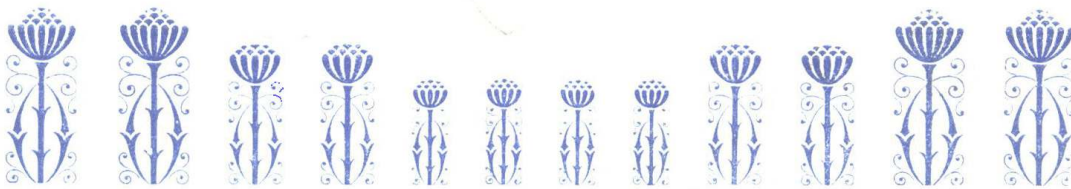
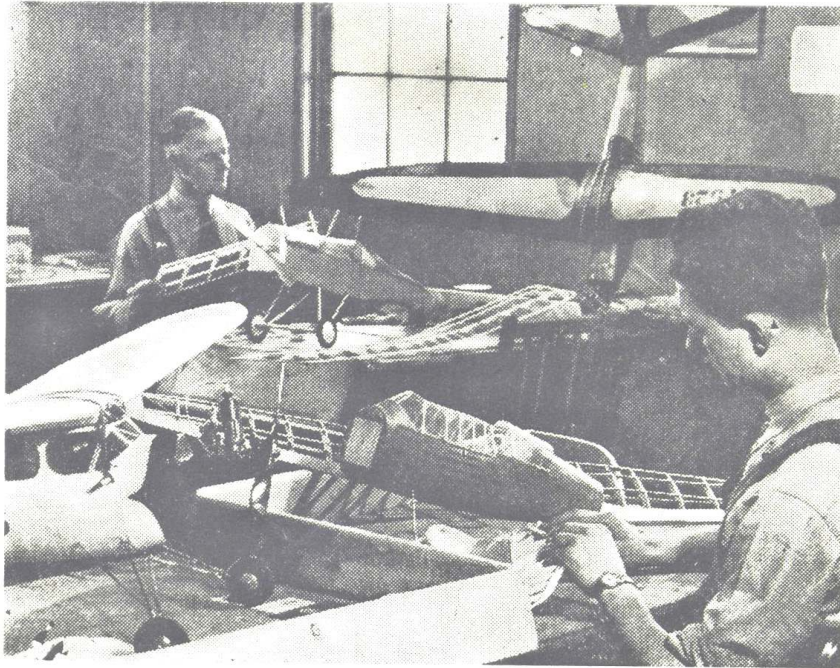




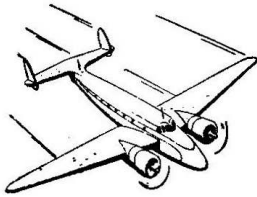
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## "WINDY WINGS"

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Group Captain W. E. Kennedy

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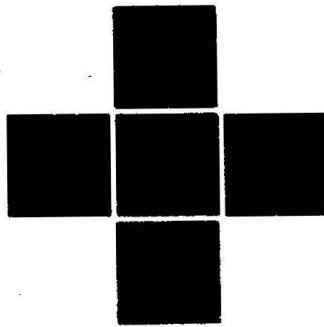
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This paper does not knowingly accept or print material of an objectionable nature and every precaution in the power of the Editorial Staff is taken to keep its columns clear of matter of this kind.

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

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*Support the Red Cross  
in its campaign for funds.*

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#### ● DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE—

—†—  
The Deadline Date for April 1 Issue  
will be March 24th., 1943.

## COURSE 66 WINGS PARADE

» «

Course 66, the seventeenth class to be graduated from No. 15 S.F.T.S., received their wings at the hand of the Commanding Officer, Group Captain W. E. Kennedy, at the wings parade held on Thursday afternoon, February 4th. Squadron Leader D. D. Atkinson was in command of the parade, and the new Station Adjutant, Flight Lieutenant H. L. Pilling was the aide to the Commanding Officer. Flying Officer Thompson was in charge of the graduating class.

After the Commanding Officer made the formal inspection of the lines, he addressed the graduating class, as given below.

There was an extraordinary large number of friends and relatives present, as well as many interested spectators.

The Station Band provided music for the occasion, and the Commanding Officer took the salute during the march past.

As is the custom on the Station, the graduates and their relatives and friends were invited to the Officers' Mess for tea following the graduation exercises.

Fourteen members of the class were raised to the rank of commissioned officers as a reward for their good standing.

x x x x

### The Commanding Officer's Address

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

Our object in parading today is to present the Pilot's Flying Badge to the Graduates of Course No. 66, who have successfully completed the Course.

It has been stated many times that the sole object of a Service Flying Training School, the sole reason for its existence, is the production of Pilots to further our war effort. It is all to infrequently made clear just how that object is accomplished. The standard for the efficiency of a Flying School is that it shall turn out Pilots with the requisite number of flying hours on the prescribed date and they shall have reached the required standards for a

Service Pilot. There is no mention, however, of the effort and discomfort that may have gone into producing a course such as this.

During the past few weeks, we have suffered severe weather, necessitating most uncomfortable working conditions for all concerned. In spite of this handicap this course is graduating on time. The explanation for this success lies in the unflagging efforts of the entire Station personnel. We know all too well that without the full-hearted and willing support of all non-flying personnel, that the efforts of the Instructors and Pupils would be less than useless. I therefore, wish to thank the men and women who do not enjoy the privilege of flying and yet are more than willing to sacrifice the comforts and conveniences of their civilian life in order that the R.C.A.F. shall continue to fill its important position in the effort of the United Nations.

To the Graduates today, I extend my heartiest congratulations. I would caution you that when you wear the Pilot's Flying Badge and the uniform of the R.C.A.F., you have assumed a responsibility toward the Service and the Nation, which you must never let down. Be worthy of the effort that has gone into your training and make sure that the work of the men and women who stand behind you today has not been wasted.

On behalf of the entire Station personnel I extend our best wishes for your success wheresoever you may be posted.

x x x x

### The Graduates

LAC. D. D. Deane of Edmonton, Alberta, was the leading graduate.

LAC. Alsgard, F. E., Powell River, B.C.; LAC. Artyniuk, J. P., Carvel, Alberta.

LAC. Beairsto, F. W., Sedgewick, Alberta; LAC. Beilby, J. G., Brisbane, Queensland, Australia; LAC. Bice, P. R., High River, Alberta; Sgt. Bowen, A. T., Montreal, Quebec; LAC. Bowler, G. I., Melville, Saskatchewan; LAC. Burgess, T. J., Mentone, Melbourne, Australia.

LAC. Claridge, J. A. (Distinguished Pass), Vancouver, B.C.; LAC. Clark, B., Calgary, Alberta; LAC. Cockburn, G. A. (Distinguished Pass), Edmonton, Alberta.

Sgt. Donaghy, J. (Distinguished Pass), Edinburgh, Scotland; LAC. Douglas, A.

K., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

LAC. Emmerson, L. R., London, England; LAC. Evenson, L. R., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

LAC. Fawcett, F. L., Unity, Saskatchewan; LAC. Ferguson, E., Edmonton, Alberta; Sgt. Fletcher, C. D. (Distinguished Pass), Edmonton, Alberta.

LAC. Gordon, J. L. (Distinguished Pass), Kelowna, B.C.; LAC. Gower, A. R., Central Butte, Saskatchewan.

Sgt. Hampton, R. B., Athens, Ontario.

LAC. John, H. G., Sydney, B.C.; LAC. Johnson, H. G., Saskatoon, Saskatchewan; Sgt. Johnston, L., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

LAC. Kaufmann, F. J., Odessa, Saskatchewan; LAC. Keaist, R. P., Powell River, B.C.; LAC. Kinsman, G. B., Macrorie, Saskatchewan.

LAC. Love, R. J., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

LAC. Matheson, A. M., Medicine Hat, Alberta; LAC. MacLaren, C., Vancouver, B.C.; LAC. McWhannell, J. D., Winnipeg, Manitoba; LAC. Moar, K. T., Saskatoon, Saskatchewan; LAC. Mulvihill, K. P., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

LAC. Neff, L., Seattle, Washington, U.S.A.; LAC. Norman, R. A., Washington, U.S.A.; LAC. Norton, L. R., Regina, Saskatchewan.

