



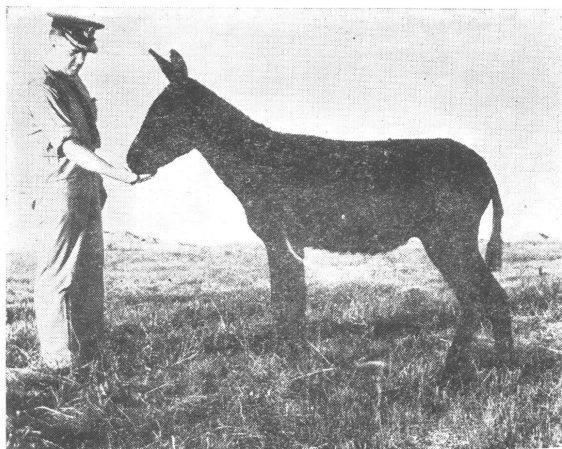
Vol. 3 No. 9

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

October 1st., 1943.



5TH  **SPEED the VICTORY**
VICTORY LOAN No. 104



PILOT OFFICER PRUNES JR. FRATERNIZES WITH THE
COMMANDING OFFICER, G/C W. E. KENNEDY

The Story Behind Pilot Officer Prunes

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After much consultation and lots of advice it was decided that what No. 15 S.F.T.S. needed for a mascot was a Burro. Barrack Officer N. L. Robinson wrote to the "Rocky Mountain News", Denver, Colorado, and from that time, July 13th., on, P/O Prunes has received more publicity than any of us are likely to get. The Denver paper asked its readers to help us find what they called "A Long Eared Rocky Mountain Canary".

Two days later the offers were pouring in and from them was selected by the Fairplay Chamber of Commerce Fairplay is a town of about 700 people, perched at an altitude of 6106 feet not far from Denver). An emergency meeting of the Fairplay Chamber of Commerce had to be called so that they could be sure that their burro would be the lucky one. Here is what they said to the Rocky Mountain News: "This is where the best burros come from, for instance there is Prunes the 1st. He was the most famous burro Colorado ever had. And the smartest. And the sturdiest. Why, the records show that Prunes lived here for 63 years, from 1867 to 1940. During the last few years of his life he just roamed the town at will. He was so smart he used to be sent for the mail, and take letters for miles over the hills to some prospector's camp. And he never missed once."

Two days after the choice was made

Prunes 2nd. was in Denver with his big lop ears making a "V" for Victory sign and his tiny mountain hoofs stamping up the soil. According to experts Prunes 2nd. is a fine sample of the illustrious "Rocky Mountain Canary" breed which bore a large share of the burden in making the old gold rush days of Colorado what they were. His famous forebear, shaggy old Prunes 1st., lived through the wildest stage of the growth of the Western frontier. He proudly stood stolidly by while hostile Indians whooped around, while rustlers were hanged and while grizzled old prospectors painted the town red when they hit it rich. Those of long memory in the Fairplay country say that young Prunes is the spitten image of his famous sire.

Prunes Junior was taken from his mountain home to Denver by a delegation from the Fairplay Chamber of Commerce and after two days in Denver he started his trip to Claresholm in a crate. Before he left he entertained a group at the Denver Orphans home, holding his own in the children's game of riding the donkey and even played on a teeter-totter to the great delight of the children.

On the 25th. of July he started his train trip. They had kept him temporarily in the zoo as he didn't want to make a Jack-ass of himself before all the people of Denver. He really liked his stay there but after all he had a train to catch. He

felt he would sooner or later have to hitch up with some army but he was a little surprised at landing in the Air Force. His older relatives apparently tried to scare him with stories about burro gremlins . . . the ones that tickle them behind and make them kick, and those gremlins that get into and make their small hoofs slip from craggy heights . . . but Prunes wasn't scared of these. He says that pappy wasn't scared and he lived to be 63.

One of the reporters of a Denver newspaper wrote up quite an article on Prunes describing the virtues of burros in general and Prunes Jr. in particular. He says that P/O Prunes will never be a bore and that burros make ideal companions. He tells stories to prove that Prunes Sr. could read and he thinks it better that the young burro hasn't yet learned this art. He says that since Prunes Jr. likes children better than adults, he gives further evidence of a burro's good judgement. He tells how the Older Prunes got his name. It seems that he developed quite a taste for prunes (dried). Of course he never stole any—all burros are honest—he just thought that the grocer didn't really need all the prunes he had.

No. 15 S.F.T.S. is very glad to have P/O Prunes with them and they are resolved to help him live up to the splendid reputation he established for himself in Colorado.



"WINDY WINGS"

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EDITORIAL

On the eve of another Victory Loan Drive, we are again reminded of what we are fighting for. Primarily we are fighting to rid the world of some madmen. We'll do this and we shall not waver in our purpose until we see the job through. Then we hope that our leaders will prove to be world statesmen and that they can effect a peace settlement that will really give full expression to the Four Freedoms and usher in the brave new world of which we dream.

It's this brave new world that I would like to discuss. Airmen and Airwomen, it won't be any better world to live in than the one that let this bloody murderous war start unless you take a lot more intelligent interest in it than your fathers did. As long as selfishness, personal or national, dominates most human activity, as long as some people have and some have not a share of this world's goods, as long as we put disproportionate dollar values on different kinds of effort, the spectre of that witch, Discord, will hover over us.

The supply of natural resources is practically inexhaustible. Modern technology could, with a minimum of human energy, convert our natural resources into all the consumer goods that people could use. This is no idle dream, it's just elementary mathematics. But its realization would require some temporary sacrifice on the part of some of us and there are groups that would play up this sacrifice to keep the rest of us where we are.

Such a set-up need not be paid for by the surrender of our democratic way of life. If and when democracy thwarts attempts to achieve the full and abundant life that is the rightful heritage of us all, then we can talk of scrapping it. So far it has not been the fault of democracy that material life has been a mighty empty thing for a large part of the people. Perhaps our democratic way needs some modification, but be very leery of the demagogues who would impose a totalitarian system on you. Within the framework of our present political system great-souled statesmen may build up an economic and social structure that will bring us a Utopia that even Sir Thomas More didn't envisage.

This will really be worth fighting for.

x x x x x x

COMMENDATION

The Commanding Officer wishes to congratulate all members of the various divisions who played a part in making our Second Anniversary the undoubted success that it was. Congratulations are also due those entrants who took part in the various sports activities for a very creditable showing that was made in spite of lack of opportunity to practice.

All personnel on the Station played a great part in making the day a success and it is hoped that it was as gratifying to them as to myself.

It is impossible to select by name the various individuals whose work was particularly effective on this occasion, but certainly the Works & Buildings Section, members of the M. T.

Section, Fire Hall, deserve special commendation for the willing manner in which they worked right up to the last minute.

x x x x x x



HAPPY LANDINGS TO W/C BURGESS

The best wishes of the entire Station go out to Wing Commander C. W. Burgess who received long looked for "Y" posting and will be in an operational command. W/C Burgess was one of the original officers posted to No. 15 S.F.T.S. and for nearly two years had been our Chief Flying Instructor. The camera caught him at the Anniversary just after he had completed an oration over P/O Prunes Jr. To the left the clown is F/S McDonald, then W/C Burgess, in back Cpl. D. Coyle, and Sgt. Willows and F/L Marshall handing out doubtful compliments. W/C Burgess was one of the most proficient and best liked officers on the Station. He lost a brother in action in the Air Force early in the war.

x x x x x x



HERE WE GO AGAIN!

Let's make it Bigger and Better. Buy Bonds till it hurts. We all know our duty. Let's do it NOW. Don't wait to be asked. Give once, give well and give willingly!

Pilot Officer Thomas Flies the Atlantic

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is an outline of an address made by Flying Officer Thomas at the Officer's Mess.

Most of you have heard a speech on this topic so I will not say anything about the time I spent in Montreal except that it took me nine days to do eight hours flying. Finally I managed to get out, flying a Baltimore for West Palm Beach, Florida, where I stopped for a day. My crew and I rested there after the first eight day of flying which was quite hard on me. We left next day for South America making dai lystops at Puerto Rico, British Guinea, Belen, and finally Natal in Brazil, where one can buy anything from silk stockings to revolvers right on the streets.

Our planes left there for Ascension Island in twos but soon parted and flew singly. After 7½ hours we reached this mid-Atlantic paradise (?). It is 7 miles across at it's greatest width. The island itself is nothing but molten lava with several mountains about 1200 feet high. There is a green spot on the top of one of these mountains but except for a lone tree the Island is absolutely bare.

We slept in tents with gravel floors. Plumbing facilities are completely lacking. Several tents had the use of one basin on a rickety stand beside a drum of ice water. A quite modern show was put on for us but was held outside and the patrons had to sit on rocks which were not exactly cushions. We left Ascension before sunrise and after another 7 hours reached the Gold Coast, Africa, landing at Accra. After delivering the A/C still in one piece we went to our quarters preparing to return the next morning. The trip over on the whole was very good and seemed quite short.

Early the next morning we returned to South America in a C-87. From Brazil we flew to Miami in a Commando, making several stops for refuelling. I spent the night in Miami and the next day flew to Nassau. There I had to wait five days for another A/C so I had to spend my time playing on the beaches and sailing among the Islands. The weather was fine and we had a grand time but soon began to get restless. I was lucky enough to get another A/C to deliver and once again started off for South America.

This time I wasn't so lucky. First I had engine trouble on the take-off from Trinidad and bad weather from Brazil

and across the Atlantic. By bad weather I mean 150 foot ceiling, a visibility of 600 yards and heavy tropical rain. From Natal to Ascension I flew through a great fog which extended from 1,000 feet to 20,000 feet. This is really thick stuff. Thanks to my navigator we hit that little dot in the Atlantic after a gruelling trip. From Ascension to Accra I had clear sailing but on reaching the air port I had to circle for an hour because there was an aircraft on the runway with a blown tire.

At Accra I was asked if I would take an A/C to Cairo. Well, they didn't have to ask me twice as I was practically on the way as soon as I was asked. We flew in a convoy of five A/C with only the leader carrying a full crew. It took us nine days to reach Cairo, flying through Nigeria, French Equitorial Africa, the Sudan and Egypt. We had to stop over two or three hours for fuel. Transportation is so poor that the fuel is brought in by camel to some Stations and is worth \$10.00 per gallon delivered. The trip through central Africa was hot and dirty, and we were grounded in Khartoum for two days due to snow storm. Luxor, about 1½ hours out of Cairo was an interesting stop. There we slept in holes in the ground on straw mattresses covering bamboo beds. The next morning I was all covered with insect bites so I was not very happy. At Cairo we unloaded freight and some stray passengers and continued on into the desert, where we delivered our A/C at its base. On the return trip to Cairo by lorry I saw some of the remains of the Alemenian line but not much.

In Cairo we were billeted in an old hotel taken over by the R.A.F. I spent the next two days close to the bathroom. Cairo has some modern American lodging places but from the sanitary viewpoint it is still a native city. Goats and chickens are housed with the people in the heart of Cairo. The smells are many and strong. Everything you buy is very expensive.

I was really glad to get out of Cairo. I stayed two days in Khartoum, where I had a grand time playing tennis and swimming in a private club. My next stop was Kano which is the largest walled town in Africa. These walls haven't been touched for years and are still in very good repair. I also went out to a native village in the country and it was well worth seeing. The children played around in the dirt without a stitch of

clothing, and the women lolled around in about the same attire, the men had some old rags on but they didn't seem to be doing much.

We soon left all that and reached the Gold Coast. The next morning we returned to Brazil and on to Miami the next day and from Miami I continued after a couple of days to New York by the Silver Meteor Streamliner. I stopped a day and a night in New York and enjoyed it very much. I visited Radio City, Staten Island, El Mornoca, Diamond Horseshoe, and Club 51. The Americans really give all the boys in uniforms a good time.

Back in Montreal I must say I was a bit worn out. Both my trips were very interesting and a welcome change. I was treated well everywhere. You should see the runways we used. They were about a mile and a half long and wide enough for about 5 Ansons to take off abreast.

In closing I will say that don't for a minute think that ferry work is all cream and honey. There is a lot of hard work and very many discomforts connected with it. I say that I would not have missed the trips for worlds but I am glad to be back here and rest.

FATHER TROUBLES



Imagine having to pace the floor on crutches waiting for the Stork to come! However, Daddy, Mommy, and little Penny Marie are all doing fine now. Congratulations to Flying Officer and Mrs. Olsen.

Well dressed man, cigar in hand, falling through the air from T.C.A.:—

"Gad! That wasn't a washroom after all."

New Clerk: "Would it be right to say that you retire a loan?"

Wistful-eyed Steno (coyly): "No, I sleep with momma."

Ode to a Student Pilot

See the happy moron
Doesn't give a damn!
Wish I were a moron
Gad. Maybe I am!

Rehabilitation

(A Summary of a Lecture and Discussion Group Conducted by the Educational Officer.)

