



Nº 613

Vol. 3 No. 10

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

November 1st., 1943.



**Have YOU Bought all the
VICTORY BONDS
You Can Afford?**

Ask yourself if your conscience is clear
in this regard.

DON'T FORGET

that every station purchaser of Victory Bonds participates in the draw for the Grand Prize of one

Compete Set of Tires

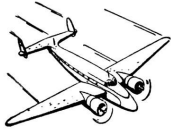
(with one Pontiac Sedan Automobile)

Victory Loan Dance

BIGGEST AND BEST IN HISTORY OF STATION

(So says F/L Leith)

Draw and Presentation of Car to be made at Dance,
to be announced when \$100,000.00 mark
is reached.



"WINDY WINGS"

Published by
No. 15 S. F. T. S., R. C. A. F.
Claresholm, Alberta

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

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The Cost of Victory

Remembrancetide

Not the least of achievements recorded for the Station is the regular and ready response to National Loan appeals. Records have been set, envied and emulated by others in their turn. The latest "Speed the Victory" Call reminds us of that other investment: that they pay twice who fight and pay, who serve and subscribe. Churchill has warned that the severe and costly stage on the Road to Victory is still before us. On highways and seaways and skyways, Canada will be

there. But the cost is not minimized by those who know.

"Windy Wings" in this November issue pays reverent tribute to those who gave their all as the cost of Victory, to speed Our peace. Remembrance Day comes around, uniting two generations in the commemorations for the Unseen Squadrons. Our best and bravest have remustered there, with those who, like young John McGee, "have slipped the surly bonds of earth on laughter-silvered wings". Sermons have been preached to multitudes on immortality, valour and righteousness, within the compass of those fourteen lines which came to Pilot Officer John McGee, R.C.A.F., while he "trod the untrespassed sanctities of space".

Thousands of others, more or less as he, for their own reasons set aside their personal hopes and fears and safeties, trained and served and paid the cost in full. Reverently, proudly, we pay our tribute of honour at Remembrancetide to all who share the immortal comradeship.

—J. M. R.

THE NEW STAFF

Under the Masthead appears the names of the personnel now charged with the responsibility of "getting out" Windy Wings. All complaints, grouses and kicks, naturally will be personally levied upon this staff by practically every member of No. 15 S.F.T.S. The staff expects this to be the case, therefore don't hold back.

However, the new managing editor humbly requests that criticism be tempered with suggestions for improvement. You see, those responsible are feeling their way, and the "feeling" can be made easier by helpful co-operation.

It is suggested that the best way to help is to see that your Flight or Section contributes a newsy write-up for each issue. And further, for each one on the Station to buy his or her copy of each issue. Remember, "man does not live by bread alone . . ."

The Chapel

Once upon a time a Station Chapel was "standard equipment". But the stations might be those of the Roman legionnaires, guarding the outer marches of law and order, and the chapel might be a tent in the midst of the camp clearing, or a room in the bastion of the Wall. St. Martin, the soldier-saint whose commemoration falls on Remembrance Day, November 11, gives his patronage also to all chaplains, whose name and duties have a special association with the saint. In the encampment, on the station on the Wall, or in the fighting front, St. Martin's cloak or capella, was the tent which tabernacled the sacred Presence, guarded and stewarded by one of the capellani, or chaplains. St. Martin's military cloak, the distinguishing surcoat of a Roman tribune, had been shared with the beggarman whose

need had touched the heart of the valourous captain riding home from the wars. But in the encampments of later years. St. Martin's capella sheltered the Host whose bounty is hospitable towards all men's needs.

At the entering in of the gate, here on No. 15 Service Flying Training School, there now stands the nearly completed Chapel, long hoped for, long needed, and now a promise come true. It will be the centre of the Chaplains' Ministries, the Church of the Station, and the hospitable House where service men and women may be at home.

The chapel is so arranged that each Chaplain has his own office. There are sanctuaries at the East and West ends, with accommodations in the nave for a congregation of about one hundred and

sixty. By the provision of a liberal schedule of Sunday and week-day services this will provide ample accommodation for the personnel of the Station, both for public worship and private devotions.

In the past, it has been realized that the Chaplains have been handicapped and those who wished to practice their religion have likewise been under a disadvantage. With the completion of the Chapel, all those who have been accustomed to keeping the Faith are now under challenge to set an example and to give a lead in establishing the church on this Station as an integral part of service life and duty. Such service men and women who are already pledged to their religion will feel themselves in honor bound to accept the invitation which the hospitality of God's House extends to them.

Flight and Section News

"A" FLIGHT

"A" is for ANYTHING
NOW
YESTERDAY
TEST
HOPELESS
INSTRUMENTS
NAVIGATION
GRADUATE

"A" is for ANYTHING and it is only NOW, after YESTERDAY'S TEST, we realize it is HOPELESS to expect INSTRUMENTS to do your NAVIGATION if you wish to GRADUATE.

x x x x

Congratulations, F/O Hobson, on your recent promotion. We are all for you.

x x x x

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why does Midi spend so much time in the Log Book Room? Is he looking for the missing hours in his sequence chart, or is it something else?

Was F/O Davies a salesman prior to enlisting in the R.C.A.F.? The recent Bond drive has shown us a thing or two.

How is it that some of the boys get slightly nervous on their Wings Test and think that an undercarriage is not to be used in a single engine landing?

Also the question has been raised on why the Ground School had to interfere with the broadcast of the world series ball games?

Why has the Navigation got to be so good? With good visibility it is not hard to make a visual alteration from twenty miles distant.

As far as night flying is concerned, we wonder if the Instructors have made up their mind as to the correct position of Rockyford?

Are we such a bad influence around the Station that we have to be sent to Woodhouse for a couple of weeks before graduation? Cheer up, Zeke, you will get home to the wife eventually.

x x x x

Was Dod's face red the night he told the Orderly Officer to put that XIX*XIX light on. Cheer up, Dod, up until now he hasn't found out whom it was.

x x x x

Overheard in the Mess Hall (one W.D. to another): "There's Hack over there. He is a nice boy, but watch out . . . HE'S A WOLF!"

x x x x

We are pleased to see that all the earth has been removed from the runways. Now Percy will have a clear run at any of them.

x x x x

The 86th. Psalm

The Anson is my plane,
I shall not want another.
It leadeth me down the runway,
It maketh me to take off.
Yea, though I soar through the shadow of clouds
I fear no evil, for I have a navigator.
Surely section lines and railroads shall help me,
And I shall reach No. 15 Service safely!

x x x x

It seems that there has been a canteen famine recently. BENTLEY was heard to moan one night: "Ah, sweet memories! Last night six hot dogs, two milk shakes, three cokes . . . and pleasant dreams!"

x x x x

It might be noted here that the discussions on Course 86 Wings Party have been long and many. If the party is as good as the discussions, it certainly is going to be a whiz!

x x x x

Many interesting problems come up. One of the best is the many late hours put in trying to work out the "stalling speed" of a fly. The lad who originated this problem claims that the reason he can't work it out is that he can't be sure if the undercarriage is up or down.

x x x x

Exams are a great worry but it is worth it. After all, how can so much joy be derived from having finished them unless they are started in the first place?

x x x x

Wings Instrument and Clear Hood tests have their definite purpose. Mainly, we think, it is to show us how much we have to learn about flying.

x x x x

Christmas shopping is a great problem to everyone. Of course all the R.A.F. intend to take their gifts home with them and deliver them in person.

x x x x

LONDON, ENGLAND—AS I KNOW IT

The number of R.A.F. students at the Station has increased considerably with the arrival of Course 92, and in fairness to these lads and the folks of the Old Country, I very humbly set my pen to paper to correct somewhat the impression which may have been conveyed by LAW. Wright, who is now stationed in

London, England. I write with some authority because, although I was born in a beautiful spot in Wales, I have lived in London for the past eight years and was employed in a capacity which caused me to be interested in the people of London and their conduct.

The first thing you've got to realize about London is the immenseness of the place, with its population of about nine million people (not far short of the whole population of Canada). These people live within fifteen miles of Charing Cross, which is considered to be the centre of London.

LAW. Wright mentions that London seems to be a city of public houses. There are two beer parlors in **Claresholm** for a population of 1,000, so it would appear reasonable for London to have 18,000 public houses; actually there are about 9,000, although three-quarters of them are situated within about five miles of Charing Cross.

The English Pub is an institution, where people meet to have a game of crib, a game of darts, or to discuss any matter of common interest over a "Pint". It is part of the social life of the ordinary people of England and the atmosphere is extremely cordial, although you might find a heated argument on politics taking place in one corner of the bar, and another group discussing the potential winner of the next big horse race. Every "Pub" has a dart team and there is considerable rivalry to win the various competitions. Usually the landlord of the "Pub" runs a savings group and a considerable amount of money has been raised by these savings groups to pay for the war.

The ordinary people of London are very proud of their homes, and, therefore, of their city, and are also very patriotic. A visit from the King and Queen to the East End of London brings out all the flags that are procurable and as many people as can snatch a few minutes from their work to welcome Their Majesties.

Prior to the war you could buy any foodstuff in London, but September 3rd., 1939, changed all this, and rationing was introduced immediately. At first the rationing appeared to be extremely harsh, but it was soon realized that everyone, irrespective of their station in life, would get an equal share of the necessities.

The next thing that came was the National Service Act which made every man between the ages of 19 and 45 (now up to 60) liable for National Service. This

meant that there was a shortage of labour for the factories and farms; but the women of England soon rallied to the call to such an extent that compulsory national service for women was introduced about nine months ago. Today, England is the most mobilized country in the world. Men and women are working between 10 and 14 hours daily in the factories, yet they have time to be attached to some voluntary organization, where they perform 48 hours each month.

Taxes have been increased to 50 cents in the dollar, travelling facilities have been curtailed to the bare minimum, and there is no gasoline for private cars. All this caused considerable nervous strain; then on September 6th. 1940, at about 14:30 hours London was bombed by the Germans and the East End dock area was set ablaze. The raids continued for 60 consecutive nights. The people were dazed at first but they soon rallied to the defence of their city. Men and women fought fires, rescued casualties and tried to be as cheerful as possible under what, at the least, might be described as trying circumstances. Families would go to Air Raid Shelters for the night and in the morning would find that their homes had been bombed.

LAW. Wright mentions that she doesn't like the discipline in England. It is a well known fact that a well disciplined unit is usually a very efficient one and this was proved by the R.C.A.F. and R.A.F. in the Battle of Britain—by pilots, some of whom had been trained in Canada under the Air Training Plan.

The women of England are allowed 52 coupons each year for clothing. One pair of stockings takes 3 coupons! Cosmetics are practically unobtainable, yet quite a number of Canadian lads find that English girls make attractive wives.

