Christmas Edition

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE WINDY WINGS

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Vol. 3 No. 11 No. 15 S. F. T. S., Claresholm, Alberta Dec. 21st., 1943

Christmas Diary

COMING EVENTS FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON

Saturday, Dec. 11th—
Old Time Dance in the Airmen's Mess,

Sunday, Dec. 12th.—
"TENARDEE" Concert Party.

Thursday, Dec. 16th.—
Station Dance and Carnival in Drill Hall.

Saturday, Dec. 18th.—
Stage play: "A Murder Has Been Arranged". For Station Personnel.

Sunday, Dec. 19th.—
Same as for Saturday, except, Station Personnel and Guests are welcome.

Wednesday, Dec. 22nd.—
Christmas Tree and Children's Party, 1500 hrs. (Sponsored by the Knights of Columbus).

Friday, Dec. 24th. (Xmas 'Eve)—
Motion Picture, Rec. Hall, 1930 hrs.

Saturday, Dec. 25th. (Xmas Day)—
Christmas Dinner at 1230 hrs.
Open House, Women's Division Canteen, from noon on.
Motion Picture, Rec. Hall, 2000 hrs.

Monday, Dec. 27th.—
Regular Motion Picture, Rec. Hall, 2000 hrs.

Wednesday, Dec. 29th.—
Regular Motion Picture, Rec. Hall, 2000 hrs.

New Year's 'Eve—
Station Dance, Rec. Hall, 2100 hrs., Novelties, Favors, "Brad and His Band", Admission Free.

New Year's Day—
New Year's Dinner at 1230 hrs.
Motion Picture, Rec. Hall, 2000 hrs.

New Year's 'Eve—
Senior N.C.O.'s Dancing Party, 2100 hrs., in the Sergeants' Mess.

New Year's 'Eve—
Officers' Dancing Party, 2100 hrs., in the Officers' Mess.

Sunday, Jan. 2nd.—
Regular Motion Picture, Rec. Hall, 2000 hrs.

The United Servics Centre

IN TOWN

Announces the Introduction of a New Ice Cream Service to its Canteen

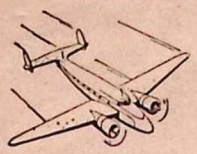
PICTURE SHOWS in the Rec. Hall Xmas Week

Friday, Dec. 24
"FALLEN SPARROW"
Starring John Garfield - Maureen O'Harra

Sunday, Dec. 26
TO BE SELECTED

Monday, Dec. 27
"LET'S FACE IT"
Starring BOB HOPE - BETTY HUTTON

Friday, Dec. 31
"FRONTIER BADMAN"
Starring Diana Barrymore - Robert Paige



"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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Christmas and New Year Greetings

From Paul L. Monahan, F/L.,
Station Chaplain (R.C.)

The story of Christmas takes us back to "The Little Heavenly Boy, who stole from His Father's Home, and toddled down the stars, and came to Bethlehem, alone." As announced by God's ambassador: "Today is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. . . . Glory to God in the highest; and peace on earth among men of good will."

On that day the world was deluged with a new light. Men saw what they had never seen before. That God was the Lord and Master of the universe ; that they were created to know, love and serve Him and Him only ; that they were children of God, and therefore, brothers everyone. And thus animated with the same faith, the same hope, and the same love, they were to spend their days in universal peace.

Today, the Church proclaims the same message to a world that is locked in deadly combat. A world whose only glory to God is a litany of rebellion and hate, and sacrilege and blood. A world which knows no peace because it refuses to serve the Prince of Peace. Too many have wanted peace without glory, earth without heaven, and man without God. If peace in inseparable from giving glory to God, it follows that in order to have peace, we must once more begin giving glory to God, not only as individuals but as nations. Not until men lay aside greed, hatred, pride and the tryanny of evil passions, to travel the road that began at Bethlehem, will the Star of Christmas Peace illuminate the world. Then will our Christmas be truly Merry, and the New Year a Happy One.

THE NEXT EDITION

The next Edition of Windy Wings will be published on February 1st., 1944. The deadline for copy will be January 20th.

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 D.R.O.'s.

The tickets are donated by Mr. M. E. 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 this very fine gesture by Mr. Jenkins.

LAST MONTH'S WINNERS

The following were the Lucky Winners of "FREE SHOW TICKETS" for the Nov. 1st. issue of Windy Wings:—

251, 333, 787, 431, 260, 514

Personnel holding these lucky numbers may obtain their Free Show Tickets by contacting Cpl. Parry, Records Office, Station Headquarters. Keep your copy of "Windy Wings". Keep your eyes on D.R.O. Who knows! YOU may be the Lucky Winner next time.

Christmas Greetings from His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Alberta

To the Officer Commanding, Officers and all other ranks of No. 15 S.F.T.S., R.C.A.F., at Claresholm may I offer my sincere greetings and best wishes for a Merry Christmas, a Happy and Victorious New Year.

The Empire has great reason to be proud of its Air Training Plan, and of its magnificant achievement. The Management, instructional and mechanical personnel in every school have made an outstanding contribution by a fine spirit of service and co-operation. The enlisted young men who have had their training in these schools have confronted their task with energy, enthusiasm and zest equal to that which so many of them have later shown in operational combat.

With great pleasure and growing pride in what you are, and in your fine accomplishments I greet you all most heartily.

JOHN C. BOWEN,
Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta.

Season's Greetings from the Mayor of the Town of Claresholm

I am happy to have the opportunity, through the medium of your splendid paper, "Windy Wings", of extending Christmas and New Year's Greetings to the personnel of No. 15 Service Flying Training School.

Though you may be far from home at this festive season, you have the realization that you are doing a necessary job, and doing it well, hastening the day when "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to men" will prevail in fuller measure than it so appears today.

Confident in the ultimate of good, I sincerely wish to each of you and yours a MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPIER NEW YEAR.

GEORGE W. RINGROSE,
Mayor, Town of Claresholm.

A Christmas Message from the Air Officer Commanding

At this season of festivities again comes around, we can look forward with increased confidence to what the coming year will bring. Though the light of victory now glimmers on the horizon, we shall not take this as a signal to relax our efforts, rather we shall go forward into the New Year with increased determination to do all that is within our power to bring the present conflict to a speedy and victorious completion.

To the Officers, Airmen and Airwomen, and civilian personnel of No. 15 S.F.T.S., my very best wishes for a very happy Christmas and a New Year that will see the fulfillment of your highest endeavours.

G. R. HOWSAM, A/V/M,
A.O.C., No. 4 T.C.

Christmas Greetings from the Commanding Officer

Christmas makes its third appearance at No. 15 S.F. T.S. in this year 1943. During the more than two and a half years that this Station has operated the picture has changed tremendously, far more than we might even have hoped for on its opening day. The prospects of a return to our normal home life and pre-war ways of living is very bright at this time and this change is due entirely to the work of the men and women of the United Nations throughout the world.

It is a happy thought for us at this time and a challenging one as well. The spirit of Christmas is "Peace on earth, good will to all men". We will not be able to say that wholeheartedly this year but if everyone of us ensures that the next year is one of still greater endeavour, it is even possible that Christmas 1944 might bring its spirit for everyone on earth.

My best wishes to all the men and women of this Station who made it what it is — a Station of which any commanding officer would be proud, and A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year to you all.

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

OTHER CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Christmas Greetings from the Administrative Officer

On this, the fifth war-time Christmas, I give to each and everyone of the personnel of No. 15 S.F.T.S. the age old, yet always appropriate, simple greeting of: "A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year". To those who have been Overseas, who have been subjected to injury or bereavement, or have been obliged to witness and suffer the horrors of armed conflict. I wish the recompense which they so richly deserve. To those who have been obliged to remain in Canada, in comparative safety and engaged in work, which, through constant repetition, frequently becomes monotonous, I wish the fulfillment of their fondest wishes and ambitions.

Claresholm is far from the scenes of conflict, yet every person who has been on strength or connected in any way with the School, can have the feeling of a job well done. Our representatives who have been called to other Units and Overseas, have acquitted themselves well. Those who have remained behind have acquitted themselves equally well in their day-to-day work, and their contribution to the financing of the war, and charities; and I know the wish is universal for a speedy settlement of the war and a lasting peace with security, freedom, and happiness for all.

S. S. McKIECHAN, S/L,
Administrative Officer.

Christmas Greetings from the C. G. I.

To all members of No. 15 Service Flying Training School who at this Christmas Season are thinking of a Peaceful World in which the normal Christian Life will again be their right, who have worked toward this end under adverse conditions and who have given their time and effort unselfishly toward this end, I extend my sincere wishes for a Very Merry Christmas and hope the New Year will bring them the Peace and Happiness they so rightfully deserve.

L. H. PILLING, S/L,
C. G. I.

Christmas Greetings from the K. of C. Hut

UNITY, FRATERNITY, CHARITY AND PATRIOTISM, these are the paramount qualifications of every true Knight of Columbus. They are virtues, if we may call them that, which, if they had been practiced universally, well nigh might have averted the present world catastrophe.

The war work of the Knights of Columbus is not by any means new. All of us who have passed the quarter century mark, can very vividly recall the amount of help and cheer the Organization spread during World War I. In the present conflict it has been the honest endeavour of the Order, not only in Canada but throughout the world, to even better the record of the past.

At this time of year, when so many Mothers are worrying about the safety, comfort, and health of their dear ones, our thoughts naturally go back to our Heavenly Mother, when, on that Christmas night some 1900 years ago, the only place she had to lay her Infant Son, was a lowly manger in a stable at Bethlehem.

With the approaching dawn of a New Year, it is the sincere hope of the Knights of Columbus that the Infant Child, may soon grant eternal peace to this very materialistic world.

Your Supervisors also take this opportunity of wishing the Commanding Officer and the entire personnel of No. 15 S.F.T.S. a Happy and Holy Christmas and a bright and joyous New Year.

BERT O'GRADY GENE SULLIVAN,
Senior Supervisor, Supervisor,
Knights of Columbus, Canadian Army Huts.

Flight and Section News . . .

—x—

"A" Flight

Previously "A" Flight stood for "Anything" but now as far as Course 94 is concerned it stands for "Anzacs"—Aussies and Newzies.

Being a new Course, news is rather scarce for this issue but we promise you plenty in subsequent issues, if these "Sons of Anzacs" live up to their reputation.

We bring it to the notice of Station personnel that these "boys from Down-Under" have taken over "A" Flight and have increased its already high reputation—especially on the social side! Our Instructors no doubt consider us the most inefficient bunch of ham-fisted "flatties" that No. 15 has ever seen; but according to some of our number the W.D.'s think a little different.