The Department of Pensions and National Health of the Government of Canada has prepared a rehabilitation program for demobilized servicemen and service-women. Very briefly the following paragraphs recite the benefits offered.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

An opportunity to take a vocational training courses for every discharged person to take a course of training or instruction that will fit him or keep him fit for employment or re-employment. The term of the course is determined by the length of the service but the maximum is twelve months. Such assistance includes maintenance grants and tuition fees.

UNIVERSITY TRAINING

An opportunity to take a course in university is available to those who were admitted to a university before enlistment or whose attainments will enable them to become admitted to a university within fifteen months after discharge from the services. (This means a minimum of Junior Matriculation standing before discharge.) The term of the course offered is determined by the length of service with the proviso that if at the end of the training period his progress and attainment are such that the Minister deems it in the public interest for him to continue, then further university training will be allowable.

POST GRADUATE TRAINING

This is allowable if taken up within twelve months of discharge and if in the public interest.

SOCIAL SECURITY

Maintenance grants and benefits for a period up to twelve months for those capable of but unable to secure employment and for those temporarily incapacitated from accepting work or training.

HOSPITALIZATION

Free hospitalization with family allowances at any time if disability incurred as a result of service. With certain exceptions the above allowances available also for illness not resulting from service with a maximum of twelve months allowable.

VETERANS' LAND ACT

Those with twelve months service or overseas service or those granted a pension may acquire one of the following:— a full time farm project, small holding near location of regular employment,

small holding coupled with commercial fishing. Maximum advances are \$4800. The settler contributes 10% down, with maximum indebtedness to the Government of \$2400.

PREFERENCE IN CIVIL SERVICE

This applies to those who served overseas or who are pensioners.

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE

Discharged persons who enter insurable employment are entitled after fifteen weeks employment to the same benefits as if they had paid in to the fund since their date of enlistment or since July 1, 1941, the date when the Act came into existence.

COMPULSORY RE-INSTATEMENT

Subject to certain reasonable safeguards, employers must re-instate enlisted employees in conditions not less favorable than they would have had if they had not enlisted. (Seniority and increments).

WELFARE DIVISION

Welfare officers will be stationed at centres throughout the country to assist and advise ex-servicemen and women.

● TO OUR W. D.'s

(The following is printed with thanks to No. 3 R.D.'s "The Beachcomber".)

If you can dress to make yourself attractive

Yet not make puffs and curls your chief delight,

If you can swim and run, be strong and active

But of the gentler graces lose not sight.

If you can dance without a craze for dancing

Play without giving play too strong a hold,

Enjoy the love of friends without romancing

Care for the weak, the friendless, and the old.

If you can fill your days with upright living

Sew with skill and have an eye for dust, Give because there is joy in giving

A girl whom all will love, because they must.

If the cause for which we all are serving On land, in the air, and on the sea, Finds you working, praying, resolute, unswerving—

You are really in it—lovely W.D.
—Cpl. Chuck Doyle.

CORN CRIB

Overheard in Headquarters

Commanding Officer: "Most Adjutants ruff through the Commanding Officer's Personal File."

S/O Macdonald: "Oh, I wouldn't be as rought as all that, Sir!"

Ough!

Tough Sergeant: "What would you say if I broke your jaw?"

Smart Airman: "Nothing for a long time."

Just Practical

"What makes your tongue so black, Sandy?"

"Oh, I dropped a bottle of whisky on a freshly tarred road."

Canoe?

Have you heard about the Airman that took his girl-friend out in a Canoe and when she became angry at him, he had to turn around and paddle her back.

Yeah! Yeah!

It is rumoured that the Boys and Girls out in Vancouver wash their hands and face in the mornings and neck at night.

x x x x

Boy, that's tough!

Smart Airman: "I guess we must be getting "Commando" steaks around here now."

No-so-smart Airman: "Commando Steaks—What are they like?"

Smart Airman: "Tough as they come, Mack. Tough as they come."

x x x x

Not Good—But Loud

"What kind of powder do you clean your teeth with?"

"Oh, I don't know. Why?"

"I just thought it must be Gun-powder the way you keep shooting your mouth off."

x x x x

Peeling Off

"Why are the Jap Zero planes like a pair of step-ins?"

"I don't know, why?"

"Well, just takes one YANK to bring them down."

x x x x

Love Will Find a Way!

Pretty Little Thing: "I'll bet you Airmen have kissed girls all over the map."

Handsome Airman: "Yea, and we've kissed them on the hands too."

x x x x

Rolling Home Dead Drunk

P/O Young: "Airman, I heard that you were drunk last night and were pushing a wheelbarrow around camp. Is this true?"

Airman: "Yes, Sir."

P/O Young: "And where was I during all this time?"

Airman: "In the wheelbarrow, Sir."

—Gruesome.

Filghts and Sections

● ARMAMENT SECTION, G. I. S.

We're only using small bombs and our small guns this month so don't expect any great reports.

x x x x

WO.1 MacKinnon has gone to No. 3 Manning Depot to start his struggle in aircrew. We'll miss him in our section and the Station will miss him too. He was active in many phases of life on the Station. Good luck, Sgt. Major!

x x x x

F/S Swift has gone to Rockcliffe in "Canada" for a two week holiday . . . theoretically known as a course.

x x x x

Cpl. Alloway is expecting to go to Rockcliffe very shortly too. Too bad it's the game bird season, Johnny!

x x x x

Oh brother, if we only had a carload—even half or quarter of a carload—of shotgun shells we could retire and have all the luxuries of life for the rest of same life.

x x x x

Something new has been added. The Armament Instructors are now engaged in initiating the Flying Instructors into the mysteries of Aircraft Rec. We love the happy beaming faces of these lads as the aircraft pictures flash before them at 1/25th. Don't you realize, men, that it's all a scheme to sharpen your Visual Acuity? Sounds wonderful, doesn't it?

x x x x

For any who are interested . . . our Discussion Club, led by Sgt. (Little Caesar) Willows, has decided that if the war goes on for another 20 years we'll all be too old to appreciate the peace when it does come.

x x x x

The people who live up the hall intimated last paper that no one could relax quite like our section. I'd like to be able to say the same for them but circumstances will not permit. I've never seen them around long enough to see whether they could relax or not.

● DENTAL DIGGINGS

Few changes have taken place since we put in our bit the last time.

x x x x

Captain Epstein, the little dark man, has come back to us, and our newest addition is Private Dahl.

x x x x

Right now Captain Burgman is away on his leave—incidentally, he will come back

a married man! Corporal Bawden and Private Dahl are also away on leave. Yes, everybody is away enjoying themselves, while Captain Epstein is slaving away, trying to get nineteen or so men off, and dentally fit, and also not lose out on a 48.

x x x x

Yes, we surely have to dig for a living!

● PATTERN AND CHATTER FROM RECORDS AND CENTRAL REGISTRY

Records Section is in even more than its normal state of confusion these days, what with "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" (Garner to you) back from leave and hospitalized with mumps, Hale describing the route to Nova Scotia ten or twelve times a day, and Corporal Red still trying to decide whether she belongs to the Orderly Room or to Records. Then too, the One and Only, Gruesome, Two-Gun Tuson (The Poor Man's Harry James) has been moved to the hinterland of the Control Tower. No kidding, Two-Gun, we miss you! There are, however, compensations, for we now have our newly made Sergeant, Muriel Morison, in our slap-happy gang! She says, I quote: "I'm in a muddle now, too!" Unquote.

x x x x

Gundy Gunderson has been posted to Winnipeg and "Bobby" Bobinsky came to take her place. Winnipeg's loss is certainly our gain.

x x x x

What good looking Frenchman was seen walking into the Claresholm Station with whose pint-sized skirt over his arm? Never mind, she's not going to be "LATE" any more!

x x x x

We hear that Kenny's "Beautiful" issue hat had a rather unusual dunking the other day. Come on, Kenny, wash that stuff, eh?

x x x x

Morry came in the other night and said that her head was going around in circles. What was the cause, Morry . . . the Link, or the Instructor?

x x x x

Whose Liquor Permit has been used more than anyone else's on the Station? Never mind, Percy, just wait until you get back to England, and then you'll really hit your stride!

x x x x

And Andy must be running him a close second, if we're to believe everything she says about her leave. (P.S.—She at least came back on time).

x x x x

Ruthie has been going around in a daze for days now. Boy, can she ever pick them . . . Slender, Tender and TALL!

x x x x

Rogers, our cheerful runner, wants to be the first to become married in our new Chapel. He also is very tired of mending his own socks. Hold it, girls. Don't crowd!

x x x x

Our one and only Cpl. Mead had quite an exciting week-end. She spent in on a Dude Ranch south of Macleod, and did nothing (so SHE says) but ride horseback and chase the chickens? To top it off, she came back with G/C Hampton, C.O. from Macleod, and the Mounted Police. She had to stand up at work all day Monday and was covered with scratches and sunburn. It certainly MUST have been exciting! (We had a little difficulty with "Smiles" over this one, but she finally saw the Light!)

x x x x

Well, enough of this sheer nonsense for now, go to work and make out more "Permissions to Visit the United States". (P.S.—I'm going to need one, and in a hurry, when "De Pipples" start plowing through the above noted "Stuff".) (P.P.S.—I'll be back with some more, next time, provided that "They don't get me first!")

● THE LEDGER SHEET

We greet a new arrival in the Pay and Accounts Section—AW.1 Tania Bourghardt—who arrived from Trenton on August 28th. AW.1 Bourghardt is a westerner so she will feel at home, we hope.

x x x x

Three of the male members of our staff have left us, AC.1 Poaps and AC.1 Silk were posted to No. 2 Wireless School, Calgary, and AC.1 Plumb has remustered to Aircrew and has left for Manning Pool at Edmonton. Lots of luck, fellows!

x x x x

A successful corn roast was enjoyed by the Accounts Staff recently at the Ranch of Mr. Leeds. Mr. Leeds kindly allowed us the use of his house, so that we were able to put on a real feed. The corn was cooked to perfection and is sure was luscious. The only trouble was that there was not enough of it. The apple juice was quite refreshing too and it is surprising that such a mild drink could make people so happy. Ask Sgt. Leach!

x x x x

WE WONDER WHY . . .

Cpl. Fitzgerald was walking around with a basket on her head? The Egyptian influence, no doubt.

Cpl. Adkins is wearing her hair lower on her forehead? Could it be to hide the bruises?

Cpl. Aglassinger's ailment—the Hospital Staff?

Cpl. Lyons' happy attitude these days?

He just loves working with all those beautiful W.D.'s.

Cpl. Craig is staying around the Station so much of late? You would stay at home too if your Wolf was posted.

Cpl. Olmstead's B.F. has to go to the Hospital for a rest every other week? Don't keep him out so late after this, Rene.

AW.1 Carson comes back from her harvest leave with circles under her eyes?

AW.1 Halstead loves to go out walking in the moonlight with one of the boys from Down Under?

LAW. Sheldrake is so excited these days? Is it because friend hubby will soon be home?

x x x x

If Little Red Riding Hood Lived today, The modern girls would scorn her. She only had one wolf to meet— Not one on every corner!

x x x x

OVERHEARD IN THE STATION BARBER SHOP

F/S Sharp: "Say, Bill, have you got another razor?"

Bill the Barber: "Yes, sure? Why?"

F/S Sharp: "I want to defend myself."

x x x x

Airman: "How about a little kiss, Honey?"

W.D.: "No! I have scruples."

Airman. That's alright. I've been vaccinated."

x x x x

FLASH

We have just learned that our Senior Accountant Officer has been promoted to Squadron Leader. Congratulations, Sir!

x

● OUR VERY OWN POST OFFICE

This month is a memorable month. Not because this month Italy capitulated, not because this month Doris Driver came back from her annual leave, not because this month Doris McLay left on her annual leave (altho' these too are important happenings), but because this month we confer our heartiest congratulations upon Sgt. "Dagwood" Leach. "One Stamp Leach", as he is familiarly known to the P.O. Staff, has been our most faithful customer. Every morning at 8:01 Sgt. Leach has entered our premises, placed his nickle upon the counter and requested: "One four cent stamp, please." So, for being our most consistent customer thru' summer and winter, rain or shine, snow or sleet—or tobacco smoke—you, Sgt. Leach, have been placed at the head of our Honor Roll.

x x x x

Honorable mention must go to Cpl. Patrick. Every second day at 4:22 he has come in from next door and bought an air mail stamp. Cpl. Patrick might have crowded Sgt. Leach but he didn't acquire

that Scotch accent for nothing—rumor has it that every other day he receives an air mail stamp from his girl friend.

x x x x

Cpl. Harburn has played good samaritan to a number of people mailing overseas parcels by supplementing one round of store string with enough strong string to assure that the parcels will arrive well wrapped. Anyone with a guilty conscience and wishing to thank her will find Cpl. Harburn at the parcel wicket.

x x x x

We would like to make a nasty remark about the number of Savings Bank withdrawals that LAC. Bob Wrightson makes, but this month Bob made his dancing debut—due no doubt to the persuasive charms of certain Equipment Assistants and some coercion by his friends, Cpls. Ripley and Abercrombie included—but whatever the reason we shan't say anything that might dampen his spirits in his hour of triumph.

x x x x

Big smiles to Maxine Elliott for wearing her blue and white dress to the sports dances. We are taking it for granted that Maxime knows that blue and white are the colors of the "Fighting C.P.C."

x x x x

We only wish that we had larger stamps for the girls in the Airmen's Canteen, to sort of make up for the large ice cream cones.

x x x x

Blue Armed Forces Air Letters may now be used by members of the United Kingdom Armed Forces (including the Army and Royal Air Force, but not the Royal Navy) serving in Canada, for communicating with their families and friends in the United Kingdom. The rate of postage will be 10 cents each.

x x x x

Anyone wishing advice as to how to pack and wrap overseas parcels should see Sheila Monaghan. Having watched the results of Sheila's struggles and mental gyrations a short time ago we venture to say that she is in a position to advise others as to the greatest number of ways to re-arrange things.

x x x x

Please hand your written Airgraph Forms in at the stamp wicket unfolded so that they may be forwarded in good condition to be photographed.

x x x x

The big moment of each day for Doris Driver is when LAC. Honey comes for his mail. This gives Doris a chance to say, "I'm sorry, nothing today, Honey"—without any comebacks. (Our apologies to LAC. Honey.)

x x x x

LAW. Melrose informs us that a lot of fun is had riding the Underground when on leave in London. As Mel says. "They go like a bat out of —, but are so

Canadian Legion
(Educational Services)

... Courses ...