The subject of England and its customs and way of living would take up several issues of Windy Wings but I hope that I have given the personnel of the Station a fair impression of London in Wartime.

The English lads of Course 86 have been considerably impressed by Canada and the kindness of Canadian people. They consider it a great privilege to have their training in Canada and especially at such a fine Station as No. 15 S.F.T.S.

I conclude by sincerely hoping that you may all be able to visit England in peace time, when, I hope, you will find that it is indeed a happy and pleasant country.

—An R.A.F. Student of "A" Flight.

x x x x

"A" Flight Maintenance has really made it possible for us to put in our hours. There isn't a more enthusiastic bunch on the Station. They have really worked and run to keep everything on schedule. We can't say too much for their enthusiasm. It's wonderful co-operation like

that that has made our four months here so pleasant.

"A" Flight is still in there pitching, and by the time this is in print, Course 86 which has been the student body of "A" Flight will be very near the end of its stay here. We students want everyone to know that this is undoubtedly the finest Station we have been on.

It is with some pleasure that we leave because it means that now we will have our WINGS. But the pleasure of having wings is also tempered with some sorrow. Leaving the Station where we have made so many friends and met some of the finest people we have known. We can't fully express our gratitude to our Instructors and personnel of "A" Flight for all they have done for us. We know that this is just the start of a job to be done but anything that may happen in the future is the result of their perseverance with us. We hope that they fully understand how we feel and though we may not be able to express our feelings as well as we wish, at least some small portion of it is conveyed herein.

"B" FLIGHT

Wings tests and exams have made October a rather hectic month for Course 86. On the 13th. many bedraggled, weary Airmen, with wrinkled foreheads and dark circles around their eyes, wended their way into G.I.S. to pit their wits and imagination against those of the examiners. It was soon realized that it was to be mainly a battle of imagination and the brows became more wrinkled and the dark circles became darker. Friday, Oct. 15th., found them exhausted and not a little dubious of the results, but still hoping.

Finals, with their general panics and alarms, are now left behind. The results have been published and now that the weeping and wailing is ended, the plaintive cry of our clan is: "We Wuz Robbed!"

Exams are not to be discussed when there are other and maybe brighter things to talk about.

x x x x

As an opener, we have a public denial to make. Our hardy Aussie did not put aside his shorts because of the cold. He suddenly realized that he was causing much ado among the W.D.'s, and we have it on good authority that one recent postee fainted and that when she recovered she had to be gently led away as she murmured things about "Golden Brown Knees shivering in the morning sun". Our Aussie has now submerged his personality in battle dress.

x x x x

By the way, the English members of

the Flight are enquiring: "Who is this LAW. Shirley ———?" The conditions she describes are foreign to them, but then they have only lived in England twenty odd years or more.

x x x x

One of our more brilliant students, upon learning his final G.I.S. result, has since been seen meandering round the Station with a vacant expression on his somewhat bearded countenance and muttering savagely through his moustache (rumoured soon to be no more) : 13.2%! Where the hell could it have gone?" Certain lesser fortunates on hearing these sweet ramblings, have been smitten with an urge to apply a boot to the appropriate portion of the anatomy.

x x x x

Another member of our happy band suddenly developed a cold in the right eye after reading in D.R.O.'s that aircrew trainees are to have P.T. every morning at 7. We politely assumed that there could be no relationship between the two occurrences. Eh, Lawrence?

x x x x

One or two of the fellows decided after about 200 flying hours that perhaps aircraft would land better without the assistance of undercarriage. They finally arrived at this amazing conclusion about the time of the wings tests. Cockrell argues that this method of landing gives a shorter landing run.

x x x x

Our super navigation student was sent on a navigation trip a few weeks back. So he took off and flew to a place in almost the opposite direction from that in which he was supposed to go. Could be the Met. winds were wrong, Greenway.

x x x x

Yet another of our fellows decided that the best way to stop the aircraft turning while flying single-engine was to throttle back on the good engine. His action caused the patient Instructor to take the rim of his hat in both hands and jam it on his head in desperation! Why did you make him do it Mac R. A.?

x x x x

One Instructor took one of his pupils on an instrument cross country flight and considered a map unnecessary. Maybe Kangaroos have the same qualities as homing pigeons.

x x x x

Another advocated hitting the leeward fence on a precautionary landing to assist in pull up. Maybe this is a Maori custom.

x x x x

A third Instructor gave some the idea that the best way to fly along a section line was to steer by looking through the bomb aimer's window. Or, maybe it was just that the A.S.I. in there could have been easier to see than the one on the instrument panel.

x x x x

Instructors seem to have been betting their pupils that they (the pupils) can't make three point landings.

x x x x

One of our English members says that the course has driven him nuts (he's not alone), and he has now taken to churning out verse. However, we think that the results are quite hurorous.

x x x x

Paradise Lost

(Apologies to Whatsisname)

Who are these men with vacant stare;
With moody eye and rumpled hair?
Who, clad in harness, phones and chutes,
And disregarding noise and clangour,
Wend their way to No. 5 Hangar?

And on approach are heard to say
That Q!?!?*(Q!?!X again today!
And other things, not nice to be
Heard by the species W.D.

Pray, silence, folks, a revelation!
What has happened on the Station?
Are all these students in a dream?

NO!!

Course 86 IS "On the Beam".

x x x x

Wings Checks

Amazing what can happen to
Any student pilot who,
Having reached that certain stage
And nearly having come of age,
Who, filled with "gen" and premonition,
Takes off on that final fateful mission.
That test of tests, that thing of things,
That check on which depends one's wings;
And, soaring off into the blue,
Forgets what he's supposed to do.
Who tried to fly clear hood in cloud,
And, waking up, said out aloud:
I'm sorry, sir, there clouds are dense;
I'll have to fly on instruments?
Who downs his flaps, forgets his wheels?
Who is so good that now he feels
Instructors words need not be heeded,
That GUMP checks are no longer needed?

Who on take off lost a switch?
(And thought: "the son of a son of a——");
But said: "Here one should land, I've
heard,"

And suiting action to the word,
Came near to taking off the tips
Of those very useful things, the props!

But never fear, you junior erks,
You too one day will get the works.
Just remember this refrain.

To soothe your poor befuddled brain:
That nothing's new that's 'neath the sun,
That what you're doing's all been done,
And though you think you're in a fix,
NO ONE failed in Eighty-Six!

x x x x

Anyway, WE consider Bigwood quite a good poet.

"F" FLIGHT

This is our first appearance in "Windy Wings" since we arrived on the Station, and looked with awe on the imposing lines of the majestic Anson (who's kidding who?). Since that day much has happened. We have soloed, forced Instructors into passible imitations of Hitler's antics on the rostrum of the Munich Beer Parlour (Talking of Beer—but that's another story), and last but not least we woe the inspiration that made Tommy produce statements on "Life Insurance for Timekeepers" or "Sudden Death on No. 2 Runway". But let's take things one at a time.

The Instructor had just sent his most doubtful Student on his first solo, and as he watched the kite take off he wondered if the plucky adventurer would reach "terra firm" safely. But now it was too late, for what goes up must come down. He returned to the Hangar and waited, and prayed. Soon a couple of kites began to let down—one doing a beautiful job—the other coming in straight for the Control Tower with the right wing low. "That's him", said the Instructor, "he can't fly straight and his right wing always scrapes the dirt." While writhing in agony at what appeared to be business for the meat wagon, he noticed the other kite do a perfect landing and what is more it bore a red streamer behind it and our hero at the wheel. Happily he turned away remarking that he didn't give a damn for the other fellow—"let him hit the tower, my worries are over."

And now to Tommy—she has bravely weathered the storm and is still alive in

spite of all our efforts, but alas we now have another crew of greenhorns and she'll have to go through it all again—a grim set up! We have heard many debates on the possibilities of removing her bonnet with a wing tip—What about it Tommy?

x x x x

Did you ever see an Anson pour forth its crew after a session of unusual positions under the hood? There's the Instructor, there's the Student—he looks sick and worried, and there's the lookout man laughing at his friend's errors. But that's where you're wrong. The Student's the happy guy—being under the hood he doesn't know what's been going on and anyhow he is too dumb to know any better. The lookout is feeling sick and has a greenish look on his face—he saw everything the Student didn't see.

x x x x

Oh yes! Life is not always a bed of Petunias. So we'll leave you to stagger back to the struggle and as the days go by we get staler and staler—could it be we are getting too much of not enough flying?

"H" FLIGHT

A state of emergency exists in "H" for Herbert Flight at the present time, as our roving reporter seems to have disappeared and there is no one here to take his place! However, we shall state our few words and be on our way. We promise that next month's contribution will be well supplied by our new Course of 25 laddies from the old country, 3 from Australia and 2 from Canada.

x x x x

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 the Lucky Numbers in the next issue of "Windy Wings".

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

Amongst the trainees, we have for the first time an Officer, F/O Paige, D.F.M. He has seen plenty of action overseas and we hope he will bear up under the different type of action he will see here.

Our Course 84, which graduated this month, left here with a record which is something to shot at. Of the 21 Students in "H" Flight, 15 received their commissions. The real record is that these 21 Students purchased \$6,500 worth of Victory Bonds, and no sales talk was necessary to obtain these large subscriptions. Their money and ours will supply them with some very lovely aircraft when they go on operations. We wish them the very best of luck!

The latest addition to our instructional staff comes to us as a new deputy Flight Commander. Welcome to "H" Flight, Flying Officer Glanville! "H" Flight has taken one of our recently arrived instructors from us, but we know that P/O Harris will do as fine a job there as he did for us.

We close with a hearty welcome to Course 92, from all the instructors and the ground staff.

With a new course, we are bound to be in the news in the next issue of this snappy little magazine, but let us hope it is not under the "accidents" or "I dood it" columns.

—"Blackie".

