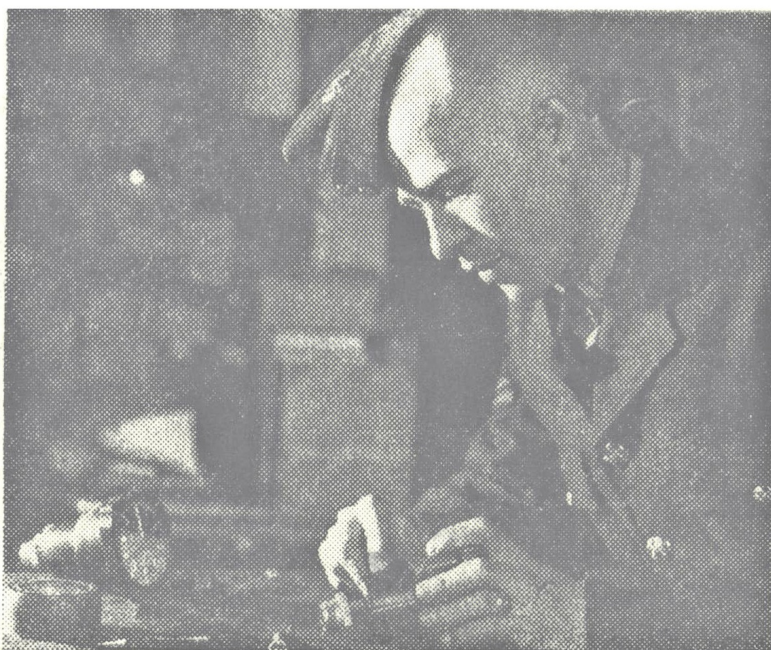
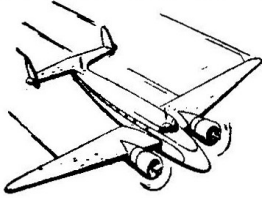




No. 15 S. F. T. S., Claresholm, Alta. Vol. 3. No. 4. April 1, 1943. [Page 1





"WINDY WINGS"

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Group Captain W. E. Kennedy

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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

This month a group of individuals met at the invitation of the Editor-in-Chief of the Station Paper to discuss the policy of the paper in view of the conditions under which publication must be carried on. With no income from advertising, it has been necessary to hold the expenses down to an absolute minimum; this policy controls greatly the number of pages that can be printed and the number of cuts we can afford to buy.

Representatives have been appointed to gather news from various units and sections and we welcome all the material which is sent to us. However, the limited space makes it necessary to severely edit much of the copy, and thus we ask your forbearance if your copy is not presented at full length.

The Editorial Board welcomes contributions of original articles, poems, and above all wishes interesting accounts of the monthly history of various units and sections of the Station. Have your contribution ready for next edition; make it of such worthwhile material that we will MAKE ROOM to print it.

● DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE

The deadline for handing in of copy for May First issue of Windy Wings is Thursday, April 23, 1943.

COURSE 68 WINGS PARADE

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● THE EIGHTEENTH WINGS PARADE

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Just because you've won your wings is no reason for you to heave a sigh of relief and take it easy, letting someone else do the job, said Wing Commander C. W. Burgess, Chief Instructor, as he presented wings to the largest class ever to be graduated at this Station.

Mostly Australians, Course 68 was the eighteenth class to march out of this Station with the coveted wings flashing on their chests. A strange quiet settled over the Station, too, as the rollicking Aussies went on their way to conquer other and more distant fields.

"You must not think that now you have won your wings that your efforts can be allowed to decrease," said Wing Commander Burgess. "You have now been given the grounding required to prepare you for more advanced training. You have much to learn before you face the enemy, and when you do we hope you will remember that a successful mission depends on how well you and your teammates know each other's responsibilities and how competent you are to carry yours out."

"We feel that you will conduct yourselves with credit and carry out your job thoroughly to its ultimate completion . . . victory!" said Wing Commander Burgess.

"The training of pilots, the job of keeping aircraft in the air and the organization behind all this deserves a great deal of credit for each class of pilots that is graduated from any school," said Wing Commander Burgess.

"You have completed a long period of training which has made it possible for you to reach the required standards to entitle you to the privilege of wearing the wings of the Royal Canadian Air Force," he said and added, "this has been made possible not alone by your own efforts, which must be dili-

gent and persevering, but by the coordinated efforts of your instructors and ground crews who have seen to it that you have had the best training possible."

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Honor Students

Top man of the course used to be a detective and was a law student when he joined the R. A. A. F. He was V. T. Davis (now P/O), of Sydney, N. S. W. He is married, is 27 years old and left a two-months-old child in Australia when he crossed the Pacific. Davis has two brothers in the services, one in the Australian Army and the other in the R. A. A. F. Voicing the feelings of his fellow graduates Davis said, "We are very favorably impressed with Canada and the Canadian people and their kindly hospitality. While we say this for the country and its people we can hardly say the same for weather . . . but we won't let that beat us." Davis was commissioned and posted to R.G.S., Summerside, P.E.I., for further training.

Distinguished pass was won by J. Brand, West Maitland, N. S. W. Brand is 32 and is another married man, having three children. A civil engineer in civilian life he left a job as town engineer in West Maitland to come to Canada for his wings. Formal education was received in Wesley College, Sydney Tech and Sydney University. Brand was also commissioned and posted to Summerside.

D. G. Mouatt, Monto, Queensland, also won a distinguished pass and is also married and has two children. He is 27 years old, was one-time Australian Mounted Police but left to run an 800-acre cotton and dairy farm. Mouatt was commissioned.

Another distinguished pass was awarded to T. Peate, Tweed River, N.S. W. Notable is the fact that Peate's brother was also a distinguished pass student. He was a school teacher in civil life and is 22. Another of his brothers is serving in the much mentioned New Guinea with the Australian Army against the Japanese.

Carrying on the torch from the falling hands of his cousin who was killed in action over New Guinea while flying a Catalina flying boat against the Japanese forces, N. R. Hicks, Brisbane, Australia, was given his cousin's wings to wear. His cousin was F/L Nelson

Prior Reid who died in action 16 months ago.

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Romance Within the Course

There was also romance in this group, for when all the graduates and their friends had resorted to the Officers' Mess for tea, the class leader, V. T. Davis, lined up the lucky Airman and his bride-to-be and made a presentation to them on behalf of the class. This called for a salute and "they all kissed the bride", starting with Wing Commander Burgess and working down the line. The bridegroom is F. M. Bill of Batesman's Bay, N. S. W., and the bride-to-be is Miss Leona McDonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. McDonald of Lethbridge. The marriage was in Lethbridge on Monday, March 8th. The bridegroom is posted to No. 2 F.I.S., Vulcan, to be trained as a flying instructor, and was given a commission.

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A Man from Russia

From a previous association we happened to know that the last man in line to get his wings, V. Vitte, while wearing an Australian uniform, was a Russian of rather vivid experience. He was but eight years of age at the time of the Russian revolution, but he witnessed much of the bloodshed and terror.