ENROL NOW

Put in your application for a Correspondence Course to keep you busy this winter, and incidentally improve your standing!

GET YOUR JUNIOR MATRIC.
It will qualify you for Free University Training with pay after the war.

See the Educational Officer
AT ONCE

crowded that you can hardly move." How could she have forgotten Friday nites at the bus depot in Claresholm, and so soon?

x x x x

As Cpl. Barnes would say, Sgt. Hanson would agree and Pte. Deans would not: "That's all, Penelope."

x

● BUZZES FROM THE BOARD

We were sorry to say good-bye to Cpl. Maley, but we wish her loads of luck in the future.

x x x x

Who is the young man who annoys AW.1 Hamilton every night by asking her if the light is on in front of the Post Office, and if it is, to please blow it out?

x x x x

Now that our Cpl. has her discharge, AW.1 Lazenby is THE BOSS, and does she ever sling her weight around. So just be patient, folks.

x x x x

Gotta go now, some blxzk Officer is yelling at the Operator, so must rush to the rescue!

x

● MOTOR TRANSPORT SECTION

This seems to be a bad month for the Motor Transport personnel. There have been four in the hospital. F/S Harrison picked the end of the month for his sojourn in the hospital, and everybody knows how busy we are at this time of the month. But we were sorry to see him go in and glad now to have him back with us.

x x x x

LAW. Riva (the W. D. that yells for the opposing team in any game) came back from T.-D. at Calgary with spectacles. Now she has another name other than "5 by 5".

x x x x

LAW. Howells is still in the hospital at No. 10 R.D. We hope she gets out soon.

x x x x

It seems the sun (or something) is troubling quite a few of the drivers. AW. MacNair has to wear dark glasses, but maybe it is because of that huge glittering diamond she wears on her left hand.

x x x x

Did you hear about our very own "Pat" Barnes? Well, when she and two other W. D.'s went down to Great Falls for a 48, "Pat" met a cute American and almost got herself married. She said (quote): "We were almost at the building that houses the Justice of the Peace and I decided I'd better wait awhile. But had I known him for five hours . . .!" (unquote). That's a long, long time, isn't it, Pat? Quite a girl, our Pat!

x x x x

Our despatchers are having quite a few headaches these days, while the boys in the shop are trying to make vehicles serviceable. What with one truck being burnt and another vehicle having a new engine put in, it keeps the despatchers hopping to get all the Station details done, as well as the duty runs. They're making a grand job of it though. Oh, for the life of a despatcher, eh, kids?

x x x x

A lot of credit goes to our workshop men, because the road to town does loosen parts and even breaks parts of a vehicle, and they get it fixed and out of the workshops in record time.

x x x x

The blocks of all our vehicles are painted aluminum now, so if you want to see something really shine, take a look at these.

x x x x

That's all this time, so we'll say "so long" for now.

x

● THE LITTLE GREEN HOUSE OF CORRECTION

Ho hum—the summer is over and also the Dog Days. No, just remembered. A late arrival is our Bull Dog Mike, and he's all dog and a yard wide (at the shoulders). Just like our illustrious Service Police. Mike looks more ferocious than he really is. We hope to train Michael to track down some of our late comers-in this winter. So don't say we didn't warn you. Hope to prove Mike is right.

x x x x

With the approach of the concert season Sgt. Mounkes is champing at the bit, and is all set for another Grand Pappy act with the rest of his troupe. What with the concerts and Old Time Dances Cal should be pretty busy this winter. Flight Tizard thinks he should also get another pair of pants for the concert act. Or a grass skirt.

x x x x

A recent addition to our family is in the person of Sgt. Arnell, hails from Calgary, but he'll soon become accustomed to our big city. Welcome Sgt., trust the stay is a happy one.

x x x x

By the way our abode has been recently, completely renovated. All five rooms done over in a delicate shade of green. Stores refused to grant curtains to match, so we just kalsomined the windows and bars. It's the show place of the Station where the guest is King or (something) from one to fourteen days.

x x x x

Well so long for now. See you in goal.

Yours, ELK.

x

● THE "B" NATURAL

If the Station Band sounds just a little unbalanced during the Commanding Officer's Parades these mornings, it is only because some of its members are away on their Annual Leave. It is everybody's responsibility to play his, or her, part in any band and when some of the players are not present to do this, the band concerned is naturally unbalanced and often out of tune, because everybody has to play that much harder. This is more noticeable in a small band, such as ours, than in a regulation band of thirty or forty pieces. So if the band sounds unbearably out of tune and off key; please remember that we are doing the very best with the material we have on hand.

x x x x

We are very glad to congratulate Corporal Wilson, W. on being promoted to the rank of Sergeant. Bill was one of the original members of the Station Band and if anybody on the Station deserved this promotion it was he. Consequently, we of the band are unanimous in saying "Nice work, Bill, more power to you".

x x x x

There are still some spare instruments around the Band Hall, so if anybody feels that they would like to join this aggregation of would-be musicians, please come on and try out with us. There is not very much experience required for this type of work, providing one knows the rudiments of music and has some perseverance. Come on, Fellows, help us by helping yourself.

—"Simp Funny".

x

● MAINTENANCE WING

Seeing as how we just came back from three weeks at Woodhouse, and the gremlins taking advantage of our absence scattered all our equipment to various hangars, we are not quite in the groove yet, but just give us one week and then watch our smoke!! Says We—

—No. 3 Hangar.

x

● MAINTENANCE WING

What Some People Would Like to Know Around No. 2 Hangar

Why we have to wash aircraft when they always look clean enough to us?

Why LAC. Daly gets so worried when he misses the 20:30 bus?

What LAC. Reddekop is going to do with his first 48?

And what Pop Reid did with his last?

Whether any ardent golfer from C Flight was flying aircraft 11282 in the vicinity of the golf course because it re-

turned with eighteen holes in it's tail plane?

Who the timekeeper is that can hold her smile in any slipstream?

If any other hangar has an aeroplane that can sprout wool on it's wings?

-x-

● **MAINTENANCE ORDERLY ROOM**

Maintenance Orderly Room has at long last taken up its new position in No. 7 Hangar. A great improvement is to be seen by all.

Quite a few changes have taken place in the Orderly Room of late. First we lose Cpl. Crawford who was posted to Edmonton, he is going to be a pilot, then we lose F/S Bibby (we hope not for good) who has been posted to Trenton on temporary duty. The newcomers to the Orderly Room are AW.'s Bilesky and Doyle—we hope you will like it down in No. 7. During the absence of F/S Bibby we have Sergeant Mathews who is taking over—I wonder why he spends so much time over at Headquarters, could one of the telephone operators be responsible? We welcome AW. Badley back from leave and hope she is not feeling too worn out after the harvesting. Last but not least, we regret to hear that we are to lose F/L Warner, one and all join in wishing him the best of luck on his new Station.

x x x x

TO: Windy Wings.

FROM: Scottie, No. 4 Hangar.

Another issue of Windy Wings is about to be published and we of No. 4 Hangar have been asked to send in a few lines.

- x x x x

Our happy home has been breaking up lately, losing F/O Pettman to G.R. Course, and the best of luck to you, Sir. Also, our two very efficient and charming time-keepers to the great-out-doors.

x x x x

We are glad to welcome Sgt. Packer back after three weeks at Woodhouse, and I must say it looks as if it agreed with him over there.

x x x x

Being top Flight, our flying schedule is in such fine shape that we don't have to go to Woodhouse. HALLELUJAH!

x x x x

We are also glad to welcome three new Instructors to good old No. 4 Hangar, P/O Wright and P/O Harris in "H" Flight, and P/O Ralph in Navigation.

x x x x

We hear that there is an addition to AC.1 Male's family. A fine boy. Congratulations! Think he'll make a good rigger, Male?

x x x x

Guess I'm out of news till the next

Wing Commander Paterson of No. 10 Repair Depot, Calgary, caught with the clowns at the Anniversary Celebration. Cut shows: F/S MacDonald, W/C Paterson, Sgt. Innes, F/S Sharp.



time so here's to bigger and better ball games.

x x x x

Anybody know the girl my dog is chumming around with???

-x-

● **THE "BAT" SQUADRON**

Yea! Man! that's us, the name is a natural for the Beam Approach Training Squadron.

We teach flying for conditions of nearly zero visibility. No! It's not black magic, merely dits, dahs, and lots of buzzing. The buzzing is particularly good, as it means, "on the beam".

Being "on the beam" causes some very sad cases of ringing ears and partial deafness to the students. Which of course creates some amusing incidents when other instructors start trying to instruct said student. This condition is not fatal and in time passes away.

Standard Beam Approach is not a new form of flying. It has been in a process of development now for a number of years, numerous experiments being carried out in England by veteran pilots in order to reach a satisfactory procedure for A/C to approach and land in conditions of fog, low ceiling, night approaches, in fact even to locate the aerodrome.

The outcome of these secret experiments is called the Standard Beam Approach and is made possible through the field of radio. In fact the Standard Beam Approach is radio and owes its success to radio technicians and radio men who keep the beam operating and the radio receivers in the A/C serviceable to receive the signals.

Pilots on arriving overseas are given a course in S.B.A. prior to commencing operations, but as England is not a large country and already dotted with training schools and operational units, it was decid-

ed to give pilots, training in Canada, a course in S.B.A. during Service School. This new form of training required considerable development in Canada and a school was required to train instructors in S.B.A. to staff the Service Schools. The site chosen for the new airfield is rather historic as it was one of the larger flying training schools in World War I—Camp Mohawk, now called Deseronto.

It has been called a No. 1 Instrument Flying School, the weather there being well adapted to instrument flying. As well as training flying instructors in S.B.A., Deseronto also gives an advanced course in Link Trainer Instruction and trains the radio technicians in the operation and maintenance of the beam equipment. Sufficient instructors are trained at No. 1 I.F.S. to staff the schools throughout Canada and now practically all the neighbouring schools here are in operation.

The instructors in the Bat Squadron are all flying instructors but their job now consists of Beam instruction. The student pilots are given a number of hours, considered sufficient to enable them to find their way around on the beam. This instruction is given towards the end of their course after they have had their Link Trainer, as this phase of their training is very important and helpful to them in their S.B.A. training. Course 82 has been our first course to receive complete S.B.A. training here, including night flying. We hope in future to make the course even more beneficial with the experience gained from the graduating course.

Although we are the newest acquisition to the Station, some of our personnel are nearly in the pioneer class. F/L Joe Lewis, O.C. Bat Squadron, F/O Doc. Simpson, O.C. No. 1 Flight, with F/O's Ted Fetherston, Jack North, Don Hills and Malcolm MacGregor filling out the flight roster.

Our No. 2 Flight has F/O Joe Dutchak as O.C., with F/O's Al Hore, Vic Heath,

George McKenzie and Bruce Olson to assist him.

You will find us in the north-west corner of No. 5 Hangar. Look hard, as we are well tucked away.

With best wishes, we leave you until the next issue.

x

● "A" FLIGHT

The motto of "A" Flight is "A" for ANYTHING".—

A is for ANYTHING
 N " NATURAL
 Y " YOUTH
 T " TEACHING
 H " HIGHEST
 I " INSTRUCTORS
 N " NECESSARY
 G " GROUND CREW

"A" is for ANYTHING and it is only NATURAL that YOUTH will succeed with TEACHING of the HIGHEST type of INSTRUCTOR and our NECESSARY GROUND CREW.

