soon had things humming in the school, instructors were made to realize their responsibilities to the pupils, the school and to the Service, and all have every reason to be proud of the accomplishments of the past year.

The instructional staff, which has changed somewhat from a year ago, is shown in the accompanying photograph.

It is regretted that P. O. Melrose was absent when this photo was taken.

x x x x

PHOTO

Navigation Section

Any unit can only be judged by the results shown by pupils in both their classroom and practical navigation exercises certainly bring joy to the hearts of Navigation instructors and pupils alike.

Flt. Lt. R. Miller took charge of the Navigation Flight when that was formed and the synthetic navigation training being carried out by pupils (in the classroom) reflects itself in the satisfactory results obtained in practical exercises.

Armament Section

A visit to the Armament Section and classrooms will show to the visitor the measure of interest taken in their work by the instructional staff. The walls are covered with all forms of aids to pupils, diagrams, sectional models, range-finding apparatus, all made up by a diligent staff whose main object is to give more and better Armament instruction.

Signal Section

The personnel of this section are quiet but loyal to their work and besides filling all instructional requirements, operate point-to-point stations and ground-to-air exercises. Congratulations, Signal Section.

Photographic Section

Anyone who has seen the work of the Photo Section around the Station or published in the Station paper must appreciate the high standard that has been set and kept up. Much of the work of this section cannot, for Service reasons, be published, but throughout the year their cameras have been clicking and will continue to "click" during the life of the Station. Watch for further samples of their work which will appear in this paper.

* * *

This review of events cannot close without word about the non-instructional staff of G.I.S. They have carried out their task in contributing to the success of the school. There is always the paper, work, records, reports, publication, etc., and without an efficient office staff no organization can succeed.

When Sqn. Ldr. Carter took over the duties of C.G.I. at No. 15 S.F.T.S., he said: "I have just left No. 1 S.F.T.S. as C.G.I., I intend making this No. 1 Ground Instructional School." If results mean anything, we feel he has succeeded in doing just that.

Wing Commander Carter was posted to temporary duty at Ottawa in February of 1942 and the duties of C.G.I. were taken over by Flt. Lt. MacLachlan, who has capably guided the course of the Ground Instructional School since. Wg. Cdr. Carter returned to No. 15 S.F.T.S. in June but was shortly after posted to Patricia Bay.

§

● NOTES FROM THE EDUCATIONAL OFFICER

For the anniversary number of Windy Wings, it might be well to give in some detail a summary of the Canadian Legion Educational Services' organization and objectives. From time to time various aspects of these services have been outlined in this journal; services chiefly having to do with our own Station. We shall endeavor, therefore, to give in brief the whole setup across the nation and the main purpose and objectives.

First, however, let us recapitulate for a moment and consider the Education Services as offered and conducted at this Station since its opening last year. The first officer was Flt. Lieut. Ricks. Being a veteran of the previous war, he had a high regard for the services offered by the Canadian Legion War Services, and also realized the importance and necessity of such facilities to the service men. To the best of his ability and under somewhat trying circumstances he carried on during the opening stages of the airport. Flight Lieut. Ricks was succeeded by Padre Cameron, who also served as part time Educational Officer, and who did a good piece of work in spreading the news about concerning the courses offered, and in advising prospective students the courses they ought to take. A very large number of students who began courses during his tenure of office are still carrying on with their studies and doing well. One Airman has only recently completed a course in Diesel Engineering, began during this period, and has passed with honours standing.

Then in late March a new establishment was formed relative to Educational Officers. Most R.C.A.F. stations had Education officers appointed among the duties of whom was the looking after of the Canadian Legion courses. It was my good fortune to be given this new task, and since late April have functioned in that capacity. Many news students have enrolled—about one hundred in all now taking Legion courses ranging through all the subjects offered, Academic, Commercial and Technical.

The question might rightfully be asked, however: "Why did the Canadian Legion sponsor these courses and why such a relatively large selection of courses?" The answer cannot be given here in any detail, but suffice it to say, it was the Canadian Legion who, realizing the needs during and after the last war, and realizing mistakes made during and after the last war, saw more clearly than anyone else, and first, the vital need for Educational Services for service men during the war. They saw the need for improving the education of service men so that their work in general would improve, and moreover the Legion had some thoughts of the future of the young man, taken so brusquely away from his studies. It was then out of a great wealth of experience that these courses were begun when the war began.

Thus the Canadian Legion Educational Services have been set up by the Canadian Legion in co-operation with the Canadian Association for Adult Education, under authority of the Department of National Defence. Lt. Colonel Wilfrid Bovey, O.B.E., LL.D., F.R.S.C., is the chairman of the National Committee on Education, and in this capacity has worked tirelessly to further the cause of education for service men. The present organization is a fitting monument to his efforts. S. L. Andrew

Moore, B.A., B. Sc., LL.B., is deputy chairman of the committee and Director of Educational Services. S. L. Moore was drafted from education in Manitoba. He, too, has applied his wealth of experience and knowledge to the smooth working of this great educational organization and to the obtaining of results. The remaining members of the committee are outstanding personalities in Canadian educational circles, colleges and schools, and have applied themselves to the many problems involved with a great willingness and intensive vigor.

The Canadian Legion Educational Services is a separate entity and is not associated with the Canadian Legion paper. The Educational services were not conceived as a mass production affair, but on a selective basis up to the secondary level. The immediate objectives of these services were: (1) To make better fighting men, and (2) to help lay a foundation for civil re-habilitation after the war is won. Since the immediate concern of Canadians today is War, the first objective is the more important now.

There are eight regional committees across Canada and one in Newfoundland, which serve the area they are concerned with in three ways: (1) As a channel of approach between Headquarters and the area; (2) responsible for the budget of the area; (3) to determine what is required for for the service men of the area. Overseas the general plan and set-up is the same as here. There, of course, it functions in the same capacity as here, and looks after the educational needs of Canadians in Britain.

The facilities of the Canadian Legion Educational Services give courses of instruction up to and including Junior Matriculation level. The facilities provided are in all cases furnished by official educational authorities, Provincial Government educational systems, universities and colleges. The heart of the system is its series of correspondence course text booklets which have been approved as to standard by all the Provincial Departments of Education, through the co-operation of the Canada and Newfoundland Education Association. These provide an inter-provincial bi-lingual school system for the personnel of the fighting forces, in which each student is registered and may obtain school credit.

