

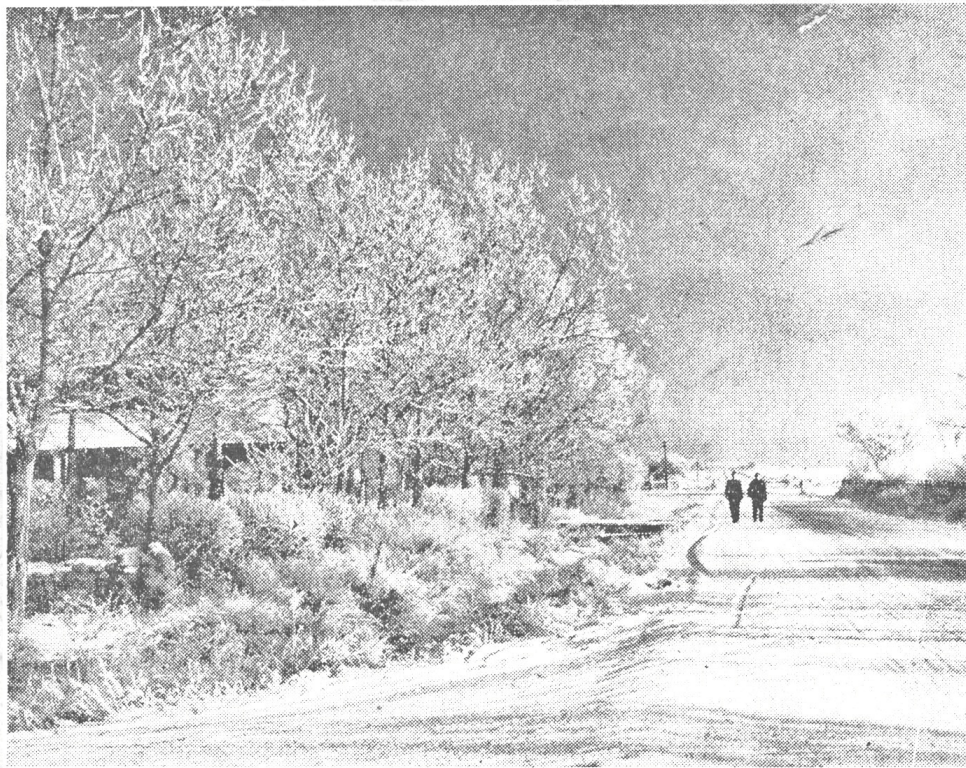


Vol. 3. No. 2.

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

Feb. 1st., 1943.

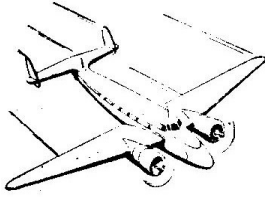
A Touch of Winter Artistry



A Claresholm Street-Corner Frost Poem

—Photo by Patrige.





"WINDY WINGS"

Published by The Claresholm Local Press, Claresholm, Alta.

By kind permission of the Commanding Officer
Group Captain W. E. Kennedy

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—

The Editorial Board of "Windy Wings" asks the whole-hearted co-operation of the Sections and Flights of the Station in the turning in of copy for each edition of the Station paper.

It is necessary that the paper be ready for distribution on a specified date, since our revenue depends upon the sale of copies, and satisfactory sales can only be made at Pay Parades where individuals may be contacted separately and personally. Thus, copy must be definitely handed in as required in order that the publisher may have the paper ready for distribution. Section and Flight Commanders, plan the writing of your contributions so that they may be ready for turning in before the deadline date and thus facilitate the task of the Editorial Board.

The Editorial Board acknowledges with thanks the many contributions that personnel of the Station have turned in. This is Your Paper: maintain a high standard of copy, and strive for originality in content. We wish this publication to be a credit to our Station.

x x x x

● EDITORIAL—

Quarters, and a warm bed, feel particularly good in these days of sub-zero weather. Any time during the past week a man risked a frost-bitten nose or ear whenever he poked his head outside the door, and his feet were so cold after walking across to the hangar that he could use the well-known brass monkey for a foot warmer.

There is a sound basis for the theory that professional soldiers hate to advance and dearly love a retreat. In an advance they are foolishly walking away from all the creature comforts of their lives—from warm beds and permanent quarters and well-equipped mess halls. In a retreat they are sensibly meeting the supply trucks half-way, and doubling their chances for full bellies and warm skins.

Even in a Training Command Station like this, all the reasonable arguments are in favour of calling off the war for a couple of weeks until the weather is fit for work again.

The professional soldiers, the mercenaries, the men who fight for personal or national plunder, have always taken this reasonable view of war.

They have made war a series of campaigns, periods of activity in pleasant summer weather, followed by long, blissful idleness in winter quarters.

Amateur warriors haven't the same attitude. They hate war and everything connected with it. If they have nothing of their own worth defending they simply surrender in droves, like the Italians in Africa. If they have something worth dying to defend, they don't give a hoot how uncomfortably they live or how terribly they die. They fight like wildcats in summer and winter, in good weather and bad, and keep on fighting until they conquer.

Professional soldiers, with cool calculations of plunder, make wars. Amateur soldiers, with their fanatical disregard of comfort, win the victories.

We know very little about the things the Russians are defending. What we do know we don't understand. But for the men who can disregard the Russian winter, who have kept the guns firing, and the troops advancing, and the Stormoviks flying in sub-zero weather from Murmansk to the Caucasus, we have unbounded respect. They have the fanaticism, and the self-devotion, and the sheer guts that can win victories.

We are not always very clear about the things we are supposed to be defending ourselves. But we have no misgivings about the men who are defending them. The hockey game and dance last Tuesday was a small incident but it was typical of their spirit. Our Airmen and W.D.'s. won't let a blizzard spoil an evening's fun. They certainly won't let a blitzkrieg interfere with whole lives. And personal comfort will be the last thing they consider whether they are winning a hockey game or winning a war.

● DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE OF WINDY WINGS—

The deadline for the turning in of copy for the March 1st. issue of Windy Wings will be Friday, February 19th., 1943.

● PROMOTIONS—



GROUP CAPTAIN W. E. KENNEDY

The personnel of No. 15 S.F.T.S. extend to their Commanding Officer congratulations on the occasion of his promotion to the rank of Group Captain. While naturally promotions are a source of satisfaction to the receiver as being rewards for service rendered, the personnel of this Station feel pride in the fact that Group Captain Kennedy's promotion has been earned during the period in which he has guided the destinies of this Station.

Group Captain Kennedy, who was born and educated in Vancouver, holding a degree in mechanical engineering from the University of British Columbia, joined the R.C.A.F. in June 1935, going to Camp Borden for approximately one year. His service includes time spent on the West Coast with a flying boat Squadron, Instructor and O/C of a Flight at Trenton, O/C of the I.T.S. at Camp Borden. In 1941 Group

Captain Kennedy held the post of C.I. at No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary.

Group Captain Kennedy took over the command of No. 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm, on November 25, 1941, and Mrs. Kennedy, a native of Vancouver also, accompanied him from Calgary to make their home in Claresholm.

The personnel of the whole Station join in the acclaim of "Congratulations, Sir!"

x x x x

SQUADRON LEADER PATERSON

Squadron Leader Paterson is receiving congratulations on his recent promotion, not only from his Maintenance Section but from the personnel of the entire Station.

S/L Paterson's service with the R.C.A.F. dates back to April 1st. 1924, the date of the first forming of the R.C.A.F. The then AC.2 Paterson had seen service with the Royal Engineers from 1917 until 1919.

S/L Paterson will shortly have completed nineteen years service with the R.C.A.F., the greater part of it in Eastern Canada.

COURSE 64 WINGS PARADE

» «

With half the Station personnel away on Christmas leave, the sixteenth wings parade to be held at No. 15 S.F.T.S., which took place on Monday afternoon, Dec. 18th., was a very subdued affair, notwithstanding the fact that it was one of the largest classes to be graduated from this school.

In the absence of the Commanding Officer, Group Captain W. E. Kennedy, the command for the day's event was turned over to Squadron Leader D. D. Atkinson. Squadron Leader Dobson marshaled the parade, while the Adjutant, Flight Lieutenant J. W. Ross, acted as aide to S/L Atkinson. The graduating class was in charge of Flying Officer Edmonds.

S/L Atkinson took the salute in the march past following the wings pre-

sentation.

There was quite a large attendance of relatives and friends from a distance as well as many civilian friends from town.

Following the usual custom, the graduates and their relatives or guests were entertained at tea in the officers' mess.

About one-third of the graduating class was commissioned as officers before leaving this Station.

The graduation was held on a date that permitted the graduates to get their five days New Year's leave, as well as their fourteen days' graduation leave.

Sgt. Watson, a U.S.A. student pilot, was presented with his wings in a special ceremony held in the officers' mess Saturday afternoon, so that he and his wife could accompany Mrs. Monroe and little son and the remains of her husband to their home town in Okanagan, Washington.

The arrangements for the customary wings party were cancelled owing to the death in a flying accident of Student Pilot Monre. The funds raised for this party were turned over to Mrs. Monroe.

Squadron Leader D. D. Atkinson's Address

Graduating Class, Commanding Officer, Officers, Airmen and Airwomen of No. 15 S.F.T.S. and Guests. Once more we are holding a parade to present Course 64, the 16th. course to graduate from this school, with the Pilot's Flying Badge.

Of necessity all speeches made at a graduation parade are bound to be somewhat similar, but I am sure you will bear with me if I repeat words which have been used before by men far better qualified than I to make a farewell speech to a graduating course.