This is the unanimous opinion of all the boys and we consider ourselves more than fortunate to be in "A" Flight. With this in mind at all times, we strive to keep "A" Flight what it is now: the finest on the Station. Challenge?

But for the last few weeks around the Flight Room "A" has had another meaning—ANTICIPATION! Yes, we have been suffering from "35 hour palsy" and our Flight Commander, F/O Davies, has undoubtedly wondered how some of us managed to overcome this malady, i.e., to a passable extent.

x x x x

Well, Mr. Davies, we borrowed Superman from Lou and Jerry (not Tom and Jerry).

x x x x

The consensus of our Course opinion is that No. 15 S.F.T.S. is O.K. During our eight weeks stay here (may it last) it is true we have had to work hard, but we have had plenty of entertainment and sports. We feel that "A" Flight has participated actively in all.

x x x x

We wish to take this opportunity of congratulating two of our Instructors on their recent promotions. Good luck, F/O Brown and P/O Fillion.

x x x x

JOTTINGS—"A" FLIGHT GROUND CREW

We know that our bunch in "A" Flight Maintenance is the finest on the Station and anyone who says otherwise has to climb over our carcasses to keep on saying it. We certainly appreciate their patience in trying to explain the various workings to a bunch of thick skulled pigeons.

Number one hangar has recently undergone a change of management, due to the

fact that Sgt. McGrath from Workshops was transferred into the hangar. Too bad for Workshops but an asset to No. 1 hangar and Servicing Squadron.

Our only excuse for our drop in serviceability is the loss of LAC. Bedford—known to all the W.D.'s as Freddie—and Cpl. Anderson.

However, now that Maintenance has so generously contributed AC. Mousseau to us, we rest assured that we will be back up on the top in the near future.

x x x x

SPORTS

In the anniversary sports events our blond bombshell (P/O Hobson) from the land of the Kangaroo, proved to be a one man track team.

Our LAC. Beigler can claim honours for entering the majority of events (don't look up the records of success) including the "pie eating contest". We found out he didn't enter this one to win it—it was just an extra meal.

Our R.A.F. boys have really given a good account of themselves on the Station soccer team—they are a good bunch of sports.

"A" Flight has provided the G.I.S. with the majority of their fast ball team, but it's not our fault they are not leading the league.

As far as floor hockey is concerned we had quite a game with the Bombers. We don't feel that the score was indicative of the victory and are just waiting until they recuperate. We are ready for them anytime.

x x x x

GENERALITIES

We always understood that C.O. meant Commanding Officer but sometimes it can mean "Cheesed off". Unfortunately some of the boys feel this after a poor day's show, and by the expression on the odd Instructor's face we know they feel likewise.

Also comes to mind that a number of boys were stranded in Calgary on a 48 because of bus accommodation. Some few who couldn't take it stayed the night in Calgary and took the next day's train. It is rumoured that when they arrived they got it. A few others hiked the distance and looked much the worse for it in G.I.S. (they had it). Which was the better thing to do. We don't know.

Some of the boys were looking through old issues of Windy Wings and are wondering what happened to the navigation mascot. Can the W.D.'s throw any light on the situation?

A few arrived at No. 15 S.F.T.S. to start the Course, complete with all personal belongings including wives. Others said they would bring their wives after the 35 hour check—still others couldn't hold out that long. Ain't married life wonderful!

Bursting with enthusiasm over night

flying Truck was heard to say "I was flying just like a bird tonight". A sleepy murmur was heard from the corner, "Birds have enough sense not to fly at night".

Anyone who saw the "Constant Nymph" with Charles Boyer might have heard Hack remark, "The expression on his face reminds me of how I feel when my Instructor cuts an engine on me while I'm under the hood.

We have been wondering if there is any truth in the story that is told by Greenie who came rushing into the hut about 11:30 p.m. one night and then left in an equal hurry. He says he just came in for a package of cigarettes.

We had a very sympathetic feeling for Cy, who was delayed in Calgary for an extra day because of his grandmother. Our sympathy changed to envy when we found out she was only twenty-three years old.

It took our Navigation Instructor to show us something in the Air Force that is the same in Civilian life. Namely a "Leading Line". The definition says that it is a means of bringing you over your target.

We wish that one of the night telephone operators would get shifted onto days. We feel that with the finals drawing closer it would be better if Harry got more sleep. Maybe by the time this gets into print the matter will be well taken care of—rumour has it that a certain sergeant is making a big play.

Is it just a matter of coincidence that instrument take-offs have been suspended since the hat salesman pulled a wing-over at no mean height above the Officers' Mess?

According to recent newspaper reports Essen and other German industrial cities have taken quite a beating by bombing raids. Since starting our Armament exercises "A" Flight Bombing Command considers Stavely the "hit of the month" or Alberta's most Blitzed Berg. Campbell claims the most direct hits. Stoneface has the most near misses.

x x x x

Okie in "A" Flight takes a dim view of having to practice force-landing Ansons in fields not big enough to sustain two cows for a week.

x x x x

Incidentally we understood Ansons had retractable undercarriage until Woody commenced training in "A" Flight.

x x x x

We wonder if Fink sold P/O Fillion his hat!

x x x x

NOTE TO NIGHT FLIERS

Claresholm main street has no connection with No. 2 runway flare path. What flier was present when the permission to land signal was sent to the main drag instead of the jeep?

x x x x

WANTED

One W.D., height 5'6", weight 130 lbs., for shopping expeditions in Calgary, required to try on silk stockings, etc., etc., prior there dispatch to England. Apply—English Section. "A" Flight 00:01 hrs. to 23:59 hrs.

x x x x
 Little drops of water,
 Little drops of paints,
 Make an Anson Aircraft
 Look like what it ain't.

x x x x

STALL

Airmanship ("A" Flight Version)—

On receiving red light during night-flying one English Cadet recommended 60° of flap, full carb-heat and stand on brakes, hovering until "Green" is received.

x x x x

MAINTENANCE

("A" Flight Again)

Brakes in use in R.C.A.F.—(1) Those that work. (2) Type on Anson.

x x x x

FINALE

As far as Course 86 and "A" Flight is concerned this is the first heard from us but there is definitely going to be more later and we challenge anybody to anything, anywhere, anytime and anyhow. Would Course 88 like to borrow Superman?

—W. Farquharson.

—K. R. MacDonald.

x

● "C" FLIGHT MEMOIRS

As "C" Flight is a complete fair dinkum Aussie Flight with the exception of one Canadian, who is rapidly being converted to Aussie customs, anything is likely to happen as may be evidenced by the number of gardeners in the Flight already. No names mentioned but up to date two have wanted to land with their wheels up, while another found the right runway, only the wrong end of it. Not satisfied with this he did a glorious steep turn off the deck but was unfortunately under the eagle eye of the control officer. Then the way we land one would think we are trying to outdo our native kangaroo. At present, seeing as how this is our first attempt at Windy Wings, we can't think of anything to say. In fact news is as scarce as pyjamas on a honeymoon, but once we get the hang of it everything will be apples.

x

● "D" FLIGHT

We know, that the first solo in a Moth is the biggest thrill of a lifetime, but there is also the first solo in an Anson at Service School, and we feel that a little can be said on that subject without boring too many people too much.

We will just skip over the preliminary stages of convincing the student that four

tons of instruments, gadgets, cotton, tin and glue will fly and look in on the scene after about three hours of flight.

At this time, the Instructor has only repeated himself forty-eight times (proven statistically) so too much cannot be expected. Life is full of take-offs that prove that runways are neither wide enough or long enough, and landings are mute evidence that modern aircraft engineering has progressed vastly in the last twenty years.

Ground crews are spending their forty-eights straightening out torturous kinks.

Instructors are dabbing a little more henna on the gray spots and Students are getting more convinced that it can't be done.

This thrilling (?) phase lasts for another hour or so. By this time partial insanity has set in at the Control Tower, the supply of red flares is running dangerously low, Ground Crews are convinced that the Navy is the better service after all, and Instructors are starting to mutter to themselves.

However, a remarkable psychological phenomenon has struck the Pupil and his comment at this time is a gay laugh, a snap of the fingers and a decisive "It's a cinch".

Now this is just what every one has been waiting for, and before the poor unfortunate can protect himself, he has signed numerous papers, and finds himself alone in a big yellow Anson, with a red streamer fluttering warningly from the rudder. At this moment a great instinct rises and the first thought is to climb back to terra firma and protest, but at last, deciding to risk all, and blowing dust defiantly in everyone eyes, our Student weaves a shaky path to the take off post, and careening down the runway, rockets into the sky.

Now, really! there is nothing to a solo flight because outside of checking a few things like wheels, flaps, temperatures, pitch, red lights, green knobs, airspeeds, altitudes, carburetor heats, oil heats, R.P.B.'s boosts, wind speed, trims and single engine procedures and a few others, the darn things fly themselves, so we can leave the Student floating peacefully around the circuit and see how our earth-bound friends are doing.

A cloud of cigarette smoke identifies the Instructor, as he chews away the remaining fingernail, tries to communicate by mental telepathy to his Student and prays for the day that he will be miles away from Training Command.

The Control Officer's eyes glued to binoculars and wondering how one person could break so many rules in so short a time follows the red streamer as it flutters around the circuit and reaches for another aspirin.

Ground Crews, convinced that they are caught in a vicious circle, wheel another

kite out on the line and stand by with crossed fingers.

Time having passed as it will, our Student has decided to land, and is headed toward the runway which by this time has shrunk to an infinitesimal size.

Highly technical thoughts rise to the Student's head as he prepares to land, but there is still time to wonder what that cute little W.D. is doing tonite, what we are having for dinner and when is that forty-eight due.

However this is soon forgotten as the ground approaches, much faster than it ever has before and hits the undercarriage a resounding jolt. Four or five more jolts follow in quick succession as the spirit is driven from the Anson, and it decides to stay on the ground.

The Control Officer lays down his glasses, Ground Crews check the undercarriage and the Instructor weakly toddles out to the kite with another Student, wishing fervently that Hitler had never been born.

x

● "H" FLIGHT**FAMOUS SAYINGS AROUND****"H" FLIGHT****CAN YOU PLACE THEM?**

"Now take a Stirling!"

"Is that a DR Position from which you started your air plot!!!!!"

"But looked so much like . . . I—"

P/O (?), as the checkered flag runs up: "Now, where's the wax can?"

LAC (?), Navigation: "Bumpy as the devil, isn't it? Ulp! HH-OH!"

F/O (?), landing, compass behind his back: "Who's not doing anything?"

LAC (?), with a big blob of snow-covered Rockies whizzing by: "HMMMMM, that wind can't be right! Come on up and look out for mountains, will you? (They were on their into wind leg at 600'. His instructor has unobtrusively raised the undercarriage during the cross-wind leg. He throttled back for a gliding approach.) Can't land with that thing buzzing in my ear," he said, and pushed the horn cut-out.

x x x x

Best of luck to LAC. Dunlap (Hank), who is leaving "H" Flight.

x x x x

1. Who says that the Anson isn't a first cousin to a homing pigeon? How else could MacGregor and Steel get back from their Nav. trips?

2. LAC. Harker, after having completed a rather large night circuit, received a red light from the tender upon approaching the Christmas tree. The Control Officer climbed into the Aggie and asked the bewildered Harker if he had

his maps with him. Upon the answer "Yes", the Officer did an about turn, saying: "That's fine lad. If you go much further on your next circuit you may have to use them."

3. For any tough problems on airmanship we refer you to F/O Young's spaniel. He sleeps less soundly than the rest of the airmanship class.

4. What sort of a week-end would cause a certain instructor in "H" Flight to start joining the circuit in the wrong manner and then attempt to park his aircraft in front of the wrong hangar? We wonder.

● OVERCASTS IN THE LINK TRAINER FLIGHT

Last Monday, September 6th., was held the monthly meeting of the Link Trainer instructors. All members were present. The roll call included:

F/L McNames, Officer in charge of the Section.
F/O Thompson, Assistant in charge.
F/O Markle.
F/O Shier.
F/O Eve.
F/Sgt. Fraser.
F/Sgt. Craven.
Sgt. Freebairn.
Sgt. DesJardins.
Sgt. Greig.

The meeting started as usual, the members sang that touching ballad, "Captains of the Clouds". Immediately followed a saxophone solo that was very "a propos". Sgt. Wilson (in charge of maintenance) played "You Can't Stop Me from Dreaming".

The meeting was opened for discussion. It was proposed that due to the frequent

changes in "beam approach" instruction, meetings should now be held weekly, 0800 hrs. to 1000 hrs. inclusive, every Wednesday. The proposition was carried unanimously!

One of the instructors complained that the P.T. exercises were cramping his style of instruction. Due to stiff and sore muscles, he found that he could not make the grade in handling the delicate controls of the Link. One instructor remarked that P.T. was going to be increased shortly and that we then could get in shape. After due deliberation on the part of all instructors concerned, they came to the conclusion that even though a man reached the peak of fitness handling those dumbbells, he would still be muscle bound. The latter case being detrimental to accurate flying of the Link, the members unanimously agreed on a proposition whereby Link instructors would be excused from P.T.