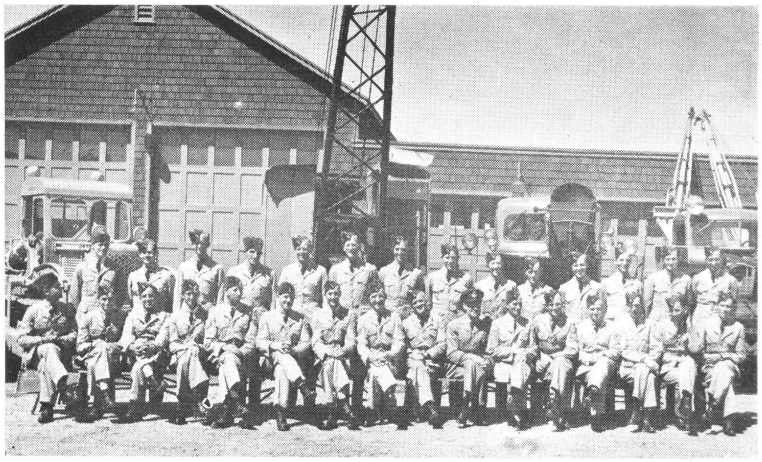
Service in the Army, Navy and Air Force today requires more vocational skill tha it did two decades ago. This skill can be cultivated much more efficiently if the underlying basic education is adequate. It is agreed that in any nation there should be a minimum basic educational standard. No man in any calling should fall below that standard, and in special cases, of course, should have a much higher standard. Since much basic education is often forgotten, it is desirable that men preparing for a new or selective vocation in the services should renew this basic knowledge. This is just what the Legion Educational Services was designed to do. Moreover, if these services are to perform the things desired of them, the need for a liberal education must also be considered. The more efficient a man is to be in his calling, the more education, in a broad sense of the term, he must have. The Canadian Legion Educational Services are based on this broad conception of education.

The education of every person includes every process fitting him for the life in which he is to be engaged.. If a man is to be a mechanic, for example, his shop work is no more or no less a part of his education than his basic studies in mathematics, science and English. To be a good citizen this concention of education cannot be otherwise. When this war is over the young service man of today will be the citizen of the land, and heavy responsibility will be his lot. Training then in non-service subjects, a knowledge of which is essential to a man's efficiency in the forces or in any other calling, is the special task of the Canadian Legion Educational Services.

After the war service men will return to competition in more skilled communities than our country possessed before the war. Some will have acquired skills in service that immediate use can be made of, but others will be returning to unfamiliar vocations. These then are the ones who should turn every period of inactivity to acquiring the knowledge which will speed up their preparation for their new life.

The results of this school system as attained to date of course cannot be measured. But when due regard is taken for the thousands of courses going out to service men in all parts of the world, and for the high percentage of courses completed, no one should be in any doubt at all as to the invaluable service being rendered by this all-Canadian school system for Canada's finest manhood.

W. & B. SECTION



FRONT ROW (Left to Right):—LAC. Couture, J. O. N.; LAC. Farrow, E. R.; LAC. Wilson, D. H. M.; Cpl. Cameron, F. S.; Cpl. Good, A. E.; Sgt. Gaze, W. C.; Sgt. Haywood, C. M.; Sgt. Sutherland, J.; WO. 2 Collins, L. H.; F/L. White, J. I.; F/Sgt.. Brunner, H.; Cpl. Edwards, L. R.; Cpl. Stevens, N. W.; Cpl. MacDonald, R.; AC. 1 Houston, E. R.; AC. 1 Field, E. R.

BACK ROW:—AC. 2 Leeson, H. B.; LAC. Peterson, L. G.; LAC. Hiebert, J.; LAC. De LaMaore, J. A.; LAC. Williscroft, W. G.; LAC. Keay, O. S.; LAC. Laurie, R.; LAC. McCann, P. D.; AC. 1 Pavlov-Tsepieff, A.; AC. 2 MacDonald, V. H.; AC. 2 Kern, C.; AC. 1 North, F. C.; LAC. Little, E. W. A.; LAC. Gould, A.

Claresholm Creamery

Congratulations and Best Wishes to No. 15 S. F. T. S., Claresholm Upon Their First Anniversary

MRS. L. G. BERNARD, Proprietor

● WORKS AND BUILDINGS

Also known by such names as "Sticks & Bricks," and, well, why go into detail, as you known all that story. This section, under the capable management of F. O. White, assisted by WO. 2 Collins, carries on in the battle of Claresholm.

Being the second time we have contributed to the Station paper, and as reminiscences are in order, your inside dopester has racked his brains (?) for information of interest to anniversary readers.

Not so long ago there was one little shack, so small its identity might well be mistaken, and today an Air School noted from coast to coast; a straw pile where the Recreation Hall now stands, a contractor's shack where 1,000 men used to check in every A.M. Barrack blocks sprang up overnight, hangars, runways and roads, not to mention ditches (a few remaining). Old-timers can graphically describe the depth and length of these same ditches. Our first office with Flt. Lt. Inkster as O. C. was just a tarpaper shack where the pumphouse now stands. The workshops, those old (?) houses, where Hut 34 now stands, housed the carpenters, painters, electrician and plumbers. We nearly lost those same houses in the storm on the afternoon of the official opening. Now, in keeping with the rest of the station, we have well-equipped shops, housing the whole unit.

The carpenter shop, in charge of F. S. Brunner, is kept busy with Station maintenance and greatly appreciates the extra work such as broken windows, leaky roofs and such, when it is stormy. However, always a cheery smile and scroungers are always welcome.

The Tractor Section in charge of Sgt. Gaze keeps the roads in good shape, cuts weeds in the more open areas, and has a headache when it rains and ditches cave in.

The Boiler Room, in charge of Sgt. Sutherland, looks after such items of creature-comfort as the supply of water, heat and sewage-disposal.

The Electricians, in charge of Mr. Hilliker, are kept on the run with fuses, light-bulbs, motors and power lines.

The Plumbing Department, in charge of Sgt. Haywood, are experts in the game of indoor golf. (Phone calls please specify.)

The Painting Department in charge of Cpl. Cameron, daubs paint here and there, repairs the broken glass and in their spare time, wonder what "Out of Bounds" signs are useful for.

Our esteemed Steno., AW. 1 Saunders, is on leave; tho we miss her cheery smile, we hope she enjoys her holiday.

We have had quite an epidemic of weddings. This summer, WO. 2 Collins, LAC.'s Lawrie, Farrow, Field, and AC. 1 North. We wish them all the best in the army which has never won a battle. Good luck, boys!

There are eight of the original "W. & B." Airmen in the unit, and although each time a posting comes in each one hopes it is for him, all would regret leaving the Station and Claresholm.

In closing, we might mention that odds and ends of lumber and other material from all buildings on the Station are welcome, especially the day before the C. O.'s inspection.