PARACHUTE SECTION

To begin with we are losing LAW. Vanston from Kingston, Ontario, who is being posted back east near enough to her home to get there on a 48. She appears to be very happy about the posting.

x x x x

Sgt. Freeman has been here a very long time except for 3 months he spent at Vulcan. Ever since he has returned to No. 15 I've expected that any day he would get into a little canoe and paddle down the slip stream to some other Station for another spell. Whether Vulcan was a break or not he has not breathed a word of it.

x x x x

Little AW. Thompson seems to be having an awful struggle what with leave and boy friend being away, hospital and tonsils, not to mention horse back falls instead of rides. We have hopes for her. As a matter of fact she should have sick leave coming up which should come in handy now that Ted is back from the east. What say, Tommy?

x x x x

AW. Kearns must have a great attraction at Med. Hat. Despite the difficulty

in making train connections, it seems she goes down there practically every 48.

x x x x

As for AW. Horn we understand she has a very nice home and family at Carstairs and she walks six miles every time she goes there, which is every 48. Home and family affection are powerful!

x x x x

Rita Clark seems to really enjoy her 48's in Edmonton—with a congenial member of our Maint. Sqd. Good luck, you do make a nice-looking pair.

x x x x

Only today we received a new member in our little hang out. Kay Fertile comes from London, Ontario. Her husband is stationed at Vulcan, so beware, fellows. She seems to think she will like our Station. Here's hoping her opinion doesn't change.

x x x x

And now, the Parachute Section Scribe, after a lengthy struggle, is obtaining her discharge much to her delight and sorrow. It will be rather a change after 21 months of service life, of which 20 were spent at No. 15.

x x x x

Seems I've known Maint. personnel better than personnel from any of the other Sections, for the simple reason that I have worked with them a great deal. I have found them to be a very nice lot. Even though I've been here as long as any of the W.D.'s, I still find difficulty in pairing them off properly with their names, but that doesn't really matter much; I can call most any of them "Joe" and find I get results. Cheerio!

THE POST OFFICE

By The Male Bag

Sgt. Hanson is among the missing this month. Cec. is down in Cornwall, Ont., taking his basic training, but may be with us again before Christmas. (W.D.'s; will please be warned—this Commando stuff!!)

x x x x

Now that much repeated request: "Mail Early for Christmas!" With the volume of mail to be handled by the civil post offices and so many experienced clerks in the armed forces, it would be wise to allow plenty of time for Xmas mail to reach it's destination. **BETTER EARLY THAN LATE!!!**

x x x x

That really isn't the flag pole you see walking down the streets to and from the P.O. these days. It's our newest arrival, Pte. Miller. He does admit working here is a bit softer than the Base Post Office. (At least until next month.)

x x x x

Looking at Driver (not the red-headed one) playing with her collection of toys, we can sympathise with those brave people in charge of nurseries for war workers children. There's no doubt about it, a welder's job is much safer.

x x x x

Another Malta story. Some weeks ago, neatly packed in a tin box, the General Post Office at London, England, received from much-bombed and war-beleaguered Malta, a dead mouse, carefully embalmed, paid at first-class mail rates, because the box contained a formal Post Office communication reading: "Inside this animal are the remains of a 1 pound Bank of England note, belonging to our official post office funds. Will you please verify, and send another note in its place." Dutifully the mouse was sent by postal inspectors to the appropriate Bank of England inspectors, who in turn put it to laboratory tests. The tests verified the Malta claim, whereupon a new 1 pound note was officially despatched to Malta to keep the accounts in balance.—Extract from Members' Service Bulletin.

EQUIPMENT SECTION

After reading a letter written by a former Equipment Assistant it was decided that this Section should once again put their two cents worth in "Windy Wings" so here goes. We might add that this has all been done for the benefit of F/S Frank Rummy of Summerside, P.E.I.

x x x x

To begin with there have been quite a few new arrivals in our Section and also a number of postings. First, we would like to welcome our new Officer, F/L Bill, who comes to us from A.F.H.Q. F/L Bill was not long on this Station when he found himself joed for the job of Editor of "Windy Wings". He in turn joes us. It's a vicious circle, because, I think that our S.E.O., now a brand new Squadron Leader, passed the job along to him. Amongst the new arrivals we also have Ray Nesbit, Norm Laughton, Cpl. Nordstrom—as yet we haven't found out anything about their private lives: Amongst the girls, we have Alberta Cox and Gwen Boyd. Gwen hasn't decided what she did to get posted amongst us but I think that she will survive—she looks the sturdy type. On the debit side of the ledger we've lost Ina Coffey, Jack Murray, and Don MacKinnon. We miss them, too. Last, but certainly not least, Cpl. Ripley, the beloved wolf of the Section, was posted to Ottawa Headquarters. How he'll manage down there with women ten to one, I don't know, but I can guess. He was quite a teacher in the art of wolfing and has some

very apt pupils amongst those left behind. Probably by the time this is published we will have lost one of our beloved Corporals, namely "Sheff", who is on her way to Gander Bay. I wonder if she will be as successful at finding those extra bottles as she was here? (and I don't mean cokes).

x x x x

Who says that Equips aren't smart . . . LAC. Rowatt has the problem of C.O.'s Inspections all solved. He merely uses a powder puff here and there and the problem of shaving is all over. Wonder what would happen if a high wind came up . . . Any day now we can expect to see him blossom forth in a mauve and pink slumber net just to catch those wispy bits.

x x x x

We have also been blessed lately with a number of Clerk Generals and Clerk Stenoos. The only problem we have now is teaching them the difference between E.42's and E.56's, especially since we ourselves are a little puzzled at times. Another blessed event in the Section was the arrival of a number of R.A.F. boys. They are a grand bunch and if it wasn't for the dialects we wouldn't have a grouch in the world. Will somebody please send us an Interpreter . . . Sorry boys, but I just have to fill this page up somehow. Last but not least we also have a number of G.D.'s now working here. It would take too long to mention each one separately. The thing that I can't UNDERSTAND IS WHY ANY OF THEM WISH TO REMUSTER TO Equips—surely they must have seen the agonized look on our faces when we wonder how much a stabilizer costs.

x x x x

Amongst the old-timers we still have F/S Prasow, who is considering running for mayor any day now; Bob Wrightson—well, we haven't quite decided just what he should run for. About the only thing he seems interested in now is taking "Rip's" place, namely "King of the Wolves". Oh yes, Sgt. Holtet, Sgt. Cope-land and our one and only Cpl. Abercrombie are also on the old-timer's list. The least said about that trio the better. Two of them have wives and we do not care to see them back at work with, what is crudely known as "shiners". When we questioned our favourite Sgt. Major as to what he had been doing of late all I could decipher was *\$!*?(0!*&*(CENSORED). Somehow I don't think my question was tactful. What the Major does want to know, though, is why two W.D.'s (Cpl. "Brownie" and LAW. "Sinc") just won't hear of their 48's being changed. There must be some reason. Why aren't they like LAW. Barth and stick to home talent or is she taking lessons in Motor Mechanics? We have finally solved the reason for LAW. Kitching staying home so much of late—we now have R.A.F. trainees in-

stead of R.A.A.F., but Kitch still looks forward to a letter from one of her previous heart throbs from "Down Under". (I can almost see a trial for murder coming up with me as the "corpus delicti".)

x x x x

About all that we can say about LAW's "Archie", "Bunny" and "Pat" is that the four quiet R.A.F. lads never get lonesome. The really nice part about it is that when the girls get a little tired of one there is always a spare!!

x x x x

Did anyone ever hear about "Seabie" (Jo to you) or should I say is there anyone that didn't hear about it? It seems that when she goes up for a flip and then doesn't return to work for a number of days, that the Doctor is having somewhat of a hard time finding just where she did leave her stomach.

x x x x

Well, there is a good deal more that we could say but then we must think of next month's issue. If anyone has any complaints to make, will they kindly take over the job and please don't kill us in the rush. Take it easy, kids, we are only just "The Joes" trying to do a job.

THE "B" NATURAL

There are two different types of bandsmen, musicians and instrumentalists. A fullfledged musician is one who can play any instrument in any band. He knows exactly what he is playing at all times. He can read the bass as well as the treble clef. He can compose or arrange music as the case may be, for he usually has spent many years at the study of music alone. An instrumentalist, on the other hand, is one who knows how to play his own instrument and his own nstrument only; be it trumpet, a violin or a saxophone. Although he might know some of the rudiments of music, he would, in all probability, be lost if asked, on his own, to compose five lines of music.

In a small band, such as our Station band, where most players are instrumen-

THE LUCKY WINNERS OF MONTHLY PASSES TO MOVIES IN RECREATION HALL

The draw produced the following results. Will holders of the issue of Windy Wings dated October 1st., and bearing these numbers, bring their copies to F/L Bill, Equipment Section, and receive their passes.

Numbers

13 - 63 - 85 - 227 - 333 - 496

talists and not musicians, it is very difficult to have a well-balanced band, unless, of course, every member of the band has been playing their respective instruments for a period of years. Also, lack of time to practise as a band does not permit the smoothness, which can be expected from an authorised band.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Station does not care a hoot whether our band is composed of instrumentalists or musicians or magicians. We are tickled to have our band and we are proud of it. Thanks go to the whole band for the generous way they give their time voluntarily.

x x x x

It was noticed that Corporal Cordrey was passing out the proverbial cigars at a recent band practise. It seems that the stork paid a visit to his place on the 18th of October. Consequently he is now the proud father of a little baby girl. Congratulations, Cordrey, and we only trust that you won't let these kind of things go to your head and spoil you.

x x x x

It is with mixed emotions that we record the posting of our friend and fellow bandsman, Sgt. Wilson, W. "Bill" has been playing a saxophone in the band ever since its inception on this Station in 1941. Consequently, the personnel of the band is unanimous in wishing him the very best of luck in his new line of endeavour, as a Pilot. We know Bill will be able to blow 'em down.

x x x x

The Station band has been kept quite busy in the past two weeks, for on the ninth of this month they were in the Anniversary Parade of No. 8 B. & G. School at Lethbridge. They were also heard at the Wings Presentation at Vulcan on the following Thursday. It would be superfluous to say that everybody in the band had two very enjoyable trips.

—Simp Funy.

RABBITS

Rabbits have more fun than people.

Why do rabbits have more fun than people?

Because there are more rabbits than people.

Why are there more rabbits than people?

Because rabbits have more fun than people!

The talk turned to "Thunderbolt", their 5-month-old cocker spaniel squadron pet, which goes through the lounge and overturns beer bottles so he can lap up the beer.

"I think we're going to have to start calling him P-48 for obvious reasons."