Cpl. Ovans, W. G. (Distinguished Pass), Calgary, Alberta.

LAC. Pepper, R. E., Calgary, Alberta; LAC. Peters, D. A., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

LAC. Robson, K. H., Deleau, Manitoba.

Sgt. Segal, L., Calgary, Alberta; LAC. Smalluk, W., Winnipeg, Manitoba; LAC. Soderland, H. W., Sturgis, Saskatchewan; LAC. Souter, D. R., Calgary, Alberta; LAC. Syme, C., Granum, Alberta.

LAC. Tate, R. G., Regina Saskatchewan; LAC. Tucker, G., Vernon, B.C.; LAC. Traub, G. E., Regina, Saskatchewan.

LAC. Ward, R. G., Winnipeg, Manitoba; LAC. Webber, A. J., Vancouver, B.C.; LAC. Weir, R. G. (Distinguished Pass), Calgary, Alberta.

#### Special Distinction

LAC. Deane, D. D., of Edmonton, was the top ranking graduate, and not only that, he also set a record by being the first graduate from No. 15 S.F.T.S. to pass with that high standing, 80% or more in every department. Deane is a graduate of the University of Alberta with a degree of Bachelor of Science,

and no doubt it was this background which lifted him to the position he attained. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Deane of Edmonton, and his mother was present for the wings parade. His father enlisted in the A.S.C. in the last war but received serious injuries before leaving Canada and upon recovery was transferred into a recruiting unit. He is serving in a Veteran's Police Corps during this war. Deane has one brother, also enlisted in the Air Force. From Claresholm Deane will go to the General Reconnaissance School at Summerside P.E.I., and hopes to land overseas soon after completing this course. He found life on No. 15 very pleasant and thinks it about tops.

#### Distinguished Pass

LAC. Claridge, J. A., of Vancouver, B.C., graduated with a Distinguished Pass. He is 27, a married man, and his wife has been with him during his stay at Claresholm. In civil life he was salesman and district representative for the McColl-Frontenac Oil Co. He took his I.T.S. and Elementary at Regina. He was at Claresholm early last year on tarmac duty and found life quite different here as a student pilot. He was born at the Coast and like most B.C. people holds an extreme love of his native province. He goes to No. 2 F.I.S., Vulcan.

LAC. Cockburn, G. A., of Edmonton, also graduated with a Distinguished Pass. A son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Cockburn, and his father a veteran of the last war, serving with the 138th. Battalion. There are three boys in the family, all in the Air Force. One brother is in training at No. 3 Wireless, Calgary, and the other brother a Flight-Sergeant accountant with the R.C.A.F. in Winnipeg. Cockburn is 21 and was a clerk in Woodward's Store in Edmonton before enlisting. He liked No. 15 S.F.T.S., and goes from here to No. 2 F.I.S., Vulcan.

Sgt. Donaghy, J., of Edinburgh, Scotland, 31 years of age, graduated with a Distinguished Pass. He re-mustered at Bowden as a fitter. He has been in the Royal Air Force for 14 years, serving in Canada two years as ground crew. He is married and has a son four years old, and hopes to get back home as soon as he completes a General Reconnaissance course at Summerside, P.E.I. His family resides in a bombed area but have suffered no personal injuries up to date. He took his I.T.S. at Regina and his Elementary at

Virden, Manitoba.

Sgt. Fletcher, C. D., of Edmonton, is another re-muster pilot, having already served two years on the east coast of Canada as an Air Gunner. He is 22 years old and the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Fletcher of Edmonton. His father is a veteran of the last war, serving with the 194th. Battalion, and is now with the Veteran's Police Corps. In civil life Fletcher worked as a clerk in McCosham's. He has one brother and one sister. He took his I.T.S. at Victoriaville, Quebec, and his Elementary at High River. He goes to General Reconnaissance at Summerside, P.E.I. Life on No. 15 was very pleasant and interesting to him.

LAC. Gordon, J. L., of Kelowna, B. C., graduated with a Distinguished Pass. He is 26 years of age and was in the grocery business at Kelowna before enlisting. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Gordon and his mother was here for the wings parade. He was never on the prairie till sent to Edmonton for his I.T.S. He took his Elementary at High River, and since the mountains were in sight from High River and Claresholm, the change wasn't too difficult. He has two brothers in the Air Force, one now serving at Malta and one at a Canadian station near Montreal. He is free in his praise of No. 15.

Cpl. Ovans, W. G., of Calgary, graduated with a Distinguished Pass. He is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ovans of Calgary. He remustered from No. 3 Bombing and Gunnery School, Winnipeg, where he was a rigger. He goes to No. 2 F.I.S. at Vulcan, and has kind words for No. 15.

LAC. Weir, R. G., of Calgary, graduated with a Distinguished Pass. He is 23 and the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Aubrey Weir, his father being in the Dominion Seed Branch. His father was in the Air Force in the last war, along with a brother, and now he likewise has two sons in the services, one boy being with the Dental Corps at Camrose. LAC. Weir had put in two and a half years of his Commerce course at the University of Alberta before enlisting. His voice should be known to many Albertans for he was on the announcing staff of CJCJ, Calgary, and at the university station, CKUA, in Edmonton. He goes to No. 2 F.I.S., Vulcan. Weir's father was a classmate of Gordon Walker of Claresholm at the Manitoba Agriculture College.

## ACTIVITIES ON THE STATION

» «

### ● CONCERT PARTY—

It was theatre night on the Station Sunday, Jan. 31, and few Broadway first nighters have ever been more pleased with what they heard and saw than were the hundreds of service and civilian personnel who jammed the standing-room-only in the recreation hall to witness a musical production that could easily be classed as professional . . . it was No. 15 S.F.T.S.'s Concert Party presenting "Dress Rehearsal".

Travelling with ease from the sublime to the ridiculous the Concert Party out-Hellzapoppined Hellzapoppin. Man behind the scenes deserving credit for the production of such a smooth review was W.O.1 Marriott, MBE, who picked from the Station surprising talent and moulded it into a well balanced, pleasure-giving troupe who achieved in a few short weeks of rehearsal what many celebrated artists work a lifetime for—they made it tough for the audience to leave when the thing was over.

Only thing approaching a flaw was the chorus of eight comely chorines who discovered what seasoned undulators know only too well . . . it's damned hard to keep an unselfconscious smile on your face when all you got to do is kick your legs here and there". They seemed to have trouble forgetting that they were Airwomen playing before their officers and friends. It might help their future performances to have what one Airman said as he elbowed his way out of the hall . . . "all they needed to do was stand there because I was lookin' and I was enjoyin'."

A red rose to Leona Marshall who took her audience to the realm of beautiful sunsets, poetic love and deep symphony via her rich soprano voice as she sung "My Hero". You've heard of Snow White whose hair was as black as ebony, whose complexion was as white as snow, whose coloring was as deep as a drop of her own blood on that snow. Keep that picture in mind, add

to it the harmonious and sympathetic accompaniment of Brad and His Lads and give the whole thing a background of deep purple, the hush of a spell-bound audience and you will know what went on at "Dress Rehearsal" when Miss Marshall sang.

Then again you've heard Abbott and Costello, Bob Hope, the Marx and Ritz Brothers. Pick the best laughs you've got from these comedians' antics and you will know why B. C. Pendlebury lead the "Nut House Gang", Cpl. R. Pesto, LAC.'s A. Griffin, B. W. Rose and J. N. Pavle, through several skits that produced many sore sides in all ranks. Funniest of the evening was when LAC. Pendlebury, garbed a la Harry Lauder, sang "The Wiggle, Waggle, Wiggle 'O the Kilt".