Wet paint signs usually mean what they say.

———§———

● MOTOR TRANSPORT REVUE

Once upon a time there was an M.T. (?) section where the boys could sleep while on duty. The only time that any really hard work was done was getting the other fellow off the bed. You see, there were only four beds.

When somebody phoned in for a vehicle, an argument was usually started as to who was going to take the run. And oh—the night crew. The poor despatcher couldn't stand the sight and sound of the drivers enjoying a good sleep, so he nabbed a mattress, took the phone in his arms and off he went into dreamland. Or he even would go so far as to drag the stretcher out of the ambulance and sleep on that. If the phone rang, all he had to do, was wheel himself over to the noisy instrument.

I wonder if the boys remember the Commanding Officer coming in approximately two o'clock in the morning and trying to talk somebody in to driving him home.

Maybe we should mention the names of some of the boys that were pioneering here at that time, (they will tell you).

McGuire—Seeing that the beds are in a past tense now, he has decided that he should get married and have a bed of his own, that no one else can put him out of. This happy event takes place in the near future.

Bourque—A Frenchman and you know the Frenchmen—seems to have a yen for Calgary. (I'll try to get the phone number for the next issue, boys.)

Vickers—By the way he likes Calgary, too. I've even seen him starting to walk that way. He got as far as Stavely and when the train came through the next morning, he got on. How were your dogs, Vickers? He has a slight resemblance to Don Ameche, but we all have our own opinions.

Then a few more boys decided that they would like to venture into the wilderness that is called Claresholm. They were a wee bit disappointed at first. They thought they had landed in the middle of the Sahara desert. Dust—you know.

Cottingham—An old married man (too bad, girls) who remembers the mud which was piled knee-deep when he first came on the station. He's not a "mudder" any more. He's not a "fodder" yet, either.

Simons—Since then he has entered into the holy bonds of matrimony. How did you like Waterton, Cliff, and the coffee (I think that's what it was) that was served at 4:00 a.m.?

Blades—A gay soul who has just received his "Joe" stripes. By the way he's the one that made the "excuse" for coffee at Waterton Lakes and the only one that's not married yet. What's the matter Blades? Scared? Hey, Blades, 'fess up! Was it only coffee you drank?

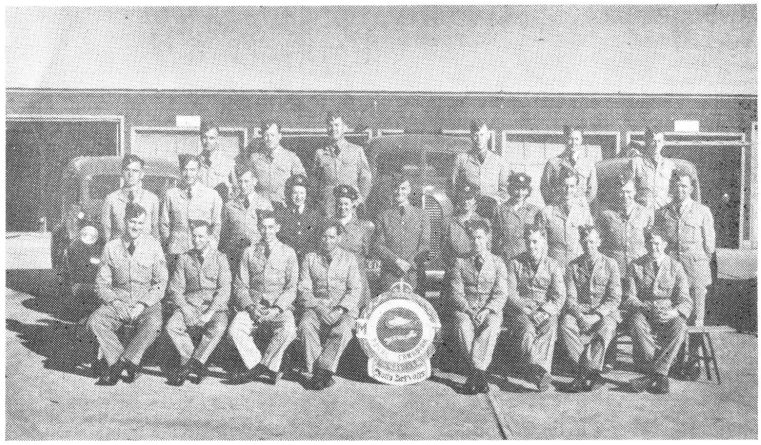
Duguid—A quiet sort of chap, but have you ever heard the saying, "Smooth water runs deep"? Good old Duguid. He used to go to Calgary for some good times, too. Notice the past tense.

These boys are all from B.C. except Blades. He's an old "oil gusher". They call him "Turner Valley Kid." This is enough of the ancient history.

Now to come into modern times. The biggest shock of all was when the W.D.'s arrived to take No. 15 by surprise. That's one time when the boys really turned out of bed, without a lot of coaxing. They had to express their own opinions of each and every one of the W.D.'s.

What a novelty they were when they came into the section. But regardless of all that and putting all jokes aside, the girls have been treated pretty decently by each and every one of the boys. The W.D.'s have certainly been a boost to the M.T. section in the sports world. Ever check on the soft-ball score? There's one that never

MOTOR TRANSPORT SECTION



FRONT ROW (Left to Right):—Cpl. R. Hamilton, AC. 1 L. Bird, AC. 2 F. E. French, LAC. L. B. Bourgue, LAC. J. Vickers, LAC. C. W. Simons, LAC. T. W. Duguid, AC. 2 B. C. Nichols.

CENTRE ROW:— AC. 1 W. C. Loader, LAC. K. P. Johnson, AC. 1 M. R. Haines, AW. 2 P. K. Barnes, AW. 2 D. M. Riva, WO. 1 R. W. Marriott, LAW. L. Bailye, LAW. W. E. Couper, LAC. O. H. J. Goudry, LAC. J. D. Munro, AC. 1 P. Lachat.

BACK ROW:—AC. 1 S. W. Ashcroft, LAC. D. G. Robertson, Sgt. W. A. Harrison, LAC. A. W. Homme, AC. 1 R. F. Dennes, Cpl. L. Lund.

—11 - PHONE - 11—
ROLLY'S
TAXI
Airport Bus Service
AGENTS:—
TRANS-CANADA AIRLINES
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fails to make one home run at every game. Keep it up, kid, and good luck to you. And you all know "Georgia Pine!" This is one of our good neighbors from down south in Atlanta, Georgia. The only all-American girl in the gang.

We have a new transport driver by the name of Riva. That's her last name. And from all we hear she's an excellent driver.

You know the old saying, "Here to-day and gone tomorrow." Well, it's just the same with the W.D.'s. Some of you will remember Lynass, a small blonde, used to be school teacher, and hailed from around Red Deer. She is in the East now. And Evans-Johnson, a buxom brunette who came over from England about two years ago to drive a mission van in the Peace River district until joining the R.C.A.F., W.D.'s, in January. The third W.D. to leave was Sim, a Scotch lassie who decided to be a S.P.W.D. We were all sorry to se her go, but she's back in Winnipeg as a Cpl. and we all wish her luck.

Now to talk about trees that are growing, (have you noticed them?) grass (?) that is getting greener, and the flowers that are budding. And—of course—the rockery! We really worked hard on that.

Have you noticed the sign on the front of the building? It means "We serve" you know, and how we serve. We even serve "cokes" in the W.D.'s room during smoke period.

Now, there have been so many changes in the section during the past six months that I don't know where to begin.

We'll start with the arrival of S. M. Marriot. He just popped up all of a sudden one morning and took over. We were a little worried at first, wondering how we would get along together, but there was no worrying needed. We're all glad to have him around. He has just received a promotion that he rightly deserves. A W.O. now! Congratulations, Major, and good luck.