His father had extensive timber holdings in Siberia, but these were abandoned and the family sought refuge in Manchuria in 1919, only to be uprooted again in the 1930's by the Japs. His opinion of the Japanese places them in a category all by themselves for treachery and cruelty. According to him, it is simply beyond the comprehension of us in western civilization to visualize the debased attitude of the Japanese towards their enemies. They exercise cruelties refined and unrefined.

Vitte himself travelled extensively through China and Japan, later settling in the sugar cane country in Australia. He has a brother, now a doctor in Russia. This brother joined a Red Guerilla band during the revolution and along with another brother and a third party were caught in a machine gun ambush. His horse was shot from under him and fell on him, pinning

him down by the legs. Fearing capture, that meant worse than death, and with both companions gone, this man exploded a hand grenade upon himself to end it all. It blew off both feet and badly mutilated his body, but he was later rescued by friendly villagers and nursed back to health. He later studied medicine and has been a practicing physician for many years.

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Among the Graduates

The leading graduate was LAC. Davis, V. T., of Concord West, N.S.W., who passed with Special Distinction.

LAC. Atkins, J. P., Sydney, Australia.

LAC. Ballard, G. J., Brisbane, Australia; LAC. Bancroft, B. D., Pennant Hills, N.S.W., Australia; LAC. Bill, F. M., Batesman's Bay, N.S.W., Australia; LAC. Brand, J. (Distinguished Pass), North Ryde, N.S.W., Australia; LAC. Brown, A., Bapaume, Queensland, Australia.

LAC. Carberry, M. J., Brisbane, Australia; LAC. Cavill, S. G., Mosman, N.S.W., Australia; LAC. Chambers, G. W., Winnipeg, Manitoba; LAC. Charington, G. K., Brisbane, Australia; LAC. Clift, G. R., Brisbane, Australia; LAC. Cook, A., Saskatoon, Saskatchewan; LAC. Craik, J. K., Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan; LAC. Cranmer, P. A., Sydney, N.S.W., Australia; LAC. Crough, J. W., Delia, Alberta; LAC. Cowan, R. R., Caloundra, Queensland, Australia; LAC. Cowin, D. J., Valla, N.S.W., Australia; LAC. Culliford, R. F., Toowoomba, Queensland, Australia; LAC. Clark, J. S., Clarence River, N.S.W., Australia.

LAC. Davie, R. R., Boondooma, Queensland, Australia; LAC. Delacour, H. S., Townsville, Queensland, Australia; LAC. Donald, H., Balgowlah, N.S.W., Australia.

LAC. Fordham, W., Moreland, Victoria, Australia; LAC. Fenwick, R. R., Ballina, N.S.W., Australia; LAC. Frisby, J. M., Clarendon, South Australia, Australia.

LAC. Godfrey, R., Tempe, N. S. W., Australia.

LAC. Hammond, M. A., Sydney, Australia; LAC. Hand, R. J., St. Oatley, N.S.W., Australia; LAC. Hansford, H., Sydney, Australia; LAC. Hargreaves, C. H., Sydney, Australia; LAC. Hicks, N. R., Brisbane, Australia; LAC. Hill, D. W., Chatsworth, N.S.W., Australia; LAC. Hitzke, C. R., Oakey,

Queensland, Australia; LAC. Hoffstetter, R. W., Sydney, Australia; LAC. Hug, G. K., Castlehill, N.S.W., Australia; LAC. Hulford, R. J., Cootamundra, N.S.W., Australia.

LAC. Ingate, J. L., Sydney, Australia.

LAC. Lambert, R. A., Sydney, Australia; LAC. Leseberg, D., Redcliffe, Queensland, Australia; LAC. Linden, F., Brisbane, Australia.

LAC. McCalvy, J. A., Burbank, California, U.S.A.; LAC. McSweeney, G. B., Brisbane, Australia; LAC. Miller, R. J., Young, N.S.W., Australia; LAC. Mitchell, J., Newcastle, N.S.W., Australia; LAC. Mouatt, D. G. (Distinguished Pass), Monto, Queensland, Australia.

LAC. Neubeck, W. F., Lidsdale, N.S.W., Australia.

LAC. Oleinikoff, P. M., Brisbane, Australia.

LAC. Paech, P. A. W., Sydney, Australia; LAC. Peate, T. (Distinguished Pass), Tweed River, N.S.W., Australia; LAC. Perfrement, J. D., Currabubula, N.S.W., Australia; LAC. Petersen, J. B., Mumbil, N.S.W., Australia.

LAC. Quarton, G., Lloydminster, Saskatchewan.

LAC. Ramsden, H. W. R., Nelson, B.C.; LAC. Reeve, R., Brisbane, Australia; LAC. Rodgers, J. T., Brisbane, Australia.

LAC. Skinner, G. A., Murwillumbah, N.S.W., Australia; LAC. Summerville, E., Northipswich, Queensland, Australia; LAC. Swanbury, W. G., Sydney, Australia.

LAC. Vitte, V., Tully Queensland, Australia.

● **LANDS "PROPERLY DRESSED"
AFTER NIGHTMARE FLIGHT**

**Pilot Who Graduated from No. 15
Has Hectic Experience Over Malta.**

VALETTA, MALTA, March 4th.—Strange things have happened in the air over this Mediterranean island, but nothing stranger has been seen than the crazy antics of a disabled long-range fighter flown by a young Canadian, F/L D. W. Schmidt of Wetaskiwin, Alberta.

Schmidt lost his controls during an attack off the Tunisian coast against

a schooner escorted by a dozen U-boats.

The flak knocked out everything but his engines and ailerons and he found himself in charge of an aircraft, travelling at more than 250 miles an hour, which suddenly put up its nose in almost a vertical climb.

"We've had it, Jock," Schmidt told his Scottish observer as he tried vainly to bring the machine out of its climb. It was only a question of time when it would stall. The observer refused the pilot's suggestion to jump, and this gave Schmidt an idea.

"Come forward," he told Jock, "and lean over my shoulders."

The additional weight in the nose did the trick and the aircraft ceased its climb. But when the observer returned to his normal position, up went the nose of the aircraft again.

Steering with his engines and using his observer as ballast, Schmidt managed to make some sort of a course for base. Twice he lost control, falling about eight thousand feet before being able to pull out, with the help of the observer's weight aft.

Before long Schmidt realized that the aircraft was again getting completely out of hand, and this time he ordered the observer to jump. The Scot had to bail out without his dinghy. Had he gone to get it the "trim" of the aircraft would have been upset further.

Schmidt still couldn't keep the aircraft level and it began to climb again, so he decided to experiment. He found that by cutting the engines he would arrest his climb. Then when this manoeuvre produced an ugly dive, he had only to open up the engines and the aircraft would start to climb again.

By means of jerks and lurches he got the machine back to Malta, but over the island was compelled to jump himself. He was caught in the shrouds of his parachute but managed to free himself.

On the way down he pulled out the peaked cap he always carries and clapped it on his head. "It can't be said that a flight commander in our squadron hit the deck improperly dressed," he related afterwards.

Jock, the observer, swam for two and a half hours in his Mae West before being rescued.

OUR FEATURE ARTICLE

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● INSTRUMENTS

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(Editor's Note.—This is the first in a series of feature articles in which we intend covering the Station for the interest of our readers and for their information as well. The policy of Windy Wings is to produce a modest history of the Station and its activities and we hope this will prove an entertaining way of so doing).

