



Vol. 3 No. 8

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

August 14th., 1943

10c Per Copy



Nº 787

**Second
Anniversary
Edition**





INTRODUCING PILOT OFFICER PRUNES, R. C. A. F.

—X—

Don't miss the August 14th. induction ceremony, when P/O Fairplay Prunes (Burro 1st. Class) is formally taken on the strength of this unit. P/O Prunes will be hoof-printed and a formal presentation of a carrot will be made to him. P/O Prunes' next of kin is Prunes Senior, of Fairplay, Colorado and he says that if there's anything that really riles him it's people thinking he's some relation to P/O Prune the infamous R.A.F. Officer of Tee Emm fame. He also says that he has a pair of heels and a pretty sharp set of incisors for the first person under Air rank that calls him Prunes. He says that it puts him off his feed for a week. He further says that he will expect the courtesy due an officer and will put on charge any other ranks who fail to salute him. P/O Prunes will be a little busy for a few days getting settled but after that he will be at home in the vicinity of the Officers' Mess.

He is making tentative plans to kick the stuff-

ing out of Samson Kennedy and Monarch Red (Sandy) Eves who, he says, are "sway-backed, spavin-boned fugitives from a glue factory".

P/O Prunes has an illustrious background. His father has a monument erected to him in Colorado for saving the life of his employer. Lost on the desert and injured a man lay down to die. His faithful servant, father of our amiable (?) mascot, stood valiantly by, holding (in the pack on his back) the food and drink that saved his master.

The Commanding Officer and personnel of No. 15 S.F.T.S. extend their heartiest thanks to the Chamber of Commerce, Fairplay, Colorado, for this fine present. He's going to mean a lot to us and all kidding aside, we'll get plenty of fun out of him and he'll do his bit in winning this war. So—Greetings little black feller—er—I mean P/O Prunes, Sir, we're glad to meet you. Hope you'll like us. High kicking and green pastures!

A Message from the Commanding Officer

As No. 15 S.F.T.S. enters its third year of successful operation it gives me the greatest pleasure to thank all ranks for your splendid co-operation and the spirit that has always prevailed on this Station. The Station itself began under the most difficult circumstances and yet we can say that it has never failed to produce a Course on time and with better than average training. Such a record would not have been possible without the whole-hearted support of every man and woman on the strength.

The appearance of No. 15 S.F.T.S. has changed considerably from the bleak sand-swept and wind-blown area we first inherited from the contractors. While we cannot, as yet, claim to have finished the job, we can truthfully say we have come a long way toward it and, with the co-operation of all, we shall continue to beautify our surroundings.

The one essential quality of No. 15 S.F.T.S., that impressed me most when I assumed its command, was the splendid feeling of comradeship and high spirits that seem to pervade all Sections and ranks. When this spirit is coupled with the willingness and ability to do the job, no matter what the difficulties, you have all the qualities required of a successful and happy Station. I feel that No. 15 is a successful and happy Station, and again I wish to thank all of you who have made it what it is.

W. E. KENNEDY, G/C,
Commanding Officer.

Greetings

from the Chief Instructor and Squadron Commanders

—x—

A MESSAGE FROM THE C/I

We are now entering into our third year of operation and can look back with pride on our accomplishments during the last two years. Two years ago there was no grass or flowers on the Station, there were no roads, no water, no drains. Today a well organized, comfortable town is here with lots of recreation and community life.

All this would not have been possible had it not been for the combined efforts of all members, working towards a common goal. Let us not rest on our laurels in satisfaction, but go forward, looking towards a better and peaceful future in which we will all have taken part.

Flying training and the production of Pilots is our job in this war. And it is a job which has been well done here during the last two years.

A feeling of individual pride in the common accomplishment should be felt by everyone, whether actually instructing Student Pilots or working far from the Training Wnig. The organization is so closely knit that the total contribution must be the maximum effort of every individual if it is to be worth while.

The co-operation has been excellent so far and I am sure that it will continue and improve in the year to come.

C. W. BURGESS, W/C,
Chief Instructor.

—x—

GREETINGS FROM O/C NO. 1 SQUADRON

I feel gratified for the opportunity to express my sincere appreciation to all personnel of the No. 1 Squadron for their excellent efforts in the discharge of their duties during the second year of the existence of No. 15 S.F.T.S. To my mind the results have been excellent and all ranks are to be congratulated. May this spirit exist during the forthcoming year. Thank you all.

R. R. LIVERMORE, S/L,
O/C No. 1 Squadron.

CONGRATULATIONS

FROM THE O/C OF NO. 2 SQUADRON

To all ranks, both past and present, I extend my whole hearted congratulations on the completion of another year's ceaseless and untiring work.

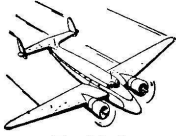
To many, and in particular to those whose one desire is to get Overseas in this war, the work is uninteresting. However, what it misses in interest and excitement is made up for in importance. We can look back on this School's Pilot production over the last two years with a sense of pride, in that we feel assured that those Graduates who have left us for active service, have received a training and an understanding of the art of flying, second to none.

This has only been achieved by the untiring efforts of every man attached to this School, and every man can be justly proud of the part he has played in showing the world what can be accomplished by a community of determined men and women with but one view in mind—a relentless and irrevocable furtherance of the war effort, culminating in final and complete victory.

With this end in view this School was opened two years ago. You were at that time asked to put your effort behind the task ahead. The response to that appeal is apparent today to the whole world, particularly to the very worried and somewhat scared Axis Powers.

While the time is not yet ripe to slack off in our efforts, we are now in a position to modify our original appeal—and just say "Carry On".

D. D. ATKINSON, S/L,
O/C No. 2 Squadron.



"WINDY WINGS"

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Group Captain W. E. Kennedy

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EDITORIAL

LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

Originally our paper was known as "No. 15 S.F.T.S. Review" and the first issue was dated October 1st., 1941, by kind permission of the Commanding Officer, Wing Commander H. L. Campbell. In the guest editorial appeared the following article from "Wings Over Borden".

It is a strange fact that few men come to this Station liking it, and few men leave it not wishing that they could stay. Whether we like it here or not is more or less entirely up to ourselves as individuals. I think that the following anecdote illustrates this point rather well. A newcomer to a little town approached one of the town's wise old men.

"What kind of a place is it here, what are the people like?" The wise old man thought for a moment and then parried with this question: "What was the town like you just came from? What were the people like?" "Well," said the newcomer, "you never saw such a place in your life, it was miserable. And the people were rotten suspicious hypocrites."

"Well, this is just the same kind of town and the same kind of folks, too."

A short time later another newcomer approached the wise old man. He asked the same questions as the former. When the old man asked him about the place where he hailed from, he replied, "It was a dandy place, with friendly homey people. They were the salt of the earth." "My friend", said the old man, "it's just the same kind of place here and the same kind of folk."

—Courtesy "Wings Over Borden"

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Another Milestone

Once again we come to another milestone in the life of No. 15 S.F.T.S.

As we view our Station today, with its well-kept appearance, its friendly spirit, and the reputation it enjoys of sending forth air-borne men of the highest calibre,—we cannot forget those who have had a share in its making. For

what we enjoy today has been made possible by the spirit, work, and efficiency of those who have preceded us. Our sincere thanks to them! May we keep high the torch they have handed us!

Today, when the world's current madness has become an unprecedented orgy of destruction, we need—more than ever before—true Christian men. Men who, first of all, recognize the rights of God as well as those of man. Men who are devoted to duty. Men who are willing to sacrifice themselves for others. Men who are ready to face hardships, sufferings and even death. For THIS is his life's grand work—the true Christian Airman.

"God give us men; a time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands.
Men whom the lust of office cannot kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And brave his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking."

PAUL L. MONAHAN, F/L.

LUCKY READERS

PICTURE SHOW PASSES FOR LUCKY READERS OF THIS ISSUE—

Is your copy of "Windy Wings" a lucky one? Remember, there are six monthly show tickets being given away to holders of lucky copies this issue.

The tickets were donated by Mr. Mark Jenkins who conducts the shows regularly in the recreation hall. They will entitle the winners to attend the three shows held on the Station each week for the next month.

The six lucky numbers will be drawn within a day or two and will be announced in D.R.O.'s. Watch for them!

Each ticket is worth three dollars to the winners. "Windy Wings" is appreciative of the very fine gesture by Mr. Jenkins.

(Note to General Public buying this Edition:—This offer is for Station Personnel only.)

Highlights of the Station Log

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Our Station started operating in June 1941. The Oldtimers tell me they started out with about 65 Ansons and a course of 36 or 38 pupils. It was a matter of the survival of the fittest, especially coming in at night, what with the mud and deep ditches all over the Station where they were laying pipes. After a rainstorm it was a case of "swim or sink" (and many sank). The Oldtimers will tell you, with names, who slipped into what sewers, and what they did for amusement.

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August 16.—Our first Wings Parade and the Official Opening of the Station. (Compare it with this year's anniversary celebration). No. 15 was officially opened by Lieutenant Governor J. C. Bowen of Alberta. Speeches were made by the Lieutenant Governor, the Mayor of Claresholm, George W. Ringrose, Air Commodore A. T. N. Cowley, and Wing Commander H. L. Campbell, the first Commanding Officer of this Station.

Wings were presented to Course 30. Macleod Band was in attendance. The storm that had threatened all day broke half an hour after the Wings Parade and people scattered all over the Station to keep dry. The people of Claresholm gave the grads. a dinner and a dance after. The Officers and Sergeants each had a dance that evening in their respective messes.

September 17. Two of our student pilots got themselves some unpleasant publicity. They succeeded in getting lost on a cross-country and baled out near Great Falls, Montana. They did not fare too badly as they were Americans and had friends there, but their Anson was a complete write-off. No. 15 was in the news.

October 1. The first edition of our Station paper appeared and was named, quite conservatively, "No. 15 S.F.T.S. Review".

October 5. The Third Wings Parade. Class 34 were presented with their wings by H.R.H. The Duke of Windsor. The Review says: "That 'once-in-a-lifetime' moment in an Airman's life was enhanced and glorified to the nth degree by the presence of H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor and Her Grace the Duchess of Windsor. The presentation of Wings by H.R.H. was the complete fulfillment of an Airman's dream and a realization of hopes and efforts of months of training. This graduating class has something irrevocable which a lifetime can't erase."

The Duke inspected the Guard of Honour, several Sections on the Station, presented the Wings. In his address he expressed his extreme pleasure at being able to present Wings at this, the first graduating ceremony he had ever witnessed. He pointed out that whilst he had not actually qualified for his wings he had made solo flights and was able to appreciate the work and study that each class completed, and some of the trials and tribulations of the Pupil Pilot.

All members of the class were congratulated on their success in the course, and wished, "God Speed" for all the future. "When you return to your homes after the struggle has been won I trust that you will help make this Canada of yours, the kind of place that you will enjoy living in."

November 28. Wing Commander Campbell handed over command to Wing Commander W. E. Kennedy, who had been C.I. at No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary.

 1942

February 19. The Men's Club held a carnival in the Claresholm Rink to raise money to build our Recreational Centre in town.

February 23. The first W.D.'s arrived on the Station. 60 A.W.2's, 2 Cpls. and 1 Officer of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) arrived from Guelph and Toronto.

February 24. 11 W.D.'s from Saskatoon and 5 from Macleod arrived to swell the number of pioneers. Wings issued posthumously to LAC. Rodgers.

May. F.I.S. really made their presence felt. The runways were cluttered up the rest of the summer with Cessnas gnashing at the tails of Tiger Moths coming in to land, Ansons were cutting into circuits ahead of Cornels or else going round again. Red lights and flares and smoke puffs were going off like a 4th. of July celebration south of the border.

The R.A.F. brought their gremlins with them and general turmoil cut loose.

May 1. A Crane ground looped.

May 4. A Crane nose-dived through the roof of Hut 11 East. (Note the area of darker paint on the side of the building nearest the Airmen's Mess). The Security Guard were sleeping in the Hut at the time. Three showed courage in putting out the fire before it could get going. The Student Pilots? Well, one goes on record as saying, when they hit the roof of the Mess "Crickey! We've had it!" He didn't even lose consciousness during the crash. Nevertheless they put them in the ambulance and when he looked out at the tail of the Crane sticking out of the hut . . . he fainted. They're both still flying.

May 6. A visiting Dragon-fly ground-looped. The gremlins supplied a cross-wind that blew a Moth up on its nose.

May 13. The saw-toothed Gremlins blew out a tire and turned a Crane over on its back.

May 20. The flying gremlins were somewhat restrained when all flying ceased and No. 15 S.F.T.S. and No. 2 F.I.S. combined to give Course 48 a monster and colorful Wings Parade. However the ground-crew gremlins got busy rather late on the hollow square formation and succeeded in making at least two pass out with the heat.

May 23. Everything was back to its normal state of confusion. There were R.A.F. Sgts. eating in the Airmen's Mess and people all over the place, and P/O's were a dime a dozen. At noon hour Officers and everyone else just started saluting when they went out the door and held it till they struggled to their respective messes.

May 31. Serious consideration was given to changing the month of May on unit calendars to read "Month of Mayhem".

June. Quoting Olmsted: "What is so rare as a day in June . . . except February and it has 28 and all the rest have 31."

June 16. The A.O.C. A/C Howsam presented Wings to Course 50.

June 17. Practically everyone was affected by now by the heat and general confusion. The whole Station was given the afternoon off to go to the Claresholm rodeo. A very interesting program was presented what with horse racing, broncho bustin', lasso-o-o-o-in' etc. Wing Commander Ken-

nedey was judge of the racing events. One of the saw-tooth gremlins stowed-away in a panel truck and got loose at the rodeo, breaking one horse's leg before anyone could lift a finger and the poor beast had to be shot.

August 15. An Anniversary was held celebrating the opening of our Station. A large crowd of visitors was on hand to witness a display of formation flying and aerobatics by our own Cranes, Cornells flown by R.A.F. Pilots, and three Hurricanes from Lethbridge. A huge band composed of Macleods and our own combined kept spirits high. A tug-'o-war team was flown to Calgary for a competition and it was announced that they won the event. A very successful and varied track meet was held and competition was keen. Highest point-getter in the W.D. competition was LAW. Walton, since posted, and among the men's events P/O Thompson. No. 2 Squadron was first in total points with 51, F.I.S. second, Headquarters third and Maintenance fourth. Dances were held in the evening in the Officers' and Sgts'. Messes and in the Recreation Hall.

September 13. No. 2 F.I.S. and its gremlins had finally decamped so that the 13th. was really a LUCKY day for us. By this time there were 124 W.D.'s with three W.D. Officers on the Station. The number was swelling.

October. Aussies arrived and maps in the K. of C. Hut and W.D. Canteen which had been shinningly new suddenly became smudged with finger prints and pencil marks as hometowns were pointed out. New words like "cobber" and "footpaths" (sidewalks) to us began to creep into our vocabulary, just as it had been infused with R.A.F. expressions a few months earlier. But to be told that we Canadians and not the Aussies, had the accent rather shook us, and koala bears, golden beaches and cool surf, snow capped peaks and magnificent scenery, a land of a people who laughed and played and danced, and went off to battle as the toughest fighters in the world.

Hallowe'en brought on a costume party in the W.D. Canteen at which the Adjutant, the C.I. and even the C.O. received a salutatory kiss from a wolf in sheep's clothing. This was followed a few nights later by a dance in the Rec. Hall with Brad's Band (The Poor Man's Artie Shaw).

November 1. No flying. A holiday was granted to the Station personnel because the jinx had been shaken off and no accidents were recorded for the month of October.

November 11. The Station paraded to the Parade Square where the Last Post was sounded, the ensign raised, and two minutes silence observed. Thoughts sped back over the past year—to boys who had died here among us, to lads who had died on their new Stations in the line of duty, to the others who were "over there" grappling with death in the skies, living on day by day, not daring to count ahead; to our lads who had stayed behind to train the girdhllings, who flew and talked, praised and censored and in their hearts only lived for the day when they too, might challenge the enemy face to face. By next November 11th., of these whom we have stood among, how many—Oh, Lord?

November 30. We had weathered the Third Victory Loan Campaign, the proceeds amounting to \$54,800. War Savings Stamps had totaled \$266.00.

December 25. No flying. General celebration. Half the Station on Christmas leave. Thoughts going out to family circles in Vancouver or P.E.I., Los Angeles and Wangarratta and a little village in Buckinghamshire.

December 28. Course 64 graduated. The usual Wings Party was not held, the money being presented to Mrs. Monroe, whose husband was killed in a crash on the 24th.

— 1943 —

January 1. No flying New Year's Day. The celebration began with a big Airmen's Dance in the Rec. Hall and was taken up again the next day when W.D.'s and Airmen were served New Year's Dinner by the Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s in huge white aprons. The rafters decked with evergreens, rang with song and laughter as spirits ran high and N.C.O.'s, W.D.'s and Aussies took their turns presenting songs, led by W/C Burgess with a mike on top of the piano. There was a new spirit born there, felt in every heart, yet impossible to put into words. The party brought up with "For Me and My Girl" on everyone's lips.

January 19. Hockey Night. Organized by No. 15 S.F.T.S. for the benefit of the Airmen's and Airwomen's Recreation Centre in Claresholm, was held in the Municipal Skating Rink featuring three games: No. 15 defeated a picked team from Claresholm and Stavely, 2 to 1; No. 15 W.D.'s took a 2-1 victory over the W.D.'s from No. 7 at Macleod; and a wizard game between the Aussies of No. 15 and the Aussies of No. 7 was a maneuver long to be remembered, ending in a 2-0 score for No. 15 aces. It was not until after the game that it was learned that the Aussies from Macleod had been given to understand that they were supposed to kick the puck in and use the stick to lean on and maintain equilibrium on the ice. Hence the uneven score. Owing to the cold weather the Mocassin Dance was transferred from the rink to the local hall and was highly enjoyed by the crowd. "Budley's" Band was in action.

February 18. A hockey Jamboree Night was held in the Claresholm Arena for the benefit of the Recreation Centre in town. No. 15 W.D.'s defeated the Aussies team of selected hockey stars; and No. 1? men's team defeated a team from Claresholm and Stavely. A dance was held after the hockey game in the Claresholm Hall.

March 3. The Recreation Centre in Town for the use of Service personnel and Airwomen was opened by G/C Kennedy. Tribute was paid to the citizens of Claresholm who had worked so hard and so successfully for its completion.

March 4. The Wings Parade for Course 68 was held in No. 3 Hangar. The customary Wings Party was not held the money being donated to the Red Cross.

March 31. The 1943 Red Cross Campaign was successfully wound up with a total of \$2,351.95, for exceeding the objective of \$1,500.00

April 23. Good Friday. Church Parade held on the Parade Square.

April 30. The W.D.'s had swollen their ranks to 155 thereby releasing theoretically, 155 men, that they might fly.

May 25. Wings Parade. Wings were presented to Graduates of Course 74 by His Excellency, the Earl of Athlone, Governor General of Canada. Flying was washed out and the Tarmac cleared as the Guard of Honor formed up for inspection by the Governor General and Princess Alice. An official luncheon was held for them in the Officer's Mess. After the Wings Parade, looking a little travel weary and smiling as if they'd like to stay and talk to everyone, they disappeared into the silver Lockheed with its Coat of Arms on the door, which was to take them to Macleod.

X

Notes from the Old-Timers

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● F/S GREEN, R. D.

After having spent two years and some months on this Station, I think I am qualified to say that it is tops. My only regret is that it is not situated in (Canada) Ontario.

x x x x

● F/S PRASOW, J.

Being one of the early settlers of No. 15 S. F. T. S., I can truthfully say that I have seen it grow from a mudhole in the wilderness to the great Station it is today. Despite the fact that there are still some misguided individuals around who seem to think that Canada consists of Ontario alone, my conception of the fact is that our station is truly great because it is located wher it is. in Alberta.

x x x x

● HAGERTY, H. L.

May 21, 1941 is a memorable day for me in so far as that is the day I started working at No. 15 S.F.T.S. To say that I was bewildered with my new job is putting it mildly, for here everyone seemed to be talking a foreign language. The set-up of letters was entirely new, all the forms were referred to by their numbers and there were so many things to be learned that I wondered if I would ever know them all. However, I learned the code and think nothing of using it all the time now.

I have watched the Station grow from the beginning when there were no conveniences to be had, and the staff was a mere skeleton, to the beautiful, large, efficient Station that it is today, and can truly say that I am proud to be one of the "originals".

x x x x

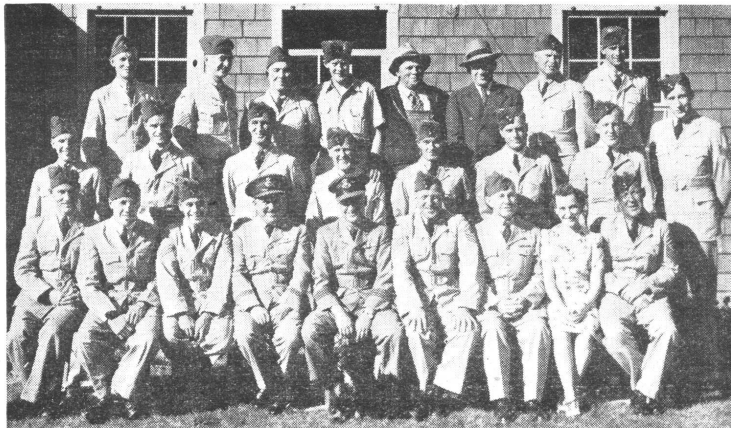
● F/S FALCONER, W. A.

Enlisted in the P.A.A.F. in September 1939 at Winnipeg. After being a month or so in Winnipeg was posted to R.C.A.F. Station, Vancouver, B. C., in October 1939. Remained in Vancouver for nearly two years before being posted to Claresholm. Arrived at a dust-bowl, artistically criss-crossed with deep ditches, on May 22nd., 1941. Has watched the Station become what he thinks the best S.F.T.S. in this part of the country, or any other part. Has watched the barren wastes turned into beautiful green lawns bordered with flower beds. Has also got into more trouble here than any other station he has been on. Still likes it though and has no desire to be posted.

x x x x

● F/S SHARP, E. D.

'Twas a rainy day when we arrived at No. 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm, on 26th. May,



OLD-TIMERS

FRONT ROW (Left to Right)—Sgt. Simpson, F/S Legassicke, Sgt. Willows, F/L Leith, W/C Burgess, F/S MacDonald, S., Sgt. Leach, Miss H. Hagerty, F/S Sharpe.