Then followed a very lively discussion on the merits of the W.D.'s (wind drift). All agreed that this delicate and complex apparatus was a great factor in putting the Airman off the beam.

Before the meeting was adjourned our Section Commander reminded us that "The best laid plans of mice and men often went amiss", and that the C.O.'s approval and signature usually appears on every proposition carried to a "finis". With this cooling thought in mind, the chat was ended and every instructor quietly slipped back into his own particular den.

—P.E.D.

The Educational Officer says that if a man knows enough to walk on the pattern of the rug, he has been married at least three years.

● THE STATION LIBRARY

BOOKS! BOOKS! BOOKS!

Hey you! You over there with the intelligent face. This is the Education Sergeant speaking. Have you read any of the books in our library? You haven't? Well, neither have I. But wouldn't I love to. When you fellows get through re-mustering to aircrew and I can get my feet on the desk, I'm going to. Let's just see what we have to read.

I used to belong to Signals so what have we on Radio: Um—ah, "Radio Physics Course" by Ghiradi. Remember that? I used to read it at WETP. If you think you know something about Radio there, Flight Stewart, just dive into that. "Radio Physics" says Ghirdai, "is then, an explanation of the common things in radio. Every attempt has been made to further the usefulness of the book as a text on radio for the use of even the most non-technical persons." 972 pages of the simple things of radio, simply told . . . simple for Ghiradi!

Then there's "Principles of Radio Communication" by Morecroft. This is an older text covering the general field of radio thoroughly. It treats DF as something new and startling, and as such provides students with a good basis for present-day developments. Then there's the text "Principles of Radio", the elementary C.I.E.S. correspondence course recommended for rank amateurs in that line.

Let's get as far away from technical books as we can and see what we have on current affairs. Mmmmm—ah . . . why, holy smoke! The library is full of it! Like to read about the little yellow Sons of Heaven? See the Asiatic Review in four volumes. No insinuations intended but here are about twenty books and pamphlets on Britain. "Britain To-day", "The British People", Britain and India" (I'll bet that's good). And here's one called "Britain". What's in it anyway? A good article, "From Words Towards Deeds", by Sir Wm. Beveridge. Sour-looking old codger, isn't he? But his Report is said to contain more for humanity than the plans of many who smile and smile and are still villains.

What might there be on Germany? "Listen Hans" by Dorothy Thompson gives us an insight into Germany and a lot on Dot herself. I wouldn't recommend that you read this as you would Esquire, but taken in smaller doses it should be good. Here's "German Strategy of World Conquest" by Wittlesley and "The World of General Hausofer" by Andreas Dortalen, both excellent in this field.

Senator Harding was a colorless candidate for the Presidency when put forward in 1920 with Calvin Coolidge as his running mate for vice-president. He was indifferent regarding the League of Nations and our participation in world af-

Lucky Readers of this Issue Win Free Show Passes

Is your copy of "Windy Wings" a lucky one? Remember, there are six monthly show tickets being given away to holders of lucky copies. Watch for them in D.R.O.'s.

The tickets are 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. Each ticket is worth \$3.00 to the winners. "Windy Wings" is appreciative of the very fine gesture by Mr. Jenkins.

Bandsmen Wanted

If You Play an Instrument
at all Call Around at
Band Practice
or drop in and see
the O/C Band.

fairs. Avoiding every positive stand, he urged a return to what he called 'normalcy'. Bewildered by her new position in the world, panicky over the Reds, caught in the midst of the deflation crash, about the only decision that could be traced in America's voting was that she wanted to play safe and sit tight. That is a random quotation from "The Epic of America" by James Truslow Adams. This book traces the development of that well-known specimen of genus homo known to the world as a Yankee. It presents him for what he is, God bless him, and tells how he got that way. For what America can be after the world, I recommend Stuart Chase's "Goals for America". "How much would we have to produce to provide every man, woman and child in America with a minimum standard in food, housing, clothing, education and health care?" That is the question he asks of the United States. I wish someone would work it out like that for us too.

What do you talk and think about in your bunks in the evenings? Well, I know . . . and we have a stock of reference books, pamphlets, discussion group materials, news analyses and general literature all worth reading. Come and get it fellows! And say, you Aussies! Want to know something about Canada: Try the Canada Year Book 1942 and put the native boys to shame.

Well something tells me I'll have some more of this next month. You see the Educational Officer is interested in the Station Paper and . . . well, I'll be back with you again. In the meantime aren't there any good-looking W.D.'s who would like to take some C.L.E.S. courses? Gosh I'd like to meet a few of them in the office. I thought this school was co-educational!

● FOR W. D.'s ONLY

It seems like—
"Girls may come and girls may go,
But I go on forever."

x x x x

Remember way back around the first week in August three of our W.O.G.'s, AW's Ford, Reid and Clampitt were swept out of our midst and down to Winnipeg, just in time for a field day? Their Station paper reports that our Clampitt "Distinguished herself at the track meet at No. 3 W.S., Winnipeg." Clampitt came first in the 75 yard dash and second in the high jump, and was one good reason why her team won the relay. Good going, but we miss you up here on our softball team, and the Old-Timers just aren't the same without your vibrant smile and hot fiddle.

x x x x

Tempus fugets and old sayings give way to new. It used to be "The boogie man will get you if you don't watch out." Now we say "You'd better, or you'll be posted to Vultures' Gulch." Long and Swaine have fared forth to see whether or not it is as bad as it is talked up to be.

x x x x

"Quality is better than quantity." This is proven a dozen times over by our "little" W.D.'s. Fox (the one you used to see on C.O.'s parade in the middle of the front rank), and wee Davie (sweet and lovely), were bundled off to No. 4 W.S., Guelph. We'd agree off-hand with Brownie (that jitter-bug you see burning up the floor when anyone twice her size is going into a slump), that she again reigns supreme as smallest W.D.

x x x x

Then Mr. Daps, what did you do? In one of your unpredictable scoops you swept off our Cpl.'s Viczko and Culshaw, Sanders (good old Sandy of phonograph fame). There are several versions of the story of how it was bequeathed to her and Lou, but there never was a sound on earth like that old grind-box skirling madly on at a hysterical pitch, in the ablutions at five in the morning.)

With them to Gander went Bennett, Munro, Adams, Carlyle and McKay. It's a long way off and for a long time, so what if a tear or two did squeeze out at the last minute. But our thoughts stretch out across the continent and we smile at the memory of other days.

x x x x

Others have gone from us: Beecham of the switchboard left us for C.N.S., Rivers. Speakman of the Met Section (that woman of many words, bless her) left with misgivings in her heart, for Vulcan. Johnson and Dempsey went to Dauphin, and McGuire at last got their long-desired posting to Brandon.

x x x x

But in losing old friends we have gained

new. New names appear on roll calls: Walters, Durrant, Yeo, Buckingham, Hawkins, Larson, Wellman, Smith, Sauche, Morin, Cox, Gleadle, Gourlay, Duncan, Pierce, Kearns, Bobinski.

● W. O. G.'s

THE VERST IS YET TO COME—
MEANING: "EUREKA! I HAVE
FOUND IT!"

I have always promised my friends that given the opportunity and enough time alone without being bothered by anyone I would write some poetry of my own. Here is a sample of what to expect after a dog-watch in the Tower. It is tentatively entitled.—

"Waiting for Those !?!!*? Ships
to Come In"

— or —

"All Alone by a Microphone"

Wearily I ponder
In this lonely room
Routine procedure
Ever my doom.
Listening for you, boys,
Each one I wait for,
Students, DEAR Students, to
Say where you are.

Say you will call, boys, and to
Each one I promise to
Catch on eventually
To accents that astonish you.
I'll wait and I'll listen, boys,
On duty always,
Now you've heard my plea, boys,
Doesn't ANYONE know that they have a
radio in the)?!*? *:* A/C???

—LAW. Reid.

● VICTORY MAIL FOR AN AIRMAN

Do you remember when the night slants
down
And all the Inns drift dreamily to sleep?
Do you remember when this guided
town
Makes promises that it can never keep?
Do you recall a waltz that once we heard?
Do you relive a kiss our lips have known?
Is there a dream that beckons to be stirred
Across the miles that keep us so alone?

You have few hours for memories, I know,
And yet, I like to think that you find time
To read these simple words: "I love you
so . . ."

And know how well you made those
moments rhyme.

That was a happy world that we had then.
So fight, Sweetheart, to bring it back
again.

—Anonymous.

They Call It Sport!



● FIVE AIR FORCE TEAMS FORM LEAGUE

Southern Alberta Air Force league which will embrace hockey, aerial rugby, basketball, soccer and boxing, has been organized, with Group Captain W. E. Kennedy, Claresholm, as president. All commanding officers who attended the meeting voiced their wholehearted support towards an organization that will include No. 8 Bombing and Gunnery School, Lethbridge; No. 7 S.F.T.S., Macleod; No. 2 F.I.S., Pearce; No. 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm, and No. 19 S.F.T.S., Vulcan.

Aerial rugby, a new form of grid warfare, will be inaugurated on Sept. 30. Either six or eight players will constitute a team, although substitutions will be permitted, with a limit of 18 players per game.

The rugby schedule is as follows, with teams published in capitals being the home team.

- September 30—VULCAN vs. Pearce; CLARESHOLM vs. Macleod; Lethbridge bye.
- October 4—MACLEOD vs. Lethbridge; PEARCE vs. Claresholm; Vulcan bye.
- October 7—CLARESHOLM vs. Vulcan; LETHBRIDGE vs. Pearce; Macleod bye.
- October 11—PEARCE vs. Macleod; VULCAN vs. Lethbridge; Claresholm bye.
- October 14—LETHBRIDGE vs. Claresholm; MACLEOD vs. Vulcan; Pearce bye.
- October 18—Vulcan vs. PEARCE; Claresholm vs. MACLEOD; Lethbridge bye.
- October 21—Macleod vs. LETHBRIDGE; Pearce vs. CLARESHOLM; Vulcan bye.
- October 25—Claresholm vs. VULCAN; Lethbridge vs. PEARCE; Macleod bye.
- October 28—Pearce vs. MACLEOD; Vulcan vs. LETHBRIDGE, Claresholm bye.
- November 1—Lethbridge vs. CLARESHOLM; Macleod vs. VULCAN; Pearce bye.

Two points for win; one point for draw.

It was decided that a winter league of all Stations be drawn up for hockey and play to commence as soon as ice is available. Both the R.C.A.F. and W.D.'s are to operate in a winter

basketball schedule to be drafted as soon as possible. All games to be played as double headers.

A straight elimination soccer tournament is to be played to decide the southern championship. The schedule is as follows:

First round, Sept. 22 (6 p.m.): Claresholm vs. Vulcan; Macleod vs. Lethbridge.

Second round, Sept. 29 (6 p.m.): Winner Macleod-Lethbridge vs. Pearce.

Final round, October 7 (6 p.m.): Winner of second round vs. winner Claresholm-Vulcan.

Consolation round, Sept. 29 (6 p.m.): Losers of round one to clash.

In order that Stations will not arrange boxing programs too close to each other it was decided that one boxing card be staged each month as follows:

No. 2 F.I.S. (November); No. 8 Bombing and Gunnery School (December); No. 15 S.F.T.S. (January); No. 7 S.F.T.S. (February); and No. 19 S.F.T.S. (March).

Trophies will be awarded to all championship teams.

Squadron Leader Loran Pilling, sports officer at Claresholm, who was in the city for the week-end, stated that the organization meeting was an enthusiastic one and from present indications the airmen at the various southern Alberta Stations will not lack recreation during the fall and winter months.

x x x x x x

● RULES GOVERNING AIR FORCE GAME

If the teams do decide on eight players, there will be three backs and five linesmen for offence. All players are eligible for passes. Defensive teams must be at least one yard behind the line of scrimmage. The kickoff is from one-third the length of the field. If the kickoff goes out of bounds, the ball is put in play at the one-quarter mark. Forty minutes of play constitute a game. There is one minute rest between quarters and five minutes between halves.

A team is allowed four downs to cross its opponent's goal line. There is no tackling, a player is "downed" when touched by an opponent's two hands at any place above the thighs.

Only one forward pass may be made from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage. Lateral passes may be made anywhere to anyone. Any ball striking the ground is a dead ball.

All personal fouls to be penalized 10 yards except as follows: Striking, kicking, kneeling, etc., disqualification, plus one-half the distance of the field.

Interference with pass receiver (offence) complete pass at spot of foul. Interference with pass interception (defence) ten yards from preceding down and loss of down.

A team must declare its intention to kick. There is no blocking of kicks. Defensive linesmen must remain in scrimmage line until ball is kicked.

The scoring of points is identical with that of Canadian rugby: Touchdown, 5 points; covert, 1 point; safety, 2 points; rouge, 1 point; place or drop kick, 3 points.

x

● STATION SPORT HIGHLIGHTS

By "SULLY"

Our Hardball Team, coached by Corporal "Pete" Petrie, took two wins, a tie and a loss out of four games played with Macleod. Reports from observers say that if this team had organized at the beginning of the season and practiced accordingly we would have had one of the finest teams in the Command. Watch our smoke in spring training next year.