I would like to congratulate the members of this course on successfully completing the flying and ground syllabus which qualifies them for their wings. In accordance with the present policy this course has been completed in 8 months. A lot of those present will remember that in prewar days it took one year to complete the pilot's course. However, modern methods and modern equipment have speeded up the training period, and I have no hesitation in saying that after 8 months you, who are graduating, are better

pilots, are better equipped with a thorough knowledge of all aspects of flying, than we were after our full year's training.

I feel that you don't need words of encouragement from me at this time, the mere fact of receiving your wings is encouragement enough for one day, however a point to remember,—you have not spent the last 8 months learning just to fly, but you have received an all-round training far superior to that of any enemy pilot with whom you may come into contact.

However before you leave us I would like to deal very briefly with the training organization, with particular reference to this Station. I have always felt that we as a service are apt to attribute our success to a particular type of aircraft, or to the number of its guns, or to a good bomb sight, where as when the Army does well they attribute their success to good training, they refer to a well trained division or battalion.

No one knows better than we that at the time of the Battle of Britain, the Allied Air Forces were sadly lacking in machines and equipment, and what we had was inferior to that of the German Air Force. Their machines out-climbed ours and they had an advantage over us in their superior ceiling, yet at that time our pilots saved the world from a catastrophe unparalleled in history.

Why was this? You may say that our men were more courageous than their opponents. I will grant you that, but this is not enough. A gun in the hands of a brave man is not a very efficient weapon if he doesn't know how to aim it. No: it is my firm belief that a very great part of the credit should go to training, to the men you see around you here in this hangar this afternoon, not only to the instructional staff, but to all those in the different branches of the service, without whom we could not operate as an efficient organization.

In many instances their work is not very interesting, they don't get the extra thrill of flying, but they realize the importance of their work and are carrying on. Their only reward is to see you fellows going out with your wings, which to them, to all of us here, signifies another job done. It is up to you to show us if this job has been

well done—we know you will never let us down.

Some of you are remaining in Canada to take an Instructor's course, while others are going overseas.

To those who will become Instructors, I would remind you of the responsibilities which will rest on your shoulders. At times you may get depressed and feel that you are not doing your full share in the war effort, but don't forget that every man, woman and child of the United Nations are looking to you to produce the pilots who are going to restore peace and order to this wartorn world. It's a big job you are taking on, but there is not a man amongst you who is not equal to the task.

To those who are going overseas, you go happy in the knowledge that you are better men, better trained, and have better equipment than any hostile pilot who may have the stupidity to get within range of your guns. To you fellows I have one last request—when you get on operations, get a bomb, a great big bomb, and chalk on it "CLARESHOLM", and go and drop it where it will do the most damage—but I warn you, if it should miss, don't bother to come back to see us.

And now, on behalf of all personnel of No. 15 S.F.T.S., I wish you every success. Wherever you may go, we shall always watch your careers with interest, confident in the knowledge that you will always be a credit to the school which put everything they had into your training.

Good luck.

x x x x

Distinguished Passes

The leading graduate, topping the course with a distinguished pass, was Cpl. Harmon, C. E., of Edmonton. Your reporter just missed an interview with Cpl. Harmon, but managed to otherwise learn that he was a re-mustered Airman with a year's study in engineering at the University of Alberta. His father was a Captain in the first World War and he has a brother a Pilot Officer Navigator in the R.C.A.F., now overseas. Cpl. Harmon is married and his wife was present to see him receive his wings.

LAC. Kersey, B. B., of Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, earned a distinguished pass. In civil life before the

war he was a clerk with the Shell Oil Company. He is an only son. He took his elementary flying training in Australia, and is posted from here to No. 2 F.I.S., Vulcan, to be trained as an Instructor.

Cpl. Ross, H. E., earned a distinguished pass. He is a Vancouver boy and in civil life was a stenographer with the Vancouver Police Department and the Canadian National Steamships. His father is a veteran of the last war, serving with the 16th. Canadian Scottish Regiment. He has two brothers not yet of military age. He re-mustered from clerical duties in the Air Force, having served a year and a half at Macleod and about six months at Patricia Bay, Vancouver Island. He is posted from here to the General Reconnaissance School at Summerside, P.E.I.

Sgt. Stupich, D. D., of South Wellington, B.C., earned a distinguished pass. Before entering the Air Force he was a logger in a B.C. lumber camp. He re-mustered from canteen steward at Ucluelet, Vancouver Island. He is posted to No. 2 F.I.S., Vulcan, to be trained as an Instructor.

LAC. Williams, L. A., of Vancouver, B.C., the last alphabetical candidate in the line, earned a distinguished pass. He is 20 years of age and the only boy in the family. He took his elementary training at High River, and thinks No. 15 S.F.T.S. a very fine school, manned with a very fine bunch of fellows as Instructors. He is posted to Arnprior, Ontario, to No. 3 F.I.S., to be trained as an Instructor.

● GRADUATE OF NO. 15 S.F.T.S. IN SUNDAY RAID—

P/O Mitchell Johnston, of Selkirk, Manitoba, who with two other Spitfire pilots shot down four German fighter planes over France on Sunday, is a newpew of Mrs. E. R. J. Forster of Lethbridge. P/O Johnston received part of his training at No. 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm, receiving his "wings" at the hands of the Duke of Windsor in the fall of 1941, proceeding immediately overseas, since which time he has been flying Spitfires.

ACTIVITIES ON THE STATION

● MR. GALLUP CONCURRED—

Some people can't help themselves. Nature toyed with them. So we have the 'drizzle puss'. I asked one young man, bedevilled in appearance. "What did you think of the Christmas and New Year program on the Station?" He fell into a caldron of deep thought or appeared to fall unto same. "Mr.", he replied, looking pained, "the program was a stinkeroo, a most depleted holiday, very sad and only a pale and shattered facsimile of things that might have been". Again he mused, pulling a frozen ear thoughtfully. "Had it not been for the occasional fragment of green and red scattered carelessly about the place these banner days would have escaped my notice". He fingered the bandage on his frost scarred nose. In deep dismay I left him.

"Could it be", thought I, "that this is the impression rampant on the Station". Then and there was germinated the seed of a noble idea. I would conduct a straw vote, 'a la Mr. Gallup. So for days I kept the long schnozz on the trail, into barrack blocks, hangars, workshops, mess halls. The result was a great bundle of revealing data. One thousand and three Airmen and Women were contacted. The smiles outnumbered the scowls nine hundred and ninety-seven to seven. A few could not be contacted.

And so with a great flourish I will lay this great bundle of information before you. Surely you will be able to while away a chill evening digesting these vital findings.

As the Christmas Season approaches we had a few shakedown exercises. On December nineteenth there was a skating party. The straw vote named it a success. On the following evening two short and furious plays were presented. These, as I suggested were light warming up exercises. It was not until December twenty-second that the Spirit of Christmas took over. On that day in the Recreation Hall some seventy

junior Airmen and Women assembled for a Christmas Tree.

It has always been my contention that unless you can look at a gang of kiddies with little arms straining about a cargo of toys and enjoy it to the point of breaking out into a rash of enthusiasm, you are missing, well, you are practically missing the whole works. And then to see these same delightful junior members besmearing their beautiful little 'mugs' with a dozen varieties of concoctions that defy all the laws of digestion is indeed the pay-off, the climax, the Spirit of Christmas on the rampage.

Now these seventy 'infinks' did themselves proud, disgraced and maddened their parents, ruined seventy assorted Sunday breeches and cute little dresses. Mr. Gallup gave the nod one hundred per cent to the Christmas Tree.

The mid-night hour of Christmas 'Eve found the same Recreation Hall jamb packed with happy men and women. From every corner of the Station they came, great hulking AC.3's, dapper AW.1's, keen eyed WO.2's, paunchy Flight Sergeants, enthusiastic Officers. The place was bulging. They were there to sing Christmas Carols. They were there to give the lie to the wise citizen who strokes his pagan complacency and purrs, "Christmas is a myth".

With happy voices making the rafters sing like fiddles the Glorious Day of Christmas was ushered into the present.

Christmas morning was gray and chilly. It was not white. It was brown and gray. The Sourpuss said that it bespoke desolation. Three people took this view. The other thousand and four did not care. It was Christmas and Good Will bubbled and exuded all over the Station. We had sung and whistled about A White Christmas for months. It was wonderful in prospect. The reality did not matter.

Need I speak of Christmas dinner on the Station? Need I write an ode on the Turkey? Again Mr. Gallup gathered the 'ayes' about him like a muster parade. I watched them, men and women, smiles spreading over their faces like water over a beach. If they were not happy, well then they must have been crazy or were being paid a fancy price for such a good imitation. Even the Aussies spending their first

Christmas in Canada were absorbing the good things like blotters.

Through the week, the ball of conviviality that had been so successfully set in motion gathered speed, carrying all before it. The drizzlepusses even could not avoid the occasional smile. Hospitality on the Station and off resulted in a great and amazing consumption of turkey. Surely those who finally and at last departed for their New Year Leave betook themselves to other regions with a tooth somewhat dulled.

A blast from the North arrived as the Old Year was tucking his time beaten garments about his lean and war scarred person. But nobody cared. It was going to be a night of merriment and brother it was just that and maybe plus. In the Recreation Hall, in the Sergeants' Mess, in the Officers' Mess nimble tootsies beat out a welcome to the New Year. The jitterbugs dragged in the squalling infant by the nape of the neck. In spite of the treatment it arrived in good shape.

If you want to know any more about things, go look them up yourself. It's time for lunch.

—T.P.C.