CENTRE ROW—Cpl. Tuson, F/S Holtsman, Sgt. Holtet, F/S Green, Sgt. Mac-

Not Shown in Picture—Cpl. Morison, Sgt. Carter, Cpl. Williams, F/S Burke, Cpl. Stevens, F/L MacLachlan.

Donald, B. E., F/S Falconer, Sgt. Postlethwaite.

BACK ROW—F/S Brunner, F/S Prasow, Cpl. Bedford, LAC. Macklen, Mr. Etherington, Mr. Mannix, Sgt. Siemans, LAC. Sibbald.

1941. Our first sight of the Station was very depressing. Mud was ankle deep where now flowers and grass grow in abundance. Sewer ditches and water mains were in the process of construction and the unwary was liable to find himself looking at the stars from the bottom of a 12 foot ditch. In the front of the administration building, between the front door and where the flagstaff now stands, was a hole big enough to hold a car comfortably.

Despite the fact that there was no water in the taps, no light or heat in the barracks, we soon got used to going to bed at dusk and getting up to shave in cold water in the chill dawn.

Our first pay parade was held in the accounts office and in 15 minutes the whole Station was paid by one officer. Quite a difference from the present time when it takes three officers one hour to do the job.

After two years on the Station it is very pleasing to notice the progress that has been made, especially in regards to flower beds and grass. In the early days a high wind was a definite menace and only the brave would venture forth in a gale.

Quite a few changes have taken place in the Accounts Section since our first arrival. The present senior accounts officer is the second section head we have

had since opening the Station. Another event in our life, as with other sections on the Station, was the arrival of the W.D.'s. They have now taken their place with us and your enquiries at the accounts are very liable to be answered by a beautiful blonde, brunette or red-head.

All in all it has been a very pleasant two years and we are certainly proud of our Station.

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● CPL. TUSON, G. L.

When I first arrived on this Station on the 22nd. of May, 1941, life was extremely rugged, and many changes have been made since that time, particularly here in Central Registry and Records Office.

The first weeks were the hardest, of course. These were spent in assembling chairs, tables, desks, arranging furniture, and setting up a very crude Central Registry and Records Office. Our filing cabinets consisted of three packing cases, no more and no less.

Every office in the administration building was heated with an individual coal oil stove, for May was a very cold month that year. Every time the relentless wind blew, the heaters would begin to smoke, and they smoked so much that the personnel found it necessary to close the offices and go outside to breathe.

However, if the heating facilities have changed since that time, they certainly can't compare with the personnel changes. Where we once had exactly five Service Clerks Stenographers, and three Civilians, we now have approximately thirty-seven.

The only water available on the Station at that time was brought in by horse-drawn wagons. This meant running outside every morning to fill buckets with ice cold water before one could wash and shave. Imagine our relief and appreciation when the electrical and water systems were finally turned on.

Yes, we "Old-Timers" can truthfully say that we have seen a small, complete city emerge from the bald and vacant prairie.

x x x x

●SGT. SIEMENS, W. H.

July 30th., 1943.

Well, it all happened this way—I had just settled down with good old 10 B.-R. Squadron in Newfoundland, figuring to make the best of it, when bingo comes a transfer to No. 15 S.F.T.S.

Having been on active service on the East Coast for a year and a half I hardly knew what S.F.T.S. stood for, but I soon found out when I arrived here. And well do I remember that Sunday night when the train pulled in at Claresholm station and the lot of us had to pile into the back of a Stake Truck. It rained cats and dogs and the road to the port had not been gravelled yet. We looked and felt like drowned-out gophers.

Lots could be said about the progress of the Station these last two years, but space will not permit. Changes have taken place, disappointments overcome—and by the grace of God I have survived.

From what I have seen and heard round about the country this Station is tops, and all because of the spirit that's prevailing among officers and men alike.

x x x x

●THREE WITH ONE MIND

The Personal Feelings of Sgt. Postlethwaite, Cpl. Sibbald and LAC, Macklin on their arrival to No. 15 S.F.T.S. on May 19th., 1941.

If there ever were three disappointed airmen in the R.C.A.F., your truly were surely the boys on arriving at this Station. When our draft arrived in town we were welcomed by open mouthed stares and exclamations such as: "Are they in uniform?", "Is it the Army?", etc., etc. To reach the Station we had to detour about three miles around ditches and between buildings until we finally reached our barrack block. In the morning, after shivering around an old coal stove all night, we rationed a small dish of warm water for shaving.

M. T. drivers were as scarce as hen's teeth and an M.T. 6 was something we

had heard about, but we drove the "Stake Trucks", "Panels" and what have you. Some days we would use the present road to town, but other days it would be impassable and we would have to make a detour south of the Station, around the field, and so on to town. Order of the day for footwear was rubber boots, which we would change for general issue as soon as we reached town.

Now we have paved roads, gas heating, beautiful lawns, gardens and all the comforts of one of the best S.F.T.S.'s in Canada, even though it is situated in Claresholm, Alberta.

●FROM STUBBLE FIELD TO LANDING FIELD

As I go about my duties on this fine Station I sometimes think what a change a short time has made. Three years ago as I passed this spot with its broad field of waving grain, I little thought that in a few short months I, with hundreds of others, would be working at top speed to complete enough buildings that the first class could begin their course months ahead of schedule. nor, that in less than one year I would be taking my daily shift in charge of the most extensive steam-heating and cooking system ever seen within the vicinity of Claresholm.

In November 1940 we heard rumors that a flying school was to be opened near Claresholm and the best arm-chair architects had it situated anywhere from Barons to the deepest foothills. Toward the end of the month the surveyors arrived, followed by a skeleton construction gang, and after the New Year the building began in earnest. When I started work in early January 1941 the odd collection of tar-paper shacks was a far cry from our present orderly rows of substantial buildings. Instead of well-paved streets we had paths, with many a treacherous cross-ditch where the utility companies were doing their work. Where the first hangars stand, there were only stakes to mark where we were to dig the holes for the concrete foundations; and the sites of a large number of the buildings were simply stubble with no mark to distinguish them from any other part of the field. At lunch time, instead of filing past steam tables laden with the best of food, we hunched behind a lumber pile, out of the wind, to hurry through a very cold lunch in order to get back to work and get warm again. Even then the men in charge had visions of what we now see, but to the casual passer-by at appeared that surely some passing hurricane had dumped its load then gone on its way. Now we have a small city complete in itself with our own dwellings, shops, electric lights, theatre, hospital, telephone system, sewer system, water system, which bears no relation to

our earlier temporary system of 3,000 gallons capacity; busses and even a railway siding.

Speaking of those earlier days we can now laugh over our troubles and seeming near tragedies. On one or two occasions I've been called upon to help an unfortunate Officer or well-oiled cook from the ditch that criss-crossed 1st. Street, and have in turn had to be helped out.

Perhaps in years to come there will be more changes and what we now have will seem only a beginning but to us who were here from the start the growth of No. 15 S.F.T.S. has been amazing.

—A. C. ETHESINGTON;

●AN INTERVIEW

(By Our Roving Reporter)

I dropped in on one of the "Old Timers" of the Station the other day and found him leaning against a barrel in the Supply Depot. He was watching huge quantities of food being stacked up. It was Sergeant Leech (better known as Pop).

Seems he's been here "since May of '41". "I came as a Sergeant in charge of Supply Depot. I watched the Station grow from a mud heap, with no light, gas, water or sewers, where Officers, N.C.O.'s and ranks ate together in what is now the W.D.'s canteen, to one of the best Stations in the Command.

"I can remember when the sports shack was back behind the Drill Hall and was nick-named the \$1,000 Backhouse, or the 40-holer." At this "Pop" blushed slightly and cleared his throat, then, he continued.

"Since I came, 845,448 eggs have gone through this place" . . . enough to make a hen shudder. "We've used 513,070 lbs. of milk; 80,000 lbs. of butter; and 590,086 lbs. of potatoes, all produced here in Alberta by Alberta farmers. They've done a wonderful job. Their war effort has really meant work."

"I'm the only original member of the Supply Depot staff. I've enjoyed every moment of my stay on the Station. It's my home and the people are my people. In my opinion there's not a Station to top No. 15 S.F.T.S."

With that I left Sergeant Leech. He has a grand impression of Claresholm . . . and he should know.

—J. H.

HORSE SENSE

You can drive a horse to water but a pencil must be lead.

INSOMNIA

"What shall I do? I snore so loud at night, I wake myself up."

"Well, in that case I'd advise you to sleep in another room."

News from Abroad

—X—

●EDITOR'S NOTE

The continuance and success of this column depends entirely upon the response and co-operation of its readers.

Any personnel receiving, or having access to overseas mail, especially from persons formerly stationed at No. 15 S.F.T.S., containing items of general interest, are requested to forward their contributions to "Your Overseas Reporter", % Central Registry, Administrative Building.

All contributions or letters will be treated as confidential matter, and identity of persons contributing to this column will not be published.

x x x x

●FROM A "NEWSIE" NOW STATIONED IN INDIA

"Peter is now in the Middle East. Have had several letters from him, one in which he tells of his experiences when shot down by enemy infantry,—just managed to make our own lines, and just imagine his surprise and delight when he found he had crash-landed in the midst of a New Zealand Army Unit"

"India is a very interesting place but I'd hate to be stuck in any part of it for any length of time. One leads a very one-sided life out here. I doubt whether I have spoken more than half-a-dozen words to a European female in the past four or five months. Stag parties are a good institution, but everything in moderation, and it would be nice to have a spot of female company once in a while.

"I've had some great experiences since I left England at the end of September. Spent two weeks in an R.A.F. camp in West Africa before flying over here, and I enjoyed every minute of it. We spent our days canoeing in crocodile infested waters, shooting birds with our revolvers, chasing multi-coloured butterflies, and exploring native villages and jungle tracks. Nearly every day we used to drive to an ocean beach with tepid water and blazing hot sands, or to a delightful large, cold pool beneath a towering cliff in a mountain stream.

"Our journey over here was full of interest with ever-changing scenery and people. I have done a lot of flying since I arrived in India, and enjoyed every minute of it. Not only have I seen a lot of India, but since my arrival here I have several times been outside the country and flown across half a dozen other countries, two days leave, in Cairo, being the reward on one occasion.

"At the moment my crew and self are having a lazy time, recuperating from two months hard work over Burma Way."

x x x x

●FROM H. V. BELL, NOW AT WHITEHORSE, YUKON TERRITORY

"This isn't such a bad place. We don't wear dress blues at all, I've only worn battle dress since I arrived here, and we have no parades.

"We certainly have a great assortment of planes here. Everything from a P38 to a Curtiss Commando, and Flying Fortress. The R.C.A.F. have a couple of Norsemen, six Lodestars, and a D.C.3. I went for a flip in a Norseman yesterday. It has pontoons, and I got quite a thrill from the take-off from the river.

"If you like fishing, this is the place to come to. We went out one afternoon and caught 21, between four of us, all over 15 inches in length."

x x x x

●FROM LAW. SHIRLEY WRIGHT, NOW STATIONED IN LONDON, ENGLAND

"I love it here, and am not the least bit sorry I came over. Some times I get very homesick, but in time, I'll get over that.

"The boat trip was marvellous, and I'll never forget it. We had cabins, and were only allowed to associate with the Officers. We sat out on the sun deck all day with them, ate in their dining room, and played cards, bingo, etc., with them at night in the lounge. Heimbecker, Cleeton, Lightbody, and Scholfield of No. 15, came over on the same boat.

"For the information of everybody lucky enough to be coming over: bring all the clothes (civilian) and food you can pack into two kit bags and a suit case. There

WONDER WHAT A SQUADRON LEADER THINKS ABOUT?

These are my men paraded at my bidding—
Fine upstanding youths who love their country,
Whose single purpose is to do their part to down the oppressor.
Proudly they stand, chests out and stomachs in!
I deem it a privilege to tap each shoulder
And murmur: "Hair-cut".

I'LL SAY!

Telephone Operator: "Is this Plaza 1749?"
Maid: "Yassum."
Telephone Operator: "Is this Mr. Blot's residence?"
Maid: "Yassum."
Telephone Operator: "Long distance from Washington."
Maid: "Yassum, sho' is."

is no kit inspection at No. 1 "Y", and we never once had to carry our bags. All we carried was a suitcase, gas cape, tin hat, and respirator.

"There are ten of us living in the same house and we have a wonderful time. We have five bedrooms, two to each room. Each room has twin beds, fireplace, wash basin, easy chairs, writing table, etc., and we have a sitting room downstairs with chesterfields, chairs, tables, fireplace, and a piano. It's really a lovely room.

"Our work is practically the same as in Ottawa, very monotonous, but we will soon be caught up, be back to normal hours, and will each be assigned to a special job. We get up at 6:50, leave for work at 7:30, eat breakfast in a cafe down town, and are on parade at 8:30 (C.O.'s parade every Wednesday, and buttons shined every single day). We work till 6, with an hour and a quarter for dinner. We have 15 minutes break morning and afternoon, during which time we drink cokes and have toast and jam or sandwiches in our cafeteria, I'm working on casualties at present, and find it very interesting, but very gruesome too.

"I saw Jack Ireland last Monday. He looks very well, drinks like a fish, and now has two hooks up. Also saw Catherine Pearce the other day. Remember her? She looks very well, and works in another building in the same block.

"The food here is terrible, mostly potatoes and bread, and sausages which have so much bread in them that we don't know whether to use marmalade or mustard on them.

"We get ration books to buy food, and so every Saturday afternoon we go shopping, and do we ever have fun trying to figure out the coupons and the money! We get one egg a week. Every time that I eat mine I remember Claresholm in the mornings, waiting for you to come in and give me yours, and looking for any others that I could scrounge.

"There are pubs on every street here, some very nice ones with chesterfields, etc. And, over here, everybody drinks, and every night too. They are open all day until 11 o'clock at night.

"We spend most of our time in these various pubs. The English beer is just like colored water, so if you want to get feeling high you have to have a double Scotch every second or third drink. We also go dancing a lot, but we still get lots of sleep . . . everything closes about eleven o'clock over here.

"Will tell you about the English girls later!

"Remember me to all the kids at good old No. 15."

Flight and Section News

Control Tower

● UPPER DECK

Another year has passed away and few changes have taken place among our Control Tower personnel.

Flying Control, co-partners of Gremlins, cross wind, down wind and wheels-up landings, carry on, 'as McMurdy would say, "in the face of all difficulties".

With the co-op of the Met. Section, the world's best Pilots are teased into landing down wind, cross wind and what have you, just as the spirit moves us.

To enumerate on attempted "wheels-up" (belly landings to you) this practice has been increasing rapidly and very little credit is given to the score of saves which to date reads (would the Aces please note) something like this:—

Sgt. Abbott	30
Sgt. Fulmore	19
Cpl. Fitzpatrick	21
Cpl. Adsit	13
LAC. Dunlop	6
LAC. Gillespie	17
LAC. McArthur	9
LAC. Huxley	11
L. C. Muzylowski	8

x x x x

COMINGS AND GOINGS

F/O Gordon Matheson, ex-World War I seaplane Pilot who has (in his own words) what it takes, came, saw, conquered and parted from our midst, but only to R.P.C.—this meaning "Pearce"—not to be confused with R.I.P. (this error might easily happen). We understand Gordon is acting O.C. Granum and Pearce R. Field. Hope he is not inventory holder.

x x x x

While on the subject of R. Fields, our own comings and goings at Woodhouse have not been too few. "In Again, Out Again, Woodhouse Crash Turner", they call him. Bill has his troubles but makes light of them all. Best of luck to his boy in the R.C.A.F. overseas, and to Mrs. T.

x x x x

F/O Holmes (not to be confused with our new addition to the hospital, just because he also has a motorcycle, Ray has been doing a grand job, but worries too much about the lads on their first solos. First thing he'll have an ulcer or something.

x x x x

Sgt. Abbott passed from our midst some three months ago, posted overseas, after doing a great job on the Jeep for more than a year. The boys are disappointed at not hearing from him.

x x x x

"Tempus is really very Fugity". Must close now. Am nervous in the Service, am nearly happy, have my P.A. system. Who's got my typewriter?

● CONTROL TOWER CORN

Since our last attempt at "Windy Wings" a new member to our happy family—tall dark, curly headed, but married (darn it!) Sgt. Specht has picked up the reins where Cpl. Crawford left off. Speaking of Cpl. Crawford, we rather miss him and his familiar "you woinin are drivin' me crazy". We also wonder whether there is room on his new desk for those number 9's. We know he has changed considerably since his leave in Ottawa. He even says, "No thanks! Never touch it!", when we offer him a coke (?). It seems he spent rather a lot of money while on leave. Does it sparkle Crawford? There's quite a different sparkle in your eyes! As for that posting—Sandy is waiting for one too and she will let you know when it comes.

x x x x

Strange as it may seem, we miss our friend Michael and his Master's Voice. Quiet! They'll be back soon.

x x x x

Summer time brings the thought of gay moods and laughter with hiking, swimming and such sports thrown in. That's why some of our gay members set out on a little hike last Sunday—and that's how we had the privilege of meeting Eileen's beau—Eileen, you'd better watch that young man, he seemed awfully anxious to have one of us W.D.'s beside him in that truck of his. Not that we minded of course—but, well you know how it is.

x x x x

SO THIS IS HOW THEY GOT THEIR PROMOTIONS

Heard on ensign parade when an F/O was drilling a bunch of officers: "I'll make the next man who looks around a Squadron Leader!"

A LESSON IN ROMANCE

A man driving through the country noticed a farmer with a bull hitched to the plow. Stopping his car, he said to the farmer: "You have a beautiful farm here and everything looks prosperous, and I am wondering why you don't have a tractor to do your farm work."

"We have two tractors in the barn."
 "Then why in the world have you got your cultivator hitched to a bull?"
 "I'm just trying to teach this bull there is something in life besides romance."

As for Terry! We wonder where she got that Aussie accent—at the Hostess House, no doubt.

x x x x

Things have been rather dull for AW. Hearn for the past week, but never mind Hearn, Course 80 will soon be back from Woodhouse.

x x x x

We are all glad to see Sandy back from the Hospital and no doubt she will soon be going on another Vagabond Cruise.

x x x x

We notice that Jonesie in the Log Book Room has quite a time "keeping the Wolf from the door" but we're here to help you Jonesie.

x x x x

Servicing Squadron, don't you think it's too nice a summer to while away your time at that everlasting game of checkers! Wouldn't you rather sit out in the sun smoking your pipes or would that be too noticeable—it's a good thing offices have doors. Right?

x x x x

Going up to the top of the Tower, we might say that we have lost 3 of our Wire-less girls. However, our loss is their gain. Good luck girls, we hope you like Winnipeg.

x x x x

With Frenchie on leave the Tower feels rather lost without him. At least the Log Book Room certainly feels it, don't we girls?

x x x x

That's all for now folks, we'll be seeing you in the next issue of Windy Wings.

x x x x

CONTROL TOWER

McLachlan has a little board
 And moves his tags about
 From end to end, much time he'll spend,
 He understands, no doubt.

Jones is as busy as a bee
 Compiling all the Log Books,
 From all the canines round the Tower,
 She'll soon be writing Dog Books.

Hark, Hark! The Lark? No, it just
 Our Willie Turner shouting
 Through the speaker, of which he's proud
 He don't know what he's spouting.

Marshall's busy making charts
 With them he takes much pain;
 He draws in red, then blue instead,
 And tears them up again.

Our Chief Instructor is a man
 Of temperament most mellow
 He scorns a bell—Just Yells like hell,
 You ought to hear him bellow.

"G" for JOLLY

The men of "G" have certainly come into their own of late. It seems that whenever a Flight needs a little bucking up, or if it is desired to raise the standard in some way, the "powers-that-be" dip into the "G" Flight roster and pick the right man for the job. To bear this out we need only look at the recent transfers—F/O Pateman to "E" Flight as Deputy Flight Commander; and P/O Glanville to "F" Flight. Well, that takes care of those two Flights. We wonder which will be the next Flight to require the "G injection".

x x x x

This process has not been confined to our own Station, as P/O Smith (Wee Tim) has been posted to No. 2 F.I.S., Pearce, to raise the calibre of the Instructor's training.

x x x x

The only mournful note which we can sound at present is the fact that F/O Claude Harvey has an appointment at the altar about the middle of August. The men of "G" take this opportunity to extend to him our deepest and sincere sympathies.

x x x x

The "G" Flight line-up has been reinforced by the arrival of P/O Art Hollingshead, Toronto, and P/O Merv McCamon, Calgary.

x x x x

If any of the readers have access to a medium-sized cow bell, we would appreciate your getting in touch with us immediately. We haven't a cow down here but we do have trouble keeping track of our timekeeper, LAW. McClay.

x x x x

"G" FLIGHT ECHOES

Not far from the hills that the good Lord made,
Lie three pair of runways (up and down grade);
Around these is nestled a cosy (?) encampment—
Mysterious, yes, and so full of enchantment:
You think not? Well wait till I've finished my story
That reeks of adventure—perhaps a bit gory.
The creatures that dwell there—a motley assortment—
Survive on a diet of thrill and deportment.
I say they'll survive but I may be just guessing,
Cause I've had some "chuk" at the Airmen's Messing.
After half an hour's waiting (you may linger longer),
You lose your ambition—energy—hun-

ger;
But hope is renewed as you catch on the fly

The aroma of bacon or butterscotch pie.

A realist, he, who would venture a guess

As to why they call it the Airmen's Mess.

Around the barracks we're quiet as mice,
Till an Aussie bellows, "Oh damn them dice."

I've lost two quid and a tanner beside,
I always "crap" when I hit my stride.
The rhetoric flies without duplication,
(I assure you it's unfit for publication),
Then up pipes Soden in a sonorous tone:
"Shut up you Limeys, or go back home".

The Flight room's the spot where nerves get a cracking,

The Instructors bawl, "come on get cracking",

You're not here for gossip or heavy coke drinking,

We're going to bomb Stavely and practise jinking.

We fly through the air with the greatest of ease,

But not like the man on the flying trapeze,
'Cause the engine starts missing and the gas is all gone,

It's more like flight "On the wings of a song",

You think of your dear ones, maybe even your wife,

And all the bad things you've done in your life.