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If you think when people talk about the "instrument section" that it is a place where the band keeps its trumpets and trombones, or if you don't know just what they are talking about . . . this story was meant for you.

They say a picture is worth a thousand words. That's why the cover of this month's edition is adorned with a picture of Cpl. W. A. Martin, instrument section, at work on the intricate mechanism that is known as a gyro and tells befogged pilots just where in — they are or will be if they don't do something about it. That is precisely what the job of the instrument section is. Day in and day out they work ceaselessly, examining, repairing, adjusting and mounting the instruments that could be truthfully be called the "brain" of the aircraft. (Ed. note: This is not meant as an attack on the intelligence of student pilots).

Directly responsible to F/L Ward, officer in charge of the maintenance section, their work is guided by Sgt. C. D. Coates. Calling for accurate workmanship on microscopic parts, this section has attracted men who were watch repairers in civilian life and who worked in jewelry stores. An idea of the delicacy of the jobs performed by nimble fingers may be got from the fact that several parts are so small that a particle of dust or the moisture from human breath would be enough to unbalance them and make the instrument unservceable.

If you don't think there is enough business to keep 16 men working, listen to this. The section is responsible for all aircraft instruments on the Station. In each aircraft there are no less than 36 of these, all vital to the efficient operation of the craft and the safety of the crew. Multiplying this by the number of aircraft on the Station gives the instrument section something over 3,500 temperamental babies to care for and feed.

Oldtimers in this branch are Sgt. Coates, Cpl. Martin and LAC. G. Hucomb, who have been here for over 19 months. Other N.C.O. is Cpl. E. J. Akins, and LAC. J. S. Irwin is due for his hooks soon. These men and the rest of the section are the "surgeons" who care for the brains of the aircraft . . . and do splendid work too. A 20-week course at St. Thomas is the necessary prerequisite to this course as well as the boyhood inquisitiveness which lead them to take their first "Big Ben" apart to see "what makes it tick".

Oh yes, like everyone else, they are faced with the inevitable trade board which shows up every three months to make their lives miserable. So when you pass the unpretentious room at the back of No. 4 hangar don't think it's just another storehouse for bits of wire and oily rags. A vital job is being done there.

The lads haven't as yet started on a Gremlin detector, but they said they were observing the habits of the little beggars closely and would soon have collected enough data to enable them to do so.

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WANTED:—A telescopic kitbag; a program to go with the entrance of WD's into the mess hall; a quick disguise to be used when asking for seconds in ice cream or for another fellow's mail; another flag to let you know when the overcoat flag is up or down; an underground tunnel running beneath all attention areas; mechanically operated artificial arm for overworked officers; an interpreter with full knowledge of Australian.

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There will be a meeting of all Gremlins on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Will they kindly assemble in the sand pile at the firing range when the red flag is up.

REVIEW OF SPORTS

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● CALLING ALL SPORTSMEN

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Did I hear someone say they liked the scent of nice fresh baked, broiled, fried or whatever you prefer in the line of spring trout, drifting by their nostrils. Bear with me for a couple of minutes and you will find how simple it is to get some of these delicious little fish.

In Claresholm there are some enthusiastic fishermen who have banded together to form the Claresholm Fish and Game Association, with Wilfred Beaubier as president. This association dates back to 1934, when the go-ahead sportsmen were gazing into the future, at the same time feeling a might sorry for little fry, figuring they needed the protection of a rearing pond. So up in Honey Coulee they stocked one with a thousand of the best of 'em.

As the time rolled on they kept expanding, and by 1938 they were stocking their local streams with three to four inch trout. The association is only nine years old and proudly boasts the largest single rearing pond in Canada.

This school for little fish is situated to the west of Claresholm among the rolling hills on the Riddell ranch. The stream it is situated on is fed by one of the largest springs in southern Alberta, pouring water into an artificial basin 24 feet by 50 feet with a 30 inch depth at approximately 200 gallons a minute.

The Government supplied the association with 45,000 Rainbow Trout, so now all that has to be done is feed our little charges.

One of the leading sportsmen of the district, Mr. Riddell, has taken on the job as a hobby. He feeds meat and liver, which is kept in coolers in Claresholm, and a fresh supply is taken out each week. This is allowed to thaw, then put through a grinder seven or eight times, water is added to form a syrup, it is then fed into the stream. At present plans are going ahead for

the development of a natural feeding pond above the present one. This will contain natural fish food raised on the premises.

This sounds pretty good. All one has to do is to go to Willow Creek this summer and forty-five thousand trout will be just waiting for you to drop a worm or fly their way. AH! But it has been hard work, with the members putting time in on Sundays, holidays, whatever spare hour they could find, to wallow in the mire and find a suitable base for the dam. The work was all on a voluntary basis, with tractors, trucks and cars supplied at the owners' expense. The only bill the association paid was for material, which ran between seventy and eighty dollars.

With such an interest taken by Mr. Beaubier and his associates, the sale of fishing licenses has quadrupled itself in the last four years. This association's membership is only 50 cents, being a member you have a right to compete in the annual Trout Derby held near Claresholm. This derby is something different, has prizes, cups, like all other competitions. The association is putting on a programme in the Squadron Hall, a picture on Wild Life, produced by "Ducks Unlimited". There also will be reels on big game hunting, this is in technicolor and should prove very instructive. If anyone is interested and would like a membership, drop in and see Mr. Arnestad. I might also add if anyone is interested in trap shooting that Tommy Riddell is an expert disc buster.

—A MTCE. MECH. C/T/L.

—†—

● NO. 1 SQUADRON SPORTS

—†—

More Notes from No. 1 Squadron in the World of Sport.

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Now that summer is at hand, No. 1 Squadron is preparing to take a big part in all Station activities. We would like to see most of, or better still, all of the personnel of this Squadron taking part one way or another in some sport. That shouldn't be hard to do with the number of sports which will be played.

The games which at present we intend to participate in are: softball, soccer, tennis, badminton, golf, and cricket for the Aussies, or anyone who wishes

to play.

We are not of course tied down only to these games. If any of you wish to play any other game, see your sports representative and if at all possible the game will be organized. Our main objective is to see each and every one of you taking part in some sporting activity.

No. 1 Squadron sports organization stands as follows: First, we have an Officer in charge of sport for the Squadron. Then we have three representatives, one from each course of student pilots and the other from the Servicing Squadron. These four will be responsible for the organization of all sports within the Squadron. Besides these, there will be an Officer, N. C. O. or Airman in charge of the various games played.

These representatives have not as yet been picked, so any of you who are interested in any sport and wish to take part, please get in touch with F/O DUTCHAK in "A" Flight.

The list of your representatives will be out in the next issue of "Windy Wings".

Look around your Flight and let's get the best representative in the Squadron. Let's show No. 2 Squadron, Maintenance and Headquarters who that cup belong to. We used to own it . . . and shall own it again.

● BOXING AND WRESTLING

Boxing and wrestling on this Station suffered quite a slump after the last card sponsored by the Sergeants' Mess due principally to the lack of a proper gymnasium for the boys to work out in and also the fact that a great many of our most dependable pugilists developed injuries or were posted.