F/S H. A. Bradley who is the "Brad" part of "Brad and His Lads" played and sang himself right out of Air Force blue and into the zoot suit with reet pleat of all loyal jive makers. If you must have comparisons it was a toss-up between Cab Calloway for vocal and Benny Goodman for clarinet craftsmanship when he rendered "Knock Me a Kiss". You just couldn't keep those toes from tappin' when he and his lads played their many numbers during the evening.

Pilots have their outside loops, bombers their "perfect bombs" and cornetists their "Carnival of Venice". Cornetist LAC. N. Fishwick. No. 2 Wireless School Band on temporary duty here, gave a commendable rendition of that most difficult of all cornet solos and he made a tough job look so easy that the crowd thought he should come back for more. He didn't.

When Helen Rooke sang "My Hobby" and "Chloe" she proved to Airmen that, at times, women are dangerous. She was so volcanic and funny that her numbers brought back memories of a certain wide-mouthed, gymnastic screen star whose first name is Martha. Cpl. Pesto, tenor, sang "The Rose of Juarez", "When the Lights Go On Again", and "I Came Here to Talk for Joe" with complete ease and smooth finish. LAC. A. Griffin captured the spirit of fighting men when he sang "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp". Sgt. Coates pleased the audience with his "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To".

Moving with ease from the mood of her romantic first song into the inspiration of the patriotic "There's A Land" Miss Marshall again captured her aud-

ience with voice and commanding stage personality. There was a suggestion of opera star Flagstad in her carriage and her complete entry into the song made it easy for listeners to go with her.

Duet by LAW. Marshall and Sgt. Coates followed by the grand finale "We're Proud of Canada" ended an evening of complete enjoyment at No. 15 S.F.T.S. Throughout the review the clever idea of simulating a dress rehearsal in a private home allowed the cast the greatest of freedom on stage, avoided the pitfall of all amateurs which is . . . entering and leaving the stage. Number followed number, skit blended into skit and the whole production flowed gracefully from start to finish.

No review is ever cast without its tragedies. Sometimes they are small, sometimes great. When singing "When the Lights Come On Again" the cast couldn't help but remember that the late S/O R. Goodman, killed in a crash, was to have taken the lead in that number.

Here is the concert party that earned the long and lasting applause of an enthusiastic audience Sunday night:

Officer in charge, F/O Thomas Peter; Production and Stage Management, W.O.1 R. W. Marriott, MBE.; Property and Electrician, Cpl. D. Smith; Make-up, Cpl. H. Denbigh (W.D.); Costumes, Sgt. J. Bedue (W.D.); Music by "Brad and His Lads" under the direction of F/S H. A. Bradley.

Comedians: "The Nut House Gang", Cpl. R. Pesto, LAC.'s B. C. Pendlebury, A. Griffin, B. W. Rose, J. N. Pavle. Vocalists: Sgt. C. D. Coates. Helen Rooke, Cpl. Pesto, Leona M. Marshall, I.A.C. Rose, LAC. Griffin. Chorus: Scotty Craig, Anne O'Malley, Olive Girling, Margurite Tuplin, Doris McLay, Aileen Best, Helen Eweanchuck, Tommy Thompson. Juggling: Sgt. Mabel Smith, Thelma Kennedy, LAC. G. W. Cochrane. Cornet Soloist: LAC. N. Fishwick of No. 2 Wireless School Band on temporary duty here.

#### ● RIFLE CLUB—

The snowy windy weather during January rather slowed up the activity of our club but with the coming of the long, warm spring and summer evenings we hope to see some of our old members back again. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking those faithful members who turned

out during blizzards and below-zero weather when a trip out to look at your target was something of an ordeal rather than a pleasure.

It seems that our club is relatively little known on this Station except to the members themselves and all the majority of the Station see of us is the bi-monthly reports on the shoots against other schools in this command. Our membership is quite large however and in spite of postings of such leading lights as LAW. Beali and Trager, Sgt. Burch, Lieut. Burgman and others we are carrying on, still trying to get a little closer to our Expert Shields and to a possible 1200 on our Command Shoots. We might mention in passing, that LAC. Lander, F/O Waring and Capt. MacGregor are well on their way to their Expert Shields with several others close behind them.

For the benefit of those who have their own rifles or who have done a little shooting before the club shoots at the 25-yard range every Monday and Tuesday night. You may bring your own sporting rifle or use any one of the six rifles provided. They are all equipped with peep sights, have been carefully sighted in and are kept in the very best of condition by the Armament Section. For those people who have never shot before, our club provides a wonderful chance to get started—get another beginner to come with you so that you won't feel too bad about your first target or so and watch your scores improve week by week. We have a lot of fun and would like to see a few more people who are interested coming down on Monday and Tuesday evenings.

Our inter-Unit Competition is nearly over and if our old and new members will turn out to the smoker when the prizes are awarded we have quite a few new plans to make and a little re-organizing to do. Watch D.R.O. for the date and keep that evening open. We want your opinions on our next schedule of inter-unit competition and will welcome any suggestions.

—V. Heath (Sec.)

#### ● NOTES FROM THE MODEL CREW—

The crew of this thriving industry although small in numbers at the moment are as you can see by the front cover, full of enthusiasm and turning

out splendid models, and those that are beginners like myself receive excellent advice and council from those that know the game from A to Z.

There is an old saying "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do", so those who have any flair for this art, should come round any evening and see what is going on in our workshop, when any member present will be only too glad to give any information required as how to join, etc.

Enthusiasm is what we want, skill will come with practice.

The workshop is situated in Hangar No. 2 and is open every evening from 18:00 hours on.

—A.V.T.C.

#### ● RECREATION HALL—

The time when Airmen and Airwomen will be able to sit back and relax in the Claresholm recreation hall is approaching. The time when a small committee of hardworking and willing Claresholm businessmen will be able to sit back and heave a sigh of relief at a good job well done is also approaching.

Headed by busy medico Dr. P. J. Carroll as secretary, William Crooker, F. W. Ritchie and W. J. Harper of the Men's Club put their heads together some months ago to see if it would be possible to enlarge on the entertainment and recreational facilities for Airmen in Claresholm. The soon-to-be-opened Recreation Hall is the result of the generous efforts of these men backed by the co-operation and generosity of certain Claresholm businessmen.

The Hall is in the form of an addition to the present I.O.O.F. building in which Airmen have been disporting themselves at Saturday night dances. The addition was erected at a cost of \$4,200.00 including fittings and fixtures and it is roomy, measuring 38 feet by 44 feet. The floor is hardwood, the decorating bright and the fixtures modern.

After ceaseless effort on the part of the citizens of Claresholm this well built hall stood without furniture. The Claresholm town council was approached and they granted \$500 and a piano. There was till more money required to furnish the hall suitably and this is where the Sports Committee of No. 15 S.F.T.S. came in.

It was decided that the Airmen themselves should do their part in purchas-

ing easy chairs for themselves. Under the direction of F/O Hales's committee the first Jamboree night cleared \$275 which was somewhat short of the estimated cost of furniture. Another Jamboree night was planned and judging by the sale of tickets and the crowd that attended the games and dance afterwards the objective should be reached.

The Recreation Hall is to be run in a manner similar to other Hostess Huts and servicemen's clubs throughout the country. The operating committee will be Dr. Carroll, Ralph Berlin and Mr. Crooker. This committee will be helped by ten women's clubs who will operate the snack bar and, in general, make Airmen feel at home in their "home away from home".

Organizations volunteering to take over the running of the hall on different nights throughout the week are the Red Cross, I.O.D.E., Sunshine Club, Air Force Ladies' Club, Officers' Wives' Auxiliary, Rebekah Lodge, Eastern Star Lodge, United Church Ladies' Aid, Roman Catholic Ladies' Aid and the Ladies' Aid of the Anglican Church.

It is expected that the Recreation Hall will be opened the first Wednesday in March although this is not yet a definite date. A brief inspection of the Hall with its built in snack bar, its floor lamps, leather couches and bright-colored leather upholstered chairs and shiny topped tables as well as its piano proved that the citizens of Claresholm have indeed done the personnel of No. 15 S.F.T.S. an act of kindness which will not soon be forgotten.