● HEADQUARTERS XMAS PARTY

The afternoon of the twenty-second of December was one of the largest afternoons seen around the Administration Building for sometime. It was the afternoon of the big Christmas Party. All and sundry from the Account's Section, Station Warrant Officer's Office, Orderly Room, Record Section, Telephone Exchange, Central Registry and the W.D. Orderly Room were present. Santa Claus, in the person of Flight Lieutenant Higgins, was even present. He of course was the most important man of the hour. The presents were very original, to say the least. The outstanding present of the day, however, was LAW. Binn's large present. It came in one of the largest Kleenex boxes that the I. & R. Section could find. Inside this box were various smaller boxes, wrapped in various types of paper. After the first half hour of very charming blushes, she uncovered one whole bottle of "Brown Milk". Was she ever a surprised little girl. R. B. Simpson's box of cigars, from "Calamity Jane"

Blackburn was one of the most appreciated presents of the whole party, for everybody had a very excellent opportunity to send cigars home to their fathers, brothers, etc. Needless to say, that there was the aroma of cigars floating through the Administration Building for days afterwards. Thanks go to the W. & B. Section for their kind co-operation in wiring the lights for the Christmas Tree, to the Officers* of the Building for their very thoughtful donation of the "Kokes" and candy, and to everybody in general that took part in making this occasion one of the happiest in the history of the Administration Building. Here's to more such gatherings in the future years to come.

†

● DRAMA AT THE RECREATION HALL—

The Officers' Mess departed from the usual type of entertainment presented on Sunday evenings at the Recreation Hall when they presented a full evening of two plays, both light comedies, by Noel Coward. The response to the presentation of these plays was exceedingly gratifying, and the program, an experiment in the field of entertainment on this Station, was acclaimed by all as a most successful venture.

The plays and casts were as follows:

"WAYS and MEANS"

A Light Comedy by Noel Coward

Play Directed by

F/O T. B. Thomas Peter

Characters

(In order of their appearance)

Stella Cartwright.....Mrs. D. D. Atkinson

Toby Cartwright.....S/L D. D. Atkinson

Murdoch.....P/O J. Picken

Lord Chapworth.....F/O R. W. Young

Olive Lloyd-Ransome—

Mrs. R. W. Young

Princess Elena Krassiloff—

Mrs. R. A. Haywood

Nanny.....Miss J. Blackburn

Stevens.....F/L G. M. McGee

"FUMED OAK"

A Light Comedy by Noel Coward

Play Directed by

Mrs. D. D. Atkinson

Characters

(In order of their appearance)

Doris Gow.....Mrs. T. B. Thomas Peter

Elsie Gow.....Mrs. R. Edmonds
Mrs. Rocket.....Mrs. J. R. Watt
Henry Gow.....F/O T. B. Thomas Peter

The stage setting and properties, of a most excellent standard, were the result of designing and planning by Mrs. D. D. Atkinson, and building by F/S MacDonald.

Music preceding the show and during the interval was kindly supplied by the Station Orchestra under the direction of F/S Bradley.

The members of the cast wish to thank the following for their unstinted help and friendly sympathy without which these plays could never have been produced: Mrs. G. H. McGee, F/L R. S. Kertland, S/L R. M. Paterson, F/L R. A. Haywood and F/S MacDonald.

†

● JAMBOREE AND DANCE—

(By LAC. Macdonald, R. H.)

Airmen and Airwomen of No. 15 S.F.T.S. were just that much closer to having access to easy chairs, softly-playing radio and subdued lighting of the Claresholm Recreation-Hall-to-be when the tickets were counted up after the Gala Jamboree Night, Tuesday, January 19th. Returns, as yet incomplete, would touch around the \$275.00 mark, it was said.

"While the objective was not gained, the Sports Committee has other plans for the near future and it shouldn't be long before the Recreation Hall becomes a fact", said F/O F. W. Hales, committee president. Among those plans was the possibility of a hockey game between the W.D's. and the Aussies on this Station, he said. Judging from the hilarious exhibition dished up by the Aussies Tuesday night, this game would be a complete sellout.

Despite 30-below weather there was a good attendance at the Jamboree and at the dance hall immediately afterwards. Plans to hold moccasin dancing on the ice in the Claresholm Arena were abandoned in the face of the weather and "Brad and His Lads" Station Orchestra rendered superb music before a capacity crowd in the roomy I.O.O.F. Hall.

"These affairs would be impossible to put on were it not for the hard work of certain people and the co-operation

of certain organizations, and I want to thank all who helped us," said F/O Hales. Some of the helpers and what they did were: Group Captain W. E. Kennedy, Commanding Officer, gave his kind permission to hold the Jamboree; P/O P. D. Meyers acted as announcer, master of ceremonies and cheer leader, and had the crowd on its toes at all times.

No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary, lent their hockey equipment for the occasion; No. 7 S.F.T.S., Macleod, travelled a long distance in cold weather to give us spirited competition; No. 15's W.D.'s. acted as usherettes at the game. The M. C. Section did yeoman service in transporting equipment for the game. The Wireless Section made possible the convenience of a public address system. F/S Bradley and His Orchestra were praised not only by the committee but by all who danced to their music. Claresholm residents gave full co-operation in selling tickets.

Fast hockey was made possible by Earl Stauffer of Claresholm who organized the Claresholm-Stavely team. Gentleman of the Press, Mr. King, proprietor of the Claresholm Local Press, contributed tickets and posters free of charge. The Rink Management, Mr. Berlin in charge of the I.O.O.F. Hall, and Mike Sheedy, K. of C. representative, topped the evening off with their valuable assistance.

● REMINISCING—

It is with regret that the personnel of the Station learn of the departure of Miss J. Blackburn, secretary to the Commanding Officer, to Rockcliffe, where she will take her basic training for service in the R.C.A.F. (W.D.). Miss Blackburn, a most efficient worker, has done much for the various community activities of the Station. We take pleasure in printing a reminiscing sketch from her typewriter. Miss Blackburn has done yeoman service for Windy Wings and we thank her for her writings and secretarial work.—Editor

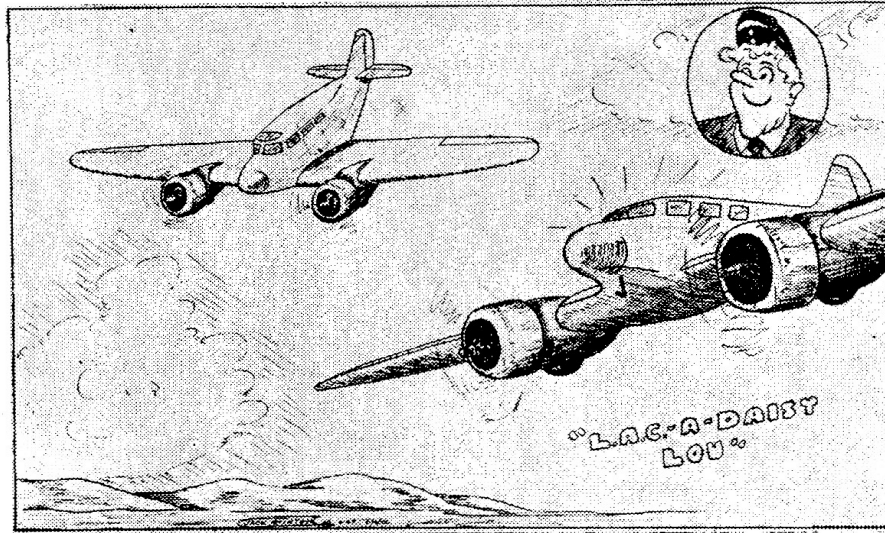
x x x x

(By Miss J. Blackburn)

Another month has passed, another course has graduated, and another new bunch have reported in. In the Orderly Room a few minutes ago, I typed the

last word of the last letter and answered the last buzz. But now I pause for a moment at the door before I go. It seems as though I stand on the threshold of a new life. Behind me lies old and trusted friends—and before me stretches the broad road of the unknown future. A lump creeps into my throat as I bid farewell to the old friends with whom I have worked for the last twenty months. Maybe it is that lump which prevents me from expressing all I feel and I say none of those things I would like to—just turn quickly away and pretend I feel no emotion. As I stand thus the months roll back and I become again the frightened girl who leaped gaping ditches and waded through muck that first day in May, 1941. I feel again the desolateness I felt then until I got my bearings. My feet are again tottering on the bottom rung. Then with growing confidence the months passed. That buzz which used to charge the orderly room with forboding became a mere routine. Those piles of amendments for publications which were the root of many a nightmare became Joe jobs, and the difference between a Corporal and a Flight Lieutenant finally sank in. We worked late nights, we had very ordinary boring days, and we had fun on the sport field, and those hockey games—well, they spoke for themselves! We leaped around the Recreation Hall at our get-togethers and then snoozed at work the next day, but being a part of this R.C.A.F. Station has been more than this. There was pleasure and work, yes, but there was more besides—Cappy Ricks stories of the huns, F/O Laidlaw's many trials and tribulations, Major Sheik's dog, MacArthur, Tuson's puns, F/S Howitt's bursts of "God Almighties!", Binns' eloquent "Yike!", Mr. Ross opening the connecting door and emitting an unmistakable "P L U N K E T T!"

All those who go on hope they shall not be entirely forgotten, that we are worthy to take our place with the ghosts of former orderly room personnel in the unwritten yet indelible annals of No. 15 Service Flying Training School. Let it be remembered that we were pioneers of a sort, that we were the vanguard of those to come and saw the first course carry its banner through Service Flying School. However these paltry claims to distinction for those



"LAC.-A-DAISY LOU" says: "Sure, I always look around before I do a stall!"

of us who move on fade away as we realize the vast heritage of friends and memory that No. 15 S.F.T.S. bequeathed to us. Because of having been a part of all this we are better equipped to take our place in our Dominion and to uphold the democracy for which we are fighting.