However, the committee have finally been able to obtain the old navigation room in No. 3 hangar for a gym and are working hard at the present time to get it fixed up for boxing and wrestling. It is hoped that within the next few days the gym will be open and available for training purposes in the morning and for a couple of hours at night. When it is, a notice will be placed in D.R.O. so that all who are interested in boxing and wrestling will be able to start training. The committee are very much interested in having a group of men trained and ready to

compete on this Station and on other Stations whenever cards are being sponsored, so that this Station will be able to hold up its end of the inter-service competitions.

We understand that the Officers' Mess are planning to sponsor a boxing and wrestling card about the 8th. of April and are very much interested in having a few boys from this Station appear on the card, so anyone interested in getting into condition for this card should take advantage of the gym facilities.

F/L Marshall and F/S Fraser have been canvassing the province lately for good boxers and wrestlers and have managed to contact some good men, so the Officers' Mess boxing and wrestling card should be worth seeing. Don't miss it!

● SOCCER

The soccer season is rolling around again and as soon as the weather permits, the Station league will swing into action. With the keen interest already being shown we should even have a more successful season than we had last year.

We are also more fortunate this year in being able to supply more equipment and I request now that the Squadron Sports Representatives start organizing their teams. The points will affect the result of who wins the C.O.'s Cup.

Also, the Station team will be drawn from the Squadron teams, so let's all get together and make it a big season.

—T. ELLISON, P/O.

● BASKETBALL

The basketball season is nearly over as far as the Station team is concerned, except for a few exhibition games that are trying to be arranged. The team was flying high in the Southern Alberta Senior League, but ran into considerable bad luck when it lost two regular players. These players were badly missed, but the team did better than was expected in the league play-off with Macleod. In a close game in our Drill Hall, Macleod won the first game 40-33. In the second game at Macleod, our team was slightly disorganized and was beaten quite handily, 51-18.

The girls' team accompanied the

men's team on most of the trips to different towns, and made a very good showing. At the beginning of the season they appeared to be mixing considerable rugby with their basketball, but in the last two games with the Macleod girls they howed great improvement, tying the first game and winning the second quite easily.

Next season we hope to get a much earlier start, and also hope that many more players will turn out for the team.

W. R. JACKSON, P/O.
O.C. Basketball.

● BOWLING, NO. 2 SQUADRON

Bowling has proven a very popular sport for the Officers and N. C. O.s of No. 2 Squadron. Although we have not topped the competition we have had some very close games. It is interesting to note that P/O Leith, who had never bowled until three weeks ago, has proved a big help to the team in the absence of some of the regular bowlers. We hope that any of the new Officers or N. C. O.s who wish to bowl will contact the captains of the Officers' or N. C. O.s' teams and will come out and help us take the honors for the next period.

The Drill Hall was out of bounds. It was being kept clean under the supervision of a Sergeant. The occasion was a wings parade to come off within a few days. Five Airmen who were normal people (meaning that they seldom read DRO's) tracked across the floor leaving ample evidence of their presence in the form of muddy footprints. As they were almost across a bellow from the Sergeant stopped them. He ordered them to go back the way they had come . . . the damage was doubled.

Airmen are wondering where the cook keeps those bottles of ketchup that come out of hiding whenever the Inspector General hops into the Station for a visit. Is it true that they bury them, with a liberal sprinkling of moth balls, where the canteen keeps its supply of chocolate bars?

ACTIVITIES ON THE STATION

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● CALGARY CONCERT PARTY—

This Station played host to two very entertaining guests Tuesday night, March 16, when the concert party from No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary, travelled to Claresholm to put on their three-hour show. Also entertained was the military band from No. 7 S.F.T.S., Macleod, under the leadership of F/S Laeman who directed the 28 piece band in several well played numbers.

The whole show was strung together by Master of Ceremonies F/O Bill Walker. Usually free entertainment it was decided to charge for this show in order to swell the fund to redecorate the W.D.'s canteen which was gutted by fire earlier in the month. The group of singers, dancers, clowns and gag men from Calgary did good service and close to \$90.00 was turned over to the canteen fund. Nor was it a task to listen to the concert party for three solid hours the audience was alternately charmed by good music and amused by funny gags.

At the finish of the program Wing Commander C. W. Burgess thanked the concert party and the band and invited them to attend the St. Patrick's Day dance to be held on the Station the following evening.

● ST. PATRICK'S DANCE—

The atmosphere was one of crepe paper shamrocks, Inishman's toppers and laughin' Irish eyes, bedad, the night 'o March 17 when the W.D.'s sought to entertain the personnel of No. 15 S.F.T.S. at a dance under the spell of Irish fairy music played by Brad and His Lads.

Behind the fun of the evening there was a serious purpose—they were out to redecorate and furnish their canteen in the shortest way possible. Along with the contribution made of the pro-

ceeds from No. 3 S.F.T.S. concert party the girls are doing alright. The dance netted them over \$80.00 and now they are laying plans for more money getting ideas and for the work on their beloved canteen.

The artistic decorations were the work of Sgt. Holtzman, Cpl. Cameron (W.D.), Cpl. Pesto (W.D.), and Sgt. McLeod.

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● AMATEUR NIGHT—

Station talent was paraded for the approval of the personnel of No. 15 S. F.T.S. Sunday, March 14, and that approval was won by acts which included vocal numbers, monologues, clown acts, hillbilly tear jerkers and a quiz contest.

It was thought that the extraordinary collection of artists forming the "Concert Party" had drained all Station talent, but that was not the case. A cosmopolitan crowd, the artists were made up by R.C.A.F., R.A.F. and R.A.A.F. personnel. Prize winners of the evening were the three hillbillies from Rattle Snake Gulch who cut their way through hordes of renegade Indians just to entertain the Station. They were: Cpl. Mounkes and LAC's Nichols and Norriss. Second prize money went to Len Healy, an Anzac. Ken Wilkinson, R.A.F., cleaned up some of the barrackroom ballads he uses to lull his bunkmates to sleep and shot them at the public with encouraging results. Ken won third place.

Mrs. Skoye faithfully acted the old Swede and earned well the fourth place money. Cpl. Parry (W.D.) and AC.2 Birch sang themselves to a tie for the next place and proudly walked off stake with a greenback apiece. The audience got as many laughs out of the quick interchange of quips and extemporaneous gags that flew between Master of Ceremonies F/O Young and Awarded of Prizes F/L Kertland. Mr. O'Grady, K. of C. Director, not only was responsible for the show but contributed much humor himself.

Much credit for the smooth flowing evening goes to Brad and His Lads who filled in between acts with sentimental ballads and jive which managed to please all tastes. Highlights were the solos of F/S Bradley and his clarinet. The saxophone section was its usual best but most notable was the vast im-

provement in the heretofore weak trumpet section.

Throughout the evening "Pinky" Pendelberry strode nonchalantly onto the stage and transformed a fairly normal audience into a pack of hysterical maniacs. With his "jassaxes" and little rid hooding hide's" he deposited his listeners in the aisles. A member of the concert party he did not enter into the amateur contest.