Patter and Chatter from Records and Central Registry

Well, I'm back again, but it certainly isn't the fault of C.R. and Records. Guess I'll have to "Tame it" down a little this time. I'm telling you, my life wasn't worth much for a couple of days after our last issue was published.

x x x x

Percy, the lucky boy, is probably back home in England by now!

x x x x

Benny Rogers, one of the most cheerful "O.C.'s of Gestetner" that we've ever had, has now become "The Alaska Kid". Poor Ben, he could hardly say good-bye to us. The Dental Clinic was responsible for that! We wish you lots of luck Benny, and we miss you!

x x x x

Little Mary Brown (the smallest W.D. on the Station) has been staying home a great deal lately. We can't decide whether it's because she really likes writing letters, or whether it's because her little French Romeo is away on leave!

x x x x

Another thing we can't decide: Why is Andy always dashing down to the S.W.O.'s office? Could it be a certain member of the S.W.O.'s staff, or is she REALLY interested in the welfare of C.R.'s scissors? For the sake of a certain N.C.O. from Maintenance, we'll decide it's the scissors. After all, every little item on our inventory MUST be accounted for!

x x x x

We don't see much of Kenny any more. She's usually dashing around looking for "stand-to's!". Could her tall, blonde (she sure can pick 'em) English "Cousin" be responsible, at least, to a certain degree?

x x x x

Can't say much about Bobby this time. She's been away on leave. Or is that "enough said"!

x x x x

Ruth is rather busy these days . . . what with courses graduating, and graduates from other courses, especially 82, eh, Ruth?

x x x x

Doris, on the other hand, is busy staying home of late. Could it be because a certain "slender, tender, and tall" is re-mustering to aircrew?

x x x x

If Whistle (Jack Kay, our English guest—just for two months, HE thinks) doesn't watch out he's going to get himself sued for breach-of-promise! After all, Jack, you can't propose to a different girl every

day! Or is that the way things are done in England?

x x x x

Hale seems to have "simmered down" since she came back from leave. It couldn't be from wearing your Old Hat, could it, Edith? Yes, she's "seven days R.P." Hale now!

x x x x

Anyone got any going or return tickets to Lethbridge? You'll be able to make a ready sale to Cpl. Mead. She is quite interested in the shops in Lethbridge, especially The Repair Shop—you know—for Motor Transport parts!

x x x x

Oh yes, we expect Joan to start talking with an English accent any time now! My, my, 'tis a strange world!

x x x x

We have one person with a real English accent in our slap-happy section, and that is Cpl. George Lamb, one of visiting Navigators. The only trouble is that George is either afraid of the Canadian girls, or else he just doesn't care to talk. Anyway, George, we'd certainly like to hear more from you.

x x x x

Last, but not least, comes Rene Seguin, one of our Gestetner men. When it comes to bowling, Rene is certainly neither last nor least. If I could bowl, and get a score one-sixth the amount of his, I'd be one very happy person.

x x x x

'S all for now, folks!

BUZZES FROM THE BOARD

Pick up your receivers folks and hear the new voice on the line. What, a new telephone operator? Yes, and she hails from Vancouver. Dixon, we welcome you with open arms! Try them.

x x x x

Yes, folks, she's gone, that man-killer! Lazenby finally got her eastern posting. Poor Sgt. Matthews, we feel sorry for you but you should get along all right!

x x x x

I wonder what became of that handsome blonde Corporal, who at one time couldn't see Hammy often enough? Could it be that Hammy is losing her appeal, or do you think Lennox had something to do with it?

x x x x

What did Ontario do to Bonney while she was on furlough? She has become a stay-at-home kid, at last. Never mind, Fran, your ——— is cute, and this war can't last forever!

x x x x

Now that a certain M.T. driver is back

from furlough, Myrt is high in the clouds. Everytime the M.T. signal burns in, you should see he eyes light up, like Bonney's did, way back just before she went back to Canada!

x x x x

Now that we have mentioned all the telly ops, we must not forget that tall dark, gruesome face, we see so often framed in the window across the hall. But you've got to admit, folks, he is a grand kid to know. Why? Because he works in the S.W.O.'s Office!

x x x x

Now, we offer our poem of the month. It may not rhyme so well, but the sentiment behind it, and the title of it, are near to our hearts!

x x x x

Have Patience, Folks

H is for Harry, the best Flight of all;
A is for anything to pin on the wall.
V for the Victory, some day to be hours;
E is for Edey, that man talks for hours!
P for the Pilots that traverse the sky;
A for the Ansons that carry them high.
T for the temperature. It goes mighty low!
I for the ice that comes with the snow.
E for the engines, stuck in the old crates;
N for the Navigators, they're most always late!
C for the calls that come over our board;
E for long evenings. we try not to be bored.

F for the friends that we've made since we came.

O for the "Old Man". He's sure to gain fame!

L for the lights that switch on, on our board.

K for our "Kusses" when the line you do hoard!

S just to sum up all that we've said—
When you lift the receiver, keep this in your head—

We all do our best our own job to do,
So please try to help us to do ours for you—

Please HAVE PATIENCE FOLKS!

HOSPITAL INJECTIONS

Our Hospital as well as the rest of the Station is ever changing, in staff, in patients, and yes, even the hospital building.

We have said goodbye to our one and only George Gregoreschuk. He has taken a trip across the pond to perform his duties elsewhere. Also, we have taken on some new additions to our staff. Cpl. Hawkins, better known as "Sadie", and our own little "Frenchie", alias Moran, who are rapidly climbing the ladder of trade tests.

x x x x

On the kitchen staff there are two new W.D. blossoms: Terry, who joined us from Rivers, and Cpl. Smith, who was sent to us from Gander. However, poor Smitty appears to have left her heart behind her, % a certain Staff Sgt. from the U.S.A.

x x x x

Speaking of hearts and things, a cer-blond boy in our hospital seems to spend a large majority of his time grinding meat in the kitchen, with one eye on the grinder and the other on Terry!

x x x x

As for patients, we bid a fond farewell to three of our ever welcome patients, Cpl. Cameron. LAC. Repasse and LAC. McLean. All of these boys have once more donned their civies and said good-bye to many friends here at No. 15.

x x x x

We wonder why a certain M.O. was passing out cigars to all his patients on a Wednesday morning. The staff send their heartiest congratulations, and hope that father, mother and child—and cigars—are doing fine.

x x x x

Who are the two Corporals who specialize in vocalizing "Lydia"? Especially after the W.D. Corporals' party!

x x x x

What certain F/S is going around these days with a blue look on his face? Guess he's wondering just what life at Davidson will be for a certin petite blond W.D.!

x x x x

Why do Read and Robbie want to go night flying. It wouldn't be the attraction in "C" and "D" Flights? Or are they really interested in astronomy?

x

"M. T." GAS

We are beginning to wonder what Riva will do, now that her favorite F/S is posted far away.

x x x x

We're going to miss F/S Gillian around the M.T. Section. He was our prize freight run driver on week-ends, when half of the Section were on 48's. But you're nearer home now, Flight, so even if we hate to see you go, you're a lucky guy and we wish you lots of luck on your new station.

x x x x

We hope you will all bear with us awhile, especially those of you who need vehicles. We have only two mechanics now. It takes a little time to repair vehicles, as you all must know.

x x x x

They're going to make real mechanics out of the W.D.'s now—we hope. They haven't been given much of a chance at this sort of work and believe me, they

want to learn—and can!

x x x x

Remark made by Sgt. Real, while on a 48 in Canmore, when he got up in the morning and the clouds were covering the Three Sisters (mountains). "I can't get up until the Three Sisters get up." Then he spent the rest of the 48 waiting for the same to get undressed.

x x x x

We have a U.S.A. girl in the Section. Her name is Ethel. So now, some (?) people have a slogan, quote. "Three gals for a dollar. Try Ethyl first!" (unquote).

x x x x

Cpl. Fairfield (Buck, from Gander) says that a plane from Newfie would look like a boot on a saucer if it ever landed on

this Station. So there's the difference between Operational and Training stations.

x x x x

M. T. POET'S SECTION

Buy Bonds

We donned our "blues" for Canada
And the dear old Maple Leaf.
We heard the call and answered,
Tho' to some it may mean grief.

We do our bit with the others,
Helping to train pilots to fly.
No matter how small our cog is,
It's a cog in the machine of the sky.

But more we can do for our country,
If we sacrifice tit-bits and a show:
It's all-out for Victory, fellows,
That Victory we soon may know.

—AW. Welman, E. M.

x x x x

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your bank account grow?
Don't hoard your funds, buy Victory
Bonds,

And help the War Effort, you know.

x x x x

Crackle, crackle, little bond!
What a very pleasant sound.
I'll get you back another day,
But you will fight for me to-day!

x x x x

Mary bought a little Bond
For but a few cents a day—
After we have won the war,
It's for her "rainy day"!

x x x x

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Buy a Bond in case you get sick!

x x x x

Little Bo-Peep, don't fall asleep,
Get crackin' and buy a bond.

The Government needs money,
And this isn't funny:
We want Hitler to abscond.

—AC.I Thompson.

x

THE LEDGER SHEET

Reluctant farewells have been said to two popular members of the Non-Public Funds Staff: AW.1 Margaret Cope left us to brighten the Accounts Section at No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary, and LAC. Jack Wright has been posted to No. 10 Repair at Calgary. Our best wishes go with them. By the time this goes to press we shall also have said good-bye to Cpl. Aglassinger. Anne has been with us for well over a year and we are all sorry to see her go. No. 23 E.F.T.S., Davidson, Sask., will be her new home, and we hope that she will miss us all as much as we shall miss her.

x x x x

Birthday Greetings have been extended

Coming Attractions

— AT THE —

Recreation Hall

Wednesday, Nov. 3rd.

"Hostages"

Starring

Louise Rainer and William Bendix

Friday, Nov. 5th.

"Panama Hattie"

Starring

Red Skelton and Ann Sothern

Monday, Nov. 8th.

"Hers to Hold"

Starring

Deanna Durbin and Joseph Cotton

Wednesday, Nov. 10th.

"Coney Island"

Starring

Betty Grable & George Montgomery

Friday, Nov. 12th.

"Tornado"

Starring

Nancy Kelly and Chester Morris

Monday, Nov. 15th.

"It Comes Up Love"

Starring

Donald O'Connor and Gloria Jean

Wednesday, Nov. 17th.

"Lives of a Bengal Lancer"

Friday, Nov. 19th.