He had a big job on his hands when he started to clean out the section, but everything goes like clockwork now. Certain vehicles take certain runs at a specified time and the driver of each and every one of these vehicles is responsible for the cleanliness and minor repairs needed.

Rules and regulations are strict, but they have to be, to keep the section going as it is. We must admit though, that there are days that we loaf. But don't we all?

We all enjoy the work and feel that we are learning something when the lectures are held every week. Oh yes, we learn while we work, the Major sees to that.

GRADUATE STUDENT INSTRUCTORS

GRADUATES NOW INSTRUCTORS

In this Anniversary Edition we are pleased to publish a picture of a group of graduates of No. 15 S. F. T. S., who now serve on the Station as Flying Instructors. Details of the group shown in the picture are as follows:—

F/O. Flowers—
Graduated Aug. 20, 1941; commenced instructing Dec. 5, 1941.

P/O. Archer—
Graduated Sept. 11, 1941; commenced instructing Dec. 20, 1941.

P/O. Barsby—
Graduated Sept. 11, 1941; commenced instructing Dec. 20, 1941.

F/O. Edmonds—
Graduated Sept. 11, 1941; commenced instructing Dec. 20, 1941.

P/O. Thomas—
Graduated Oct. 5, 1941, commenced instructing Jan. 5, 1942.

F/S. Henning—
Graduated Nov. 7, 1941; commenced instructing March 11, 1942.

P/O. Bailey—
Graduated Dec. 3, 1941; commenced instructing March 11, 1942.

P/O. Thompson—
Graduated Dec. 3, 1941; commenced instructing March 11, 1942.

In the above picture (reading from left to right) are:—

Bottom Row—P.O. Bailey, P.O. Thomas, F.S. Henning, F.O. Edmonds.

Top Row—F.O. Flowers, P.O. Thompson, P.O. Barsby, P.O. Archer.

● ROYAL CANADIAN ARMY SERVICE CORPS

(Attached to No. 15 S.F.T.S.)

This being the Anniversary of the official opening of No. 15 S.F.T.S. perhaps a few items of the duties of this Unit would be appreciated.

Usually the R.C.A.S.C. is one of the first to arrive at any station owing to the personnel having to be fed. That is our business, to see everyone gets their rations.

You may be interested to know that since June ninth of last year to July thirty-first of this year we have issued four hundred and fifty thousand rations on this station. That's quite a heap of food. For instance, mentioning just two items, beef, just about a quarter of a million pounds; and potatoes, three hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

The personnel of the R.C.A.S.C. here consists of Sergeant, L. Cpl, and two privates, and we issue rations three hundred and sixty four days a year. Christmas day is our day off by authority of N.D.H.Q.

Our unit arrived at this station on May 17th, of last year to be greeted with a deluge of rain and mud. Just imagine the difference now, a station any Commanding Officer may well be proud of.

Outside of F. S. Prasow I believe I am the oldest Senior N.C.O. on the station, (in more ways than one).

We commenced issuing rations here on June ninth of last year and it may also be of interest to know that all rations issued by the R.C.A.S.C. are inspected by a Ration Board consisting of, the Medical Officer, Messing Officer and the Orderly Officer.

Since arriving here we have served under four Commanding Officers—Wing Commander Kerr, Wing Commander MacAllister (late), Wing Commander Campbell and our present, Wing Commander W. E. Kennedy.

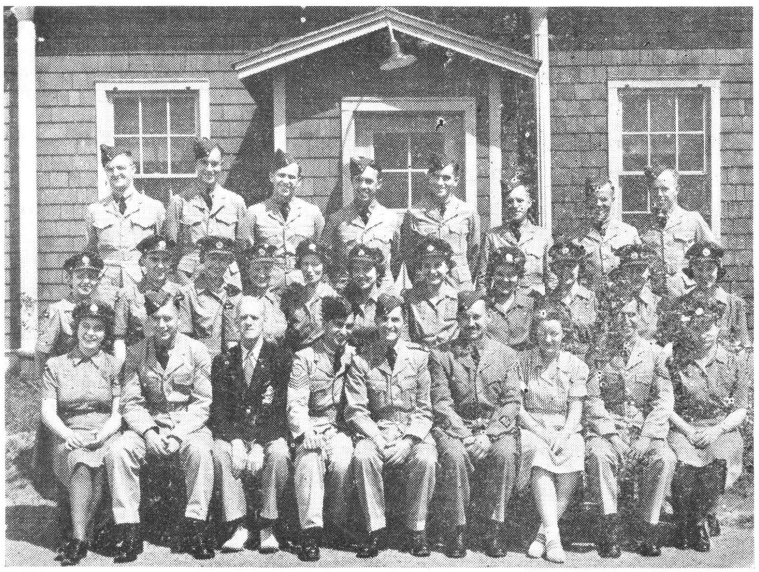
I would like at this time on behalf of my staff and myself to say "Thank you" for the consideration given us and the privileges enjoyed since arriving here.

Also a little special "Thank you" to Ft. Sergeant Arthur L. Burley for his close co-operation. Thanks, Art.

H. LEACH, Sergeant,
N.C.O. i.c. of Supplies
R.C.A.S.C.

Congratulations
to the Commanding Officer, Officers, Men and Women on the Station's First Anniversary Celebration
●
G. M. GODLEY
Jeweller - - - Claresholm

EQUIPMENT SECTION



FIRST ROW (Left to Right):—AW.1 Leicht, R.; Cpl. Copeland, K. C.; Mr. N. L. Robinson, Barrack Officer; F/S Prasow, J.; F/L A. B. Reid, on temporary duty from No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary; W.O.1 Bowman, L. K.; Mrs. N. Thomas, Stenographer; Cpl. McKinnon, D. H.; AW.1 Sheffield, J.

SECOND ROW:—LAW. Black, E.; AW.1 McWhinney, V.; AW.1 Smale, R.; AW.1 Sinclair, H.; LAW. Johnstone, A.; LAW. McPhaden, C.; AW.2 Beall, E.; AW.1 MacDonald, E.; AW.1 Seabrook, J., Clerk Steno.; AW.1 Grover, N.; LAW. Brown, M.

THIRD ROW:—LAC. Smith, R.; AC.1 Ramsay, A.; LAC. Peacock, R.; LAC. Wrightson, R.; LAC. Doyle, R.; LAC. Needham, N.; LAC. MacKinnon, D. E.; AC.1 Masterson, E.

It is regretted that when this picture was taken S/L Ashton-Cross, and F/L Kertland were unable to be with the group.