The last half of the program would have had even Einstein biting his finger nails. It was a quizz program and the chap who got up the questions had obviously been reading up some advanced technical tomes on minesweeping and ballistics—the questions were tough. Sticking it out like trojans, the girls' team managed to outguess the boys by a point and one-half. The W.D. team was comprised of: LAW's Sheldrake, Bielby, Kitching and McGuire. The men were represented by Doug. Robertson, Roy Blades, Fred Conn and Earl Little.

†

● FORMER OFFICERS AT NO. 15 TOGETHER AGAIN IN AN OVERSEAS COMMAND

Somewhere in England, March 5th.—Squadron Leader John M. Godfrey of Port Credit, Ontario, has been named second in command of the R. C. A. F. Army Co-operational Squadron led by Wing Commander R. F. Begg, of Vancouver, B. C. Godfrey brings to his new post a sound knowledge of fighter tactics, gained as a Spitfire pilot and flight commander. (He was in the Dieppe show).

The Squadron Leader and his new commanding officer are old friends. They met at the Claresholm, Alberta, Service Flying Training School, where at that time Wing Commander Begg was Chief Instructor.

†

The kind of person to be admired on an Air Force Station is the one who will say . . . "That was a swell meal" . . . when he actually thinks so. Too many people seem to think that you've got to kick to be "one of the boys". Just let the information leak out that you were pleased with the cook's efforts and see how many will be encouraged to say the same.

FLIGHT AND SECTION NEWS

» «

● "A" FLIGHT

—†—

As it has come our turn to complete our training at No. 15, we tender our appreciation to all those who have been responsible for our attaining that ambition of being a qualified pilot. We must record our thanks for the way in which our flying instructors persevered, and the wonderful treatment we received from them as instructors and friends. Our instructors in "A" Flight are the finest bunch of chaps one could wish to meet, and all we pupils offer our sincerest thanks to these men: F/O Waring (Flight Commander), F/O Dutchak (Deputy F.C.), F/O Simpson, F/O Rawson (now "C" Flight), P/O Brown, P/O Finley, P/O Reid, P/O Rainsforth (posted), P/O Scott (posted), F/Sgt. Fillion and Sgt./Pt. Harris.

We also offer our thanks to the instructors of the Navigation Flight, our testing officers, S/L Livermore, F/L Hunter and F/L Marshall, and the personnel of the G. I. S. To the ground crew of our Flight we tender our appreciation for their co-operation. Thank you all, and best wishes from this crowd of Aussies.

—"A" FLIGHT,
Per J. Dransfield.

● "E" FLIGHT

—†—

Regretfully we say "Au Revoir" to P/O Windeler who leaves for a posting overseas. "E" Flight takes this opportunity of wishing him good luck, success and "Happy Landings".

P/O Leith tells us that this "seat of your pants business" doesn't hold any water as far as he is concerned. He wouldn't have traded that panel of instruments for a double row of oak leaves on his cap, down Regina way in our last blizzard.

The theme song of O'Reilly is "I had the Craziest Dream Last Night". Harry

had the weirdest vision of landing wheels up, on a single engine and without any flaps. When he woke he was sitting in bed violently grasping the blankets and mumbling something about carburetor heat (much to his wife's disgust. Don't let it worry you, Harry.

We respectfully submit the theme "Love in Bloom" for Bob (Flash Gordon) Hickman. Bob seems to have started a new kind of night flying with a certain blonde LAW. of this Station.

Incidentally, who pulled the rip-cord on a parachute in the flight room last Monday?

Are you lonely? Do you sit by yourself on your bunk with no Airman companions? Don't be friendless Just let it be known that you expect a parcel from home soon and "Haggis" Bruce will more than meet you half way. When the box doesn't rattle any more and you can't understand the man, don't hold us responsible for his attitude.

Karr MacKenzie is still trying to convince his R. A. F. friends that beautiful blonde Bettie Mac (ditto) is really and truly his sister. Some sister!! Letters every other day? And pic-tours? We believe you, MacAck, but . . . !!

"Cross Country" Cole must have a girl in High River by the size of his night circuits. . . . "Kentucky" Lewis seems to delight in doing steep turns 200 ft. off the deck while under the hood. . . . What takes MacKay to Calgary so often these days? . . . And then there is the story of "Wrong Way Linton" who (——) (censored). . . . "Mile-a-Minute" Leahey has developed a new version of basketball and MacCallum has developed a bundle of joy three weeks old.

It's time to go now, so until next month

—"ANONYMOUS".

● FIREHALL NEWS

—†—

Well, we had a fire at last . . . but it was due to the carelessness of some unknown person. We appreciate your efforts to make our firemen's lives interesting but, please, have it at a decent hour next time. Seriously, we regret that it had to be that comfortable, homey WAAF canteen into which the

girls poured so much of their time decorating. It is a well known fact that the boys looked forward to their good times there . . . playing ping-pong and cards, we mean.

Alas and alack-a-day, everybody seems to be getting W.Ds. in their section but the firemen. When will Mother Fortune look our way and cast one or two beaming smiles? This is the current topic of discussion to be heard in our section. The fact that we have some on our fire picquet now might be good enough reason for some of you lads remustering . . . what say?

A little chit chat and then we're off. Sgt. Merkeley has undergone many changes of late, he has money in his pockets, is becoming interested in religion . . . do we hear church bells? Slim would like to reserve a bed in the hospital and there is some doubt about his usual interest in telephones. LAC. Macklin suffered abrasions about the jaw in a fall on icy streets but is recovering satisfactorily.

Ca you picture a corporal with 300 babies? Cpl. Sibbald has taken to poultry farming as his part in the war effort and is now proud owner of 300 baby chicks. A young LAC. of our section received a five-spot from his wife along with a stern question . . . "Where were you on your 48?" 'Twas ever thus. Our parting thought for this month is . . . "When will the MT section relieve us of the tedious job of driving the crash truck and never going anywhere?"

● CONTROL TOWER

Members of the Tower today pause from their variety of labors to give tribute to one among them . . . one who has been with us from the beginning . . . an individual who has never hesitated to aid the weary and the confused with a cheerful smile and a helping hand, willingly typing anything for anyone, putting through flying pay and temporary duty for all and sundry, sitting up all night long assisting others in their work, and so on. Multiple are the chores of this associate of ours, and their execution in a notable manner bespeaks plainly the truly kind, generous, willing and bountiful nature of the person to whom we refer.

The beginning of the month of April

will see her treading down a new path-way in life . . . one that is the realization of every girl's ambition . . . marriage, and the creation of a home for some "poor unfortunate" male.

Mildred Wallace, we fellow members of the Tower join together to wish you all the best that the married state has to offer, and trust that you will be rewarded with happiness, peace and prosperity. We will admit that we feel just a wee pang of jealousy at the thought that someone by a mere two words of mouth, namely: "I do", shall take you from our midst.

However, we find solace and comfort in the rumour that you will be back with us soon, spreading the contagious influence of your personality, with its cheeriness and light-heartedness, among those plagued with even the greatest of worries . . . even S/L Livermore.

X X X X

Mutterings from the Tower

F/L LEITH:—(Daily Lament)—"When, oh when am I going to get my P.A. System? When, oh when, oh when?"

F/L MARSHALL:— "Damn the gas shortage . . . now I can't drive over to the Met. Section to check the weather."