The paths of the personnel of No. 15 oft separate but no matter in what far corners of the earth our destinies are scattered common memories link us together and bring us back to it. We shall probably not remember that S/L Paterson's name is spelt with one "T", nor that the R.221's are in the top right hand pigeon-hole of the stationery cupboard, but as our minds drift back, the familiar buildings of the Station will loom large in our memories. We shall see again the sand piles that blossomed into beautiful lawns and hedges. We shall see the garden plots in front of the Administration Building and shall hear Major Sheik shouting for some one to pull the weeds. We shall re-enter the buildings and re-discover the dim-lit passages and we shall hear again the once familiar provisions of such and such an A.F.A.O.

And so good-bye, No. 15. My days with you are over. I leave you now to join the ranks of the organization of which I have been a part, and in going I make these bequests in the hope

they will be of some benefit to those concerned:

Group Captain Kennedy—An inkwell that is always full, and pencils that always remain sharpened.

F/L Pilling—Some knitting to do or something to occupy those long days.

S/O Moodie—"Evening in Claresholm!"

Major Kolbe—A peashooter.

Binns—My pencil eraser.

Mac—A D.R.O. Robot.

Ivan—A big soft snowbank.

Horton—A tin whistle.

Plunkett—Some shore leave.

Tuson—Some new jokes.

Murdy—A new permit.

Shirley—CENSORED, but it has to do with 10¢ stores.

Sgt. Specht—A house in Claresholm.

Ron—A motor cycle to deliver D.R.O. on.

Boogie Simpson—Some temporary duty.

Sandy—A high bowling score.

—Jay Bee.

“HOME”

That one place of refuge, meditation, rest
 With joyful possessive comfort blest,
 A place we take for granted until
 A coming upheaval, and after the spill
 We find ourselves drifting anchorless, lost
 Like a ship on the river sailing tossed
 Suddenly into the turbulent sea,
 With the wave, and the storm, and the wind blowing free.

Seized with adventure which in youth strong prevails,
 We launch into “Life” our mast and our sails,
 Confidently, proudly, with hope flying high,
 Even under a stormy, dark, cloudy sky.
 “Hopes springs eternal” how grand that is so,
 Else ambition would falter in the mad to and fro.

We constantly seek something vague and afar,
 Stretching our hands to catch hold of a star,
 With calm perfection our aims are realized,
 Then that stretching material elasticized,
 But having its limits definitely set
 Snaps, and our life’s bout is again upset

A sudden craving steals into the heart,
 A craving for love, for a home, for a part,
 Just a small portion of Earth to call your own,
 A corner to turn to when all else has grown
 Far removed into the book of the past,
 Not a star needed now, but a place that will last
 Forever dependable always there,
 To shield and to comfort in toil and in care,
 A haven that’s heaven after we roam,
 The comfort we seek,
 Home—Sweet Home.

—By R. Bellamy, R.A.F.

x x x x x

ELEGY WRITTEN IN THE CAMERA OBSCURE

In the camera patiently sitting am I,
 Waiting for Aircraft to go crawling by.
 Time seems to pass here so slow in this sty,
 I think that I’ll be here the day that I die.

In the camera working surrounded by gloom,
 Or stumbling round blindly in that tiny room,
 I breath in the stench of the gas-heater’s fume,
 And imagine myself closed up in a tomb.

SPORTS REVIEW

» «

● RAYMOND UNION JACKS DEFEAT No. 15 S.F.T.S. 51 TO 27—

In a fast starting—slow finishing game—our team was defeated at Raymond January 13, by a score of 51-27, which was not truly indicative of the swell game No. 15 Cagers gave the Jacks.

The first half of the game was closer than the last although it was marred by wild passes and plenty of shots that were wide not to mention the numerous fouls chalked up to both teams. The sportsmanship displayed by both teams was grand and promises some nice games in the future.

Stars of the game were Sgt. Dion, who played a fast moving, tricky game as guard; F/S Bain, another strong defence player; P/O Jackson, the outstanding forward player, sinking the basket from the half-way line on many occasions.

The teams line-up was as follows:—

Flt. Lieut. Hutchinson, Flying Officer Hay, Pilot Officer Hore, Pilot Officer Callahan, Pilot Officer Jackson, Flt. Sgt. Bain, Sgt. Dion, LAC. MacNiel, LAC. Spencer, LAC. Norman.

● INTER-UNIT HOCKEY—

With one game already played, the schedule was well on its way . . . till that warm spell of a few weeks ago came along. However, if this cold weather holds, we should once more resume to our schedule.

The first game was played between Headquarters and Maintenance. Headquarters won the game by a very narrow margin of 4-3, the fourth goal being scored with only a few seconds to go.

On the whole the brand of hockey was very good and with a few more practices and games, we should see some fine games here on this Station.

We have yet to see No. 1 Squadron and No. 2 Squadron in action. According to all rumors Maintenance and

Headquarters will have their hands full. However, time will tell.

The Aussies, who have taken to this sport, like ducks to water, are anxious to see more action. In the immediate future, we will have an Aussie team from No. 1 Squadron and No. 2 Squadron in action at least once a week. Those of you who saw these fellows in action on January 19th. will admit that they put up a game well worth watching.

Get behind your units and give them your fullest support. Your team will do much better if you get out there and cheer them on.

● SPECTACULAR HOCKEY GAME—

The most spectacular hockey game of the season was played on the rink at No. 15 S.F.T.S., at 20:00 hours on 21-12-42, Headquarters versus Maintenance.

Line-ups of teams were as follows:—
Maintenance—

Goal—Squadron Leader Turner.
Defence—Flight Lieutenant Kertland,
Flying Officer McLean.

Forwards—The Kid Line, composed of Right Wing, Flying Officer Holmes, Centre, Wing Commander Burgess, Left Wing, Flying Officer Horsey Thompson.

Substitutes—Squadron Leader Dobson.

Headquarters—

Goal—Squadron Leader Lawson.
Defence—Flight Lieutenant Ross,
Squadron Leader Perkins.

Forwards—The Kid Line, composed of Group Captain Kennedy, Flight Lieutenant McGee and Flying Officer Markle.

Substitutes—A/S/O Moodie, Flight Lieutenant Higgens, Flight Lieutenant Coyne.

Referee—Mike Sheedy.

Time Keepers—None.

The game started as scheduled, and Group Captain Kennedy made a spectacular rush up the ice, passing to Flying Officer Markle, who scored the first goal. Wing Commander Burgess retaliated with another spectacular rush, along with Flying Officer Holmes, who, being the Syl Apps type, tricked the defence and equalized about five

minutes after.

The second period started with a bang. Headquarters made a spectacular rush, led by Flight Lieutenant Higgs, who, on approaching the blue line, tripped himself and also the Commanding Officer, who was assisting on the play. Holmes came down with a rush, penetrated the defence, and scored another goal. At this point Squadron Leader Dobson pleased spectators by an exhibition of figure skating, and managed to crawl on his hands and knees to the nearest exit. Flying Officer Markle equalized the score before the end of the second period.

If you've been following all this you will now realize that the score is 2-2 at the end of the second.

The third period started with a fancy skating act featuring Burgess, Thompson and Holmes. Group Captain Kennedy accepted a pass from Markle and worked his way through the defence, and Headquarters went into the lead 3 to 2. Five minutes before the finish of the game Maintenance equalized the score. The biggest highlight of the game was a fight, near the end of the third period, between Wing Commander Burgess and Flight Lieutenant Coyne. Burgess used the tactics of Red Horner of Maple Leaf fame, and was put off the ice several times by the referee.

The game ended on time and refreshments were served in the Officers' Mess to the bottle scarred warriors.

Personnel of Headquarters and Maintenance are now proceeding about their duties on crutches, smelling strongly of . . . liniment.

CLARESHOLM-STAVELY WINS FROM NO. 15 S. F. T. S.

(By LAC. Macdonald, R. H.)

Ripping a rifle shot home in the dying minutes of the Gala Jamboree hockey tilt of Tuesday night, Jan. 19, the Stavely-Claresholm Stars turned a closely fought deadlock into a 2-1 win as they battled their way past the tight defences of No. 15 S.F.T.S.'s hockeyists.

In sixty minutes of flashy but scrappy hockey which travelled from shinny to hockey and back to shinny again, it was quite evident that both teams suffered from the absence of ice during the last month or so in this "Sunny

Southern Alberta". Though it was scrappy at times the game wasn't a boring affair, but was fast moving. It had the 1,200-odd fans on their feet most of the time, and for those who prefer quick change, end-to-end action rather than smooth, machine-like plays, it was a good night's entertainment.

Outstanding on No. 15's roster were goalie Rouse, defenceman Renaud who was well worth the name "Flying Frenchman", while Reid, Wulf and Dutchak were the pick of the forwards. Most valuable on the Stavely-Claresholm team were frontliners McInnes, who got one counter and an assist, Jenkins who decided the fate of the game, and Piper. McDonald played solid defence and Barry kept the inside of the net quite free from rubber trouble. Bad men of the evening were Logan for the R.C.A.F. and Jenkins for the opposition, both drawing the ire of Referee George Braren twice.

First period started off with a bang and didn't let up. Fans were kept busy as if they had been watching a Wimbledon tennis final, craning their necks from one end of the rink to the other. Solo rushes usually ended up around the net with either Airman Rouse or Claresholm's Barry on his knees trying to spot the puck through a maze of legs and flashing steel. Three times Rouse stopped rapid-fire, one-two-three shots which came as fast as you could count. After 14 minutes of play McInnes broke from centre, sidestepped the R.C.A.F. defence and bore down on Rouse for what looked like a sure counter . . . but he was spilled by Logan, who was then shoved into the cooler to think over his sins.

First goal was scored by McInnes after 15 minutes of play against the Airmen when, in a mix-up in front of the goal, Rouse's vision was shut off by the legs of his own defencemen. Coming right back for vengeance, Dutchak picked up the puck in centre ice, carried it over the blue line and set it in on the end of Reid's stick. Reid split the Claresholm defence, drew Barry to the left of the goal, and planted an ankle-high shot behind him to tie the game at 17 minutes of play.