● EQUIPMENT SECTION
No. 15 S. F. T. S.

The first member of the Equipment Staff to arrive on this station, Flight Lieutenant C. Ashton-Cross, arrived from Ottawa on the 30th April, 1941, and was joined the following day by Squadron Leader W. M. Smith, who remained here for about a month to assist in opening the station Within a few days WO. 1 Crossley, Sergeant Prasow and six Equipment Assistants, namely Johnson, Brodie, Whyte, Richards, Marmion and Stuart arrived, and proceeded to organize the setting up of an Equipment Section. With the exception of Sergeant Prasow, now Flight Sergeant, all these Equipment Assistants have since been posted from this station, and the efficiency of their work in the early days is reflected in the fact that they all either carried the rank or had been recommended for Corporal before being posted.

The station at that time was very much under construction, the only inhabitants being Flying Officer Ricks and his Security Guard. Flying Officer Ricks had his office in the Administration Building, and slept in the Assistant Adjutant's Office, and the guard occupied the building that is now the W. D. Canteen. Meals were served in the same building, being supplied by a contractor, and Officers, N.C.O.'s and airmen all had their meals in the kitchen. Flying Officer Inkster of the Works and Buildings was also very prominent and very busy on the station at this period, but was not living in.

Most of the buildings were nearing completion, but there were no lights, no drains, and the water system was a tank hauled by a team of horses, accompanied by a black foal, who became a great pet and spent most of his time in the kitchen when the cook's back was turned. Ditching machines were rapidly turning the station into a maze of trenches 6 to 8 feet deep, and parking a car anywhere was liable to involve a long tortuous drive to escape from the maze, which seemed to increase every time one's back was turned. On one occasion the Senior Navigation Officer found his car completely surrounded by ditches, and planks had to be obtained to enable him to get off the station.

As No. 5 Hangar was not completed all equipment was delivered to the Drill Hall, which rapidly became filled with an amazing conglomeration of assorted equipment, which represented a nightmare to the unfortunate Equipment Staff. Mattresses, beds and blankets were stacked 8 to 10 feet high, china and glass were piled perilously on the floor, and trucks drove in at frequent intervals to add to the confusion until it seemed as if the walls would have to bulge when the doors were closed. One of the early strange sights to one coming straight from Headquarters was to see a Squadron Leader of the permanent force using a 4-inch broom to sweep a clear space on the floor, which was frequently covered with sand caused by the innumerable dust storms which were prevalent at this period. However the strangeness soon wore off and all ranks pitched in together to produce order out of chaos, which was done at the expense of candles and coal oil for lamps, as in those days burning the midnight oil was literally true.

Many amusing incidents occurred on the station about this time, including the historic occasion when the Security Guard officer, shortly after threatening to put the cook under arrest for falling into a ditch when drunk, fell head over heels into an 8-foot ditch with two feet of mud and water in it! One morning in the early part of May a strange civilian walked into the Equipment Office and stood patiently waiting for four or five minutes until the Equipment Officer was free to attend to him, and then requested permission to use the telephone. This was given rather grudgingly until he remarked, "I think I had better if you don't mind, Sir, because the hangar is

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OUR VERY BEST ANNIVERSARY GREETINGS TO THE MEN WHO ADMINISTER AND TO THE BOYS WHO FLY

at No. 15 S. F. T. S. Claresholm, Alta.

on fire." Fortunately this proved to be a slight exaggeration, as the fire was confined to a tar boiler a few feet behind the hangar, but the consternation which his remark aroused can be imagined. This fire, although quite sensational in appearance, was confined to the tar boiler by the very efficient fire department, nobly assisted and inspired by the sight of the Fire Chief taking photographs of them while the crew put the blaze out.

About this time Wing Commander Kerr and his staff of "Open Uppers" arrived, and began to organize the rest of the station. They camped in the unfinished Officers' Quarters and erected a small building (Registered Design by Chick Sale) near the present parking space, known as the North Star. At this time the Security Guard patrolled the whole fence line, and having been very efficiently trained by Flying Officer Ricks they challenged everyone indiscriminately, and clicked their rifle bolts threateningly, which can be quite an alarming sound in the small hours of the morning. A certain Flight Lieutenant on the opening party had occasion to make an urgent visit to the North Star at approximately 0300 hours one morning, but was challenged by the Sentry before he could get there, and had to identify himself with the chill morning breezes flapping his pyjamas around to add to his distress.

Up to that time there was no Orderly Room, no Central Registry, no Adjutant or Administrative Officer, in other words, no encumbrances whatsoever, with the result that the handling of correspondence was both simple and efficient. With the setting up of the Administration Building however, the Halcyon days were over, and the station entered into the normal routine system by which correspondence etc. is routed through the usual channels. Our impression was that the "usual channels" got confused with the incompleted sewer system. This has never been definitely confirmed, but the suspicion still lingers.

About the middle of May No. 5 Hangar neared completion and Technical Stores was moved to their present location, and set up under the supervision of WO. 1 Crossley. The Equipment Office was a small cubby hole which now forms part of the I. & R. Section, and which will always be remembered as the building which the contractors altered more than any other. A long distance call was the certain signal for numerous carpenters to start hammering, and going to work in the morning always contained an element of surprise as one's desk was liable to be out on the runway, or the roof was liable to be off the office.

Two unfortunate AC.'s were left in the drill hall in charge of Barrack Stores, which still appeared too bulky to be accommodated in the buildings on the station. To add to their troubles a number of flying instructors arrived, and as they had no aircraft and no pupils the C.O. made them inventory holders and instructed them to obtain the equipment necessary to set up the various messes and barrack blocks. The unfortunate equipment assistants, not being in position to say what they thought, had to do their best to keep things straight, while the battle between various inventory holders as to who was to have what and why, waged fast and furious. The sight of an irate red-headed gentleman, at that time Acting Messing Officer, disputing with another equally irate gentleman as to whether certain equipment belonged to the Officers' Mess kitchen or the Sergeants' Mess kitchen will always be remembered, but it is considered that in such cases a referee or higher rank than AC. 1 would be a great advantage.

At about this period Wing Commander (now Group Captain) H. L. Campbell, our first C.O., arrived on the station, and the fact that order was produced out of chaos so quickly is very largely due to his personal popularity and untiring energy and efficiency, and to the gift he had for making everyone do a darn sight more work than they ever had before, and enjoy doing it. Many an Officer still on the station will remember the acute embarrassment that he could cause by the repetition of the one little word "why", and the strenuous efforts we all made not to have our abyssmal ignorance revealed a second time if it could be avoided.