F/L HUNTER:—Commenting about the recent loss of the R.C.A.F. Mustangs to the Currie Army hockey team in Calgary . . . "Pshaw, etc. etc.! Tiny Thompson a goaltender? . . . Phooey! . . . I could have done better! . . . Wonder how much he bet on the game ? ? ?

F/O HOLMES:—Paid a social visit to Claresholm a week or so ago, for the first time in eight months. Got himself a little confused and thought he owned a certain hotel in town, and was heard to comment at the time: "What do you mean I haven't got a room here? Why, I own this hotel, you nitwit!"

P. S.—Mr. Holmes vows never again will he pay a social visit to Claresholm.

Is it true that Officers, NCO's and Stationmasters take a course in "Words, and How to Utter Them So That People Won't Know What You've Said"?

THE RUNWAY

» «

● AIRPORT PHANTASIA

— ‡ —

The dream was lovely while the Student was the Instructor and the Instructor the Student but it turned into a supercharged nightmare when the Instructor started flying like a Student. This may have accounted for the fact that the heavenly smile on the sleeping LAC. Pocklington's face was replaced by horrible twitchings and an anguished expression.

Here's the story: LAC. Pocklington climbed out of his puffing old Anson (undoubtedly listed in CAP something or other as "planes, yellow ,air") leaving gyro instruments uncaged, gas turned on, interconnecting cock at "on", flaps down and parking breaks one "on" and other "off". He shuffled into the flight room in a manner that suggested he'd been walking through a cow pasture not looking where he'd been going, threw down his parachute (which he carried by the ripcord) and hung his harness on the hooks supplied for that purpose quick release spring unrelieved.

Said LAC. Pocklington "Hell!"

With this weighty and well considered observation he put an oily thumb-print on the sequence sheet marked "Hands Off!" and strode out of the flight room majestically, out of the hangar and over to his barrack block, which oddly enough, was No. 13. Oh, yes, LAC. Pocklington topped off his exemplary conduct by shoving his fists deeply into his pockets and totally ignoring "Attention Areas" on his journey home.

All the way over to his bunk Pocklington seemed to be pondering over some weighty subject to which he gave expression as he flung himself on his bunk. Said Pocklington . . . "Hell!"

"Whassa matter, chum, washed out?" asked the second story man peering over the side of his elevated pallet dimly making out Pocklington's features through the clouds of gloom that exuded from our worthy's person.

"Nope," answered Pocklington and he

added, "blummf uggilgug spunkfp glug."

"Oh," rejoined the enlightened upper story man, "thought it was sumpin' bad." With this he started to re-read his girl's letter for the seventh time and then trickled off into oblivion imagining himself modestly protesting King George's praise as he pinned on a few assorted medals and orders of this and that for sinking the Pranz Eugen and Scharnhorst when they attempted to tiptoe through the channel again. "What do you call kings when they jab pins into your tunic, pat you on the back, ask you in to their gold-crusted bar to have one on the house" That's where we leave the upper story man but, we still have Pocklington brooding blackly beneath.

Just as Pocklington pictured how he would make his Instructor, P/O Torktoob, sorry for all those rough things he said by insisting on sticking to the flaming aircraft while the Instructor took to the only parachute, he drifted off for thirty of the forty winks people talk about. That's how it started.

Instructor Pocklington sat on the right hand of nervous, excited and sweating LAC. Torktoob who, out of dreamland, was actually Pocklington's Instructor or "destructor" as Pocklington chose to call him.

"You're slipping in watch that airspeed left wing's down stick to your course look down, pick a field stop looking down, watch your instruments don't bury your head in the cockpit what's your oil temperature where's your field keep your eyes on those instruments look around before you turn how many times do I have to tell you to WATCH YOUR AIRSPEED!" Gloat, gloat, gloat. Pocklington fairly drooled as he tormented Torktoob out of the idea that he would ever be able to fly so much as a kite. Pocklington smiled peacefully, restful in his sleep.

"Relax, Torktoob, relax, if you were flying a Stirling for seven hours you'd never be able to deliver the goods watch out, now look what you've done always be alert, never let up for a moment I have control!" With a weary sigh Torktoob handed over the controls and dallied with the idea of taking a restful holiday with a commando regiment at the seaside resort of Dieppe.

"You have control," said Instructor

Pocklington, "take her in and land."

"Iglug ummp con'rol," echoed Torktoob meaning that he had control.

Then Instructor, Pocklington, sat back, folded his arms and allowed a faint smile to cross his stern features as he dreamed of hundreds and hundreds of little Torktoobs stuck on the ends of forks which had previously been immersed in a fairly concentrate solution of citric acid. Torktoob flew on oblivious to everything except the controls, airspeed indicator, elevator trim, two gas guages, two tachometres, two boost indicators, two cylinder head temperature indicators, two oily pressure needles, two oil temperature guages, gyro horizon, gyro compass, magnetic compass and about eleven assorted levers, buttons and switches not to mention the altimetre, turn and bank indicator and vertical speed indicator. (Nuthin' but glorified taxi drivers, these pilots).

Pocklington was sent screaming for the roof and bonged his head on the emergency exit as Torktoob shoved on full throttle, nosed up and whipped the craft into a eighty-nine degree bank. From the ground two Ansons were seen to exchange coatings of yellow paint. Zoom! Down went Torktoob's nose in a spiral dive indicating that he was somewhat at a loss in this unusual position. Before Pocklington could take control Torktoob jammed on full outside rudder which didn't do quite what he had intended.

The screaming sideslip Torktoob got himself into sent him four inches above the control tower and left control officer, assistants and met men digging for cover in a pile of Very pistols, flares, weather charts, pencils and sundry items too small for consideration in this article. Torktoob made a lightning-like observation that the wind sock was a devil of a lot handier on the wing-tip than on the control tower . . . you had no trouble seeing it!

As the careening aircraft carried away the aerial of a taxiing Anson, Torktoob seemed to take over once again and its nose pointed upward in a vertical climb. Trouble was that he had got his sleeve caught on the flap lever and had shoved on 60 degrees of flap. Any would-be pigeon knows that you can't climb well with full flap . . . I mean, well, dash it all, it just isn't done.

At 500 feet the aircraft revolted and flopped over into a complete stall. Air-

craft on the ground scattered like cockroaches when the light's turned on as Torktoob and his doomed craft screamed down at them.

At this point Pocklington woke with a thud to find himself on the floor, surrounded by Star Weekly funnies, four cigaret butts, several used matches, an old Mercator Channel map and six pieces of orange peel. What a relief . . . he wasn't an Instructor after all . . . he didn't have to risk his neck with unpredictable Student Pilots.

"Guess . . . better try . . . see Instructor's . . . point of view", muttered mumbling Pocklington as he shuffled off to the canteen to see if they'd got in a supply of chocolate bars.

● A WORD FROM THE OLD GARDENER

Well, here it is April Fool's Day (not forgetting pay parade), and I'm itching to get out and putter around in the garden. Not that I'm anxious to work or anything, but spring doesn't seem to be getting here very fast. So I figure if I get out and stir up the grass a bit, Mother Nature will take the hint and do something about it.