"Keeper of the Flame"

Starring

Spencer Tracy & Kathryn Hepburn

M. E. Jenkins

to four of our Staff this month. LAW. Dorothy Sheldrake, Cpl. Tilly Adkins and Cpl. Ruth Fitzgerald did not say much about it, probably because they have reached the permanent age of 21; but F/S Sharp not being scared to let us know his age even brought his birthday cake for all of us to sample. Now all we are waiting for is for the three girls to throw a party and all will be forgiven.

x x x x

When "48" time rolls around as it usually does without fail every two weeks, most of us are so excited and rush around packing the tooth brush, etc., putting on a clean shirt and collar, seeing our buttons and shoes have a super-shine, and, if we haven't enough money to see us through, one can always borrow a ten (?) spot from a friend. Long before five o'clock arrives we are all of a dither to get away. Well, there is one member of our staff who goes along the same old pace quite unconcerned to our rush and bustle—and then, QUIETLY, spends her "48" in Claresholm—What's the attraction, Betty?

x x x x

We all know that Dancing is one of the better forms of indoor sport. It is wonderful for the figure—it brightens the eye, keeps the waist slim and tends to make us forget our worries. But, frankly, girls, don't you think that dancing six nights a week is a little too much exercise? Ask the one who knows.

x x x x

What W.D. Corporal recently bought a brand new tailored suit—or is it a Fall Hunting outfit? Who are you gunning for Ruth?

x

G. I. S. ORDERLY ROOM

This den of din missed putting in its growl last issue due to Autumn leaves. AW.1 Spooner said it was Harvest, Cpl. Agar said it was glorious. LAW. Allen said she had to feed her cats. If she had stayed away any longer we would have thought she was raising tigers (instead of blisters).

x x x x

S/L Pilling is still as difficult to keep tab on as ever. He's as dammed elusive as the Scarlet Pimpernel. There is nothing quite so disconcerting as to hang up the receiver on the phone after telling someone he is not in just as he walks into the office.

x x x x

Now we are three in the office no one overworks. One acts as runner for finding people to answer the phone, distributes mail, amends publications and relays information, while the other two type and

vice versa (could be wersa, don't you think?).

x x x x

Now that the Educational Office has moved to No. 1 Hangar, making one less Steno here, there are no more pitched battles over who gets one of our exasperating typewriters. That leaves only the Wireless Section and the Armament Section, plus perhaps the Photographic Section or Publications, to borrow one of our infernal machines.

x x x x

Florence, Jack and Jean (three smart girls—all grown up but one) and Tup, the beautiful belle of G.I.S. Pubs, all say, "So Long" for now, also, we bought \$250.00 worth of bonds this time—how about you?

x

Notes from the EDUCATIONAL OFFICE

The Education office is functioning normally after undergoing the usual upset while being moved from G.I.S. to No. 1 hangar. For a few days the staff had to do considerable dodging around and hunting for such mislead articles as files and D.A.P.S. bulletins.

May we remind you again of some of the facilities which are provided by the education office and which are designed to help R.C.A.F. personnel not only to raise their educational standard but to enable them to be better qualified in their trade.

A wide variety of subjects is offered by Correspondence classes. These include Mathematics, English, Science, Engineering, and Languages. The Canadian Legion Educational Services sponsor these courses through Universities and Provincial Departments of Education—Apply through the Education Officer for any of these courses.

Airmen possessing about Grade X standing and who are remustering to Aircrew must attend pre-aircrew lecturers in Math., Physics, English, War Studies. By taking these classes the men are preparing themselves for future courses. Those Airmen with less than Grade X standing are strongly advised to study Math. by correspondence. All must take A/C Recognition and Signals.

Trade improvement classes have been organized to enable you to become better qualified in your trade. By taking part in these classes you are preparing yourself for promotion and you're also providing a basis for a worthwhile career after the war.

Classes in typewriting will be in operation by the time this article appears. At the present time facilities are available to

handle 20 students. The classes are held on Tuesday and Thursdays from 1830 hours to 1930 hours in the lecture room in No. 1 hangar. Courses in Conversational French and welding are also operating.

You are invited to make greater use of the reference library in the Educational Office—additional useful books will be ordered from time to time. You may use the lecture room for the purpose of instruction and supervised study during each day or evening.

A good motto is "Be Prepared", not only to win the war but to win the peace. Educational improvement will prove an important factor in the problems of readjustment after the war.

Educational Officer.

x

LINKS FROM THE TRAINER

This month's issue has more or less caught the Link Section with its, er . . . shall we say, blinds down.

So many things have happened to the Link Section in the last week or so. With practically forty per cent of its instructional and maintenance staff posted away and some of the reminder on annual leave, it has taxed the ingenuity and physical endurance of F/O J. Ernest Eve (now O/C Link) and his staff to maintain schedules. The splendid and wholehearted work of his depleted staff during this crisis is practical assurance of the Link Section's future.

In fact F/O Eve's horse, Sandy, was overheard confiding to his bosom pal, Sampson, the C/O's horse, his fears that his boss (F/O Eve) had either fallen or been thrown off the wagon with a resultant jail or hospital term, was the reason for his absence from the corral. Prunes Jr. was standing by with one of his delicately patterned ears cocked attentively forward. Prunes being the only privileged member with access to the parade ground, is the only means by which equine gossip can be conveyed to the W.D. Section. It seems that this Winchell in asse's clothing suspects that Clarrie's mother (Clarrie is Prunes' nickname for the colt, probably derived from the Latin, Claresholm), is expecting a brother or sister for Clarrie. S/L Pilling admits that this could and might be the case, but no blame is attached to No. 15.

However, to get back to the Link Section, when it is up to its former strength, with re-arranged schedules to meet with normal station hours, the Link-ers will be in there pitching for every station event. They will be truly a part of the Station in the flesh as well as the spirit.

for which No. 15 is getting more and more justly famous

We hope to have for the next issue a more intimate, a more detailed description of its members and future activities. In fact, we look for the day when the readers will say, "What, no Link news?"

In conclusion I would like to say for myself personally, the grand reception and co-operation of all flight commanders and their flights has been an inspiration to work out mutual problems with them to complete an outstanding job of instruction and maintain the best traditions of No. 15 S.F.T.S.

—F/O Eve.

Entertainment

THE CONCERT PARTY

Vague rumours are that the concert party is under way again. F/Sgt. Bradley has a wild look in his eye and the strains of music have been heard from odd parts of the Station.

x x x x

The Recreation Hall has been closed for a few alterations, but will be opened again in time to stage the "Canadian Corps Capers" on Sunday, Oct. 31st.

x x x x

Have you any special talent? If so, see F/Sgt. Bradley. The scouts of the "Concert Party" are still looking for musicians, etc., so don't hide your light under a bushel, even if you HAVE a bushel of something.

A.O.: "Why didn't you salute me yesterday?"

AC2: "I didn't see you sir."

A.O.: "Good, I was afraid you were mad at me."

REGARDEZ

H. Q. O. R.

(By Her and Me)

On lowering the "NO PROFANITY" sign, we make out a warrant (via Regina) for our pride and joy, Hope Denbigh (the one and only in captivity). Our congratulations and best wishes go with her throughout her Air Force career. It goes without saying that we will miss Hope and we hope Hope will miss us as much as we miss Hope.

x x x x

Have You Seen or Heard

Major Kolbe drinking milk now that his ?-?-? ration is all gone? (A glass a day keeps the ulcer away.)

Nellie trying to figure out how to get to Edmonton via freight.

Berl threshing the corn that Denbigh dished out.

Burden sewing wings on at night and walking on clouds all day (no law of gravity any more).

Kenny coming back from a 48 and telling us she had been hunting for old fossils!!! What kind of old fossils, Kenny?

Hale buying a new pair of pyjamas and praying there is another fire alarm.

Ruthie thrilling the local yokels by appearing in civies on her 48.

x x x x

Nellie: "Say Johnny, your horse has its foot in the stirrup!"

Johnny: "Well, if he is going to get on, I'm going to get off!"

x x x x

Could Ferguson tell us about mechanized farming? We wonder what was combined on that combine?

An optimist thinks the future is uncertain.

A pessimist is afraid the optimist is right.

● COLD FACTS

The Sniffles Season is Here

September and October start the season for sniffles. Everyone seems to get them—in fact, everyone seems to expect them, so here are a few handy tips on how not to be disappointed.

How to Get a Cold

After you've pulled the last carrot from your Victory Garden, hustle indoors and stay there. Avoid all fresh air and sunshine; you got enough this summer to last the next six months. Stop exercising: get good and flabby. If you do have to duck out of your barracks to dash down to the Mess on a chilly morning, by all means don't put on a sweater or coat. If it's raining, leave your rubbers in the barracks. Remember, they've got to last for the duration. Get over-tired; then you'll be easy pickings for that army of cold bugs. Watch your diet, too. You've eaten enough fresh vegetables and fruits this summer—now fill up on low-vitamin foods (the kind you get in Mess?).

How to Spread It

Ah-h, you've got a cold. Now be generous with it. Share it with others. Cough your head off, preferably when other people are around. Don't bother to "cover-up". See that your personal articles, towels, hankies, Kleenex, etc., are left around where other people can come into contact with them. Don't wash your hands too frequently or the cold germs may escape down the drain. Finally, be sure to mingle with everybody but the doctor, your M.O. Be sure to go on Sick Parade. Don't go near him!

● WAR IS HELL

"Well, men, there's our objective,"
Our valiant Sergeant said, . . .
"The zero hour approaches;
Our course is straight ahead."

Our men stood grimly waiting
To meet their supreme test;
They knew that in this battle
Each one must give his best.

At last the Sergeant signalled;
We charged and charged again.
The dust of combat cloaked a mass
Of bloody, milling men.

A few stormed the objective,
The rest lay where they fell;
That's how we catch the bus to town—
Yes, brother, war is hell.

—With thanks to No. 3 W.S.,
"The W.A.G. Mag."

Usher (To dignified woman): "Are you a friend of the groom?"

Woman: "No, I'm the bride's mother."

YOU CAN ALWAYS EAT AT United Services Centre

Claresholm, Alberta

OPEN EVERY EVENING

CANTEEN FOR LIGHT LUNCHES AND SOFT DRINKS

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

For W. D.'s Only

W. D. "OPEN HOUSE"

The W. D. Recreational Centre, better known as the W. D. Canteen, is "OPEN HOUSE" on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday nights. This is a special invitation to all you boys to come on down and have yourself some fun.

The regular closing hour is 22:30 hours for Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday nights, and 23:59 hours on Saturday. The rugs can be rolled back for dancing on any of these nights. Don't froget, though, that the furniture, etc., must be put back again after you've had your fun!

Don't wait for an invitation. Just bring yourself and your bunk mate down with you, on any of the Open Nights, any time after 19:00 hours.

I WAS A W. D.

Due to the fact that our training was all-absorbing in the Women's Division of the Royal Canadian Air Force, I was more than surprised at the rumors that were circulated and waiting for us on the West Coast about female service personnel. We were seen by many in vast hordes in beverage rooms (beer parlors to you out there!) apparently noisy and hopelessly drunk; we were 'Officers' playthings', and mothers of Officers' and servicemen's children—by the score. There were homes of correction for us all across Canada! On meeting girls from other Stations across the Dominion, I learned that civilian rumors were much the same all over, and that mothers were refusing to allow their daughters to fight for freedom, because of these unfounded statements. Heavens only knows who started them, but as an "ex" may I assure you that 99 per cent of them can be discarded! We rather enjoyed trying to locate some of these homes, but it was useless—no one KNEW, but "had been told!" "Officers' playthings!" Civilians, not understanding service discipline, are not aware of the fact that Officers are also accountable to their Commanding Officers for their conduct, and orders are that Airwomen do not associate with Officers. As for Airmen—well, when you've paraded, gone on route marches, when you've lined up for meals three times a day with them, when you've worked all day side by side, and under then, been on pay parade, inspections, guard of honor together, the chances are that you're lucky if you're pretty good pals. But glamour! No!