However, everything straightened itself out in the long run, even Barrack Stores, and with the advance of civilization electric lights, drains and even water (spasmodically) appeared on the station. For weeks after the Officers' Quarters opened the water would be off about three days out of five, but one learned to know by the clanking of buckets and basins outside the doors whether the water system was working or not. On one occasion a certain Equipment Officer just got thoroughly covered from

FOR PALS and FRIENDS Across the "BIG WET"

Spork

The Meat of Many Uses

FOR OVERSEAS

Of course they appreciate your letters. But think how much more they would appreciate one or two tins of this delicious, sugar-cured, tenderized choice pork product. Sold in 12 oz. tins of solid meat. No waste, all nourishment. It's ready to serve, cold or hot.

COLD or HOT Spork Hits the SPOT

A Product of

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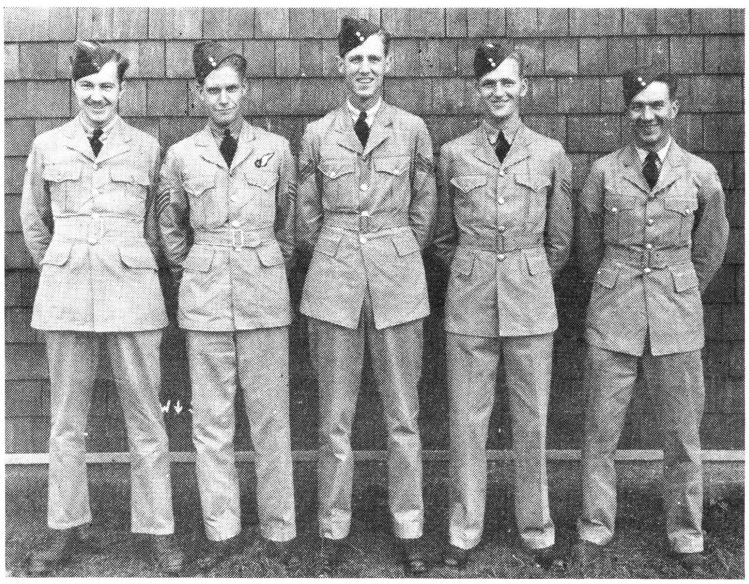
LIMITED

WIRELESS SECTION — MAINTENANCE



LAC. Jacobson, P. O.; Sgt. Nutt, R. L.; Sgt. Harris, H. M.; Cpl. Bladon, W. S.; AC.1 Chrapko, K. J.

head to foot with soap in the shower bath when the water system failed, but the ensuing language removed the soap almost as efficiently as the missing water would have done.

Flying training started with only one runway, but thanks to the splendid co-operation between the various sections on the station, and to the valiant efforts of the Maintenance Squadron to patch up Ansons with anything that was available, the first class graduated right on schedule with their training fully completed.

About the 15th of May, Flight Lieutenant Taylor joined our staff, together with twelve more equipment assistants, straight from St. Thomas, who immediately managed to forget all that they had been taught on the course and did a very fine job indeed. WO. 1 Crossley was posted to No. 10 Repair Depot, and replaced by WO. 2 Emmott, the would-be crusty bachelor who endeared himself to the W.D.'s, and whose energy and efficiency were largely responsible for the efficient (?) set-up we enjoy today. Unfortunately for us flying appealed even more to Emmott than blondes, and he transferred to aircrew, but we have a worthy successor in WO. 1 Bowman, who was posted here from No. 11 (eleven) Depot. Flight Lieutenant Taylor, presumably for some misdemeanor we never discovered on the station, was posted to Ottawa and was replaced by our genial orchestra conductor, Flight Lieutenant Kertland, who has proved himself to be as popular as he is efficient, and who is rapidly living down the unfortunate fact that he comes from Toronto.

On rare occasions when we have both the time and the inclination to think we look back on the early days of the station with very pleasant memories. In spite of the numerous inconveniences and lots of hard work there always seemed to be lots of fun, and everyone was out to help everyone else whether it was his job to do so or not. Thanks to that spirit, and to the assistance and leadership we have always received from our very fortunately selected Commanding Officers, we have had the satisfaction of seeing a first class station take shape under our eyes in a remarkably short time, and of knowing that a good job has been well done.

C. ASHTON-CROSS, Squadron Leader.
Senior Equipment Officer

§

● FIRE FIGHTERS' DEBUT

Hello, fellow men and women. We are the boys you see prowling around at night or snooping around during the day with our red fire band and the letters "F.F." never fail to bring forth a witty crack.

Ladies and Gentlemen: Our snoopings and prowlings are not to see if we can catch someone doing wrong, but to keep you from getting a so-called "hot-foot". So your co-operation is our happiness.

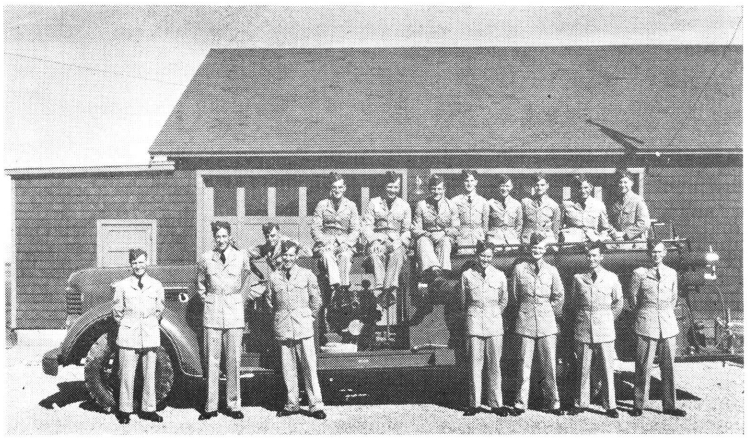
ALL ABOUT US

The following little bits are to acquaint you with us. Any names or descriptions of persons known as "The Six" are purely coincidental.

Sgt. Gilliam from Bronte, Ontario, is now in charge, taking the place of F. S. Quinn who was among the lucky to draw a camp close to home. Sgt. Gilliam, a member of the famous Bronte Fire Brigade, has been in the western country for fourteen months and is still looking forward to the day he can get back to "God's Country"—Ontario. So are a lot of us. We wish you luck, sergeant.

Cpl. Smith, N. W., hails from Rochford Bridge, Alta. His favorite dish is Yorkshire pudding and Brussels sprouts. Of course this is any Yorkshire man's dish.

FIRE DEPARTMENT



FRONT ROW (Left to Right):— Cpl. Smith, N. W.; Cpl. Postlethwaite, J. S.; Cpl. Merkley, H. R.; LAC. Dunn, A.; LAC. Denhoff, A.; LAC. Liebrecht, P.; LAC. Smith, J. R.