There was no score in the second period. The tempo slowed from the first somewhat, and Claresholm got themselves three penalties. Against a

short-handed team one or two well-chosen plays could easily have given the R.C.A.F. aggregation a comfortable lead . . . but the plays were made up as the lads went down the ice, and they failed to produce.

McNeil and Oliphant made a nice dash in the right direction but their play was broken up by a smart feint and check by Amundsen who was in turn stopped in mid-ice by Wulf who had the advantage of speed.

A decided edge was given to the Airmen for the first half of the last period. Shiny began to take the form of hockey and organized plays began to appear. After 16 minutes of play, however, Jenkins got the deciding counter, which seemed to hurry the Airmen and spoil any attempts at smooth combination. Skating their hearts out were Wulf, Renaud, McIntosh and Cambroski, but the final bell dashed their hopes of tying things up.

The game was clean, there were no fights, and what penalties occurred did so in the heat of the game and were excusable. One thing the game did do, and that was to stimulate interest in hockey on the Station by showing the fans that they had a fast skating bunch of hockey players who, with a few work-outs under their blades, could turn in a good season's hockey and quite a few wins.

Lineups

No. 15 S.F.T.S.—Rouse, goal; Renaud, Logan, McNeil, Oliphant, defence; Reid, Harvey, Dutchak and Wulf, Coyle, McIntosh, and Hughes, Webber, Cambroski, forwards.

Claresholm-Stavely — Barry, goal; Amundsen, McDonald, Shearer, defence; Wright, Jenkins, Denison, McInnes, Flanagan, Bouzyn, Piper, forwards.

THE W.D.'s. PLAY HOCKEY

(By LAC. Macdonald, R. H.)

Standing out head and shoulders above the rest of the female hockey players, No. 15 S.F.T.S.'s. Crawford lead her teammates to a 3-1 victory over the W.D.'s. from No. 7 S.F.T.S., Macleod. Though there was no comparison between Crawford and the rest of the players, Kennedy, Bonnyman, Haslett and Barnes showed signs

of having attempted this man's game before.

You've heard about the song of "The Man Who Ran the Wrong Way", well, it was re-enacted on ice Tuesday night when Bonnyman picked up the puck at centre and, head down, tore in on the goal she happened to be pointed at, to plant the rubber firmly in the hemp . . . but it was the wrong goal. That's the story of how Macleod got their one and only goal.

All No. 15's goals were scored by Crawford who split defences, sucked the goal tender out of her net, and finished her rushes off in a manner similar to National Hockey League style. From the standpoint of smooth stick handling, fast skating and excellent marksmanship, Crawford gave the fans the best hockey of the night . . . male or female.

Macleod's attack was lead by Langstaff, Woodward and Toogood. The remainder of both teams were too much pre-occupied by attempts to master the art of standing up on ice to bother much about the puck. Sports they were, everyone, and the crowd wasn't shrieking and howling because they thought they should . . . they just couldn't do anything else. For the exhibition of fighting spirit and good sportsmanship, the girls of both teams deserve congratulations. Here they are:—

Lineups

No. 15 S.F.T.S. W.D.'s.—Haslett, Cameron, Bonnyman, Herry, Werner; Crawford, Barnes, Clark, Hicks, Kennedy, Palihicky.

No. 7 S.F.T.S. W.D.'s., Macleod—Thibideau, Paisley, Chricton, Langstaff, Myson, Boyd, Drake, McIntyre, Woodward, Toogood.

THE AUSSIES PLAY HOCKEY

(By LAC. Macdonald, R. H.)

Most dangerous opponent of competing Aussie hockey teams, who played fore 1200 people's entertainment and their own amusement on Jamboree night, Tuesday, Jan. 19th., was not the other team . . . it was gravity.

Canadian fans were treated to an exhibition of pure grit and determination and were given a better insight into the reason for success in the early

stages of the Libyan campaign when these Aussies went to work against one another. One or two had played the game before, but were hampered by the somewhat unorthodox methods of, not only their opposition, but their own teammates.

There wasn't a pair of hockey shorts that didn't have snow on them when the game was over. The Aussies of No. 15 S.F.T.S. won the game by the law of averages, which states: "If you shove a piece of rubber in the general direction of a net enough times it is bound to go in once or twice". Actually R. B. Yeats showed experience when he scored the first goal against his compatriots from Macleod. LAC. Miller got the other goal, which ended the game up 2-0 for No. 15.

At times there was more action away from the puck than there was close to it. In one corner two Aussies, on the same or on different teams—it didn't matter—would be seen embracing one another in what could be taken for a loving manner, but what was actually an eager desire for support. The Referee would blow his whistle down would go half of each team . . . the other two halves being down already.

Several good solo rushes came out of the game, but with the increase in momentum of the play there came an ever-lessening control of direction and, inevitably, Aussie and puck would part company, leaving each other to look out for himself. Strange to say there were no casualties, but it is quite likely injuries became apparent the next day in the less mentionable portions of their anatomies.

Between the Clown, who was well done by LAC. "Pinky" Pendleberry, and the Aussies, more laughs were drawn from the crowd in ten short minutes than Bob Hope could draw in

a year. Here are the gentlemen of the joust:—

Lineups

No. 15 S.F.T.S.—Burrow, goal; Fenwick, Fordham, Cliff, Rieve, defence; Gissing, Yeats, Calov, Cranmer, Hansford, forwards.

Macleod, No. 7 S.F.T.S. — Torrant, goal; Wad, Hugill, Hammond, Thoday, defence; Costello, Wootom, Clocks, Edmundson, Moxey, Grillman, Bunkinon, forwards.

● BADMINTON—

On Dec. 18th. a badminton tournament was held in the Drill Hall. Due to the large number of entries the tournament could not be finished in one night.

In the finals of the ladies' singles LAW. Ford defeated Cpl. Lang. Lang and Ford teamed up to win the ladies' doubles. LAW. Ford made her third win of the night in the mixed doubles when she teamed up with Cpl. Johnson to defeat S/O Moodie and Sgt. Simpson.

The finals of the men's singles will bring together LAC. Lepas and P/O Duff Davies. Both contestants had a hard fight to get to the top and should provide an excellent match in the final.

In the men's doubles the winner of the game between LAC. Lee and Sgt. Simpson against P/O Davies and F/O Davis will play LAC. Lepas and LAC. Stafford for the championship.

We hope to have another tournament soon but at present there is a shortage of shuttles.

The Drill Hall is open to everyone for badminton on Tuesday evenings and any other time that it is not in use. Come and join in on the fun.

FLIGHT AND SECTION NEWS

● "B" FLIGHT—

The new year has seen quite a few changes in the master Flight. Of course we distinguished ourselves over the Xmas season in consuming more liquor than any other Flight, and now the new Aussie team are flat out to prove "B" Flight's superiority in efficiency and organization. The main alterations to date are the loss of P/O Fraser, and P/O Driver, who have been posted to operations, but they are well compensated for, by the introduction of a Canadian Instructor, P/O Bow, an American P/O Nolte, and a cousin of ours, a KIWI, P/O Regan. It only wants an Australian Instructor now to add some real class to the Flight. F/O Flowers has now taken over the Flight's command, and we can assure him of our co-operation, although he will have to be willing to submit to some of the pranks which our wild characteristics will sometimes reveal.

We wish to apologize for our course mate, who tried to fly like a Canadian and took twenty minutes to trim his aircraft. He found himself over Macleod with one engine and made a forced landing. Also for Charlie Dalziel, who rid us of the variable props on another machine, in quite an honourable way. It was giving quite a lot of bother to the lads, so thanks a lot, Charlie. When our rumble fund grows, which shouldn't be very long, we are thinking of building a fence on each side of the runway for him.

With the course senior in hospital Jack O'Halloran is now bearing the responsibilities, things have taken a turn for the worse. If anyone has any matrimonial or financial troubles, will they please see him. He should be able to advise you of an exit, as he gets us out of P.T. and you certainly won't go far wrong. Now, last and least of all, Sid Locchini, denounced pug and ball kicker, has been knocked back a course due to mumps, and his loss is definitely felt by all his cobbles in "B" Flight. Well Sid, we are all

very sorry to lose you, and to see you go into an inferior Flight. However, we wish you the best of luck and trust you will catch up with us again somewhere.

And now chaps we are signing off until next Windy Wings, when we will give you another running commentary on the master Flight's activities.

—LAC. Williams, J. I.

● "D" FLIGHT CRIB SHEET—

Introducing the "Baby Flight" of the Station with a warning to the W.D's. not to take the word "Baby" too literally. "D" Flight blew in with the last course—72—resides in 13 West on First Street or 13 West on Second Street, depending on whether you want to go in the front or back door and hangs its togs in Hangar 2 while bouncing Ansons here and there.

There's a lot of hidden talent in "D", as a matter of fact it's so damned well hidden the writer hasn't been able to unearth it yet after having lived with most of the boys for the last three months. We'll tell you one thing—the reason the boys get up on time for parades in the morning can be seen walking in the uniform of the W.D's., there are two or three such reasons but the odds seem to be heavily in favor of one.

Vital statistics: 17 tough he-men in all; married, one; engaged, two; vulnerable, 10; incurably single, four; deaths, none; births—the boys "ain't talkin'."

We were told that Instructors were open game for this column but we haven't been around long enough to catch up with them. This is a shade of things to come in the next issue, however, so they'd better be on their best behavior—or else!

Here are the lads and their soft spots: Noel Hibberd (Brisbane, Qld.) in public service before the war and ardent cricketer; Keith Monaghan (Victoria) beachcomber. Larry Davies was Regina's playboy—the quiet reserved type, while Dick Bellamy (Robsart, Sask.) is a retired rancher, ex-school-teacher and once played unforgettable role of "Mother Hubbard" in a school play.