The Instructor takes over and approaches the ground,

To show a forced landing he brings her down,

Just clipping the grain in a three-point pose,

When those mighty gremlins appeared on the nose,

The Instructor cursed, then let out a groan—

We were six feet under and miles from home.

There's a moral to take from this little 'pome',

If you want to feel safe fly alone!
All fooling aside, we're enjoying the Station,

We're learning to fly to bolster the nation
At a time when she needs us and all we can give,

That freedom from fear and security live,
So let's fly our Añsons—maybe later Mosquitoes—

To subdue Huns and Dagoes, and then Hiro Hitoes.

—F. T. Cornhusker.

STUPID

"Say, who in the hell do you think you are shoving anyhow?"

"I dont know! What's your name?"

Highlights of Servicing Sqd.

Servicing Squadron is proud to have a super man as O/C in the person of P/O Harvie, who, so we are told, moved his house 15 miles while on leave last week to be close to his Mother-in-law.

x x x x

F/S Burke, who is a grass widower at present, has been spending his spare time on fishing trips, which sounds a bit fishy to us.

x x x x

Cpl. Ripley has also been spending a lot of his time fishing lately due to the fact that he believes that the fish bite better in the early hours of the morning. It's a good fish story anyway, Rip.

x x x x

We also have in our midst three very charming W.D.'s of whom one is our regular staff, Cpl. McLeod, H., two were left homeless on "C" and "D" Flights departure to Woodhouse, however we are very happy to have them under our wing, even though there is a definite increase in male visitors to our Section. LAW. Ramsay is looking forward to a large course of Australians, while LAW. Atkin plunks away on the typewriter, by the way, she's learned to use her third finger, thanks to Cpl. McLeod's able instruction.

x

Link Trainer Section

And here is the good old Link Trainer Section bringing you greetings on the 2nd. Anniversary. We are a pretty fine bunch of fellows and have been doing a smart job for good of No. 15 since the last anniversary, but we are rather modest, and due to the exigencies of the occasion we have

decided to let George do it!

—A. L. INK.

x

The Equipment Section

This Equipment Section is a place Where many things go wrong And that is why this year of grace To us seems rather long.

Many of our little woes
Could be erased no doubt
If other Section's N.C.O.'s
Could make a voucher out.

I imagine if you had E42's
E93's, and such
To post to tally cards all year
You wouldn't like it much.

And Equipment Depots seem to disregard
All our demands and so
The things we can't get A.O.G.
We must get L.P.O.

It's Clothing Stores that seem to get
The Headache most, I guess
If it isn't Khaki (W.D.)
It's Air Crew Battle Dress.

But what pains most and makes us yell
Is when our vouchers bounce
The Section we could blast to Hell
Is the whole gol-darned Accounts.

—J. E. S.

x x x x

When one looks back on the past two years that No. 15 S.F.T.S. has been in operation it is hard to make out if the School has been training flying personnel or Equipment Assistants.

x x x x

Over one hundred have passed through the Equipment Section and only one, F/S Prasow, remains of the original pioneers.

x x x x

Although at one time WO.2 Emmot, the self-styled woman hater, threatened to exterminate all the W.D.'s—they are still with us. This is no doubt responsible for the worried look that WO.1 Bowman now wears.

x x x x

It is rather strange on this Western Unit that the powers that be, have given us an S.E.O. and an E.O. both from Toronto. This must mean something but nobody seems to have found out what so far.

x x x x

Practically every part of the Dominion is represented by the staff. They come from the wilds of British Columbia, the shores of the Atlantic and all points between. There is even one from Alaska. A W.D. at that.

x x x x

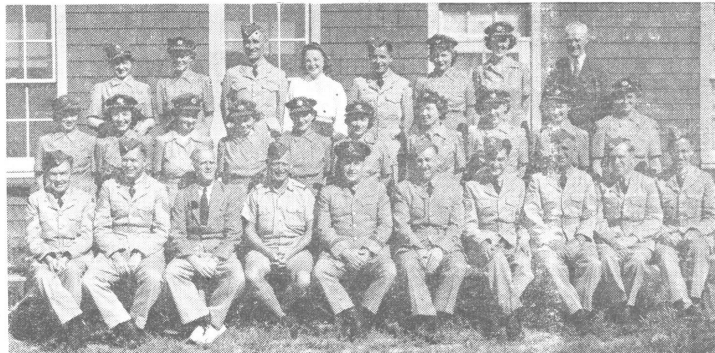
Since this Section arose out of the mud of Claresholm to become part of a very fine Station, it has continued to do its part to keep the aircraft in the air. The close co-operation with the Maintenance and Flying Wings has helped to maintain the high serviceability of which we are so proud.

x x x x

The past year has not had the romance of a Station just opening up but there has been a steady climb to a state of efficiency which allows us to cope with the ever increasing part which we have to do.

x x x x

For the future we can only wish that we will go on with this Unity and Spirit of Friendliness which has marked the past two years.



EQUIPMENT SECTION

FRONT ROW (Left to Right)—Cpl. Abercrombie, W. B.; Sgt. Copeland, K. C.; Mr. Robinson, N. L.; F/O Mundee, G.; F/L Kertland, W. S.; WO.1 Bowman, L. K.; F/S Prasow, J.; Sgt. Holtet, E. A. D.; Cpl. Ripley, W. A.; LAC. Rowatt, R. M.

SECOND ROW—AW.2 Entwistle, R. M.; AW.1 Harding, J. L.; LAW. Drew, G. M.; AW.1 Andrews, P. M.; L.A.W. Archi-

bald, B. W.; LAW. Barth, M. G.; LAW. McGuire, C. C.; LAW. McWhinney, V.; LAW. Sinclair, H. A.; AW.1 Campbell, M. J.

THIRD ROW—Cpl. Sheffield, J. E.; L.A.W. Kitching, J.; AC.2 Sultan, W.; Miss Oviatt, I.; AC.2 Bubyn, M.; LAW. Storbo, B. J.; LAW. Coffee, I. L.; Mr. Johnston, B.

MAINTENANCE

July 29th. 1943.

After a long silence, Maintenance Orderly Room adds its bit to the Station paper.

x x x x

We are sorry to lose F/L Ward who is shortly leaving for No. 4 T.C. He has taken over as Officer Commanding Maintenance Wing since the departure of S/L Paterson. His cheerful personality has won the hearts of us all. The only things that puzzle us are the queer gadgets forever lying on his desk which he claims to be parts for an Anson II. They couldn't belong to that 1929 Ford, could they?

x x x x

F/L Warner, another newcomer, will now take over the position of Chief Engineering Officer. Good luck, Sir!

x x x x

And congratulations to Mr. Wilson on his promotion to Flying Officer. Were his eyes green with envy the morning AW. Badley produced an eight inch trout (her catch of the previous evening): Don't let it get you down, Sir. There are lots more where those came from.

x x x x

Now we are sorry to say good-bye to F/S Falconer (Wolfgang), as he leaves this happy abode to take over his position i/c of Records. His stay over there won't be long, though, as he has re-mustered to Aircrew. However, there is one mystery, Flight: how can you complete crossword puzzles while flying an Anson?

x x x x

There goes the phone . . . we hear LAW. Ford answering it : . . . "Maintenance Orderly Room here, Sir. Who? Flt. Bibby? No, I'm sorry, he MAY be over in the S.W.O.'s office". Phone again: "Yes?? Flt. Bibby? No, I'm sorry, he's just left for the golf course in Claresholm."

x x x x

Last but not least, we welcome Cpl. Crawford from the Control Tower, who has come to take up his position in charge of the Orderly Room. Seems he must have had an easy life up there for he has already ordered a foot stool from Work-shops.

x x x x

Another newcomer to the Orderly Room is Boborosky (commonly known as "Bub") who hails from Edmonton.

x x x x

Until next month we are signing off.

—WD. Staff-Maintenance Orderly Room.



PARACHUTE CHATTER

It seems quite some time since I have written anything for our Station paper, but I feel that our Section cannot be for-

gotten on the Anniversary.

x x x x

The past year has seen quite a change in our little hang-out. About eighteen months ago there were eleven of us, eight fellows, and three W.D.'s new from Toronto. Since then in all we have had twenty-one fellow-workers. The chaps have gone to aircrew, Alaska, Rupert, Toronto and Calgary. One of our girls is an S/O in Lethbridge, another a Sgt. in Calgary, and others all over Canada. As yet none to our knowledge has gone overseas or to Newfoundland. At present we have seven girls and one fellow . . . lucky guy!

x x x x

Half of the Section are working in the hangars, on fabric work. Rather a change, though a busy one.

x x x x

It has always been a great chore to get the chute in on time for re-packing, and it is no less a one now with parachutes at Woodhouse as well as here at No. 15.

x x x x

About half of the help has been on leave, visiting different points: Seattle, Wash., Regina, Nanaimo and Winnipeg. We have yet from our Section guests for Nova Scotia, Calgary, Moose Jaw, and Saskatoon. They will be on their way in the near future.

x x x x

Last but not least, the Section is very pleased to have Cpl. Freeman return to No. 15 after three months at No. 19 at Vulcan.

x

COURSE 86

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

"Look, the Rockies!"

"No you damn fool, they're only clouds".

x x x x

"What's the Wash-out rate here?"

x x x x

"These Ansons look too big for me to handle after driving a Tigerschmitt".

x x x x

"What's the grub like? It ought to be good paying 50c a month."

x x x x

"Gosh, do you see those wizard W.A.A.F.S. We won't have much spare time here."

x x x x

Expressions such as these were heard from the course immediately upon arrival, but we soon had our various questions answered—some truthfully, others we still doubt. However, we are certain that we shall like the Station, our Instructors are first class and we sincerely hope we make the grade.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

Waiter: "The steaks only seem smaller, sir! We have enlarged the Dining Room."

Flames from the Fire Hall Instrument Makers and Electricians

July 31, 1941.

Here's news from the Electrical and Instrument Section, that hard-working bunch of lads who strive to keep the "Jewelry" on the ships in first class condition, and to which our genial N.C.O.'s Flight Sergeant Brooks and Sgt. Coates, lend most of their time and energies (no cracks, please!).

A lot of water has flown under the bridge since the modest room in the corner of No. 4 Hangar became established as an important cog in the machinery connected with the running of No. 15 S.F. T.S., and many of the boys have come and gone. In fact, when we look back upon the events or happenings of the last year, we cannot help but feel rather proud of the contribution to the service made by this Section.

Many of the lads have gone "across the pond" to the British Isles. Among the "Spark-chasers" whom we remember are Cpl. "Shorty" Steinburg, who left us to go to the A.O.S. at Edmonton. Toft, Bell, Carter, Cook and the musically inclined Cooper, all of whom gave us long and faithful service and who are now serving in many parts of the globe.

Instrument men, too, have responded to the call, and like their cousins, the Electricians, have gone out with our blessings to do their bit, notable among these being Cpl. "Killer" Caine, one of the squarest shooters we have had the pleasure to work with. Cpl. Bert Martin, who came here in the early days from No. 3 S.F.T.S., and who is now on A.I.D. Course at Malton, Ontario. Cpl. Johnny Irwin, who has gone to carry on his good work at Vulcan, and many others, including Cpl. Bill Ferguson, Larry Dyer, Norman Fooks and Don Shortt.

Rumor has it that some of our lads have at last succumbed to the call of the skies and will shortly join the ranks of the birds of the air, among these being none other than our own Flight Sergeant Brooks. Our best wishes will go with them in their new sphere of service. "Bugeye" was one of the original N.C.O.'s to set foot in our "sanctum" and there is not one of us who will not miss his help, so cheerfully given at all times.

Newcomers to the Station include Cpl. Harris, who hails from Thor Bay, and Cpl. Paul Sheremeta, from No. 5 B. & G. School at Dafoe, Sask., both of whom we welcome into our midst.

Our spirits are raised now with the prospects of a move into our new home in No. 7 Hangar where we hope to im-

Here we are after another year of Fire-fighting and smoke eating carrying on as usual issuing garden tools, tending our garden (from which we supply the mess with onions, radishes, and lettuce). These are besides our regular duties, although our staff has dwindled during the past year from 23 to 12 men.

x x x x

Several changes have taken place here during the past year. Sgt. Gilliam has taken over from F/S Quinn and has since been promoted to F/S. Cpl. Postlethwaite has been promoted to Sgt. and LAC. Sibbald to Cpl. Many others have come and gone. One of our boys is now overseas as an Airgunner, another is stationed on the North West Staging route. Scattered all over Canada are Fire-fighters who have been stationed here at Claresholm.

x x x x

During the past year we have had a few fires but from the number of false alarms, some one sure likes the sound of the siren a lot more than we do. Our real worry now is the garbage dump. It seems determined to burn up something, first an M.T. truck and then the board fence around the incinerator.

x x x x

Some of our boys are looking to another prosperous fall assisting the local farmers in harvest operations. Many a bushel was harvested by our boys last fall, in fact at one place an entire threshing outfit was composed of Fire-fighters.

x x x x

That's all for this time folks. Here's to the flames with plenty of smoke.

x

AIRMEN'S MESS

B-u-z-z, B-u-z-z, here we come. Some folks say "A Lot of Water Has Flowed Beneath the Bridge", but we say "A Lot of Water Has Gone Down the Drain", since we last wrote.

x x x x

We are sorry to see our girls leave, which several have done. Is it easier work, girls, or just a little more glamorous?

x x x x

Who were the ambitious girls who arose for duty at 0400 hours? Was the Weiner Roast too much? What say we have another?

x x x x

Congratulations on your new venture in life, Corporal Lawrence. Who's next? What's that we hear? Ah yes, hmmm! hmmm!

prove our working conditions by means of more floor space and better and newer test equipment, benches, lighting, etc., all of which we feel sure will help us to give more efficient service.

We have had men from many walks of life, including typewriter experts, watchmakers, toolmakers, musicians and others, and our chief aim has been to combine the talents of these men into one efficient combination, to serve our country, and to help speed the day when Victory will be ours.

x

NAVIGATION FLIGHT

This is the first time that any news from Navigation Flight has appeared in the pages of our Station paper. So we shall try to enumerate a few of the goings on around the Flight.

x x x x

Cpl. Cordrey is one of the N.C.O.'s in Charge of the Flights, and what he doesn't do to keep the aircraft serviceable? But we must admit he DOES "Keep 'Em Flying". Cpl. Surrer, the other N.C.O. in charge, does his level best to keep the Students navigating properly and he does do his job thoroughly and efficiently.

x x x x

Since we have moved to No. 2 Hangar temporarily we have begun to feel more like an organized Flight, whereas in our former location more aircraft were picketed outside than in the Hangar. But that goes with having 25 aircraft in our hands.

x x x x

Our words of greeting can best be summed up in this poem, or call it what you will.

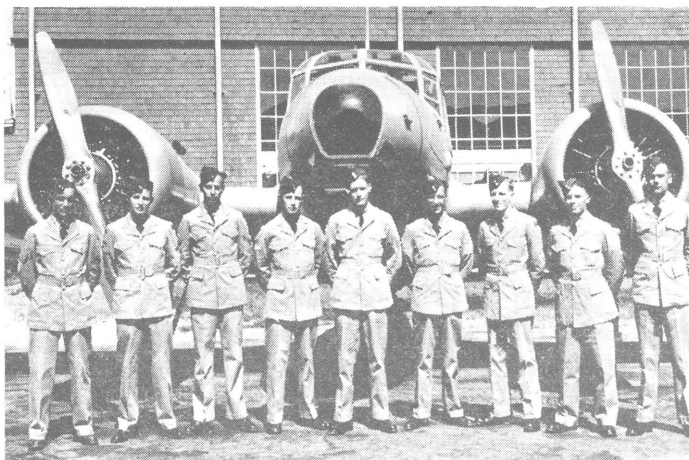
x x x x

NAVIGATION

N—is for nothing and Navigation too,
A—is for anything we can do,
V—is for Victory, come when it may
I—is for the Instructors, that work night and day,
G—is for Ground Crew, now doing their part,
A—is for Ansons that are falling apart,
T—is for Tradesman the "Joes" for it all,
I—is for interest that will never fail.
O—is for one and on we must go.
N—is to remind you never move to slow!

TWO OF A KIND

On a certain recent Monday the following telephone conversation took place in Equipment:
 Voice in telephone: "This is Mundee".
 W.D. Equip. Clerk: "Here, here!"
 And was the little W.D.'s face red when she found out it was Mundee as well as Monday.



WIRELESS MECHANICS

Left to Right—Cpl. Chrapko, LAC. Kell, AC.1 Nicholl, AC.1 Bailey. Absent—Cpl. Colford, LAC. Lewis, Sgt. Nutt, Sgt. Jacobson, LAC. Wulff, AC.1 Watson, N.C.O. i/c, AC.1 Rappell, AC.1 Milton, AC.1 Kellough, AC.1 McKay.

THE WIRELESS MECHANICS

We've waited long to get into this column and let you gentle readers know who it is that keeps our aircraft "on the beam" in the true sense of that statement.

x x x x

Eleven months schooling at No. 1 Wireless School in Montreal lies behind the Sparks that we proudly wear as a symbol of being one of the "Preferred Tradesmen", a W.M.

x x x x

You'll find us mumbling to ourselves over Inter-Com. sets in the nose of our Ansons, struggling with loudspeakers atop hangars and hastening to the Jeep at 3 a.m. to keep the radio sparking.

x x x x

As the 'Chute Section meets those who think the ring is to carry the chute with, so we meet (or rather, wed like to) those who think the aircraft wireless sets are designed for the express purpose of listening to Dorsey on boring cross-countries, and can't understand the set going u/s when they "Just turned that there dial a little bit".

x x x x

With the opening of our new Blind Flying Station at Champion, a couple of our Section are finding out what the "horrors of war" really are, while they worry over keeping the "Beam" in the right place and out of T.C.A.'s earphones.

x x x x

Chief gripe with the W.M.'s is: (1) Why

don't we get some overseas postings? (2) When will they let some of us remuster to Air Crew?

x x x x

We come from Halifax, Cooper Cliff, Regina and Vancouver and all points in between and all agree that when Winnie said "Never was so much owed by so many to so few", he was speaking of the W.M.'s, whose usual greeting to a long parted friend is "Hello Joe, the last time I saw you was under a table in the Peel Tavern".

—JUNIOR.

THE LITTLE GREEN HOUSE

How do you do, everybody, and especially YOU. It is so long since we have had a small space in your valued paper that an introduction is no doubt necessary. So I give you, Ladies and Gentlemen, that estimable body of men, The Service Police. Remember us? If not, let us jog your memory a little—our business is conducted in the Little Green House just beyond the Gate Barrier. It is in this Little Green House that several men, day in and day out, conduct what one may call "An Information Bureau". Such as:—

x x x x

"What time does the 12:10 bus leave, Corporal?"

x x x x

"I know I'm on duty watch, Cpl., but do you mind if I just SLIP out for four or five hours, as I just want to get a "Coke"

at the Hostess House."

x x x x

"Cpl., quick, someone has just stolen my pocketbook containing \$500.00 and all the family mortgages. When did I lose it? Oh, let me see. H-m-m-m, about ten days ago or so I think. Not quite sure. Could I identify it? Oh my, yes. I'd know it immediately as it contained nothing but ten and five dollar bills."

x x x x

"I'm so sorry, Cpl., for coming in so late, but I missed the last bus, hired a taxi and it blew a tire and just as we got started again we found the road was washed out. So I started to walk, lost a shoe and have practically crawled on my hands and knees for the last 2 miles. You don't blame me for being late do you Cpl.?"

x x x x

And so, folks, thus it goes on and on and on. Bring your troubles to the Little Green House. Some we settle to your liking. Others, well, sometimes we allow you to come right in and stay for a few days. Chummy like, don't you know. We try to always oblige, but some say we overdo it. Could be, I suppose. So remember, for "Information Please", for extended stays with pack supplied, just call 34, or better still call personally, AND BIDE A WEE. Hope we see you ALL sometime.

Yours,—Elk.

DENTAL CLINIC

The last time the Dental Clinic had a write-up in "Windy Wings" was for the 1st. Anniversary edition. Since that time there has been almost a complete change in the staff. Capt. Geering was posted to Macleod, and with him he took his assistant, Sgt. Mabel Smith. Capt. MacGregor from Edmonton succeeded him as Dental Officer in charge. Pte. Husby, our orderly, was sent off to his home town, Swift Current, and was replaced by Pte. Springham, but he was only here a few weeks. Pte. Franchuk followed, but he too left us very shortly afterwards. So now we are minus an orderly. Cpl. Joe Schummer came to take over where Sgt. Smith left off and for a while everyone was happy to be settled down to business. However, it was too good to last. Capt. D. G. MacGregor just recently departed for overseas and Sgt. Schummer (got his promotion after a few days at No. 15 Clinic) was posted to Pearce. Poor fellow, what did he do to deserve such a posting.

Now for the 2nd. Anniversary we find Capt. R. B. Burgman in charge. Our newest comer is Lieut. S. Fleming from Edmonton. He is new in the Army but an old-timer at dentistry. Sgt. Jackie Bedu, who is N.C.O. in charge of the clinic, just recently got married and now she is Sgt.

Cook. From the standpoint of service, she is the old-timer, having been in the clinic for 17 months, and will probably be here for the duration, so she says. Now we introduce Cpl. Beth Bawden who has been here only two months. But in that short time she has proved herself of value.

Our establishment calls for an orderly but we have been without one for almost four months. The extra burden falls on the two girls but to date no complaints have been heard.

Well, here we are, folks! We are here to help you, although the amount of work to be done is tremendous, we will do our best to keep you dentally fit. If you have a tooth that needs taking care of, come up and see us, and if you know you need work done call at the clinic and have your name placed on the appointment list—then patiently keep an eye on D.R.O.'s. You may have to wait for some time, but sooner or later we will get around to you.

Goodbye for now. Will be seeing you on Dental Parade.

POST OFFICE

Back again. The fact that "Windy Wings" sold even with a Post Office column in it, gave us a little encouragement.

x x x x

We lost LAW. Melrose last month. Too bad! She could have played in the green paint with the rest of the staff.

x x x x

For the benefit of R.A.F. personnel, Air Letters as well as Airgraphs may now be sent to friends and relatives in Britain.

x x x x

The green paint has brightened up the Post Office considerably. AC.2's Novak and Sippola provided us with light amusement, paint brushes, and turpentine. The turpentine for obvious reasons—paint does stick to clothes, doesn't it?

x x x x

Mail to all Station with M.P.O.'s should be addressed to the M.P.O. as this facilitates handling through the various channels a letter may follow prior to its destination. The correct postal address for this Station is a follows:

NUMBER.....