With the 35 hour check approaching our limited horizon is darkly clouded and the Flight room has become the scene of dreamy-eyed A/P's, feverishly mumbling H.T.M.F.P.—blast—I mean—or what's the use—I can't fly anyhow.

However with the care and patience of our Flight Commander and Instructors, we hope to eventually win through.

x x x x

PERSONNEL PECULIARITIES

We think the Student who "takes the bun" is the tall, dark and handsome, who, not satisfied with his liesure hours, has to spend his flying time in the pursuit of the fair sex, to the extent of depriving one Anson of a wing, and the timekeeper's shelter of all its windows, to say nothing of the discomfort of the W.D. concerned!

x x x x

Next comes the Student who, when his outer tanks show empty, turns his fuel gauges only, to "inners", then wonders why he has an engine failure after landing!

x x x x

Speaking of Timekeepers reminds us of one of our number whose brakes appear to stick after being checked in or out, depending on the position of the W.D. concerned.

x x x x

Not satisfied with a couple of ground loops, one bright LAC. endeavours to taxi away after starting his motors with the fuel cocks off.

x x x x

Who is the dashing blond of our number who is in the habit of doing his homework at the W.D.'s Canteen?—Or is it homework? However there is an excuse for him as a few days before he left he introduced his best pal to his best gal!

x x x x

Overheard prior to a pupil's first solo: "Now remember, now remember, now remember what I told you."

x x x x

We offer our congratulations to F/O Lawless upon his recent promotion.

x x x x

We are sorry to lose LAC. Dagg and join in wishing him all the best in his new trade.

—x—

"B" Flight Flashes

Being the youngest Flight under instruction on the Station, in common with "A" Flight, this is the first occasion on which the shady dealings of the members of "B" Flight have been publicly ventilated.

x x x x

The majority of the Student Pilots are New Zealanders, with a dash of Australian manhood to raise the standard. (Who's kidding?) The "Pig Islanders", as Aussies dub Newzies, are as keen on their jobs as any of the previous courses, and feel sure that they will make a success of it. However, in the field of "wolfing", as they say, they have no hesitation in handing it to the Australian and English personnel on the Station. "B" Flight Kiwis feel like babes in arms compared with these smoothies.

x x x x

We have some fairly good table tennis players in our number, and are looking forward keenly to the time when we play the Officers. LAC. Cyril Wesley is our bright hope in this direction.

x x x x

The efiorts of the Flight in the past weeks have chiefly been concerned with controlling the idiosyncracies of the faithful "Annies", and, in common with all other new chums, we have had our teething troubles. Sways that would have made a hula dancer envious were a common sight indeed, both in landing, taking off, and taxing. It is now some time, however, since the epidemic of red streamers struck us, and our schedule is proceeding according to plan (we hope).

x x x x

We have a very popular class senior in "Pop" Moffatt, who looks after us in the fashion that his nickname implies. He's always on the job, and keeps us very well informed of the latest developments. This is in Class 94A, I should say. LAC. Bob Rose ,a Kangaroo, does an equally effective job as the other "B" Flight headman.

x x x x

There's a certain little Aussie in "B" Flight, too, who has caused quite a flutter already amongst the W.D.'s from the log book room. Or, more correctly, a certain person in this necessary institution. Wonder who it is?

x x x x

Calgary has claimed the attention of many, too, and there have been one or two choice "block-doing" sessions after 48s. Schoolteachers seem to be a popular choice; we know all about that, don't we, Squib and Jeff?

x x x x

In putting an effective stranglehold on this "stuff", we of "B" Flight wish all on the Station a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and hope that everyone will have a grand time on their particular leaves.

x x x x

"B" FLIGHT ODYSSEY

The Ansons rest on the tarmac,
Our Kiwis wait around
And talk of where they've been last night—
The news about the town.

The Ansons wait impatiently,
But still they stand and talk—
Hints about their flying here,
Their future hopes and work.

The Anson's call is answered,
Fitness cards are signed—
Bert and Less and Norm and Neale
Leave to start the grind.

Their Ansons roar aggressively,
The runways slip behind.
In the blue their gold wings gleam—
A hidden sun they find.

So one by one in harness clad,
Our future aces zoom,
Till only I, and silence
Remain in "B" Flight room.

N.B.—"Kiwi", pronounced "keewee", is the accepted nickname for the lads from New Zealand. It is derived from the name of the national bird, which was christened by the Maoris owing to the resemblance of its cry to that name.

—N.Z. 4216032

x x x x

FROM "DOWN-UNDER" TO "UP-HERE"

Although it is now some time since Course 94 joined the strength of No. 15 S.F.T.S., we have not said an official or mass "Hello" to all our new comrades or this most pleasant Station. In common with Course 96, we arrived in Claresholm prematurely, and were fortunate in being granted a few days' leave, an opportunity which we fully exploited. Just in case

our movements have been suspected, we'll turn back the already yellowing pages of time until our New Zealand composite draft came to the end of a boring sea journey, which terminated at San Pedro, California.

Our first break was a period of about two hours in Los Angeles, where we were taken aback at times with remarks from various well-meaning citizens. For example one man asked what part of Sydney we came from, and a woman stopped a group as she wasn't sure just where New Zealand was in the United States!

The most outstanding features of this city to our inquiring eyes were the Mexican people, theatres, and "zoot-suited" youths, and the amazing prevalence of old lags and hangers-on. This was particularly noticeable in a time when war industries in the country were crying out for workers. Some of the boys were lucky enough to see Hollywood—the majority of us were under the impression that the fabulous movie centre was forty odd miles away, whereas it's not more than 12—and one lucky lad "cut a rug" with Ginger Rogers at the Hollywood Canteen!

From this fair city, we made our way, through the courtesy of the Union Pacific Company, to famous San Francisco, where we were once again fortunate indeed, having 10 hours to ourselves. The size of Oakland Bay and Golden Gate bridges was one of the most outstanding of the harbour sights, and we were suitably impressed with the diminutive grimness of Alcatraz Island, the Devil's Island of the U.S.A. (or so we're told).

The Pullman carriages and dining cars on the train were a great change from the cramped quarters and strange food of our ship and, coupled with the decency and consideration of the Draft Conducting Officer, made our actual travelling quite pleasant. A great difference from the uncomfortable, slow, and smoky New Zealand Railways, we found.

An hour in our next stop, Vancouver, was all too short, as we found the people even more friendly than in the American cities, and we also greatly admired the rugged splendour of the magnificent harbour view.

Passing through the Rockies, the snow proved an irresistible attraction, until the tinkling of glass at one of the wayside stations dampened the ardour of the combatants. Fall scenery, with its allied shades of gold, brown, and yellow, beautified the never-ending kaleidoscope of white-capped mountains, green pine forests, flimsy-veiled waterfalls, rapids, and streams. A great commotion was caused when we saw three bears.

Claresholm, now, instead of just being the end of a long, long trail, has proven itself a second home to us, and we are in thorough accord with the commonsense principles under which the Station operates. Speaking broadly, we like Canada and its people, and have been, so far, more than agreeably surprised with the weather here in Alberta. In conclusion, it is the sincere wish of every "Newzie" (horrible word) that the Station personnel will enjoy a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year. We hope that our training at No. 15 S.F.T.S. will continue as interesting and enjoyable as it has commenced.

—N.Z. 431050

x

"E" Fish an' Sea!

The Instructors are the Fish (Suckers) and the Students are at Sea Most of the Time

The phone rings, the receiver is taken from the hook, and a tired strained voice croaks forth with "E Flight, Number 5 Hangar". After much discussion, it is not "E" Flight that is wanted, but either Teck. Stores or Navigation. Of course that is when the phone is working which it usually isn't. Apparently this man shortage has left No. 15 without a line-crew to fix the phone wires between our present location and the Station. Mind you we're not grumbling. We like it here. "It's so pleaceful in the country."

x x x x

But so that you will understand our position let me start from the first. Try to imagine getting up at 8:00 a.m., after Hallowe'en parties and being down at the Flight at 9:00 a.m. Then picture the hammering and noise that took place as lockers were torn off the walls and, with considerable shouting, jammed through the doorways. I think possibly the day was saved by humorous P/O O'Flynn, running around putting the lockers back on the wall, after we managed to get them up here to No. 5 Hangar. It took O'Flynn three swings of the hammer before he realized that the blood spattering on the wall was his own. Seems as how he was hitting one nail with the hammer, and a second nail with his finger. As O'Flynn finally sat down, battered but not beaten, tired but tickled, who should walk in but F/L Marshall, O.C. of No. 2 Squadron. With him come great ideas of putting this wall there and making that this and this that. Also taking the lockers from here to put there. Just about this time O'Flynn muttered something about—"he can do it himself!"

x x x x

Well the Flight was finally changed around and I venture to say that we now have the most cosey Flight on the Station.

x x x x

Our best wishes are extended to P/O Stuart who took the great step and is now amongst the ranks of the married. However George, we do think it's a long trip up to Edmonton for your 48's, because the travelling does make you so tired, doesn't it?????

x x x x

Congratulations also go to F/O Pateman who is now O.C. of "C" Flight. We hated to see a No. 2 Squadron man go to No. 1 Squadron but just some good luck to you Harry in your new duties.

x x x x

We also lost F/O Harris to "G" Flight, and what with the record that they are setting, (and I quote "while participating in night flying, I - - - .") I am sure that Ronnie wishes himself right back in "E" Flight.

x x x x

We have it on good authority that after he had hit the Student twice, the Student tears in his blackened eyes, admitted P/O O'Flynn had made a three point landing. (The luck of the Irish no doubt, plus, a good left.) At any rate we saw the Student buying O'Flynn a coke.

x x x x

Our Australian Students seem to be doing alright with the W.D.'s. It is to be hoped that they will turn their attentions to flying, at some near future date, as there are wings tests coming up! Am I right, fellows?

Well we have to meet the deadline, so if you want to know anything else, have an afternoon off, and have recovered from the "step test, hike up to Five Hangar and pay us a visit."

