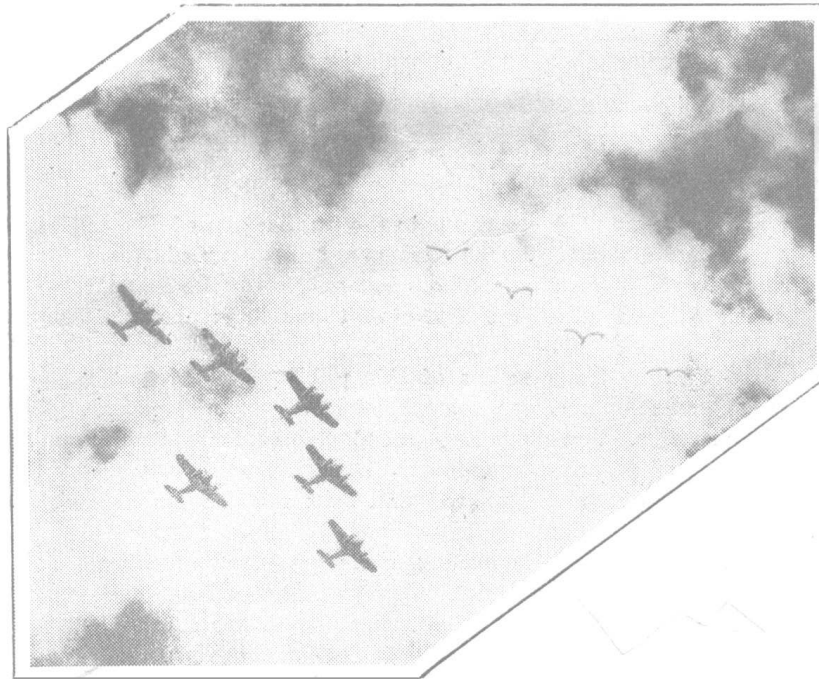


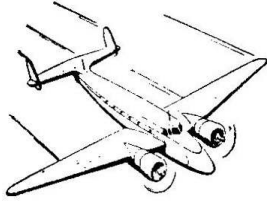


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Christmas Edition 1942





"WINDY WINGS"

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

Circulation 1600

EDITORIAL BOARD

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This paper does not knowingly accept or print material of an objectionable 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

A change of policy with reference to the publication of Station Papers has made a radical alteration in the character and set up of Windy Wings. We are carrying on, and shall carry on, but only with the fullest co-operation of every individual on the Station. Two things are asked of the personnel.

First, we must sell the copies of this publication. We expect that each officer, warrant officer, non-commissioned officer, airwoman and airman will buy a copy. The price is nominal, five cents; but we need that financial support to cover our expenses. We ask that you purchase your copy at the moment they are offered and thus save the labor of distribution.

Secondly, we ask that the writers, cartoonists, newsgatherers, really excel themselves to supply material. Windy Wings had made a name for itself as an excellent publication, this being due to the splendid material supplied by the personnel. Now that a difficulty has arisen as regards to financial income to support the publication, we, No. 15 S.F.T.S., wish to conduct ourselves as we have always done and show other units of the service that we can lead the way along an untravelled road. We want our Paper to be outstanding in the field of publication under the new regime.

This edition is a combined one for two months and is our Christmas and New Year Edition. To one and all on the Station the Editorial Board extends greetings for

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

A HAPPY and PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR



Christmas Greetings from the Commanding Officer

In extending Christmas greetings to the personnel of this Station my final wish is to thank you all for your splendid spirit and co-operation that has made my work this past year a constant pleasure. I do not feel it necessary to dwell on the actual service work of our school since it speaks for itself and compares favourably with that of any other.

The spirit of a school, however, is something entirely different. It is probably the most difficult thing to foster if it does not exist, yet when it does, no trial or tribulation seems to provide too severe a test. The "esprit de corps" that we have here is something of which we can all be proud for it has not been equalled on any Station of my experience.

The spirit that moved the personnel of this Station to subscribe more heavily than any other Station in the Command to both the Red Cross and the Third Victory Loan is the same spirit of self-sacrifice that gives Christmas its meaning to all Christians. Therefore, in wishing for you the best of all that this season brings I feel that you richly deserve it because you have not reserved your Christmas spirit for the few weeks before Christmas day but have kept it throughout the year.

—WING COMMANDER W. E. KENNEDY,
COMMANDING OFFICER.



Guest Editorial

Strange, keeping Christmas this fourth year of War in a tortured world. It's hard to go a-Christmas carolling, singing of the Babe that's born. Why not forget the Festival of the Prince of Peace, till the lights of Christmas shine again, all over the world? Why not go on dreaming of that "White Christmas" just like the ones we used to know, for in the meantime, Christmas holds visions that mock us and memories that hurt us, and so much else too good to be true.

What shall we say to such cynics and defeatists, these saboteurs of our Christmas faith and hope and love?

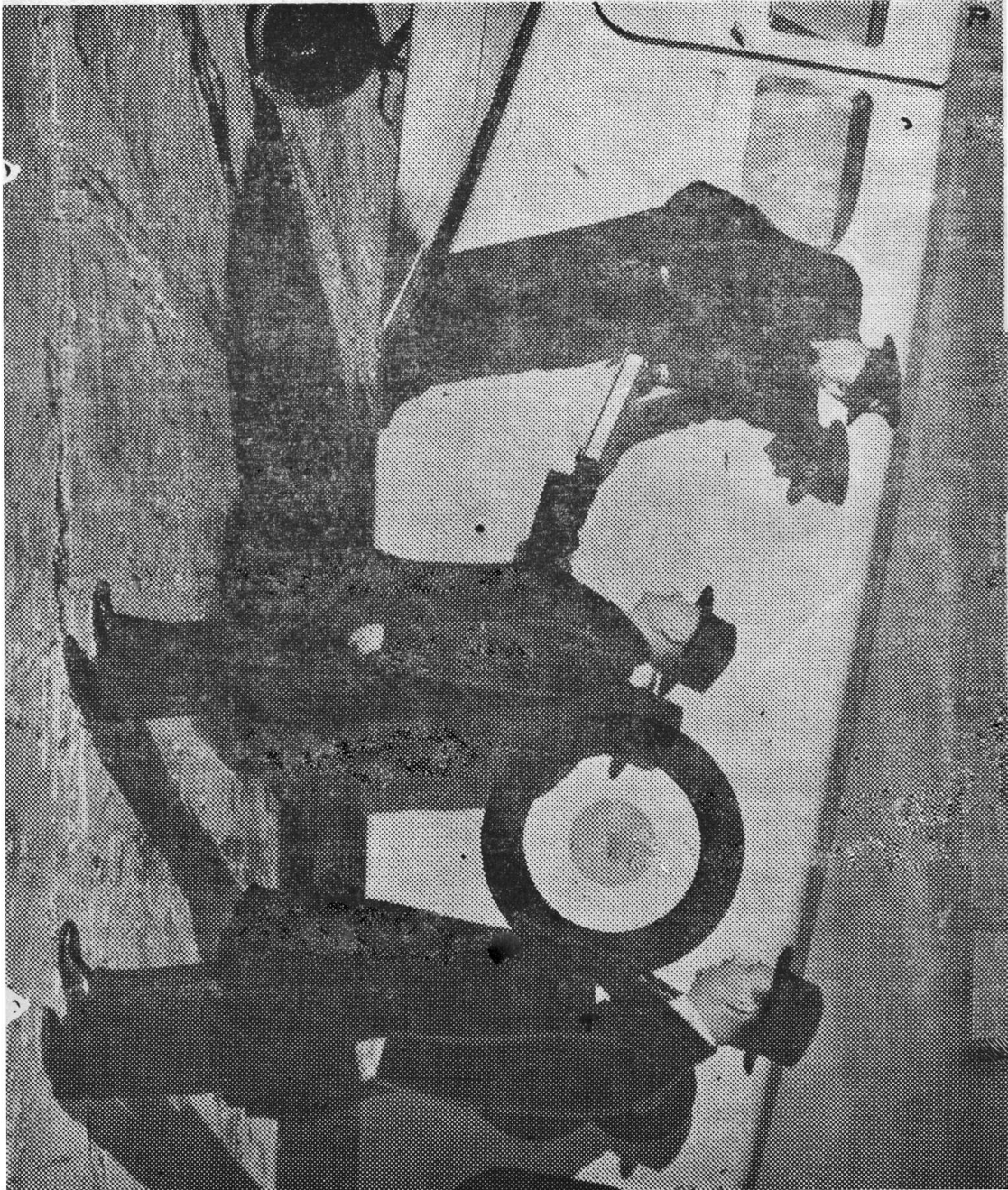
Remember how the first Christmas came? A miracle of God's Love for a world stricken with its own sorrow and pain, sinking under its own sin and cynicism. It was God's answer to man's necessity, the divine intervention: binging reinforcements and new resources, with good news of redemption and release, new heart and new hope for all who would see and believe. Through the overcast the shepherds saw the unseen squadrons betokening the new redeeming power of God coming to man's rescue: they heard the herald proclaiming the promise of victory: "Unto you is born this day a Saviour". That was the turning point of human history. Remembering the faithful valiant few upon whom God's plan depended, in reverence we can say "never was so much owed by so many to so few".

Here is the challenge of our wartime Christmas. We must keep faith with the generations of the faithful: we must keep Christmas with gallant and gay hearts, singing our carols with courage. With faith undimmed and hearts undaunted we must let the lights of Christmas shine again, a pledge to our brethren in every land. It is written: "In Him was life and the life was the light of men: and the light shineth in the darkness and the darkness is not able to quench it". Therefore, let us keep the Christmas lights burning upon the altar of our hearts until they can shine again, all over the world.

—F/L J. M. ROE

THE VICTORY LOAN DAGGER DELIVERED

The Claresholm Victory Loan Committee was only too happy to have the Air Force deliver the Victory Loan Commando Dagger to Calgary by plane, especially when No. 15 S. F. T. S. built up such a wonderful record in the Campaign. To Pilot Officer Hore, recently awarded the Air Force Cross, was given the honor of delivering the Dagger. Here he is shown handing the Dagger Mr. F. E. Osborne in Calgary, Chairman of the Provincial Loan Committee. Calgary Herald Photograph.



Christmas Greetings to All

As the year 1942 comes to an end, we look back on our achievements in 1942 and plan for greater effort in the coming year.

We cannot help but feel proud of the record in training accomplished in 1942, and this has been entirely due to the efforts of the Instructors and maintenance personnel. At this time I take the opportunity of expressing to these people my thanks for their full hearted efforts and co-operation and ask that we continue to work together throughout the New Year.

To all, a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

—W/C C. W. BURGESS,
Chief Instructor.



Congratulations to all those members of No. 2 Squadron, both past and present, who have done so much during 1942 to assist in earning for this School a reputation second to none in the Empire Air Training Scheme.

Your efforts during the last 12 months have shown that no difficulty is too great to surmount. We appreciate that your work has not been easy at times, however we are a year nearer the end, and God, weather and Ansons permitting we shall be well on the way to victory before another Christmas comes round.

For 1943 all the best of luck where ever you may be.

—S/L D. D. ATKINSON,
No. 2 Squadron.



It gives me great pleasure to be afforded the opportunity to wish the personnel on the Station a Happy Christmas and to congratulate all ranks on their achievement during the past year. By keeping up the good work, there is a possibility that by next Christmas we may all be able to return to our ordinary occupations. Let us keep up the good work.

—F/L C. R. HIGGENS,
Station Administrative Officer.



To the Staff and Students of G.I.S. for your wholehearted co-operation in doing the assigned work in '42—well done!

For the initiative, enthusiasm and good will displayed in creating and doing the extra work—my thanks and sincere appreciation with all good wishes for a Happy Xmas and a successful New Year.

—S/L J. MacKENZIE DOBSON,
Chief Gound Instructor.



I would like to take this opportunity to wish all the personnel of No. 1 Squadron a most Merry Christmas and the happiest of New Years and to thank them all for the splendid co-operation and unflagging zeal which they have displayed during 1942.

—F/L R. R. LIVERMORE,
Officer Commanding No. 1 Squadron.



In this—the last issue before Christmas, the Officer Commanding Maintenance Wing, wishes to extend to all personnel a very merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

At the same time, it is opportune, that all Maintenance personnel should know that their sincere efforts are greatly appreciated.

It is only through the fine spirit of co-operation which they have shown, that the success attained in the year just past, is possible in Maintenance Wing.

—S/L R. M. PATERSON,
Officer Commanding Maintenance Wing.



The W.D. Officers wish to take this opportunity of extending the compliments of the season to all the W.D's., and are looking forward to as much co-operation and good-will as we've had in the past.

A/S/O M. Moodie,
A/S/O R. Goodman,
A/S/O B. Brownlee.



Christmas Festival Greetings



.... THE CHAPLAINS

— OF —

NO. 15 S. F. T. S.

EXTEND

SINCERE CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
TO ALL MEN AND WOMEN
ON THE STATION



A Christmas Festival can never be separated from Christ: His Birthday invites our personal remembrance and turns our hearts and minds to Him.

Your sacred obligations and your devotional opportunity can be fulfilled this Christmas Day.

Protestant Services

Station Service: Christmas 'Eve
Carol Service in Recreational
Hall Dec. 24th., 23:45 hours
to 00:15 hours.

Claresholm, St. John's Angli-
can: Holy Communion, Mid-
night, 23:45 hours.

Station Service, on Christmas
Day: Anglican Communion
Service, 10:00 hours (G.I.S.)

Roman Catholic Services

Claresholm St. Vincent's
Church: Midnight Mass, on
Christmas 'Eve.

Station Service: Christmas Day
Mass (K. or C. Hut) at 10:00
hours.

COMMUNICANTS BREAKFAST

will be served on the Invitation of the Station Chaplains
after the 10:00 hrs. services on Christmas Day.

J. M. ROE
Station Chaplain (P.)

T. P. COYNE
Station Chaplain (R.C.)



COURSE 60

FOURTH ROW:—LAC. Ball, V. D.; LAC. Dalgleish, J. M.; SGT. Allan, E. J.; SGT. Smeed, A. C.; LAC. Thomas, M.; LAC. Carlson, E. W.; LAC. Howard, G. W.; LAC. Hetherington, R. O.; LAC. Ward, M. W.; LAC. McIntyre, D. J.; LAC. Owen, J. D.; LAC. Verhaest, F. K.

THIRD ROW:—CPL. Gill, W. B.; LAC. Erickson, E. H.; LAC. Crozier, A.; LAC. Jones, J. A.; LAC. Panasis, G.; SGT. Sinclair, G.; LAC. Rose, D. R.; LAC. Dunphy, A. V.; LAC. Walker, A. G.; LAC. Markle, O. C.; LAC. Britton, K. G.; LAC. Barry, J. A.; LAC. Bennett, B. R.

SECOND ROW:—LAC. Yates, K. R.; LAC. Aldworth, R. G.; LAC. Hammett, H. A.; LAC. Cutburth, P. B.; LAC. Leiberenz, R. C.; LAC. Milroy, J. E. S.; LAC. Neal, F. J.; LAC. Lyons, A. L.; LAC. Lamb, O. R.; LAC. Wells, J. R.; LAC. Brisbin, M. J.; LAC. McLennan, B. A.

FRONT ROW:—LAC. Bourassa, J. M.; LAC. Bower, J. F.; LAC. Lefeaux, L.; LAC. Costie, R. D.; LAC. Fell, T. H.; LAC. Dunlop, A. V.; F/O Young, R. W.; LAC. Neilson, N. M.; LAC. Hamilton, J. K.; LAC. Hewko, E.; LAC. Leonard, R. G.; LAC. Coggins, J. P.; LAC. Cowley, R. H.

● Course 60 Wings Parade

There was a real atmosphere of winter enshrouding the wings parade at No. 15 S.F.T.S. Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 4th., requiring the function to be diverted from the usual parade ground into No. 3 Hangar. This marked the fourteenth course to be graduated from this school, and was indeed representative of the United Nations, with student pilots from England and Scotland, the United States and Canada.

The top ranking graduate, winning special distinction, was LAC. Larry Lefeaux of Vancouver, B.C., a young man of but twenty years, who hurried home that week-end for his marriage to take place the following Monday.

Other candidates passing with distinction were: LAC. L. D. Dunlop of Mossbank, Sask., Cpl. W. Gill of Banff, Alta., LAC. D. J. McIntyre of Rosetown, Sask., LAC. G. Panasis of Vancouver, B.C. and LAC. F. K. Verhaest of Whittala, Alta.

Squadron Leader C. W. Burgess, Chief Instructor, marshaled the parade. Flying Officer R. Young was in charge of the graduating class, while the Adjutant, Flt. Lt. J. W. Ross was the aide to the Commanding Officer, Wing Commander W. E. Kennedy.

Wing Commander Kennedy made the formal inspection of the graduating class, stopping to pass a few words with LAC. C. B. Cutburth of Santa Monica, California, a chap well above the six foot stature and with beaming face. Wing Commander Kennedy spoke but

briefly, first congratulating the graduating class, and then touching upon the Victory Loan Campaign that is being dealt with sanguine seriousness on the Station. He pointed out that such training schools at this could only be kept functioning by the financial support of the people at home. He said the Station personnel had responded nobly to the loan appeal but he still felt more could be done.