NAME.....

CLARESHOLM M.P.O. 1306,
ALBERTA.

x x x x

To people who accuse us of reading postcards and things—we do not. Can we help it if Superman isn't the only one with good eyes.

x x x x

The Sgt.s party has had its effect on our staff too, but we're not talking so there.

W. & B.

A SMALL CONTRIBUTION FROM WORKS AND BUILDINGS

Perhaps the least known Section on the Station, but certainly the oldest! This Section has been in existence since the Station was only a stubble-field, with a large straw stack in one corner where the Rec. Hall now stands. There have been numerous changes in the personnel since that time, but there are still one or two of the Old Brigade left. Generally speaking, we are a "Joe" unit, not much to do except look after the comforts of our fellow comrades and try to keep the buildings looking fit enough to pass C.O.'s inspection. Of course we have such minor things as runways and roads to keep in shape, besides doing a lot of odd jobs for anyone who has nothing else to do except think up these scrounge jobs.

x x x x

However, we take time off to congratulate ourselves that under the able direction of F/L Trischuk we are getting our ship headed straight. It gets a little monotonous some times and one of the Corporals, just coming off seven days leave, had his 48 rejected. He landed in the hospital the next A.M. with a temperature of 103. Some say to get a rest cure.

x x x x

Our little Clerk Acct., LAW. Beilby, went on a weiner roast, sponsored by the Acct. Section. She is now in Colonel Belcher recovering from a solo take-off from a horse.

x x x x

Our esteemed Foreman of Works, WO.1 Collins, is back from leave and we understand he is getting his wings at the next wings parade on the strength of the time he has spent up in the air around the Section. Even his assistant, F/S Bolderhey, is getting the habit.

x x x x

F/S Brunner does a lot of roaring around but the scroungers usually get what they want, proving that the bark is worse than the bits.

x x x x

F/S Betts, Bolderhey, and Edwards had the Fraw's down for the big cowboy dance at the Sgts.' Mess. Result, they are now on leave recuperating.

x x x x

Cpl. Cameron is back at the old stand after considerable time in the hospital and is hot on the trail of sundry tools on his charge that went astray during his sojourn. In the meantime everyone is hard at work preparing for the annual celebration, including AW.1 Depper our new Steno. She is very popular around the Section, judging by the delegations in waiting at the orderly Room Door.

Motor Transport Section

In acknowledgement of the second anniversary, we would like to recall some small incidents—important and unimportant—that have stayed in the minds of the personnel of this Section.

x x x x

The most important thing we have learned—that is if a truck is backed into fire (even by accident) it is liable to burn. And burn that truck did. But it was one of our pets. You know, the more trouble they are, the more we love 'em! It was quite an old faithful, and practically knew its own way around the Station. We have to steer anything we take now!

x x x x

Did any of you see the ball games between M.T., Fire Hall and other Sections of the Station? If so, you would have seen one of our own M.T. W.D.'s rooting for the OTHER SIDE. Traitor! We are now teaching her another important lesson.

x x x x

You should see some of the burns the boys have, too. I don't know if it's from the games or just the sun. One in particular has a very bad burn, and we were wondering how he gets the burn when he usually travels in the moonlight. But, to get back, they've lost everything (games I mean) so far. We're still behind them and think they'll beat the rest of the Station before the ball season is over.

x x x x

There are only twelve of us left in the Section that were here last year for the anniversary—oh, eleven pretty soon. LAC. Morris, and old friend around the Section, and Station, is preparing for a journey into Eskimo Land. He has been posted to the North-West Staging Route.

x x x x

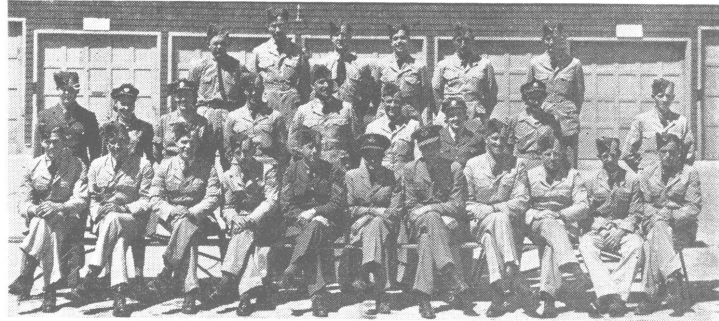
Cpl. Haines has likewise taken a long journey; but in the opposite direction. He's gone to No.-Man's Land, namely, Gander Bay. We miss him around here, with his dry wit. He kept the Section in a really good humour, especially when he and Cpl. Ashcroft (who is still here) got together.

x x x x

We hear (and hope) that our one and only WO.1 Marriot received his commission. Congratulations and good luck for the future, Major, and we hope you get your copy of this issue of Windy Wings.

x x x x

F/L Ward, our M.T. Officer, is leaving us now. We are very sorry to lose him. He's a great friend of the whole Section. In his place we have F/O Daniels. Welcome to the Station and Section, Sir. He seems to have a good head on his shoulder and we're hoping to make a good friend



MOTOR TRANSPORT SECTION

BACK ROW (Left to Right)—AC.2 Paschal, W. T.; AC.1 Lowe, H. M.; LAC. Shelly, D. P.; AC.1 Cornell, D.; AC.1 Nichel, H.

CENTRE ROW—AC.1 Lewis, J. R.; LAW. Howells, D.; AW.2 McNair, M. H.; AC.1 Kadey, A. G.; F/S Harrison, W. A.; Sgt. Real, G.; LAW. Riva, D. M.; Cpl. Lund,

W. E.; Cpl. Lund, L. J.

FRONT ROW—LAC. Norris, L. V.; LAC. Johnson, K. P.; LAC. McGuire, E. C.; Cpl. Simons, C. W.; Cpl. Ashcroft, S. W.; F/L Ward, R. G. D.; P/O Daniels, E. H.; Cpl. Hamilton, R.; LAC. Robertson, D. G.; LAC. Duguid, T. W.; LAC. MacFarland, R. C.

of him, as all the others we have had for a "Boss".

x x x x

Here are the names of the personnel that are left since the last picture. Most of them are known (if not by name, by their faces) on the Station. LAC. McGuire, who has been here the longest; next in rotation—LAC. Duguid, Cpl. Simons, Cpl. Hamilton, LAC. Robertson. LAC. Norris, LAC. Johnson, F/S Harrison, Cpl. Lund, L. J., LAC. Munro, Cpl. Ashcroft, Cpl. Lund, W. E. Couper, LAW. Barnes, and LAW. Riva.

x x x x

Speaking of old friends, some of the personnel do not seem to think friendship is enough. Two of them thought that closer relationship was necessary and decided on matrimonial ties. This little inspiration, if it was an inspiration, has worked out nicely for the benefit of all concerned, so far. All the Section joins in the wish that it will remain so. for the duration and afterwards.

x x x x

The happy groom doesn't remember the marriage date, but he does remember the day afterward. And well he might. He had to reach his hand out the window to scratch his head the next morning. He blames the boys from the Concert Party

MISS REPRESENTATION

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

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

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

of No. 15 S.F.T.S. for the big head, but he's had the odd one since. so he can't make the accusation stick. Most of us agree tho' that it is worth the after-effects at that. No?

x x x x

Some of the personnel of this Section are bringing up future M.T. drivers. Duguid and Johnson are helping the cause along with "MECHANICS". Oh we're not sure about Johnson (K.P. to you). The little one may grow up to be a Banjo player. Boy, oh boy, can Kim ever play the Banjo. You've probably heard him play with the Old-Time Orchestra.

LAC. Norris (Eskimo Kid) and LAC. Smith (Woodhouse Kid) were presented with baby girls not long ago. They will likely make wonderful W.D.'s. Here's congratulations to each and every one of the lads. Should I say: "Keep up the Good Work"?

x x x x

We had another of our famous (?) weiner roasts the other day. Went a little farther away this time. The last time we thought the personnel left on the Station could hear the noise. Hence the idea to go farther—or was it?

Had a wonderful time, and Bartram (remember last time, he was looking for the gal that brung him?) was with the gal that got him, namely, his wife. It must have been some party. Bart is in the hospital now.

x x x x

Nothing around the Section itself has changed since last year. It's still run in an orderly fashion—each and every one of the gang knows just what he or she has to do and co-operates to the best of his ability. May this spirit of "esprit-de-corps" be the same in the weeks ahead.



THE STATION BAND

FRONT ROW (Left to Right)—Cpl. Adsit, E. W.; Cpl. Lund, J. M. L.; AC.1 Varden, H. G.; Cpl. Parker, A. T.; Cpl. Cordrey, E. G.; LAC. Pavle, J. W.; Cpl. Tuson, G. L.; AC.1 Gelhorn, G.

BACK ROW—LAC. Kwasnisky, W.; LAC. Thorsel, A. E.; Cpl. Wilson, W. S.; Cpl. Martin, A. J.; F/L Barnhill, R.; Cpl. Lyons, F. E.; Cpl. Tupper, E. R.; LAC. Carlson, S. G.; Cpl. Anderson, K. J.

Not in Picture—Cpl. Smith, H. W.; LAC. Stack, R. R.; AC.1 Oliver, J. S.

THE "B" NATURAL

As this is another anniversary edition of "Windy Wings", it is only natural that the Station Band should be represented.

The Station Band was first inaugurated at this School in November, 1941, and has since seen many changes, both in personnel and in music. At that time it was quite a sight to see some of its players trying to get notes out of battered old trumpets, cornets or peck-horns, which had been taped together with friction tape, or to see the Bandmaster practically beating his brains out against a wall trying to get the players to "come in on the down-beat". However, all this has since been rectified and we now have a band that one can truly be proud of, considering its size and the fact that it is merely a volunteer band, which means that we are not out practicing four hours per day, as some of these recognized bands are doing.

Consequently, it is with mixed emotions that we record the loss of LAC. Fishwick, N., the one Airman that was responsible for this vast change in the Band. "Norm" has since been posted to the Concert Band at Rockcliffe, Ontario, and we sincerely wish him the very best of everything in his new capacity. May his training in Ontario prove as valuable to him as his Temporary Duty here at Claresholm did to the Station Band.

There are still a few extra instruments that are not being used in the Band, so if

there are any would-be instrumentalists on the Station, would they please contact F/L Barnhill, in the Accounts Section, and he will arrange for them to attend Band practices on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, from 1500 until 1630 hours, in the Recreation Hall

AIR CADETS OF CANADA

A little variety has been added to the Station routine with the series of Air Cadet Squadrons that have come for summer camp here. Air Cadet Squadron No. 52 from Calgary was the first and elsewhere in this issue is a letter from their representative. Squadron No. 193 from Cardston, the Turtle Mt. Squadron from Blairmore, and the Nanton Squadron No. 195 have come and gone and for those of

The Sergeant looked as if he was about to blow up at any moment. Drawing a deep breath, he shouted at the raw recruit:—

"I can bear it when you turn to the right when I say left; I can bear it when you turn up on parade with half your tunic buttons undone; I don't even mind very much when you drop your rifle. but—"

He glared for a moment at the cowering culprit and added:—

But, for the love of Mike, will you please stop saying, 'Sorry, my dear'."

us who came in touch with them, they left something tonic and refreshing. These lads who have been drilling and training at home had here their first taste of real Air Force environment and routine. They lived the life of Airmen and all went back keener than ever to become part of the regular R.C.A.F. personnel as soon as they are old enough. The kids were insatiably curious, stumping many an Airman with their questions and astounding all with their knowledge of service life. A few didn't stand up any too well under the rigors of the morning sun when on Station Parade, but then many of the rest of us looked enviously out of the corners of our eyes as the odd Cadet fell out of rank and went to sit in the shade. Shame forced us to remain perpendicular. We had to show those young gaffers that there was something we could do well.

Each Squadron was led by its own Air Cadet Officers, business men who have taken their spare time to train these many fellows.

Congratulations, Sirs, on the showing your boys made and to those Squadrons of Air Cadets of Canada which have favoured us with a visit. "So Long for now, boys. It was a pleasure to have you with us. Come again."

HOSPITAL NEWS

During the past year there have been many changes of one kind and another throughout the different Sections on the Station. Changing of personnel of Course, as always, has been the major factor. Many new faces have appeared in our midst and lots of old familiar friends have gone on to new achievements, new places of interest. Looking back, the year as a whole, has been very successful and much has been accomplished. Hundreds of Pilots have been trained, and sent out for their all-important mission, while the ground crews have faithfully done their part to "keep 'em flying".

x x x x

The W.D.'s have done a magnificent job filling their places well and have released many men for Air Crew duties and as time goes on they will play a greater part towards our ultimate goal "Victory". A great deal of credit is due to them for the way they have adapted themselves to camp and Air Force Life.

x x x x

The Hospital has had quite a hectic year. There has been very little let up as expected during the summer months. It has been a very pleasant year however, and taking things all around, the personnel are happy and contented in the jobs they are doing. Contentment and happi-

ness are always a big factor for the success of difficult assignments. We have seen many changes here, as in other Sections, new Medical Officers and Staff, some only staying a few weeks before passing on, hardly time to get acquainted.

x x x x

A fine new addition has been added, giving us another 20 beds which greatly facilitates our handling of sick personnel. All in all we are in a much better position to render service and aid where and when required.

x x x x

Weddings have become a habit. We have no less than four during the year. N/S Rainsforth led the parade when she beguiled P/O Rainsford into taking the all-important step. Next in line to take the vows was one of our Hospital Assistants, LAW. Klein who was posted to Regina while away on her honeymoon. Right close in her footsteps was LAW. Loyer who became the better half of one of the boys from down under. Just about that time LAC. Bessie, decided that the girls could not have all the fun, so he takes himself off 14 days leave and shows up quite innocent-like with a wife. And so it goes. Its hard to say who will be next. We seem to have quite a few good prospects but it would be unwise to make predictions at this time.

x x x x

A cute poem came into our possession the other day, we won't say by what means. It was sent from overseas by a certain F/O to another F/O. You might have seen it before but it is worth while reading again. We hesitate to think of what the consequence will be when this certain party sees this in print. Oh well; it will be time for Anual Leave soon, so here goes:

The Last Farewell

Do not become a Nun, Dear
When I am far away,
Just have a lot of fun Dear,
Step out each night and play,
The lads I leave behind Dear,
They too must have their fling.
Be sure and treat them kind Dear,
And dance and ride and sing.

Do anything you will Dear,
Pet and flirt and park,
With Jack or Jim or Bill, Dear,
Be careful after dark.
The years are all too few Dear,
Your happiness to wreck,
And should I find it true Dear,
I'll wring your Bloody neck.

NIC-O-TINE

Tobacco is a dirty weed. I like it
It makes you thin; It makes you lean;
It takes the hair right off your bean;
It's the worst damned stuff I've ever seen
I like it.



THE HOSPITAL STAFF

BACK ROW (Left to Right)—Cpl. Mercier, LAC. Whitten, AC.2 Shanahan, LAW. Latter, F/S Dixon. FRONT ROW—LAW. Robertson, Cpl. Driver, F/L Aiken, S/L Lawson, N/S Davies, F/L Smith, Cpl. Millinger, Cpl. Viczko.

DOMESTIC TROUBLES

Guest (to host in new home): "Hello, Pal, how do you find it here?"
Host: "Walk right upstairs, and the first door to the left."

THE MODERN AGE

Mother: "Have a good time at the dance dear, and be a good girl."
Modern Girl: "Make up your mind, Mother."

United Services Centre

3rd. Ave. N. and College Drive
Claresholm, Alberta

A Club for Men and Women of His Majesty's Forces provided by Organizations and Citizens of the Town and District of Claresholm.

HOURS OPEN

6 to 11 each night also 2 to 6 on Sat. and Sun. afternoons

- - - Canteen for Light Lunches and Soft Drinks - - -
Reading Room - - - Games - - - Piano - - - Radio

A Home-Like Place for Service Men and Women to Meet Their Friends!

Doves of War

(By Our Rovng Reporter)

Eager eyes were scanning the southern sky when I walked up to the pigeon loft behind the Officers' Quarters.

The loft guardian, Mr. J. P. Yoxall, was patiently and confidently waiting for his pigeons to come home. His "youngsters"—in other words, his five-weeks-old fledglings—were out on one of their training flights and were due back any minute.

I joined him in his vigil for his birds and while we sat waiting he unfolded his story of the establishment of the Claresholm loft.

For 65 years he has been training and working homing pigeons and knows their uses in war time. Knowing also of the use of pigeons at Flying Schools on the north and south coasts and in the European zone he obtained the C.O.'s permission to establish a loft here and the birds when trained will be available for the use of the Station.

Mr. Yoxall lost his own flock of homers before he came into the service but was telling, an old friend, Mr. R. Haden, of Calgary, of his desire to begin a loft at Claresholm and mentioned that he wanted to stock it with good long distance birds.

The Calgary fancier immediately made four of his best birds available and they formed the nucleus of the Claresholm loft.

In four weeks the young birds were feathered and ready to be allowed out. They were given plenty of opportunities to familiarise themselves with the loft. Then in another week they were flying.

They were taken into Claresholm and over to Woodhouse by transport and 30 minutes after release were back at Claresholm. Other trips followed and then the "youngsters" were taken over in a plane.

"It is a big job for the youngsters to be sent off in a plane," Mr. Yoxall said as he gazed expectantly in the direction of Woodhouse.

"No doubt they've been a bit unnerved by the noise of the plane and the sensation of being dropped out and to have to fend for themselves. But they'll be back and then I'll send them off on longer and longer trips. You might be interested in knowing how a bird is released. When in the air the bird is put in a paper bag before it is thrown overboard, to keep it from being drawn into the plane's slip stream. The bird soon finds its way out of the bag and heads for home."

It was a warm, sunny day when we were talking and the birds were overdue.

"These little fellows are just like school children" Mr. Yoxall went on. "You know

on their way home they like to straggle about and play. Well, these youngsters get out and they like to play too and don't like to race straight home. But they'll learn better."

The establishment of the loft has been a spare-time hobby for Mr. Yoxall but he foresees the days when Claresholm trainees on long distance flights will take birds with them. In case of forced landings or accidents they can release pigeons, with notes attached, to inform Station officials of their whereabouts.

In the last war Mr. Yoxall saw pigeons used to advantage by British troops. He was in the British Expeditionary Forces and the birds were carried in buses which were used as homing lofts. Soldiers in the trenches often released them to send vital messages back.

And, Germans were always on the lookout to shoot at them and adopted any means to prevent them getting through.

"I have seen birds return with messages in spite of terrible wounds" Mr. Yoxall recalled. "There were times when the birds came in with their breasts shot away. They just dropped into the loft and died.

"Pigeons have wonderful spirit and regardless of injuries they keep on flying with one purpose—to get back to their loft."

Mr. Yoxall, a former Coldstream Guardsman (his life there is an entirely separate and refreshing story) has been a pigeon fancier since a lad. In England he flew pigeons for many years and when he came to Canada after the last war he and other Britishers got together to form a pigeon fancier's association.

They imported breeding material and soon healthy lofts were functioning. For more than 20 years Mr. Yoxall was a lead-

ing breeder and racer of homing pigeons in Calgary and won innumerable trophies with long distance birds.

Now his interest is in the growth of the Claresholm loft. He foresees the day when fliers here will be given instructions in the handling of pigeons to fit them for future operations.

"It's no good anyone thinking they can handle these birds in a few minutes," Mr. Yoxall explained. "It takes careful training. These birds are temperamental and have to be handled carefully."

Suddenly the bright eyes turned to the loft.

"There's one of the youngsters back" he said and pointed to a young bird winging its way in. "The others will be in soon" . . . and they were. They were perky and bright after their latest achievement.

There'll be longer trips for them in future days and they'll come home more promptly, he promises. Eventually they'll become the friends of every Airman on the Station. Already they are the pets of innumerable Officers and Airmen who visit the loft regularly watching the growth of some of the birds from the day they break through their shells.

LAC. James, M. W.

ASTRO

Man is not lost! Across the trackless skies

In the empyrean blue, the airman knows
Where he has been, now is, and where he goes

As on his sextant calmly he relies.
Where am I? Here, Denebola replies
Like a celestial beacon Mirfak throws
His beam. And here's the North. Polaris shows.

Look upward, man! the ancient Schedar cries.

Look upward, man! Beyond the farthest star

Seek everlasting wisdom from afar.
Four freedoms are the landfall of our flight,

Of speech, religion, and from want and fear.

Be this our prayer: Our Father, who is near,

Make good our track and set our course aright.

LAC. J. W. Chalmers,
in the A.T.A. Magazine.
(On this Station during 1942)

WHAT A DIFFERENCE

"What's the difference between a bachelor girl and an old maid?"-

"Well, a bachelor girl has never been married and an old maid has never been married or anything."

—A Brilliant Reporter.

WANTED

Information leading to discovery of the Mental Level of the Flier who did not read the Latest Operational Summaries.

Did he say he didn't know there was an Intelligence Library in Ground Instructional School? The Sucker!



REMEMBER ?

In August 1942 the Airmen and W.D. football teams contested and won two games from Lethbridge No. 8 B. & G. The Anniversary celebration of the opening of the Station was held around the middle of the month and some 4,000 people were entertained by the Station Track and Field Meet. The Station was also represented at the Inter-Services Track and Field Meet held in Calgary the 3rd. week in August of 1942 and copped third honours. In October we visited Calgary and played No. 11 E. D. an exhibition game of softball and jrounced them by the score of 7-2. That month also saw the staging of a gigantic Boxing and Wrestling Card in aid of the Red Cross. This show was sponsored by the Sergeants' Mess and was a tremendous success. The holding of indoor games in the Drill Hall was started in October and proved to be very successful as well as entertaining. Bowling was a feature that drew quite a number of enthusiasts during the winter season. The Station hockey team took all honours during the schedule and due to posting fell away a little in the play-offs. The Ice Jamboree was held in the town of Claresholm. A lot of work was done by the Station personnel to ensure its success and their efforts were not in vain, as the local citizenry will testify. The ice show to raise funds for the Recreation Centre in town was held in February and a chuckle can still be had by remembering the hockey game between the W.D.'s and Australians. The Station basketball teams had a very successful season, providing plenty of entertainment for the fans. In March of this year another bbig Boxing and Wrestling Card was again staged, this time sponsored by the Officers' Mess, to raise funds for the re-furnishing of the W.D. Canteen, and its entire success is evidenced by the comfortable set-up in this Canteen. No. 11 E. D., Calgary, evidently being hounds for punishment, challenged the Station soccer team and were defeated by a score of 3-1. A return match was played a week later and this Station was again victorious by the score of 3-0. This outline touches very briefly

Review of the Station's Sport Activities

on Station sports activities during the past year. Of more interest, and not reported, were the various Inter-Squadron Legaues, which contests featured the keenest rivalry and provided the most entertainment. The clean spirit of sportsmanship prevalent on this Station is, in the writer's opinion, a very good indication of a satisfied feeling of the job being well done . . . in other words, the Personnel work hard and play hard.