—"The Enduring Seven".

x

"F" Flight

Came one happy day last week and we were informed that our course has been extended for ever and a day—at least that is the way it seems to us. Still it will be nice to stick around for a while longer and cheer the hearts of one and all—especially that of Doris. What do you know about it Zoot?

x x x x

We hear that Ross is poor at aircraft recognition—but he can pick Rosie out at 1/100th. at 500 yds. I guess it depends where a fellow's heart is.

x x x x

A while back F/S Crough went off on a couple of weeks leave. He passed through the gates a happy bachelor—but while he was away the fate that befalls the best of us caught up with him! We take this opportunity to wish you and your wife the best of everything for now and always.

x x x x

Since we hit the Station we have heard ing but the floor hockey ability of the Bombers. Last week we met the boys in a sudden death game. Bodies were piled freely around the floor and when the final whistle went the Bombers discovered that, with the help of three goals from innumerable penalty shots, they had held us to a 6-6 draw. The challenge has been

renewed and this time the boys are really going to get in there with a bang and a bump!

x x x x

Did you hear that "Tommy" had to take to sudden flight when a wing tip took out her shack at the end of No. 3 runway? It wasn't one of us, Tommy! Have you ever seen her on the night shift dressed in a bear-skin flying suit? Could be some of the boys have had notions about bear hugs! We hear that Tommp doesn't approve of the publicity and is after our blood. . . . so far all is well and she doesn't know who we are!

x x x x

Were any of you around when Finn's Frolic was held in No. 9 East Barn on Kennedy's farm? Music was by Ham Smith and his Metronomes, and a hearty time was had by all! This gathering was held for our beloved Instructors on the 30tth. day of November in the year of Grace, 1943. Our hearts went out to the aforesaid Instructors when they limped over to the Flight next morning. Someone played rough and pulled the Harvard step test on them again! O.K. fellows, you can laugh—but our turn is coming up pretty soon.

x x x x

Sg. Gunson has been away for a couple of weeks exploring the beauties of the U.S.A.—both anatomologically and topographically. Between the three of us that's supposed to mean he was checking up on female and scenic beauty. We heard tell of a blonde in Frisco—but no further squeaks from him yet!

x x x x

For a while we wondered why the S.O.P. Instructors have been absent when the 8 o'clock whistle blows these dark and frozen mornings. It seems that the Henning Gas Wagon has shown a stubborn streak in her nature and sometimes the boys have to push a long way before she starts. We always did say that Prunes would have a poor effect on his fellow beasts of burden when they gave him the freedom of the camp!

x x x x

Last night the boys got together and gave the shack its first spring cleaning since the camp opened. Work was under the supervision of Pappy Scott who showed an amazing talent at the job. (Do any W.D.'s want a housekeeper?) By and large Pappy and the Brood are getting on O.K.!

x x x x

We hear that W.O.G. Corp. Winny has been posted—we are sorry to see him go —but he is lucky to get into the heart of God's Country (Sea Island) — O.K. we come from the Coast, so what!

x x x x

The Regina train brought in an extra special cargo last week and Doug dashes down town every night to keep the wolves at bay or something! We all used to be blissfully single a while back but something seems to have got in our blood. We always did wonder what they mixed with the spaghetti.

Seems to be all that has been cooking lately so we will return to our dugout and hermitize 'til the next issue drags our weary bones out of bed!

———x———

"G" as in Groundloop

Would anybody who knows the secret of our Flight Commanders success, please let us know! How any man, particularly a F/L, can go on leave free, white and in good health, can come back pale, worn out and what's even worse, MARRIED, is more than we can figure out. He had no intentions when he left either.

x x x x

F/O (General) McNaughton is on leave now and since he rooms with the Flight Commander, there is good reason to suspect him too. We'll see.

x x x x

When F/S Packer goes on 48's in the future, he should head south. Too much of Calgary, and he won't want to go back to the land of the Kiwi. Sgt. (Curly) Lennox says quote "If I don't get that overseas posting soon—" unquote.

x x x x

A new addition to this Flight, namely, F/O Harris, has been welcomed with open arms — but — what does he do but lead one of our Instructors astray — to Nanton. Art says it's a lot of fun though.

x x x x

It's good to be back on tthe old maintenance setup. Thanks to Sgt. Scott and his eager beavers (?) the serviceability has been tops. Now, let's get that Top Flight Oscar back.

x x x x

We haven't anything to report on P/O (Speed Ball) Gardener. It takes too long for us to tell about him and we haven't got time now. The only one left out is me. Why. (Well I thought so).

x x x x

P/O McCamon says he can spot anyone (including S/L Pilling) ten points and beat them in a game of table tennis. This challenge was issued the night he went off the beam with S.B.A. Maybe that explains it.

x x x x

P/O Macaulay it seems, is paying particular attention to the Met. reports these days. Looking for bad weather eh?

x x x x

I Have Written A Poem

In days of yore before the war
We used to work and slave;
But now we're in the Air Force
We just buy bonds and save.

We have a bit of work to do
Or so the O.C. tells us,
We take our Students in the air
Imagine how they cuss us.

We get two weeks in each six montths
To spend in relaxation,
When the Flight Commander goes away
It's a time of dissapation (for him)!

Our Flight Commander while on leave
Took a journey to Toronto,
While he was there, his head in the air
Did marry a girl "very pronto".

He came back looking very sad,
I might even say dejected,
He didn't expect his wife to say "Yes",
He was hoping to be rejected!

Some say that married life is swell,
Some say it's bloody grim.
But whichever one this case may be,
Our sincere congrats to him!

x x x x

DANCING A LA CANADIAN

The day is Saturday. The time? Oh around ten o'clock in the evening, and the place, that Mecca of Southern Alberta, the I.W.O.O.F. Hall (Danse Tonite). The Wilton has long since closed and a mob of unruly Airmen are making for this last resort in the hope that they will find some nice young girls to dance with. Optimistic? Well this particular mob is from what was then the a sprog course, 92. They are the usual unruly gang from "H" Flight tempered by a few men from "G". In they go to see what fair Claresholm has to offer, and there before their hungry eyes a twirling mass of arms and legs slowly becomes apparent through the smoke. All eyes shut with one click which can be heard even above the drums. They open again. Yes it's real. These disconsolate souls weary after a week's hard work, stop to consider. No, this is not for them. They decide to wait. It can't be like this all the time. Besides it isn't going to cost them anything.

Occasionally in the middle a familiar face can be seen. Yes, Bert is there enjoying himself, and isn't that one of the Hills. Wasn't that Mr. S. from "G" Flight who just completed what looks like two cartwheels. Well, well! Maurice, raising his monocle exclaims in disgust: "What's this? What's all this?" The reply comes from Jack, who has been told by someone near. "I say old man get hep, get in the groove. This . . . . this is Canadian dancing.

———x———

During the recent 5th. Victory Loan drive an American General Grant tank was on display at one of the busiest corners in Vancouver. On Sunday afternoon it was surrounded by a crowd of several hundred people and boys ranging in age from seven to fifteen were clamouring over it. A grizzled member of the Veterans' Guard turned to his companion and said, "Well! By Gad! That's one toy the kids won't break."

"H" in Harmony

We came and we stuck. As fast as the Instructors go, we are, in their opinion liable to go on sticking. In fact there seems to be an adhesive quality about the course. Confidentially though we feel as a whole (what a hole) that the green is wearing off—gradually—slow process of erosion as it were—we still are open to advice (any sort, any time, anybody, what a body).

x x x x

Facts and figures leap to the eye when one stops to consider "H" Flight progress. Disregarding the facts and concentrating on the figures, we see immediately, that as connaisseures of form—studiers of line or what you will, we are still unrivalled. For evidence any meal time—visit the mess and delight your ears with the concerted "H" Flight "wolf howl"—we make even the W.D. Corporals blush. Blush for their figures I suppose!

x x x x

Yarns abound but choice items devolve around two and three instances. We remember the following with much sympathy for the great marital discomforts caused.

Telephone Conversation

1st. Phone: Vulcan.

2nd. Phone: R.C.L.

1st. Phone: "A - - - n here Sir."

2nd. Phone: "Eh! who?"

1st. Phone: "Al - - -n, Sir."

2nd. Phone: "Eh! What? Who? Eh! Speak up can't you! It's quarter to six. My wife—" (agonised groans).

1st. Phone: "I've landed here Sir! Seems to be something wrong with the starb. engine. It's dropping revs."

2nd. Phone: "Dropping what?"

1st. Phone: "B - - - - Revs., Sir!"

2nd. Phone: "Well pick 'em up! My wife's waiting."

1st. Phone: (Tentatively—apologising as it were) "But I've landed Sir."

2nd. Phone: (Ultimate realization) "What!!! J - - - s - - - - - H - - -!" (Spluttering profanity and sounds of log books being hurled aimlessly around the shack).

1st. Phone: "Should I take off again Sir? The mechanics have checked everything."

2nd. Phone: "What? I can't hear you!!! You're whispering man. What y' there for. You fellers need spoon feeding. Ye'll end up in a casket. What d'ye think you're playing at. Having fun eh? Games eh?"

1st. Phone: (Pacifically) "Do you think it advisable for me to take off again Sir? I'm sure I could manage it with the greatest facility."

2nd. Phone: (Loud Canadian roars) "I can't hear you!" (The sound of more log books) "Eh?? What'd you say? I can't hear you. Louder man!!!!"

1st. Phone: "In the circumstances Sir, would it be possible to arrange another take off—I'm rather behind E.T.A."

2nd. Phone: "My aunt!! What ye doing? Wandering about over Hells Half Acre. This is the R.C.A.F. man." (More log books and the table groans under the impact of a mighty fist).

1st. Phone: (Wearily) "Should I walk back, Sir?"

2nd. Phone: (Aurally weakening) "I can't hear you. Put someone on."

1st. Phone: 'I beg your pardon Sir."

2nd. Phone: (Wilting) "Put someone on! Get off the phone! Put someone on!! Get off! Off!! Get!!!"

1st. Phone: (Resignedly) "Yes Sir. Very good Sir."

N.B.—The pidgeon was transported safely back to R.C.L. under the capable tutorlage of an obliging and wife loving F/O.

x x x x

Before I close I heard that one of our much honoured Instructors who had the good fortune to get out of the meat purveying racket when the war started, had a confidential chat to one of his fellow pigeon fanciers.—Something after the following:

"You know Joe, I've got a 'haunch' that that W.D. was 'beefing' off the beam about what little 'rib-tickling' I was doing lost night—if she'd re—'vealed' her true feelings sooner, we could have 'lambed' around more and the resulting enjoyment would have calmed the most palpitating 'breast'."

Makes ewe sick. What did you say? Ewe heard it too? Snooping eh? Bad show!!!!

x x x x

Bidding good bye for the month, we as a Flight offer our congratulations to F/O Glanville on the timely arrival of a son and heir. First of the few Mr. Glanville? Father and child are doing well!

T. T. F. N. —BASIL.

—x—

"BAT" Squadron

Bat Squadron, more than any other unit, depends on its maintenance crews for successfully carrying out its training program.

In addition to aircraft, are our radio receivers and also the Beam at Champion. Those have to be kept serviceable.

That Standard Beam training has gone ahead as scheduled, is entirely due to the good work being done by Maintenance in all three stages.