Wing Commander Kennedy then turned over to Squadron Leader J. M. Dobson, the new Chief Ground Instructor on the Station, the honor of presenting the flying badges. S/L Dobson congratulated the boys upon their success in achieving the point of graduation, this being the result of concentrated effort on their part as well as untiring effort on the part of a vast organization of Instructors. He exhorted them to keep in touch with their Instructors by the odd letter now and again, for this meant so much to the men who were denied the excitement and glamour of actual combat. He warned the boys that they were up against a ruthless foe and could expect no quarter and should give no quarter.



LAC. Lefeaux, Senior Graduate in Course 60 (now P/O Lefeaux, at No. 2 F.I.S., Vulcan) receiving his wings.

He told the boys that to accomplish their purpose they must learn to hate—to hate all that the Nazis do and stand for and to as quickly as possible extirminate them from the face of the earth. This war, he said, is not being fought under any Marquis of Queensbury rules. It is a rough and tumble conflict with no holds barred. Successful re-habilitation of the world after this conflict depends upon our success, and whether we or the Nazis set up the new rules after this conflict depends upon what is accomplished by the boys who graduate from these Air Training Schools.

S/L Dobson is a veteran of the last Great War, and did not take up flying till the close of the conflict and then served as a flyer out of Murmansk, Russia, for a year. So the convey problems of the present war are an old story to him.

Wing Commander Kennedy took the salute in the march past following the wings parade. The Station Band under the leadership of Flying Officer Coates, provided the martial music for the occasion.

The graduates and the relatives and friends here for the ceremonies were entertained at tea at the officers' mess at the close of the proceedings.

The Graduates

LAC. Lefeaux, L., of Vancouver, B.C., was the leading graduate with Special Distinction.

LAC. Aldworth, R. G., London, England; SGT. Allen, E. J., Edmonton, Alta.; LAC. Ball, V. D., Anglia, Sask.; LAC. Barry, J. A., Vancouver, B.C.; LAC. Bennet, B. R., Essex, Ont.; LAC. Bourassa, John M., Peace River, Alta.; LAC. Bower, J. F., Vancouver, B.C.; LAC. Brisbin, M. J., Isabella, Man.; LAC. Britton, K. G., Winnipeg, Man.; LAC. Carlson, E. W., Nanaimo, B.C.; LAC. Coggins, J. P., Saskatoon, Sask.; LAC. Costie, R. D., Seattle, Wash., U.S.A.; LAC. Cowley, R. H., Ottawa, Ont.; LAC. Crozier, A., Belfast, Scotland; LAC. Cutburth, P. B., Santa Monica, Calif., U.S.A.; LAC. Dalgliesh, J. D., Melfort, Sask.; LAC. Dunlop, L. D. (Distinguished Pass), Mossbank, Sask.; LAC. Dunphy, A. V., Upper Blackville, N.B.; LAC. Erickson, E. H., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; LAC. Fell, T. H., Vancouver, B.C.; CPL. Gill, W. (Distinguished Pass), Banff, Alta.; LAC. Hamilton J. K., Toronto Ont., LAC.

Hammett, H. A., Rowley, Mass., U.S.A.; LAC. Hetherington, R. O., Vancouver, B.C.; LAC. Hewko, E., Anton Lake, Alta.; LAC. Howard, G. W., Sexsmith, Alta.; LAC. Jones, J. A., Blackburn, England; LAC. Lamb, O. A., Fitchburg, Mass., U.S.A.; LAC. Leiberenz, R. B., Johnesboro, Arkansas, U.S.A.; LAC. Leonard, R. G., Victoria, B.C.; LAC. Lyons, A. L., Emo, Ont.; LAC. Markle, O. C., Shoal Lake, Man.; LAC. McIntyre, D. J. (Distinguished Pass), Rose-town, Sask.; LAC. McLennan, B. A., White Rock, B.C.; LAC. Milroy, J. E., Edmonton, Alta.; LAC. Neal, F. J., Montreal, Quebec; LAC. Nielson, N. M., Vancouver, B.C.; LAC. Owen, J. D., Victoria, B.C.; LAC. Panasis (Distinguished Pass), Vancouver, B.C.; LAC. Rose, D. R., Toronto, Ont.; SGT. Sinclair, G., Vancouver, B.C.; SGT. Smeed, A. C., Regina, Sask.; LAC. Thomas, M., Saskatoon, Sask.; LAC. Verhaest, F. G., (Distinguished Pass), Whitla, Alta.; LAC. Walker, A. G., Owen Sound, Ont.; LAC. Ward, M. W., Edmonton, Alta.; LAC. Wills, J. R., High River, Alta.; LAC. Yates, K. R., Northampton, England.



COURSE 62

FOURTH ROW:—SGT. Connal, J.; LAC. Eberhardt, L. B.; LAC. Kopp, J. W.; SGT. Tilson, H. M.; LAC. Leslie, J. C.; SGT. Walley, B. C.; LAC. McNab, R. D.; LAC. Smith, J. H.; LAC. Gibson, A. R.; LAC. Moran, C. P.; LAC. LaPointe, P. J.

THIRD ROW:—SGT. Muir, T. J.; SGT. Smith, R. E.; LAC. Perkins, R. J.; LAC. Bennett, C. R.; LAC. Barson, P.; LAC. de Jongh, D. M.; LAC. Sherry, S. W.; LAC. Williams, R. A.; LAC. Edwards, C. H.; LAC. Gilkeson, F. E.; LAC. Coulin, R. F.

SECOND ROW:—LAC. Dumas, W. V.; LAC. Daley, B.; LAC. Dundas, C. L.; LAC. Teece, P. A.; LAC. George, N. G.; LAC. Murray, J. T.; LAC. Kogan, M.; LAC. Wallis, S. D.; LAC. Dixon, D.; LAC. McGregor, J.; LAC. McPhail, W. M.

FRONT ROW:—SGT. Padgett, H.; CPL. White, R. J.; LAC. Gilhome, L. W.; LAC. Male, R. H.; LAC. Brest, C. S.; LAC. Baker, N. R.; F/O Waring, R. C.; LAC. Duffy, E. H.; LAC. McCarthy, V. A.; LAC. Hurman, R. E.; LAC. Arrowsmith, L. H.; LAC. Ablitt, K. E.; LAC. Clifford, L. T.; LAC. Thomas, W. A.

MISSING:—SGT. Edworthy, M. A.; LAC. Waite, A. E.

● Course 62 Wings Parade

—†—

Winter bore down on the scene Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 2nd., when the wings parade for Course 62, was held

at No. 15 S.F.T.S. This was the fifteenth course to be graduated from the Claresholm Training Station. Wing Commander W. E. Kennedy, the Commanding Officer, presented the flying badges after delivering an inspiring

address to the graduates. The parade was under the command of the Chief Instructor, Wing Commander C. W. Burgess. Flight Lieutenant J. W. Ross, the Station Adjutant, acted as Aide to the Commanding Officer. Flying Officer Waring was in charge of the graduating group. The Station Band, under the leadership of Flying Officer Harding, provided the martial music for the occasion. The Commanding Officer took the salute in the march past at the conclusion of the ceremonies.

In spite of the severe cold there were quite a number of civilians out to cheer the graduates, and several had relatives here from a distance in honor of the occasion. The graduates and their guests were entertained at tea in the Officers' Mess following the parade.

The top ranking student in the course was LAC. C. L. I. Dundas of Adelaide, Australia. Others ranking with distinguished pass or special distinction were: LAC. D. M. de Jongh of Melbourne, Australia; LAC. N. G. George of Adelaide, Australia; LAC. J. H. Smith of Hamilton, Ont.; Sgt. B. C. Walley of Winnipeg, Man.; and Cpl. R. J. White of Port Colbourne, Ont.

Course 62 contained quite a number of Canadians who had re-mustered from ground-crew trades to air-crew. Sgt. B. C. Walley of Winnipeg joined the R.C.A.F. in 1937 and has served at a number of Stations across Canada as an armament artificer. For 2 years previous to his re-muster he was attached to a squadron in the Western Air Command. Sgt. J. Connal of Vancouver was formerly an air-frame mechanic. Sgt. M. A. Edworthy of Star City, Sask., was formerly a clerk in the service. Cpl. R. J. White of Port Colborne, Ont., was also a former clerk. LAC. McNab of Lethbridge worked at No. 2 Bombing and Gunnery School at Mossbank, Sask. LAC. W. Thomas of Timmins, Ont., was formerly an air-frame mechanic. LAC. L. B. Eberhardt of St. Catharines, Ont., a former clerk, had been attached to No. 4 Training Command Headquarters, Calgary, before re-mustering to air-crew. LAC. S. W. Sherry of Longview, Washington, and Petersburg, Alaska, spent five years on the Alaskan coast working as a fisherman. His brother is a major in the U.S. Army Medical Corps.

The Commanding Officer's Address to the Graduating Class

Guests and Personnel of No. 15 Service Flying Training School:—

We are parading today to present the pilot's flying badge to the fifteenth course to graduate from this Station. This course is unique to the extent that it contains representatives from Great Britain, Australia, United States and Canada. The mere fact that on a training Station in Canada we should have assembled trainees from four of the United Nations is an example of the solidarity of purpose which has carried us from our weak and impotent position of 1939 to the point today where we can look forward with confidence to coming events.

You men who graduate today have worked hard in order to reach the required standard of training by graduates of Service Flying Training Schools. You deserve our sincere congratulations for the continued effort you have made, and our hopes that you will continue on your path of today and be a credit to the service and to our cause. You who graduate today are fortunate in that you enter this tremendous conflict at a time when we may feel that we have had our first real major success. It will be your opportunity to bolster our attack and assist in continuing the heavy attacks on our faltering enemy. Make sure that you do not fall short of the efforts of your predecessors and that your every effort will be bent towards the one end of striking the enemy wherever possible and as hard as possible.

Some of you will remain to assist those of us who are concerned with the training of service pilots. The obligation upon you is even greater than that given to operational pilots. A pilot on the actual scene of operations is responsible only for his particular aircraft and his particular assignment. The effort you put into your work will be reflected in the pupils you produce. Their ability and attitude towards the service and all its obligations will be your direct responsibility. As a service pilot you can only handle one aircraft . . . as an Instructor you can produce dozens of pilots to replace the single effort you yourself would have put forth. In leaving this Station I hope that you will give full credit to the men and women who have made your train-

ing possible. Without the single purpose of the entire personnel on this Station it would be impossible to ever produce a class of Pilots, and you represent their efforts toward this end be they Instructors or ground personnel, whatsoever their work.

On behalf of the Station personnel I wish you Godspeed and a safe return.
 ,fgogx guulfi r ynyou rooBAH a S

Course 62

LAC. Dundas, C. L. I., Adelaide, Australia; LAC. Albitt, R. E., Brisbane, Australia; LAC. Arrowsmith, L. H., Townsville, Australia; LAC. Baker, N. R., Melbourne, Australia; LAC. Barson, P., Melbourne, Australia; LAC. Bennett, C. R., Geelong, Australia; LAC. Brest, C. I., San Francisco, California, U.S.A.; LAC. Clifford, L. F., Melbourne, Australia; SGT. Connal, J., Vancouver, G.C.; LAC. Voulin, E. F., Newcastle, Australia; LAC. Daley, B., Alstonville, Australia; LAC. de Jongh, D.M., Melbourne, Australia; LAC. Dixon, D., Hull, Yorkshire, England; LAC. Duffy, N. A., Melbourne, Australia; LAC. Dumas, W. V., Montreal, Quebec; LAC. Eberhardt, L. B., St. Catherines, Ontario; LAC. Edwards, G. H., Brisbane, Australia; SGT. Edworthy, M. A., Star City, Sask.; LAC. George, N. G., Adelaide, Australia; LAC. Gibson, A. R., Alliance, Alta.; LAC. Gilholme, L. W., Inverell, Australia; LAC. Gilkeson, F.M., Toowoomba, Australia; LAC. Hurman, R. E. G., Brisbane, Australia; LAC. Kogon, M., Toronto, Ont.; LAC. Kopp, J. W., Rennie, Man.; LAC. Lapointe, P. J., Vancouver, B.C.; LAC. Leslie, J. G., Brantford, Ont.; LAC. McGregor, J., Coleman, Alta.; LAC. Male, R. H., Tara, Queensland, Australia; LAC. McCarthy, W. V., Sydney, Australia; LAC. McNab, R. D., Lethbridge, Alta.; LAC. McPhail, W. H., Cromarty, Ont.; LAC. Moran, C. P., Portage la Prairie, Man.; SGT. Muir, T. J., Montreal, Quebec; LAC. Murray, J. T., London, Ont.; SGT. Padgett, H., Vancouver, B.C.; LAC. Perkins, A. J., Melbourne, Australia; LAC. Sherry, S. W., Petersburg, Alaska; LAC. Smith, J. H., Hamilton, Ont.; SGT. Smith, R. E., Hamilton, Ont.; LAC. Teece, P. A., Moree, Australia; LAC. Thomas, H. M., Winnipeg, Man.; LAC. Waite, E. A., Stockton-on-Tees, Durham, England; LAC. Wallis, S. D., Pasadena, Calif., U.S.A.; SGT. Walley, B. C., Winnipeg, Man.; CPL. White, R. J., Port

Colbourne, Ont.; LAC. Willions, H. A., Edmonton Alta.

The Senior Graduate

The Senior Graduate, LAC. Clive Dundas, of Adelaide, N.S.W., Australia, is a married man, age 24. He was born in Kirkaldy, Scotland, but was taken as an infant to Australia and is very proud of being an Australian, but just the same hopes to see his birthplace before the war is over. He studied accountancy in the University of Adelaide, holding the degrees of A.F.I. A., A.A.I.S. and A.C.I.S. Before enlisting he was on the staff of the National Bank of Australia, in the audit department, enlisting in the R.A.A.F. in June 1941. Naturally he is one of the 23 members of Course 62 to be given a commissioned rank and will report to No. 2 F.I.S., Vulcan, for further training as an Instructor.

Presented with Honorary Testimonial from Royal Canadian Humane Society

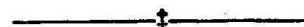
An interesting presentation was made at the conclusion of the presentation of the "Wings", when LAC. A. J. C. Hope received the Honorary Testimonial of the Royal Canadian Humane Society in recognition of his gallantry and initiative in saving the life of Jack Bourbonne of High River. One Sunday in June Hope was driving along the highway just north of High River when the Bourbonne lad fell off the gas pipe running across the creek and into the flood waters then raging and was rapidly being carried to his death. Hope stopped his car and jumped in the water fully clothed and effected the rescue.

Headquarters Section Wins

Commanding Officer's Athletic Trophy

The Commanding Officer's athletic trophy was won last month by Headquarters Squadron, WO.1 Shiek being called forward to take the honors.

A graduation dinner was held in the Sergeants' Mess Wednesday night, with more than a hundred present and proving a most enjoyable affair.



THE RUNWAY

» «

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

x x x x

● WE LIKE CANADA

Like it! We just simply and unashamedly fell in love with it the moment we arrived. Why? Need you ask? Well! Because it is big. Big-hearted people who have caught "... the vision splendid, of the sunlit plains extended", to use a quotation from an Aussie poet.

I met a wheat-farmer who farms over a thousand acres of land without the help of a single employee and raises a large family into the bargain. A loan of a thousand millions of dollars is subscribed in double-quick time. A war effort out of all proportion to its size. These are some of the things I have in mind when I use the word big. To say nothing of the many big cuts of tender juicy steak around which we have wrapped ourselves.

"Why do we like Canada," you enquire hopefully? Because of the open-handed hospitality which has been meted out to us on every side. What we have not paid in fares going places would probably build a railroad to Alaska. Everywhere we go there is an embarrassment of riches. Numberless invitations to spend our forty-eights enjoying the friendship and hospitality of homes as warm as the hearts of the people who live in them. Invitations which I might add regretfully, greatly exceeded the number of forty-eights which we had to spend. And what homes. Cosy and friendly with lounges just oozing comfort. Books to gladden the heart of any bookman. That finishing touch to every home—a piano. And many a charming daughter to play upon it.

And what fellers! Why! they say "Cumanaveadrink". just the same as they do in Australia. There is no sound which rings more musical to the ear of an Australian (or a Canadian for that matter) than that magical open

sesame to friendship—an invitation to have a drink and loosen up the jaws. Believe me, there has been no dearth of invitations and that is just one more reason why we like Canada.

The towns. Well what are towns but places where people gather to satisfy their gregarious instincts. We ask nothing more of a town than good company, an alehouse or two and a place to eat heartily. In all these respects Canadian towns have more than measured up to our most hopeful expectations.

Oh! those mountains? Grandeur right on our doorstep. Beauty entirely new to us—the sun shining on the snow-covered peaks of the Rockies, age-old and rugged. Mountain lakes—gems shrined in grandeur. These were things we just had to "write home about". And the wide open spaces of the prairies, surely a land of plenty. We are glad we saw them in a good season, for they were a picture worth framing.

What? The lasses did I hear you ask? Charming, really charming. We like them for their simple friendliness, their unaffected manners and their keen sense of enjoyment.

No. 15 S.F.T.S.? We'll I did not want to mention it, but since you have dragged it from me there is nothing else for it. I must warn you that I speak for myself here.

For some reason or other the Air Force has nearly always managed to arrange that we arrive at a Station in the middle of the night, tired and hungry after a long train journey. In such circumstances first impressions are likely to be anything but pleasant. The usual reception is a confused marching hither and thither seeking quarters, seeking bedding, seeking sustenance, and finding little of any. Here at No. 15 S.F.T.S. such was not the case. We tumbled out of the wagon straight into our quarters, selected our bunks and in next to no time had had bedding issued to us and were putting ourselves outside of a hearty meal. The omens foretold good things. Neither were they misread. Comfortable quarters, luxurious canteen furnishings and that home of comfort—the K. of C. Hut—led us to imagine that we had somehow fallen into the lap of luxury itself. Nor was the exterior unpleasant. Green lawns and the green of the wheat on the aerodrome did in nowise

offend the eye.