BACK ROW:—Sgt. Gilliam, S. L.; AC.1 Narr, J.; LAC. Brunsdale, G. C.; LAC. Hope, J. C.; LAC. Corbett, W.; LAC. Stevenson, J.; LAC. Webster, H. O.; LAC. White, G. A.; LAC. Rabchuk, W.

Norm is the proud father of two children. He now resides at Claresholm, but is looking forward to the day he can return to his little farm and peaceful living. Aren't we all? You can add another curse on Hitler, the ———. Norm was one of the first "F. F.'s" on station, arriving here the 19th May, 1941. I guess you can call him a "Forefather" of the camp.

Cpl. Merkly originated from "Theodore, Sask." We are not stating populations or sizes but the town claims the size of Claresholm, so. Harold is one of the few single boys left in our department, but it isn't from not trying. So if there are any bids, girls, our office is open 24 hours a day. Cpl. Merkley too was one of the early birds on station but had a change by going on temporary duty at Vulcan. We would like to know more about Waterton Lakes, Merk.

Cpl. Postlethwaite, "Slim", for short, arrives from Macklin, Sask. "Slim" has just returned from home after spending his leave with a story as long as he is, about being married. Don't cry girls. We are waiting for someone to furnish a Bible for professional reasons. Personally I believe he is handing out the "jive." Slim hadn't better start talking in his sleep. Come on, Slim, let your hair down or do we have to use brutal force? You know the 2x4. Slim was also one of the early arrivals on station and hasn't had a change of scenery since. Oh well, Slim, victory is soon ours and we'll be able to go back to Macklin.

At this point we would like to mention one of our fellow men who proved himself a man and a rescuer. We would like to introduce LAC. Hope, A. "Art" hails from High River, just a-ways up the line. While out driving with his wife and family, crossing the bridge at High River, Jack Bourbonnie, 'teen-aged boy, fell from the pipe across the river. (Most chaps have seen it on their way to Calgary.) Art heard his shouts and dashed into the river and rescued the boy from almost certain death. This took place on July 1st. These above facts are not verbal, but are taken from a clipping from the Calgary Herald. We feel that Art should receive some recognition for his bravery. Bourbonnie may be a great flier some day. Congratulations and best of luck. We feel proud to have you in the department.

This is all for now. More about us next issue.

If you think the smell of mutton is rank you should smell burnt human flesh. Be Fire-Conscience.

WHITEY.

§

● M. T. SECTION

We regret to say that the following M. T. personnel were not available at the time this picture was taken, because some were on special M. T. luty, some away on leave getting married—"Congratulations, Ted"—and others, well, who knows?

One who does not appear in the picture is one of the star softball players of No. 15 S.F.T.S., of whom the M. T. section is well proud. Another was doing a very important job by standing-by at Woodhouse while there was flying.

Cpl. Blades, who is a pioneer here, was home on one of those long 48's which come along sometimes if you wait long enough.

Cpl. Blades, LAC. McGuire, LAC. McFarland, LAC. Cottingham, LAW. Levagood, LAC. Smith, AC.1 Boulton, AC.1 Amos, AC.1 Norris.

§

● I ENVY YOU

We envy each and every boy
Who pilot deems to be,
It takes us back a score of years
That seems eternity.
They make us young and hopeful,
They are so blithe and gay;
Our Country in her hour of need
May bend a knee and pray
With thankfulness, for such as they
Were willing, when the day,
The day of great necessity,
When all would have been lost,
Except for a few thousand lads
Who did not count the cost.

W. L.

THE DENTAL CLINIC

TOP ROW (Left to Right):—Cpl. E. M. Smith; Pte. L. E. Huseby; Cpl. J. J. M. Bedu.

BOTTOM ROW:—Capt. W. H. Geering; Lieut. R. B. Burgman.

● THE DENTAL CLINIC

The Dental Clinic on this Station was opened on June 13th., 1941, however little work was done for a few days due to lack of water, and finding out where to scrounge the necessary equipment to commence operations. The staff consisted of Lieut. Geering, Cpl. MacMillan and Pte. Kozicky.

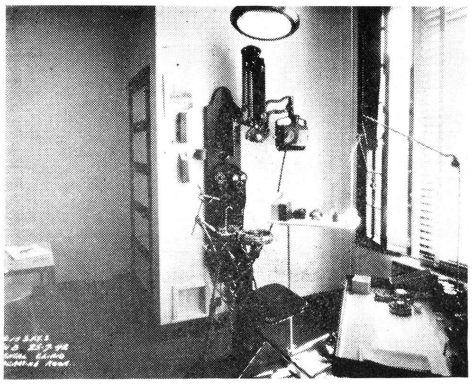
From small beginnings the Clinic has expanded until it consists of a staff of five—Capt. W. H. Geering, Lieut. R. B. Burgman, Cpl. E. M. Smith (W.D.), Cpl. J. J. M. Bedu (W.D.), and Pte. L. E. Huseby. The equipment has been augmented by a modern X-Ray machine, laboratory equipment, and additional equipment which makes it possible to take care of any demands made upon it. During the time the clinic has been in operation it has taken care of over six hundred Aircrew and as many Officers and other ranks as time would permit. Today after a year's operation we feel that the clinic is fulfilling the purpose for which it was designed and hope that in the future it will continue to serve, and be a credit to No. 15 S.F.T.S.

A WORD FROM THE No. 15 S. F. T. S. DENTAL CLINIC

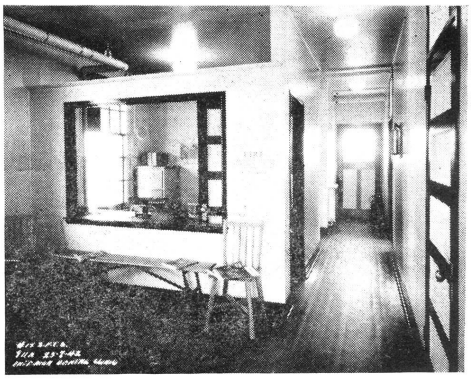
The C. D. C. personnel here, expresses its apreciation of the cordial relationship prevailing between themselves and all ranks of the R.C.A.F.

Many things have been done here, by the R.C.A.F., to facilitate our work, and we wish to assure them that we are ready, willing and able to render them the best in dental services. Our only regret is that during the months we were under staffed, we were unable to take care of all those who presented themselves at the clinic. However, that condition has been remedied with a full staff and more modern equipment including a new X-Ray machine. We hope that the dental needs of all personnel will be fully taken care of.