Nice work, boys, keep it up.

x x x x

Our Raving Reporter submits the following which speaks for itself—

Just 22 miles North-East of here are two Wireless Mechs who were formerly happy in Claresholm but are now in Champion, No. 15's Beam Flying Station. The field is four miles from town, a banal little place about one quarter the size of Claresholm.

Four months now since Sgt. Jacobson and LAC. Wulff took over here as C.O. and Adjutant resp. Since there are no living accommodations yet we live in the local hotel and eat in one of the restaurants. It sounds good but after four months of it we would welcome the chance to get back to barrack life.

Of course there are no weekly parades, shining of buttons, shaving daily, etc. but what are they compared to bicycling four miles out to the Station in the face of Chinooks and the occasional snow up to the pedals, with two on one bicycle! Rather hard on parts of the anatomy that must sit astride the cross-bar. Eh bien, c'est la guerre!

The summer months were a real holiday though. We worked in bathing suits but still the sun didn't make us grow. (I'm still 5'4 11/64"). Work consists of keeping the three transmitters that supply the main beam and the marker signals in good running order. We spent three weeks in Deseronto, Ont., taking a special course in maintenance and operation of the equipment. As a sideline to our regular radio work we are kept busy herding stray cows and pigs away from the landing field, despatching gophers to the Hero Dept., playing football with a one man team and reading Tolstoy, Freud and Ellery Queen.

The "Twain" has met here. Jake, hailing from Edmonton and Larry from Copper Cliff, Ont., Canada. Sgt. Jacobson is somewhat of a wizard in this radio business. He has invented a system of modulating the Beam with speech which will be made standard on all Beam Stations.

Entertainment in never lacking in town, if one enjoys watching the trains go in and out in the evening, chasing chickens off the street (no, not those kind of chickens) writing, and going to bed at 8 p.m. (after several rousing games of cribbage or solitaire). Theatres, running water, tennis courts, library, Airmen's canteen and "rat races" are out of this world when you get here, but we have a sincere faith that someday the C.O. of No. 15 will recommend us for Overseas postings or Air Crew. A specious reward for having pioneered!

x x x x

Cheer up lads the grapevine has it that you'll soon have company. F/O Turner and F/O Holmes may soon be joining you as Control Officers.

They will be sorely needed when Vulcan and Claresholm both start flying the same beam.

"Bat" Squadron takes this opportunity of wishing one and all a Merry Christmas and a more smashing (of the Axis) New Year!

—BAT.

To the Timekeepers

Have you ever heard the stories
The timekeepers tell
Of them standing on the tarmac
And being blown to - - - - well.

They're out there every morning
At the break of day
Sitting on a soft chair
To pass the time away!

Some have a book or two
Some have some gum
Along comes an aircraft
To spoil all the fun.

Up jumps the timekeeper
A smile on her face.
The pilot roars the engine
And her hat she has to chase!

In her winter woolies
She stands on guard.
Marking down the wrong time
On a little card.

So if you would like
To take off excess fat,
Just apply to a little timekeeper
By the name of Pat!

———x———

The Slipstream Sisters

We have been asked for an article for Windy Wings. This being our first attempt, we may not have much to say. Time is Short (usually is on flying time). First of all we will introduce ourselves.

x x x x

Tail-spin Tommy, who won the hundred yard dash (against an Anson).

x x x x

Anson Annie. Where there's an Aussie, there's Annie. (Even in the Hospital).

x x x x

Slip-Stream Shorty—better known as Long Distance Shortridge!

x x x x

Then there's Poil, better known as "Nicky". She has a weakness for Aussies too! Just what have those "Passionate Poiples" got? Ask one who flys from "E" Flight!

x x x x

Our Glamour Gal—known as Doris McLay. She spend as much time in a corner in the Canteen as she does in the pasture!

x x x x

Next, there's Denny, the gal who comes home from Night Flying with a bump on her head. Seems to me "H" Flight was flying that night, too!

x x x x

Then we have "Fancy-Pants" Irving, who meets the courses at the gate. Surely she isn't giving them the low-down on the time.

x x x x

Now you can say "Hello" to Shirley, The Blue Nose! But it does get red these cold days. Better get on the beam kid! There's a certain Instructor in "E" Flight asking for you.

x x x x

Well, paper is scarce, and so is time. (We hear there's a war on!)

x x x x

So for the Tarmac Termites, we wish you a Happy New Year and Better Landings!

———x———

Met. Section Babble

WHAT WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

Why a certain Met. let an Airman (shall we say handsome) fall half-way down the stairs to be picked up by a "Wog". Could it be she can whistle so well they fall for her? And I mean fall.

x x x x

Why black grease is so hard to get off your uniform. There isn't a civilian that might know is there, or maybe a certain M.T. driver might reveal a part of that outer life she leads.

x x x x

Why a certain Met. Officer finds time to go crawling under the table and over the chairs. He wouldn't be looking for that eraser again, no, not again. Or has our new observer (charming) just been looking at him.

x x x x

Why one of the boys from the Tower thinks that a certain girl is for him "just what the doctor ordered". "Happy", you shouldn't blush like that.

———x———

G. I. S. Orderly Room

(Written by Associated Editors under duress of Trade Tests)

"Season of icy breezes
And not so nicey sneezes"

Don't we girls all know it! Just ask the hospital.

x x x x

Here in the office there has been absolutely no change in staff, although the rest of the G.I.S. line-up differs a good deal since we last communicated with you. These Overseas Postings are making us green with envy, which is quite a feat for us rosy-cheeked gals, especially Cpl. Agar. We managed to get a few more scalp-locks for our collection, which now numbers over thirty samples, but our prize specimen is the one we have for S/L Pilling—guess, what—Steel Wool!

Incidentally, will someone tell us what has become of our robust "Jackie" Rice? After three days of T.D. to Calgary, and three days back to work, she disappeared. We discovered her just one week later—at the hospital! Well—of course we missed her—it was frightfully quiet for a change.

x x x x

Then, there's our little Jeanne who has got to be taken in hand if she doesn't stop coming to work without knees in her issue socks. Only F/O Croteau seems to know the whole story—he lives over the Squadron Hall. Speaking of F/O Croteau, we're deeply considering remustering him to an "A" Group Steno. In the first place it's about time we imported an "A" Grouper, secondly—he seems very much at home in this O.R., or could it be that he has other interests. We'll certainly miss him when he gets that Overseas posting in the near future.

Our Cpl. has another headache, this time it's because of some 250 odd Xmas and New Year's Leave Passes, just ask the Accounts' Section, they've got one too!

However, as 1943 draws to a close, we are all really very happy in the Service (————), how about you? Here's wishing a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our staff an' everyone!

———x———

On the Way Up

All the squawks in the Control Tower don't come from the radio room, but we shan't complain since F/L Pelton has left his horn at home lately. Even at that it would be difficult to surpass the W.O.G.'s when they moved their room.

x x x x

Then there is a certain officer in charge of night flying who insists on leaning on the signal bell and blaming the Mets. for having an alarm clock. We wonder if an irate parent has ever asked him to remove his elbow from a doorbell.

x x x x

"Why didn't you use the radio in your aircraft last night?"

"Oh, were we supposed to?"

x x x x

Yes boys, we're still waiting for your reply to our frantic appeals. There is nothing more touching than to pass the Wireless Section and hear Reid or Heath cooing lovingly into the mike: "Calling all Muskets. Won't you answer just this once?"

x x x x

To a W.O.G.'s ears, the most gratifying sound in the world is to hear a rap on the

door and have someone from from upstairs inform her night flying washed out two hours ago . . . and why didn't she go home?

x x x x

Lately we've been asked everything from where is the Nav. inkwell to "Say, could I have some gas?" That is only two of them . . . in August someone wanted to know if he should start draining his car. Then there was the mechanic who wanted to know which plane, out of the fifty odd on the tarmac, had a broken prop. Join the Met. Service and insure your life!

x x x x

Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?

Sgt. Chase hasn't convinced anyone that it was his superior qualifications as a bowler that kept him from being anchor man the other night. He is also noted for never letting his education interfere with his studies.

x x x x

Our Gracie does alright, too . . . and the capacity crowds at the show are just an excuse to "get away a little closer" to a certain up and coming young mechanic, while Heath prefers the conteen for her close-ups with a certain Aussie. Never mind, Heath, we hear he is a wow in an Australian black-out.

x x x x

The show "Tornado" and and one of the control tower boys have a lot in common. How about it, Bruce?

x x x x

At last we have struck a clue as to why the Out-of-Bounds sign in the Met. Section was so totally ignored. We wonder if the lectures given by our midget observer pertains wholly to meteorology. The traffic has been heavier than ever since we acquired our newest blonde. Drop in, sometime, boys. You can listen to the forecast and look as the observer.

x x x x

The Control Tower is considering a collection towards a sewing kit for a certain member of the staff.

x x x x

Don't be alarmed, Mr. Airman, the Wireless and Met. Sections are quite harmless. There is no need to fall so hard, or so far, next time you are trapped on the stairs.

x x x x

At moment of writing, Guild is chuckling over a private joke. It must be cornier than usual or she would have tried it on us before this Could be Green's double life!

x x x x

Romance is blooming in the Log Book room. We admire your taste, Ilah.

x x x x

Course 88 had an ardent supporter too. What will Elsie do now that Wings Parade is over and the Aussies have gone?

x x x x

We could divulge a few sage truths which Mr. Bendictson utters as the smoke curls from his pipe, but that would make Mr. Rutherford more frantic than usual so we'll just say "au revoir" to all. We'll be back soon with more meows from the catwalk.

———x———

"WOGS"

RANDOM JOTTINGS AS WE SEE AND HEAR THEM

Blonde Aussies! Oh to be a blonde Aussie, then I'd have Rose with the lovely eyes at my heels.

x x x x

And what's the attraction in Edmonton that Doris finds so wonderful every 48?

x x x x

How about the WEM's and WOG's taking up a collection and buying Jake a clock?

x x x x

Heath should be happy again now that there are some New Zealanders on the station.

x x x x

You may have been to Wireless School, Nick, but there is a limit to what even you know. Kay can even get back on our wavelength after you have monkeyed with the dials.

x x x x

What certain WEM can never get a second date with a girl, yet still thinks he is God's gift to women?

x x x x

Do Doe and Ev. play tennis every night just for the love of the game? Funny how it always develops into a foursome!

x x x x

We are glad you have made your mind up at last, Winnie. Not every man has two girls to pick from. Is it a question of East versus West? Now we are losing you altogether. Good Luck on your new Station. Hope you find as many friends as you have left here.

x x x x

How about you two new Cpls. stepping out a little more and giving the W.D.'s a break?

x x x x

Now that the baseball seasons over, little Wulff is back on the beam.

x x x x

Our new Sgt. is almost as hard to find as the C.G.I.