Joe (that's the rigger who sleeps above me) has got the outdoor urge too, so the two of us decide to take a look around and see what's what. We were standing on the north side of our estate, which is also 1st. Ave., looking the place over and figuring out which is the best spot to plant our forget-me-nots, and maybe a rock garden or two. Now, as all good gardeners know, the very first job to do when spring rolls around is to clean up the lawns. So, while Joe is picking up the bits of paper and other things that were lying about, I strolled up to the fire department to borrow a couple of rakes. While I was there one of the fire ladies was telling me how he rescued a W.D. when their hut caught fire, on the last station he was at. I said how lucky he was, as the best we could do here was to save the W.D. canteen after closing time.

By the time I got back with the rakes Joe had all the litter cleared off the lawn and put in a neat pile on the south side of our estate, which unfortunately has 2nd. Ave. running through it. Joe was mad at me for being so

long, but when I told him about the fireman rescuing the W.D., he just grinned and looked over his shoulder at the W.D.'s hut, then started raking the lawn. It was quite a job for just the two of us, but it didn't take long to get the dead grass and weeds cleared away. We figure, now that it's done, the new grass will have a better chance to come up. Joe is worried about those bare spots, but we will put grass seed on them and cover it with dirt, and pretty soon there will be grass there too.

Well, now that we have our lawn spick and span, we think it would be a nice idea for everyone else to clean up theirs. Maybe those fellows up at Headquarters will see this, and I figure it would be a good idea to put an entry in the D.R. Os. about clean-up time. Then everybody would have to do something about it.

Next month Joe and I are going to lay out our flower beds, and see to those trees and shrubs that we have around the place. Though we didn't plant them, we feel we are responsible for their care. See you next month.

—HOE WEEDS.

● NOTES FROM THE EDUCATIONAL OFFICER

"I have come", said the Master, "that ye may have life and that ye may have it more abundantly". Life is education but to foster and develop it, we have formal education in schools.

Many of us do not like the present system and hope that something else will take its place. A few of us, though, suspect that we will continue under it and they, being a bit smarter than the rest, prepare themselves for the race in this competitive world where it's "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost". These few decide what line of study is going to do them the most good culturally or materially and they deny themselves temporary and transient pleasures and plug away to qualify themselves for a better place in the whole scheme.

It is fortunate for them that not everyone has the same idea so they

have little competition for the better jobs. On this Station a fair number of Airmen and Airwomen are taking Canadian Legion courses either to give them part of that high school education they did not or could not get when they were younger or to qualify in a trade. Those who have the perseverance to stick to their courses are pleased with the results and may well be proud of themselves. These are not "sap" courses. They have plenty of meat in them and they really do things to people. For some, the pay-off comes right here in the Air Force. Every month, some job opens up that requires a certain amount of technical or academic standing and the fellow who is best-qualified gets the job.

Personnel are urged to drop in at the Education Office and talk over their plans for self-advancement, with the Officer in charge. Most of our correspondence students are enrolled in mathematics and technical courses but we suggest that English and social studies should not be overlooked. Nothing adds so much to one's confidence in oneself as the ability to read and to understand; facility with the language and a knowledge of history are not at all subjects that should be left to teachers and college students.

There are also some fine courses in agriculture from which even an experienced and successful farmer may learn much. Night courses will also be started in any subjects for which there is enough demand to justify them. This office sponsors discussion meetings Tuesday evenings at Ground Instruction School where those who like to talk about current affairs and problems get a chance to air their views and where those who prefer to listen get every opportunity to do it. Drop around some evening and see if you like it.

—E. G. M.

One more cynic has been added to the ranks of the disillusioned. This one turned out for a parade on a Wednesday. He was told to have a haircut. He did so. On the parade the following Friday he was again nicked for a trim. He got one on Saturday. Monday his faith in mankind was shattered as the inspecting officer tapped him on the shoulder and said . . . "trim".

● THE NEW RECREATION HALL IN TOWN

—†—

The Claresholm Recreation Hall was not for the personnel of the R.C.A.F. alone but was open to all members of the Navy, Army and Air Force, male or female, and from wherever they might be, said Group Captain W. E. Kennedy, commanding officer of No. 15 S. F. T. S., as he spoke at the grand opening of the hall Wednesday afternoon, March 3rd.

Among the guests were servicemen from No. 4 Command, Calgary, Claresholm business men and citizens who were largely responsible for making the dream a reality, a representative of the Navy one of the Y. W. C. A. Charles S. Gaskell, deputy mayor of Claresholm, declared the Recreation Hall officially open.

Tribute was paid to Dr. P. J. Carroll by W. J. Harper, president of the Men's Club and master of ceremonies at the opening. Dr. Carroll, as secretary of the committee appointed by the Men's Club to bring about this ambitious project, proved a spirited leader and a go-getter, said Mr. Harper.

From the standpoint of the Station, the Recreation Hall represents the spirit of co-operation that they feel in the friendliness of the citizens of Claresholm. At the beginning doubt was cast on the ability of the town to foot the cost of a Recreation Hall. But Claresholm citizens have the habit of doing things other people think impossible. The greater part of the \$6,000 it cost to build and fit the hall came from the pockets of citizens and of organizations operating in Claresholm.

A monument to the good will between the Station and the town, the Recreation Hall will be a constant haven for homesick airmen and airwomen who yearn for mother's ministering hand. The ministering hand in this case will come from the many women's organizations in Claresholm that have volunteered to take over a day each week and run the hall. Mrs. G. M. Godley is chairman of the women's committee in charge of the Hall.

Many airmen will be attracted by the homey window hangings, the easy and well upholstered chairs with gay coloring, the warmth of the fireplace, the accommodation of the writing desks,

card tables, reading racks and up-to-date magazines. Here and there about the room are modern electrical fixtures and bright standard lamps for the comfort of those who want to read or write. The built-in coffee bar, serving coffee, cakes and sandwiches, is a welcome addition to the cheery atmosphere of the place.

The Hall forms an addition to the present I. O. O. F. Hall and is situated on the southwest corner of that building known well to dancing airmen. Indeed, airmen will travel far and in much larger centres than Claresholm before they can tie the "good show" put on by the Claresholm Recreation Hall.

Among the guests at the opening were: Group Captain Kennedy; Dr. Carroll; Wing Commander Jackson, personnel branch, No. 4 Training Command, Calgary; Squadron Leader Hamilton, auxiliary services officer, No. 4 Command. Representing the Royal Canadian Navy was Lieut. Roland, H. M. C. S. Tecumseh, Calgary. Mrs. J. B. Selby Walker, provincial liaison officer for the Y.W.C.A., was present, as were a number of Claresholm women representing the various organizations whose job it will be to cater at the Hall.

Men deserving a good cheer from those who benefit from their labor are those on the Recreation Hall committee. They are: Wm. Crooker, chairman, Dr. Carroll, secretary, and W. J. Harper. Management committee now operating the Hall includes R. L. Berlin, Dr. Carroll and Wm. Crooker.

From No. 15 S. F. T. S. it is a great big . . . "Thank you, Claresholm!"

—†—

Is there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said:
Gad! What an excuse for a bed!

—†—

If all the coke and hot dogs sold in the canteen during the last two years were placed end to end there'd be a hell of a lot of trouble finding the "end" of a coke.