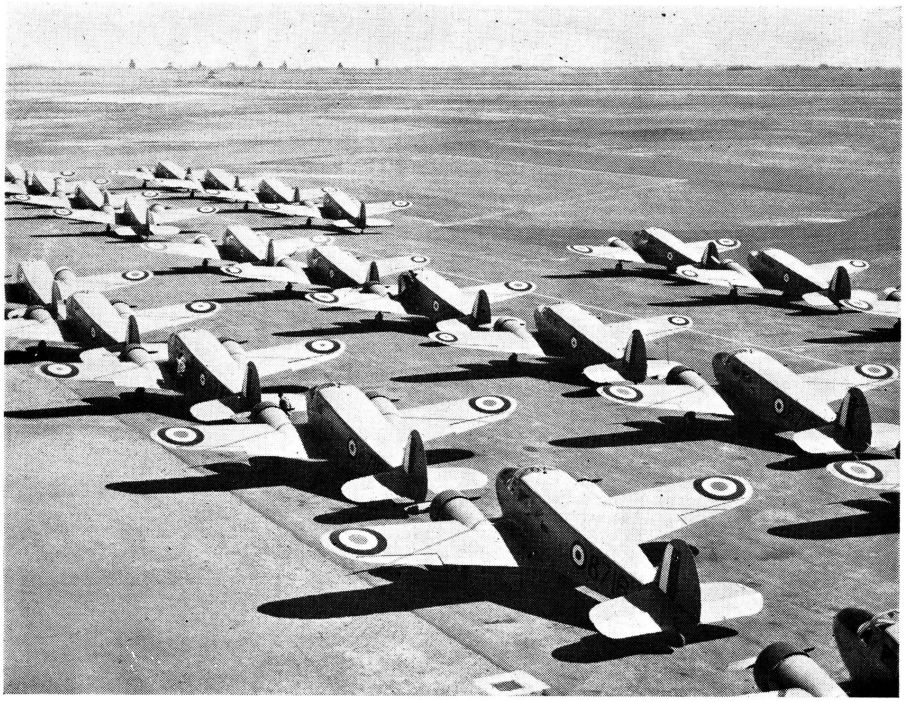
DENTAL CLINIC



OPERATING ROOM

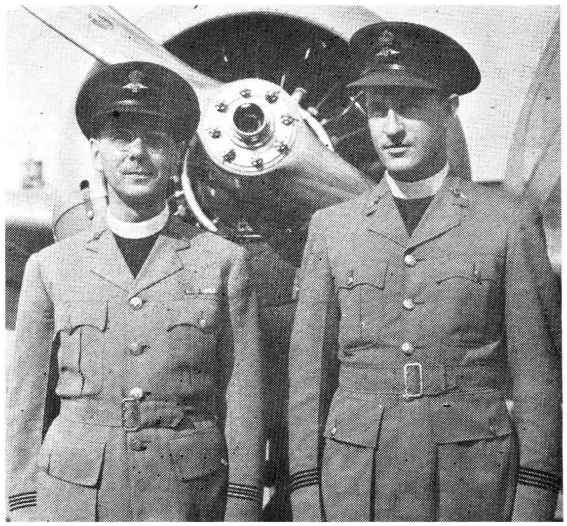


ORDERLY ROOM and HALL



A Tarmac Scene at No. 15 S. F. T. S.

THE STATION PADRES



F/L Roe and F/L Coyne, Station Padres

● "THE PADRE'S PIECE"

Anniversary number of "Windy Wings" calls for a piece from the Padre. Looking through his own patter book he finds little help appropriate to the occasion. His own course on the Station is still in the stage of familiarization with the layout. Turning the pages of the Editor's file of a year of "Windy Wings" reveals the place the Padres have shared in the life of the Station, how they have entered into its varied moods of shadow and shine and its many-sided situations which bring a Padre his opportunities to ply his trade. With an insight and an appreciation which anyone may envy, they have left their own chronicle of the year's doings at No. 15 S.F.T.S. Here, for example, the reader will find a sequence of cartoons and caricatures, with a detailed craftsmanship and a caustic humour, picturing the personnel among the high and the lowly, in their comic or their tragic moments. Here is a picture book, highlighting the station events and achievements, signed with the cryptic "D O N". Scattered through these pages are poems by the same hand, random verse that selects and illuminates some incident of station life, and lifts it to the level of that higher Life where even the trivial gains some glory. Padre P. D. Cameron left his mark in the year's life on the Station and the issues of "Windy Wings" are his witnesses.

Through these same pages there runs another vein, a real pay streak for the prospector, leafing through the year's chronicle. A sequence of narratives by a new Mark Twain or Stephen Leacock, recording the comic disaster and the exploded vanity which befalls even the high and the mighty; a new series of Barrackroom tales, and the samples promise an Air Force Kipling if the writer will give himself to the craft. Unfortunately the Service can claim only part ownership in Padre Coyne, but his place in the life of the Station in the past year has been "out in front" all the way.

Yet such things as these are incidental to the ministry and service of a Padre on an Air Force Station. He is on duty there as a man of God, to promote the moral and spiritual welfare of all ranks, to earn their confidence and to deserve their respect; to give and to receive friendship, generously and widely in all sorts of circumstances and among all sorts of men. He claims no monopoly of religion nor sets himself up as a saint, but he stands steadfast to his duty to remind every man of goodwill that there is a standard of duty and service which we all owe to God and our fellowmen, and by our loyalty to that standard our religion is judged.

Such is the Chaplain's service; and the Padres who have served the personnel of Number Fifteen in the year past have been worthy of the badges they wear.

J. M. R.

Autographs

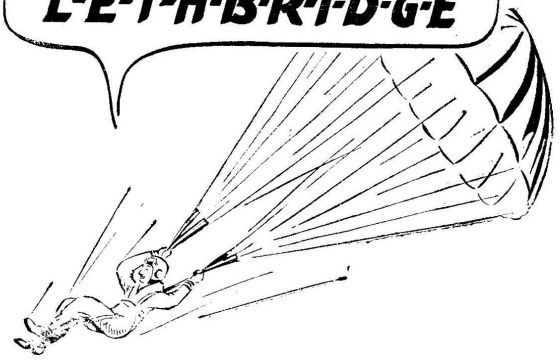
THE CLARESHOLM
LOCAL PRESS
Distinctive Printing

R. L. King
Andrew Laurie Jr.

Greetings to No. 15 S.F.T.S.
and kindly wishes for a
Happy Anniversary!

from the HOUSE of Lethbridge

"IT'S SPELT L-E-T-H-B-R-I-D-G-E"



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