In the last copy of "Windy Wings" it was erroneously reported that No. 37 S. F. T. S., Calgary, were last year's soccer champions. On further checking the files we find that No. 36 S. F. T. S., Penhold, are the actual declared champions. Our apologies, No. 36!!

—"Sully".

BASEBALL

An enthusiastic baseball crowd saw a real free-for-all on Monday, July 26th., when the Fighting W.D.'s answered the Bombers' challenge in a madcap nine-inning game.

From the time the Umpire yelled "batter up" till the final cheer, it was every man for himself. For the Bombers had to play not only the W.D.'s but the Umpire as well.

One bright Bomber "lad" remarked at the beginning of the game, "We'll be up to bat when we first go out and when it's too dark to play we'll still be up". That was far from right . . . with the aid of "Cleopatra" (alias P/O Hebert) the balls whizzed with such speed the Bombers couldn't see them coming.

F/O Young kept the gals going by continually throwing his mitt at the ball . . . which gave them a base every time on a foul.

The gaily coloured garments of "Cleopatra" and "Winnie" (Flt./Sgt. Piette) were the events of the evening. Although P/O Hebert's costume was a bit drafty in spots he managed to keep his "sweat-girl" form covered until the end.

The game ended . . . with a score of 6-5



for the girls, whether legal or not, and it was a swell game, enjoyed by everyone. But what we want to know is, when is Claresholm going to publish its own book of rules? ? ? ?

x x x x

The Officers and Senior N. C. O.'s played a game, too . . . we heard . . . but don't know when or who won. There were several eye-witness accounts submitted but they were so contradictory as to make the Editors feel that they were, perhaps, not strictly accurate or honest.

As we do not knowingly print anything that we cannot prove to be true, these accounts were omitted.

—Editors.

FLOOR HOCKEY

(By Woods)

The game of floor hockey is by no means an new indoor sport. It has been handed down from the Eastern game known as "Toss the Hoop" or "Whip the Hose" and from the English "Ground Hockey".

Since the war started floor hockey has been an indoor sport in Manning Pools, large training centres, and later on in Flying Training Schools.

Floor hockey started on our Station last spring when a group of Potential Air Crew mentioned that they were tired of playing the same old games during their P.T. period. Not wanting to let myself down as a P.T. Instructor, I rumaged through the book of games given to me while on course and found the rules of a game called floor hockey. I tried it on them and it went over with a bang.

These lads, claiming to be Joes running around for the Headquarters gang, formed a team called the "Headquarters Joe Boys" and sent out a challenge to any Section on the Station. It wasn't long before a husky bunch showed up from Navigation Flight with Cpl. Crowe as their capable coach. With two teams battling away once or twice a week (for the exercise), it dawned on me to start a tournament. After scrounging around stores for all the old broom handles, and over to W. & B. for



Parading the Odoriferous Goat to the Ball Game

some paint, we were all ready to go.

Five teams entered:—

- The "Bustling Bombers",
- The "Aussie Wallabys",
- The "Aussie Kangaroos"
- The "Navigation Star Dusters", and
- The "Headquarters Joe Boys".

As the tournament started to get under way we found it necessary to make a few changes in the rules, so that a man wouldn't get injured too much (?). Ask the M.O. about it.

A number of games were played before the "Joe Boys" were posted. That left us with four teams still going strong, but to our disappointment, the "Nav. Star Dusters" had to fold up because of men being sent to Woodhouse, and Flight changes. The "Wallabys" were beaten out by the "Kangaroos", leaving the "Bombers" and the "Kangaroos" to fight it out for top place. What a fight! Again I say, ask the M.O.

In the semi-final game the "Kangaroos" upset the "Bombers" by playing the puck and not the man (as one Aussie put it). By the time the final battle came along the "Bombers" had added a couple of 200-pounders to their defence, and the Aussies came up from Woodhouse with a look of confidence on their faces and, of course, a few reminders of the semi-final match. After a nice quiet game of Commando-tactic warfare, (refer to the sketch on the bottom of your new sports sheet) the "Bombers" came out on top to win the tournament.

The "Bombers" hold an open challenge to a game of floor hockey with any Section on the Station who think they are good enough to beat them. So, who's next?

When floor hockey comes into its being again this winter, make it a date to come over to the Drill Hall and enjoy, free of charge, the fastest game of hockey you have ever witnessed.

SOUTHERN ALBERTA CRICKET

Cricket representatives from Claresholm, Vulcan, Pearce and Macleod gathered together in a recent meeting held at Claresholm, and a proposal was put forward by S/L Atkinson that a combined team composed of personnel from these four Stations be chosen to oppose teams from Calgary District and Northern Alberta. In view of the large number of R.A.A.F. and R.A.F. personnel training in this area, it was thought that a very strong side would be available.

The proposal met with the ready approval and co-operation of all delegates, and a team of "probables" was selected from personnel whose capabilities were known.

In order that the strength of the "pro-

Coming Attractions

TO

THE RECREATIONAL HALL

FRIDAY, August 13 - - - "TWO TICKETS TO LONDON"
Starring Michele Morgan and Alan Curtis

MONDAY, August 16 - - - - - "ARABIAN NIGHTS"
Starring Sabu and Maria Montez

WEDNESDAY, August 18 - - - - - "HAPPY GO LUCKY"
Starring Mary Martin and Dick Powell

FRIDAY, August 20 - - - - - "CONSTANT NYMPH"
Starring Charles Boyer and Joan Fontaine

MONDAY, August 23 - - - "THE MORE THE MERRIER"
Starring Jean Arthur and Joel McCrea

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 25 - - "REVEILLE WITH BEVERLY"
Starring Anne Miller and William Wright

FRIDAY, August 27 - - - - - "TALK OF THE TOWN"
Starring Cary Grant and Jean Arthur

MONDAY, August 30 - - - - - DOUBLE FEATURE
"Blondie's Blessed Event" and "Riders of the Bad Lands"

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 1 - - - - - "GET HEP TO LOVE"
Starring Gloria Jean and Robert Paige

FRIDAY, Sept. 3 - - - - - "SALUTE FOR THREE"
Starring Betty Rhodes and MacDonald Carey

MONDAY, Sept. 6 - - - "SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES"
In Technicolor starring Betty Grable and John Payne

bables' team be thoroughly tested, and tha no likely aspirants should be overlooked, a practice match was arranged against a team of "possibles" to be played at No. 7 S.F.T.S., Macleod on 4th. of August.

It has long been the boast of sportsmen from the Calgary locality that no teams from Southern Alberta are capable of extending them in any sport. By the time the next issue of this paper goes to press I hope to be able to prove the fallacy of this belief with cold figures.

x x x x

Cricket Games Played

On the 26th. July the Sttaion team played a very enjoyable match against a team from No. 2 F.I.S., Pearce, at Claresholm and recorded a fairly comfortable victory. The game was played under excellent conditions, the weather being perfect and the cricket very fine.

Claresholm won the toss and elected to bat, Hall and Flentje opening the innings. Apart from an early escape, these two batted very confidently and put on 43 runs before being separated, when Hall was bowled by Simmons after compiling a well made 22. Flentje was bowled by Simmons shortly afterwards after making a sound 25, and Evens and Heinz became associated in a partnership which added 93 runs. With the score at 148 Evens retired after getting a bright 42 runs and Heinz was bowled by Simmons for 53. Some good hitting by the remaining batsmen helped the score along and the innings finally closed for the handy total of 181. Simmons was the most successful bowler for Pearce, finishing with 7 for 55.

Pearce then batted but both their openers were back in the pavilion with only 31 runs on the board. A good partnership between Schofield and Davies took the score along to 91 before the latter was bowled by Day for a solid 24. However, Pearce then slumped rather badly and the next 7 wickets fell with the addition of only 9 runs. A bright last wicket partnership between Simmons and Arden carried the score along to 122 before their innings closed, when Simmons was stumped after getting 19 runs and so completing a good double. Hall with 4 for 14 and Day with 2 for 22 were the most successful bowlers for Claresholm, who won by 59 runs. Stumps, scores at the close of the play were as follows:—

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

Hall bowled Simmons	22
Flentje bowled Simmons	25
Evens retired	42
Heinz bowled Fielder	53
Smith bowled Simmons	2
Ferguson stumped, bowled Simmons ..	6
Terdich bowled Simmons	2
Hobson bowled Fielder	4

Colero stumped, bowled Simmons	4
Griffiths stumped, bowled Simmons ..	4
Day, not out	7
Extras	14

TOTAL

No. 2 F.I.S., Pearce

Fielder bowled Ferguson	8
Keegan L.B.W. Hall	7
Schofield, Caught, Day	30
Davies, bowled Hall	24
Polhill bowled Hall	8
Bangel bowled Day	0
Stouls bowled Hall	1
Maddox L.B.W. Terdich	1
Smith bowled Griffiths	1
Simmons stumped, bowled Heinz	19
Arden, not out	6
Extras	17

TOTAL

x x x x

On Sunday, August 1st., the Station team met an eleven from No. 19 S.F.T.S., Vulcan, in perfect cricket weather, the match being played on the Claresholm ground.

It was decided to divide the batting time equally between the two teams and the visitors won the toss and electing to bat just scored 132 runs for the loss of 9 wickets in the time at their disposal. The home team batted and when time was called were 9 runs short of their opponents' score, the total being 123 runs for the loss of 7 wickets.

Cox and Rawlinson opened the innings for Vulcan, but were soon separated, Cox falling a victim to Davis with the score at 9. The next two wickets fell cheaply, but a useful partnership between Clarke and Watts carried the score to 70 before Watts was bowled out for 29. Watts followed soon after putting together a solid 40. The remaining batsmen did not offer much resistance, and the innings closed with 9 wickets down for 132 runs. Evens with 3 for 2' and Hall 2 for 37 were the most successful bowlers for Claresholm.

Hall and Flentje opened up for the home team, but the early wickets fell cheaply, being down with the score at 44. Heinz and Gunson then became associated in a partnership which carried the total to 90 before Gunson was bowled after putting together a useful 14. With 43 runs required to pass the oppositions' total, and with 20 minutes left for play, the batsmen began to open out, and some of the barracking from the cricket enthusiasts in the crowd was reminiscent of the "Hill" at the Sidney Cricket Ground, or the "Outer" at M.C.C. However, despite the valiant efforts of our supporters, our score tallied 123 for the loss of 7 wickets when time was called, Heinz getting an even 50. For Vulcan, Smith with 3 for 45 and Gillespie with 2 for 22 were the most successful bowlers.

At the close of the play the score read as follows:—

Vulcan	
Cox, bowled Davis	3
Rawlinson, caught, bowled Evans	17
Young, stumped, bowled Hall	2
Clarke, caught, bowled Heinz	40
Watts, bowled Hall	16
Smith, run out	29
Gregory, caught, bowled Evans	8
Glover, run out	0
Gillespie, caught, bowled Evans	0
Wellsman, hot out	7
Extras	10

TOTAL, 9 wickets for

Claresholm

Hall, bowled Turner	14
Flentje, caught, bowled Smith	1
Evens, caught, bowled Gillespie	13
Wilson, bowled Gillespie	0
Heinz, not out	50
Davis, run out	4
Gunson, bowled Smith	14
Carroll, caught, bowled Smith	11
Wingett, not out	1
Extras	15

TOTAL, 7 wickets for

x x x x

ED. NOTES.—Station personnel are urged to bring out their beach parasols and sit on the sidelines and learn how to appreciate cricket. The Aussies are doing their best to find out what fastball is. Don't let them show us up in this business of getting to know our neighbors better.

x

GOLF

Through the kind permission of our Commanding Officer, Group Captain W. E. Kennedy, an arrangement has been made with the Claresholm Golf Club whereby service personnel are allowed full privileges of the course. We are happy indeed to advise you that these privileges are absolutely free of charge and are extended to all personnel of this Station including wives of married personnel.

Keen interest in the game has been displayed to date and all participants, both scratch players and beginners, have had a good time while on the course.

It is proposed to operate a Ringer Board competition throughout the summer months and it is also planned to hold several tournaments which will provide golfers with an opportunity to show their prowess. Prizes for different events have been allotted, so please turn out and you may be the winner of one of them.

For further information see WO.2 Kolbe.

x

STILL WATER RUNS DEEP

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

G. I. S. and its Depts.

Photography Section

Congratulations, Sir

G.I.S. personnel thrilled at the news about July 30th. that our popular C.G.I. has become a Squadron Leader. This was good news for us all. Best of luck to you, Sir. The Editor says she would even splurge and have a nice plate made so we could have a full page picture of you, but unfortunately we already have a picture of you on the G.I.S. page. So, folks, take a look there at our genial O.C., Squadron Leader Loran Pilling in a characteristic pose.

Wireless Room Chatter

Wireless Section calling all readers . . . are you receiving us? We have a message for you; if you care to listen . . . as diligently, we hope, as we have (liking it or not). However, we believe the Control Tower has become rather an interesting place since the Lady Sparks have taken over. At least, the frequent visitors seem to convey that fact.

Since the W.D. WOG's have arrived on this Station many changes have taken place. We now see the damsels frantically blinking a red light from the Tower down to eager and willing . . . oh yes, very willing Students. One Student anxious to please his Instructress suggested an evening picking lilacs. Oddly enough, on their return, lo and behold . . . no flowers! Should we presume the instruction of dots and dashes gave place to the cultivation of the finer arts of life.

Recently, the transmitter in the Tower was unserviceable for a short while, during which time everyone took it into his head to call up Control. When a rather pleasant masculine voice with an Australian drawl came over the air, saying, "Are you receiving me?" one of the female staff, very much taken in, murmured, "No but I'd sure love to!"

Representatives of the Met. and Wireless Section met one evening for a little informal horseback riding. Later seen at the dance, the Met. man (supposedly a rider of high repute) gingerly sat while our fair WOG. (supposedly a tyro on a horse) gaily tripped a pretty measure.

Surely a victory for the Wireless Section.

Enough for the Lady Sparks. Enter the male WOG's. Lines of worry are becoming increasingly noticeable on our Corporal's amicable countenance. Could Claresholm contain a problem child?

The usual cheery aspect of the Wireless Section has been darkened by the thought of losing their Flight Sergeant, who, in a very short while had won the respect and admiration of all his protegeses. The wireless genius has decided to take to the air. Those remaining to carry on will shortly be bidding him a sad farewell. Best of luck, Flight, and may all your landings be happy ones!

For further information concerning this efficiently run organization, "Call up and hear us sometime!" Message over. Listening out.

—Wireless Section.

As the battle of Claresholm draws to a close for me, I take this opportunity to express my regrets at leaving such a grand Station. After a period of twenty months I can almost call it home, especially as all the Instructing, Maintenance and other Staffs with whom I came in contact proved to be such a regular bunch.

Before resuming hostilities at Edmonton I believe it now "apropos" to unveil a few facts about the WOG. Section. Until quite recently it was strictly a man's trade, but since it has been discovered that women are very adaptable to this kind of work the aforementioned "critters" have invaded our little world. I was then afflicted, or rather blessed, with six W.D. Operators. At the time I took a very dim view of the new "set-up"; now, I confess that their work is every bit as good as that of men. So all I can say now is: "More power to you girls. Wear those sparks proudly. No one is more deserving of that privilege, as you have certainly earned them."

To all the Members of the Signal Section I want to convey my sincere appreciation for their unlimited co-operation and also thank them for all their good work.

—L. A. Van Ruyskenvelde, F/S.

This business of taking pictures around an S.F.T.S. Station can be very interesting or it can be very dull. A great deal has been said about good pictures and about bad pictures but little has been said about what should be considered a major requisite: that is, the photographer's mental approach to his work. It is very important that a photographer have a mental aspect . . . it needn't protrude, but he should have one.

It is when taking group pictures that the photographer requires his mental approach most. Then it should be dominant.

We will assume the group is assembled and milling around waiting for the photographer to make his mind up about background, exposure, composition, etc. Then it is that he should start off on the right foot. Speaking to the photographer, I would say, above all take your time—make the most of your moment—it all adds dignity to the proceedings. Make all your adjustments and calculations in full view of the group and make a few extra for good measure. Above all, take control . . . don't let yourself be crowded out from under the hood by some inquisitive W.D. unless of course . . . the hood is big enough. Arrange your group with an eye to future dates. By this time the group should be impressed with the seriousness of the occasion . . . so you can tell them all to break off . . . you accidentally tripped the shutter . . . ages ago!

How to Develop the Picture

Development itself used to be a relatively simple process and it would have remained so had it not been for the mercenary machinations of a man named Kodak. Perhaps you have heard of him. The malignant influence of Kodak and his cohorts has transformed it into a scientific nightmare. Take for instance one of the "simpler" developers, Kodak Universal. It is guaranteed to develop anything on any film, except muscles. It contains at least four chemicals, all opposed to each other, and destined it would seem for the sole purpose of obstructing each other while engaged in the process of development. They are, in the order of importance, the Developer, the Accelerator, the Restrainer, and the Preservative. It's quite obviously a frame-up, isn't it? The Developer at first is a holdout until he gets a shot of Alkali (that's the Accelerator). Once the Accelerator has had time to work on him he goes to work at fearsome speed, developing everything in the vicinity and making a great show. By this time things are going far too smoothly for the Photographer, so Kodak insists on a Restrainer being called in. He balls up the works proper! In a huff, the Devel-

INNOCENCE

Airman: "I take only experienced girls home."

She: "But I'm not experienced."

Airman: "I know, and you're not home yet either."

oper lets off a lot of hot air and sometimes forgets himself to the extent of depositing some free Sulphur . . . that's bad! Now the Preservative steps into the breach. He inhales all the bad air and as much of the Sulphur as he can before he "keels" over. When that happens you can throw it out and make a fresh batch. If it happens that your print emerges unscathed from this maelstrom, then you have cause to rejoice.

PRINTER'S NOTE:—This is a lot of bunk! Why, everybody knows that a little egg-juice spread on a piece of paper will make a "pitcher" if you hold it up to the sun.

How long may a Solution be used? That is a moot . . . a very moot point. A friend of mine used Hypo Solution for six months with more than satisfactory results. At the end of the period he had raised a collection of rare Fungi . . . and with no appreciable difference in the quality of his prints. They were still lousy.

A word we come across frequently in Photography is Latitude. Anybody knows what Latitude means ordinarily, but in Photography it has a special meaning. It means "anything you can get away with". To give you a general idea just what you can get away with, the same fellow who raised the mushrooms in his Hypo used to add a dash of bitters and half a squeezed lemon to his Developer for portrait work. "Gives 'em sparkle!" he would say. Generally speaking however, a Solution has outlived its usefulness as a photographic medium when it reaches the first stages of fermentation, then of course, with the addition of a little yeast . . . well, that is irrelevant!

Getting back to the original theme. After careful perusal of this article it should be apparent to any thinking person that Photography is an exacting science and that to be a successful photographer requires unusual aptitude and patience and willingness to absorb punishment.

In conclusion let me say that if I have helped to lift even a corner of the veil surrounding the inner mysteries of Photography, then I should be greatly surprised.

—AC.2 EWING.

G. I. S. Orderly Room

Brrrrrrrrrr! . . . "G.I.S. Orderly Room, Agar here. No sir, S/L PILLING isn't in. I'm sorry." Damn! "Jackie, how about belling that guy?"

This goes on all day, interspersed with work, of course, and occasional excursions down the corridor (to get a coke?-. The time remaining is used to good advantage (we hope) by our staff in typing, filing and all the other little "Joe Jobs" which

come about in any O.-R.

After over a year in the Orderly Room Cpl. Agar sometimes walks down the hall and back without realizing what for or why, but she's still considered fairly sane by the staff of the school. She even succeeded (at last) in getting the score for Course 80 finals to balance first time, after just getting back from leave too.

AW.1 Rice, J. J., better known as "Jackie", just moved in this office some four months ago and has proven herself quite capable of running the joint (well, someone has to), although sometimes we wonder . . . just a little, but we're willing to make allowances for anyone who has spent the greater part of their life in Vancouver.

Things are looking brighter for a certain little gal who has hopes of a posting to Rupert in the near future now that another steno has joined our "happy gang". Welcome, AW. Spooner! We hope you'll like working with us and several dozen instructors. With a name like that you couldn't have come to a better place. We'll let you take over the morning Sick Parade. We liked making out the slips ourselves as it gives us a chance to know the strong from the weak. Of course, we know more about the weak than the strong, as we collect all the horrible details of age, marital relations (?), religion, ect.) You'd think we were the Gestapo! If you think it worth while, fellows, we'd be glad to see you any morning at 0805.

So now that we have given you a look-in our Orderly Room, we'd like to know the answers to the questions of the moment:—

- Will Agar get to Rupert?
- Will Jackie come back from leave?
- Will Bremner get her teeth back?
- When will S/L Pilling stay in G.I.S. for more than five minutes?
- Will Tuppy marry her F/O?
- Will Spooner find enough work to keep her busy?

And will our flowers and lawns always be more beautiful than those of any other Section on the Station?

G. I. S. Publications

I have been asked to write a few words about my office but in my estimation it is a very uninteresting place, except after C. O.'s parades, when officers for miles around congregate over a coke.

They are now selling at seven cents a bottle but a rise in price may be expected any day, due to the steady decrease of change in the pot.

I have been asked whether this is a charity institution or just an office.

—"Tuppy".