Yager, Patterson and Tatterchuck were moundsmen for No. 15. Yager performed as first string and pitched sound ball all the way. With practice, he will be hurling championship ball. Patterson did his share on the mound, pulling himself out of a very tough spot to win his own ball game. Tatterchuck, as a relief pitcher, kept them guessing with his slow break ball. Ross,

playing behind the bat for three games, was the heavy hitter of the team and if averages were kept his would be around .355. Slater, on first, is by now showing his prowess as a player to the Eskimos in the Northwest Staging Route. Young, on second, was the chatter centre of the team and in the writer's opinion was the direct cause of having Macleod's pitcher walk three men in a row. Gallicz, in short, among his many deadshot pegs to the bases, was the pivot for two of the sharpest double plays seen in this end of the country. Crough's plays in the hot corner took care of any pushover ideas his opponents had. His infielding was inspirational to his team mates. The field, taken care of by Coyle, Nolan and Ripley, will not be seeing Nolan or Rip next year. Nolan has remustered to Aircrew while Rip has been posted to Ottawa. Good luck, fellows! Danny Coyle's baseball leaves little to be asked for, from our point of view.

x x x x x x

On Monday, Sept. 13th., we witnessed one of the adjectives will not do the descriptive justice to this game between The Burgess Batteries and The Atkinson Follies. Our D. A. P. M. made a name for himself when out of three times at bat he drove out two hits. With Mark Jenkins taking photo finishes of the balls and strikes, S/L Atkinson trying to do justice to a good cigar and still catch and hit, P/O Hebert shooting the odd one in from the blue line, F/L Hunter playing quarter-back for both teams, W/C Burgess running slick interference for his own team and sometimes the other. An all-round athlete should have an edge on the rest of the players, but too many new rules appeared to spike any orthodox plays. The game broke up after four innings as there were no more rules to be broken.

x x x x x x

We are going to miss W/C Burgess' cheer leading at our games, but he will be doing his cheering from a different type of bleachers when he arrives at his new posting. Best of luck and Happy Landings, Sir!

x x x x x x

No. 2 Squadron walked off with the C.O.'s Trophy last month. Most of their points were picked up at our Anniversary Track and Field Day.

Points picked up on the Field Day are as follows.—No. 2 Squadron 55; No. 1 Squadron 53; Maintenance 25; H. Q. 23; G. I. S. 16.

x x x x x x

No. 15's entrants in the Vulcan Track Meet featured in all but one event, bringing home five firsts and three seconds.

x x x x x x

● **SOCCER**

Flight Comack and his eleven are in the news again with the advent of the new soccer schedule of The Southern Air Force League

x

● **GOLF**

Golf, that game of chasing an elusive little pill, has attracted the attention of our one and only "Snortin Horton". He has apparently gone for the game quite seriously and is to be seen on the local links going through various contortions when swinging at the ball in order to drive it further than he can throw it. One will also observe that his lips instead of being puckered to blow a horn, are now twisted and turned to provide for venomous oaths. All that we can suggest that he keep on trying.

x x x x x x

Flying Officer Wilson also plays golf. Ordinarily he goes about playing the game right handed but one evening the sports shack issued Mr. Wilson a left hand set of clubs which clubs he used right handed and did not become aware of same

Fall & Winter Program

Unit Education Office

● **1. DISCUSSION GROUPS**

Meeting once a week in evenings for discussion, lectures, addresses, debates, movies.

● **2. VOCATIONAL AND ACADEMIC CLASSES**

Instructional evening classes will operate for any subject for which an instructor can be secured and for which a minimum attendance of 15 can be secured.

● **3. CORRESPONDENCE COURSES**

Personnel interested in improving themselves through home study may apply at the Educational Office for registration in Canadian Legion or University and Provincial Dept. of Education correspondence courses.

● **4. PRE-AIRCREW MATH, PHYSICS, ENGLISH**

These courses are parades for Airmen remustering to aircrew. They give an opportunity for airmen with about Grade X standing to qualify for aircrew. Those with less than Grade X should, if they are really wanting to go aircrew, be studying Correspondence Course Math. so that they can have a chance to compete with others at WETP schools, to which they will likely first be posted.

● **UTILIZE THE SERVICES OFFERED BY YOUR EDUCATIONAL OFFICE** ●



THE CALGARY TUG-O-WAR TEAM HAD TOO MUCH MEAT ON THE "BEAM" FOR F/L HUNTER'S CLAESHOLM TEAM

Potato Race.—Mtce.; No. 1; G.I.S.
 Obstacle Race.—P/O Hobson (No. 1); Robertson (No. 2); Bonar (No. 1).
 Pillow Fight.—P/O Burnes; LAC. Reichelt.
 F/O W. Thompson was the top point-getter for the men.

W. D.'S EVENTS

Broad Jump.—LAW. Barnes, 13' 1½"; AW.1 Rice; Cpl. Rook.
 High Jump.—LAW. Barnes, 4' 1"; Cpl. Olmstead; AW. Rice.
 Softball Throw.—LAW. Barnes; Cpl. Rook; AW. Rice.
 100 yds.—Cpl. Rook, 13¼; Cpl. Olmstead; LAW. Barnes.
 50 yds.—Cpl. Olmstead, 8; Cpl. Rook; AW. Rice.
 LAW. Pat Barnes was the top point-getter for the W.D.'s.

OTHER EVENTS

Men over 40 years.—Cadet Officer Harrington; F/L McNames; Sgt. Rael.
 Three-Legged Race.—LAC. Wulff and LAW. Palidwar; F/L Barnhill and LAW. Driver; LAC. Pavle and Cpl. Rook.
 Pie Eating Contest.—Smith, R. F.; F/S Burke; LAC. Galiczon.

CALGARY TUG-O-WAR TEAM WINS

The No. 10 Repair Depot Tug-o-War Team from Calgary upheld their laurels by winning two out of three pulls from the No. 15 S.F.T.S. Team. The Calgary boys had too much meat on the beam for the No. 15 team.

POOR ME

When God gave brains I thought he said trains—and I missed them.
 When God gave ears I thought he said beers—and I ordered two long one.
 When God gave noses I thought he said roses—and I ordered a big red one.
 When God gave legs I thought he said kegs—and I ordered a couple of fat ones.
 When God gave heads I thought he said beds—and I ordered a big soft one!

A friend in need is a good friend to keep away from.
 A girl's face is her fortune if it runs into a good figure.
 Wrens are the gals who go down to the sea in slips.

until after nine holes. He did so well that he now contemplates purchasing a left hand set to play right hand golf.

Our Commanding Officer is to be seen on the golf course getting in shape for his operational refresher training.

Some of the W.D.'s have been indulging in the game but have given up lately due to too many grasshoppers. The girls do not wear stockings and grasshoppers have a habit of leaping anywhere they please.

The match play tournament now in process of being played off has had its ups and downs. However, Major Kolbe, winner of one bracket is now awaiting the winner of the other bracket. The finals ought to prove interesting.

ANNIVERSARY SPORTS

AIRMEN'S EVENTS

100 yds.—Winkler 10% (H.Q.); Specher (No. 1); Wolfe (Mtce.)
 440 yds.—F/O Thompson, 55 (No. 2); F/S Miller (G.I.S.); P/O Hobson (No. 1).
 220 yds.—F/O Thompson, 25 (No. 2); Winkler (H.Q.); Rawson (Mtce.).
 880 yds.—Griffiths, 2.19½ (G.I.S.); Main (H.Q.); Cully (G.I.S.).
 1 mile.—P/O Saidler, 5.27 (No. 2); Wiegand (No. 1); Rolly (Mtce.).
 Shot Put.—F/O Thompson, 45' 1¼" (No. 2); P/O Pearce, 37' 10½" (No. 1); P/O MacCaulay, 35' 10" (No. 2).
 Discus Throw.—F/O Thompson, 109' 7" (No. 2); Sgt. Wood, 95' (H.Q.); Biegler, 89' 4" (G.I.S.).
 Javelin Throw.—P/O Pearce, 114' 10" (No. 1); F/O Thompson, 110' 6" (No. 2); F/L Flowers, 109' 8" (No. 1).
 Broad Jump.—Wimbles, 18' 10½" (H.Q.); F/O Thompson, 18' 10" (No. 2); Specht, 17' 5½" (No. 1).
 High Jump.—Specht, 5' 1" (No. 1); Wimbles (H.Q.); Sheppard (No. 1).
 Hop Step and Jump.—F/O Thompson, 29' 2" (No. 2); Edey, 36' 6" (No. 2); Wimbles, 36' (H.Q.).
 Pole Vault.—P/O Edey, 9' 8" (No. 2); P/O Shepherd (No. 1); P/O Beare (No. 2).
 Relay Race, 440 yds.—No. 1; No. 2; Mtce.
 Tug-o-war, 8 men.—Mtce.

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LEAVE IN CAIRO

(As Told to Our Reporter)

After three months in the desert I was thankful for even a little speck of civilization and Cairo was about the only place I could get same. The main base was on the Suez Canal, nearly a hundred miles east of Cairo. Cairo was a taste of civilization and you made up your mind that you would put up with the dirt and grime of the people of Cairo to make it a good leave. The main thing about coming into town was to get a good bath, a good soft bed to sleep in and good food.

There are two types of Egyptians. The pure Egyptian has been Europeanized and dresses the same as the European people. There is also a lower class of Egyptians. Actually there is no pure Egyptian, he is more or less of a mixture and has a black skin. About fifty per cent of the people dress in native costume. We would go down the street and see the male native dressed in a night gown. Often the more well-to-do natives buy the Airmens' worn woollen underwear and wear them down the street, cut off at the knees. It is a funny sight to see them in this garb, half the time with buttons missing, and to top it off the red fez with the green tassel, which is worn by all male natives. One thing I noticed about the dress of the Egyptians is that it doesn't matter how high class or how low class they are they all wear the fez. The lower class women all wear the veils, but the higher class do not bother with these any more. The lower class of women also wear no shoes, while the higher class do. They get callouses on their feet from not wearing shoes and these build up and start to protrude and crack. They are like a sort of cushion on the bottom of the foot. The Egyptian women did not appeal to me as they were very dirty. Even after being out on the desert they didn't appeal to me. They wore dark clothes and if you were near them you could smell them. I think the Egyptians are about the filthiest people on earth.

The modern section of the city is called Solomon's Pasha and is European. Cairo

is the Headquarters of all the Forces. Most of the city is dwelling houses and a great number of these are the homes of British officials. The permanent houses are made out of a sort of sandstone. This is the residential section and is called the Helipolos. Cairo is a level city and is on both sides of the river. The better class district is out away from town. The lower section of the city was out of bounds, but we saw it and it was very dirty. The meat would be hanging out in the open and swarming with flies. If somebody wanted some they would cut off a hunk of this. The flies bothered us terribly. There were millions of them. Actually, you can't say enough about these flies. The lower class just seem to let the filth and refuse gather at the back door. This will account for the smell of the people too, I think. Most of the high class restaurants are run by French. There you eat and drink and dance and once in a while they have a floor show. They serve French drinks and anything else you want. They have fairly good shows, which are mostly British and the odd American picture. These are quite up-to-date. They have street cars, taxis, and horse-drawn rigs. In these the driver sits in front and you sit behind. You get in and he takes you there and when you get out he will barter with you for the price he wants. The classier hotels were for the ranking officers and were out of bounds to us. Of course they had places for us, too, which were out of bounds to the former. There are as many people in uniform in Cairo as in Calgary, the few civilians would be officials or higher class Egyptians dressed as ourselves.

About the most outstanding thing about Cairo, and this is very annoying, is that from the time a child can walk until the time when he is ready for the grave he is either trying to sell you something or to shine your shoes. You can go down the street in Cairo and before you can walk a block you will have people calling after you to buy things or "Shoe Shine, Sgt.?"

"Shoe Shine, Sgt.?" There isn't anything in the shops that you might like to send home; it is mostly trash. If you go to buy anything you will have to barter the fellow down. These people love to barter and they think more of you if you will argue with them. The Egyptians use piastres as their form of money. We were paid in these. They are worth about five cents each. There are few fights between ourselves and the natives so we have to ignore them, as we mustn't hit them. It is against the rules to do this. At the same time if you hit a native with a car they will tell you to go back and run over him again and kill him and then you will only have to pay for the funeral.

I have heard air raid sirens a couple of times when a few German aircraft flew over. They have a few air-raid shelters but not enough for all and anyway they wouldn't let the lower classes in. These people run around like a bunch of kids. They are just like kids.

I would not like to go back there. I thought that Cairo and Egypt would be a land of gaiety and dancing women and that sort of thing. My impressions were changed when I saw the squalour and filth that most of the people lived in. There is a very great difference between the different classes. There are only a few in luxury and a great majority living in a filthy slum condition.