We retired in confusion after our last effort and decided to lay low for a month. Reid hasn't written anymore poetry lately. She is too busy knitting for Britain. We'll be back next month if our identity remains a secret. For reasons of our own we choose to remain anonymous.

—From the Wireless Section.

x x x x

AN INSTRUCTOR'S DREAM

I want a very intelligent class
Who write every test with an excellent pass,
Who don't grumble and groan every time that I say
"I think I'll send you some Aldis today."
I want a class who will study each night
Just to be sure their procedure is right.
One who'll obey my every command
And admit I'm the best Instructor on hand.
But what I want most is to hear C.G.I. say,
"You've been posted to 'ops' . . . get your clearance today".

—E. R. Holdway.

———x———

Overexposures

FROM THE PHOTO SECTION

The time has come at last, folks, the whole Section will starve to death in the very near future. Why? Because our dark-rooom Casanova, LAC. Rodgers (Roy), has been posted overseas. His mother used to send him a box of food weekly (much to our own delight, of course), and Rodgers would collect his parcel every Monday noon-hour at the post office. By two o'clock in the afternoon it was gone. The Photo Section, it seemed, looked forward to Monday afternoon.

Before Rodgers left we celebrated with steaks in town. So now the whole Section has to either buy their own food or starve.

x x x x

Have you ever noticed the way our little "photog", Whalley, seems to mother the rest of the contact trainees? For instance, if Flaherty falls asleep while printing, who wakes her up? Whalley! But once Whalley was not at Flaherty's side a the moment, and the poor unlucky Flaherty awoke to find herself completely immersed in developer. That folks, is what gives photographers that splashed, whitewashed look.

x x x x

Hurrah! Roy and Lamb have agreed to call off their age-old battle about the East and the West. Who or what convinced Roy that she liked the West, we don't know, but she did a swell job. Hats off to her! (Roy insists that it was the female of the species).

x x x x

Have you dropped into the Photo Section lately, folks? It's quite the madhouse. With literally hordes of wacky W. D. photographers around, how could it be otherwise? Marion tries to run things smoothly, but to no avail, not with our noisy crew! With Whalley screaming for the paper cutter, Rozee spashing hypo, Flaherty "chawing gum", and Roy running off reels of film just to hear the music. Well, can't you just hear the racket? Alas and alack! Sergeant Pat-

rige has admitted to your scribe (confidnetially, of course) that he has been driven completely mad.

x x x x

I wonder if Rozee is still homesick for the East Coast, since she met the R.A.F.?

x x x x

Marion Pierce, who is really the guardian angel of the Photo Section, is at the very moment, not on temporary duty, not on furlough, nor a 48! She has admitted that she too has been driven mad. Don't worry, Marion, parhaps you can get more annual, sick or compassionate leave in the near future!

x x x x

Time to sign off, folks. This is all the "Over-Exposure" for another month.

—x—

Camera Obscura

CAMERA FLASH

Introducing the little Green House by the Control Tower . . . . ?

It ain't what most people think it is!

x x x x

S.P. to LAC. Miskew: "Come with me."

Miskew: "You got to catch me first."

(And they did?)

x x x x

Now that Cpl. Brown has been posted out from the Armament Section, LAC. Reilly thinks he is the "Big Chief"—but don't worry folks, the boys will climb on his neck. (He'll need lots of luck).

x x x x

PHOTO SECTION

We've heard that the Photo Section is going along very well. Hey fellows! six W.D. Photographers and a Frenchman in the middle! I guess most of the girls are doing lots of dark room procedure.

x x x x

HOSPITAL

F/S Hamilton to M.O. after a "M-2": "How do I stand Doc?"

M.O.: "I don't know—it's a miracle."

x x x x

A certain C.O. told an Airman on charge: "You are up for life."

"For life?" said the Airman.

"Yes, for life—do you want to sell your tires?"

x x x x

We hear that Sgt. Patrige is so surprised and pleased that his Photo Section is getting along so well that he has requested his P/O immediately.

x x x x

Why do the Photographers need an alarm clock in the dark room? Ask Roy, he'll sure tell you.

—x—

Linkage

The Link contribution to this issue should have been replete with plans for the future. But with moves, posting and rumors of postings one is loathe to anticipate any future activity that might require any semblance to stability or continuity. This is probably a healthy sign as no fighting front retains its original contour if there is real fighting going on. No matter how the changes may have delayed some tentative plans, there is no loss of interest in their ultimate fulfilment.

x x x x

The fact that certain Instructors from this Section have taken up their Badminton raquets and are doing some preliminary practice may be one of the indications that they intend to be participants in Station games. Also if and when we get ice enough they will be in there with their sticks skidding and skating or both.

x x x x

We have not yet been able to properly assess our replacements from the school in the East to our Instructional Staff, as two out of three have never had any leave and the rest after a brief survey of the Station disappeared into hospital.

x x x x

Those of us that have been staggering around for the last week on a diet of Kleenex and cough medicine are looking forward to Yuletide with what one might term premeditated and malicious aforethought. To quote Churchill—Never in the history of No. 15 were so many bottles due to so few, and just in case Santa forgets that includes me.

x x x x

We regret that owing to 'flu and kindred other complications the Xmas story written around a Link Instructors nightmare was not completed and will have to wait another year.

—x—

YOU AND WHO ELSE?

One morning recently in Vancouver approximately 300 youths ranging in age from 17 - 21 who had been called up for Basic Training and were resplendent in newly issued uniforms were lined up waiting for a train to take them to the various camps. Across the tracks about 20 feet away were admiring relatives and sweethearts. One lad called across the tracks, "Hey, Mom, do you want to see a good looking soldier?" Instantly the man standing beside him looked in all directions and said in a loud voice, "Yeh! Where?"

Maintenance Wing

SEASON'S GREETINGS TO ALL PERSONNEL

In this Christmas Issue the Officer Commanding Maintenance Wing wishes to extend to all personnel a Very Merry Christmas and a Joyous and Happy New Year. At the same time it is opportune to congratulate the personnel of Maintenance Wing for their co-operation and fidelity throughout the past year for it is only through their spirit of co-operation that the high standard of efficiency in the past has been attained.

A. H. WARNER, F/L,
C.E.O. (O.C. Maintenance)

One bright clear morning Joyce Ford strolled into the office looking a little perplexed and joyous. Her uniform was noticeably different. Yes, there they were —Canada badges! So Joyce has left, gone overseas. Well, England's daughter has at last received her desire. Let us hope that she has every success there. She will! Good luck Joyce!

x x x x

GAMES A-LA ORDERLY ROOM

They're at it again, those exponents of "Movum Around".

First Move—1 Flight Sergeant.
Second Move—1 Sergeant.
Third Move—1 Flight Sergeant.
Fourth Move—1 Sergeant.
Fifth Move— ? ? ? ? ?

x x x x

Now comes the moment we dread. It's too bad but it has to happen. Yea, Flying Officer LaClair has been posted and just when we had him where he wanted us. Well our loss is 10 Repair Depot's gain. A new figure no adorns the Technical Adjutant's office in the person of Flying Officer Ellison. He has just reported from Mont Jolie. He has a big pair of boots to fill but from all appearances he is quite capable of doing so. Let's hope they don't steal HIM away from us.

x x x x

JOKE ! ! !

Equipment Section Warrant Officer:—"Well Flight, I see that the Russians, Czecks, Chinese, French, Americans and Norwegians are on our side in this war."

Flight Sergeant in the Accounts Section:—"Yes, so I notice, and when the Equipment Section joins us maybe we'll win this war."

x x x x

ANOTHER JOKE

Now we know why there is a shortage of lumber. It seems that Ottawa uses all

the lumber to be made into paper to turn out paper for notices, to be distributed around Canada, on "Conservation of Lumber..'

x x x x

WE WONDER ! ! !

Whose the little steno. in G.I.S. who continually phones 49 asking for a certain Disciplinarian Sergeant four to five times a day.

Where did Barbara get the expression "Fair Dinkum" and "Dinkey Doy"? Maybe that is what she thinks the Aussies are.

Why June keeps saying she is off men for the duration and can't understand them. Maybe that's why she is seen with so many Newzies. Maybe she is trying to get a better understanding!

What does Delores mean when she says every morning, with a gleam in her eye, "I'm Evans so Happy".

Why does Curley open the windows so wide that the staff have to wear flying suits to keep warm.

x x x x

INSTRUMENTAL NOTES

Just a few breezy remarks from the corner of No. 7 Hangar. Yes, you guessed it . . . . the Instrument Makers are blowing around, and we mean blowing! Pipe lines—Pitot Heads—and the Proverbial Horn! (Pardon Us) but we cannot help but shout about our new quarters. We were so long in cramped quarters in No. 4 Hangar that we feel like new men and acting like new ones too! Excuse us, if we appear to harp on it, but we feel a justifiable pride in the results of our labours and at this point it would not be amiss to mention the many weary hours spent by a certain one of our flock, namely Lale Patterson, for his untiring efforts in transforming four plain walls, and a floor, into something of which we feel proud. Thanks for a good job well done, Pat.

Since our last article appeared in this paper we have lost two of our members to the "Y" Depot, Halifax, namely "Gas Smith", and "Bill Weston", two nice kids who made their presence felt among us. We all wish them the best of luck in their future service.

At the moment we have the Trade-Board to make our lives miserable and more than one of our number are reputed to be sticking close to home these nights and catching up on their reading (could it be that they are worried?).

Rumour hath it that there are nightingales in our midst, and 'tis said that one only has to pass the Airmen's Canteen on certain nights to hear melodious sounds issuing from somewhere in the dim corners and more than once our ears have classical numbers as "One-Eyed Riley" been arrested by the strains of such and the "Aria" from that well known masterpiece by the "Soap-box Quartette", "Paper Doll" or what have you? Perhaps it's the spirit of Christmas that makes us happy, or the thoughts of a few days leave; but whatever it is our boys are certainly in a happy mood these days, and we look forward to the coming season with confidence.

Let us conclude this article by thanking anyone who has helped us to become established in our new home and we would like to close by wishing you, one and all, a "Very Merry Christmas" and a "Bright and Prosperous New Year".