Did it ever occur to civilians that one

uniform will attract more attention than ten civilians? And that people are more prone to criticize service personnel than civilians? Why? Is it a reaction to inevitable progress, or is it founded on jealousy and ignorance of the facts?

Due to training, discipline, 22:30 or 23:00 "lights out" and the gregariousness of human beings, to say nothing of the time spent on personal correspondence, laundry, Duty Watch, personal chores, etc., an Airwoman doesn't have much time to herself. Dances and entertainments held on the Stations are supervised, and when, as sometimes happens, these "dos" are thrown open to the wives or sweethearts of Airmen, the service girls quite often have to go together, minus escorts.

So, if you have a daughter who has set her heart on joining any of the services (and the need to release men now is greater than ever), don't be afraid of her moral disintegration. She will be well guarded by her W. D. Officers, N.C.O.'s, Padres, and most of all, by her own pals. And please, please, don't be one of those who are anxious to, or through misunderstanding, make it more difficult for the girls who are doing such a really grand job!

—With thanks to No. 3 R.D.

"The Beachcomber"

KAT KOLUMN

Miss W.: "Your uniform looks awfully bulgey, Reid. What is it?"

Reid: "Well, mostly me, Ma'am."

x x x x

AW.1 Hale rates special mention this issue. It seems that a W.D. S.P. in Winnipeg station took a rather dim view of our little friend because she was wearing her old style hat. Back at camp the A.O. buzzed for Records and Chuck walks in big as life. He hands her a letter and asks her to find out who is the W.D. referred to and where she works. Imagine her surprise to find it is the S.P.'s report on HER.

Now she's known as the C.B. kid.

On top of that they say she is going around with her jaw in a sling . . . she tried to take a bite of Andy's apple with her new issue teeth!

x x x x

The members of C.R. (Central Registry) claim that they should be given a special pennant for working four weeks straight without a 48. Could it be as they say, that they are saving money to buy Victory Bombs. Bobby came back from leave and found them all slap-happy from being on the Station so long, but, as Andy

summed it up, "Nothing matters now but Victory".

Due to Doris being on leave it makes six weeks straight for Keny, but nothing ever effects her. She still crawls under the table to figure how many weeks she will have to work after the armistice to get in all the 48's she has had cancelled.

x x x x

The age of heroes who go forth on snow-white steeds to kill the firey dragon for the beautiful golden haired maiden on the top of the mountain is NOT dead. Only in the modern version the maiden was a blond cat from under the Airmen's mess, the mountain . . . the telegraph pole in front of G.I.S., the steed was the big red fire-truck and the hero was plural . . . namely, Hope and Sipple.

It seems the golden-haired maiden was being pursued by a wolf (quite modern really) and to save her dignity she climbed the pole one morning. At supper-time she was still sitting there, shaking with cold and crying with hunger.

"But never need a maiden suffer

With gallant Airmen standing by."

So out comes the rose-red steed, and our two heroes sped to the rescue. They slid to a stop, ran up an extension ladder, and one of our heroes climbed to the dizzy heights, risking his life at every step. But the fair maiden, fearing his intentions were dishonourable and counting her life not worth the cost, threw herself out into space just as his hand reached out to save her.

(This is an aside to those misguided individuals who think that a cat always lands on its feet. This cat is a very ordinary cat and she fell far enough to have time for very ordinary reactions. She did not land on her feet. In fact she landed on her back hard enough to cancel one of her nine lives.)

Fortunately although she was naturally dazed by the change in altitude, she circled twice to get her bearings and then sped like a shot to safety of her home.

Thanks boys for getting her down. I repeat, the age of chivalry is not dead.

x x x x

"Bend Down, Sister" is to be the new theme song for the W.D.'s and the boys will have to change their version to "Bend

AH, WHICH WAY?

An Airman, when visiting a cemetery on a recent "48", came across a tombstone with an inscription: "Remember friend, as you pass by, as you are now so once was I. As I am now, soon you will be, so prepare yourself to follow me."

Thinking this pretty good he took some chalk and added: "To follow you I'd be content, BUT I'M DAMNED IF I KNOW WHICH WAY YOU WENT!"

down, Brother". The laundry services are so overtaxed, due to inability to get machinery, and especially due to the fact that their help have suddenly found that they were born to save their country. The result is that they have deserted their suds and mangels for issue soap and a scrub board, just like you and me, and now the laundries can't handle the amount of laundry they could formerly.

So it means that each of us must wash

a little more and send away only what we have to. There's nothing like it for the figure gals, and those extra pennies will come in mighty handy for Christmas gifts.

So bend down, sister!

x x x x

Oh boy! Just wait until you see our Christmas cards this year. They are really unique. They tell me they show P/O Prunes, our Station Crest, N'everything!

great deal of armour. We've taken quite a few Jerry prisoners, and they are a very sullen lot, especially the officers. The WOPS are quite different, and most of them are quite glad that they are out of it.

"That seems to be about all the news for now. Incidentally, there is a severe shortage of soap on the island, and we are all running low. Some soap is being flown in from Africa, but we don't know when we'll get any. The only other shortage is cigarettes. We are issued with 7 per day, but they don't last very long when you're up all day and night. However that doesn't happen very often."

x x x x

From F/O G. C. Findley, R.C.A.F., Overseas, who served on No. 15 S.F.T.S.:

"A lot of track and a lot of sea have passed under my feet since last seeing you. But it's a small world and I'm always surrounded with old acquaintances.

"In case you wonder what I do with myself: I sleep, EAT (most important), write letters and then sleep some more and so on. I get lonely once in a while, but not too bad. I'm getting used to it now. I can see where it's going to take months for any mail to get to me, but that's a small point.

"I hear lots of good jokes but none that I could put in this letter and expect it to get there and still be thought a gentleman after you read it. It takes a while but you certainly get to know a bunch after you live and talk with them. We are always cutting up in one way or another. We've already worn down quite a few O.C.'s so far. But discipline is JUST AS STRICT OVER HERE AND one must keep the band in one's hat even over here—one must, one finds, or it giffs great gobs of grief.

"Black-out is annoying at first. The people over here can practically see like cats in the dark, I'm told.

"There's so much one can write about that it's hard to write. I will say this, England is pretty. Why they waste so many bricks on chimneys, I don't know. Their money is screwy too. There's enough food to get by on and get fat too.

x

WHY WOMEN BUY

FIRST: Because it makes her look thin.

SECOND: Because it's on sale.

THIRD: Because her neighbors can't afford it.

FOURTH: Because she can't afford it.

FIFTH: Because everybody has one.

SIXTH: Because nobody has one.

SEVENTH: Just because.

x

Diner: "Have you frog's legs?"

Waiter: "No it's my rheumatism that makes me walk this way."

News from Abroad

The following is written from Sicily—"On the Road to Rome!":

18 July, 1943.

"You have undoubtedly heard, or probably read in the papers, that we have invaded Sicily, and so far the battle is going very well. So far we have passed through the towns of Ispica (Spaccaferno), Modica, Ragus, Grammichele, Caltagirone and Piazza Armerina. Our present location cannot be divulged, but we are still advancing and giving the Jerries and Wops Hell whenever we can.

"The people on the island are strictly very low class Italian, or Sicilian, to name them properly; but they are quite enthusiastic about greeting us, and there is no doubt that our arrival was very welcome. We are acquiring a smattering of Italian, and by the time the job is over in this part of the hemisphere, we should be able to make the people here understand us.

"Our landing was good, and our party arrived, or rather landed about four hours after the initial wave. We have captured a goodly number of prisoners, and a lot of the Wops seemed only too willing to quit fighting for Mussolini. Their equipment is poor, a large part of it being last war stuff, especially their rifles, which are mostly of the short carbine type.

"You can note this date as being one on which we gave the Jerries and Wops particular hell! For further details, read the daily papers.

"This doesn't really seem like a war, but is more like one of our usual manoeuvres, and occasionally we find ourselves wondering when it is going to end, and we'll be able to get some leave! However, to get on with the story, there is no need for you to worry about me as we are well armed and are quite prepared to handle anything that confronts us. The enemy did make and are apparently still making efforts to hold up operations on the beach by bombing, but their efforts are feeble, and they are soon scared off by a display of A.A. fire, which looks more like a fireworks display. We saw one plane blow up

in the air, but not much since. The R.A.F. have practically 100% air supremacy and the Luftwaffe doesn't bother us much.

"We have captured all kinds of equipment, but most of it is not nearly as good as ours. Their most effective weapons are their machine guns and mortars.

"Food is very scarce on the island, and there is not as much fruit as we thought there would be. There is an abundance of melons, but of late the opposition have resorted to attaching booby traps to said melons, so enough of that. But we did have a good feed the first day we landed! I have also eaten ripe figs—something new to me. They taste just like jam, but seemed sort of sickly sweet to me, and I didn't particularly care for them.

"The towns, in fact the entire island, bears a close resemblance to Mexico, so I am told by one of our boys who has been there. It is complete even to the cactus.

"The island is mostly very steep hills and gorges, and the roads are narrow and wind about all over the place. Most of the towns are built on the sides of hills, and are, in my opinion, filthy, and smell to high heaven! The country is excellent for defence, and very poor for offence, but we're still plugging along, and our infantry are doing an excellent job.

"I've tasted this "Vino" and I didn't find it particularly to my liking—it is too heavy for the heat we're in, and believe me, it's certainly warm! We have tropical heat, and in another week or two, we'll all be like Indians.

"In general the atmosphere is very dusty. The roads are by no means hard surfaced, and we're usually covered with a thick layer of white chalky dust. Oh for some rain!

"We've had our first touch of Jerry's shelling, and it isn't exactly pleasant, but you can hear them coming, and you get a few seconds in which to crouch lower in the slit trench. The first thing we do now when we stop is to dig a trench, as we are often within mortar range of the Jerries when we first come into position. They are very handy with their mortars and machine guns, but they haven't got a

Elmer's Letter Home

October 20th.

Dear Pa and Ma,

Wal, I guess as how winter has reelly commenced to begin now. The fust time we had a spit of snow the Aussies turned up for breakfast in sweaters, scarves, mittens, greatcoats, et so forth and everybody laughed, so the next meal they turned up without any, blue with the cold, sayin "I'm not cold. Are you? I'm not a bit cold."