We had a job to do and we didn't bother much with taking in much of the sight-seeing and scenery. We just wanted to relax and to get away from our job and camp and the desert. Egypt isn't much of a place. On the whole I would say: "Stick to seeing America first".

R. J. HOLMES, F/O.

x x x x

● EDITOR'S NOTE: Our sympathy goes out to F/O Holmes who is in the Station hospital with a broken leg. After all his excitement in Egypt he had to come back to Alberta to get hurt! Our best wishes for an early recovery.

doin'?) Tuplin, the Deanna Durbin of G.I.S. Pubs. Many a male heart was saddened when on August 17 she became the lovely bride (in long white chiffon, veil, and carrying red roses) of F/O Ernie Allen (Course 60) in Edmonton. Anyone who remembers him hanging around the Pubs. door between classes (and who doesn't . . . who doesn't remember, I mean) until someone craftily put up and out-of-bounds sign, will rejoice that they have found the real thing. Something that you ought to know about, because it is really right out of a story book, is that he came back from Debort before they were engaged and slipped the ring on, right over that same old door. It must have been fate, because, for the first time since the station opened, the halls were deserted. We all wish both of you the best there is, and don't worry too much about him over there . . . it won't be long until he'll come sailing back across the brink with that same fascinating smile.

x x x x

Things happen fast in these parts. One 48 Sandra went away as LAW. Creison and came back Mrs. Norman Strabel. She was married in Edmonton (that seems a very popular place) on September 9, to a sailor, no less, and Ableseaman in the R.C.N. Best of luck to you Sanda, but we wish you'd tell us a little more about it.

x x x x

Quite a number of our girls have added to their names: Joy (Lang) Bielby, Jackie (Bedu) Cook, Marion (Lawrence) Coulbourn, "Coup." (Couper) Lund, Sheilla (Fraser) Monaghan, and two who have just recently left us, "Van" (Van Male) Maley and Dolores (Loyer) Walters.

x x x x

Quite a few sparklers have appeared lately, like stars coming out in the evening sky. Congratulations, girls! Nothing stuffy about our girls either. Both Jean Miller's and Conacher's rings are from P/O's.

x x x x

Depper is still keeping us guessing. What about her F/O? Could it be around Christmas, Dep?

x x x x

And what about you, Girling?

x x x x

Andy had us all guessing when she went out to Vancouver on her leave. Some go out to see the sea, but not our Andy. As soon as she got back (with Navy in everything she said) we all dashed to take a gander at her left hand. How long are you going to keep him waiting . . . and us waiting, too?

x x x x

Just to change the subject a little, we wonder where Latter goes on those "vagabond cruises" as she calls them. Might be very interesting to follow her.

x x x x

Must say we miss the phonograph playing since Sandy got her long-awaited

posting (to Gander . . . but nevertheless a posting, which is something). We've been wondering whether Lou couldn't go out on her own anyway, and bring back a radio with a gramophone attachment for the canteen. Or do you need Sandy's influence?

x x x x

One person you just can't keep track of is Campbell. It seems every time you see her she is just coming back or going on leave again. First it was annual leave. Then it was a week of harvest leave, then back, then away again on another week of it. You've certainly had enough practice catching trains not to miss them, yet that's exactly what you did. Marg. tells us she went into town at six-thirty to catch the eleven-twenty-six train, and with nearly five hours to walk across the street, she missed it. Never mind, Marg., you took all the ribbing like a darned good sport, in spite of your disappointment.

x x x x

Have you heard Sheff's bedtime story? I only wish I could tell it to you but there is too much at stake, including my life, so I'll just give you a faint hint.—

Once upon a time there were a bunch of girls and boys on a weiner roast, down by a pretty little river. Little Beth went to the weiner roast too. There were lots and lots of goodies to eat and drink and little Beth had some of everything. It got very late and very dark but she wasn't afraid. She went boldly out into the trees to pick some flowers and there she stumbled over a great big treasure case full of beautiful bottles (full). She went back to the party but everybody had decided to go home so she told a couple of the little boys of this great treasure, so after they had put everything else on the magic carpet and sent them home they went back and dug out their treasure and took it with them in their chariot to the gates of the big green city with red roofs. Then they drank out of the bottles of treasure they had found and made themselves invisible and went through the gates. Little Beth got out of the chariot and went into a great big castle and found the rooms full of, not ONE sleeping beauty (like the old-time fairy stories), but dozens and dozens of sleeping beauties. So little Beth went about waking them up, telling them about the wonderful treasure she had found, but none of the beautiful maidens would believe her. At last two of them said they would go and see for themselves. And they did. And Little Beth took them in the magic chariot and made them invisible by letting them drink the magic potion they had found in the pretty bottles. Time passed and suddenly the magic fluid all disappeared. Little Beth was very sorry that it was gone away but they returned to the little green city with red roofs. But

they had no magic water left so they couldn't make themselves invisible and the big bad guards at the gates to the city saw them and dragged them before a great big mad dog, and he said. "Fee, fie, fo, fum. I smell something on your breath and it isn't the blood of an Englishman. I will lock you up in this city of the green houses with the red roofs and you can't get out of the gates or the guards will get you." But Little Beth wasn't afraid.

And he did. But Little Beth wasn't afraid.

And then Little Beth read this story in Windy Wings about how many girls drank the magic liquid and THEN SHE WAS AFRAID!

x

Poet's Corn . . . or

Cobina is a phlat phoot gal
Who's poor on dance traditions
I took her to the Victory dance
Gad, how she intermissions!

x x x x

Starkle, starkle, little twink
What the hell you are I think.
Up above the high so sky
Starkle, twink.

Twinkle, twinkle, little twert
How I wondered what you wert
If you was it were not so

x x x x

I'm a little acorn brown
Lying here upon the ground
No one wants to pick me up
I'm no acorn—I'm a nut.

x x x x

PRUNES ON PARADE

The Station rose at crack of dawn
Their issue boots and buttons shone
And their best service blues put on
For 'twas C.O.'s parade, Sir!

They dressed you in your Air Force blue
And every service meted you
They even brought your breakfast too
For you are P/O Prunes, Sir!

The band led off with merry song
A thousand of us marched along
But soon we noticed something wrong
For we were marking time, Sir!

Your feet spread firmly on the ground
With placid eye you looked around
On ranks and Wing Commanders frowned
All marking time behind, Sir!

The band played madly in the breeze
And we marked time with lifted knees
While you proceeded at your ease
But then you're P/O Prunes, Sir!

The face that launched a thousand ships
Had nothing on your skinny hips
Your name was on a thousand lips
We call you ——— Prunes, Sir!

The Kat Kolumn

(FELINES ONLY)

Any Reference to Males in this Column
is purely incidental

There's nothing like a little of the good old spicy gossip that crawls around from bunk to bunk in the barracks, is there girls? These crumbs and morsels were offered by your next-door neighbor, so here you are. If you know something on her, why not put it in the next issue, just to get even! It ought to be fun if the local gals get to feudin'.

x x x x

To begin with, we were reminded that Bremner at long last has her issue teeth. She also got herself a brand new perm. And now that it's fall and the hunting season is open, we can expect her to go out after big game. Good huntin' kid. We hope you bag a couple of wolves and skin 'em alive.

x x x x

Thirty days hath September but a certain Flight Sergeant's birthday comes only once a year. Too bad you were in the hospital and missed out on the chicken dinner, Riva. Better luck next year. You can be glad it wasn't Feb. 29th. with four years to wait.

x x x x

And by the way, will you take a gander at what Riva's milk diet is doing for her!

x x x x

The old, old story of Romeo and Juliet is being re-lived right here on our own camp. Our Juliet works in Headquarters, and is the type who holds out the quick warm hand of friendship to the soul who is far from home. Our Romeo has the gentle manner and the rich, soft voice that breathes of old Quebec. Every afternoon he comes to her window and leaves his offerings, oranges, cokes, chocolate bars and sometimes a bouquet of flowers, leaving as silently as he comes and asking nothing in return. There's something about it that gets you, after "Hi Babe, what's cookin'?" How's about a rassel to this jumping jive."

x x x x

Poor Hanson isn't feeling so hep. She's been up to the hospital so often lately that one of the Aussies asked if she was remustering to a Hospital Assistant.

x x x x

Some of the gals are saying that they've seen Bunny "the lonesome kid" out with a wolf lately. Tell us, are you pining for "him" or the other guy?

x x x x

And others are conjecturing as to what Shelia will do now that her F.S. has won

the toe of her shoe. You've guessed it. Of course that is exactly where somebody stepped on them. By the way, Fergie, what were you doing at the time?

x x x x

Speaking of swimmers, can't stop Major C. telling our W.D.'s about the girl swimmer who was dressing behind a tree when an officer came up and said, "Camouflage Troop, dismiss!" and the trees all walked away! Naughty, naughty, Major!

x x x x

The Sergeants' Mess has been glistening with clean dishes and plates piled high with spuds carved with a woman's touch since some of our girls have been paying the piper for going on the loose. his Wings and flown away.

x x x x

Could the hunting season have anything to do with Long coming back here to spend her 48's, or is it that she likes the food?

x x x x

They say the Sergeants' Mess hasn't been the same since our Betty went off to Rockcliffe. Most of all we miss seeing you around the barracks—long legs, fluffy bunny slippers and all, even though you seemed always too busy going somewhere or just getting back. We wonder what is in store for you and are missing you very much and wishing you the best of everything going. Now that you are far away you can't blame us for not keeping this one: It seems that Betty went out bathing. But she had to do something with her glasses and after fussing about and trying out several places she decided that the one safe place for them was in To them we dedicate this epic of lyric verse:

W. D.
On a spree
A.W.L.
C.B.

x x x x

"The windblown kids" out on the tarmac are the ones who are going to show whether or not the W.D.'s can take it. Thoughts of them out there in their bunny suits this winter, braving the stormy blast, is enough to turn the stoutest heart to a frozen lump. So far the kids have done plenty of good-natured beefing, which is a healthy sign, and I'll stake my bottom dollar that those kids will be out there working on days that men would stick their heads under their pillow and pile on all their issue blankets. Tommy, who's always raving about her "tarmac fan", says: "It's far healthier out there chasing Ansons than it is in the Flight Room chasing men." Unquote. With this spirit the kids will come through with

medals.

x x x x

One of the girls wants to know how little Doris feels now that her Sgt. is back on the Station.

x x x x

Who was the hospital assistant caught up in Calgary, wearing flesh colored stockings and a wind-blown coiffure with her uniform, one 48? Some high heeled pumps and a red patent bag would have been really effective. The S.P. would probably have been speechless. Never mind, kid, at some time or other we all feel like doing the same.

x x x x

Do you know the Canteen Steward who absolutely refuses to go into the community powder room in the theatre down town. As long as there's only one you'd better try locking the door.

x x x x

Poem

The most wretched looking creature
In all the earth
Is a W.D. who has just been
Lying flat on her back
Looking for a bottle opener
About two-thirty in the morning
And couldn't find it
Under a lower berth.

(End of Poem) (Also End of Party)

x x x x

Tommy says the time she really wishes she was back in No. 3 Hangar is when a new Course starts soloing in Ansons. She's always thankful that her will is made out when she spots a new student staggering towards her to land on his first solo landing on the runway. (You're lucky he even comes in the right side of the field). After one look at Course 90 she says: "Good old No. 3, here I come!"

x x x x

If you see a sad little face that looks like a Siamese twin who has just lost the other half, it's Best mourning for Rookie. It took someone like Mr. Daps of Ottawa to separate these two inseparables. Remember her doing "Spittin'" with the concert party last year? And the stuff she put into "Chloe"—was something only Rookie could ever give it! And remember her teaching the whole P.T. class to do the Conga? The wim and wigor she put forth as a winner in our track team was carried over into everything she did. Can't you hear her saying "Come on, fellahs!" as she showed us the way? But where we miss her most is on C.O.'s parade. As marker on a right dress, her voice rang down the ranks like a whip and straightened them out. Good-bye for now, Rookie! We hope you like your course and we are all keeping our fingers crossed that you come back to us soon.

x x x x

"The love-bug will get you if you don't watch out!"

Another one has gone and done it. This time it's our own Thumper (whatcha



Class Graduating at No. 15 S. F. T. S. on September 17th., 1943

1st. ROW:—Wilson, G. R.; Walker, K. H.; Foster, E. L.; Hyland, F. E.; F/S Pearce, A. D.; P/O Sadler, O/C; F/S Piette, D. E.; F/S Miller, H. V.; Donnelly, C. E.; Davies, G.; Simpson, J. C.; Cragg, J.

2nd. Row:—Verschaffelt, P. N.; Day, W. D. F.; Walters, J.; Alt-Schwager, L. A.; Greenwood, R. E.; Hall, D. E.; Dumka, C. W.; Botting, S. W.; Jones, A. G.; May, W. D.; Junner, I. G.

3rd. ROW:—Ferguson, C. A.; Tweeter, L. A.; Johnson, C. A.; Garrett, A. W.; MacLean, J.; Chollak, L.; Dodson, N. C. R.; Harris, J.; Woolf, D.; Fass, D. E.; Evans, L. R.