Al Oswald (Heriot, Quada Island, Pacific Coast) was a high rigger and if you don't know what that is—he's the

guy who cuts the tops off 200-foot Douglas firs. Skinny Dorgan (Pangman, Sask.) was a keen-eyed grain buyer before he saw the light. Jack Fleming (Queensland, Australia) was a cow puncher and—"I tried roping a kangaroo but it was too fast for me". "Zip" Annesley (Saskatoon) is "D" Flight's fast-learning innocent and spends his time drawing humorous sketches for the amusement of the lads, Verne Serl (Victoria), jive hound, linoleum etcher and ace badminton player and "he simply loves WAAFS".

Len Bray (Edmonton) was flying Moths at E.F.T.S. when his Instructor said, "Bray, your movements are too mechanical". "Sir, this craft needs a mechanic", retorted Bray. Ken Nickolson (Estevan, Sask.) spent his time in the general store spitting on the stove with the boys thereabouts.

If you doubt Pat Ireland's nationality we'll give you another hint—he comes from Killarney, Man., is also a competent cartoonist. Hersh Simmons (N. Vancouver) built and crashed a glider while taking off from a river bank—he's the "ace" of the crowd. Mac McGillivray (Vancouver) is a round-eyed youth who collects records and will soon become of age—in four years. "Harp" Harper (Moose Jaw) is one of those quiet, unassuming lads who don't say much but who win gold bracelets for highest academic and flying marks.

Verne Gilson comes from "God's country" (Victoria to outsiders) and may be found anytime weighing heavy problems of philosophy for the boys—or anyone he can get to listen to him.

That's the Flight, ladies and gentlemen, and if someone will hand me a shovel I'll dig my way out and go on with my business.

● "E" FLIGHT NEWS—

The Flight Commander Speaks

Now that Course 66 is rapidly approaching the finish line, I would like to say a few words to the boys who have represented that course here in "E" Flight.

When you arrived on the Station, we were known as "G" Flight. The majority of the Instructors were shiny new Pilot Officers just arrived from F.I.S. Shortly after you came, we moved to No. 3 Hangar and became

"E" Flight, acquiring a ground staff who were not acquainted with our little peculiarities and what-have-you.

However, our little trials and tribulations are only minor details. The important thing is that you all settled down and worked away with enthusiasm, and put on a good show. We were fortunate in having very few accidents which is a tribute not only to the way in which you assimilated your instruction, but also to your Instructors for their painstaking efforts. I would like also to take this opportunity of congratulating you on your fine showing in Ground School. As you all know, we copped the four top places in the final results, and a good many of you were well up on the list.

Very soon now, you will be receiving your wings, and going out to do your various jobs as pilots. Some of you will become Instructors, and no doubt some of those chosen for this task will be disappointed at their "fate". But don't be discouraged. Just do the best you can and you will find that the job has its little compensations here and there. To all of you, wherever you may go, I extend the very best wishes of the flying and ground staff of "E" Flight. Wear your wings proudly, and in doing your job to the best of your ability, do it with the knowledge that we'll be training more to follow you and help you in the job our country has undertaken. So we wish you all God-speed, happy landings, and a safe return.

A few words now to the Instructors of "E" Flight. For the majority of you, this will be the first course of students you have trained. You came here as "green as grass",—fresh from F.I.S. But what you lacked in experience you made up in enthusiasm, and you have every reason to be proud of your efforts. You have all done a good job, but let's not rest on our laurels. Let us try to improve our methods of instruction, and make each course we turn out, a little better than the previous one.

Now for the ground crew. Yours is a tough job, and with it goes none of the glamour and glory. Nevertheless, you are the backbone of our organization, and without you we could not function. Although at times we do not seem to appreciate your efforts, we really do realize and appreciate the job you are doing. So keep 'em flying,

boys, and we'll do our best to give you the utmost in co-operation.

x x x x

COURSE 66, NO. 2 SQUADRON
From the Students

"E" Flight has been shaping our destinies since Oct. 12/42. We arrived here from E.F.T.S. at Regina, Sask., and Virden, Manitoba. Both places were wonderful, and we found it most difficult to forget the sumptuous morsels lavished upon us. Thus we came with ruddy faces and sturdy constitutions, eager to tackle our Service training and win the pilot's badge as reward for I.T.S., E.F.T.S. and S.F.T.S. So with our objective ever in mind we tried to fit into the Station routine and adopt its ways. We have never been disappointed!

Ground school was really a battle! Endless amounts of work assigned. Countless precis issued. And reliable Instructors dealt blow for blow with any cherished school teacher you may care to think of. F/O Wait really kept us on our toes; he spoke like a man with more degrees than a thermometer. But time sped on and the eleventh week found us writing our finals and then we crept back to our quarters to read our magazines and write overdue answers to our friends. The completion of Ground School was the most appreciated Christmas present of the season. What a relief!

Unfortunately some of the boys have slipped into the clutches of the M.O. and his Assistants. This we regret as some lost a great deal of time and find themselves transferred to Course 68. We'll miss these lads but are glad to hear they receive excellent treatment.

With tests practically completed, interviews over we should be happy but things are dreadfully grim! We talk of what our choices are and the possibilities of realizing our dreams. But being weather bound in the Flight room for a week has told on us. We long for the air, and word of postings instead of unhealthy rumours.

Flight Lieutenant Shapton, Flying Officer Archer, Pilot Officer Atkins, Pilot Officer Leith, Pilot Officer Windeller, Pilot Officer Lightbody, Pilot Officer Olson, Pilot Officer Carson, Sgt. Sadlier and their petite chum Miss Thomson have given us every possible aid. We are indeed grateful. "Tom-

mie" deserves a medal from the students for the protection she offers when we are assigned to wash aircraft.

The ground crew are great fellows, and so co-operative! Never have I seen them in the way. Many months of service have found them all aware of the secret of old-age.

As graduation approaches the voices of a few of the boys have developed an "Engagement Ring" which will undoubtedly grow into the richness of "Church Bells". Shouldn't we warn them? They are about to plunge into something far worse than an Anson infested Circuit, and everyone of us have uttered sweet nothings at these beasts. However they shall not falter but go on to the end.

It is with a feeling of reluctance that we look forward to graduation, for here lies the "Breakdown" of a happy group. Our stay here has been a busy one. Our quarters strictly what we made them. A variety of recreation known to few of us in civilian life. Very few of us have been taken to task and F/L Coyne and F/L Roe have never failed us. They are indeed two men with countless friends, and have a work with no end to be kept up. So until graduation we'll keep our fingers crossed and try to show our appreciation to all Instructors. We hope that our successors find No. 11 West and "E" Flight as pleasant a combination as we have. We undoubtedly received a break when posted to No. 15 S.F.T.S.

LAC. Robson, K. H.

● NAVIGATE INN—

(By C.B.)

NAVIGATION—To students it means long, grueling hours in the air struggling with a flimsy table which invariably falls in the middle of working out a DR osition, and then, of course, heat just isn't attracted to scales, protractors and computers these days. Flight Commanders and their flying cohorts go around muttering to themselves because Navigation stole their one remaining serviceable aerodyne. Servicing crews work hours before dawn and up until dark . . . and the control officers and the messes . . . well, they think the navigation day has at least thirty hours in it.

Now that we've expounded on the apparent vices of the Flight, let's have a

look at the other side of the picture. Navigation at No. 15 S.F.T.S. is of the highest standard of Service Schools in the Commonwealth Training Plan . . . Quite a feat, isn't it? . . . but it's a fact. Students training here each make twenty-four two to three hour trips and in addition receive eight to ten hours ground instruction in the Flight room, half of which is done on wash-out days.

As an additional proof . . . three of the Instructors are former pupils of this school, and while taking the Instructor's course at Rivers, compared training notes with Short N Pilots from all over Canada. They admit, or is it a crow, that the above statements are true.

All this sounds like horn-blowing, but when the wise boys of the Station cast joking reflections on the "Joe Boys" of the Station we like to defend ourselves, however feebly.

To change the drift . . . Two new Instructors have been added to the roster recently . . . the first, Sgt. Laurie Craddock hails from Assiniboia, Sask., and took his training at Yorkton. The latest arrival is Sgt. Jack McIntosh of Regina, who has been posted to this Station for the third time . . . on guard duty, trainee and Instructor . . . and now he should know his way around the place.

Posting of our Flight Commander, Flight Lieutenant Rae, will reduce our staff below that unlucky thirteen, but will leave a big gap in our ranks. Mr. Rae assumed duties as Flight Commander in October after serving over a year on the Station, and now will follow his predecessor to the east coast, having been posted to Summerside, P. E.I., one hundred miles from home.

Three members of the Flight have been upholding No. 2 Squadron's battle for bowling honors, and Sgt. McIntosh has been turning out with the Station hockey team. Outside of that, the Flight has little to report on sports activities.

Guess that winds up our literary efforts for this month's issue of Windy Wings. Goodbye now.

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● "F" FLIGHT NEWS BULLETIN—

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Your correspondent wandered by chance into the most unusual Flight at No. 15 yesterday while trying to make

headway against the usual Sunny Alberta weather (which is very aptly described as unusual) and found students trying to dodge their Instructors, who apparently were bent on making the Flight one of the cleanest on the Station. With the exception of the local dog, who was industriously chewing a very old pair of F/O Mosely-Williams missing gloves, everyone was working. While walking through the doorway into the Flight room I overheard two students arguing over whether they would be given P/O commissions right off on graduating or maybe, as one said, "I'd turn it down cold and take Sgt's. hooks and go Overseas".