—†—

Will the person who has never been left behind by the Claresholm bus kindly lend his or her services for the next cheap sale at the five-and-ten?

● RED CROSS CAMPAIGN RAISES \$2351.95

March 30th., 1943.

The March 1943 campaign at No. 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm, was an outstanding success, the sum of \$2351.95 being raised, against an objective of \$1500.00.

In 1942 \$1500.00 was raised which was sufficient to lead all Stations in No. 4 Command, so No. 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm, are certainly holding up their end of any assignment again this year.

The support by Flying Personnel was most gratifying and contributed very materially towards the success of the campaign.

"F" Flight Instructors contributed \$75.00 and Course 72, with P/O Winter doing the job thoroughly and well, donated \$ 63.20, or an average of two days' pay for trainees of this Course.

The boys of the Fire Department not only supported the appeal for funds individually but donated a cheque for \$10.00 they had received for over-time and good work for keeping the Station Rink in condition this winter.

The largest individual subscription came from the Claresholm Air Force Ladies' Club who presented the Station Committee with a \$50.00 cheque. This Club is made up of N.C.O.'s and Airmen's wives living in Claresholm. The Claresholm Officers' Wives' Guild also turned over the sum of \$25.00. These two donations were among the last received and our hearty thanks go to these hard working and patriotic ladies whose work the year round continues unabated.

The Canadian Red Cross Committee on the Station consisted of Squadron Leaders Paterson, Atkinson and Perkins, along with Pilot Officer Ringland acting as Station organizer.

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RECEIPTS BY SECTIONS

Flying Wing—	
Control Tower	90.00
G. I. S.	53.10
Link Trainer	40.25
Woodhouse	61.55
Course 68	202.35
Course 70	114.00
Course 72	263.25
Course 74	147.00
Course 76	86.00
"A" Flight	57.15
"B" Flight	30.00
"C" Flight	29.00
"D" Flight	45.00
"E" Flight	48.25
"F" Flight	75.00
"G" Flight	38.00
"H" Flight	55.00

Flying Wing Total \$1434.90

Maintenance—

Repair Squadron	166.10
Servicing Squadron	183.00
Workshops	19.75

Maintenance Total \$368.85

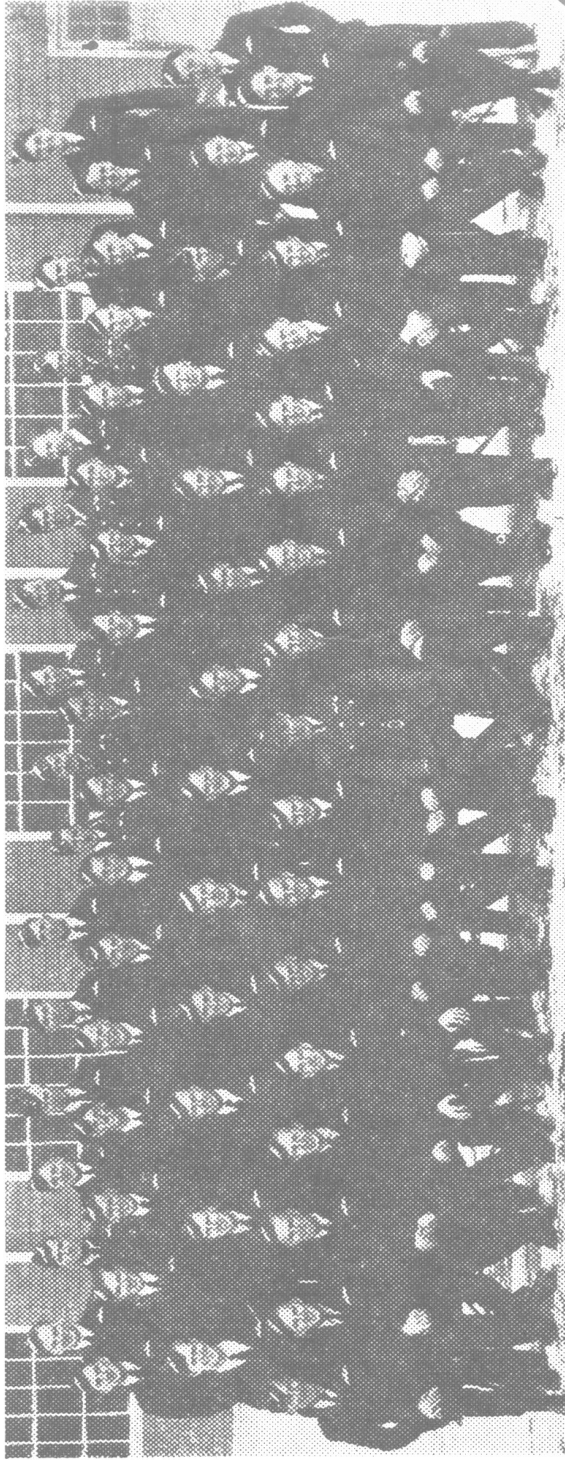
Headquarters—

Office	82.25
Accounts	37.50
Service Police	18.50
Tarmac	56.25
Equipment	44.25
W. & B., Fire Dept.	47.50
Motor Transport	26.50
Medical-Dental	65.00
Messes-Staff	48.75
Canteen-Staff	9.70
Claresholm Air Force Ladies' Club	50.00
Claresholm Officers' Wives' Guild	25.00
Civilians	37.00

Headquarters Total \$548.20

GRAND TOTAL \$2351.95

TOTAL NUMBER OF
SUBSCRIPTIONS 1,146
Averaging \$2.05 Per Person.



Course 68

Reading from Left to Right—

FRONT ROW (Left to Right): Hitzke, C. R.; Hargreaves, C. H.; Hand, P. J.; Hammond, M. A.; Hansford, H.; Fenwick, R. R.; Delacour, H. S.; Culliford, R. F.; F/O Bailey; Davie, R. E.; Cranmer, P. A.; Brown, A.; Reeve, R.; Charington, G. K.; Bancroft, B. D.; Brand, J., Davis, B. T.

SECOND ROW (Left to Right): Summerville, E.; Skinner, G. A.; Hoffstetter, H. W.; Perfrement, J. D.; Swanbury, G. J.; Hicks, N. R.; Ballard, G. J.; Linden, F. G.; Cavill, S. G.; Mouatt, D. G.; Vitte, V.; Godfrey, R. W.; Bateman, J.

THIRD ROW (Left to Right): Peterson, J. B.; Donald, H. W. E.; Hug, G. K.; Miller, R. J.; Hill, N. W.; Hulford, R. J.; Neuback, W. F.; Peate, T.; Cowin, D. J.; Oleinikoff, P.; Cowan, R. R.; Clift, G. R.; Carberry, M. V.; Atkins, J. P.; Lambert, R. A.; Ingate, J. L.

FOURTH ROW (Left to Right): Mitchell, J.; Rodgers, F. J.; Paech, P. A.; Leseburg, C. E.; McSweeney, G.; Fordham, W. G.; Ramsden, H. W. R.; McCalvy, J. A.; Craik, J. K.; Quarton, G.; Crough, J. W.; Chambers, G. W.; Cook, A.; Bill, F. G.; Frisby, J. M.