Armament Section

The Armament Instructor's Room, otherwise known as the Information Bureau, has been a beehive of activity for the last week. Course 80's final results have been officially released and now we can relax for the next three weeks. (Ed. Note: And say, do they relax!-

x x x x

For history of our Section read last month's edition of "Windy Wings". The Editor led us to believe that that issue was G.I.S.'s hit number, then crossed us up.

x x x x

Flt. Swift and S/L Pilling have entered a partnership in the manufacture of a new free gun sight. To those who do not understand what a free gun sight is, let me explain. Don't get the idea that the sight is free . . . it isn't. It's loose but not free. The actual value hasn't been ascertained but we expect it will not be too expensive. Now I said the sight is not free. What actually is free is the gun . . . now don't you think that is a good set-up? A free gun and a cheap sight! We may all take up hunting when this great invention is released.

x x x x

We have had an Aussie, viz: LAC. Jennings, in our midst for the last few weeks. When bigger and better kernels of corn are sown he'll do it. If I sound nuts, blame him.

x x x x

Before I forget, may I extend my deepest apologies to the Electricians for awakening them up one morning (July 28th.) and bringing them to the A.M.B.T. on a job that any junior G-man could have carried out.

x x x x

We again draw your attention to the Intelligence Library. There is a great deal of interesting reading matter there for all concerned. Our Section brought that room into existence, so we'd like to see it used a little more. (Or even a little, period).

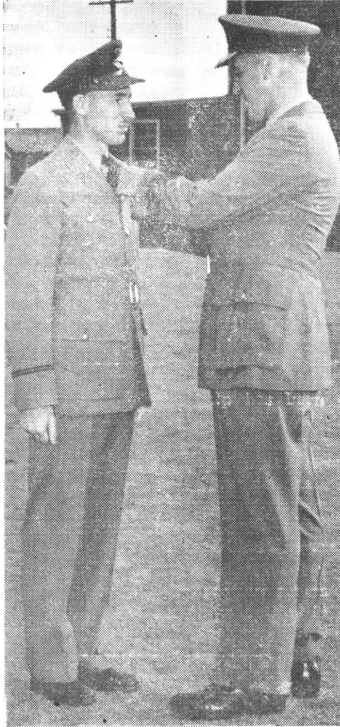
x x x x

In the last month F/S Swift has harvested the spinach crop. WO.1 MacKinnon let the dentist practice on his jaw. If he felt as bad as he looked we pity him. F/S Hamilton is going slowly crazy trying to hold a ball team together. F/S Swift still hasn't realized his dream of going back to "Canada" for that Reco. Course.

We miss Sgt. Nelson around our Section but wish him luck at his new Station. We hope the Eskimos don't get him.

So long, you patient soul. See you next month.

Navigation Ins'tor Wins His Wings



F/O CROTEAU (S.R.) NAVIGATOR

An interesting ceremony took place on the Station Parade, August 4th., 1943, when Flying Officer L. Croteau received his Navigator Wing from Group Captain Kennedy. This is the first award on the Station under the new regulations permitting a N.F.L. Navigator Instructor to qualify for his wing. A lot of hard work and extra hours of study went into this. Congratulations, F/O Croteau.

The Intelligence Library

DID YOU KNOW that we have on our Station one of the finest Intelligence Rooms in this Command and probably in Canada; It is the room to the right at the west end of the hall in G.I.S. All the walls are painted with realistic scenery including towns, farms, lakes, ocean and mountains with very real-looking aircraft flying all over it. Come and test

HIGH BOOST and Low R. P. M.'s MAINTENANCE AND ENGINES

The above mentioned are some of the

your skill and learning by identifying these aeroplanes. We hear that S/L Pilling is offering ten dollars to anyone who can name all the aircraft shown on the walls.

There are really comfortable chairs with tables where quiet is maintained and where, therefore, students may work in quiet and still get the feeling that they are up in the air.

There is a library of secret documents available to all personnel and these may be taken out to be read but may not be taken out of the room. These publications deal with operational experiences and though anyone in the Air Force should feel interested enough to read them, Flying Instructors and Student Pilots are nothing short of stupid if they do not avail themselves of this information. The important information in these files was secured at great risk by observational flights over enemy territory and might easily save the life of the keen flier who reads them. Don't say we didn't warn you boys. Read them here; they may not be available in the hereafter.

subjects which confuse our up and coming young aircrew. The two responsible for this are Sgt. Willows, engine instructor, and Sgt. Anderson, airframe and maintenance instructor. Students are often seen cluttering up their office after such information as: "how does the Automatic Boost Control work", or, "what are V.M.O.'s Part 11", that is, of course, if they can find Sgt. Anderson or Sgt. Willows. Sgt. Anderson holds the title of Minister of Internal Affairs, whose job is keeping the school clean and neat on the inside. The Minister of External Affairs, who is Sgt. Willows, keeps the grass cut (taking two years to get any to cut), watering the flowers, nursing the sweet peas, knocking a hole between the Educational Officer's Office and his assistant in an attempt to save shoe leather, which of course means very little in so far as the assistant is concerned (he weighs approximately 300 lbs. or loks as if he should).

Just recently Sgt. Willows and Sgt. Anderson have actually been working at their trade. Sgt. Anderson has been installing aileron controls in the Bombing Teacher and Sgt. Willows has been sweating over S/L Pilling's one-lunger model aero engine, until a certain LITTLE Sgt. in G.I.S. shattered the prop, but that is to be expected as he's an armourer.

All this hectic activity is of course carried out under the eagle eye of S/L Pilling, who when necessary can pinch-hit (or tries hard) for nearly all instructors.

REHABILITATION SCHEME

The War will be over some day and then all personnel with Junior Matriculation standing will be offered free tuition at any University.

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE

— ENROL IN C. L. E. S. COURSES —
to raise your academic standing.

Keen and farsighted Airmen are doing it!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

COME TO THE EDUCATIONAL OFFICER
AND TALK IT OVER!

Headquarters Prattle S. W. O.'s Office

Orderly Room

In the midst of a series of "First thing in the morning" lectures and "last thing at night" trade improvement classes, the O.R. staff stopped long enough to read the following, a letter received by AW. Hale from—well it could be Prince Rupert—so think it over before you apply for a posting:

Date: Who Cares.
Place: Ditto.

Greetings:

After leaving where we were before we left for here, not knowing we were coming here from there, we could not tell if we would arrive here or not. Nevertheless we are now here and not there.

The weather here is just as it is at this season but, of course quite unlike the weather where we were before we came here. After leaving by what we came by, we had a good trip.

The people here are just like they look but do not look to be like they were where we came from. From there to here is just as far as it is from here to there.

The way we came here is just like everyone comes from there to here. Of course we had to bring everything we had with us, for we wear what we would wear here which is not like what we would wear there. The whole thing is quite a new experience here because it isn't like what it is like where we were before we left for here.

It is now time, in all probability to stoop this somewhat too newsy letter before I give too much information as the censor here is likely to be a spy.

Love,
Una-Hoo.

x x x x

You have heard of the groom who lost his collar-button 5 minutes before the wedding, and of the bride who eloped with the best man, but how many of you have heard of an usher who arrived late and at the wrong wedding. That needs a bit of explaining, so for further information, I refer you to Cpl. Tuson, that little ray of sunshine, slightly disfigured by a slight bush above his upper lip. By the way, Lou has returned from his honeymoon now and Two Gun is still alive and grinning so I presume all is forgiven and forgotten. All our best wishes and congrats. go out to our Sergeant and his bride. Welcome to Claresholm Jean and we'll be down to warm up that little suite one of these days.

x x x x

If you see W.D.'s from H.Q. looking a

bit green around the gills, blame it on the fact that they live in a green barrack block, work in a green office, eat in a green mess and are continually watering the would-be green grass with a single-hole lawn sprinkler.

x x x x

The O.R. is congested with golf enthusiasts these days. Personnel are warned not to show a golf ball around this Section or they will be mobbed and robbed of same. Criticism of the course, the greens and fairways, to say nothing of that little white pill and those collapsible issue bags, play a major part in "that terrible score I made last night." Major Kolbe has his hands full endeavoring to teach the greenhorns how to putt, drive and poise in a swing. It is noticed, strangely enough, that Gil always makes a better score when not with the rest of the staff. The other members are so amateur, they will remain anonymous until a future date, when they move the innumerable fences from the course and cut down the weeds in the various victory gardens surrounding it.

x x x x

Of late, due to the Alberta sunshine, our friend S/M Kolbe has again started growing; in fact he's growing right out of his hair.

x x x x

The question was: "Who owns this guy whose picture I found on my bunk, and should I discard it or keep it under my pillow until the owner claims same". The Answer was: "He belongs to me but after all the cracks I overheard about his looks, and what kind of a heel you girls just knew him to be because of his mustache, I was ashamed to claim him before. Poor dear he's all wrinkled up from being under your pillow". Sorry we weren't a little more discreet in our remarks Sergeant but better keep your b.f.'s away from us.

x x x x

AW. Tuggle was called to the door the other day by a charming Aussie who said, "I have your pyjamas here. "What shall I do with them?" Blushing prettily our little girl asked him to return them to the laundry and she would call for them herself the next day. Don't forget to mark your clothes kids, or you might be stuck with a pair of trousers such as G. H. was wearing for several days — snuggies, weren't they Gil?

x x x x

Berle has been complaining that there are gremlins in her desk of late, sneaking off with all her indelibles. Could be the same gremlin who enjoys those dill-pickle sandwiches, eh Nellie?

This is the room of dishevelment! So called because of the mess it's always in.

x x x x

One day last week a young fellow worked in the office called to a glamorous W.D. going by the window, saying, "Hi Babe! are you rationed?" Lo and behold when he turned around who was standing there but the "Major incorporated". But that's another story.

x x x x

"What has become of So and So" is the Major's shout most of the day. It seems he can't find anyone when he want him. Any other time they are bothering him about some imaginary complaint.

x x x x

What bothers this office most is the fact that the girls in Accounts and a certain Corporal up the hall, are always coming in and using our typewriter. Now that we are on the subject of the office typewriter I've heard the Major talking about getting "McArthur" to guard it. If some time you come into the office and find him here you will know what it's all about. In your travels about the Station if you see a familiar face, or should I say an unfamiliar face, without a doubt you will recognize him immediately. He has the same characteristics as our dear old Major in more ways than one

x x x x

Now dear friends, and others, we come to what is so commonly called "Joe Jobs" or to us known as the "Roster". Sgts., Cpls., LAC's and AC's have a habit of coming in at the last minute and informing us that they are on a 48 or that they are on night flying, servicing and many other excuses. There is the case of the two Corporals who, due to forgetfulness failed to inform this office that they were on a 48. Poor chaps, they had three days Canteen Corporal. Oh, but how it grieves my heart to see them Joe'd so. A person who sees the Major after duty will notice that he just about cries his eyes out for them.

x x x x

Have you noticed lately the number of personnel who get their names on D.R.O.'s for duty after hours. They come in on their hands and knees begging for extra duty. If they dont they get it anyway.

x x x x

Gossip, Gossip, the ruination of mankind. Perhaps I had better quit this rambling and get back to work. If I don't maybe I will have my name on D.R.O.'s for a few days Canteen Orderly.

Yours with pleasure
AC.1 "SPANKY".

x

The Ledger Sheet

Many changes have taken place since this Station opened.

Those of us who have been here since the early months of 1941 have seen it grow from a dusty, roadless spot on the prairie to a small town with paved streets and beautiful well kept lawns, bordered by shrubs and flowers. How well we remember the ditches criss-crossing everywhere, surrounding each building like a moat. We have facilities for almost every sport and entertainment of one type or another is provided every week so there is always something to keep us healthy and amused.

In the pay and Accounts Section there have been many changes—On checking over we find that since the old originals put the first blot of ink in the pay sheets there have been no fewer than fifty Air Force and three civilian personnel who have worked in our Section. Of these there are now only twenty-two left, comprising two Officers, eight Airmen, and twelve W.D.'s There are only two of the "Old Timers" left—F/S Shary, and Sgt. Simpson having arrived here on the twenty-sixth of May 1941 along with the original staff of seven. Of the others who have come and gone six have proceeded overseas, three have received commissions and the remainder are scattered here and there throughout Canada.

x x x x

TWICE A MONTH

For two days a month, or so they all say,
The Accounts go to work to dish out the
Pay.

There's nothing much to it, the rest of the
time,

They figure it out, two nickles, one dime.

Except for two days they all hang around
And figure deductions for those Digger
bound,

Then enter all Leaves, Assignments, Nota-
tions,
And Taxes and Claims, Promotions and
Rations.

And then between pays, when there's
nothing to do

To fill in the time so as not to get blue,
There are things to buy for the Airman's
Canteen,

And pay all the bills for the Beer and Ice
Cream.

And while they are resting up after each
pay,

(From reveille to midnight it's nothing but
play),

There are Invent'ries, Invoices, Vouchers
and such,

But outside of that there is not very much.

And so twice every month the Accounts
stop their play,

And go to the Drill Hall to hand out the
Pay,
To watch all the Ranks, who line up with-
out shame,
To take all that dough by just signing
their name.

x

Buzzes from the Board

Telephone Operators

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER

I've never seen a man who could
EXASPERATE me so.
From WHERE you'll call and WHEN
you'll call
I simply never know.

You'll go a week, ignoring me,
Until at last I swear
That even if you SHOULD call up
I simply won't be there.

But then the 'phone will ring and I
(Determined to be cool)
Will answer docile as a lamb,
Which shows I am a fool.

But some day, lad, I'll find the strength
to let you ring in vain,
Although I'm almost sure that mine
Will be the greater pain.

In fact, I'll do it now. No more
Such treatment I'll condone.
A girl can only stand so much . . .
Ooops! Gangway! There's the 'phone!

x x x x

Well here we are at last, 6 Hallo Girls,
3 hailing from the East and 3 from the
West, 4 doing their share at Headquarters,
while the other 2 are with the Mainte-
nance Crew.

x x x x

Our best wishes go to Cpl. Maley on her
recent marriage. Imagine going away on
furlough and coming back with the all
important gold band around the third
finger, left hand! Five of us have yet to
go on leave, and WHO KNOWS?

x x x x

Recently the painters tried to make us
happy by painting the chicken coup green.
We tried to please all our customers be-
tween drops of paint, but still complaints
came in.

x x x x

I wonder why a certain telephone oper-
ator from the East gets that light in her
eyes when the M.T. Section is mentioned?

x x x x

This will be all for this time. Hope to
have more to say next time Windy Wings
comes out.

x x x x

Thank You.

An Incident in C. R. & Records

Before I go any further . . . I think that I should introduce myself and my fellow compatriots.

We are what is known as Records and C.R. (short for Central Registry) and unless you have had anything to do with us you won't know where we are. We are situated in that long building directly across from the Post Office and known, in finer circles, as Headquarters. Now don't let that frighten you, as it frightened so many of our friends on the Station, and as it scared this particular lad—the one I am going to tell you about.

On looking up from my desk where I park through the day (we really do work—sometimes) I noticed, shrunk down in a corner, an object. Said I to myself "Is it man or mouse?" In the condition it was in it was really difficult to discriminate. So, as we always do, I hollered. "Records or C.R.?"

"Records", he whispered.

Knowing, as we all know, that this particular type of individual must have something of importance on his mind to muster enough courage to enter H.Q. in the first place. Records stretched, yawned, and sauntered over to the poor mortal, who, as anyone could see, was under an awful strain. Records aren't very tactful, so in a loud voice, the unfortunate one was questioned as to his business. He hummed and hawed, twisted, turned, blushed and did all the things that a cornered male does. Then, in a hushed voice, as we were all listening, the poor thing said, "Is this where I come to register a birth?"

This chore over, the figure took on a more human look, but his face still resembled a thawed-out great toe (after standing on parade in a forty below wind).

As I remarked before, Records lack tack and so, in a voice that echoed like the last Chord, demanded the birth certificate. Over the victims face was born a look of surprise and again his stage whisper pointed out that the keeper of that slip of paper was the lucky wife.

As is customary, in his sweet, blundering way mid great flap and panic, Records sent the poor victim down to Accounts (now don't ASK US why, ask Tuson). This terminated our interview with "proud pappa", but let it be a lesson to you, "all ye prospective fathers and husbands". We don't bite and we really are quite sympathetic and understanding.

WHOW!

"Let us spray", said the two little skunks as the pursuing sounds closed in on them.

STUFF AND NONSENSE for W. D.'s Only

DEDICATED TO THE BIGGEST JO IN THE AIR FORCE

Yo-Ho-Ho and a bottle of stout
To whoever let us get our civies out!
Why we suddenly can wear them on a
forty-eight
Is more than our poor brains can calcu-
leight.
Could the thought of getting out of Air
Force boots
Help our morale? . . . and attract re-
cruoots?

x x x x

HURRAH FOR OUR SIDE

First it was permission to wear silk
stockings off duty. Now it's permission to
wear civies on leave and 48's. You can't
help wondering if there's a catch to it.
Who knows, maybe they'll stop giving us
French Toast for breakfast.

x x x x

STAYING AT A DUDE RANCH

—OR—

MOTHER, MAY I STAND UP TO EAT BREAKFAST

Someone told me the other day of a
super place to spend the summer. It
sounds so good that it should be passed on.
It's a little place nestled near the foothills,
quiet and peaceful, set in the midst of
flowers and spaciuous lawns.

Naturally in this ranching country rid-
ing is THE most fascinating recreation
and there is nothing like the feel of the
wind in your face and the creak of the
leather and the strain of the vital, heav-
ing, breathing horseflesh under you. And
for the city-biddies there are tennis courts
or golfing with the equipment there for
the asking. Or you can re-live your child-
hood days in the "ole swimmin' hole"
down at the creek, and go back to a sup-
per of home-cured ham. Time Old Sol
sinks behind the dreamy hills you are
ready to come in out of the chill air and
clamber, in true cowboy style, into an
upper or lower bunk. With the rough
caress of the blankets on your cheek you
sleep the sleep of a child. Then up at
the crack of dawn to a breakfast of hot
flap-jacks and coffee that would float a
mule's shoe.

Oh, for the life on the open range! The
only trouble is that three or four nights
you are on Duty Watch, or you have to
study for exams or Trade Tests. or mow
the d—— spaciuous lawns of grass, and
water the thirsting flowers with one hand

while holding a leak in the hose with the
other, and balance expertly on one leg
while attempting to fight off blood-thirsty
mosquitos with the other. and you can't
get off work till five anyway. Besides if
you don't take sugar you can't get hot
coffee unless they've just brought a full
pitcher, and the flap-jacks usually turn
out to be French Toast, so you might as
well catch up in the sleep you lost at
three in the morning when someone
turned in a false alarm.

But you CAN'T say you CAN'T go
swimming, riding, golfing, fishing, shoot-
ing, hiking, etc. It's all there for the ask-
ing. So I'm not a LIAR!

Moral of the Story

The creation of the quotation, quote:
"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole
truth, and nothing but the truth, so help
me Jehosaphat!" unquote, was absolutely
essential to offer some protection to sim-
ple souls like you and me from Travel-
lers' Inside Information and Tourists
Guide Agencies. Since you simply can't
trust these commercial organizations now-
adays, why not spend your fourteen days
annual leave right here at camp.

x x x x

HANDLING AIR CADETS

Ho, Hum! Another summer and another
infusion of Air Cadets. The W.D.'s seem

THE AMBASSADOR TO BASSANO

He left on Navigation,
Cross country to be sure,
A flight of long duration,
Intentions all were pure.

He went right to Drumheller,
He even started back,
He then saw something yellor,
On a line below his tracks.

He dived old Aggie earthward,
To see what he had found,
And there beheld a farmhouse,
Right down upon the ground.

Then round and round in circles,
He drove his modern ship,
Then landed near the farmhouse,
To end cross-country flip.

The C. I. soon was hearing,
About our hero's plight,
Alas, bad luck for Snowy,
He came right home that night.

'Twas then he got promotion,
He's now F/L by rank,
But that's not Flight Lieutenant,
That's "Forced Landing . . . Blank!"

—C. E. J.

to take kindly to the little rascals and
have been seen going to the shows on the
Station with them (Cadets get in free, of
course) and at least one made a debut at
the Calgary Stampede with one.

At least they have brought new life to
the W.D. Canteen with their carefree
laughter and songs, and some of them
can really show us a thing or two about
jitter-bugging. Their long lines ahead
of us in the mess rankled a bit though,
until they started coming late.

Some of the big-banky fellows could
pass for Air Crew, and vice versa, and
was proven the other day when an Air-
man (Student Pilot) asked a W.D. for a
cigarette and she replied in a motherly
tone: "Uh Ugh. You're too young to
smoke". He showed her the "Flash" in
his cap but I can't tell you what kind of
an Air Cadet he said he wasn't!

x x x x

And just to show you what goes on in
town when an airport mushroomed up be-
side it—

Addressing several Air Cadets in town
a by-stander said: "And I suppose you all
want to grow up and be Pilots?"

To which the smallest replied: "Oh, no.
We all want to join the navy."

x x x x

And then there's the little blond Air
Cadet to whom a W.D. remarked that it
was difficult at times in the mess to tell
the Air Cadets from the Air Crew and he
remarked in a worldly manner, as one of
the cooks handed his plate down to him:
"Oh, I guess we're all wolves anyway."

x x x x

Bremner tells this one on herself:

One of the girls threatened that if B.
didn't do something other she'd kick her
teeth in.

To which Bremner replied: "What
teeth!"

x x x x

Doris Mead tells of a amusing incident
that took place in the A.O.'s office when
Flying Officer Maclean was still with us,
bless him. He was bending over some
files when he heard her enter. Without
looking up, he asked "Who's there?"

"Mead, Sir" said advised politely.

"I know it's you. But what's your
name?"

With much blushing and fluster she
finally straightened things out.

x x x x

One of the girls in Headquarters had
rather a bad moment on the train on her
way to spend a 48 in Calgary. This hap-
pened before permission came out to wear
civies on 48's. Our W.D. was chatting
with a Sgt. (male) when a W.D. Service
Policewoman came up and asked for her
pass. She showed it without a word and
appeared anxious to terminate the epi-
sode as quickly as possible.

"You know," she explained, "I want to
wear civies on my 48's and I don't want

my face to become familiar to the W.D. S.P.'s."

"Do you ALWAYS wear civies on your 48's" he asked dubiously.