4th. ROW:—Craig, A. G.; Ramsay, W. H.; Robinson, H. G. L.; Campbell, W. E.; Griffiths, T. R.; Flentje, W. M.; Palmer, H.; Harris, A. J.; Harman, W. D.; Glines, B. H.; Jeeves, A. J.

THE WINDSOCK

Tuson: "May I have this dance?"
Brownie: "Sure, if you can find a partner."

x x x x

Gilchrist says his girl is sorta like a piano—if she was less upright she would be grand.

x x x x

Cpl. Pesto says not to tickle him because it gives him shivers and the shivers might go down his back and give him bacteria.

x x x x

Kenny: "May I have a new uniform?"
Sgt. Copeland: "Sure, how do you want it . . . too large or too small?"

x x x x

At the Victory Dance—

Buzz Bentley: "Shall we waltz?"

She: "It's all the same to me."

Buzz: "That's what I've been thinking."

x x x x

Voice on telephone: "Hello. How are you feeling?"

Bremner: "All right."
Voice: "Oh pardon me. Guess I've got the wrong number."

x x x x

Brad Special—
Major Kolbe: "Do you play golf with knickers?"

Stranger: "No. Always vit vite pipples."

x x x x

Geoff: "Going out tonight?"

Butch: "Not completely."

x x x x

Percy (O.C. Gestetner) tells us he had to sell his car because he couldn't get a girl friend with gas on her stomach.

x x x x

M.O. (First Aid Instruction): "What are the names of the bones of the hand?"

Acey Deucey: "Dice, Sir."

x x x x

Midwinters says a spinster is a gal who knows all the answers but who has never been asked the questions.

x x x x

Shirley: "Where's your ethics?"

Greenway: "In the grudge."

x x x x

Acey-Deucey: "Shay, got enough money for a beer?"

D.A.P.M.: "Thanks, but I think I'll manage somehow."

x x x x

Buzz: "Where'd you get the black eye?"

Butch: "I was out with the Nav. Instructor's girl friend last night and I made a slight miscalculation."

x x x x

Wes: "I'd like to ask you for this dance, Babe, but somebody already has my car."

x x x x

Porter: "Shall I brush you off, Sir?"

Posted: "No thank you. I'll just walk off like the rest of the passengers."

x x x x

Meditation on Trade Tests: "It's better to have loafed and lost than never to have loafed at all."

Letters From Abroad

EDITOR'S NOTE

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 The Editor, c/o Records, Station Administrative Building.

Your co-operation is sincerely requested in this regard.

x x x x

NEWS FROM ABROAD

Many of you will remember Cpl. Morley "Scotty" Cameron, formerly an Air Frame Mechanic at this Station. He remustered to Aircrew and is now P/O M. L. Cameron, R.C.A.F., attached to R.A.F., England.

"I've been having a pretty fair time lately, I've been attached to the Army for a couple of weeks, and it really was interesting. We visited three stations, Infantry, Tanks and a Light Anti-Aircraft Battery. It was just to show us what the other guys do in the war, so that we can have a general idea of what they are wanting of us when we are co-operating with them. But I'm still darned glad that I joined the Air Force.

I don't know whether I told you or not, but I'm going into an Army Co-Op Squadron and will be flying Mustangs, which are a really classy ship. I was supposed to go on night fighters, but there is too long a waiting list now, so was switched, and I'm not sorry.

We've surely been travelling a lot since we came over here. I've been all over England and most of Scotland now, and have seen all the noted places, Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace and Cant-

erbury Cathedral, lots of others too. Those old churches are very interesting but for some reason I'm always tempted to holler out in them, just to see what the echo would sound like.

We had quite a time with the Army driving all their different machines, and firing all their different weapons. I was quite proud of myself after whipping around in a big Churchill Tank, and even a Bren Gun Carrier is something to get onto handling. I drove one of them around the obstacle course, and believe me it was some ride. In and out of big quarries, through trees, ponds, etc.

I'm still at A.F.U., but have finished the course and just waiting for posting. Get Joe'd for Duty Pilot and A.C.P. three or four times a week, plus Orderly Officer, but it's not a bad life. I may be switched from Mustangs to Spitfires, or Mosquitos. I'll be happy in any of them. they can't make me mad.

I've had letters from Bodkin, Bill Day and Bob McIntyre during the last few days. They are all corporals, and are not doing badly over here.

Well, so long for now, and by the next time I write I hope to be able to tell you what it's like to fly a Spit or a Mossy!"

x x x x

SOME MORE FROM LAW. SHIRLEY WRIGHT, LONDON, ENGLAND

"Up until now we haven't had much time of our own. Our evenings were very short, arriving home after seven o'clock at night, dead tired, usually to bed or once in a while we would get a sudden spurt of energy and take a tube to Trafalgar Square to the Beaver Club, or to a pub, or to Covent Gardens, or to Ham-

mersmith Palais to dance.

This week we have started on the regular schedule, which means we finish work at 5:30 instead of six. The extra half hour helps a heck of a lot.

Believe it or not, I shine my buttons and shoes every single day over here. We have parade, and usually inspection, every morning—and we have two rats for Discs—one is a WO.1 and the other is an F/O. Starting Monday we have to be on parade at 8 o'clock to practice for an Air Marshall's Parade. It seems that some lady is going to give him a flag or he is giving it to somebody. Isn't it a wonderful war!!

We get a 36 every week-end, and so far I have not had ONE 48. We only get one a month. We couldn't have one in June, as we were awfully busy.

I love it here. London isn't very nice—I should say the people in London. The majority of the girls are very sloppy—two-tone hair, you know, part blonde and part brunette. They think nothing of going down the street with a cigarette dangling from their mouths. But England can't be judged from this city. The countryside out of London is beautiful, and the people are very nice. When I was in Manchester and Sale it was like being in another country.

Most of the pubs here are crummy, and so is their beer, but there is lots of it, and that's the main thing. In all the pubs you can buy Scotch, and gin and lime, by the glass, but it is darned expensive.

Every pay day we can buy two hundred American cigarettes for sixty cents. Also on pay day the Sweet Cap. Company gives us one package each, for nothing. We have a cafeteria in our building and we get cokes, and there is a Sally Ann Canteen a few blocks down the street where we can get more cokes, chocolate bars (1 each day), peanuts and life savers, but



Featured on the 2nd. Anniversary Celebration was the induction of the Station's new Mascot. The first picture shows the Comanding Officer after formally accepting Pilot Officer Prunes Jr. from F/O Finley on behalf of the Fairplay Chamber of Commerce. To make it legal P/O Prunes had to pass his medical, so

Cpl. Sparrow holds him while the M.O., Squadron Leader Lawson applies the stethoscope. Group Captain Kennedy and F/O Eley look on with interest, and do we see a Nursing Sister on hand in case the candidate should faint? The third scene is from the water hazard game on the sports program.

there is no place where we can get gum.

I suppose that you kids have heard that English girls who are married to Canadians can join the W.D.'s or C.W.A.C.'s over here. The majority have joined the W.D.'s, and as far as we can see, that will put a stop to posting our own girls over here. We all think it is terrible, but what can we do?"

x x x x

LAC. BOB PHAIR, R.C.A.F., OVERSEAS WRITES

"They certainly didn't keep me in Vulcan very long, did they?"

Everything surely seems different here, but I'm getting on to it now. It was sorta hard to figure out the money at first, but now it's O.K.

Boy, what I wouldn't give to take out a Canadian girl again!

I certainly could go for a "coke" just about now. Who's the Joe Boy now? If you should happen to see the Lady at the Hostess House, tell her "Trouble" says "Hello" and hopes that she is fine.

This is all for now. Say hello to the boys in the hut for me, and don't forget the girls either."

x x x x

FROM A GRADUATE OF COURSE 76, NOW OVERSEAS

Oxford is quite handy to us, so it is very nice to nip into town and wander around the Halls of Learning, as there is always a pub quite handy to said Halls. Of course you must realize that it is not the pubs that attract our interest. It really is an educationally spot. However, everything closes up tight at 2100 hours, and you can imagine just how that would suit the Canadians.

Another Mosquito just flashed by, going off to beat the ring tails of hell. Every time I see one of those babies my fingers get itchier than ever to get around the stick and throttles of one. They are just about the sweetest job ever turned out.

And oh, the roads! You know what to expect when an Englishman tells you that a certain place is down such and such a straight road. He will insist that you CAN'T miss the place, because it's on this straight road. You walk about three yards, and disappear from view around a corner. Also you very often get to the bottom of a street after climbing up a hill. However, it's lots of fun because the confusion is increased just a little bit more.

Did I ever tell you what a big kick we get out of the trains over here? They are so blamed small that it's funny. I can't figure out what they put in the freight cars, because they're shorter than the width of the doors on ours, and look capable of holding one car engine, or something of similar size. They really travel though, with a little toy engine out in front. The whistle sounds like one you buy for ten cents, and then only get a nickel's worth of noise.

ELMER'S LETTER

Well trade tests have come and gone but I didn't do so hot on accounta because I'm too busy to study. We had a Victory Dance and Percy and me went but we were very disappointed in it. We thought that there'd be a lot of free beer around, but cripes, all they gave us was cocoa, ice cream, hot dogs and coffee and Brad's Lads. They didn't play any waltzes or square dances but Brad is learnin to play a guitar so maybe by this winter he may be able to play some good cowboy songs but it's going to keep him going some to learn to yodel by this winter.

How do you like my new writing paper? Percy gets it from the K. of C. Hut. I haven't anymore pages left in my scribbler and Percy's out just now so I helped myself to his paper, envelopes, fountain pen and stamps. I hope he won't mind but he's kinda funny sometimes. Like once I borrowed a shirt of his and forgot to mention it and he was awful mad when he found out just before C.O.'s parade. He hasn't got the true democrat spirit we're spute to be fighting for.

I invited Clarabelle to come down to one of our sports dances. She wanted to come too and was already to sell her pet pig but then her pa put his foot down and said he wouldn't allow any such goings on. You know what old-fashioned ideas he has and I don't think he ever liked me much. I recall when I used to go to see Clarabelle and how we'd have to sit so still after nine o'clock so the hammock wouldn't squeak or her father would stick his head out the door and say that if I didn't have a home, she did. Clarabelle wrote that she was practising up to come to one of our dances. She was apractising the flea-hop but her mother made her go down cellar to practise on accounta she said she wasn't going to have no fleas hoppin around on her new linoleum.

Percy and me took a couple of civilian girls to the rat-race down town (as we call the jitney dance). Percy said we ought to get them a corsage but I said I thought that was getting pretty personal and then he told me a corsage is some flowers. So we ended up by taking them some flowers from in front of Headquarters.

Everything was swell until I took my skirt (alias dame, fem, sheilla, bag and Percy knows lots more) home, and then just as I was leading up to saying good-night to her, I was just to the point of mentioning that it looked as if we might have good harvesting weather tomorrow, when I leaned against the doorbell and cripes, it woke up a F/L who lives in the front part of the house. We were going to scram but before we had time he land-

ed on us—I shore had to make tracks. I never did have no use for doorbells and I hope we never have any of the confounded things installed back home.

I guess the girls at the dance noticed me the other night. Today I got a cake of lifeboy sope in the mail and a letter inviting me to take her out to the dance. She didn't put her name—probably the shy, untiring type as Percy says, but just signed the letter "Your distant admirer (very distant)" and said for me to meet her at the Queen's on Saturday night and to look for a girl in blue. Don't it sound romantic? But then that's life in the Air Force.

By the way, you'd better not let Clarabelle know I'm getting to be such a lady's man. I wouldn't want her to feel bad.

Percy and me went into town the other evening and went into one of the cafes. It wasn't a bad joint. Percy thought we ought to have some sovenir of the place so we took one of the three menus home with us. But in the night my conscience began to bother me and I thought I wasn't sticking to the straight and narrow, like you always told me to, Ma, so I mailed the menu back in the morning.

Seems to me they won't be needing it much any more anyway because nobody goes to town much since they started rolling up the sidewalks at eight o'clock. I guess the Air Force wasn't bringing them enough business. It will be a relief I guess when the war is over and the Air Force moves away and the town can get back to normal and start booming agin. Anyway they got their menu back even if they haven't got hardly any of the things on it.

Well I guess I'll close for this time I hope to hear from you soon and by the way, Ma, I just noticed that I left my toothbrush when I was home on seeding leave last spring so please send it as I need it for kit inspection. So endeth another chapter of the Battle of Claresholm.

Your adorable son, Elmer.

AND MAYBE HE EARNED 'EM

A curious old lady pestered the flight sergeant with silly questions. He was getting tired of it so when she asked what the stripes and crown wer for, he said: "Madam, we receive a crown when we get married and a stripe for each addition to the family." A week later the old lady's grandson, just promoted to a sergeant, came home on leave. "What do you think of these," he asked, proudly showing his sleeve. "Henry," shrieked the old lady, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"