Last, but not least, was the treatment we received at the hands of the Station personnel. Helpfulness and consideration was the keynote in all sections. Our every request was sympathetically received and readjustments quickly made. Our gratitude may be taken for granted.

And now we are on our way again. I will not strain your credulity by saying that we are sorry we are leaving No. 15 S.F.T.S. Perforce to us it is another milestone in our Air Force career. But I will say that when the hard work and occasional disappointments have long been forgotten we will still have of our sojourn at No. 15 S.F.T.S. pleasant memories. Cheerio and Good Luck.

—62 Course Aussies.

—‡—
● **EVENTIDE AT SEA**

(Written during the ocean voyage
from Australia to Canada)

Our ship sails on
And I survey the sea,
The hush of twilight ends
The wan day's destiny,
The waves of indigo
Are fields of grey,
Blue meadows die,
And beaming far away
Shines night's first star.

Tall clouds are graced
With evening's last faint light,
And snow tow'ered shrines are touched
With ebony of night,
From iv'ry pillars falls
A pallid ray,
And, as a sprite,
Dim luminances play
On tides that sleep.

Quiet hours are here,
And time has lost his way,
Old memories trace o'er
Events of yesterday,
Remembrance has turned
My thoughts to home,
A garden blooms,
And here I see, alone,
Idyllic flowers.

My thoughts wend on,
And wander to the sky.
And whimsical I yearn
Through galaxies to fly,
The halls of heaven gleam

With silver dew,
A sea bird's cry
Reminds that both we two
Are earthly things.

Warm waters speak
And whisper in the wake,
In tireless streams I see
Bright bubbles blow and break,
The hands of Solitude
Smooth back the sea,
Our path is lost,
And to infinity,
Rolls on the deep.

Campaigns of war
Are travesties, a dream,
And death a myth in worlds
Where fantasies are seen,
A battlefield still seems
A flow'ring vale,
A bugle's call,
A pantomime of tales
From history's deeds.

The moon is up,
Bright shimmers dance with foam
A yellow ribbon drifts
From Phoebe's golden gown,
The gilded strand beguiles
And fancies play,
The air is light,
I hear no more the bay
Of trumpet sounds.

Our ship sails on,
And shadows shroud my eyes,
Sublime, the winds of sleep
Dispell life's mysteries,
The passive will consents
To bide the time,
I turn to rest,
And presences unseen
Safeguard our way.

LAC. Cranmer, P. A.,
AUS. 421574,
Course 60.

—‡—
● **THE DAY WILBUR SOLOED**

The Instructor had stayed with it and was convinced Wilbur could fly, despite all those ground loops, the landings at twenty feet and the broken undercarriges. Oh, yes; the Instructor was convinced Wilbur could fly but if he was to do anymore of it, it would be alone, Mr. Instructor had done his share of life risking.

He's more than proud to see Wilbur shaking with confidence and his parting words are: "Well, Hedgekins, it's

your life, not mine, go ahead; I'll hold your watch and breakables. Remember, a good landing is one you can walk away from. Keep your eye on the Buzzards, they've probably got theirs on you."

Away goes Wilbur across the field, nose down, tail up and hopping over aircraft like a frog in a marble game. Ten minutes later, when our dear Wilbur has resumed the essential art of breathing he ventures into a climbing turn which loses eight hundred feet, bringing him back to circuit height.

Drifting up and down like a piece of drift wood in a rough sea, Wilbur makes his way around the circuit with his eyes glued on the altimeter and gently spilling the other aircraft in the circuit like ten pins.

It may not be tradition but it is a common rule that initial solos always get lots of respect—and room.

Finally Sir Lancelot peers out to see the airfield fading off into the distance and smooth like a mild case of Rigor-mortis. Wilbur peels off into a gently screaming turn and heads for the on-rushing Airport.

At first our dear Hedgekins thinks he's too high so down goes the nose; no—too low, more throttle, nose up; no, too high—and all over again. Poor Wilbur, and probably nice parents, too.

Just as the rudder is about to depart from its moorings Wilbur begins to settle his ship down for a landing. There he sits at twenty feet stalling it in and finally drops it in with an ear-splitting crash accompanied by the general alarm.

The ambulance arrives just as Wilbur appears with an undercarriage under each arm, the stick still nestled in one clenched hand, the throttle in the other, and a toothless smile on his oil splattered face.

Another solo, another plane ordered and everybody is happy—the factory included.

● DOWN UNDER

—‡—

This is an Australian speaking.

It's not that I'm particularly homesick at the moment—the old complaint all we Australians suffer from at times—but I've simply got to get this off my chest.

You see, Christmas is almost upon us. For most of us, this is the first Christmas spent away from our sunny, southern paradise. So it's quite natural for a fellow's thoughts to drift back over the Pacific, down across the Equator, down, way down, to the Australian Christmas we all know. The Christmas we all love.

It is as beautiful as ever down by the stream now; I have only to close my eyes to see it all.

A great bar of orange, tipped with rose-pink, floods the sky behind the trees, and stealing through them, between the absolutely motionless black leaves and branches, is reflected on the shining surface of the stream.

Insects and moths fly busily about in the all-too-soft and mild, sweet-scented air, and flick the surface into widening concentric circles. You hear the rabbits thumping the ground out in the patches of bracken behind the blackberries, and a sleepy cow lows. Now the frogs are croaking impudently, and, as if at a given signal, every cricket in the district suddenly begins to chirrup.

And never was there a madder jollification than the kookaburras in that vast hoary old gum tree where they congregate every evening in the paddock.

But night has come, and the stream that babbled and gossiped so boldly today, steals, looking like molten black metal, quietly along the bank and under the bridge as if it were afraid.

The stars come out and shine upon its black surface, and mysterious stirrings in the garden trees and the nearby bush as the 'possums and night birds awake. By-and-by a great red moon creeps up, peeps cautiously over the intensely black range to see if his mighty rival is really gone, and with one immense leap of youthful mischief and enjoyment, comes out to smile down in the gully where the gums stand now silent and mysterious, and pale like ghosts, a mopoke calls.

It is time to leave, so reluctantly we turn and stroll back along the track I have broken in myself. Down through a large paddock, over diprails, now mounting a rise where wattles grow thickly, now across wooded country where the gums are very straight and tall and silver grey, and the air is full of perfume of fallen, dried-up eucalypt-

christened Eight-Bar Horton.

Finally in closing I would like to say that when you call Headquarters Orderly Room please don't ask for Corporal Horton—just ask for Eight-Bar Horton. They will know who you are talking about.

If anyone is looking for the originator of this story please don't come to me because the story was told me by an Airman who is far, far away. And the motto of the story is "If you are late it is better to stay away than to come Eight-bars late".

—J. Pundiski.

†

● UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

†

At the Sadie Hawkins dance that we all had the pleasure and experience of attending not so long ago, I had a rather dizzy experience. That's chiefly the reason for what's below, so don't blame me.

This gyroscopic and altogether unusual condition of mine (remember my steep turns never exceed a speed of 200 m.p.h.), was brought on by seeing a perfectly sane and happy Canadian LAC. dancing around with his eyes gleaming like a couple of wet grapes and a healthy looking red tongue draped across his bottom lip with a trail angle of about "droop" degrees.

Naturally I thought the "Hotcha" had him, and all I was witnessing was a guy that was just a bit "dance happy." Having recovered myself, from that senile and dotty condition "Morse Happiness", (in conjunction with many others of His Majesty's drongs, warriors and aids), I was inclined to sympathize with this unhappy man, and even grew maudlin at the thought that, "One of Canada's prospective aces might soon be lost to the service."

(Lame-brain, drop the hero stuff and on with the story.) Skip the crack readers, that isn't the ice on the St. Lawrence going, it's just the censor—er sensing something.

Well anyhow, as this lusty youth drew closer, it occurred to me that no dance number could possibly imbue any normal soul, "even though it was in the service," with such a mood as this, and so I sort of leaned a little

further into the passing throng to see if I oughta call the M.O. before this chap perchance slipped over the border.

All this however, was unnecessary for comma as he passed comma the last few syllabuls from the glib tongue of a slim looking W.D. announced that "of course we won't be having TWO turkeys this year, but — bubble, mumble, mumble, mumble—".

All was clear!—CHRISTMAS DINNER—. WELL! That's different. I began to think—and suddenly found myself a victim of "tongue lag." I hauled it back and tried to look normal.

Of course last Christmas I was in Sydney and I can still see things pretty much as they were . . . I remember our stenographer called me at about 3:15 and told me that "Stooge", the boss's first lieutenant in my department, would like to say a few words. We all knew that meant the usual regards from the firm and then we could skip the rest of the day and reap the wild wind at Wynyard till six P.M. and/or after. There might be a—bonus—and—there might—not be—a bonus so Augustus Wonkus tripped with light and doubtful tread straight into the lion's den.

Contrary to normal procedure "Stooge" was unhealthily affable and No. 1 drip (ME) went through the annual "one day cordiality" with one of those grains you muster when you report to the C.O. that you've taxied straight through his pet "war horse". This produced nothing, naturally, and with a few muttered Arabian "Temple gate maledictions," under the breath style, I retired. When the "old man" himself passed however, with a nod and a rusty clasp of the hand, I mysteriously found myself in the possession of something that had a tell-tale whisper like a—FAN me someone, a "TENNER."

Dagwood's stand-in vanished four inches in front of a felt hat and an unbuttoned waistcoat, that is of course until he met the first traffic cop in the middle of George Street and we had a little parley . . . How that copper could stress things! ! ! Jay-walking . . . I visualized the thirty bob fine that I was going to shear that gleaming rustling currency down to less than nine quids, and me only five yards from the office door XXXXXX!!!

What is left of the dim—di—d—memories of that 24th day of December in the Wynyard Hotel, defies my failing faculties to reproduce. There were ten strong men, and there one by one they fell—AMEN.

At the evil hour of 5 a.m. December 25, a diabolical shriek from a window 10 feet from mine announced that some half-demented female had discovered a doll, (it said Maa too, she showed me later to prove it), and had to tell the world at daylight. Three quarts of Richmond Beer and I rolled over simultaneously—audibly.

Sleep? — Some other kid with a drum was putting the "Light Brigade" into Australian vernacular and broadcasting on all stations. The Mater walked in then and wished me all the good things —ummmff—Mun—nnmff—ZZZZ—.

Time marches on . . . only a razor reapeth whiskers, so at 1:50 Wonkus in a pair of shorts, sandals, sports coat and various other doo-dahs, presented himself at the festive board. Aah me! The Hum that hot turkey hummed, and were two of them—nuts—puffed pastry was the trifle trifling—never, there . . . the plum-pudding clasped my eyebrows with a steamy hand and slapped my nose till it rocked like a poppy in a Chinook wind—Hock, sparkling, (Baccus, don't tempt me)—jelly—either it swayed or I did—muscatels—crackers—fruit salad—chocolates—cock-tails—whipped cream—.

The secretary of the beach club at Narrabeen, a cobber of mine, records that at 3:10 a person resembling myself was seen to stagger onto the beach in the company of one, Alec, and flop on his face on the sand—boy, that red-hot sand, Whacko!!

The deep mutter of green-white tumbling, leaping breakers is something to soothe the soul of anything I've yet met and the soft warm breeze has a whisper in it that makes a bloke that comes from Australia yearn for home with a capital Y.

Home and Christmas . . . green seas . . . white gulls an swift wings . . . full white sails on 18-footers . . . white sands, golden sands . . . white topped rolling waves . . . a blue gum tree.

"I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas." Aussie Christmases are white too, or red with those shining native

flowers we call Christmas Bells Waratahs and Christmas Bush.

If the sun is red and your nose is red we ask no red-ress. Would you?

A Merry Christmas, Canadians, we'll enjoy a white one with you this time.

AUSTRALIA.

—‡—
● THE CORN COB

—‡—
Miss Representation

New Airwoman: "Where will I be eating on this Station?"

Station Sergeant Major: "Oh, you will probably be messing with the Sergeants."

New Airwoman: "I know, but where do I eat?"

x x x x

These Women

Some of the Airwomen around here think that the phrase "Vice Versa" is some kind of obscene poetry.

x x x x

Formalities

Drunk, at first wedding: "Ishit'nt kistomary to cuss the new bride?"

x x x x

Not Scotch—Just Careful

It seems that Sandy MacTavish went outside last Christmas, shot off a gun, then came back into the house and told his children that Santa Clause was dead.

x x x x

Presence of Mind

There seems to be no doubt about it that Christmas is the time when most girls like to have their past forgotten and their present remembered.

x x x x

School Boy Howlers

1—The dog ran down the street omitting whelps at every step.

2.—A Turbine is a cloth that Hindus wrap around their heads.

x x x x

Still Water Runs Deep

She was only a Boot-legger's daughter, but I love her still.

x x x x

Dirty So and So!

"Sew what?" said the needle to the nude.

x x x x

Slackers

Some girls in Slacks go to extremes; and live away beyond their seams.

x x x x

Hot Dog!

The Hot Dog is truly man's noblest friend. It actually feeds the hand that bites it.

x x x x

The Works

"Hello, Old Man. I haven't seen you around for sometime."

"I've been sick for several months."

"That's too bad, 'Flu?'"

"Yes, and crashed."

x x x x

Smart

First Air Lecturer: "There are over three hundred Public Houses in this City. I have been stationed here for the past three years and I am proud to say that I have never been in one of them."

Smart Airman, at back of Lecture Room: "Which one is that, Sir?"

x x x x

Don't forget to do your Christmas Shop-lifting early.

x x x x

—P.T.O. Gruesome

‡

● **AN AUSTRALIAN CHRISTMAS**

‡

"I'm dreaming of a white Christmas" may be alright for those who have lived long enough in this country to become acclimatised or for those who know no other Christmas but one of snow and log fires. But there are those of us who may be quoted as saying in the words of a favourite poems:—

"I love a sunburnt country,
A land of sweeping plains,
A land whose far horizons
Stirs music in your veins."

Here, then, is a country which knows not of a snow-covered terrain, of blizzards or temperatures of zero and below.

Endeavour, then, my reader, to picture to yourself this land of which I write at this Christmas season. View it not in time of war with its feverish war effort and dimly lit cities but see it in times of peace.

It is Christmas 'Eve and the City of Sydney, as all other Australian cities, this 'Eve, is a seething mass of a million people. Mothers doing last-minute shopping and allowing their offspring a final look at one of the dozens of Santa Clauses who parade majestically before each of the larger de-

partment stores. Quietly wishing all children to another place which is supposedly as hot as they themselves feel, for, my friend, it is not an easy matter to keep cool when arrayed in the usual Santa Claus regalia with a temperature touching 100° ABOVE and a humidity in the vicinity of 75%.

Add to this the thousands of business girls who are free to roam the stores after work has finished in the offices and factories. Hear their happy, carefree laughter and see their glowing faces as they join in the spirit of the season. With all this mix a proportion of menfolk who consume an inestimable quantity of beer and take the greatest of pleasure in buying anything within reach. (I have seen a man walk two miles through the busiest street of this Sydney with a life-belt about his neck and trailing a lobster fifty yards behind on the end of a fishing line). This, then, is the jovial spirit which is the forerunner to the Christmas Eve festivities of dances and parties, many of which last well into the Christmas Day.

At dawn, the children are first to arouse, starting the day off well with tin whistles, trumpets or other musical (or supposedly so) instruments which they have acquired from stockings (usually pillow slips of large variety) hung by their bedsides.

This day, then, as all Christmas Days and, in fact, the whole festive season is blessed with a cloudless sky and brilliant sun. Gone are the days of log fires and blazing puddings. The chores of the house are completed with all haste and the Christmas meals are made picnic fashion, for who could stay indoors on days like these. All means of conveyances are commandeered to transport the populace to the seaside except for those who are travelling further afield to a holiday resort.

Can you see a long, wide, sandy beach bordered on one side by the rolling ocean and green lawns on the other? Can you see the scene this Christmas Day with families and friends gathered around tablecloths lain upon the lawns and adorned with all the good edibles and beverages which abound at this time of the year? There is chicken and ham and salads, fruits and cakes and even the traditional plum pudding is there.

This, then, is a mid-day Christmas meal in Australia and should you be

passing by and appear lonely you would be asked to join and partake of what was offering. The afternoon is spent in relaxing beneath the shade of a tree or surfing.

To-night will find friends and relations gathered together for further merry-making, including a Christmas tree for the kiddies, and dancing carrying on again until the early hours of the next morning.

This, my friend, is the spirit of Christmas in a land of sunshine and warm weather; a land of sandy beaches, rolling surfs and green hills—the land of the Southern Cross.

—D. Bancroft.

—†—
 ● THE AIR-GUNNER

I scan the skies,
 I sweep the blue
 With never flickering eyes.
 Head on they come,
 I hear them hum,
 Swarming on us like flies.

I see the Huns,
 I sight my guns .
 No second can be spared
 Where is that plane?
 He's here again,
 Who would have thought he'd dared?

On they come
 The sons-of-a-gun.
 Watch out, they're on our tail!
 Our little plane
 Swoops up again
 The bullets rain like hail.

We dive again,
 It's brain to brain.
 Each nerve is edged with steel.
 My guns go off.
 They splutter and cough
 My head begins to reel.