"Oh, yes, ALWAYS," she assured him. He showed her his card. He was a Sergeant S.P.!

x x x x

Despite rationing of meat and ale there have been weiner roasts and picnics all over the place this summer. The tales brought back are weird and wonderful. It is said that the boys tossed one of the higher-ups into the creek, clothes and all, at the Accounts weiner roast. When they threatened to do the same with one of the Corporals, he protested: "All right! All right! I'll go! But first let me take my watch off." They let him go and by the time it would take to remove a wrist watch "the boys" had forgotten all about it. The main concern of the girls was with Joy, who came back with a serious injury from falling off a horse. Our sympathy, Joy.

x x x x

MEDITATIONS ON THE PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECT OF THOUGHTS OF PAY-DAY

Groans to the right of us
Groans to the left of us
Top bunk and bottom bunk
Everyone mumbled.

Thoughts racing through each head
Of ways to swing the lead
Time to roll out of bed—
Lord, how we grumbled!

Alarms to the right of us
Alarms to the left of us
On chair and locker-top
Volleyed and thundered.
We rise to greet the day
With jest and roundelay
Come on, girls . . . it's PAY-DAY
Noble two hundred!

x x x x

"US"

Claresholm is called "The Friendly Station"

But then, we are a friendly nation.
Our kicks and our complaints, you'll find
Come from a healthy state of mind.

At camp we sit and kick together,
We pan the food, we clam the weather,
Inspections, mowing, watering flowers,
C.O.'s parades, work after hours.

Blanket washouts of the Aussies,
Trade tests, drilling (like the Nazis),

Innoculations, barrack Jo,
C.B. three days in a row.

At Air Cadets in line before us
At lecturers who read, and bore us,
At uniforms too warm in summer,
At irons and light bulbs on the hummer.

We kick, and go to town, and there—
The same old faces everywhere!
The bus is jammed full, seat and aisle,
We limp back crabbing all the while.

The S.P.'s keep us at the gate
And say we're half an hour late;
We blame the bus and by smooth talking
Convince them 'twould be faster walking.

You stop to say a fond good-night
They turn on every entry light.
You move back to the shadows blue
The prowl-car search-light stabs you thru.

We're friendly, yet a kicking nation,
We have a stubborn reputation—
We don't like Hitler and his jerks . . .
We kick—and let him "have the works".

x x x x

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED

—OR—

To Some Civies Ranks Are One Heap-Big Headache

Andy tells us that she got a letter the other day from a girl-friend in Vancou-

HOW'S THIS FOR AN EXPERT SHOT

A quiet little ex-Servce man once related this experience of his during the last war to an open-mouthed squad of new recruits:—

"While watching the German lines through my field glasses on afternoon, I saw a German on duty guarding an ammunition dump. Picking up my rifle, I adjusted the sights and fired a quick shot, knocking the cigarette lighter he was holding out of his hand. Realizing the opportunity to exercise my marksmanship, I took careful aim and fired again—but I'm almost ashamed to tell the rest of the story. I had to shoot five times more before I spun the wheel on the lighter, lit it, and blew up that dump!"

NOTES FROM THE EDUCATIONAL OFFICE

Come and enrol for a Chemistry course. Look what Chemistry did for blondes!

ver who blithely announced that she had been out with . . . a Flying Air Force Sergeant. Uhhmm . . . sounds like big game.

x x x x

Reminds me of the Sgt. who remustered to Air Crew and who got his wings and commission on this Station. He went home in his new zoot suit with the little blue ring around the cuff (not half as impressive as three great big stripes on each arm'. The family looked him over for and aft, and beamed on him and exclaimed over this and that. When the excitement had somewhat died down his father asked: "What are you, now?"

"A Pilot Officer."

"Is that as good as a Sergeant?" he asked dubiously.

Did you ever have someone kick the wind out of YOUR sails?

x x x x

THOUGHTS WHILE OUT RIDING ON A SUMMER'S EVENING

Galloping, galloping into town,
Horse comes up when I come down.

Walk with much pain the week ensuing,
Right leg don't know what left leg's doing.

x x x x

I OFFERED MY LIFE TO MY COUNTRY
When I Enlisted, in Canada or Overseas
or Wheresoever His Majesty's Forces
Needed Me.

—OR—

I'VE BEEN HERE EIGHTEEN MONTHS
. . . Now When Do I Get My Posting?

Last year girls, with calm and candor,
Volunteered to go to Gander.
This year they said they knew 'twas
stupert,
But they'd even offer to take Prince Rupert.

Fates irony! Last week someone boasted
They took Claresholm . . . just to be posted.

—x—

THE CURSE OF A LONELY HEART
Blessed are the ties that bind our friendly hearts

But—Gee!

Cursed be the Railway ties that keep you far from me.

—x—

SUFFERING!
"I didn't know you suffered from rheumatism."

"Sure, what else can you do with it?"

THE RUNWAY

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

Ain't it a Dog's Life?

(By Mike Burgess)

"I'm the Happiest Corpse in the Morgue, tra-la, as I jump from slab to slab". Hell! What have I got to sing about? There's the boss, now. He and I have been together quite a while and what does he do? Gets a new job and thinks he ought to have a new dog. So he goes and cultivates that other little dope. Mind you, I'm not jealous! No Sir! But to think of the boss being fickle about his dog!

Still, I'm not worried about a sis like that poodle. Not Mike! Well—not much!

The other day the boss says to me, "What's the matter, Mike? Don't you like this other guy around?" You know, quite matey like.

I looks at him, but not being able to think of anything bad enough to say, I just walks out. Aloof, that's what I'll be.

Boy! What luck! There's that little twerp himself! I guess something warned him for he sure did a fast lap of that Control Tower, until he got round to the boss's window, where he yelled, "Boss! Look at Mike! He's chasing me!"

I'll be doggoned! Fancy the boss having a pooch like that around! Huh! Him and his pedigree! Not fit to be called a dog, that's what!

"Listen to me, you two", said the boss. "There's plenty of room for two of you on this Station. You both get well looked after and I treat you both the same. So why don't you two get together and be partners. It burns me up to see you going on like a spoilt kid, Mike!"

Gosh, I never thought of that angle of it. I wouldn't hurt the boss for anything, so I said pretty grudgingly, I guess, "O.K. Chief, I'll do it for you, but I don't make any promises."

Things weren't quite so frigid between the mong and me, for the next few days, but somehow I didn't trust him. On Friday my dinner seemed to taste rather strange. Not long afterwards, I dashed up to see the M.O., for boy, I sure felt ill.

There a young thing took my temp and held my paw, and said quite cheery like, "Boy! Are you ill! You're nearly dead!"

Followed a frantic phoning and the

M.O. was soon on the spot. "Hop up here, Mike," he said, pointing to a table. There he gave me the works, feeling my stomach, which was hard as a rock.

"Phew!" he whistled. "Let's dash over to the 'fang-merchant' and get a picture of this, Mike!"

No sooner said than done. Before long, he had those pictures finished and said, "Mike, you've been sabotaged! That's solid concrete in your stomach!"

Concrete! I was staggered.

Suddenly the light penetrated and I remembered the smug smile on that little guy's face at dinner. I forgot my pain in the joy of anticipating seeing that mong at a future date. Gosh! Would I do him over!

"Guess it means an op. to get this rock out, Mike."

"Ah, woe is me! I'm fightin' mad, Doc, but if that's all there is to it, I guess we'd better get going."

Followed a few days in bed where they sure treated me well. It was almost so good that I was tempted to forgive that sneaking little pest. The boss sure was upset and came up pretty often. It was like the good old days when he and I were on our own.

When I was fit to go back to the air-men's mess everyone sure made a fuss over me. The W.D.'s fed me tid-bits and the cooks invited me to afternoon tea.

I'll bet that other guy doesn't get invitations like that.

That afternoon tea! It sure was some celebration. Just everything a dog could want and no prig of a pup to horn in. When I was through it was late and I scooted over to get my ride home with the boss. But, to my amazement, he'd gone without me!

A very shocked and disillusioned Mike wandered back across the parade ground. What do I care for parade grounds, anyway? I'm darned if I'd catch the bus or walk home. I'd go over to that cute W.D. Officer who said she would be glad to have me any time I felt like going over. I'd show 'em!

Was I welcomed when I arrived! It was almost worth missing my ride home. Chicken, bones and all I could eat. Then for some games with those Officers. I almost forgot my misery in the joy of their company. They bet me I couldn't walk on my hands. Gosh all fish-hooks! I'd

show 'em just how good I really was. Eventually I was tucked in and had a really good sleep.

In the morning the boss apologized about missing me, but said the other little cuss had told him I'd started out walking to get a bit of exercise. Blow me down!

One of these days there'll be a big squaring off between me and that guy . . . and how!

The crowning insult came the other night. A bunch of the fellas were playing that cricket game when the boss said, "Come on, you two. Let's go and have a look at those guys playing cricket." Well, I ask you!

I'll chew the pills at tennis. I'll leave their cats alone. Why, I even shook hands with their odoriferous goat at softball! But . . . to ask me to go to a cricket match . . . and . . . with that lop-eared pooch! I quit!

BUSHED! Or a Night at Woodhouse

(By LAC. Murray Glickman)

The ground crews were getting tired of doing nothing but lie around. Since night "ops." had ceased several days previously, work was light and hard to find. Some people might point out that this was an ideal situation, but not the men collected at Woodhouse.

And a heterogeneous lot they were—riggers, fitters, armourers, instrument mechanics, electricians, and radio men. All thrown together by a freak of chance.

By the clock it was 1015 and time for bed, besides there was no alternative. All were standing around in various stages of dishabilliment, when suddenly above the buzz of normal neighborly conversation, rose a voice, harsh and discordant.

"If you think the Andrews Sisters can sing, you're crazy. The Binning Sisters have it all over them. My God! The Andrews Sisters!" And then in mimic: "I'll wait for you in Ap-p-ul Blossom T-i-m-e!"

He was quickly answered from across

the room.

"At least that's better than the Binning Sisters and their HnChaCha. It's at least music."

A third voice cuts in. "What do you ignorant ———s out here know about music? All you ever hear is cowboy songs."

Our friend of the harsh voice, finding a friend, boomed in. "You're ——— right. Oh, bury me n-o-t on the lone prair-i-e! And you talk about music. You ———s!"

Here he was interrupted by a regular babel of voices. Evidently he had offended the Westerners present, and they, being a clannish group, rose as one in protest.

"They play more cowboy songs back East then——"

"And cowboy pictures are——"

"When I was back at St. Thomas——"

"You ———s from the East al——"

But now the East's ire was up. Though outnumbered, they gallantly rose to the defence.

"You birds go back East and think you know it all."

"Ah, go way. I've travelled in the East more than you have, I'll bet."

"Sure, you know when you're well off. You know a good place when you see it."

"Oh yeah? Well, you notice I always come back West as soon as I can."

"That's probably because they won't let you stay East."

Quiet reigned for a few moments. Friends whispered to friends, ridiculing the others, when suddenly a new voice broke the air.

"Why, everything is better out here. Even our education. We only have to go to high school for three years to learn what they teach you in five."

This brought a veritable storm of protest.

"Man, are you crazy enough to think you can learn as much in three-fifths of——"

"Why, Ontario has the highest standard——"

"One-room school houses——"

"Of all the ignorant——"

Again the attack was checked for a brief breathing spell, and again it started.

"Where would you poor Easterners be if not for our Western wheat?"

This brought about a chorus of assents and "yesses" and "sures" from his rooting section. Evidently they had found an unrefutable argument, when the gauntlet was picked up.

"Where would you farmers be if not for our Eastern money? Why, we've been subsidizing every bushel you've grown for the last twenty years."

"Oh, ——— you have, why——"

"Yes, you're right. Why, we have enough wheat in our granaries now to last for——"

"Sure, but it's all Western. and——"

"Oh, hoey! Do you think we don't grow any wheat back East? You——"

"Yeah, on your little ten acre——"

"And then it's all soft, the kind we feed to pigs out here."

"That's a lot of hoey! Bread back there tastes better than the bread we get here."

"Why doesn't someone unwind that baboon down there?"

Evidently at a loss for argument, and true to tradition, the factions were turning ox into personalities.

"Why, you poor Western sunfish! If I didn't——"

"Oh, quiet down there, you——"

"Ah, ——to you! If you——"

"Come down here and say that, and I'll knock any brains you have out."

"Says you, ——"

At this point I got discouraged. Having heard these same arguments in every camp where I have been, and knowing they always ended up in this same fashion. I turned over and went to sleep!

—x—

A Meteorological Incident

— OR —

WEATHER AWAY

(By Nimbo Stratus)

"Meteorological Section, Sir", cooed Miss Green as she answered the telephone.

A brief moment of oral silence ensued. Only the staccato notes of the teletype machine broke the dead calm. Miss Green glanced furtively at Mr. Rutherford, the Meteorological Officer, then hurriedly covered the telephone mouthpiece with her hand and whispered, "It's an Officer. He wants to know if the weather will be O.K. for horse-back riding tonight."

"What the hell is this anyway? A riding school or an airport?", shouted Rutherford as he threw his red pencil in the general direction of the table-shelf. "When I joined the Met. Service I thought

I would be forecasting for pilots and navigators and not for a bunch of week-enders going to Calgary and horse-lovers riding the prairies like blinkity-blank Buffalo Bills." The Met. Officer stamped his way noisily across the room, grasped the telephone with a vengeance, as if to strangle the instrument.

"Rutherford speaking", cooed the Met. Officer, his honeyed words belying his former wrathful outburst. "What's that? (pause) "Would you speak a little louder?" (longer pause) "Oh, you want to know the weather probabilities for this evening? Well, there's a Quasistationary Front along the Great Divide causing a considerable amount of overrunning; an Upper Cold Front is located between Penhold and Edmonton. a Frontal Depression is centered about a thousand miles north-east of our Station. A deepening Low Pressure Area is located off the Gulf of Mexico and a weak High Pressure Area is located over the Great Lakes. At present, a weak Pressure Gradient, ahhhh"

An audible and angry buzzing sound emanated from the telephone receiver. Mr. Rutherford's academic dissertation on the weather was cut short with an audible gasp and his face exhibited consternation, changing from a bright, rosy red to white, and finally a sickly yellow. Drops of water suddenly appeared like small diamonds on his forehead. Finally, with a rattling crescendo, the buzzing ceased. Mr. Rutherford drew his hand across his perspiring forehead and passed his tongue over his lips. "I'm sorry, Sir," he whispered. "The weather will be O.K. this evening, Sir." (pause) "Yes, Sir." (pause) "I'll remember to do that, Sir".

Miss Green glanced at Mr. Rutherford, who was standing by the telephone absent-mindedly engaged in watching a parade of gremlins marching in single file across the Met office floor. Finally, the parade of gremlins having come to an end, he looked at Miss Green. "Who the hell does that guy think he is anyway?"

"He happens to be the C.O. and I imagine that is what he thinks he is", replied Miss Green, with a mischievous glance at the Met. Officer.

"Don't be so damned smart", replied the Met. Officer as he pranced across the room.

"Yes Sir", replied Miss Green.

"What do you mean, 'yes Sir'?" asked the Met. Officer.

"Looks as if it may be a nice evening for horse-back riding, Sir", replied Miss Green.

"Fiddlesticks", ejaculated Rutherford as he grasped the red pencil in his hand and proceeded to beautify the already over-worked frontal systems of the weather map.

The C.O. went horse-back riding and, wonder of wonders, the weather was O.K. (Over Kast—with rain).

VIRTUES

Airman: "Everytime I kiss you it makes me a better man."

Girl: "Well, you certainly don't have to try to get to heaven in one night, do you?"

OUGH!

Girl: "Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"

Airman: "No, I don't think anyone ever did."

Girl: "Then I'd like to know where you get the idea."

"And why is O'Grady wearing the big plaid vest?"

"Haven't you heard? The doctor told him to keep a check on his stomach!"

"ELMER"

(AN AIRMAN'S LETTER HOME)

Claresholm, Alta.,
August 14th., 1943.

Dear Ma and Pa—

I hope you weren't too disappointed at not hearing from me for such a long time but there always seems to be so much to do, what with gittin up in the morning and gittin to breakfast and gittin on parade. You shore have to look smart on parade or else! I get my hair cut nearly every two weeks now and it's shore a lot cooler in the summer time except for the flies and moskitos botherin.

Well, folks, you'll be glad to know that I'm bustin into society up here. Last Sunday a minister invited us out to dinner as they call supper in society. He asked Percy too. I guess he really had to as Percy was with me. We were asked to dinner at seven but we thought it would not be polite to run in and eat and run out again like it was a lecture, so we went a little early—about five-thirty.

The minister has two daughters, both girls, and a wife. While we were waiting for dinner the girls entertained us. They played the piano and both of them sang a duette. At last we sat down to dinner and the minister put his nose in his soup and began saying grace. Percy thought he was talking to him and kept asking, "What's that? What say?" all the time he was praying. I ain't never going out with that fellow no more, his manners embarrassed me too much.

Of course I remembered all the etikef you taught me, Ma, and I even offered to get up and help in the kitchen. I sure made the minister's wife sit up and take notice once when I speared four pieces of bread on my fork—I guess she'd never seen it done so neat.

They forgot the coffee till after dinner was over and then the minister's wife asked us if we'd like to go in the drawing room and have it. I said I never was much of a hand at drawing but I'd go along. Percy said if he sat around making a hog of himself any longer they'd have to give it to him in a bedroom. She gave us the coffee in egg-cups but seein I didn't pay nothin for it I guess it's not my place to say nothing. I guess the rationing must have hit her pretty hard.

We got to talkin about one thing and another, such as the poor uneducated forin heathens, and ended up tellin the minister how we thought this Station ought to be run, and the Air Force too.

Well, it was quite a nice evening. Before we left we asked the minister's daughters if they'd like to come out to the Airport to one of our barn dances but they just laughed and said no. I guess they're too refined to associate with us Airmen.

I'm goin' out to cheer for our ball-team now so guess I'll sign off.

Your loving son,
Elmer.

Dear Lonely Hearts

May I introduce myself? My name is Fairice Beafax. I have been asked to come to this beautiful Station to give advice to those with problems, "de coor", as the French say, but for you it must be called "HEART".

x x x x

I had a letter from a dear little girl the other day saying—quote—"I am greatly enamoured of a certain Flight Sergeant who must for obvious reasons remain nameless. He is very musical and appears to care more for his band than he does for me. What should I do?"

—Signed "Worried".

My dear, dear Worried:—

Your letter made me very sad. The only advice I can give is to forget the big lug and always remember, my dear, that there are many in the same boat as yourself.

x x x x

I had another letter from a young man on this Station—quote—"A little while ago I was going steady with a certain W.D. We traded cap badges. Does this constitute a proposal, or can it be utilized as grounds for breach of promise?"

—Signed "Uneasy".

My Dear Uneasy:—

The mere exchange of cap badges does not necessarily constitute a proposal unless it was a paper transaction, but it is a dangerous practice and should be discouraged.

x x x x

Well, my dear, dear, readers—that is all the problems I have at present, but if you wish advice, write to me, Fairice Beafax, % "Windy Wings", enclosing one bottle of Johnnie Walker with the address of the dealer at which it was purchased, and I will answer all your queries from my vast store of experience.

x x x x

—Bye, bye until the next issue.

—Fairice Beafax.

x x x x

LADIES FIRST

"How did you find the ladies at the dance last night?"

"Oh, I just opened the door marked "Ladies" and there they were.

A TOAST

To the tune of "An' Wee Deoch and Doris".

We belong to a Service School
The number is fifteen.
We're the gang from Claresholm,
The finest ever seen.

Our Officers and WO.'s
Sergeants and Corporals, too,
The W.D.'s and AC. ones
Are here to prove to you.

Our standard is the highest
Of any in the West.
Our flyers are the finest
By any known test.

The school with the highest record
For hours in the air,
The least mishaps to man or plane,
A record to compare.

So here's a toast to a flying school
Of which we're mighty proud.
May Hitler feel some Claresholm steel
From out a Berlin cloud.

—"MARTY"

THE WINDSOCK

Rock-a-bye baby in the tree top
Don't fall out
It's a hell of a drop.

x x x x

LAC. Muzalowski: "I want to see someone with a little authority."

Cpl. Tuson: "I ought to do then. I've got about as little as anyone around here."

x x x x

In Bill's Coffee Shop—
"Serving shrimps today!"
Edna: "Sure, sit down."

x x x x

St. Peter: "Did you indulge in necking petting, smoking or drinking while on earth?"

W.D.: "Never."

St. Peter: "Then why haven't you reported sooner—you've been dead a long time."

And then there's the W.D. who lets all the boys kiss her since the time she slapped a guy who was chewing tobacco.

x x x x

Queen's Hotel Clerk: "Will you have an outside room or an inside room, sir."

P/O Hebert: "Guess you'd better make it inside, looks like rain."

Cpl. Pesto: "What's your new girl like?"
Cpl. Wilson: "Not so good."

Cpl. Pesto: "You always were lucky, weren't you?"

Hope says: "Everything I want to do is either immoral, illegal or fattening."

Craig: "Gee, I wonder where my wolf is now?"

Cypress Lullaby

Moonlight shadows softly stealing,
I can hear the night winds sigh
From the hills away out yonder,
Dreamy Cypress lullaby.

Take a message as you wander,
As you southward wend your way;
Tell her that I'm sad and lonely,
Waiting just to hear her say—

That she loves me, hears me calling
From the cypress hills afar;
Where the upper peaks seem reaching
Out towards the Eastern Star.

And the answer, borne by zephyrs
On the wings of dawn's first light,
Whispers that the morn is coming,
Scattering shadows of the night.

Soft winds blowing o'er the Cypress,
Golden shafts that light the sky;
Heralds the approach of sunrise,
Dreamy Cypress lullaby.

—"Marty"

THE CORN COB

The Modern Age

Cpl. Lee to Major Shiek: "Sir. May I have this week-end off?"

Major Shiek. "Don't tell me your Grand-mother died!"

Cpl. Lee: "No, not yet, but she is making her first Parachute Jump this Saturday and I would like to see it."

x x x x

Ouch!

Cpl. Hare to Major MacKinnon: "Say, I'm really in a fix. My girl friend is a W.D. and she's being posted to this Station. She thinks that I'm a flier instead of an Armourer Guns. She'll probably want me to take her flying. What would you do in this case, Sir?"

Major MacKinnon: "Oh well, if she is the one whose picture you showed me the other day, she'll want to ride on a broom-stick anyway."

x x x x

Boy, to the Front!

Smart Airman to W.D.: "Have you heard about the new Fiddle Hotel?"

W.D.: "No, why do they call it that?"