It's goin to be darn cold in these uniforms what with C.O.'s parades and all that tripe. I bin down to Clothing Stores to git me some more underwear. There's a nice young filly down there with freckles on her nose just like Clarabelle so I didn't feel so shy with her and I steps right up and asks her for some winter underwear. She gives me some but when I looks at it I shore was surprised. I sez "Cripes! That's what I bin a-wearin' all summer."

We got quite friendly-like, and began to talk it over, and I cracked a few jokes, and we diskussed it just like the diskussions you and me used to have back home such as when Suse the old sow died and left fourteen little pigs. So she being pretty quick leans over the counter and sez "How about when the weather gets TWICE as cold why not just put on TWO pairs of issue underwear."

It seemed like a pretty good solushun and I was just about to tell her so too when in come a sargent and a flight sargent (that's a bigger joe than a sargent) and they had white paper flashes in their caps. (Flashes are pieces of white cloth which the joe-boys who want to be pigeons wear in the front of their caps, and they are called "flashes" because a lot of them don't wear 'em very long, and they are liable to disappear at a flash right up until you git your wings.) Anyway one of the guys eksplained that every time they want this certain girl to do something special that she doesn't wanta, they sneak in with paper flashes in their caps because she just can't resist aircrew.

We had a couple of parades that werent to bad though. During Fire Prevention wek the hole parade formed a hollow square and we had a demonstration of how not to put out different kinds of fires. Fust of all you havta know which different kind of fire it is, like grass fire, wood fire, oil fire, et soforth, because you havta put it out with one certain thing. So if a plane was on fire; fust you havta tell whether it is the wood, the gas, the oil or the fabric which is burning. Then after you annalise how many different kinds of fire you got you havta gather up the different kind of ekstingwishers and use each one on each different kind of fire de-

pending on how many parts of the plane are still left.

We had the demonstrashun up behind the gas storage tanks so that if the fire got out of hand they would burn first and give us time to get back and save the rest of the station.

They showed us how you should put out an oil fire. This was not very practical because you havta put it out by breathing carbon die-ox-hide on it like when you blow out a match but cripes! you'd need a lotta people to put out our old oil-stove if'n it got 'burnin' up. Percy and me figured the whole show was a frame-up tho' just like that magishun act at the fair last summer when we showed Betsy after she had her second calf. The reason we think it was cooked up is because the guy who was throwin' his wait around sez to his gang on the side "Hurry up and start puttin' it out before she goes out."

There was suite a waste of valuable property though but Percy and me didunt say anything but just shrugged our shoulders becuz it wereunt costin' us nothing' but they were a-tryin' to burn a nice little slab cabin out there. With a little fixin' they coulda rented it to a coupla officers famblies for the winter. It wouldnt burn (which just goes to show ya) and as the C.O. was there right out in front watchin' they decided to start puttin it out before it went out which they did by turning a stream of water on it. Everybody laughed when the chairman said "This coulda ben put out by the C.O. too". But then what is the Fire Department for I'd like to know, so I didunt laugh much.

We had a good route march one day all around the runways. But Cripes! when we wanted to sing the band didunt play and when the band played we couldn't sing what they played. And besides the officer leading the parade marched all the way with his right foot on the heavy beat of the drum instead of his left foot and there was the hole parade of several hundred jumpin' around like so many jack-rabbits wondering wether to keep in step with the band, the officer in front, the right marker, the front marker, the flight commander, the guy ahead or the front or hind legs of the mascot or the mascot's ears.

There is something I guess I never told you about our mascot. Now that Course 84 have got their wings and left I might as well let you in on it. I rote and told you about Prunes going A.W.L. the morning of our Annaversery in August. Well he's too gol-darn lazy to walk very far himself. And he knows where he gets

fed good so even if he is a dum animal he's not that much of a jackass. There was some R.A.F. in Course 84 (and some others) who said they were very "cheezed og" becuz there was nothing ecksiting to do so they decided to stir up something by doing something to Prunes, since he was going to get wings and not have to write exams et soforth to get them, which they didunt think was democratic. So they decided to paint him with white stripes like a zeebree but cripes! nobody could find any paint in the dark.

While they were chewing the flab as to what to do they heard a bunch of Aussies coming in the dark trying to find Prunes to do something with him too. They had to get him away quick-like so they sorta carried him over to a board fence and as he wouldnt move his legs (don't forget he's as stubborn as a mule) they had to all heave him over the fence and push him out to the road.

He got sulky so they all had to take turns pushing and shoving and watching out that they didn't get kicked. They went away down the road and turned the corner and went down towards the river. After three or four hours of steady work they got down to the bridge and decided to leave him under it. But then they figured nobody would find him there and he might starve to death and they wouldn't want to come back themselves nor say where he was so they shoved him off towards the hills and started for home, as it was starting to get light.

When they got home it was nearly four and it was getting so light they were a-fraid someone would see them coming in and they were all very very tired from walking and shoving and laughing. So they all went to sleep right away.

Whne they woke up they had another good laugh at all the fun they had. But they had another laugh coming because when they went out cripes! there was Prunes eating away just like nothing had happened. They couldn't ask anybody how he got back because then people would find out that they knew he had been away. But they still had a good laugh among themselves about shoving the old fellow down the road all night. Percy says he'd kinda like to know when it was so dark how they could tell which one was the jack-ass.

Prunes did all right as a mascot but personally I wisht we had bought a cow so we could make butter. You should see what we get for issue butter. It hasunt got any color or any salt in it and it tastes kind a sweet and watery. I never did see such gash-awful stuff since the time Clarabelle used bakiny sody to ice the cake instead of powdered sugar. Percy says they don't have it at Macleod or any other Station he knows of but then we have to have something different from other Stations to be "distinktive". But cripes!

we've got Prunes.

But then that's life in the service. Just one of those things you have to grin and bear as Pa says in the fall when he puts his boots on to go into town. But don't

worry about my morale, Ma, as I'm doing my duty in spite of all these hardships.

Your adorable son,
Elmer.

Flt. H.: "Easy. Let the last man in call the roll."

x x x x
Old lady: "Oh you poor man. You've lost a leg haven't you!"

R.A.F. Ace (looking down): "Well, I'll be damned if I haven't."

x x x x
Same old Lady: "Where is the burro?"
Cpl. Sparrow: "Behind the hut making love to a filly."

Old Lady: "Would they come out for some peanuts?"

Cpl. Sparrow: "Would you?"
x x x x
She is only a dental assistant but she goes around with the best set in town.

x x x x
I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one.
But by the butter substitute
I'm sure that there must be one.

x x x x
Bigwood: "A couple of W.D.'s were spotted up near the Officers' quarters."
Harry: "S.P.'s get them?"
Bigwood: "Nope! Pigeons."

Ain't We Got Fun

● THE CORN CRIB

Driver on the Calgary Bus: "Is there a Mackintosh back there large enough to keep two young ladies warm"

Cpl. MacPhail: "No, but there is a MacPhail that is willing to try".

x x x x
F/L Pelton: "You know my Trumpet is one of the loudest in the Band."

F/S Bradley: "Aw, don't be such a Blow-hard."

x x x x
Cpl. Sparrow (in Bill's Coffee Shop): "Do you serve Stewed Prunes here?"

Bill: "Why, of course."
Sparrow: "Well, give me a cup of coffee. That should sober me up."

x x x x
LAW. Bonnyman (in W.D. Canteen): "Have you got a couple of Hot Dogs, Blower?"

LAW. Blower: "Why, sure."
Bonnyman: "Well take your shoes off and air them."

x x x x
One of the burning questions around the Control Tower these days is whether it would be proper to say: "Her nieces are nice looking"; or should it be: "Her niece are nice looking?"

x x x x
AW.I Jones claims that although money may not grow on trees, nice limbs have a way of attracting it.

x x x x
Cpl. Kennedy to Cpl. Parry: "What would you rather have most in your husband, Brains or Appearance?"

Cpl. Parry: "Appearance, and the sooner the better."

x x x x
Cpl. Wedge claims that after most Airmen have been in hospital over a week's time they usually take a turn for the nurse.

x x x x
Cpl. Cordrey: "They told me at the hospital that I had another mouth to feed."

Cpl. Anderson: "What, a baby?"
Cpl. Cordrey: "No, you fool, a tapeworm."

x x x x
Two small tots were in adjacent beds at the hospital. Said one to the other:

"I'm a girl. What are you?"
"I'm a boy—I'll show when the nurse leaves."

Finally, when they were alone he shyly lifted the covers: "See?", he said, "blue booties."

x x x x
Two little Negro boys were loitering on the corner, when one said to the other: "How old is you."

"Ah's five," was the reply. "How old is you?"

"Ah don't know," said the first.

"You don't know how old you is?"

"Nope!"
"Does women botha you?"

"Nope!"
"You'se fo."

x x x x
Herky: "We're going to give the bride a shower."

Jerky: "Count me in. I'll bring the soap!"

x x x x
An Airman overseas wired his wife asking for a divorce. His wife wired back saying: "We have been happily married for ten years, but if you want a divorce you may have it. Is it another woman?"

"Of course it is," came back the reply.

His wife wired back: "What has she got that I haven't got?"

"Nothing," answered the Airman, "but she's got it HERE!!!"

● THE WINDSOCK

1st. S.O.P.: "Tis a fine lad ye have there. A magnificent head and noble features. By the way, could ye lead me a couple of dollars?"

2nd. S.O.P.: "I could not! 'Tis me wife's child by her first husband."

x x x x
Horace L.: "My girl is pretty sophisticated. Do you think I should swear before her?"

Major M.: "Of course not! You should always let the ladies swear first."

x x x x
"Well," as the S.P. said as he took the boys out to the harvest field for extra duties, "You'd better come glean."

x x x x
And then there's the story that Flight Hamilton told the S.W.O. that he had thought of a way of ensuring that none of the Student Pilots would be late on parade in the future.

S.W.O.: "That sounds fine. How do you propose to do it?"

● NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

Yes, I'm in the ranks of the "W.D."
So I salute my love officially.
Rules ban all rascoality,
And replace it with Air Force Propriety,
And make me aware that where'er I look,
My man has a "ring" and I but a "hook".

It's cruel to the point of brutality
That I doffed my fond femininity
When I doffed my dress of pale dimity,
And shattered all my equanimity,

For I cannot escape it where'er I look,
My love has a "ring" and I but a "hook".

On yarade I gaze quite sorrowfully
At the back of his neck, but tenderly.
The Sergeant glares quite witheringly.
A full glance simply reminding me

That I cannot escape it where'er I look:
My love has a "ring" and I but a "hook".