## THE RUNWAY

» «

### ● BLAME C. R.—

—†—  
 If a file is misplaced.  
 BLAME C. R.  
 If the mail can't be traced  
 BLAME C. R.  
 If a voucher is lost  
 Must be found at any cost  
 BLAME C. R.  
 If your section is disgraced  
 BLAME C. R.  
 If you have to "Save face"  
 BLAME C. R.  
 If a signal fails to arrive  
 And they threaten to skin you alive  
 BLAME C. R.  
 If a file is P.A.'d by mistake  
 BLAME C. R.  
 If your cake fails to bake  
 BLAME C. R.  
 If you think someone hid it  
 And know that YOU did it  
 BLAME C. R.  
 So what will you do  
 When the mail does come through,  
 All those mountains of new correspondence,  
 All those invoices, bills, vouchers and pills  
 And letters and books and amendments.  
 You can surely see, that it's bound to be  
 You'll just naturally  
 BLAME C. R.

### ● A WORD FROM THE OLD GARDENER—

—†—  
 Despite the fact that the ground is covered with snow, and the temperature is hovering around 10 below (at time of writing) now is the time to start preparing for those flower beds you would like to have around your barrack blocks this summer. While there is not much you can do outside at present, there is no better way of spending a few pleasant evenings indoors than planning your flower garden with pencil and paper. To do this you will of course require a seed catalogue, one with varieties that will readily grow in this locality. Then with the various members of your barrack, you can pick and choose the flowers you like best and order them in

time for planting. As most of you know, there was keen rivalry last year for the best looking grounds. Who knows but that we may have a competition this year, and with an early start and good planning for a floral display, you may be the Winnah!

So come on you gardeners, get out your seed catalogue, put on your old straw hat, and let's make "ole" No. 15 the show place of the dusty (pardon me) deep south.

—Hoe Weeds.

—†—  
● "THE ROCKIES IN WINTER"—  
—†—

I

I saw them in the morning, when night  
had crept away,  
Those rolling, Rocky Mountains, in the  
growing light of day;  
The distant, lofty snow-crests, where  
the clouds played hide and seek,  
As the rosy-fingered dawn caressed  
each pinnacle and peak.

II

I saw them, too, at noonday, when the  
sun was at his height,  
Blinding in their brilliance, so dazzling  
in their white,  
Streaked with sharp, black shadows in  
each crevasse and ravine,  
The rugged, Rocky Mountains, set for  
Winter's frosty scene.

III

I saw them in the evening, as the sun  
sank down to rest;  
Silent, stately silhouettes, against the  
glowing West.  
The deep'ning red of sunset gave the  
sky a fiery hue.  
Till, down behind the Rockies, the sun  
was lost from view.

IV

And then at night I saw them, by  
th'eerie light of moon,  
Phosphorescent phantoms, glowing in  
the gloom,  
Each twinkling star above them, a  
heav'nly welcome sign,  
For the romance of the Rockies, will,  
live as long as time.

LAC. Moss, J. D., R.A.F.

● SOLO—  
—†—

It was a big day for LAC. Pocklington and he knew what was ahead of him when he woke up that morning with his heart beating just a bit faster. A long time ago he had shakingly entered the doors of the recruiting depot with this one thing in mind, now he was about to realise his ambition.

First he had gone to manning depot, then he had been posted to I.T.S., from there to E.F.T.S. and now he was in S.F.T.S. about to reach out and grasp responsibility by the neck and shake it, showing who was master. He did not say much to the other chaps in the washroom as he went mechanically through his ablutions. Dressing with special care and with that one thought in his mind he hurried over to the Airmen's Mess. Would he be able to do it alone, with no one beside him to get him out of tough spots? Would he botch the whole thing? Would he crack under the strain? Those were a few of the hundreds of half-asked questions that thrumbed through his mind.

Time passed somehow; if you asked Pocklington how it passed he wouldn't know. At last here he was standing by the machine he was going to master on this day of days in his life. A few last words of advice came his way from Sgt. Whittlebury who had groomed and guided him for this one day. "You'll do it with no trouble Pocklington . . . I've been watching you lately and wouldn't let you do it alone if I thought you were going to break things up. Just relax, go through the motions as if I were right by your side, don't rush into things, take them as they come and send them on their way through. O.K. lad, you're on your own, take the machine over and—remember—no breakages. Good luck lad!"

With that Whittlebury strode off to attend to other duties leaving Pocklington feeling very much alone in this very large world by this hot, vibrating machine he was to master. Gritting his teeth and with set mouth Pocklington tried to act just as if Sgt. Whittlebury was with him, as if it was another day in his instruction.

Temperature was O.K., pressure adequate, things were in their proper places and at the right angles. Check after check satisfied Pocklington that nothing should go wrong unless the machine itself cracked down on him. Pocklington looked this way and that

to see that all was clear.

"O.K. Joe," he signalled the chap standing some distance away from him and his machine, "I'm all set . . . is everything clear?"

"Let her roll," signalled Joe back with a heartening grin.

So that is the story of how LAC. Pocklington, GD, sent his first tray of dishes through the steaming, vibrating dishwasher in the airmen's mess. That day a man was born.

—LAC. Macdonald, R. H.

● **ANTICLIMAX—**

It must have started long ago and worked up to such a tension that I can no longer stand it. Soon it will increase to such a point that all reserve will be broken and my feelings will dash forth like the freed torrents of a monstrous dam.

At first it was passing observation, then it was a thought, next an idea, soon a plan and last of all—action. But they said that before I could do as I wanted I must do something else. Then I must go through this course, then another and then another. Each hurdle was met and conquered and now I am but a few months away from realizing this but-dreamed-of thing.

A few months! A FEW MONTHS! Already it has been day upon dragging day; already slothful day has followed tortuous day into meandering week; meandering week has followed turtle-like week into dragging month. dragging month followed motionless month into never ending half-year. Worried nerves muttered and turned in their troubled rest and woke to become ever-tightening bands straining and stretching to be free; yearning for the crack that would send them rocketing forth into a soaring, endless, unhampered flight to unknown and cool heights.

Well did the bard know his life when he wrote "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day". Now it is "only a few months, perhaps three". Time stands still, it doesn't move. May all the powers that be descend into these slow arms of mine so that I might push, shove and tug sluggish time on its way! May the greatest of flashing thunderbolts split the heavens wide and jolt this laggard into action. Why doesn't he move, knows he not my days

are numbered?

By the great gods of war I'll not stay longer! By the powers that be I shall rush this instant from out these four miserable walls, from this cloying sleepy air, from these placid and satisfied surroundings! I shall rush into the free outdoors, tear my hair and shout into the face of the setting sun that marks the progress of days but cries down my howlings for movement in my own miserable and microscopic universe. I will break free! I AM free! I shout, scream—THIS IS FREEDOM AT LAST!!

I say, old boy, have you got a match?

—LAC. Macdonald, R. H.

**SPORTS REVIEW**

● **JAMBOREE NEWS—**

**No. 15 S.F.T.S. 7—Claresholm-Stavely 0**

Out to wipe out the memory of their defeat at the hands of the Claresholm-Stavely team last month, hockey players from No. 15 S.F.T.S. sloshed their way to a soaking 7-0 victory Jamboree night, Feb. 18, before a packed house that topped all attendance records on the Station—barring muster parades.

The boys caught the ice before it went down the drain but not soon enough to be able to play anything like ice hockey. The first period bordered on good hockey but that was before the ice turned to slush and hockey to water polo. Showing what the trend of the game would be all night Dutchak planted a pass on McIntosh's stick and McIntosh did the rest when the game was only four minutes old. Not far behind his big brothers was Reid when at six minutes he lifted one out of the water to plant it behind McLeod in Claresholm-Stavely net.

Though slush, muck and water cramped the lad's style, the crowd was not disinterested in the game by any means. They were right with the fighting players from the start and made the most of what conditions permitted. From the first whistle to the final bell the boys lowered their heads and played hockey despite hell and high water. Referee George Braren and linesman Mike Sheedy looked more like

survivors of a torpedoeing than hockey officials when it was over. Trips, tumbles and falls were many but they were due to the ice rather than maliciousness of their opponents. Amundsen and Bush, Claresholm-Stavelly, drew penalties, while Lucking was the only Air Force badboy.