So help me, the prevailing feeling of optimism was only counter-balanced by the usual harrassed face of the Flight Commander who inquired from the inner sanctum if anyone could draw a map of certain localities which are not well known. As his voice faded away, the usual clamor of the newly-formed Gold-Dust Triplets was again in full swing with P/O Cleeton leading his two unerring chums in the argument as to who bought the cokes the day before, and occasionally one could hear P/O McIlveen inquiring in a discreet voice as to who was furnishing the smokes for the day.

I observed WO.2 Henning supervising two students who were counting parachutes, assisting him, but definitely letting the world know that he most certainly thought Yanks like P/O Callahan were a setback of no less than 500 years to civilization. Said Yank, being indisposed as to arguing, was curiously watching some students who were expressing opinions on how a Cessna Crane should be treated when landing it.

And to top it all off—like a race horse too old for Saratoga Springs—F/O Hunter has been retired from his retiring but energetic bunch of chicks in "F" Flight and relegated to the Control Tower—but only temporarily, "Mose", so don't worry.

Well, enough quips and quibbles and besides three thirsty Instructors just drank all the printer's ink I was using, so bye now!

—W. J. C.

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● EQUIPMENT SECTION—

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After a pleasant, and should I say, somewhat hectic holiday season, the Equipment Section is once more back to its normal routine. We are still bothered by the Accounts Section and pestered by Maintenance so 1943 is in the groove right from the start.

We were very sorry that 1942 took with it three of our friends, LAW's "Peggy" Ball, "Normie" Grover and Cpl. Johnstone. Peggy goes to Ottawa Headquarters, and Normie a remuster, Sgt's. hooks and a posting to Brandon. Last but not least, Cpl. Johnstone becomes an A/S/O and is in training in Toronto.

And FLASH as we go to press—Betty MacDonald is posted to Dayton, Ohio. Good Luck, Kids!

On the other side of the Ledger we welcome LAW. Barbara Archibald, AC.2 Walter Sultan and LAC. R. M. Rowatt.

We are still trying to find out if a certain Corporal of ours remains a happy bachelor or if he has fallen from that blissful organization and also just what happened when a certain member of our Staff went on temporary Duty to Edmonton and got lost in a snow drift at Red Deer. What's her name? How about it, boys? To use an equip. phrase "There's a story behind all that."

That covers all the "Section Gossip" for now, folks, so until next time we "sign here please".

—Equipment Section.

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● EQUIPMENT BLUES—

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The life of an Equipment "JOE",
To some folks may seem tame,
But our day's as streak'd and varied,
As Joseph's coat of fame.

Sometimes the day begins,
With a gay and rosy hue,
But when night descends it finds us,
In a fit of Air Force "Blue".

On the other hand our blue days,
Which start out with things dead wrong
May be "in the pink" by evening,
And our work sails right along.

Before he's been here very long,
An LAC. soon learns,
That his woe's not all exchanges,
Issue vouchers, and returns.

No, the cause of all the colours,
In his day, he soon can tell,
Is not the vouchers, not the stock—
It's the Equipment Personnel.

For the days that wind up rosy,
The days when life is grand,
Are the days when each is hustling,
To do the work in hand.

But the days you feel you're "Joe Boy",
When you grumble and you crab,
Are the days when things "get in your
hair",

And your "Air Force Blue" seems drab.
If you work like Hell, you'll soon have
"Heil

To Hitler" off the earth,
And after that you've still to prove
What your peacetime effort's worth.

So whether procedure goes right or
wrong,

If the day be rosy or blue,
It's Co-operation determines the tint,
The colour scheme's up to you.

—ELL AY UU.

—†—

● CONTROL TOWER—

—†—

It is just 10:30 a.m. in the morning and here I sit in the office complete with flying suit and flying boots. Did I hear you ask me if it was cold? Well not much, a mere 25 degree of heat and I are together in the office. Between shivers and chattering of teeth I can hear Servicing Squadron yelling at some one over the phone, "What do you mean it's still in Maintenance, my God man, it was only a DR!"

Standing at the window is F/Sgt. Legassicke chewing his finger nails and screaming about someone and his undercarriage. In the orderly room one of the Instructors is asking Millie about the rock she is wearing on her left hand. Oh, didn't you know? It all happened at Xmas time and I might say some lad is very lucky to get our Millie.

In the hall I hear LAW. Weber, who, by the way, is working to be a Wing Commander, or so she told the C.F.I. that she had some such aspirations. LAC. Crawford now boasts to be the only man in the orderly room. LAC. Lorincz was posted to Souris and therein lies a tale, when the posting came through he thought it was a W.D. Manning Depot and wanted to leave immediately if not sooner; when he got there he found nothing but men and

now he wants to come back.

It was a sorry day that F/L Kenmuir left for P.E.I. and you can quote us that we miss him. F/L Hutchinson has taken his place and doing a great job too. Welcome, Mr. Hutchison, you are one of us already.

The top of the Control Tower also boasts some new faces: F/O Mathieson is one of the new Control Officers, Airwomen Elliot, Heslop and Speakman are all new Met. girls, and the Meteorological Section is getting to look quite feminine.

F/O Smith is now no longer with us but is still on the Station at Maitenance. We miss you too, Smitty, cos now we have no one to crab to.

Before the last four fingers drop off I think I shall visit the furnace room. More from all of us in the next edition.

—R. J. G.

● HEADQUARTERS PATTERN AND CHATTER—

With so many changes around Headquarters lately, everyone has been neglecting or else have not had time to write any chatter for the last couple of issues of our noted paper. It is not because we were not interested but just for the reasons mentioned above.

We have lost our esteemed Admin. Officer and at the date of this writing are still without a replacement. F/L Ross has been posted and is now at Sheppard. We will miss the shouting and scares that were always in evidence. For our Adjutant we now have F/L Pilling. Welcome to our friendly group.

In C.R. Sgt. Specht, also a new comer to our midst since our last bulletin, is taking over with much gusto and much confusion to the staff but promises a likely set-up when things get under control again.

A few changes like the ones mentioned do not bother us as much as our new W.O.2 in the orderly room, Major Kolbe, who is driving everyone dingy with lectures every morning, classes at night and riding herd on HQ's. all day. Yea, man! it's a lovely ole world. But we welcome you too, Major.

It has been of great curiosity to several, just why our shy, demure Miss Pickett was a deep shade of rose all one afternoon, but to those who were

observant enough, know that it was not New Year's 'Eve and that there was no mistletoe around, but there was an ex-student from this school. Am I right?

Speaking of New Years, from all reports several clerks, both male and female, from the Admin. Building were not doing too badly. Including our friend Helen Hayes Blackburn. Funny how the Yuletide spirit affects people. Such good fun, too. The burning question is "Why don't we do this more often?"

It is rumored that the steno from the Discip. office was flashing around a sparkler the other day but sent it back with a note "Dear David" why????

AW. MacDonald is back from leave looking a touch weary but still pounding out D.R.O's. in record time.

Another welcome is extended to Cpl. Morrison, now looking very different but, oh my! yes, chic—than she did when here as a civilian steno. Very nice too.

Snortin' Horton shows little improvement after his LEAVE.

LAW. Binns is in one piece after 5 days leave and a 48. Amazing isn't it?

If something doesn't happen to create some excitement soon there will be yet another issue without word from this department. Even so, we remain on the job, an efficient and capable staff (we hope) eh, Major?—so if you need any service and work well done, just call on us.

—Plug.

● THE LEDGER SHEET—

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Here we go again. Well here it is 1943. We wonder if we shall have as many changes in the Pay and Accounts Section this year as we had last year. They come and go—all but the four veterans, Squadron Leader Perkins, Flt./Sgt. Mayhew, Flt./Sgt. Sharp and Sgt. Simpson, we expect to be here to close the gates of No. 15 S.F.T.S. when the war is over.

We were sorry to see F/O Harding leave us for overseas. Our best wishes go with him—Happy Landings Sir! We are very pleased to welcome in his place F/O R. Barnhill. We hope that his stay with us will be a lengthy and pleasant one.

We think that everyone in the Section had a good time during the five

days Christmas or New Year's leave, according to the stories they brought back with them. Now that it is all over and we are back in the grind again things seem quiet, and we are waiting anxiously for new excitements to happen. There has been one event that made the headlines. One bright morning Corporal (Jock) Johnson arrived with a smile from ear to ear and we knew that something out of the usual had taken place (in fact we were expecting it) and when he began handing out cigars to the male members of the staff it wasn't hard to guess the reason. Congratulations Art, and best wishes to Mrs. Johnson and the new boss of the house.

We welcome to the ranks of Junior N.C.O's. Corporal Fitzgerald and Corporal Berry the first W.D. Corporals in our Section. Nice going—keep up the good work.

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● M. T. SECTION—

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We all send our congratulations to Sgt. Major Marriott on receiving his decoration as a Member of the most excellent Order of the British Empire. We're very proud of you, sir.

We have lost a couple of boys lately, LAC. Dennis was posted to Gander, Newfoundland, and LAC. Bourque went to Moncton, New Brunswick. We were sorry to lose these two, but we think we have a couple now that could almost take their places. We are just getting to know these two, so we've no tales to tell about them yet. Their names — LAC. Howden from Moncton, and Cpl. Real from Gander. It looks like a straight exchange.

LAC. Homme left us about a month ago to report to Patricia Bay, for a course in Regional Control. So—Good luck, "Home".

AW. Marshall (Leone) is another new member of our Section. We should call her the "Song-bird of the M.T's." Most of you have heard her sing, and she drives almost as well as she sings.

LAW. Riva had to take a little trip to Macleod. She is on sick leave now, and will soon be well enough to be with us again, we hope. This Section doesn't seem the same without her around.

LAC. Cottingham came back from T. D. just in time to take his New Year's leave. He looked as if he needed a rest—but, will you get it, "Red"? He

should, gang; he got six extra days given him—from Command.