———x———

Log Book Room

It is a long time since we have put anything in Windy Wings, but in order to wish everyone a Very Merry Christmas, we are dishing out the dirt on the entire staff. To make a good start, O.D. is taking himself a wife at New Years, according to Sgt. Matthews, who is up to date on the latest gossip. (Leave it to him!)

x x x x

Another male memper is Cpl. Tupper, our contribution to Brad's orchestra. About 1:30 every day Tup makes a disappearance, to practice. But what we want to know is: to practice what?

x x x x

Recently we have had two additions to our W.D. Staff. Namely, Eunice and Mary. We hoped they would enjoy going crazy with the rest of us, but Mary has exceeded all expectations. She is in the hospital. Eunice is bearing up under it, but she is slowly yoing mad. In short she is making herself one of us. Oh well! they can always appeal to Margaret, the only sane survivor among us.

x x x x

Eileen and Pat are still playing wolf. (Bless their hearts). The other day, Sgt. Thib annonced that a fellow in the hangar, a single one, had bought a $1,000.00 bond. CASH. A riot ensued. They both dashed madly out to the hangar knocking Ansons in every direction. Result: Eileen had a pen nib attached to her finger and Pat had a bump on her head. As far as we know the fellow is still complacently working in the hangar, not knowing what a sensation he caused. Better luck next time, kids!

x x x x

After a dash into the Orderly Room we see that Frenchie is working fast while a certain pilot is home on leave!

x x x x

We just have to close now as it is almost time to start making our New Year's resolutions. Until 1944, Merry Christmas and Cheerio.

———x———

Electrical Currents

NO. 7 HANGAR

F/S MacLean is in there clugging again after a recent short bout with the gremlins, in his digestive organisims. Good going Flt., and health to you.

x x x x

We note our recent recruit to No. 15 S.F.T.S. Elec. Section shows every evidence of becoming rapidly acquainted with the various strings, ropes, and such. Sure and welcome to ye sarge, with your broad grin and pleasant demeanour.

x x x x

Cpl. Chorley, just returned from a six week stretch in that vast institute of technical learning at St. Thomas, shows no signs of enlargement of the cranium despite the fact he must have pounded, pushed or driven a raft of wind-drift knowledge, into the grey matter. Incidentally this gray matter is commonly supposed to be standard equipment in Cpls?

x x x x

Our chief "scrounger", Douglas Keith McLarty is back to his old stamping ground after two weeks furlough. We unofficially challenge any section in maintenance to put up a candidate that can scrounge more free handouts, than our beaming potential "B" grouper. Don't try boys. He has every daughter's mother within a radius of 80 miles R00, R00, R00, cooking for him.

x x x x

FOR RENT

One stabilizing wing holder, guaranteed two good legs, fair manouverability. Answers to the name of "Dumbo" . Specialty, "Artificial Horizons".

—Apply to Sgt. Coates,
Instrument Section.

x x x x

The regular weekly treek of the Electrical Section's "Devotees de Dance" took place Friday, Dec. 3rd., 1943. The shrine, Nanton's Rat Race. Accommodation for all was available in Yaeger's heap, which we understand returned on it's own power in the "wee sma' hours". Incidently Cpl. Herr, yes he's one!!! reported to the M.O. with a headache next morning! Oh did He? We'd like to know also where Cpl. Herr lines up the W.D.'s with free candy for the theatre and lunch afterward. We'd like to. Oh Boy!!! Would we.

x x x x

The Dead Man's Shift (12:00 hrs - 20:00 hrs) is still upholding the traditions of the Section oldsters. Eccles is dead till 11:45 daily. He just simply couldn't miss a meal. Ta. Ta — Till next edition.

———x———

Parachute Section

When you're all asleep at about 06:30 hrs. dreaming of the poached eggs and toast you might not have for breakfast, who is it that's checking the chutes in the Flights?

When you're in the Mess enjoying your breakfast who is it that has been workiny for two hours?

When you leave work at 11:30 hrs. and get in a nice hot meal, who is it that struggles in about five minutes before the mess closes, tired and worn, only to find a cold dinner waiting?

When you're enjoying a rest after supper, who is it that is on the way to Woodhouse to check chutes for you?

And when you're enjoying a show or a dance in the evening, who is it that is packing chutes until nearly morning?

Who is it?—How the H - - - would we known, we're not there!

x x x x

Sgt. Freeman—What, out of gas again!
Sgt. Freeman—What, out of gas again.
Cpl. Clark—Out jumps the little pilot chute.
LAW. Fertile—Gad, what an indian.
AW.1 Thompson—Engaged to the Army, Navy and Air Force.
AW.1 Kearns—Irene Tilly.
AW.1 Horn—Upholstered in Leather.
AW.1 Stoddart—Pretty as a picture. Nice frame too.
AW.1 Sinclair—You're too late. She took the plunge.

x x x x

We would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone for their support and co-operations during the last 12 months, and we sincerely wish you, one and all, A Merry Christmas and Happy Landings in 1944.

—x—

No. 1 Hangar Servicing

Top Flight Hangar has been running very smoothly lately, especially so since Sgt. McGrath has discovered a new kind of pills—and in case Cpl. McLeod is still interested, we will be glad to pass along the prescription.

x x x x

Congratulations from the gang to Ted Young who is now sporting a pair of hooks. We wonder why he insists of being on "C" duty watch. We also wish the best of everything to LAC. O'Neil who has just made an assignment of twenty-five dollars a month.

x x x x

If anyone can give us the address of a "pen pal" or "lonely heart" just give us a buzz as we have a certain LAC. who has had several snapshots taken of himself and would be glad to send one out.

x x x x

We would like to trade a speaker from a P.A. system for a pair of boots. We think the boots would add to the comfort of a F/S at the Control Tower and without the P.A. system we wouldn't have to listen to a certain Sgt. blowing off steam!

x x x x

The Servicing Personnel of No. 1 Hangar wishes to extend to everyone a Merry Christmas and a Victorious and Happy New Year.

—x—

Spark Plug Plea

Any spark plugs to be fixed?
Just bring them down to Hangar 6.
Two little girls in overalls
Will answer to your pleas and calls.
They'll fix them up and clean them too
These two little girls in Air Force blue.
The little one by the name of Freddy
Will do them anytime you're ready.
The other, Joey Sloan by name,
Will always do for you the samee.
So if you have any plugs to be fixed
Please bring them down to Hangar six!
—Anonymous.

—x—

Patter and Chatter

FROM C. R. AND RECORDS

Now that the Navigators have gone, we have very little to talk about (ask Cpl. "Red"), and under our "New Working System", no one to talk to! We have though, two new cheery souls in the Gestetner Room, Art Collins and Gerry Busby.

x x x x

Kenny says that now that the Trade Test is over, she almost feels like a human being again! Sometimes, tho', we wonder.

x x x x

Ruth too, has taken a new outlook on life! We wonder if the Trade Test was solely responsible!

x x x x

What puts that gleam into Garner's eye? It couldn't be because a certain laddie's posting was postponed, could it, Doris?

x x x x

We now have two new members of the "Nut House Crew". Welcome to Records, Beccy and Jean. The more the merrier—?????

x x x x

We hear that Hale, now reconciled to the fact that you just CAN'T get to Nova Scotia and back in five days, is contemplating the purchase of a Liquor Permit! Don't take it that hard Edith!

x x x x

Congratulations to Cpl. Mead. She has now completed 2 years service! Hats off to Ruth, Kenny and Joan too. Their second year is also nearing its completion! Comes New Year's Eve, comes the celebration!

x x x x

Well, folks—that's all for now! Must sign off and get a-crackin' on those R.230's again. Ah me! What a wonderful war!

x x x x

In closing, may we wish you, one and all, a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year, and - - - - a posting early in 1944!

—x—

The Ledger Sheet

This Christmas season we carry on the Ledger Sheet without our "Editor-in-Chief, Sgt. R. B. Simpson, who has left us for No. 11 Equipment Depot. Here's hoping you have a "Wet Christmas" Ronnie!

x x x x

We welcome to Accounts A.W.'s Anderson and Holland. Hope you brought along your permits, gals!

x x x x

Calling All Sections! Any old used pieces of carbon paper will be greatly appreciated as F/S Emes can use them on those brand new crows. Congrats. Flight!

x x x x

N.P.F. has now moved into Tepee No. 14, under Big Chief "2¢-a-bottle" Taylor and his competent stac of Squaws—S.O.P. Sheldrake, "Pyramid Minnie" from the sands of Lake Ontario, and Olga from the Volga! By the way, Tania, Jeepers Creepers, where did you get those peepers, on your leave? Too much Vodka must have been floating around Edmonton!

x x x x

"C. B." Carson is sure doing a lot of reading these days in the K. of C. Believe it or not, but Halstead actually returned from leave unmarried, AND on time. Quite a record Edith!

x x x x

What Cpl. in the Accounts Section was seen recently taking Chocolates to a certain W.D. (Cpl.) in the Hospital? By the way Fellas, that's not Rene's long woolly underwear that's showing these days, it's just a hangover from P.T.—OH you sport!

x x x x

We are trying to find out what type of make-up Cpl. Craig used in the concert party to give her that splendiforous "glow". Could it be the "Scotch" coming out on you Scotty?

x x x x

Guess that's all the dirt for now folks, so we'll sign off. Wishing every one a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Buzzes from the Board

Since the last issue of Windy Wings many things have happened down here in the chicken coup. Hamilton, the kid who kept Cpls. Louch and Anderson hopping, was posted to St. John's, Newfoundland, and Wallace and Cheecho were posted out from Canada (Ontario to you Westerners), Wallace from Toronto and Cheecho from Mountain View.

x x x x

I suppose you have noticed Hamilton the hospital assistant pushing plugs in headquarters. Yes folks, she became tired of listening to your ailments and decided to remuster. Why she decided to be one of us "tely ops" we'll never know, but good luck with your career (did I say that?)! Well anyway with new "tely ops" and a New Year coming we hope to settle down if we can after Christmas and New Year's leave to start the New Year right.

x x x x

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year all.

x

The Little Green House

Christmas almost here! What happened to that reputedly beautiful Alberta summer and also all of my summer's wages? Just a Myth? Could be, or a Miss is how some pronounce it. But a Myth or a Miss, that's where the wages went.

x x x x

Our D.A.P.M. F/O Thomas-Peter, left us this week. On to other fields of endeavor, and we trust, to his liking and success. We all join in wishing him the best, and the possibility of returning to this Station. F/O Finn takes over in acting capacity, and here's hoping we measure up to his requirements. Welcome to our midst, sir.

x x x x

We also welcome our new N.C.O. i/c, in the person of F/S Gault. The Flight hails from Calgary so no danger of becoming home sick. Trust the stay is a long one Flight.

x x x x

Our Service Police volley ball team is keeping its chin well above water to date. "Speedy" McClleland, Oliver "The Green Hornet" and Rocky Mounkes form part of a team playing in such an unorthodox manner as to have the game over and won before the opponent catches on. Patrick agrees it's a fine game, but the net is too high for Scotty. I'm told that after trying a "Spike", the team discovered Scotty hung up high and dry, entangled in one side of the net. Appears he had been there most of the game. The Service Police incidently won the game. So, Scotty?