What matters that one loves naturally?
Outlawed by "regs." and enforced by S.P.
The back of his neck is forbidden to me
And must not be gazed upon openly.

I cannot escape it where'er I look,
That man has a "ring" and I but a "hook".

So!—I hide my heart very furtively,
And carry on that we all may be
Able to live in a world that's free—
And filled with a questionable EQUALITY.

Yea! come that day, and I'll certainly rook
My love with a "ring" (using womanly
hook!!!).

—With thanks to No. 1 C.N.S., "M.T.B."

● THE FLIGHT MECHANIC

The lords of the air they call us
They speak of our growing fame
The front page of every paper
Is adorned with the pilot's name.

Connected with deeds of valour
Performed in every sky
The usual are Heinkels or Dorniers
Crashing on earth to die.

There's one chap who gets no medals
You've never heard his name
He doesn't fly in the pale blue sky
Or pose for the news in a plane.

His job can't be called romantic
So he's not in the public eye
But your heroes can't do without him
And I'll tell you the reason why!

He inspects the kite every morning
He fills the tanks each night
He keeps the motors running sweet
He keeps the pressure right.

He's up at the break of dawn
He's there when the twilight fades
Pulling his weight to keep the crate
Ready to spread the raids!

So next time you see a picture
Of a pilot and a smiling crew
Remember the guy who keeps it afloat
Though he may be an AC.2.

And whenever you praise the pilot
And the enemy falls a wreck,
Keep your mind on the guy you didn't see,
Yours truly, a humble "Mech".

—Cpl. H. A. Ashton,
R.C.A.F.

● TO AN ANSON

I've got a little Anson,
As neat as neat can be,
It's one I take a chance on
It takes a chance on me.

I fly it in the morning,
I fly it late at night;
I fly it low, while down below,
The people all take fright.

Oh, wondrous little Anson,
How much you trust in me,
Right at a fence I take you, whence
You bring me home for 'tea.

I often wonder whether
There's anyone who knows
How you are held together?
There's not, I don't suppose.

How violently you shudder
As steeply I would dive;
Your nuts and bolts give starts and jolts
I'm glad I am alive.

Of course I can't say how long
You'll stay all in one piece;
But this I know, if you should go,
I'll terminate my lease.

● R.C.A.F.'s 50 STATION MAGS READ BY 47,000 AIRMEN

You mightn't know it, but when you grab your latest issue of WINDY WINGS, you exercise your membership privileges in a special Air Force fraternity—the 47,000 Officers, Airmen and Airwomen who read the R.C.A.F.'s Station papers and magazines.

Hard-plugging editors of the R.C.A.F.'s more than 50 Station papers and magazines get a big hand in a special two-page feature in the November issue of WINGS, which gives the lowdown on all angles of the unit publishing business—from scoops, to finances, to labor problems, or how can the Editor get a 48.

Says WINGS: "Probably few Station paper readers have any idea of the amount of off duty time that is spent over typewriters, drawing boards and galley proofs to provide them with entertainment on paper. Editors with a real nose for news often scoop the local papers. They have to cudgel section reporters to keep 'em writing copy, wrangle with the printer to get the issue out on time and draft a gang of newsboys to sell it when it appears."

Special pictures with the feature show the headline men of many Stations at work on their journalistic Joe jobs.

● AN APPRECIATED KINDNESS

We clambered aboard the other day to go to Calgary. We pushed off, and attained altitude. All was peaceful. Naturally all passengers were immediately asleep. Suddenly a heart-rending "Ye Gods" disturbed the peace. We awoke to see F/L Leith looking wildly around. "I telephoned my wife I was bringing cooked pheasants home. She has invited friends in for dinner. Ye Gods! I have forgotten the damned pheasants!"

Finally his mutterings ceased. The wild look passed from his eyes. Someone suggested he phone back to the Station and have it brought up to Calgary by an officer who was driving up. That officer also forgot.

Our Calgary correspondent tells an ineffably sad story of the mental anguish of F/L Leith when informed the pheasant was not taken to Calgary. Again the F/L was calmed down. But before the wild look had passed from his eyes he had madly torn the balance of his meat ration coupons from his ration book, awhile muttering unintelligible imprecations.

In the mess that evening many thanks were extended to F/L Leith for his kindness in contributing the pheasants as a dainty to be enjoyed at the late lunch.

● A SHOOTING STORY

Once upon a time—recently—a Squadron Leader from No. 15 S.F.T.S. went to Macleod on a "43". He returned to No. 15 S.F.T.S. and told a wondrous tale; and, in the telling, never blinked an eye, while those around him, gaped in awe.

The wondrous tale was: "I was just driving quietly along, on my return trip, when I saw a great number of coverts of pheasants on the roadside. Quietly I stopped the car, reached into the back and got my .22—I had intended to shoot gophers. But the temptation was too great. I will admit I am a great shot, but, on this occasion, I surprised myself.

"The birds were so plentiful that I was able to take time to pick out the five plumpest. I casually and quietly raised my .22. I sighted five times, and I fired five times, and I killed five pheasants."

Quietly the audience disapated away—quietly. Of course the incident has reached the ears of the president of the Rifle Club. What action he is going to take is not known. A member of the club, however, raised the question: "Is it pure bull or pheasants?"

Elderly gentleman writes on invitations to his fifth wedding: "Be sure and come. This will be no amateur performance."

HERE'S LOOKING AT "HER"

It is easy enough to get kisses,
When you are spending your hard-
earned cash.

But the girl worth while
Is the girl with a smile
When you are feeding her coffee and
hash.

I used to love my garden,
But now my love is dead,
For I found a bachelor button
In my brown-eyed susan's bed!



No. 15 S. F. T. S., Claresholm, Alberta
Course 84 : Wings Parade : 13th. October, 1943

1st. Row—

Reading from left to right

Paul, J. C.
 Mackie, D. B.
 Cooper, J. W.
 Hall, J. C.
 Hawkes, J.
 Newby, L. R.
 Vatne, N. R.
 Goodwin, N. J.
 MacGregor, I. M.
 Allen, G. W.

2nd. Row—

Reading from left to right

Steele, J. A.
 George, F. E.
 Strachan, J. A.
 Yoder, L. D.
 Schrank, A. E.
 Reichelt, F. W.
 Zinzan, V. J.
 Davis, J. O.
 Baker, H. S.
 Kennedy, H. J.

3rd. Row—

Reading from left to right

Soden, J.
 Matkin, M. L.
 Brown, K. L. D.
 Hooker, H. F.
 Harker, L. J.
 Utas, M. W.
 Wade, L. P.
 Fleming, R. W.
 Burton, L. H.
 O'Neill, R. D.

4th. Row—

Reading from left to right

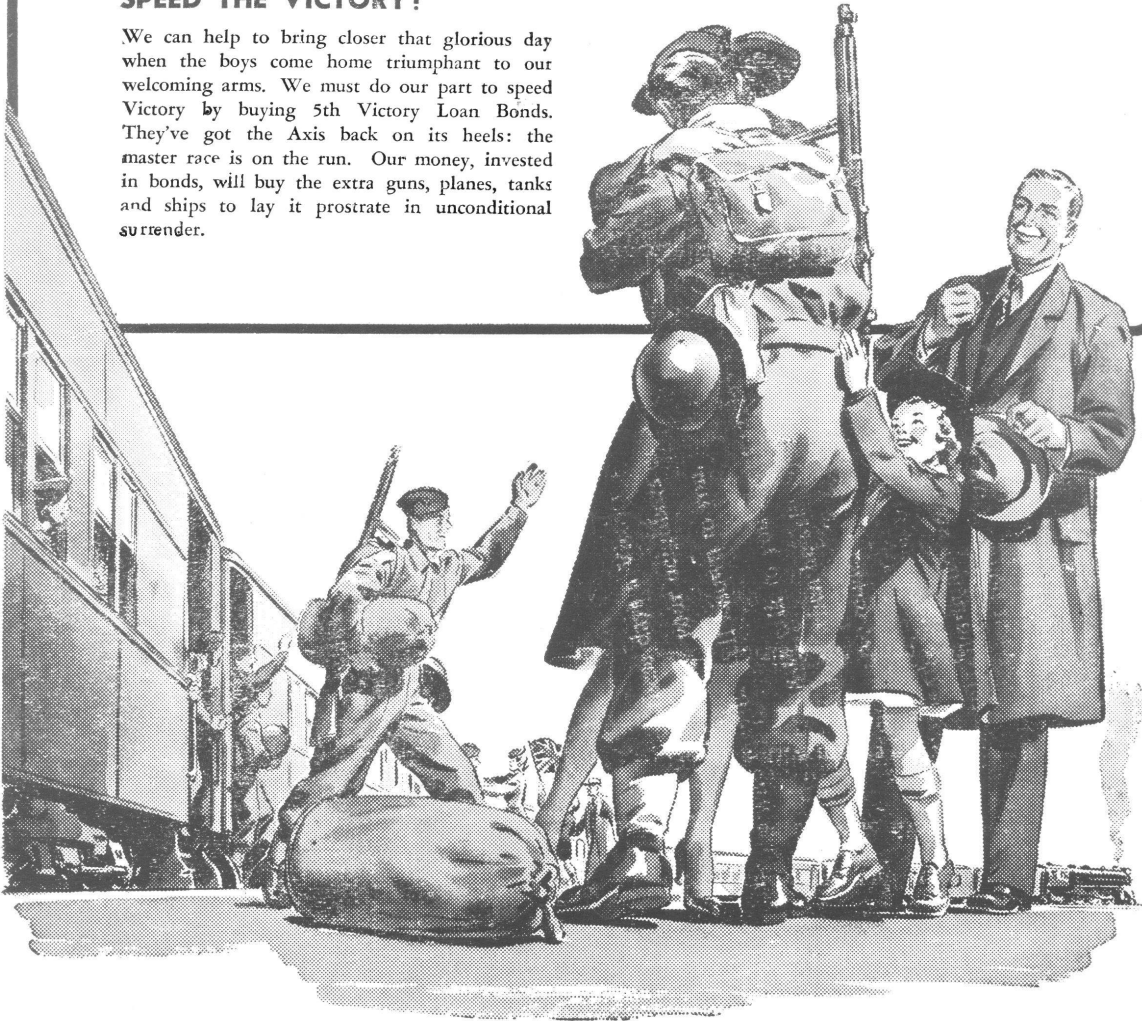
Van Orman, S. H.
 Davies, D. D.
 Truscott, L. G.
 McDonald, R. L.
 Dowdle, L. R.
 F/O McNaughton
 Christie, R. D.
 Barnhouse, R. H.
 Mason, J. P. R.
 Henderson, K. C.
 Jenkins, R. M.

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5TH VICTORY LOAN