They make a turn,
 They're heading home.
 We've beaten them off again.
 My guns are still.
 They paid the bill,
 With many and many a plane.

We counted eleven
 Who won't see Heaven
 When we showed them the toe of our
 boot.

We routed the Huns.
 I raise my thumbs
 In a silent yet fervent salute.

—AW.1 V. Webber.

SPORTS REVIEW

» «

● BOXING AND WRESTLING

—†—
 (By Mouthpiece)

It seems that at this time I am reclining peacefully, the day being Sunday, and even General Rommel has slowed down. However, it seems such a condition cannot be expected to last long, as a gentleman parks himself beside me and at a glance I can see that there is something unusual about all this. This gentleman I know has been on a forty-eight, but he appears like he has taken a rest cure, and this very much puzzles me, but not as much as after his first remark.

He informs me that he and "Terrible Terry" Glencross intend to jog around the track at 6:30 the following sunup, which is indeed unusual, as a matter of fact at this time the track is completely covered with numerous inches of snow and the liquid thermometer has shrunk to the size of Mussolini's empire at this date.

At this point I am more puzzled and upon questioning "Fire Ball" alias WO.2 McKinnon for it is he who has shattered my peace, I find that things are not as peaceful as one might expect. As a matter of fact it seems that "Hudson's House of Horrors", an imposing edifice just down the street, known to the unsuspecting as the Rec Hall, is the scene of many fisticuffs each afternoon at three bells. Presiding over this punch and poke is F/S Ferg Fraser, known to many as "Furious Fergus", who has up to this time massaged many a mug with much abandon, becoming very expert at this trade. Aiding and abetting "Furious Fergus" is the "Reverend" John Corlis Manno, who likewise has planted many a poke on a belligerent opponent and has the job of coaching down very fine indeed, so fine as a matter of fact that it becomes apparent that I am making it a point to be very diplomatic with his students.

What is more, it seems that all are invited to these sessions and much encouragement is handed out, so it seems I will have to be very diplomatic in-

deed. In fact if diplomatic relations cannot be maintained it may become necessary for one to do much avoiding, causing considerable walking around the block.

"Bug Eye" Brooks has become so efficient at this business that "Stormy Stanley" Hardy has retired with a very sore nose, so sore as a matter of fact that he has decided to go out of this business altogether. "Furious Fergus" however assures me that all who wish to attend will be treated very gently so they safely take an interest in the sport.

On inspecting the premises I find that the boys have done much scrounging and no doubt a little legitimate business as they have acquired numerous pieces of equipment. It seems that some moons ago the Sergeants' Mess, a very honorable institution indeed, backed "Furious Fergus" in a fight card which netted many "C's" which were used for charitable war work, pleasing all and sundry and rousing a great deal of interest in this type of mayhem, which of course includes the grunt-and-groan trade.

Airmen are urged to take up this sport to augment the now available talent on this Station to compete with other Stations. From reports received our Station is the most active in this field, so let's keep it that way. The next show on Dec. 10th. will be over by the time this is published but by the spirit that is going into it now it can't miss.

● THE BIG FIGHT

The Sergeants' Mess felt more or less amply rewarded for their efforts when on Thursday night, Dec. 10th., the Station Drill Hall saw the biggest crowd ever to attend a sporting event here since the airport opened was present to enjoy the fight card. The affair was organized as a benefit to the Airmen's Christmas and New Year's dinner fund.

The fans were treated to a rousing card of boxing events, with contestants appearing from nearly every training station in Southern Alberta.

The only disappointing factor was to the wrestling fans who had hoped to see Kitchen and Dean mix it. Kitchen was present but Dean was unable to get here. Then again, Winters, the

Station's Golden Glove mat artist from the U.S.A. in spite of a cracked rib, entered the mat with Sgt. Mould of Lethbridge but it was soon apparent that he couldn't stay with it under such a handicap, and finally the M.O. came up and took him out.

There was one amusing bout where both men were practically knocked out on their feet. The referee gave the decision to Britland of Calgary over Zakiewski of Macleod, the winner deserving the decision, but both men were flailing the air and wondering what it was all about.

The R.A.F. fighter Moore from No. 37 S.F.T.S., Calgary, gave the fans a treat in clever boxing, but was not adequately matched. He was inclined to let down his guard and the story might have been different had he pulled a tougher opponent.

The bout between Sgt. Red McCallion and Sgt. Billy Evans, at the close, was the major event of the evening. Red fought here last spring and is pretty good, but Evans was a trifle more rugged in this night's performance.

At the close of the fight the Commanding Officer, Wing Commander W. E. Kennedy, made the presentation of the trophies.

The contestants and their wives were entertained at the Sergeants' Mess after the fight.

x x x x

Boxing Bouts

1st. Bout.—LAC. Munro, No. 15 S.F. T.S., (170), won by a decision from Pte. Miller, R.C.A.S.C., No. 2 F.I.S., Vulcan.

2nd. Bout.—Sgt. Major Codere of No. 7 S.F.T.S., Macleod, won by a decision from LAC. Daze of No. 15 S.F.T.S.

3rd. Bout.—LAC. Irving of No. 7 S. F.T.S., Macleod won by a decision from LAC. Curtiss. No. 2 Wireless, Calgary, (150).

4th. Bout.—LAC. Stack of No. 15 S.F. T.S., (145), won by a decision from LAC. Watson, No. 2 Wireless, Calgary.

5th. Bout.—LAC. Hayes of No. 3 S. F.T.S., Calgary, won by a knockout in the second round from Sgt. Jerry Hilton, No. 7 S.F.T.S., Macleod (165).

6th. Bout.—LAC. LaPointe of No. 2 F.I.S. Vulcan (155), won by a decision from LAC. Si Primeau, No. 7 S.F.T.S., Macleod.

7th. Bout.—LAC. Waller of No. 7 S. F.T.S., Macleod, won by a decision from Cpl. Kid Kornuta, No. 2 F.I.S.,

Vulcan (155). One of the liveliest bouts of the night.

8th. Bout.—LAC. Moore. R.A.F., of No. 37 S.F.T.S., Calgary (175), won by a decision from LAC. McNee, No. 3 A. O.S., Pearce (168).

9th. Bout.—Sgt. Britland of No. 3 S. F.T.S., Calgary, (145), won by a technical knockout in the second round from LAC. B. Zakiewski, No. 7 S.F.T.S., Macleod (145).

10th. Bout.—Sgt. Billy Evans of No. 8 B. & G. School, Lethbridge, (160), won by a decision from Sgt. Red McCallion, No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary (161½).

x x x x

Wrestling Matches

Sgt. Mould of No. 8 B. & G. School, Lethbridge, (149½), won by default before any fall was recorded from P/O Winters (U.S.A.), No. 15 S.F.T.S. (150).

x x x x

Officials

Honorary Referee, Wing Commander W. E. Kennedy.

Boxing Judges: F/L McNames, S/L Turner.

Wrestling Judges: F/O Thompson, F/O Laidlaw.

Timekeepers: W/C Burgess, S/L Atkinson.

Announcer: WO.2 Sheik.

Seconds: F/S Hardy, F/S Sisk, J. Corliss Manix Esq., F/S Brooks.

Boxing Referee: F/S Fraser.

Wrestling Referee: F/S Ferber.

Official Recorders: F/O Hales, P/O Myers, Sgt. Galashan.

Medical Officers: F/L Palmer, F/L Anderson.

● BOWLING

The Bowling League has lived up to expectations and again we are having a bang up season. The first half of the schedule is drawing to a close and only three evenings per team remain to play.

LAC. Doyle, R.F., of H.Q. Squadron still has the high single to date with 324. LAC. Deck, B., and LAC. McRae, J. W., are tied for second place with high singles of 285. Both these Air-men belong to No. 2 Squadron. LAC. Ashcroft of H.Q. is third with a high of 280.

No. 4 team, H.Q. Squadron, still has the highest of any two games in one

evening with 2149 pins.

The standing in the League as at November 25th., is as follows.

Squadron	Points
H.Q.	65
Maintenance	50
No. 2	34
No. 1	19

● W. D. BOWLING

Sir Francis Drake bowled while waiting for the Spanish Armada. Claresholm is taking a leaf out of his book. The green lawns are missing, but who cares for that while there are two bowling alleys in this fair city of ours; and the men, incidentally, haven't a thing on the girls, why the scores are just soaring up. It will take a mathematician to keep track of them before long.

LAW. Wright hit the nail on the head with a mere 244, the highest score of the season so far.

Above the roar and din of all the W.D.'s having a rip-roaring good time, a small voice owned by one LAW. Pontifex, while trying to get the ball down the right alley by using two hands, pipes up with: "Oh, darn! Will I ever get that king pin down?"

Come on, all you enthusiastic gals, and get in the swim. We guarantee you a good time as well as some good exercise. We bowl every Thursday night, so come on down. I you don't feel like bowling you can always help with the cheering.

It's a heap o' Fun!

● HOCKEY

The winter once more in our midst, and our skating rink completed, thanks to the ice committee, the stage is set for a bang-up season of winter sport.

Up to date, we plan on having a team from each Squadron, one from Maintenance and one from Headquarters. So, hockey players, pull out your skates and support your units.

As for a Station team, we shall definitely have one. With a large pool of players to choose from, No. 15 S.F.T.S. should be able to ice a fairly strong team. It is contemplated that a league with teams representing Macleod, Granum, Claresholm, Stavely, Vulcan and No. 15 will supply the necessary

action for our team.

With the support of all our skating and hockey-playing personnel, we should have a very active season. We also need the co-operation of our friend the weather man, who at times is none too obliging.

Once again, let's get behind the Sports Committee and make this the best sports season yet.

● BADMINTON

Inter-unit badminton is being played every Tuesday at the Drill Hall. Anyone desiring to play is free to use the Drill Hall any time it is not being used for anything else. Racquets can be borrowed and shuttles purchased at the Sports' Hut, so if you are a normal individual, actively inclined, badminton should be your game.

Winners of the first half play the winners of the second half for the unit championship. Arrangements are being made to have a Station tournament on December 18th. At the present time No. 2 Squadron is leading the parade with 12 points, No. 1 Squadron and Maintenance each have 6 points, and Headquarters, unfortunately, as yet have the sum total of exactly zero. However, in that well-known game of skill, bowling, ah ha! that's another story.

● RIFLE CLUB

Once more the call comes from the Editor-in-Chief for each and every department to submit a few lines for the columns of "Windy Wings".

To begin, we shall make a review of what the Rifle Club has been doing in the past few weeks.

Regarding the team shoot on Tuesday evenings, we find that No. 1 Squadron has won twice, and, if the other teams let this happen many more times you can guess who is going to win the Trophy the next time.

On the present schedule the Army, M.T. Section, Service Police, Equipment Section, Hospital, Workshops, and Headquarters have failed to take away the money for the evenings, but, we will be expecting an appearance from these teams in the immediate future.

It was heard (don't quote me) by one of the W.D.'s. that their team would win or??? Well, they did it, and they say they are going to keep it up. Now,

this is a threat to the other teams and the W.D. team can shoot it out. So, men, get in to the Rifle Club-House on Monday and Tuesday evenings and prove that you can be as good a shot as the W.D.'s. or No. 1 Squadron.

Now, without anymore comments the writer will stop shooting (a line) and trust you will equip yourself to be a "Dead Eye Dick".

● SKEET SHOOTING

The report of this branch of sport on the Station will be very brief.

During the summer a goodly number of the personnel, including a few W.D.'s, turned out regularly, and rapid progress toward expert skeet shooters was being made. However, with the coming of shorter days and cooler weather the time possible to spend on the skeet range became extremely limited.

A few weeks ago we were informed that all the skeet equipment was to be dismantled and shipped to the Station at High River. Thus, with great regret, we are forced to say "Exit Skeet Shooting!"

● GOLF

Very few of the personnel on the Station know that there is a Golf Club on the Station. This article is published to clarify this situation. For your information there is a nine hole course in Claresholm, which is short but sporty. It is open for the use of personnel of the Station at any time. The Golf Club was organized this fall, which did not give us much time to plan tournaments before the cold weather set in. However, we did start a tournament although it was not completed before the bad weather arrived.

Next spring we plan to organize tournaments throughout the season and all personnel are invited to enter. It does not matter whether you play well—the object is exercise, recreation and pleasure. The summer evenings in Claresholm are excellent for playing a round of golf and you may be sure that if you turn out you will enjoy yourself. Play golf for your P.T.

Any information you may desire regarding the golf club may be had by applying to P/O Ellison or F/O Baillie in H Flight.

FLIGHT AND SECTION NEWS

» «

● "A" Flight

—‡— RAWSONALITIES

In starting a word from the boys in "A" Flight it would be well to ponder momentarily on the recent changes so noticeable. First of all, for a day or two at least, enter the Flight without hearing the usual greeting of "Get 'em in the air!" This, however, is not to be long-lasting. Other changes have been, first, a new Flight Commander, second, an increase in the number of instructors.

F/O Waring, who has long been one of the Station's conscientious men, is now in command. His inevitable Instructors' meetings are surely worthy of mention and always adjourn with "and that's the way I want it".

Speaking of Flight Commanders, it is the desire of us all to send our former O. C. on his way overseas with the very best wishes possible, and probably a degree of envy. F/L Madden will be happier himself and is sure to carry the No. 15 spirit over there. Good Luck, Lynn!

Now to mention our new Instructors. It is a marvel to this observer to notice the ambition of our new boys, and we know that No. 15 is drawing good men who will compensate for those posted.

It will seem that "A" Flight has nothing to mention but changes; there is, however, one more change, certainly not the least of them all. We are soon to be training our students to fly the new multi-engine bombers, known as the Anson, the flying greenhouse, and what have we. It may be argued which we prefer, the Anson or the Crane; but ours is not to reason why. So, "A" Flight will be on the job in Ansons.

Those providing the instructing push for "A" are a varied and queer bunch at times, but certainly a hard working efficient staff for any Flight. They are namely: F/O Waring, who would probably put on weight if he'd sit still for a minimum of five minutes a day; F/O

Dutchak, who loves to see how many neat entries he can have per day in his log book; F/O Simpson; P/O Scott; Sgt. Fillian; these three love to argue and tell of past experiences with backward students, Scotty making most of his comments through a haze of cigar smoke; "Orval" P/O Peck has a degree of humor found in very few people and loves flips to Lethbridge at least weekly. Now take "Chuck" P/O Rainsforth, he may be a wee bit delicate and bother the M.O. a lot, but he does justice to himself in his courting efforts—so, congratulations, Chuck. It would not be fitting to tell who the other member of the Flight is, so "Guess Who?". He is one who has pieced together this contortion of words.

x x x x

FLASHES

One goes, one comes! We are now blessed with the presence of Sgt. Scott, batting for Sgt. Flynn. One Cpl. Murphy comes to fulfil the spot left open by Cpl. Farnsworth's departure for overseas. Murphy shares his immense and over-burdening duties with Cpl. Bigland—a "what-do-you-call-it"—oh yes, a riggah!

All three are new members to our Flight, so we are completely restocked with staff.

Sgt. Scott—Progressive and "Get it Serviceable!"

Our "A" Flight hockey team: Pavle and Grey, Staff (The Duke) Rea, rear-guarded by A. V. T (after various tries) Crowe on De Fence. (No practice yet, but no matter).

Any up-and-coming badminton players would do well to test the ability of our stars—Leo "The Thunderbolt" Le Pas and Staff "The Duke". Quite an athlete, that man, yes?

In case of any request for Willoughby, "he's night flying"; or for Kurk, well, "he could be making a phone call".

The rest of our Flight are too busy washing our tractor to be interviewed as to their will of Xposing their whereabouts in our news; so

x x x x

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR"

—‡—

● "B" Flight

For quite some lengthy time now—since August 15, 1942, to be exact—Course 62 has been at No. 15 S.F.T.S. It is a date which is not likely to be forgotten by Flying Officer R. C. Waring, the O/C of the course, who from then on has been haunted by visions of untidy barrack blocks, undisciplined students and other such insignificant details, but who emerged from this dilemma unscathed and smiling.

In all these weary weeks Windy Wings has not heard on peep from "B" flight, which is probably the reason for the supposition that the flight is composed of the strong, silent type. (Maybe it's the Aussies that are responsible. They say they're the retiring sort—Ed. Note—Oh?) Be that as it may, we feel that before we go we should leave something in writing for the archives, and since the Course 62 members of "B" flight will be merrily on their way by the time you read this we have no hesitation in expressing ourselves.

To begin with we'd like to say a very large "Thanks Fellas" to the flight commanders, instructors and ground staff. They've all done an excellent job and if we say anything to the contrary later we're just kidding.

At the beginning of the course the flight was skippered by Flight Lieutenant J. C. Marshall, who recently left to assume the arduous duties of Squadron Testing Officer. Although very sorry to lose F/Lt. Marshall, who was extremely well liked despite his views on washing aircraft, the flight was pleased to welcome Flying Officer A.L. Hutchinson, who has proved himself a worthy successor.

Numerous incidents have occurred to make life interesting. Bright and early in the course we experienced our first casualty when Sandy McNab ran out of gas and didn't quite manage to make the runway. Since then Sandy stolidly maintains it's much nicer landing in the wheat, even if you do bung up the undercarriage more than somewhat. Then there was the time Allan Duffy, returning from a navigation flight with Flight Lieutenant Rae, said "If you make a good landing this time sir, I'll let you go solo." Since Flight Lieutenant Rae was subsequently observed flying solo it is presumed his

landing came up to Duffy's high standard.