There was no picking of favorites or most valued men on either team. One of those glass bottomed boats you read about might have made this possible but as it is we have only the score to go by. High goal-getter of the evening was Reid with one unassisted counter and an assist in the first period and one goal in each of the second and third periods. Wulf was at the door with a tally in the second and one in the third period.

Spunky one of the evening was McLeod who climbed into his goalee pads for the first time this year and stood in the pool surrounding Claresholm-Stavelly's net. That it was his first game of the season showed up in the first period and early in the second but from then on he was bouncing them out like an oldtimer. Several times he drew applause from the crowd for rapid, one-two-three saves at close range. Both goalees spent much of their time on their stomachs—but it's hard to breathe under water.

Wisely, Group Captain Kennedy, Station Commanding Officer, decreed that periods should be cut short from twenty to fifteen and then to ten minutes duration. Teams in the best of shape would have found it exhausting work playing under such conditions but both teams gave hockey fans their money's worth. Here they are:

No. 15 S.F.T.S.—Kannik, goal; Logan, McNeil, Lucking, Wilkie, defence; Dutschak, Reid, McIntosh, Sullivan, Wulf, Coyle, Hughs, McCausland and Hope, forwards.

Claresholm-Stavelly — McLeod, goal; Amundsen, McGinnes, Flanagan, defence; Laidlaw, Wright, Bouyzan, Piper, Powers, Beckerjack, McIntyre and Bush, forwards.

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#### W.D.'s 3—Australians 2

The comely belles of No. 15 S.F.T.S.'s Women's Division met the brawny beaux of the Royal Australian Air Force Jamboree night in an exhibition which was reminiscent of the aquacade at the Chicago World's Fair but which went under the name of

"hockey". Those who hold tenaciously to the idea that the fairer is also the weaker sex got a rude jolt when the girls turned in a 3-2 victory over their careening opponents in blue denim overalls.

"Why don't we play this game in Australia, we've got water there too?" wondered one sopping Aussie after the splashing was over. At times we wondered just how far public display of affection should be allowed to go when Aussie after Aussie wrapped his arms round the neck of W.D. after W.D. who usually proved rather poor support and deposited both with a gurgle and a splash. The players' togs proved efficient mops and half way through the chaotic game the ice was almost dry.

Scorers were Clark, goal and assist, Bonnyman and Crawford for the W.D.'s and Cranmer and Miller for the Aussies. There were no stars except for those sailing about the personal universe of prone players. Crawford, star of the last Jamboree game, made a solo rush that ended up in the goal but her smooth style was limited by gobs and gobs of slush.

The girls made a pretty picture on the ice, especially Cameron who at one time was seen dressed delightfully in orange sweater and hockey shorts to match—seated in a shallow pool of sparkling water (as the society page might describe it). The game was called at the end of the second period because the pool had to be drained in order to determine the actual number of drowned hockey players there was underneath.

This game was easily the highlight of the evening's fun. From start to finish the crowd executed a crescendo that started from a roar and ended in a hysterical screech. As when all good things come to an end, they wanted more.

The characters in this best comedy of the year were:—

Women's Division: Haslett, goal; Barnes, Crawford, defence; Thomson, Depper, Cameron, Clark, Hicks, Balaihacky, and Bonnyman, forwards.

Aussies: Miller, Gissing, Fordham, Fenwick, Cranmer, Yeates, Burroughs, Hansford, Hammond, Reeve, Culiford and Cush.

#### ● BASKETBALL—

The basketball team has been gathering momentum since the beginning

of the season and during the month just past won all its league games. As of February 6th. Claresholm stood in third place, with Raymond and Macleod holding first and second place respectively. Vulcan, Lethbridge and Pearce follow in fourth, fifth and sixth place. Since that standing Claresholm has played Pearce and Vulcan and won both games with a considerable margin. This should raise our standing in the league. On February 24th. Macleod will be our guest in the Drill Hall and this game should prove to be a closely fought one since the winners will doubtless hold second place. The team has improved tremendously since their first game and should prove to be the strongest team in the league. Sgt. Dion and F/S Baine have proven themselves to be a reliable pair playing guard. Pilot Officer Jackson, Pilot Officer Ellison, Flying Officer Thompson, Pilot Officer Carson, LAC Spencer and LAC. McNeil make up the forward line and have proven very effective as basket getters. Flight Lieutenant Pilling plays guard or forward equally well and in either position organizes the lads for smashing attacks. Pilot Officer Hore, the O.C. of Basketball, has been an active player but was forced to drop out of the line up due to poor health. Under his guidance and organization the team has proven itself as a likely bidder for the championship. Pilot Officer Callahan has taken an active part in basketball and has served very capably as referee. Unfortunately from his point of view he is referee at all our games instead of a member of the team but from our point of view we could not have a better man doing the job.

x x x x

The W.D.'s have been very enthusiastic over basketball and in a remarkably short time have organized themselves into a promising team. Under the coaching of P/O Callahan and P/O Ellison they have turned out a team that is able to hold its own with other W.D. teams in the league. Considering the fact that most of the girls did not play basketball before, their enthusiasm and the results of the games have proven that a W.D. basketball team is a necessity on the Station and we hope to see enough W.D.'s participate to form inter-unit games on the Station.

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Four games remain to be played in

the league before the play-offs start. Wherever possible double-headers are being played with the W.D.'s furnishing the preliminary game. The next two games are being played at Claresholm with Macleod and Raymond, the two leading teams, and should prove worth watching.

—Flying Officer C. M. Hay

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## FLIGHT AND SECTION NEWS

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### ● M. T. NEWS AND REVIEWS—

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Here we are again folks, and W.O. Marriott is heading our list again. He is a "Proud Papa" for the second time. A 7½ lb. boy. Congratulations Major and we hope they are both doing well.

The Major is away on leave at his writing, as he is quite anxious to see how the new boy looks. Who can blame him?

We have two more going on leave pretty soon too, Law Crawford to Sask. and AW. Marshall to Chilliwack, B.C.

On top of that, there are four of the gang on the sick list. Marshall was in hospital, and can do only light duties for awhile, but she is going on her leave pretty soon. Lucky dog! I wish I was going with her.

Cpl. Simons had his appendix yanked out and is now on sick leave. He may be back by the time this is published. Maybe he'll put a little weight on now. He did look sort of peaked before.

LAC. Johnson now in the hospital for awhile. On sick leave now, and believe me, he needs it. He really had a siege of sickness. Good luck Kim.

LAC. McGuire hurt his knee again and is on sick leave now. He has to undergo an operation on same knee so he won't be back for quite awhile, I'm afraid. He was hurt while playing hockey and told us the other day, that he opened the back door of his house and threw his skates as far as he could. He vows he'll never skate again.

Now to keep us up to date, there have been three postings out of the Section and one in, in the last month. AC.1 Nichols is now down at H.Qs.

running off D.R.O.'s until their regular man is back from the hospital. LAC.

chat is back from his sick leave and was sent to No. 5 Hangar to work there. LAC. Gaudry was posted back to Regina, near his home, so he's happy now, we hope, and in his place we have LAC. Reid—a nice fellow but married, girls—so hands off. LAC. Cash was sent over here from the Airmen's Mess. We hope he likes his new job with us. LAC. Amos was on T.D. to K. T. S. Trenton for a special course and is expected back any time now (P.S.—He's back and in the boxing circle again. I've heard he's pretty good at that sport).

Here's something good. LAC. Bartman went down to see about his standing on the course at Trenton and found out that as far as they knew, he was not even on the Station. And here, he's been working his fingers to the bone since the first of January. The only thing they had about him, was that he was on five days leave from Trenton. And they sent him out here! He could really be having a nice peaceful rest at home, couldn't he?

You should see and hear all our "B" groupers in the Section. They're all going up for their "A" this time and the studying and arguing that is going on is wonderful.