x x x x

Cpl. Gilbert, commonly known as "Sullivan" due to past association with "Gilbert and Sullivan", also plays a rare game. He wears glasses as thick as Old Dodge car lights, but takes them off to play. The result is startling. He started playing Volley Ball one night, and an hour later was seen dashing madly about the basketball court. On being cautiously questioned, it appears, our friend Sullivan, thought he was still on the Volley Ball court playing volley ball with the boys. It was a W.D. basketball practice, however, so perhaps his eyesight is quite a convenient affliction. Henceforth, Coach Coughlin holds a squad inspection prior to each practice, to make sure there are no Sullivans lurking within the ranks of the gals. Foxy fellow, that Sullivan!

x x x x

We are now allowed to reveal a Military Secret. The Service Police have been taking French lessons for the past 2 months. Startling news, what? But not half as startling as the results. In listening in on a lesson you'd think you were in on a disarmament conference on the Lost Continent of Atlantis. Cpl. Blais, of the S.W.O. office, says it's MURDER! We have another word for it, but doubt if the censor would pass it. See you in Paris, chum!

x x x x

With all the Birthday and Christmas telegrams coming in lately, Cpl. Alder asked Flight Tizard if he could start a singing telegram service in order to make a little extra money for Christmas and his 14 children. No sense of humor or vision, that Flight, according to Alder. Guess he said "NO".

x x x x

With all the new sets of upper molars appearing around the Guard House of late, we're having a clacking good time; especially at dinner time, when it isn't hard to convince the wearer of the false foundations that he just can't eat steak. What am I saying? What steak?

x x x x

LAW. Monaghan: "May I go out to the Hostess House?"

Cpl. Willis: "O.K. but let me see your Annual Leave first."

x x x x

In summary, may I say that all the foregoing nonsense is not fictional, and if any person, alive or thereabouts, is mentioned, it was so done with malice aforethought, and the only recourse being 10 rounds in the Local Gym at catch weights. Just try and catch me.

x x x x

Thus endeth another year. We of the Service Police extend to all a Very Merry Chritsmas and a Happy New Year. In the coming year take a day off and Everybody make a few simple resolutions. For your reading pleasure may I suggest:—

1. Station Standing Orders.
2. Daily Routine Orders.
3. All the Books in the local library.
4. Your own mail of course.
5. The other guy's, if you can.
6. What? you can't read? O.K. I suppose you'll just have to do what you did all last year. Yes. Ask the Service Police. We're ready. Come on 1944.

—ELK.

x

Enter the Service Police

According to a remark passed by a bright little W.D., the S.P.'s know more about the personnel than the personnel do about themselves. That statement is open to debate. However the following is probably what the personnel think of us.

x x x x

The Service Police are lots of fun,
They patrol the town without a gun.
They're ever watching for those who're late!
It's an organization we've grown to hate.

That word "hate" may be misunderstood.
We know they look out for our own good;
The word I think that's a little more clear,
Is the organization we've come to "fear".

They never wear an issue shirt,
And you'll always find them near a skirt.
They make the prisoners shine their shoes,
And confiscate our bottles of booze.

I've always wanted to be a cop,
But now I see I'd be a flop.
I couldn't master that haughty sneer
Nor do away with so much beer!

The worst to fear is the S.P. Flight,
It seems he's always in the right.
He never seems to do any wrong,
How in heck did he last so long?

Sgt. Mounkes comes next in line,
With a disposition like rancid wine.
His head for his hat may be too large,
But tell him that and you're on charge!

And how about Sgt. Arnell?
His looks mislead you, he's tough as—
He'll look at you with disarming leers
You W.D.'s take heed my dears!

Cpl. Wills is quite a man,
Brave of heart and stern of pan.
Put him up against the best,
And I'm darn sure he'll win the test!

Cpl. Patrick we can't omit,
A light in the dark, with his Scottish wit.
Strict on rules and stern on law
He'd make a lovely mother-in-law!

I guess that I have said enough,
I don't want the boys to start playing rough—

To stick out my chin I'd be a mug,
For after all I'm still in the jug!

Yes, I know them all, I know them well
I'd trust them all from here to——Well!
I'd trust everyone with important news
But never with a girl or a bottle of booze!

—MARTY

—x—

Post Office

For anyone who doesn't receive any mail this month we have arranged for shooting parties on the hour, every hour, from twelve till six p.m. Please notify your friends beforehand as we haven't floor space for too many bodies lying around at one time.

x x x x

A word to the uninitiated—although the General Delivery wickets are open from 12 noon to 6:00 p.m. only, the Post Office is open for all other business from 8:00 a.m. until 6:00 p.m.

x x x x

The next time someone wishes to bring P/O Prunes in for his mail may we be warned. Rather embarrassing to look up quickly and wonder for a moment if we forgot to powder our noses.

x x x x

It is granted that Postal Clerks should have good memories, but when a certain W.D. enquires of LAW. Elliott, in the evening, who the good looking fellow third in line at noon was, that is expecting an awful lot!

x x x x

Ed Miller went for a flip a couple of weeks ago and it really had an effect on him. Ed, please get off the table and stop yellowing Zoom! Zoom!, and please remove those roller skates and lower your arms in case you take off and tear a hole in the roof!

x x x x

Anyway, the SEASON'S GREETINGS from all of US to all of YOU.

x x x x

P.S.—Is this Christmas or just a nightmare?????

—x—

Dental Diggings

With the coming of the Yuletide both Captains K. Epstein and R. B. Burgman, together with their staff, Sgt. Jackie Cook, Cpl. Beth Bawden, AW.2 Alice Yates and last but not least, Pte. Dahl, wish you all a Merry Christmas.

x x x x

You may notice that we have a new name on our staff, AW.2 Alice Yates. She came here from K.T.S. in Toronto only a few weeks ago. Alice had not had any dental experience before, but after these few weeks she has done remarkably well! Some day she will make a good Dental Nurse for some dentist after the war, that is if she does not step into matrimony as Sgt. Cook did! Not to mention "our Beth" who seems rather excited lately! Surely "Christmas leave" could not cause all that happiness Cpl. Bawden.

x x x x

It seems to take overseas postings to get some of these Airmen into a dental chair.

x x x x

Then there is the one who comes in: "My name was on D.R.O.'s to report to the Dental Clinic. What are you going to do to me?"

Dentist: "Well we could fix your teeth."

—x—

Equip's Quips

Hi Everyone, here are the Equips back once again to give you more odds and ends of Section News. Surely you remember us?—We're the lads and lassies who fill your demands with such vim and vigour. Believe us, we'd give you anything your little hearts desire without any bother, if it wasn't for Sgt. Torbet and his Stock Sheets. But that's the Account Section for you!

x x x x

Our Staff has dwindled a bit of late. Major Bowman has left us for a couple of months and gone to Calgary on Temporary Duty. Let's hope he gets some action on our demands for small tools. Sgt. Copeland has been sent to Trenton for another course—as if our Sgt. needed smartening up!—we certainly miss him around here, especially the high scores he sets up for the Bowlisg Team. But it won't be long now Cope before you are back at good old No. 15. We hear that F/O Bill is also going on T.D. to Calgary. We just can't seem to keep that little office occupied. Once more we shall have to hang out the sign—

OFFICE TO LET
Quiet and Peaceful Surroundings
Ideal Spot for a Rest Cure

x x x x

Jo Seabrook, the old stand by of the Equips, has at last got her wish and is headed Overseas—lucky girl—and Lucky Staff who have her for their Steno. Wish we could all have gone with you, Jo. Don't forget to write and give us all the Gen. The four R.A.F. boys who lightened the hearts of the Equip. girls have also left us and are taking up Navigation training at Edmonton. From all reports they have really had a change, and are now doing a spot of work. I say, Scott, the story of the Aerial Wire is almost as good as the one with the Gas Pump.

x x x x

Oh, say have you heard? We have two prominent musicians in our midst. None other than "Harry James" Rowett and "Bing Crosby" Wrightson. What a team, what harmony, what rhythm—what utter rot. Drop around any noon and hear them serenade the young lady of Tech. Stores. Poor Pat, how could she stood it? —It is a good thing Australia takes over after five or we would have our Pat headed for Ponoka. Barb. Archibald has also taken a liking to the lads in Royal Blue and dancing has become her main hobby. Just what is the attraction these white flashes hold for our gals? Our Carmangay kid has also lost her head and heart to the Aussies. Isn't it cold outside hut 20, Bunny? You really should cut the good-nights short; we can't afford to have any more pneumonia cases. Maint. Stores tell us that Sgt. Holtet is out after a Wolfing Permit, one that is good for 48 hours a day. Sounds like a little two-timing to us, Sarg. We are glad to see such co-operation between the Army Postal Corps and the Equips. Just why do they need so many boots repaired? And we'd swear Headquarters only have one clothing parade a month. But it is O.K. Bunny, just as long as you don't remuster to Postal Clerk. We are glad to report that our one and only Muriel Barth is back from Temp. Duty in Edmonton. Of course it was just a coninicidence that her T.D. was extended and that a red-headed Navigator was posted there just a few days after she left. We wondered why she didn't come back! "You can't punch me in the nose, Gordon, you're too far away.—Pat." We often wonder why Ruth was so eager to put our dirty dishes away, even making three trips for us. It wouldn't be on account of a dark-haired Airman who smiles at you every time you go by, would it, Ruth?

F/S Prasow is really having trouble trying to arrange our Christmas and New Year's leave, but at last it is all settled, and believe it or not, all 34 of us are satisfied. That's what I call good work. Thanks, Flight.

Really must leave you now, but before we go, here is a wish for A MERRY CHRISTMAS and A HAPPY NEW YEAR, especially to all our old companions.

Cheerio until next issue.

—THE EQUIPS.

—x—

TO "POP"—

(Officers' Quarters)

There is an ancient warrior who has
fought in every clime,
He was bodyguard to Pharoah and he
scrapped in Caesar's time;
He drew a bow at Hastings, fought at
Passchendaele, they say,
But now he's "O'C. Quarters", until the
Judgement Day.