In the realm of navigation the boys proved rather unique, startling both the instructors and themselves. Will Clive Dundas, we wonder, mistake London for Berlin the way he mistook Vulcan for Claresholm on his first night cross country? And of what was Marty Daley thinking when he landed at Vulcan after practising steep turns, and tried vainly to find "B" flight? Ken Ablitt was off the beam, but definitely when returning from a cross country flight he sighted Macleod, said "Ah! Claresholm!" and landed.

One instructor whom we all love (?) dearly—the O/C of rumbles, was seen recently wandering aimlessly about the flight with a happy gleam in his eye distributing cigars with gay abandon. It appears that Mrs. Driver presented her ever-loving husband with an income tax exemption—a boy too! Congratulations, Pilot Officer Driver.

Although it was gratifying to see one of our instructors achieve his desire, we regretted losing the services of WO.2 Phil Shannon who was commissioned prior to going overseas, but were fortunate in gaining Sergeant Pilots Jack Starritt and Doug. Tempest.

"B" Flight is privileged in having as Deputy Flight Commander, Flying Officer F. W. Flowers, who was a member of the first graduating class at No. 15 S.F.T.S., and the services of Pilot Officer A. J. Fraser have been greatly appreciated too, not only as a flying instructor, but also for his invaluable advice on maintaining the "form divine", which he so ably exemplifies.

Flight Sergeant Instructor Norm MacIver was recently appointed as Disciplinodian in charge of barrack blocks. So far he's had no trouble with us, and if we know F/Sgt. MacIver (which we do) he'll have continued success with future courses.

We're certainly going to miss Pilot Officer D. G. Hills. He worried us at first, but now we're accustomed to seeing him rushing around with a bewildered look on his face trying to keep track of those ever-elusive parachutes. Why is it the other instructors call him "Curly" anyway?

The flight wishes to express its thanks to Pat Teece for providing it with such a grand "wings" dinner—per medium of the rumble club. Bob

Male and Ron Hurman also helped considerably in this respect. Thanks boys!

We are concerned about the future cleanliness of the aircraft of "B" flight. What will they do without us? In years to come the ghosts of Jim Connal, Small Smith, Al Duffy, Jim Muir and their co-washers will drift through the hangars midst dirty 'craft bewailing the fact that the spirit of youth has died and trainees no longer use the wrong runway, land against red lights and miss Link.

Don Dixon is the only Englishman in the flight. His mother's Yorkshire pudding is famed throughout the flight and is the best in England, according to Dixie. When we get overseas the whole gang is going to Dixie's house for dinner, by gum!

Well, time is staggering on as only time will. We must toddle off for the nonce and after (we hope) a spot of leave, bend our backs to future labours, either overseas or in Canada.

Good-bye No. 15 S.F.T.S., and good luck.

● "C" Flight

Hi, folks, Hi! Here we are again, "C" Flight calling!

Just a short few lines to let you know we are still making circuits. Did you all know we have a new gadget in our Flight now to keep our flying times straight? Oh yes! But definitely in the form (and what a form) of LAW. Bonnyman. As a matter of fact she got so popular with the boys we had to impose a **small rumble of 50c to keep** them out of the Instructors' room and 10c to keep the Orderly Room so that our Sgt. McGowan had room to breathe.

Did you hear about our "Wing Ding"? . . . yeah!. We heard about it too and it sure sounded OK, but the powers that be decided that we didn't ought to have one, so the "ding" thing was called off. (Oh my, how dry I am!)

How did you folks like the show "C" Flight put on last week in the form of a belly landing? Did you notice our O.C., F/O Candlish, marching up and down muttering something about "They better have a good reason for this or I

will — —, or something or other, something or other!" Anyhow I would hate to be the poor student who ever does do it without a reason.

It sure is tough on the pocketbook around our hangar these days. It costs a guy 10c to sleep in and be late for work, and boy, what it doesn't cost to come into the Orderly Room and say what you think of that so-and-so pilot who almost blew you down to the tail wheel while you were putting those chocks in.

But, no fooling, we really have an efficient crew around these days and things look pretty spic and span. Now after many long weeks of getting our students educated to do what we want and gradually get them to come to roost just where we want them, etc., they are going to leave us. What's the use? You can't seem to win, gang!

Well, until next month this is "C" Flight listening out, so chins up, and let's keep smilin' through!

● "C" Flight's a Cinch?

Well, dear readers, this is the first time that "C" Flight (Course 64) has contributed to an edition of Windy Wings and as graduation is near (?) we feel that we should give you an inside peek at life in our Flight. Most fitting, we believe, would be a candid schedule of a day's work.

0700.—Those daring souls who can see in the dark arise.

0755.—The remainder struggle from the beds (unless they like washing aircraft) and dash madly to the Flight. Here is fitting time to pay tribute to those poor unfortunate individuals who go to Navigation at some ungodly hour, as yet unrecorded.

0800.—Arriving at the Flights we are greeted by that smiling face beneath the lopsided hat with the roll call in one hand and the rumble book in the other. Thus the day begins. Foster takes Barnes' link, Turner goes to bombing teacher instead of Kersey; Ellis, Logan, Edey, Trewin fortunately get an aircraft; William, Ross Krantz sweep the hangar, and the rest of our happy family settle down and read AP 129 (or perhaps it just hides a True Detective Magazine). Thus the morning goes on.

want to go overseas and to those afraid of being "Joed" as instructors. There is something about him that makes everyone want to tell him all their troubles.

Now that our time is almost up, we wonder if we have left any impressions. After our stay at No. 4 I. T. S. and Elementary School, where we were apparently notorious, we would like to slide through at least one School without attracting too much attention. Possibly it was not considered an important part of our training that we should, but we know that we all have enjoyed ourselves here.

"D" FLIGHT SPORTS

A bit of competition in the lines of sporting prowess was put up by "Dawn" Flight with doubtful results. Our efforts on the gold links are spoken of with extreme reverence and even so slight a hint of golf as this, is too much.

Sgt. Stupich achieved the enviable record of organizing a volleyball team one Thursday night at 1829 hours for a game scheduled for 1830 hours. The results speak enough for said record!

The Station Bowling League suffered so much by the assault of the "D" Flight gangsters playing for No. 1 Squadron that the Squadron Commander was compelled to quickly change the scene after reference to the standings published in D.R.O.'s.

As indoor softball was the biggest drawing card, we entered the league with great optimism, and more enthusiasm than actual talent. The consequence was a severe pinning back of our ears, due mostly to the fact that we were not up on our toes on the various tricks of the game, such as losing the ball in the rafters, etc. We were just beginning to learn when the league was wound up. It has also been said that we did not have our minds on the primary object, of winning, concentrating too much on laughs and a good time.

However, it is hoped that we are not sticking our necks out when we enter the hockey league.

"D" Sports Flash

What bearing the following has on Sports may not be clear, we don't quite know ourselves yet, it being a special

type of Sporting Club invented by the "Master Minds" of "D" Flight, which is expected to attain universal popularity in the near future.

Whether we are the Sons of Good Fortune or the Victims of a Cruel Destiny, we don't quite know. In either event, we are now the Senior Class in this particular sports sphere.

Because of our extensive membership in the association, we can in all good faith say that we have seen everything now. From here on in, we are just spectators viewing, with mangled feelings, the shaping of our future lives.

We came here with the firm belief that ours was a happy lot. We were pilots. We came here to be smoothed off and to be polished up . . . made into a Service Pilot!

Needless to say, we have been smoothed off, and in the process we have been ground down until we are but husks of our former selves. We have been smoothed off, and in the process we have been polished to the point that we now shine like a nigger's heel. We are beginning to feel like a bunch of same.

We are but meek counterparts of our former happy selves.

This transformation has been brought about by a combination of, shall we say, restraining factors. Woven somehow into our Mysterious Sports Club, to which all members of the Flight belong, is a rumble club. To this charitable institution we donate small sums hourly. There is a rumble for doing something. There is also a rumble for not doing it.

However, our main sport is called "Washing". We wash everything. Aircraft, floors and windows all come under the heading of Washing. Those most proficient at our little game are allowed, periodically, to wash our Flight Commanders or C.I.'s windows. The lesser lights keep in form on our Flight Room floor, in preparation for the day when they too, may be stars and have the supreme honour of playing on the O.C.'s team.

This sport calls for a special type of athlete. Firstly, he must have a strong back and a weak mind, although several men of reputed intelligence have been allowed to play and have shown promise. Secondly, he should be the type who never wonders why. He

must be at all times prepared for a game. When he expects to be called upon to play, he must not be too disappointed if he isn't, because he never will be called upon when he expects it. It is when things are rolling along smoothly . . . when everyone is happy . . . even just when he least expects it . . . it is then that he must be prepared.

Of course we must mention our "Heart to Heart Hour". This is an hour of fellowship held by the O.C. or his assistant. To him, we take all of our problems, and he gives us advice and usually the promise of a game in the near future!

Then, there is always the restraining influence of our instructors. We, of course, pay no attention to them. We try to make allowances for them, realizing their unhappy lot. We have done a lot of work on them, and we believe that they are at last responding to treatment. We worry now, that they might slip when our guiding hands are removed, and that Course 72 will also have to start from scratch.

News from Our Special Correspondent

Much has happened since our last appearance in this paper, namely final ground school exams and — woe is us — their results — which reminds us:

Why is Ace Harman looking so cheerful these days?

Why is Ace Bouchard also looking so cheerful these days?

We have heard that old-timers learned to fly by the seat of their pants—well, we are learning but instead, we are flying our pants off.

In our stay at this Station thus far, we have one major kick:—This being the lack of a time-keeper of the W.D.'s in "D" Flight.

It has its compensations in one respect—that we have had freedom of expression in our description of weather, flying, etc., so perhaps our position is enviable to some. If it were not for our instructors, who remain very considerate after all they've put up with, we wonder what we would do in these times of stress, wings tests, navigation tests, etc. Ah well!!! Soon we'll be able to slumber for a couple of weeks; ah sweet sleep!!!

News from the Flight Staff Correspondence

We are curious:—

Why Cpl. Zacheral has that wild gleam in his eye these days. Congrats on your recent marriage, and . . . "Why the crutches, Zack?"

Why does Harrison look and act like a married man. Have we no law in this country?

Who uses the radio as a hot water bottle at night?

Is Campbell as innocent as he looks.

What will the flying personnel of Dawn Flight do now that we have 10-12 A/C for them each morning—Or have we?

When is our X-Sarge buying the beer? Hurry up Gordy, we are awfully thirsty.

Is the R.C.A.F. going to take advantage of our man with the pontoons. He would be a big help on the coast.

Are our two wandering A.G.'s going to be as accurate with a machine gun as they are with a broom?

Will we have a White Xmas this year? Some just want White Horse.

Are we going to get a W.D. time-keeper?

VALEDICTORY

The Last Will and Testament of LAC. Prune

I, LAC. Prune, a Citizen of Canada, resident in the Town of Claresholm, being of questionable mind and of decrepit body, in the event of a permanent grounding (6 feet under) do hereby bequeath and divide the following, my worldly possessions as hereunder stated. As the sole executor of this, my will, and with full authority in the matter of this, my estate, I do hereby appoint my venerable Chief Instructor, Wing Commander C. W. Burgess. I make these bequests in the hope that they are distributed where they will give the greatest service and give the most benefit unto these, my heirs.

To:—

F/L Haywood:—My remaining gas coupons and one dinner at home.

F/O Edmunds:—One clean Barrack Hut.

P/O Carr:—A cat o' nine tails for his alleged pupils.

P/O Davies:—A dozen serviceable aircraft at 0630 every morning.

P/O Loutet:—A bigger and better can for Rumbles.

P/O Meyers:—A permanent office next door to Station W.D. Headquarters.

P/O Cook:—My boxing gloves and a punching bag.

P/O Durrin:—A big 5¢ cigar.

Sgt. Pearce:—A private Crane for transportation to and from Edmonton.

Sgts. Dion and Gaylord:—A hearty welcome to the flock.

F/S Burke:—No more night flying nor C.O.'s inspections.

Cpls. Russell and Zacheral:—Assurance that never will another under-carriage horn blow while one of their aircraft is taxing.

LAC. Bennett:—Those big muscles he's been working for in the weight lifting class.

Sgt. Bud Bouchard:—100 feet of rope so that he can always drag his equipment with him.

LAC. Bridwell:—Private line to Spokane.

LAC. Campbell:—Some living proof that we have them just as fair in Canada as in Australia.

LAC. Carr:—Someone to satisfy the perpetual gleam in his eye.

LAC. Chase:—A gal he figures he can love, success, and a big red handkerchief to do his crying into.

LAC. Davies:—A big black cigar, slippers, and his wife.

LAC. Dowling:—A letter from Edmonton. He walks in vain to the Post Office every day.

LAC. Elfner:—Bigger and harder boots for extensive shin kicking.

LAC. Fitzgerald:—Something — Anything — which would be calculated to shock him into some breach of R.C.A.F. discipline.

LAC. Fraser:—Newest edition of Webster's Dictionary for those long words.

LAC. Garbutt:—Posting to Vulcan to protect his interest in Nanton.

LAC. Gettys:—A pink chennile dressing gown out of consideration for the boys.

LAC. Hamilton:—An argument with Munroe.

Cpl. Harman:—All available digestible books, and hopes that he has an opportunity to carry on in his usual manner from here.

LAC. Hartt:—Someone his own size.

He's always trying to push 6-foot me around.

LAC. Hayes:—A personal valet to run from barracks to the Flight to check on navigation time-tables.

LAC. Hukee:—Someone new to play ping-pong with him at the W.D. Canteen. Or is the local stuff too good?

LAC. Kerr:—He has the mind and body, unto him the will to go through with what I think he has in mind.

Cpl. "Buzz" Leigh:—My bed warmer, sleeping powders and a mop.

LAC. Linton:—Breakfast in bed, so he can have one at least.

Sgt. Matson:—Passage one way to some, or any, South Sea Island where he wants to spend the rest of his life.

LAC. Monroe:—A private income to take care of rumbles.

LAC. Powers:—A softer cushion so that he won't be awakened by rough landings when acting as look-out.

LAC. Sneath:—Any girl he chooses, if she's over sixteen.

LAC. Stephenson:—Old repairable parachute complete with packer.

Sgt. Stupich:—That 40 of O.P. Rum. I wish I would be here to see it.

LAC. Taylor:—An alarm clock—We want to see what he looks like.

LAC. Watson:—Some new American propaganda.

FINIS

The Flight O.C., the Deputy Flight Commander, the Instructors, the Student Pilots, the Flight N.C.O.'s. and their crew, extend their most sincere greetings at Christmas time, and good cheer and very best luck to everyone throughout 1943.

● "E" Flight

An Ode to "E" Flight

"E" is for energy, a quality we display
For washing Crane aircraft day after
day;

And in waxing floors there is no delay,
Our Flight Commander sees to it—we
all stay.

"E" is for engine with switches galore,
The rumble for a missed one is too
great to ignore;

Pitch left in full fine—you know the
score—

Rumble Officer rushes madly to the
door.

"E" is for errors we seldom make (?)
 Due to the pains our instructors take.
 If, by chance, the Link we forsake,
 We'll wind up behind the ball known
 as "eight".

"E" s for egg (soft), a guy in our Flight,
 Who innocently landed against a red
 light;

He pays for his sin in the hangar each
 night—

He'll never wash another d - - - d kite.

"E" is for efficiency—a very rare trait,
 Our time-keeper knows — we never
 come late.

"E" is for every instructor we have—
 We'll do our best to help such a staff!

x x x x

Observations

Heartiest congratulations to Sgt. Mat-
 osek on his recent promotion.

Tommy, the time-keeper a one-
 woman welfare committee for trainees.

Sgt. Smith in our flight once said:
 "No matter how many serviceable air-
 craft I have, they still want to fly
 everything, including the gas truck."

†

● "F" Flight

†

We hope this contribution from "F"
 for Freddie Flight will find a corner in
 the Christmas edition of "Windy
 Wings" and convey to those who read
 it a touch of the traditional Christmas
 spirit.

x x x x

THE STUDENTS

Accidents nil number of wash-
 outs nil 2500 hours of flying time
 the honor of being the top flight
 on the Station in the amount of Gov-
 ernment Victory Bonds purchased
 such is the record, and a somewhat en-
 viable one we believe it is, which has
 been set up by "F" Flight in the eight
 weeks that Course 66 has been at No.
 15 S. F. T.S.

Let us, as student pilots in the Flight,
 pause for a moment to reason the whys
 and the wherefors of the above item-
 ized statements. Our box score of no
 accidents and no washouts can be at-
 tributed directly to the quality of flying
 displayed by our instructors, who, in
 themselves, form a team which is ex-
 tremely capable, and one that we

would do well to endeavor to emulate.
 It was our Flight Commander's enthus-
 iasm, combined with a darn fine show
 of the type of spirit which eventually
 is going to win this war, on the part of
 the boys, which collected a sum of six
 thousand dollars from our midst and
 put it just where it is going to best aid
 in winning our future security.

From our achievements along these
 lines we cannot help but think for a
 moment of forthcoming events. Our
 final examinations Christmas week for
 instance, a subject none too dear to the
 hearts of any of us. However, with
 that optimism usually displayed by un-
 informed, we expect to make top marks
 with as little labor as possible (a situa-
 tion which we believe has always ex-
 isted in all Schools).