Lachat was also under the weather for awhile too and also took a little trip to Macleod. He's been on sick leave and is back on the Station again.

We did have a pup around here for awhile, by name of "Suzy". LAC. Haines and Ashcroft were both quite worried about her. There was a sad ending to this story, though. She was supposed to have a few (?) offsprings, but some "cruel brute" must have kicked her or something, because nothing happened, and we had to get rid of her. We miss her around here too, even if she did keep us busy opening and closing doors for her.

How's the weather up in Red Deer, Mickey? Still 50 below with a wind? Just wait until you arrive in Edmonton, though.

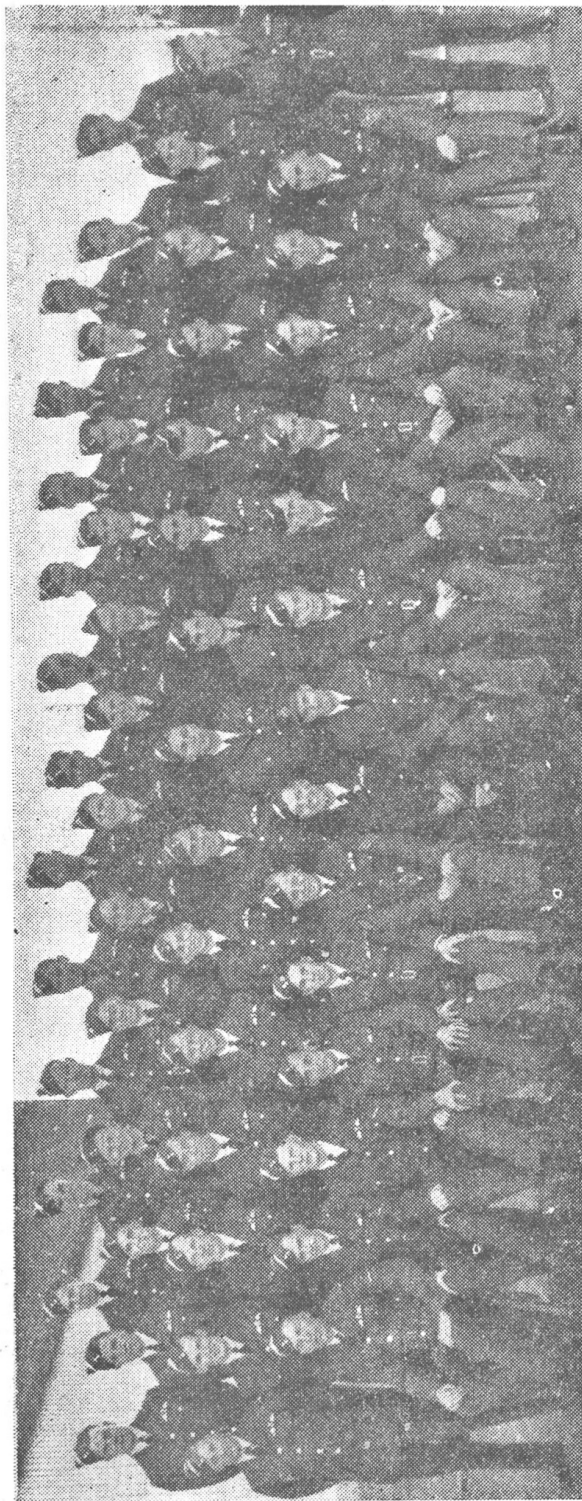
Yes, dear readers, a couple of our "B" groupers hauled an aircraft up to Edmonton, and when we heard from them, they were stuck in Red Deer. That was on their way up there, too. It's an awfully cold country to get stuck in. The boys were asked for some addresses, but we didn't rate. Maybe you didn't have any—is that right, boys?

And Frenchie, how's the mess-hall? Do you like that better than the M.T. Section? Or maybe you like your food so you want to stay by it. But anyway we miss you around here, especially your serenading.

Nichols and French (again). Have you got your teeth fixed yet? That was too bad, boys.

Folks, these boy's names were put down for an overseas draft. They were all excited. Pretty soon they had us excited too. But it just lead up to an anti-climax. They went to see the dentist—and what happened? He would not pass them because their teeth were not up to par. They really felt bad about that. And Nicky was going to get married before he went. Oh, he's going to get married alright, but not until May or June.

It's time to go to press, so we'd better bring this to a stop pretty soon, but before we go—even though we're short of men and girls in the Section, we still manage to help out in the concert. We hope this gets all the backing and co-operation it needs to put over a play as good as ours is going to be.



COURSE 64

FRONT ROW (Left to Right)—LAC. Edey, F. M.; LAC. Hayes, J. H.; LAC. Williams, L. A.; LAC. Oliver, G. O.; LAC. Lacroix, A. E. M.; SGT. Logan, R. H.; LAC. Kersey, B. B.; F/O Edmonds, R. C.; CPL. Harman, C. C.; LAC. Ritchie, L. G.; LAC. Stringer, A. L.; LAC. Powers, N. D.; CPL. Leigh, C. C.; SGT. Fitzgerald, J. D.

SECOND ROW (Left to Right)—LAC. Linton, R. F.; LAC. Kerr, R. A.; LAC. Hamilton, I. B.; LAC. Taylor, L. A.; LAC. Garbutt, C. E.; CPL. Ross, H. E.; SGT. Ellis, J. A.; LAC. Stephenson, B. M.; LAC. Fraser, M. E.; LAC. McCrae, H. R.; LAC. Krantz, W. T.; LAC. Jeal, C. R.; LAC. Hukee, R. E.; LAC. Elfner, P. J.; LAC. Hartt, E. A.

THIRD ROW (Left to Right)—LAC. Rogers, J. W.; LAC. Turner, F. A.; LAC. Trewin, A. E.; LAC. Gettlys, G. R.; LAC. Webster, T. W.; LAC. Glann, V. J.; LAC. Campbell, J. H. B.; LAC. Hannon, J. K.; LAC. Lyons, W. J.; LAC. Bennett, J. G.; LAC. McDougall, V. S.; LAC. Warren, J. O.; LAC. Dowling, T. B.; LAC. Foster, R. G.

FOURTH ROW (Left to Right)—LAC. Barnes, M. E.; LAC. McBride, L. W.; LAC. Price, H. J.; LAC. Bridwell, J. H.; LAC. Davis, L. M.; LAC. Deck, P. P.; LAC. Chase, G. W.; LAC. Carr, C. M.; SGT. Matson, C. E.; SGT. Stupich, D. D.; SGT. Bouchard, V. J.

● **NOTES FROM THE
EDUCATIONAL OFFICER—**

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If it is as cold when you read this as it was when this column was prepared, some of you may feel that it is a season in which to study some subjects which you need in your work or which you should have always wanted to learn for its general value. If so, we should be glad to assist you in selecting a course either from the C.L.E.S., or from other organizations such as Canadian Universities or Provincial Departments of Education and Technical Schools. At present there are about 100 names on our list of Correspondence Students. These courses require plenty of perseverance but most of the students will tell you that they are glad they took them and that they feel that the time taken was well spent.

At this point we urge all Correspondence Students to report to us at least in the last week of each month and remind them that tutorial classes are held Tuesday evenings in G.I.S. If we cannot help you with your course, we'll try to find someone who can.

Recently a questionnaire was completed by W.D's. on the Station. From it we find that many would like special evening classes in such subjects as Commercial Art, Leather Work, Music Appreciation, Sewing, Photography, Current Events, Languages, Dancing. On the basis of the findings from these questionnaires, attempts will be made to start some of these classes. Anyone having talent in any of the above lines could make a very fine contribution to the Station by seeing us and volunteering his or her services. Should such classes start, personnel interested are urged to attend. Quite a number asked for Current Events, yet a discussion group on that very topic died about two months ago from lack of support.

Quite a bit of our time at present is being taken up with attempts to help personnel remustering to aircrew. It should be pointed out first of all that it is not a simple or speedy matter. Personnel with a little bit of high school experience may be remustered to an Educational Course. Those with Grade Eleven or more may on the completion of a three-month remuster course here,

remuster to I.T.S. Here is the procedure: Candidates for remuster come to the Educational Officer for an interview. If it is found advisable to take remuster courses, these are held from 13:00 to 15:00 hours, Monday (Mathematics), Wednesday (Physics), and Thursday (English), every week. A general test lasting thirty-five minutes is given to all candidates to see if they are likely to make the Classification Test which they get later. If they pass it, they receive a recommendation form which is to be filled in by their N.C.O. in charge. If they fail by a small margin and signify willingness to go as A. G., if they are so classified at Calgary, then we let them proceed. The N.C.O. in turn sends this form to the O.C. of the Section concerned. When this recommendation comes back to the Education Officer, the candidate is called in and an Appendix "A" to A.44/7 is filled in and this form is sent to the hospital. The airman is later called for by the hospital where he takes the M.2 examination. Then the file is sent to the Commanding Officer for his approval. Next the candidate receives word to go to Calgary on temporary duty to take the C.T. (Classification Test). If he passes this, he is recommended to D.A.P.S. Then he goes back to work and forgets the whole business. If he is lucky he might get a posting in a couple of months.

Personnel from the following trades cannot remuster:—

Armourer, Electrician, Instrument Maker, W.O.G., W.E.M.

It should be added that to get by their O.C. they must have a good record and yet not be too indispensable to their Section else they may not be released.

The Educational Officer's Office is in G.I.S. Personnel are welcome to come for any assistance we can give for selection of courses or remustering to Aircrew. We do not, however, handle remustering to other trades. The President of the "Remustering to Trades Committee" is F/L McNAMES. We have a small library containing a few technical books which may be borrowed. We can also secure other technical and academic books on loan from C.L.E.S. Regional libraries.

E. G. McDonald, P/O.