I wish they'd give the girls a chance to go ahead a little more. I don't doubt that they'd be almost as enthusiastic about it all as the boys. Here's wishing all the boys luck, anyway. They don't all expect to pass but they're trying hard.

Well, by what you've read above, you can see that we are really short of men. More than usual. And then there's the Concert Party that takes three or four more away from the Section at the odd time. And that band—and that orchestra.

We are trying something new in the Section now. We used to have one D. W. away in the middle of the week and another at the end. Just one away at a time. Now we're sending two off at a time, on week-ends and working 12 hour shifts on the Saturday and Sunday. Long hours, but it's going to work out much better. The 2-8 shift at night seems longer, but there's not so much to do. We'll get use to it.

Bring the week the D.W. on duty has to get their meal at 11:30 and come back for the noon hours and if they are short of drivers at night, the D.W. takes

the mail run. It gets complicated at times and some of the boys are worked overtime a lot, but you never hear them kicking. They are a grand gang to work with.

Oh, we get the odd complaint—that's natural, but you get that in any Section, don't you?

### ● THE PIONEERS—

At the moment of "going to press", personnel of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) will have been present on this Station for just about one year. For some of us, the past twelve months have "simply flown by", but for others, the days have dragged on. Whatever the case, "Something has been added" in the lives of everyone of us, whether it has been regret, sorrow, joy or happiness and contentment, and experiences never to be forgotten.

The first girls to arrive on the Station were members of No. 4 Squadron, arriving on Monday, February 23, 1942.

On Monday night came five W.D.'s from No. 7 at Macleod, where they had been stationed for two weeks, members of No. 2 Squadron.

Fisher: Long since departed for Gander Bay.

Pierce: Now at Uplands, still in the Service, and happily married to a Sgt. Accountant.

Ford and Wright: As yet stationed at No. 15.

Walz: who received her discharge last spring, and, we are glad to hear, is now enjoying much better health.

On Tuesday night, February 24 came 11 W.D.'s from No. 4 S.F.T.S. at Saskatoon, where they had been happily stationed for three whole weeks. Five of these have departed.

Dorothy Brown: With Fisher at Gander Bay, Newfoundland.

Woodcock "Eth, E, Thir!" who left for an Admn. Course, and who, as far as we know, is now stationed at Hagersville.

Pennicook: Who left for the Recruiting centre at Saskatoon and who later transferred back to No. 4 S. F.T.S.

Robertson Jr.: Who left us for Western Air Command!

Daves: Now stationed at Aylmer, Ont., and ready to "swap" with some Easterner! She'll take Claresholm any day, thank you! (Must

take all kinds to make a world).

The remaining six are still here—real pioneers, having left for Toronto fourteen months ago. Agar, Tredgett, Sanders, Tuplin, Kennedy, and Parry—and we're here no doubt, for the Duration.—“A” Flight, from Squadron One.

—J. P.

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**● THE LEDGER SHEET—**  
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Little if any changes have taken place since the last issue of Windy Wings. There has been no change in the personnel, we are still the same big happy family. The promotions go this month as they did in January, to the fairer sex. Congratulations Corporal T. L. Adkins and Corporal G. M. (Scotty) Craig.

We have had rather a hectic time during the past week or so. We had to make room for two additional desks in the office as the staff of the Central Warehouse moved in and picked out the best places in the office, and P/O B. M. Thompson, Officer i/c of Non-Public Funds, not wishing to be left alone decided to move in too. You never saw so much changing around of furniture, desks, safes, etc., etc. It looked like a hive of busy bees, or ants or something. That wasn't enough excitement however as the Auditors picked the same time to come and pay us their periodical visit, so there has been a steady stream of traffic, that almost necessitated a traffic cop to keep us in

order. Of course the Trade Test Board put in a appearance too so that made everything just cosy. However things have quietened-down a bit now, and we are back to our normal routine, and that will give Corporal Hooper time to think up some new jokes (we hope). He had exhausted all the “Little Moron” sayings and had begun to repeat all the old moth-eaten one again. It is a wonder he didn't get an ink-well or something thrown in his general direction. There was a time when nobody would think of starting to work until George had delivered his masterpiece, which being followed as per schedule with loud cries of “Oh George” everyone picked up his or her pencil, typewriter or other implements and commenced the daily grind. Better stay awake at nights George and think up some new ones or there will be one less Corporal in the Section. The other day a little book appeared in the Office. It was quite an interesting book entitled “What's in a Name?” Most people are so used to thinking of names as mere personal identification tags, without giving any thought as to their origin or meaning. When Shakespeare's Juliet (Latin, meaning soft-haired) stood on the balcony and sighed, “What's in a name?” she didn't know the half of it. For instance we have picked out the origin of the names as applies to the Pay and Accounts personnel, and some interesting things come to lights, as follows:

S/L Perkins, A. G. ....	(Sax) .....	All peace.
F/O Barnhill, R. ....	(Fr) .....	A King.
P/O Thompson, B. M. ....	(Scot) .....	A Conqueror.
F/Sgt. Mayhew, W. P. ....	(Teut) .....	Defender; protector of many; shield.
F/Sgt. Sharp, E. D. ....	(Teut) .....	Foreman; work ruler.
Sgt. Simpson, R. B. ....	(Teut) .....	Powerful Judgement; chief ruler.
Cpl. Adkins, T. L. ....	(Teut) .....	Mighty little maid; a noble lady.
Cpl. Berry, B. ....	(Sax) .....	Bright; famous.
Cpl. Craig, G. M. ....	(Lat) .....	Grace; kindness; patience.
Cpl. Emes, L. R. ....	(Teut) .....	Low Meadow; a lessee.
Cpl. Fitzgerald, R. A. ....	(Sax) .....	Noble, illustrious.
Cpl. Hooper, G. H. ....	(Teut) .....	Bright mind; clear thinker.
	(Now we see where all those jokes come from.)	
Cpl. Johnson, A. ....	(Welsh) .....	Strong as a bear; noble; exalted.
Cpl. Lyon, F. E. ....	(Teut) .....	Peaceful ruler.
Cpl. Quilley, D. A. ....	(Hep) .....	Beloved.
LAW. Aglassinger, A. ....	(Heb) .....	Grace; gracious; merciful.
LAW. Olmsted, I. L. ....	(Gr) .....	Messenger of peace; peaceable.
LAW. Sheldrake, D. ....	(Gr) .....	Gift of God.
AW.1 Lang, I. J. ....	(Lat) .....	Gladness; cheerful; merry.
AW.1 Doss, D. ....	(Gr) .....	The Lord's grace.

● **FITCHINGS FROM  
"F" FLIGHT FLEDGLINGS—**

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The Station bid us welcome some days ago in the midst of Claresholm's worst blizzard—we felt. Then through a withering blast we, marched through drifts thigh deep to receive an issue of sheets and blankets. In weather fit neither for man nor beast, we, Course 74, mushed on. What is more, we of "F" Flight aim to maintain this Flight in top position, for we have read and have heard of the merits of our predecessors.

Some of this happy and spirited gang had their elementary training on Tigers at Goderich, Ontario, while the rest of us hail from High River and there trained on Cornells. Although most of us are products of the Canadian West, there are a few who hail from Britain's shores.

To Pilot Officer Windler we offer our sympathy. As O/C in charge of Course 74 he has been doing an excellent job leading us by the hand, as it were—even to lecturing to us until 22:00 hours. We trust that he will not be haunted by visions of untidy barrack blocks, undisciplined students and other such insignificant details, but that he will from this dilemma a few months hence, unscathed and smiling. (Note: W.O.2 McKinnon of G.I.S. fame, remarked just the other day that we are a truly unique outfit—no one "on the peg" and we being here over a fortnight!)