Still in line with future thoughts, but
 in a more serious vein, are our thoughts
 of leaving the School upon graduation.
 To date we have done reasonably well
 and we have liked it here; the Gods
 and powers that be have seen fit to
 like us, and yet, we cannot be sorry to
 leave. Obtaining that pair of wings
 has been a long tough job, and we real-
 ize that only with them can we do
 better our allotted tasks. Our hope
 and ambition is, that our record at the
 end of this war can be said to be as
 good, if not better, than it is at present.

—A STUDENT PILOT.

x x x x

THE STAFF

In most military units they call it
 esprit-de corps, but we prefer to call it
 spirit when all our gang get together
 and work hard to put the Flight in top
 position on the Station. No, don't mis-
 judge us, we just enjoy achieving good
 results.

After a year in the Training Wing it
 is a pleasure to see this spirit taking
 hold all through the Flights. When
 each one of us starts carrying a sense
 of responsibility for the job that the
 other fellow is attempting to do then
 results start to appear. The net result
 of hard work and this kind of co-oper-
 ation will make our part in the United
 Nations victory just that much bigger
 and better.

Now a few bouquets to those who
 deserve them. To Sgt. Brownrigg, our
 three Corporals, the Ground Crew and
 the Servicing Crew, for top service-
 ability. To those happy, hard-working

Instructors for always being up on the bit and ahead of schedule. To Students, Ground Crew and Instructors who bought \$6,000.00 worth of Victory Bonds to lead the Station. To all of you I say, Thank You . . . That's the Spirit!

The other day a Flight Commander said, "If I had the spirit in my Flight that there is in "F" Flight we could really do wonders." That is our reward. Let us live up to the possibilities of that statement, and to all who may read this, "F" Flight says MERRY CHRISTMAS, and may you start the New Year with the right spirit.

—THE FLIGHT COMMANDER.

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● "G" Flight

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This is our first literary attempt since we have changed over to the new Anson Trainer.

Since the last writing four new Instructors have come into the Flight, namely, F/O Buckley, Sgt. Pateman, Sgt. Harvey and Sgt. Merrill.

The Student Pilots in this Course 68 are all Australians. At first they are quite hard to understand but they are gradually getting around to speak "Canadian". The Australians also find the "cool" weather in Sunny Southern Alberta just a little bit too cool for their liking.

Recently we have lost the services of our timekeeper, LAW. Steen. To give all the W.D's. an equal chance to obtain the position we will accept applications in the O.C's. room between nine and ten every morning. Please do not take the office by storm but line up in column of route in No. 4 Hangar and you will all be given a chance to show your references.

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● "G" Flight

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WITH A CONTINGENT OF AUSTRALIANS

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It is a misty morning, the first in many months, and the troopship pulls slowly away from the practically deserted wharf and wends it way down "the most beautiful harbour in the

world" with its cargo of men setting out to help the Empire in its hour of need. Many are the heavy hearts on this vessel, for, though brave men all, they are men who love their homes and the land they may not see again for many a long day.

And so, as the ship moves down the harbour, there is much reminiscing of happy times spent along the foreshores and times of happiness in the city which is fading into the background.

One hour later we pass between the Heads which stand like mighty bulwarks guarding this precious harbour, and many are the longing glances cast at the white, sandy beaches bordering the coastline of a land of love and laughter.

Thus, as their homeland sinks beneath the horizon behind them, these men, though heavy at heart, realize that it is for the sake of all this that they hold dear that they must leave it for a while, and so they look to the duty that lies before them . . . a duty in which they will not be found wanting.

As each day passes by the old spirit of these young men begins to return and once again their hearty laughter can be heard ringing throughout the ship. Day after day they rise from their bunks in the hold to the call of "hit the deck" and can be seen scanning the horizon for sight of land or any object other than the vessel which seems so alone on this vast ocean. But nothing is to be seen except the albatross lazily gliding behind the ship. Needless to say there is much discussion on the aerodynamic efficiency of this most graceful bird.

Life is very monotonous aboard this troopship which travels under blackout conditions by night—conditions which necessitate the men staying below decks if they wish to read or play cards. Hear the warning which is broadcast every evening: "It is now blackout time. The striking of matches, smoking or use of lights on the open decks is strictly prohibited. All portholes will be closed immediately. The safety of this vessel and the lives of all those on board may be endangered by the carelessness of one individual." It is only the indomitable spirit, bred in them by their fathers, that keeps these men laughing and joking when the perspiration is running off them as,

stripped to the waist, they crowd in a stuffy hold with the incessant throb of the mighty engines pounding in their ears, hour after hour.

Approaching the tropics the heat becomes more intense and the sweat runs faster, yet these men can produce a concert which is as full of wit and talent as any professional production.

At sea there is a ceremony known as "crossing the line", and so on the day the Equator is crossed a water tank is erected on deck into which is thrown each and every one on the ship, including the first mate.

At dusk, groups of men are seen leaning against the rails of the deck in the cool evening breeze discussing those things that they have left behind and remarking on the beauty of the sun, setting in golden rays over the edge of a listless ocean—an ocean that is indeed living up to its name of Pacific. Later in the evening quite a number of men will take a blanket on deck to sleep under a starry sky, for they are of a breed which revels in fresh air.

The days pass slowly by and the ship seems a little world of its own for even the albatross has left and returned to cooler climes. But surely there must be land somewhere and yes, there it is, rising up through the early morning mist after eighteen days. It is only a small island, but there is another and yet another, and in an hour's time the mainland can be seen dimly through the fog.

See the efficient little mine-sweepers patrolling the coast to keep the sea lanes open and safe, and now the pilot is coming aboard to guide us into the harbour under the famous Golden Gate Bridge.

And so at last there is safety from an enemy who may have been lurking anywhere on that vast ocean and there is an air of excitement on board as these young men look forward to setting foot on "terra firma" once more and to seeing this well known city. But they are doomed to disappointment for, by the time the port authorities have finished the various inspections and the ship has berthed, it is late in the afternoon and a train is waiting to carry them further on their already long journey.

Do they complain? Not they! For it is their one wish to get on with the

job for which they have come so far, and so they hide their disappointment at not being able to see the sights of San Francisco of which they have heard so much.

Before boarding the train there is a seven mile trip by ferry to make across San Francisco Bay, passing beneath the famous Oakland Bridge. The train journey, however, is to prove an agreeable surprise, for at least there is to be comparative comfort for the men who have travelled thus far in none-too-luxurious accommodation.

The meals, served in dining cars, are excellent, especially when compared with stale, cold-stored foods on the ship; and although sleeping cars are not provided on this particular train, every comfort is obtained by dismantling the well-sprung seats and re-arranging them to make full-length beds.

By morning the men are well on their way and passing through some really beautiful country around Klamath and Crescent Lakes before commencing to cross the Cascade Mountains. Here, for six hours, the train twists and climbs through the massive grandeur of seemingly bottomless gorges and rugged mountain peaks. Occasionally a river is seen winding its way, like a silver ribbon, towards the sea. But this cannot last indefinitely and, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, the train pulls into the city of Portland, where the travellers are granted three hours leave.

For three hours they are accorded a welcome befitting Royalty. If ever a city has been thrown open to a body of men, the city of Portland deserves credit for the manner in which its doors are opened to the men who have arrived so unexpectedly. Cars are placed at their disposal and in a few hours many a lifelong friendship is established. But this welcome visit, as all other good things in life, must end for, once again, it is time for the travellers to move on.

This time, however, they travel in sleeping cars and morning, cold wet and misty, finds them being transported through the streets of Vancouver to the C.P.R. depot where breakfast is served and they are granted six hours leave. Here, again, these young men find a sincere welcome and thoroughly enjoy themselves though their comments on the weather may not be re-

corded for censorship reasons.

However, the time has arrived again for the men "from down under" to entrain on the final stage of their journey across the country in which they will be staying for some time—a country whose people are so much like their own and with whom they will be able to mix so well.

The trans-Canada railway is world-renowned for the scenery through which it passes and, indeed it is a journey worthy of fame. The grandeur of the Rockies is well known to all, but to the men on this particular train it is astounding, for this is the first time that the majority of them have seen snow, not to mention the mightiness of the mountain ranges. Every stop, even only of a few minutes duration, is the signal to begin snow-balling, and how they revel in the sport.

From Calgary onwards the country is very flat, but even here there are memories recalled of the homeland, for the wheatlands of Australia are not unlike the wheat country of Canada, with perhaps the exception of the severe cold.

Finally, at Brandon, Man., these men who have come more than 11,000 miles from their homes and know not how long it will be ere they return, are able to have a well-earned respite from their travels. Here they can become friends with a friendly people. Here they are able to obtain a little entertainment, for they know that the respite will not be long, and they realize that they are here to do a job to the very best of their ability in the final preparation before taking their places in the protection of the Empire, and thereby their own homes.

Ten days of good food, happy times and beds that have stopped rolling and vibrating, thereby permitting good, restful sleep, and it is time to move on again. And so, after another 800 miles of train travelling, the Australians arrive in Claresholm, where they are indeed agreeably impressed with the conditions under which they are to work. But, they have found all Canada pleasant and its people only too willing to make them feel as much at home as possible.

Many are the promises to return to this country under better circumstances when this old world has returned to

sanity. And so these young men have settled down at length under very favorable conditions, their main regret being that the great morale builder—mail from home—is long overdue.

Hear them all voice together, then, those words: "Let us to the task that lies ahead."

—D. BANCROFT.

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● "H" Flight

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It has been some time since "H" Flight had an article in the Station paper. In that time Course 60 has graduated and a new course, Course 68, has taken their place. This course consists of Australians and we have asked them to write briefly of their impression of Canada. Here it is:—

"Canada—a land of beautiful lakes, snow-capped mountains and rolling prairies, marred only by rumbles. The people are most hospitable and the girls!—well, I leave that topic to be dealt with by a younger man.

"The Canadian confidence in our ability to learn to skate is really pathetic, mostly from our point of view, of course. Then there is that lovely fluffy stuff they call snow, which seems to fly from nowhere in hard round lumps. And the dances—we are still a bit confused there, but I think the general idea is to do different and more steps per minute than the other couples.

"But, after all, we think Australia is still the best. The city of Sydney, where they are never stuck for entertainment on Sundays; that beautiful Sydney harbor, with that "coat hanger" across from shore to shore. Yes, we miss our Australia, but we'll just have to like it in Canada, because there is nine thousand miles of water to swim before we see our beloved country of Australia."

x x x x

Also, since our last write-up we have acquired a W. D. time-keeper, and we have also included her impressions of time-keeping. Here they are:—

"I am now attached to "H" Flight which has a grand lot of instructors, ground-crew and students. All love to pay rumbles, and I have been granted the privilege of rumbling them, which, I am afraid, doesn't make me very popular, especially with the Aussies. Never

mind, boys. Think of good time you will have at your Wings Party!

"The sad part of it all is that you just get to know the boys and make quite a number of good friends, then they leave us to go overseas, or to be instructors (which posting they all love). Then there is the part that I like best of all as time-keeper, and that is the quietness of the place! The gentle soothing voices of the instructors when they shout for an aircraft or tell the students to "Get to — out into that aircraft and get it started!" "What are you doing here? You should be in the air!" . . . etc. . . . while the poor student is rushing around, getting all tangled up in his harness, answering: "Yes sir! right away, sir!" This hurrying is all new to the Aussies, I believe, but they are learning fast.

"On the whole I think time-keeping is a grand job and I am very reluctant to leave their happy midst."

x x x x

"H" Flight takes this opportunity to wish you all A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

● Navigation Flight

IN MEMORIAM

We had a duck, her name was Hector,
A nice little duck, but "H" Flight
wrecked her.

It once was said in Windy Wings
That Hector could do and say all
things.

A genius, that duck, no less can I say,
But her time had come and she
passed away.

She raced a Crane but did not beat
it;

Where is that duck? Did someone
eat it?

x x x x

NEWS THAT STEWS AND BREWS

FLASH! "F/L Miller posted to Eastern Air Command." We were all sorry to see him go and send with him our sincere wishes, "The Best of Luck!"

FLASH! "Woody goes east." With deep regret we received the news that our mascot had been transferred to No. 2 Air Training Command. We hear that he is at present spending his leave

"somewhere in Saskatchewan", after which he hopes to continue his duties of boosting the morale of those he may contact.

FLASH! "AC.3 Hector goes West." Tribute was paid with full military honors to the passing of our very popular mascot, AC3 Hector. Among the many beautiful floral tributes was a wreath of "Water Lillies" donated by LAC. Bridgett.

FLASH! "No. 5 Hangar possible new establishment for Navigation Flight." Word goes around that possibly the middle of January will find members of our Flight joyously packing belongings and equipment to a home of our own.

FLASH! "New senior Navigation Officer, F/L MacLachlan, has revised our syllabus." New D/F and low-flying cross-countries help make our work more interesting.

FLASH! "F/L Rae assumes duties of Flight Commander following F/L Miller's posting." Congratulations, sir! We are all with you.

● Maintenance Section

Maintenance! What could the Royal Canadian Air Force (or any other Air Force) do without them. We hope none of you missed the well deserved importance given to us by the Chief Instructor (congratulations, Sir) at a recent Wings Parade.

We feel, therefore, that perhaps you would like to hear something of our Squadron since last we chatted with you, through these pages. Many changes have occurred, particularly in personnel. F/L Akin has departed for "the Gulch" and F/L Miller and P/O Smith for other points in the Command. Just the other day, after seventeen months with us, F/S Thomas left for Vancouver (lucky lad!) To the same place went AW.1 Paton. The Log Book Room suffered most of all, its personnel having changed completely within two months. Sergeant Insley left for Aircrew and those popular personalities LAW. Townsend and LAW. Jenkins for No. 1 Wireless, Montreal, on the same day. Corporal Brown went up to Servicing, then to the hospital and after a rapid recovery reappeared in

Maintenance as Sergeant Brown in another capacity. Now he has returned to the Log Book Room. To Servicing also went AW.1 MacLeod, but from there came Sergeant Siemens, Sergeant Flynn and F/S Hardy.

We have also welcomed F/L Harris, P/O Rintoul and P/O Chalmers, while Sergeant Legassicke returned from his Administrative Course at Trenton. P/O Ward became F/O Ward and carries on his good work. F/L Paterson keeps a fatherly eye over the organization he built up and hopes for promotion to a rank more in line with his experience, ability and position.

With the coming of the Ansons our work has undergone changes also. Headaches are anticipated before all their bugs are ironed out but headaches have become routine with the Cessnas. Still further changes in organization will take place when we move into our two new Hangars and with increased space our serviceability may quite possibly show a further rise. At the moment, whatever Flight Commanders may say—and they say plenty—we feel it is something to have the highest average serviceability in the Command. Our organization, too, has come in for gratifying compliment from higher authority. Better than any, WE KEEP 'EM FLYING!

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● Equipment Section

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One day early this month Santa Claus arrived at the counter of the Equipment Section and timidly asked for the S.E.O. "He is in Calgary on a scrounging trip" said the smiling W.D. Reaching for an E. 42, Santa's face fell but he somewhat regained his composure on being told that the second in command was in.

His great bulk was manoeuvred into the little office by the able assistance of WO.1 Bowman. "What goes on?" said the grey-haired man behind the desk. "Why bring the foothills in here?" Santa breathlessly apologized for the intrusion, and introduced himself. "Sit down", said the second in command, pushing over a couple of chairs. "What have you got on your mind besides your hair, and by the way, don't let the C.O. see you before you get your hair cut or you will be pres-

ented with a violin." I didn't come here to fiddle", said Santa, "I just stepped in to get a few wrinkles": "You sure have come to the right place, look at me, smooth as a babe when I came here and now wrinkled like a prune." "Tush, tush", said the jolly old man, "you misunderstood me, being a bit short-handed this year I merely wanted to find out how you managed to give out all the things you do from this place. I have been watching sad faced airmen come in here clutching bits of paper and out they have come again carrying all sorts of parcels, just wreathed in smiles too. Is the secret in that bit of paper." "Without paper," said the second in command in a hushed voice, "we could not exist. We have an E. 93 which returns good for bad, an E. 26 which means sorrow to the unlucky holder, but best of all is the E. 42 which gives you your heart's desire, that is," said he in a sotto voice. "if it is signed by an inventory holder." "I think I get your drift" said Santa. "I only use paper for a couple of things myself and one is to wrap parcels. I don't think your system would be much good to me, sorry to have wasted your time." With this remark he placed a horn on the desk and with one of his famous belly-chuckles he said, "This is for the Equipment Section to blow whenever they think that nobody recognizes the good work they do." The second in command snatched for the horn and as he took in a deep breath for a big blast, Santa placed his thumb to his nose and, spreading his thumb widely, he disappeared up the ventilating shaft.

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● The Ledger Sheet

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We welcome to our Section P/O B. M. Thompson, who arrived here recently from Lachine. P/O Thompson is replacing P/O Cole, who was posted to No. 11 E. D., Calgary.

We are pleased to see our friend "Slipstream" Sharp sporting a crown above those three hooks on his arm. Congratulations "E.D."

They say that things, either good or bad, usually happen in bunches. In this case it was good. When Crissie Ennismore went home on seven days leave she was AW.1 Ennismore, but, she was

Sgt. Ennismore when she came back. That was the first of the happy happenings. Number 2: her re-muster to Clerk Educational came through, and last but not least, she was flashing a plain gold band—third finger, left hand—so now we have to call her Sgt. McElroy. Nice going, Sarge.

Cpl. Emes decided to come back and work with us in the Accounts Office after working several months on Non-Public Funds. What will our two W. D's. up there do now, "Les"?