S. A.: "Oh, I suppose it's because it's such a vile Inn."

x x x x

Boy does that stink!

Sgt. Wood: "What are you doing with your socks on wrong side out?"

Foothall player from Maintenance: "My feet got hot so I decided to turn the hose on them."

x x x x

Brilliant Repartee

Chaplain: "Are you bothered by troublesome thoughts?"

Cpl. Craig, from the Accounts: "No, I kinda like them."

x x x x

Great Guns!

Cpl. Tuson claims that his Father is one of the Big Guns in the Shipyard business out in Vancouver. It seems that he has been fired seven times already.

x x x x

GREAT GOD GOLD

Recruiting Officer: "I suppose you want a Commission?"

Dumb Airman: "No Sir, I am a poor flyer. I'd rather work on a straight salary."

x x x x

YEA MAN!

F/S Bradley to LAW McLay: "Well Kid, how did you like Toronto?"

LAW McLay: "Well, to tell you the truth, Brad., it's the first cemetery that I have ever seen with electric lights."

x x x x

"What a splendid Fit", said Cpl. Ripley, as they carried the Epileptic out of Clothing Stores.

x x x x

Wiseguy (boarding a street car): "Well, Noah, is the Ark full?"

Conductor: "Nope, we need one more Jackass; come on in."

—"GRUESOME"

x x x x

● EDITOR'S NOTE: This one is too corny for "The Corn Crib"!

Baby Ear of Corn: "Momma, where did I come from?"

Mother: "Why the STALK brought you, dear."

Truth is Stranger Than Fiction

—OR—

TAKE YOUR HEAD OUT OF THE PICKLE-BARREL, TUSON, YOU'RE GETTING A RAW DILL

Scene: Records Office.

Time: Any normal afternoon . . . in the normal state of confusion.

F/O Mundece: "Is this where I make application for a transportation warrant?"

Tuson: "Well, yes . . . But I don't think we have any of your Officers' records here."

F/O Mundece: "But the Orderly Room just told me you keep the records of all Officers here."

Tuson: "Sir, which Squadron are you

with?"

F/O Mundece: "I don't know just what you mean?"

Tuson: "I don't think you fellows are entitled to a transportation warrant, are you?"

F/O Mundece: "I don't see why not?"

Tuson: "Well, do you belong to the 52nd. Squadron Calgary or the 125th. Squadron in Claresholm? I imagine they keep all their own records in town.

F/O (aside): "I guess I came to the wrong place. This goon don't know what he's doin'."

Tuson: "What I mean to say is, how long have you been down here, Sir?"

F/O Mundece: "Just for the past five months. (And never missed a C.O.'s parade either)."

Tuson: "You mean you're NOT an Air Cadet Officer?"

F/O Mundece: "Hell, NO!"

THE BARTENDER KNOWS

He knows all our sorrows, he knows all our joys,

He knows all the girls who are chasing the boys.

He knows all our troubles, he knows all our strife,

He knows every man who ducks out from his wife.

If the Bartender told all he knows, He would turn all our friends into bitter-est foes.

He would start a story, which gaining in force,

Would cause all our wives to sue for divorce.

He would get all our wives mixed up in a fight,

He would turn all our bright days into sorrowing nights;

In fact, he would keep the whole town in a stew,

If he told one tenth of all that he knew.

So when you're out on a party, and from home you steal,

Just drop in for a drink, the Bartender won't squeal.

Officer: "I thought I saw soup on the menu."

W.D.: "There was some, but I wiped it off."

Cpl. Tuson to Cpl. Morison: "I passed by your Barrack Block last night."

Cpl. Morison: "Thanks!"

The Station Bus was so full last night that I saw three of the seats getting off to walk.

Activities on the Station

W. D.'s At Home

The Women's Division held "Open House" the afternoon 14 July/45 for representatives of various Women's Organizations in Claresholm and the district and for any of the lady citizens of Claresholm. The visitors arrived at the School at approximately 1300 hours. They were divided into groups of approximately one dozen and were escorted by specially chosen W.D. guides to various parts of the School where W.D. personnel are employed.

The tour included visits to Equipment, Maintenance Log Room, Spark Plug Room, Parachute Section, Hospital, G.I.S. Aircraft Recognition Room, Airmen's Mess, Motor Transport Section, Recreation Hall, Barrack Block No. 20 (W.D.), Airwomen's Canteen, and lasted for approximately four hours, the guides finally bringing their parties to the Airmen's Mess, for tea, consisting of tea, numerous kinds of sandwiches, simple cakes and biscuits.

The Commanding Officer spent considerable time in the Airmen's Mess mingling with the guests and making them feel at home. Keen interest was expressed without exception by the visitors and the Section which seemed to interest the visitors most was the Parachute Section, and this subject was on the tongues of all during tea time.

Unfortunately the storm broke before the last of the visitors had entirely completed their itinerary for the Station and they were obliged to make a hasty retreat. It is estimated that possibly 150 guests and children were shown around the Station.

Rec. Hall Highlights

Lately—not much. But then you must admit that though people have more fun than anybody the best way to avoid falling hair is to step aside.

x x x x

We will admit that during the last several weeks there has been little in the way of stage entertainment. Of course the reason being it is summer and most of the troupes have been broken up due to different kinds of leave—Sick, Seeding, Harvest, Compassionate, Temporary Duty, and I know one guy who went so far as to take Annual Leave.

x x x x

Last winter, ah, remember last winter, we were visited by many and varied troupes from near and far. "Blackouts of 43", the outstanding treat of the year, really sent us right out of this world with its original gags, words and music, its beautiful girls and as terrific an orchestra as we have ever heard in the R.C.A.F. There were others, possibly not quite so lavish, but still solid entertainment. We all know who they were and so to save space in our anniversary issue the names will not be mentioned. This does not mean we did not appreciate them. Perish the thought!! We did and we genuinely hope to see and hear them all again.

Our own kids deserve a lot of credit, too. The show they put out was definitely one of the best in the Command. Let's see you do it again this year!

Benny South Street.

Y. W. C. A. Hostess House

The Y.W.C.A. Hostess House just outside the gates of your Station was opened in May 1942. The Hostess at that time was Miss Greig.

The slogan of our House is "A Home away from Home". It is here to cater to your needs for relaxation, comfort and rest. Here we want you to meet your friends and families, read, play cards, sing or anything that you wish to do to amuse yourself.

We also help to take care of emergencies, help you find a home for your wife, aid you in travel information, and have lists for week-ends, etc. hospitality in the district, Calgary and Banff.

The House is open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. and during certain hours we have canteen service.

There have been many hundreds of girls and boys in to visit us during the fourteen months that we have been here, and three weddings have been held in the House.

Why not come to see us and meet your friends here? Let us help you with your problems as we are pleased to do all we can to make your stay at No. 15 a pleasant one.

—Mrs. Staples and Mrs. Walton, Hostesses

DO YOU KNOW

DO YOU KNOW: That some of the Spitfire IX's have been modified for ground attack work by clipping the wings. 2½ feet have been removed from each wing and the tip is squared.

DO YOU KNOW: That a new model of the F.W. 190 may be expected to appear with a larger BMW motor and modified air frame to accommodate it. Increased performance figures and heavier armament will come with it.

DO YOU KNOW—About the Mosquito: That it is used in three versions—Mk II, the fighter armed with your 20 mm. cannons, and four machine guns, and two seats.

Mk III, Standard dual place trainer.
Mk IV Standard day bomber. Unarmed. Bomb load 2,000 lbs stowed internally—two seats.

DO YOU KNOW: That the automatic rudder trim makes single engine flying much less difficult and tiring.

That it is a beautiful aeroplane to handle.

That of the crew of two, the Pilot has a busy job flying usually "on the deck" while the observer does the navigation, observing, bombing, wireless operating, and any other necessary duties.

DO YOU KNOW: That in the South West Pacific Catalinas are used for dive-bombing and torpedo dropping.

DO YOU KNOW: That when the Japs came into the war the Australian front line fighter was the Wirraway—a modified version of the Harvard.

DO YOU KNOW: In the B.M.W. 801 motor used in the FW 190 and also the DO 217, the engine controls—pitch, boost, altitude compensator and ignition—all pass into a single box from which a single control lever is taken.

DO YOU KNOW: The Lancaster carries three times the bomb load of the Fortress over the same range, but only one quarter of the fire power.

DO YOU KNOW: The Thunderbolt is steady to fly and has no vices. It is manoeuvrable and is capable of all aerobatics. It has a long range and is very much at home at high altitudes where it functions well as a bomber destroyer.

The Laws of the Air Force

—x—

Now these are the Laws of the Air Force handed down from
barracks and ship
And he that is wise will observe them, lest his foot on the
ladder may slip.
As naught must outclimb us in fighting, even so with the
law and its span,
For the strength of the Man is the Service . . . and the strength
of the Service the Man!

Take heed what ye say of your Rulers, be your words spoken
softly or plain,
Lest a bird of the Air tell the matter, and so shall ye hear
it again.
It is well—that the gun may be humbled, the compressor
must check the recoil.
On the strength of one link in the cable dependeth the might
of the chain,
Who knows when thou mayest be tested? So live that thou
barest the strain.

When the Plane that is tired returneth, with the signs of the
air showing sore,
Men take her in hand for a season, and her speed she re-
neweth once more.
So shalt thou, lest perchance thou grow weary in flying from
morning till 'eve,
Pray for rest—for the good of the Service—and wend try way
softly on leave.

Count not upon certain promotion, but rather to earn it aspire,
Though the sight-line shall end on the target, there cometh
perchance a misfire.
Canst follow the track of the Dolphin, or tell where the sea
swallows roam?
Where Leviathan taketh his pastime? What ocean he calleth
his home?

Even so with the words of thy Rulers, and the orders those
words shall convey,
Every law is as nought beside this one:—"Thou shalt not
criticize, but obey."
Saith the wise: "How may I know their purpose?" then acts
without wherefore or why;
Stays the fool but one moment to question and the chance of
his life passeth by.

If ye win through an overseas bomb-raid, unmentioned at
home in the Press,
Heed it not; no man seeth the piston, but it doeth its work
none the less.
Do they growl: It is well. Be thou silent, so the work goeth
forward amain.
Lo, the engine revs up two thousand and shouteth, yet none
shall complain.

Do they growl, and the work be retarded? It is ill, be what-
ever their rank.
The engine may miss but still shouteth, but can a misfire
turn the crank?
Doth the fabric make war on the cowlings? Do the wings to
the engine complain?
Nay! They know that a clean and a polish unites them as
brothers again.

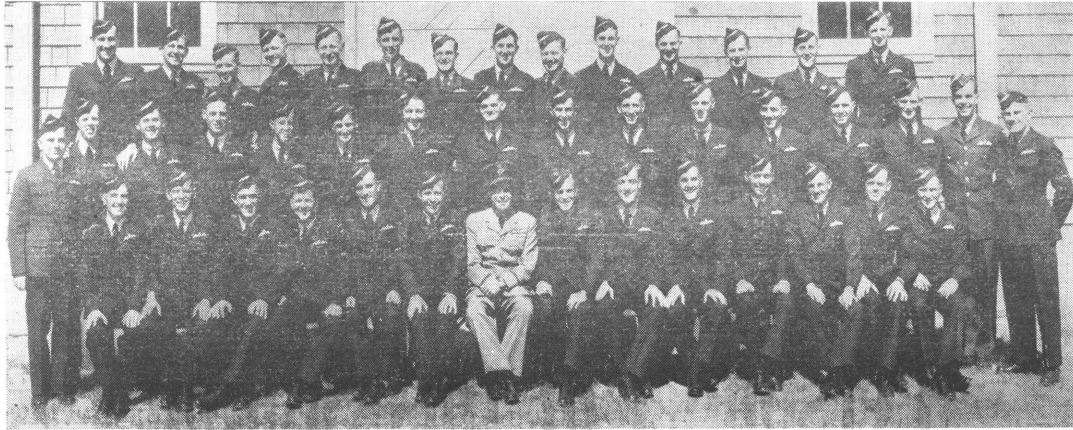
So yet, being heads of Departments, growl, but smile as a
matter of course.
Lest we strive and in anger be parted, and lessen the might
of your Force.
Dost deem that thy Station needs paintwork, and the Bolo
forbear to supply,
Put thy hand in thy pocket and purchase . . . there are those
who have risen thereby.

Dost think in a moment of anger, 'tis well with thy seniors to
fight?
They prosper who burn in the morning the letters they wrote
overnight.
For some they be shelved and forgotten, with nothing to
thank for their fate;
Save that, on a half sheet of foolscap, which a fool "had the
honor to state".

If the homeway be crowded with buses diving downward the
hangar to win,
It is meet that, lest anyone suffer, each pilot pass cautiously in.
So thou when thou nearest promotion, and the peak that is
gilded is nigh,
Give heed to their words and thy actions, lest others be
wearied thereby.

It is ill for the winners to worry, take thy fate as it comes
with a smile,
And when thou art safely gazetted, they will envy, but may
not revile.
Uncharted the bumps that surround thee, take heed that to
meet them thou learn,
Lest thy name serve as mark on a tombstone or else the
Court Martial Return.

Though thy wires may escape from Archie? the fabric shows
scars on the side,
It is well if the Court shall acquit thee, 'Twere better hadst
thou never been tried.
As the cloud rises over the wind screen, flashes past and is
lost in the wake,
So shall YE drop astern, all unheeded, such time as these
Laws ye forsake.



Course 78, Graduating July 21st., 1943

Reading from left to right:—

FRONT ROW.—LAC's Mason, I. G.; White, G. A.; Walton, G. F.; Wallace, T. B.; Kogler, W. J.; Middleton, G. P.; F/O Nolte; LAC's Alexander, E. D.; Davis, V.; Hutchison, R.; Marquette, J. R.; Cope, C. H.; Anderson, A. A.; Coleman, B.
SECOND ROW.—LAC's Murrell, W. A.; Hall, D. C.; Pratten, R. R.; Low, R. F.; Prouting, J. P.; Matley, E. T.; O'Brien,

L. W.; Millard, L. W.; Dunn, R.; Patterson, M. H.; Humphris, E.; Levy, D. M.; Ritchie, C. D.; Miller, S. F.; Ireland, D. G. H.; McMurdo, C. R.

BACK ROW.—LAC's Willcox, A. J.; Siebert, F.; McNeill, E. J.; Quan, W. P.; Whitten, J. H.; Benson, J. A. G.; MacKay, D. J. B.; Crocker, B. J.; Boland, J.; Oldmeadow, N. H.; Gudgeon, J. H.; Mankey, J. S.; McCartin, P. L.; Keane, W. J.

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THE WINGS PARADE

Course 78, graduating at No. 15 S.F.T.S. on Wednesday afternoon, July 21st., can boast of two things in particular, one was that it was the hottest day of the year when they were on graduation parade, and the other was that the class contained the highest percentage of top-rankers of any class yet graduated from Claresholm. Five Pilots received Special Distinction and eleven more Pilots received the Distinguished Pass.

All but two of the graduates were Australians and one of these was in Australian uniform. One lone Canadian, LAC. D. G. Ireland of Killarney, Manitoba, was in the ranks.

The ceremony was held on the parade square with about six hundred Airmen and Airwomen in the lines. The Macleod Air Force Band was in attendance. The flying badges were presented by Wing Commander C. W. Burgess, acting Commanding Officer of the Station. The Station Adjutant, F/L Welfey, was aide to the Commanding Officer. S/L D. D. Atkinson was the parade marshal, and his aide was F/O Flynn. The graduating class was under the command of P/O

Nolte. There were one or two casualties from the heat, the ambulance rushing them to the hospital for recovery.

The graduates and their friends were entertained at tea in the Officers' Mess following the ceremony. An event of interest here was the piano solo rendered by one of the graduates, LAC. A. A. Anderson; also the vocal number sung by another graduate, LAC. R. Hutchison, whose accompanist was still another graduate, LAC. C. A. White.

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Commanding Officer's Address

Guests and members of No. 15 S.F.T.S.: Today Course 78, the 21st. Course to graduate from this School, receive their wings and take their place with the thousands of other young Pilots who have been trained in this and other Schools across Canada.

It would not have been possible to graduate the large number of Pilots if it were not for teamwork throughout the whole training scheme. From the highest ranking Officer to the most junior Airmen, ALL have worked together to see that you receive the best training possible for what lies ahead. Your Instructors have given you the best of their knowledge, that you may graduate with a sound knowledge of the art of flying and allied subjects. The ground crews have laboured long tedious hours to provide you with

aircraft to fly and repair those that have become damaged. You have studied and worked hard to win your wings and are going on to new fields, but our ground crews have not that pleasure to look forward to. So remember, wherever you are, that your success has depended on how well they did their job with no prospect of future excitement ahead to spur them on.

You, who are going on to operations, are the Captain of a team, your crew, and no team can function efficiently unless every member is fully conversant with his teammates job, and prepared to co-operate to the fullest extent. There is a promise of adventure ahead and the success of it will depend on how well you and your crew work together. You have been trained well to prepare you to meet the enemy and it is up to you to make the most of that training, to see you through, when the time comes.

You who are to be Instructors, be good Instructors, so that when you see your pupils graduate you will know that they are in a fit position to acquit themselves with credit.

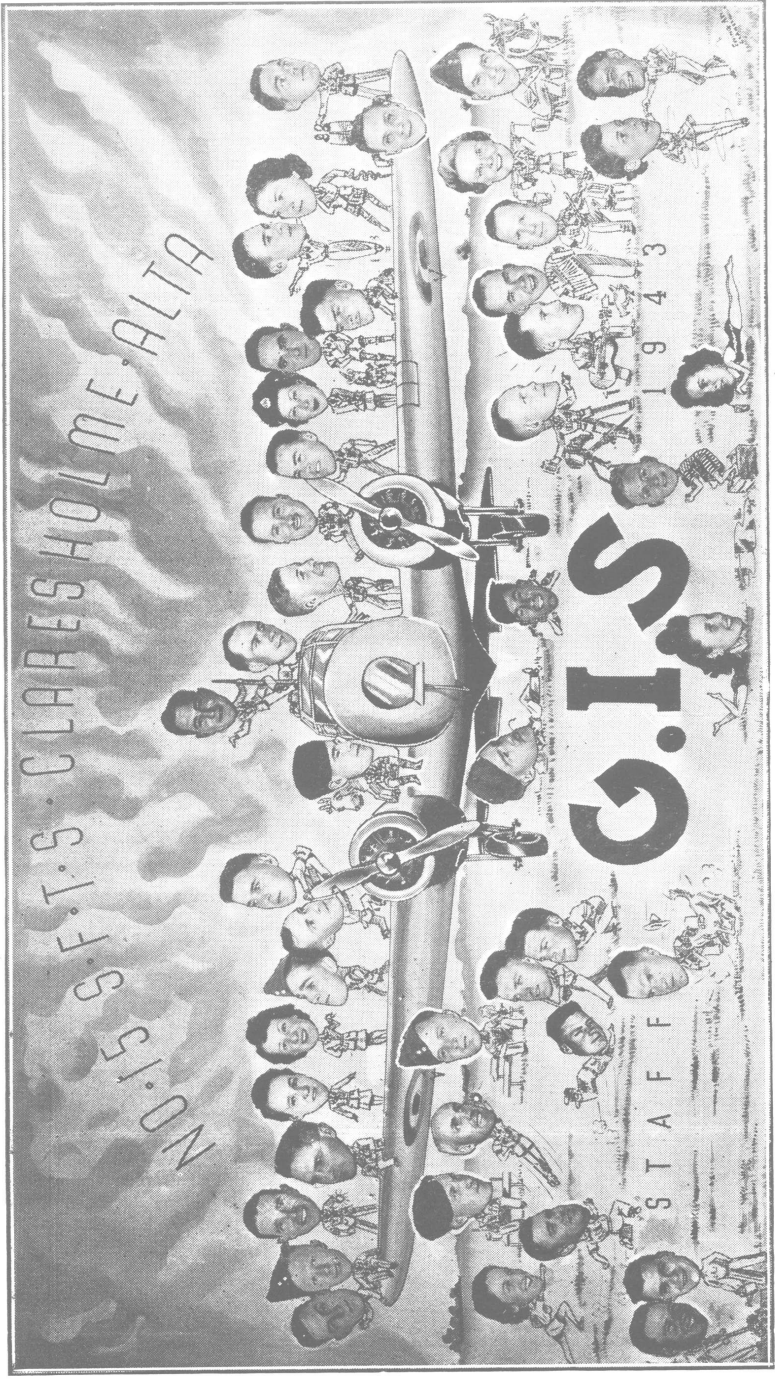
It has been a long hard road for you and you are to be congratulated on your success so far from home, and all the Staff joins me in wishing you the very best of luck in the future, whatever it may hold for you.

The Unit Education Office Offers the Following Services to Personnel of this Station

- 1.—Correspondence Courses under the auspices of the Canadian Legion. Patronize these. Don't plan to stay dumb all your life.
- 2.—Remustering to Aircrew. You start here. By the successful passing of recommendations of your Unit O/C, the M.O., the C/O, by passing a C.T., then being favorably considered by that mystical personage called D.A.P. S., by getting past the gruelling interviews and tests at Manning Depot, by miraculously getting through I.T.S., and almost as miraculously making the grade at E.F.T.S. and by super-tricky manoeuvring at S.F.T.S. you may then get to pilot a Mosquito Bomber. Alas, many wash out but they say it's lots of fun trying.
- 3.—Remuster to trades. This is tricky too. Sometimes you do and sometimes you don't. Usually some hard-boiled N. C.O. gets in your way but here again you have the thrill of trying.
- 4.—Sympathy and gentle persuasion to N. C.O.'s who are teaching and supervising trade improvement classes in their trades. Aspiring Airmen should, by the way, be reminded that this is one of the many curses attached to getting to be a Sgt. You might and probably will be jo-ed to teach trade improvement.
- 5.—The latest news and prognostications about things to come. Sarge has all the answers. Later on, discussion groups will be organized again when you will be invited to come and listen or participate.
- 6.—General information, gossip, the low-down on almost any subject or person secret dope on how we would run other Sections, the whole Station, the Air Force, the Government, the W.D.'s (if they would only let us).

GIVE US A TRIAL YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED

We are located in G.I.S. Main Office. There are a couple of other offices there but You can't miss Us!



NO. 15 S. CLARESHOLME ALTA

C.I.S.

STAFF

1943