We can say, and this is not idle flattery, that our Flying Instructors exemplify a splendid attitude toward us and among themselves an admirable esprit de corps. We hope that it is like the mumps so that we may catch it. Our Flight Commander, F/L Hunter we have yet to meet as he is away on duty. However, his deputy, F/O Moseley-Williams has done a real job of initialing us into the mysteries and inner secrets of the order known as "F". And we wonder how many lads saw the demonstration of proficiency in the art of basketing the ball as put forth by F/O Thompson recently in the match between Vulcan and No. 15. Lads, he's got sump'n! There is one Instructor whom we are coming to know most intimately—the chief potentate of the Association of Rumbles—yea, man—it's that fellow with an Irish gleam of deviltry in his eye, P/O McIlveen. It is rumoured that rumbles are closely

associated with the "Wings" dinner. To that far distant day when, "per ardua", we shall get to Shangrila! Look lads, although W.O.2 Henning is not of great dimensions, what he says and does carries a lot of weight—and do we know it, both in the drill hall, Thursdays at dawn, and in the Flights room. From reliable sources on this Station he has the reputation for real conscientiousness. Let's try to acquire some of it, eh, lads? P/O Pettman is the R.A.F. Instructor in "F" Flight and the British boys say that they are "pleased as punch" to hafe him. P/O Callahan and P/O Baillie complete the gang of reg'lar fellers on the "Out of Bounds" side of the gate.

To leave our dear readers (if any) in a questionable frame of mind (get it?), we would like to pose a few questions, the answers to which may give us something to elucidate upon, in the next issue of "Windy Wings". Why has Martello changed his initials to W.D.? (No, you're wrong, that's not the answer.) Why do (or did) Loftus and Weir arrive "in retard" at the Flight room? Why do they call Al Young "Pubsie"? And why does Sgt. "Swingster" Sinclair patronize the local Claresholm dances so frequently? And how did Joe Mahood get back to "F" Flight? He was in it a year ago, then as a ground crew member. If you only knew why Grant went to the hospital, And when will "Bar Room" Branch stop lecturing to us on the beauties, natural resources and home sites in southern Alberta, Is it true that Wilkinson, Wilkins, Wigg, Whitehead, and Wilkinson were a firm of solicitors in London in pre-war days? Where did Sergeant Herbert get that staccato in his otherwise soothing voice—on parades? Is Scotty Whiteford really losing his Scottish br-r-r-ogue? Is the R.C.A.F. going to take advantage of our lad with pontoons? Fearon would be a cinch for coastal patrol. Did you ever hear of apple polishing by floor polishing? We did. From front page news: Doesn't it look like White Christmas but no White Horse this year, chaps? Last words: A bone to pick with the tin gods—when do we get a W.D. time-keeper, or are we like the impressionable anthropologist who grabbed his hat and sadly announced, that the blonde type is passing?

—J. Y. H

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### ● "G" FLIGHT—

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With a definite suggestion of Spring in the air one might think that our thoughts would be turning towards the more poetic and abstract things in life, but alas! we are faced with more concrete and prosaic things such as Wings and Instrument Tests. It seems only a short time ago that we were sending students up solo, praying fervently that they would be coming back all in one piece, and now here we are sending them up with Testing Officers . . . . . and we are still praying. We thought during the month of December that conditions, such as the weather, could not be much more adverse towards graduating a course, but we were not considering what lay in store for us in January. The weather no longer became adverse but persisted in being pigheaded about the whole thing and expressing itself in no uncertain terms. We had nicely dug ourselves out of the blizzard and had said "Now we can at last get cracking!" when to our dismay two of our Instructors were snatched from under our noses. There was quite some discussion amongst us as to whether they were fortunate or otherwise. Flying Officer Buckley and Flying Officer Heimbecker, the two aforementioned Instructors were not against the change and during the bustling about of a hasty departure we managed to wish them Godspeed and Good Luck in their new work at High River Elementary Flying Training School. After holding our heads up in the swirling tide which threatened to drag us down we eagerly welcomed two new Instructors who arrived to help us in our hour of need. F/S Cornwall, the first to arrive, proved to be quite interesting having spent ten months Overseas instructing in England. Unfortunately it was very quiet over there during his stay and he arrived a trifle late to witness the battle of Britain. Pilot Officer McNaughton who, by the way, is no relation, came to us from Vulchers Gulch and felt quite happy to be arriving at a Station which boasts of nothing but the best.

Our Flight Commander, Flying Officer Hales, has just arrived back from annual leave which he spent at Vancouver. He still looks remarkably fresh and well might he be, what with Jamborees and graduation he is due to look as bedraggled as the rest of us.

The other members of the staff, if we can use that word to describe a group of Instructors, are carrying on. Pilot Officer Picken took to himself a wife which we all thought to be a very good idea. We figured that it was time someone took him under their wing. We hope that they have a happy married life, although they were taking a chance on that with a course just about to graduate. Our first casualty appeared when Pilot Officer Hore became unserviceable. We were quite sorry to hear that he is not in the best of health and will likely be away for awhile. No doubt the worry and strain of trying to finish a course on time had something to do with it all. However, we are hoping that he will be back with us shortly and wish him a speedy recovery.

We are both sorry and pleased to note that our Flight Commander, Flying Officer Hales, will be leaving us shortly for Penfield Ridge. Sorry, in that we are losing the best of Flight Commanders. We all feel that our association with him has been pleasant and he has proved himself to be "tops" at all times. Pleased, in that we are glad to see him realize his desires at long last. We join in wishing you "God Speed and Good Luck, Bill!"

—Flying Officer C. M. Hay.

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### ● "G" FLIGHT STUDENTS—

#### Course 68

The time has now arrived for this Station to be denuded of the present worthy members who comprise "G" Flight. No longer will the visitor pass through the portals of the pupils' room and be greeted by the sight of Jack Bateman stretched out full length in a corner or see Eric Fisher bending down to pass through the doorways. No more will Vic (Vulcan) Davis, Tom Peate, and Bill Paech be heard expounding theories on rehabilitation after the war.

Since arriving in Canada several of the boys have become regular "wolves" the most outstanding being the two mascots of the Flight, Ron Godfrey and Bill Linden. On leaving here we will carry many memories with us. Well shall we be able to recall the weekly feature known as "The Face at the Window" sponsored by a certain "young" Instructor who produces a book, rattles a tin and opens with the phrase: "Bancroft, 20 cents". Another never-to-be-forgotten event is the In-

structor who always seems to have a handfull of tickets to sell for the bargain price of 50 cents.

At present there exists a vacancy for a timekeeper the only qualities required being "oomph", "oomph" and more "oomph". Applications will be submitted to Flying Officer Hales or Flying Officer Hay and the decision of either of these judges will be final.

As we, the Students of "G" Flight, move on to other spheres and bid farewell to No. 15 S.F.T.S. and Claresholm, we carry with us many memories of hospitality and friendship for which we are indeed grateful, and we trust that we have left behind us a good record.

—LAC. Bancroft, B. W.

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**● HEADQUARTERS PATTERN—**  
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H.Q. is pleased to welcome into the fold AW.1 Peters, coming to us from Toronto. At present, during working hours, she may be seen at the S.W.O.'s office.

Records has received "new blood" in the person of AW.1 Tredgett. Not a new face around Headquarters, true, but definitely "good for the business" according to "slave driver" Tuson.

The officer personnel of the Administration Bldg. has been reinforced, since the last issue went to press. We all join in welcoming S/L S. S. McKiechan from No. 4 T. C. to his new position as Senior Administrative Officer, and hope that his stay here will be a pleasant one.

The Gestetner has taken on a different tone again. The reason of course is "Ron" Ogilvie's return from his short "vacation" at Col. Belcher's hacienda. Welcome back Ronnie!

Calling all those who have taken courses in Station defence or commando training. Cpl. Tuson failed to win the free trip to Vancouver.

Cpl. Kennedy is a staunch enthusiast of "Airgraph" mail. We wonder why?

S. M. Kolbe has a special pair of suspenders which he keeps exclusively for dances. They are the type rarely seen now—they contain elastic. They allow for a "two-way stretch"—very useful in a "hot jive session".

LAW. Mead says the boy she met in Calgary was "an old schoolmate". Hm!

Cpl. Morison has been troubled by her eyes lately. So have some other

people.