That's all, folks!

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● Parachute Section

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Well here's from the parachute packers,
A Section all spick and Span,
There we have no slackers,
We're as good as any man.

Checking our parachutes daily,
From about 5:30 on
Without any help from the males
And I'm telling you we get along.

Long hours we spend here daily,
But we're happy to be taking our place,
Allowing boys into aircrew,
One way of saving our race.

x x x x

Chit Chat and Nick Nacks

Sgt. MacLeod tells us that his ten month old son can climb half way up stairs without being caught.

We all wish to welcome to the Station our new Parachute Rigger, AW.1 Long.

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● Control Tower News

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We have good news to report from the Control Tower. We have a Wing Commander at the helm. Heartiest congratulations to Wing Commander Burgess, our Chief Instructor, on his recent promotion. So say all of us here in the Tower, and everybody else on the Station.

Since the last issue of Windy Wings some of our Flying Instructors have been posted. Flight Lieutenant McMurdy and Flight Lieutenant Thornton have been posted overseas. To them we extend our best wishes and good luck in their new adventure. And

still there are more being posted. Flight Lieutenant Kenmuir and Pilot Officer Carr have just received news of their posting in the Maritimes. May good fortune and luck go with them, too.

Flash! Let's go to press! Calling all canteens! Calling Canteens! I just wonder what Squadron Commander has heard that word "Canteen" before?

Maps, Maps, Maps! Get the scissors, get the glue! No, not that one, the other one, it's stickier. Quote and unquote. Now who could that be?

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

F/O E. C. Smith.

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● High Pitch or "B" Natural

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The Brass Band of No. 15 S.F.T.S. is very fortunate indeed in having LAC. Fishwick, N. posted to this Unit on Temporary Duty from No. 2 Wireless School, Calgary. Norm only arrived on the Station on the ninth of this month and there is a very marked improvement in the band already. The only trouble with this arrangement is that LAC. Fishwick will probably just commence to have the band running smoothly and he will probably be posted back to Calgary once again. However, we in the band can readily assure him that we shall be only too glad to give him all possible assistance in making this band one of the best in Alberta.

We are sorry to report that our band has lost another one of our Cornet players, in the person of Corporal P. T. Gunby. Paul Gunby was posted Overseas on the sixteenth of this month and our sincere wishes for success goes with him. The day before his departure from the Station, Cpl. Gunby came into the Orderly Room to inquire into the matter of how much baggage he was entitled to take Overseas. When he was informed that he could only take 150 lbs. with him, he exclaimed, "Oh, hell, if this is the case, how am I going to take my Cornet along with me?" Which was certainly spoken like a true musician.

A few months ago the band was playing outside in the rain, on one of

the C.O.'s parades. One of the Trombone players was trying to read a manuscript copy of the Colonel Bogey March. The more it rained, the more the ink ran down the paper. The Trombone player did his very best to continue his playing until there were so many ink runs on his manuscript that he couldn't stand it any longer. At last he gave up in despair and cried: "How in the hell does the Bandmaster expect me to play all these damn runs." Oh well, I suppose this just goes to show you what a gruesome life us temperamental musicians live.

—Simp Funny.

● Notes from the Unit Education Officer

Winter has really come upon us with a bang, and it would seem we may expect a white Christmas this year. However, thoughts of the Yuletide are rather remote in the Education Section just now. Our chief concern is to find a nice warm spot in G.I.S. where we can get thawed out again. However, it is an inconvenience we are bearing up under and in the meantime F/O Caspar receives our thanks for his generous and quite warm hospitality.

The Education Office has now a new location in G.I.S., and we trust all who desire this department's services will walk a little farther down the hall and look for the sign. The staff has been increased during the past week by the addition of P/O McDonald and Sgt. Ennismore. AC.2 Hollins, who has been with us two months, will remain until his posting to I.T.S. Hollins has been a valued member of this department and given fine service. We can find it in our thoughts to wish he were to remain for some time yet.

A new class in re-mustering to air-crew has begun with thirty students on the roll. It is important that these airmen make sure they continue to attend all lectures and do a goodly amount of homework, in order to write successfully, the command examinations. During the course the physics class will be permitted to do some experiments in the local high school laboratory. A previous class did experiments under supervision of the science

teacher, and the boys benefitted greatly. The school Principal, Mr. Herbert Coutts, is very willing to assist our projects in any way he can. Should a student feel the need for tuition in any special high school subject, I am sure Mr. Coutts will do his best to arrange for a suitable tutor. Those persons studying music might well take advantage of this faculty. First contact the Educational Officer with your problem, and then arrangements can be made to suit.

The education office is now open every evening from 1900 hours to 2130 hours. Here the Instructor will be available to assist correspondence students, re-mustering students and others who require assistance while studying in G.I.S. study room. A tutorial class is at present being held in G.I.S. class every Wednesday evening at 1900 hours for correspondence students studying mathematics. This class is under the energetic direction of F/O Meadows, who is only too willing to assist in solving mathematical conundrums.

Again may we remind all correspondence students to please report the progress of their work to the Educational Officer. A report once a week will keep everyone happy. Many former students have textbooks out on loan. These books have been out for too long a time in some cases, so those concerned are asked to return them at their earliest opportunity.

In civil life the better opportunities always have and always will present themselves to those with a certain minimum academic background. If you have not got this academic background as yet—prepare immediately to get it. Then when rehabilitation becomes necessary, you will in all probability be allowed to continue to improve yourself relative to finding a suitable spot in civil life. Ever bear in mind that before help is given in matters of this sort, there ought to be, and must be, some guarantee that the individual concerned will take advantage of the educational facilities offered and profit therefrom. Allow me to advise you to make your start now, and to be thus prepared to accept the benefits offered by our government when this war is over. "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to for-

tune—.”

In closing may we wish the readers of this column a Merry Christmas and a truly victorious New Year.

R. J. C.

P.S.—Cheerio! No. 15 S.F.T.S.—

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Just yesterday did I learn that I have been posted to Brandon. It is eighteen months since I arrived on the Station and during that time many good friends have been made. I find it very true, that when the time comes to leave, there is the strong wish it did not have to be. I do not leave this Station in a jovial mood, but sadly. It is a good station, and the personnel, the very best.

Whoever the new Educational Officer may be, I trust you will seek his advice and guidance in all educational matters, and generally sustain him in his work as you, my students, have done me.

R. J. COATES, F/O,
Educational Officer.

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● The Discussion Group

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For weeks now, boys of all ages and complexions have met together in G.I.S. on Tuesday and Thursday evenings to discuss certain matters. Here the opinions of all are respected and listened to with interest. Here criticism is offered with an object in view—the object of arriving at a better understanding of the pressing problems that will face all of us as individuals, as good Canadians and as international citizens when the war is over.

It is not enough to be full of prejudices, and personal grouches. It is not enough to hold opinions founded on fact or fiction. None of these in themselves will usher in a world, or correct the smallest error. The reading of newspapers, together with pre-conceived notions received in infancy are often the basis for the thought and action of many of us. Since few of us are absolved from this category, the discussion group then is where most of us ought to be found. Large numbers is no criteria of success, but the number attending these discussions is on the increase with the same people

always returning the next time. That is encouraging. But it definitely is not encouraging for the salvation of ourselves or of our world to hear a young man say, “Why should I attend your discussion group? (I read the newspapers.) I can learn nothing there.” We welcome this lad to our midst and yearn to show him how wrong his thinking processes are.

The discussions to date have been varied. In general they have been sub-topics of the main topic, “The New Order” or “Our Post-War World.” The discussions have been brisk and though the problems of the Universe have not been solved, genuine results have been obtained in producing clearer thinking and speaking. An awareness of problems, personal and national has been aroused. A greater tolerance and understanding of other people’s points of view has been promoted. In all, everyone has become more or less imbued with the desire to play a more intelligent part in the life of the Community and nation henceforth. The arm chair strategist and local grouser, get short shrift with this group of service men.

In order to attract those who require attracting, innovations have been tried with success. Once the attracted person gets into the discussion, to date he has returned of his own volition to succeeding discussions. A Quiz contest was held of late, in which two teams, one aircrew and the other ground crew, competed for the honors. Ground crew won the round that evening.

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Immediately afterwards a discussion followed on Population Problems. There are those who will meet the yellow races on a footing of equality and there are those who will not. Though much can be said for both sides, which side are you on and why? Another evening an interview program preceded the discussion. The Aussies interviewed gave most interesting accounts of their home towns and I’m sure all could have listened to them much longer. The discussion followed on Clarence Streit’s “Union Now” theory. There were those present who suggested that no formal set-up or amalgamation of states following this war, would prevent future wars. It was

suggested individuals as well as nations would have to change their outlook on life as well as their methods of earning a living. The next meeting will take another topic for post-war union—"The London Plan."

Since two meetings a week become rather a burden, it has been decided to hold one discussion period once a week, every Thursday evening at 1900 hours. Everyone is welcome to sit in, to criticise if need be and to offer their own special contribution. Each and every one can make some contribution to these discussions. Let us not be like the Cynic who stayed away because he had it figured out he knew all the answers and couldn't learn anything anyway.

● Station Entertainment Committee

This Station, because of its geographical situation, is placed in a certain status with regard to entertainment which may be offered to the personnel during their off-duty hours. Not being situated close to a large civic centre, the possibilities of personnel finding relaxation and entertainment by attending theatres, concerts, and other such events, are extremely limited, and we, as a community, are forced to depend much on our own efforts. From an unbiased point of view this is a very desirable situation, for no individual or group of individuals are happier than when exploring their own possibilities and talents and utilizing them. In such a community the esprit de corps is of a high calibre, and the personnel of a sturdier individuality.

On this Station there has been worked out a complete plan for the utilization of the talent of each individual and the providing of a variety of entertainment for all personnel. This plan, however, is based on a spirit of co-operation, and the committee in charge of this phase of Station welfare earnestly requests that each and every Airwoman and Airman willingly volunteer to fit themselves into the scheme of things for the benefit of all.

In D.R.O.'s. of November 30th., 1942, was published an announcement of the members of the Station Entertainment

Committee. Full details were given and the part which the personnel was expected to play in the scheme was set forth in these words: "The success of the Committee will depend entirely upon the co-operation extended to it by the personnel. With this in view it is hoped that all personnel with talent or with a desire to assist in the entertainment of the Station will make themselves available to the committee".

It is desired to call particular attention to the duties assigned to F/O Thomas-Peter. His is the difficult task of locating talent among the personnel of the Station and of arranging concert parties amongst local talent. F/O Thomas-Peter wishes that Airwomen and Airmen who have ability to do chorus and variety work contact him in order that he may ascertain what material is available. Of special importance is the demand for a pianist who may be able to assume the exacting duties of accompanist to a musical group or to soloists. The need for an individual to act in this capacity is urgent. Would all pianists please contact F/O Thomas-Peter immediately and state their qualifications? Your services may be most critically needed.

To all personnel of the Station, therefore, the Station Entertainment Committee issues an appeal for unstinted and cheerful voluntary co-operation. The success of the undertaking depends on YOU!

X X X X

The following is the agenda for entertainments during December and January:

- December 19th.—Skating Party.
- December 20th.—Two short plays, sponsored by the Officer's Mess.
- December 22nd.—Children's Christmas Party.
- December 24th.—Carol Service.
- December 25th.—Picture Show, sponsored by Officers' Mess.
- December 26th.—Skating Party.
- December 31st.—Airmen's Dance.
- January 1st.—Picture Show, sponsored by Sergeants' Mess.
- January 2nd.—Skating Party.
- January 3rd.—To be arranged.
- January 9th.—Informal Dance.
- January 10th.—Concert Party from Calgary.
- January 16th.—Skating Party.
- January 17th.—Officers' Wives Guild

Concert Party.

January 23rd.—Formal Dance.

January 24th.—Concert Party from Calgary.

January 30th.—Skating Party.

January 31st.—To be arranged.

It is understood that the above may be subjected to alterations but will adhere to unless exceptional circumstances arise.

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● Farquarson's Town Tonics

Air Force in Calgary on a Sunday have sampled most of its tonics; but the sample which came to Claresholm (on a Sunday with all "48's" stopped) went down well all the way with the crowd at the "Rec" Hall. And that Town Tonic surely "had something"; just that je ne sais quoi which a Girls' Show ought to have. The three lone males in the programme went over big as "female impersonator" and "magician" and "quality tenor". But the bevy of Calgary's talented girls under Mrs. Jean Farquarson's direction made a big hit with the boys. Personal compliments are perilous and so we say the Tonics were tops throughout their programme, proved by the unstinted applause.

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● The "Mad Hatters" Visit Claresholm

Playing to a packed house in the "Rec" Hall recently the "Mad Hatters Party" from No. 34 S. F. T. S., Medicine Hat, showed what a Station concert party can do with talent, direction and enthusiasm. From the opening introductory numbers ("Good Evening Everybody" and "My Name is Andy Boyd") the show was "wow-wow". For two and a half hours the house was rocked with their comedy, (Andy Boyd as "Mad MacCann the Mountie") or hushed with the quality of violin and vocal numbers; while the staging took the audience to a corner of a bazaar in "Almira"; a trail in the Libyan desert for a "Rendezvous with Rommel"; or a bench in the park anywhere this time o' night in "Moment Romantique". We would run off the map in telling of the show and paying personal compliments.

Yet here in a talented cast were riggers and mechanics and clerks admin, with D.A.P.M. and Adlt. Mtce. and P.O. admin. all "doing their stuff" in producing and directing and performing as a stage team for their Station.

Everybody round No. 15 is saying now "Why shouldn't we?" and the answer is not "Oh Yeah!" but "Sure thing, count me in!" So if you have some or music, or what have you, put your talent in song or dance or story, mimic name in for audition to any member of the Station Entertainment Committee.

"Cheerio, we'll be seeing you"

And it won't be very long . . .

before we are ready to stage our own show and go places, returning the visit of the "Mad Hatters" who have shown us how.

—J. W. R.

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● Remembrance Day Parade 1942

The eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month was observed by the personnel of Number 15, S.F.T.S., as a tribute to those who paid the supreme sacrifice in the Great War of 1914-18. For a short period the usual activities of the station were suspended and the two minute silence ceremony provided the opportunity for all to cast their thoughts backward and recall poignant memories of that span in Canadian history. The events of those years are yet recent enough that hardly a Canadian has not been affected in some manner by their having happened.

The entire personnel of the station paraded for the ceremony and were formed up as a wing in close column, on the parade grounds. Promptly at eleven o'clock the Royal Canadian Air Force Standard was raised, then the Last Post was sounded. Following this the two minute silence was observed, terminated by the sounding of the Reveille. Wing Commander Kennedy, Commanding Officer of the Station, took over the parade for the Remembrance Day observances.

It speaks of a high calibre of spiritual development of a people that, twenty-four years after an armistice, such a token of remembrance should still be observed by the nation gener-

ally with such impressive solemnity. The history of the world during the past quarter of a century has been such that one catastrophe necessitating a Remembrance Day has blended into another world conflict and at the present there is no Canadian but is touched in some way by present events so that Remembrance Day has a deeper significance. The stress of the present time did not allow a national holiday, nor did the temper of Canadians cause them to desire one, but the pause for two minutes amidst the tasks of war provided a more fitting tribute to the memory of those who fell in a former war than has been given them for many a long year.

● Victory Comes High

We are not bragging like a big shouldered bully after this latest triumph. We are merely stating a fact. Victory comes high and we have given evidence, substantial evidence, that digging painfully deep into the socks and bankrolls can be done and successfully. You have to understand the set-up.

You see No. 15 S.F.T.S. topped number Four Command and man for man led the day in the Victory Loan Campaign among the ranks of fighting men in Canada. We have been complimented by all and sundry. They are all proud of us. A tinge of rose may mottle cheeks, various and sundry, at the realization of our effort.

Deep in the heart of the Southern Alberta Dust Bowl, on a corner recently refurbished and reduced from a wheat field to a Flying Station, the farm boys got together and did something. They had saved their lush green lettuce leaves while the more sophisticated brethren had squandered their earnings in an effort to wipe out the boredom that comes occasionally from proximity to brighter lights and exotic living.

Prompted by a few dynamic citizens, we realized fully that Short Sterlings and Long Lancasters and Vicious Spitfires and even Lowly Cranes can't be had for a handful of soap coupons, beer bottle caps or cigarette pictures. They cost plenty. So we went to work and when the Victory Loan Drive was over

we had garnered the neat sum of Fifty One Thousand, Eight Hundred Bucks. Pal, that's a lot of dough.

Not being the largest station in the country, indeed being one of the smaller Stations, we did not set out to break records. We just got together on a job. Doubtless the personnel of other stations has as high a priority rating on patriotism as we. That they are not equipped with the ability to get a look at the future is scarcely a failing that can be attributed to others in a personal way. We have it. They are without it. Thus the result.

Back of our effort is the knowledge that we have invested in Canada's Future. Without this willingness to invest the future would be as bright as the inner regions of an African Blow Gun Factory.

Now we are not such willing creatures that we dashed madly into the accounts section howling for someone, anyone, to take our money. With the method which is a vital part of this Station's superiority we set to work. Out of this methodical effort there emerged from behind the hedge of facts and figures a couple of heads. Prominent was the almost blond thatch of Flight Lieutenant Kenmuir. For the duration of the drive this genial citizen parted with his geniality. He became a bond salesman with last month's rent to pay. He was here, he was there. To avoid him would have been as futile as trying to dodge a tax collector; one of those things you just can't do, you understand. That Flight Lieutenant Kenmuir is a good officer we all admit, that he is a capable pilot is evident, that he is a genial mess companion is recognized, but that he is an eighteen carat hypnotist is an angle of his diversity of which I was not aware. Take me for example. I am not such a man as will willingly do rash things. I knew how much I could spend and still buy a shawl for ailing Aunt Ezma. But what happens? One day I went into the Control Tower and fell into the clutches. In seven minutes by my trusty time piece I emerged. In those few minutes I had squandered my past and mortgaged my future. I mention Flight Lieutenant Kenmuir because of his untiring efforts. Every man and woman connected with the Victory Loan Drive on this Station gave it their best effort.

Then there was AW. 1 Adkins who with great poise walked into the Accounts Officer and with chilling deliberation reached into her wallet and having saluted walked away with a Thousand Dollar Bond. That's the kind of Gals we have on this Station.

Many of the men from this Station will not go "all out" this Christmas as one or the other citizen from other stations will do. They won't be able to afford anything very violent. But tucked in the bottom of the old sock will be a bond, a very handy thing to have when all the chips are down.

F/L F. P. COYNE

● Station Complimented on Victory Loan Drive

The following is a letter received by the Commanding Officer from Air Commodore G. R. Howsam, A. O. C. No. 4 Training Command, Calgary, Alberta:—

"I desire to convey to you, to all Officers and Men under your Command and especially to the active members of the War Savings Committee, my congratulations on the excellent results attained by your Unit during the recent Victory Loan Campaign.

Your Unit made a notable contribution to the success of this Campaign in No. 4 Training Command, in which we reached the unprecedented total of approximately \$450,000.00. In the amassing of this sum your Unit ranked first in the Command both in numbers of subscriptions and in total cash values. This result effects excellent organization and a fine spirit of co-operation of all concerned.

"It is through just such demonstrations of united effort that Victory will eventually be ours.

"Again my heartiest congratulations."

● Sgt. Pilot L. Taylor Killed in Crash Near St. Eugene

(Winnipeg Tribune)

Sgt.-Pilot Leslie Lawson Taylor, 21, only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Taylor, 301 Dumoulin street, St. Boniface, was ac-

cidental killed Sunday afternoon when the plane he was piloting crashed near St. Eugene, Ontario. Sgt. Taylor for the past eight months had been an instructor at No. 13 Elementary Flying Training School, St. Eugene, Ont. Born in Winnipeg, he took his elementary schooling at Isaac Brock school and his senior high schooling in Daniel McIntyre collegiate. Sgt. Taylor took an active part in school sports and was a member of the Puffin Ski Club.

Enlisting in February, 1941 with the R.C.A.F. at Winnipeg, Sergeant Taylor received his training at Macdonald, Man., Regina, and Boundry Bay, Victoria, B.C. He received his wings on November 5, 1941, at Claresholm, Alta. training school. Following his graduation from Claresholm he was sent to Trenton, Ont., to take an instructor's course and a few months later was posted to No. 13 Elementary Flying Training school at St. Eugene, Ont., as instructor. He married Dorothy Brown of Arden, Man., on Nov. 11, 1941. Sgt. Taylor was also an active member of Chalmers United church.

● Monthly Summary of World Events

Much water has flowed under many bridges since our last issue went to press.

The United Nations have succeeded in springing one of the greatest surprises of the war . . . a second front . . . at a time when the Axis was bogged down in Europe and Russia and at a place where an attack was least expected.

The cover-up was superb. Stalin's enigmatical letter in October; Wilkie's complaining speeches; newspaper articles on how little we were doing; commando raids everywhere but on the new front; and, most clever of all, Mrs. Roosevelt's trip to Great Britain to visit the American troops there, who had actually embarked more than a week before she left America.

The assault against Rommel's forces in Egypt began as a series of minor sorties on October 22. At the same time the R. A. F. began to step up its raids on Italian cities supplying the Axis armies in North Africa.

On October 25th. (the anniversary of the Russian revolution) the Axis became very jumpy over reports of a huge mystery fleet at Gibraltar.

Suddenly the 8th. Army attacked with great ferocity, and with heavy air support, began to drive the Axis army west. Rommel tried to halt the 8th. Army at Tuka, half way from El Alemein to the Lybian border, but had to give up this attempt. Thus began a headlong chase across North Africa. Rommel abandoned his Italian comrades, leaving them to await capture.

Churchill reported: "Last night (Nov. 11) General Alexander estimated 59,000 Axis troops were killed, wounded or taken prisoner. The enemy lost about 500 tanks and 1,000 guns Our losses are 13,600 officers and men, 58% of whom are British troops from the United Kingdom. Australian, New Zealand and South African troops were in the forefront of the break-through. Indian, Fighting French and Greek brigades all played their part."

While this was going on the "mystery fleet" at Gibraltar was not inactive. This fleet was but a small part of a larger movement, 500 transports and 350 ships of war, which had split up for an attack on the western portion of North Africa.

Algiers was attacked and surrendered on Nov. 10 after comparatively little fighting on the part of the French garrison.

Casablanca was attacked and taken. French naval units resisted but were put out of action. The 35,000 ton Jean Bart was completely disabled.

Oran was taken with comparative ease.

Bougie, east of Algiers, was occupied by a landing party.

Churchill remarked: "Hitler complained of the difficulty of divining the plans of military idiots and drunkards. While he was wondering, the largest amphibious operation ever conceived set sail for a strategic area, reached without warning."

By November 12, a combined British and American army (including the British 1st. Army, comparable in size to the 8th. Army), was driving east towards Tunisia.

Another army consisting mainly of Fighting French was moving north from Lake Chad.

On November 11, Hitler suddenly

cast aside the armistice terms and moved to occupy the remainder of France, with the exception of Toulon, which he saved for a surprise visit, since a considerable part (some 62 ships) of what was left of the French navy was in Toulon harbour.

On November 14, we received word that General Tassigny, the only French leader to oppose the German advance into unoccupied France, had surrendered.

Almost on the heels of the Allied landings had come Axis landings at Tunis and Bizerte, and now Hitler moved to strengthen these forces.

Meanwhile, Admiral Darlan, "as a result of German perfidy", jumped the fence again and retained command of all France's North African possessions. Elusive General Giraud, whom the Nazis could not hold prisoner, rushed organization of a Fighting French army in Morocco. General Nogues, governor of Morocco, agreed to subordinate himself to Darlan.

This arrangement, for the time being, solved the problem of the French resistance to the Allies; but it brought with it a new problem. The Free French hate Darlan and refuse to have any dealings with him. At the moment of writing the situation is simmering, although Roosevelt has assured De Gaule that any arrangements made with Darlan are temporary expedients.

De Gaule is expected to visit Washington shortly to discuss the matter.

On November 13 the 8th. army occupied Tobruk. The British-American army of the west extended its zone of occupation as far as Bone, 60 miles from the Tunisian border.

The Allies began the campaign with air superiority and they steadily increased their margin of superiority by the acquisition of additional airfields.

On the Stalingrad front pressure on the Russians was still severe, but partial relief from air attacks was noticed. Some German troops were withdrawn and sent to Greece.

By November 14 landings of Axis troops in Tunisia were so heavy that French forces were forced to retire. They performed an orderly withdrawal from Bizerte and Tunis to the West and the South and joined Allied columns coming in from those directions.

The army of the west split into several spearheads, the most southerly of

which was to drive to Gabes on the east coast of Tunisia, and cut off any land connection between the two large Axis fields of action.

Rommel's flight had now taken him past Benghazi towards El Agheila with the British 180 miles behind.

A military mission from Dakar visited Allied headquarters in North Africa to discuss peaceful capitulation of that city. Dakar is now in our hands.

On the 17th. news from Russia told of gains on all fronts except in the Caucasus, and of increases in the bulges north and south of the German Stalingrad wedge.

On November 18, preceded by paratroops, the Allies began to close in on Bizerte, which has been strafed continuously from the air ever since the Axis moved in.

On November 19 the major force of the 8th. army by-passed Benghazi and drove towards El Agheila where Alexander hopes to force Rommel's army to fight it out.

The Free French motorized column driving up from the south had reached a point 940 miles from the coast.

On November 20 Allied H.Q. in Tunisia said they had completely isolated the cities of Tunis and Bizerte, and were only 30 miles outside of both cities.

On the 21st. of November Axis troops tried to make a landing on the Gulf of Gabes but were beaten off by French troops.

The Fighting French column from Lake Chad was said to be nearing the coast between El Agheila and Tripoli.

By the 23rd. Rommel's position looked hopeless, and observers spoke of a German Dunkerque. Rommel is now (December 4) holding the 8th. Army at El Agheila. That position has taken and is still taking a terrible strafing from the air. Apart from a few minor gains "—General Alexander has nothing to report."

But on November 24th. Vichy (now Nazi) radio said that large German-Italian forces had landed at Sfax and Gabes on the east coast of Tunisia. At time of writing it is still not certain whether these troops came from Italy or El Agheila. Rommel's plan is perhaps to evacuate his forces by sea and air to Tunisia and to attempt to join the forces in Tunis and Bizerte. Tunisia

must be held if Italy is to survive. It is said Hitler may occupy Italy entirely to stifle movements for a separate peace and to bolster sagging morale.

The exciting part of the campaign is over for the nonce, and there is much bitter fighting ahead, but it is certainly only a matter of weeks before the Axis is driven completely out of Africa.

From Africa we turn back to Russia where the Soviet armies have taken advantage of the diversion on the Mediterranean front and have pushed back the Axis forces on all fronts with tremendous losses. The bulges on either side of the Stalingrad wedge have become the jaws of a powerful pincers movement. By November 25 the gap was only 30 miles wide and the pocket contained 300,000 troops. By now the trap has closed.

On November 27, Hitler, desperate lest the Axis be driven from the Mediterranean, ordered Toulon to be seized. Magnetic mines were sown across the mouth of the harbour by planes and the German army moved in. But Admiral De Laborde, wishing to save the French navy from the supreme disgrace, ordered the fleet scuttled. Of 62 ships not one remained. Some it is said may have escaped (three submarines have reported to Allied bases), but nothing was left for the Nazis when finally they gained control of the harbour.

Of the Solomons naval battle mentioned last month; when the smoke cleared away and the casualties were counted, it was found that Japan had suffered a most crushing defeat.

On Guadalcanal itself the U. S. Marines are doing a wonderful job and one might expect almost daily the news that the last Japanese soldier has been driven from the Island.

In New Guinea, MacArthur's forces have driven the Japanese in the western part of the island into a pocket and are methodically annihilating them.

Activity in both Burma and China is growing and it is to be hoped that the Allied command can shortly seize the initiative on the far-eastern front—the longest front of any war in history.

—Frank E. Hollins.

● Women at War

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Almost invariably the first question a new acquaintance asks of a W.D. is, "Why did you join the Women's Division of the R.C.A.F.?" Momentarily halted from whatever diversion she was indulging in, the W.D. makes a light deflecting remark to steer the conversation once more into ordinary, everyday channels. Immediately the conclusion is drawn that she lacked any definite purpose, she knew no goal or ideal for which she had so revolutionized and changed her way of life. In the majority of cases such a surmise is incorrect, but for years as children, adolescents and adult, we have been taught to hide deep emotions even from our closest friends. Too often an heroic deed, a kind act, an inner spiritual feeling has been callously scanned without proper feeling and emotions evolving from individuals. Therefore we are not verbal fanatics, fighting missionaries of speech for our free way of life, our democratic ideals and hopes. This, however, is not to be condoned, but must be corrected by systematic, constant education of our youth to become loud vocal disciples of a new democratic way of life for the youth of the world.

To get back to our immediate subject, let us look behind the mask or front with which the majority of W.D.'s have covered themselves. The greater number of these girls have come from excellent middle-class homes with rich family backgrounds and have a superior education. They are not blind to the fact that the women of the world stood to lose every bit as much as their menfolk if the Nazi boot trampled over their lands. Neither were they prepared to "pass the buck" to their fathers, brothers, husbands and sweethearts to carry the full load of achieving victory over a highly dangerous foe. Therefore they decided to give up the easy, complacent, happy, well-known life at home for a new, more rigid, self-discipline life of an R.C.A.F. Station. Not one of them believed that it was a natural, normal, enduring life for women, but the war has taught us all the expediency of subjecting ourselves momentarily to an existence alien to our recognized way of life. With a real desire to serve in the best way possible, these girls entered the

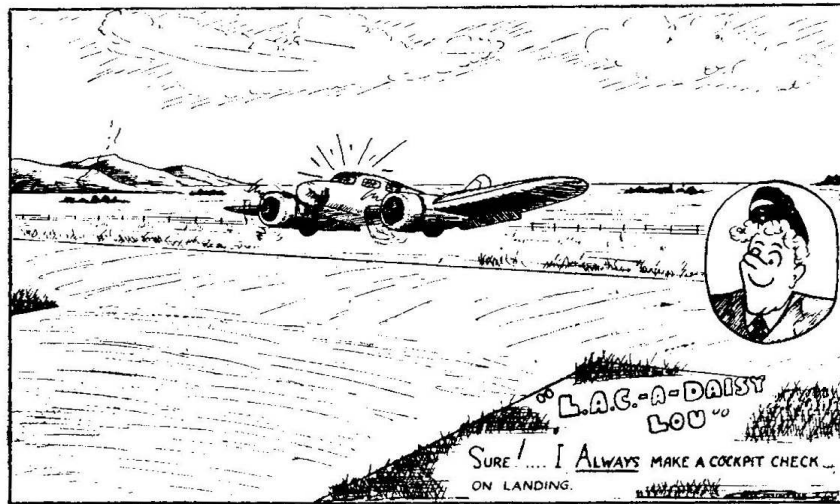
R.C.A.F. The majority of them have attempted to carry out the work assigned to them to the best of their ability. Nor are these girls trying to replace the men in certain trades, but merely attempting to fill their jobs as best they can with their much less length of experience so that able-bodied men may be released for more urgent, man-sized tasks.

Next, we have the smaller number of W.D.'s to whom life has not offered many opportunities; she saw a chance to renovate herself, her ideas and her knowledge of some particular trade. She is certainly not to be condemned for trying to familiarize herself with some skill that will make her a happier, more satisfied person in civilian life, while at the same time giving to her country much-needed labor.

Some of the girls did join the Service to look for the reality contained in that elusive word "adventure". Some of them, such as those who are fortunate enough to go overseas and those at work at operational bases, will find exciting, stirring, dangerous adventure, but the rest of the girls will find it in the everyday activities, the uncertainty of life in the armed forces, the contacts with people from all parts of their own land. These girls in the end find that there is excitement, adventure in everyday activities, in being even a small cog in the vast huge machine of state. Therefore their first rather romantic idea is as a rule tuned into more conservative aims and ideals.

Let us look at some theories that are voiced around the Station concerning why women join the W.D.'s. The most annoying, superficial one, of course, is that these girls joined up to get themselves a "Man". To refute this point, let us look at the costumes these girls have consented to don. Does it make them more glamorous, more romantic? Does it add to their sex appeal their desirability? We know what the answer is, "No!", with a very great emphasis. The smart way to "catch a man" during wartime would be to stay a civilian where you can remain essentially fragile, feminine and attractive.

Another criticism is levelled at us by the narrow bigoted individual, who, fearful lest women find a permanent place in many supposedly men's industries, immediately cries out in a loud voice "that the woman's place is in the home". He fails to realize in his stupid,



small way that the majority of women's tasks have been taken away from them, for example: washing, preserving, etc., and are now being done almost entirely on a large scale by men. This has given rise to a large, bored, parasitic class of women, harrassing, grumbling, attempting to make no real contribution either to their husband's efforts or to a war effort. These women, without children, together with women whose husbands are overseas, are often too prone to criticize all activities of W.D.'s, however innocent, in the worst possible light and remark accordingly. Until these women are themselves engaged energetically and enthusiastically in some war work their comments and remarks should be considered as the inane patter of thoughtless children.

In conclusion let us consider the moral aspects upon which the majority of W.D.'s are condemned. To begin with, acts are not moral or immoral. Circumstances are the things upon which people must judge; but remember, "Let he that is without sin among you cast the first stone." Remember, that moral standards that are never tested or tried . . . that are never stormed from outside forces of evil . . . have never withstood the test. This is not the way to establish a strong, sure code of ethics that is impregnable against all attacks. The thing we ask for on moral issues is tolerance and under-

standing . . . a realization that life is moving swiftly, emotional contacts are sharp, vivid and no more casual in the service than out of it.

Remember, it is seldom that a male member of the Air Force drags out a round table, mounts it and in a flow of oratory spouts forth his patriotic reasons for joining the Air Force, therefore, W.D.'s. show themselves no different in their often-unexplained silence at patriotic challenges.



**DEADLINE FOR THE NEXT ISSUE
OF WINDY WINGS**

The Deadline for the turning in of copy for the February 1st. copy of Windy Wings will be Friday, January 22nd., 1943.



SUNDAY, DEC. 20TH.

— At 8:00 P. M. Sharp —

No. 15 S.F.T.S. Dramatic Club

— PRESENTS —

"WAYS AND MEANS"

By Noel Coward

AND

"FUMED OAK"

By Noel Coward

It is up to YOU to support this first venture of the Station Dramatic Club. If you enjoy yourself let us know. We can produce more. It's up to you!

ADMISSION FREE :: :: DOORS OPEN AT 7:30 P.M.

Please make a point of being on time so as not to disturb others