Brownie, the new P.A. clerk, has requisitioned W. & B. for a pair of stilts. The top drawers are pretty high.

It is rumoured that AC.1 White is looking forward to another bus trip to Calgary. Since the last time he has had the opportunity to think things over.

LAW. Binns is a very trusting soul. But you still have to sign for messages.

Cpl. Horton uses the old bean. He takes his 48 before anyone else can get there.

Sgt. Specht does a "fade out" this issue. He wrote these things.

AW.1 Wright has plans for a building without windows. Then nobody would be able to freeze her out of Records.

*In Memoriam*

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**S/O ROSE J. GOODMAN**  
 V30156

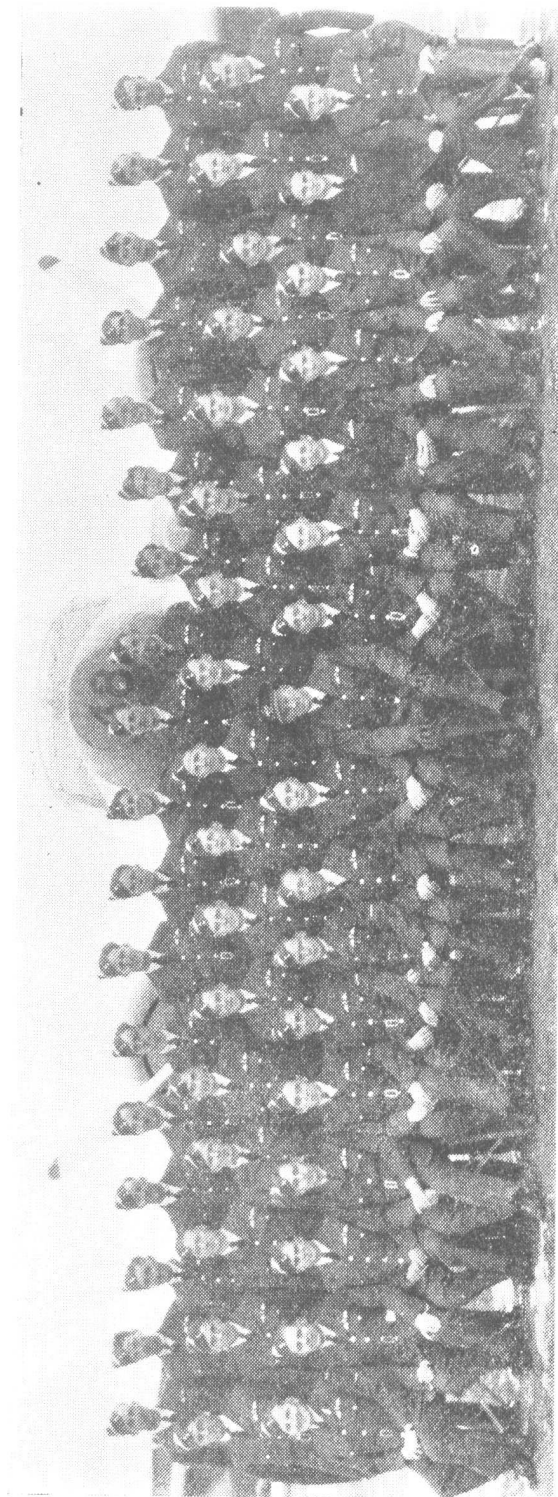
a beloved Officer in the W.D.'s of No. 15 S. F. T. S., Claresholm, killed in a flying accident on Tuesday, Jan. 26th. S/O Goodman's home was in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

*In Memoriam*

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**MR. DANIEL WILLIAMM**

a member of the Civilian Staff of No. 15 S. F. T. S., Claresholm, whose death is keenly felt by the Officers and Staff of the Officers' Mess. A veteran of the First Great War, serving from 1914 to 1918.



## COURSE 66

BACK ROW (Left to Right): LAC. Cockburn, G. A.; LAC. Weir, R. G.; LAC. Keaist, R. P.; LAC. Webber, A. G.; LAC. Bice, P. R. C.; LAC. Souter, D. R.; LAC. Pepper, K. E. G.; LAC. Robson, K. H.; LAC. Tucker, G. O.; LAC. Norman, R. A.; Sgt. Johnston, L.; Sgt. Segal, L.; LAC. Norton, L. R.; LAC. Tate, R. G.; LAC. Traub, G. E.; LAC. Fawcett, F. L.; LAC. Gordon, J. L.; LAC. Claridge, J. A.

MIDDLE ROW (Left to Right): LAC. Kaufmann, F. J.; LAC. Artyniuk, J. P.; LAC. Alsgard, F. E.; Sgt. Bowen, A. T.; LAC. McWhannel, J. D.; LAC. Love, R. J.; LAC. Even-

son, L. R.; LAC. Mulvihill, K. P.; LAC. Ward, J. G.; LAC. Peters, D. A.; LAC. Soderlund, H. W.; LAC. Clark, W. B.; LAC. Deane, D. D.; Sgt. Hampton, R. B.; Sgt. Donaghy, J.; Sgt. Fletcher, C. R.; LAC. Ferguson, L. E.

FRONT ROW (Left to Right): LAC. Gower, A. R.; LAC. Emmerson, L.; LAC. Johnson, H. G.; LAC. Maclaren, C. C.; LAC. Kinsman, B. G.; LAC. Syme, C.; LAC. Douglas, A. K.; LAC. Neff, L.; Cpl. Ovans, G. W.; F/O Thompson; LAC. Bowler, G. I.; LAC. John, H. G.; LAC. Beilby, J. G.; LAC. Smalluk, W.; LAC. Matheson, A. M.; LAC. Burgess, T. S.; LAC. Bearisto, F. W. Absent—LAC. Moar, K. T.

● **NOTES FROM THE  
EDUCATIONAL OFFICER—**

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Well, spring seems to be on the way and winter and trade tests are left behind. But both will be back, and this suggests a thought: Perhaps you'll make your grouping some day if you enroll in a Legion course in say Mathematics or English. Or perhaps you would like to take a Correspondence course in Bookkeeping or Shorthand? Several are doing it and are well pleased with the results of their efforts. Some may be interested in technical courses. If the Legion does not offer the particular course you desire, we can register you in one offered by one or another Provincial Department of Education, Technical School, or University.

Self-improvement is worthwhile for added efficiency in one's work here; it also has a value in that it makes one more in demand after the war. Aside from such mercenary motives as the above, no one has any business doing any less than the most he can with the means at his disposal. Almost everyone has the capacity to handle a Grade XII education or its equivalent in technical training. So line up boys and girls and register for a course or two.

Discussion groups which were held last year have been started again and will continue. On the 16th. of February the topic was "Rehabilitation and You", and a panel consisting of Flying Officer Burchill, Pilot Officer Ewing, AC.2 Holmes, AC.2 Allingham, AC.2 Cleal, entertained and enlightened the audience on the subject. These will be held every Tuesday at 19:30 hours in

the double classroom at G.I.S. Look for the announcements and if the topic is one that you are interested in, turn out and participate in it.

In this column last month it was stated that aircrew prospects with a Grade X education could be recommended to an educational course. We now find that those with Grade X or higher must qualify on the Station by taking re-muster courses. Only Grade IX's may be recommended to the Schools of Maths and Sciences.

This office stands ready to organize any courses if the demand for them is great enough. Several requests were made for foreign language classes but when personnel were asked to register for them the response was very weak. Anyone interested in any course is asked to come to the Education Office and leave his name. It is suggested that he or she bring along the names of others interested if possible. It is possible that classes could be started in Commercial Art, Photography (after the present course is completed) Conversational French, Spanish or German, Woodwork, History, Mathematics, Physics, English, Radio, Mineralogy. At least ten registrations would be needed to justify a course.

In the near future a list of books available at the Education Office will be made up and given proper publicity. Some of these books will be useful for trade improvement, others for assistance to correspondence students and most will be worthwhile reading for those who wish to improve their knowledge along special lines.

—E. G. McDonald, P/O.