—x—

M. T. Gas

Xmas is on its way, so the M.T. personnel are getting ready for a busy time.

x x x x

But some of the personnel are still finding time to get married—as AC. Thompson and AW. Buckingham have done. Congratulations and good luck, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson.

x x x x

And, of course, there are always the "understandings". There will be engagements in the near future and marriage as soon as the war is over, for two couples in the Section, at least. (We're trying to promote some more.)

x x x x

We're beginning to feel as if we could start a matrimonial bureau right here in the Section. Anybody interested, please ring 32 and speak to the despatcher.

x x x x

There have been quite a few postings and near-postings lately. LAC. Shelly left for Coal Harbour on the second; LAC. Lowe left for overseas at the end of November—was he tickled pink—except for one thing, and that everybody knows. It really is awfully close to Xmas, but still, there IS a war on. Remember?

x x x x

LAC. Johnson, K. P., is going to be missed a great deal around here. He's been here a long time. (Incidentally, girls, he looks snazzy in civies, but heck—he's married!) He's a great fellow, as anybody knows who came into contact with him. Good luck Kim and don't forget to write and let us know how you, the wife and family are getting along!

x x x x

LAC. Munro, another old-timer is going around, getting his clearance papers signed and will be at Tofeno, B.C., when you read this. "Good luck, Del, and do, please, write to us." By the way, Munro will see another of our boys out there, who left us last year. Art Homme by name. "Give our regards to him, will you, Del?"

x x x x

We're having quite a time out in the workshops just now. What with these Area Repair Depots starting up, and personnel needing tools at these some places (or course), it is going to leave us with a deficiency of said tools. So the boys in the Workshops are doing a grand job with what they have. "Keep up the good work boys—we're all rooting for you!"

x x x x

We have four Student Drivers here just now. They get so many driving hours in here, which takes about 4 weeks and then they go down to Trenton for their M.T. course. They will be back at this Station after that, most likely, and then you will hear more of them.

x x x x

And you will hear more from us next month.

x x x x

Until then, Merry Xmas and a Very Happy New Year.

—x—

W. & B.

"DEMENTIA"
or
"Eight Months in Works and Buildings"

My apologies first for what is to follow,
But this cranium thick, is inclined to be hollow,
Our literary effort last month was nil,
So this obligation I'll try to fulfil.

For months while saws screamed and sledge hammers pounded,
The eternal scroungers I continually hounded,
"Any chance for lumber or paint?" good pards,
"Show us a voucher for these d*!?d Tally Cards!"

This latter dreamed up by the Powers that be,
Is to keep close tab on all goods, Class "C",
So I puzzle and groan over nails and board measure,
Ah—gone are those days of happiness, leisure.

Now each of the boys—the short and the tall,
Comes regularly in for a clean coverall,
But a miracle wondrous by the laundry was wrought,
Short, shrunken garments, fit, not so hot.

Soon their foul epithets rend the still air,
And I listen in wonder then pull out my hair,
"Stop it this minute — your language obscene,
And please stay away till YOU keep it clean!"

Silence serene invades my green cell,
They're thinking of padding to muffle my yells,
I count so oft in my deep troubled sleep,
Tractors and drills instead of white sheep.

But though their work tumbles, they can't read their plans,
Better ball players never lived in these lands,
So look to your laurels all you who aspire,
Our boys, in sports, are sure H - - - fire.

x x x x

AROUND THE SHOP

Noted the day after that super Victory Loan Dance—several very bleary eyed Senior N.C.O.'s. One in fact couldn't see out of one eye at all. The old alibi too—ran into a door jamb!! Now, Now, Major—we come from Missouri and have yet to see a two legged door jamb!

x x x x

BLESSED EVENTS

Cigars were being passed around by proud papa "Buster Dederick". A fine Baby Boy! Quite appropriate too that it was born on Nov. 11th.—"Poppy Day"! Cpl. North went through the floor pacing, chain smoking stage too, a short while ago. Congratulations! In fact the carpenters shop somewhat resembles Santas' workshop—dump trucks, carts and doll carriages being turned off the lathe. Send in your orders now, fathers, and avoid the rush!

x x x x

The Major says that although Evelyn is a W. & B. Steno. now, after Christmas she will be an "Officers' Mess". Sleigh Bells and Wedding Bells! (And corn!)

x x x x

Keen competition is shown between Carpenters, Elect., Plumbers and Tractor Operators on our Bowling League. Expertly organized by that bussling bombshell "Bert" the "Plumber". F/L Trischuk was in excellent form last week—bowled "48". Perhaps as Bert suggests—it could have been the results of signing so many of the same.

Enough of this childish prattle—to business now with Best Wishes for the Festive season to come from the boys who keep things humming.

—x—

Humidities of the Heating Section

This being our first article in Windy Wings and also our first attempt at making up an article of interest, we hope, if public opinion can stand it, we will in future try again.

We might say first of all that the Heating Section is responsible for the heating of the whole Station. We have 10 Airmen and 5 civilians, including N.C.O.'s, Engineers and Firemen.

Our Chief Engineer, F/S Sutherland, who hails from, they say, "good old Vancouver", is in charge. Also from Vancouver is Cpl. Mel. Stevens, who, to different one's sorrow can tell you, is a "grunt and groan" artist of no mean abilities when it comes to wrestling. Cpl. McDonald, also an engineer from the Coast, received his discharge nearly a year ago, and with Cpl. Stevens were among the first on the Station when it was opened. Cpl. Bradbury is from Edmonton "The Gateway to the North" in the cooler part of the province. and posted here from No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary. Cpl. Fisher comes from the mining town of Nordegg, Alber-

ta, and likes trout fishing better than working for a living Having had some good trout feeds, I can vouch for that. Cpl. Austin hails from the northern part of B.C., Prince George and vicinity, and has trouble getting from Woodhouse to Lamont, Alberta, which is east of Edmonton. We believe it is a nurse at the hospital—We haven't found out whether he is love sick or otherwise.

LAC. MacDonald, also an old-timer on the Station, comes from Prince Edward Island. He puts the boys in agony with tales of rum-runners and fishing smacks—a very quiet little fellow. Cpl. Wilson, "Pop" to most of us on the Station, comes from Saskatoon and vicinity and originally from the Isle of Man—don't know whether "Pop" was the only one on the island or not! Saskatoon is also known as the "Hub City" being closest to the centre of the British Empire. LAC. Horning comes from the western part of Sask., and now has hopes of Air Crew. We wonder which W.D. will take his place so that he can fly.

We lost Cpl. Gould, LAC. Kern and LAC. McCann. They were posted to Watson Lake and Ft. St. John, some time ago, and are now growing up to be bigger and better "wolves". They say if you want to be alone, "Come on up". LAC Crush, from Moose Jaw, "the friendly city", used to work for Swift Canadian Co. as a Fireman. We are wondering if maybe he had something to do with the meat rationing. LAC. Larson comes from the vicinity of Winnipeg. To those in the know, he is a hard-rock miner as well as a Fireman—thinks beer rationing a bit too strict.

Mr. A. C. Etherington, civilian Stationary Engineer, is a local man and comes in for a lot of ribbing as the rationing hasn't stopped his chest from slipping!

Mr. Jack Gray is also an old-timer of this district. Never got around to popping the question, so is still foot-loose, can tell you about Turner Valley oil fields.

Mr. Ben Andrews is another Claresholm man. Used to dish out beer in the better days, now lives on a farm near here.

Mr. Bill Heyland and Sammy Whitehead are on the heating plants at Woodhouse, with Cpl. Wilson and Cpl. Austin in charge. Bill and Sam are old-timers of the district also.

Well, this is our personnel at the present time and they're not a bad bunch of fellows on the whole. If you should wake up some morning and feel cold, your co-operation will be appreciated if you call the Airmen's mess and let us know what and where your trouble is. We will have a man there as soon as possible. BUT DON'T try to fix it yourself! Gas is very explosive you know!

———x———

Sports Highlights

(By "Sully")

The thing that is worrying us about now is . . . . is the Harvard Step Dance (excuse me, I mean the Harvard Step Test) going to be the sports highlight of the month. It is a very debatably question especially when a Floor Hockey game is scheduled for the night and has to be called off because of the step test that afternoon. The noticeable appreciation of the Step Test routine at the Station Concert Party is another feather in the cap of Mr. Harvard if he is he guy that started all this jumping up and down to the melodious rythmatic up down - - - up down of the M.O.'s in charge of the examination. To the fellows lying on the floor gasping for the breath that they think is going to be their last, we extend our sincere sympathy knowing that they are looking forward to the period three months from now when they will have completed another test.

x x x x

VOLLEYBALL

Volleyball has brought nearly the whole Station together in seperate gatherings during the six weeks the schedule has been in operation. The P.T. team think they can hold just about any team that wishes to challenge them and are of the opinion that they should be able to walk off with the C.O.'s Trophy with very little effort. The only hitch in the P.T.'s assumption is that other teams believe that they are just as good if not better, one of these teams in particular is Works and Buildings, and they have got a mighty fine team. The last game played between W. & B. and P.T. was a sizzler in every respect, points were so close that the referee had his hands full all the way through the game. The P.T. team had a hard time coming out on top, and W. & B. is saying just wait till the next time.

x x x x

FLOOR HOCKEY

The drill hall every so often turns into an Amphitheatre and gladiators of all ranks meet to joust. Equipped with very little, if any, armour and girded with but a small stave of hard wood to go into battle, it is miraculous that these Knights of the Felt Puck have not been carried off on the backs of shields as were the knights of old. A fast and furious game, those who have not as yet witnessed one should lose no time in seeing one. A lions share of thrills and excitement is guaranteed.

x x x x

ICE HOCKEY

All though we have not as yet seen a sheet of ice bigger than a graham cracker around here our hockey team has been practicing in the arena in Lethbridge and F/L Dutchak, S/L lawson, and W.O.1 Collins are shaping up as strong an aggregation as will be seen in the Southern Air Force League. It goes without saying that all the support in the world will be given this team and although the future of hockey was problematical last season the way the old rubber disc has been flying around on the western rinks as well as the eastern rinks, the prophets of last season can crawl into their burrows anytime. Practices are on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The truck leaves the gym at 14:30 hours on these days.

x x x x

BASKETBALL

No. 15's games of Dec. 14th. were the gangs first real test under fire when they met the Vulcan's representation in the Drill Hall on our Station. The hoop fans were treated to a display of exciting basketball the results of which gave Claresholm one win and one defeat. The girls put on a mighty good show. In the first half Claresholm led the play by a large margin and showed a superiority in their passing offensive and Chaster of No. 15 was one of the sparks of the Claresholm sextet netting 8 of the 20 points in spite of the strategy of the Vulcan coach putting Ruth's big sister in to shadow the little sister. Clark picked off 7 points and Newby followed up with 5. The fans were screaming for long shots but to no avail.

SCORE

Vulcan 22 Claresholm 20

The men's game was definitely all Claresholm, Vulcan showing lots of spirit but their display of finish around the basket proved without a doubt that it was lack of practice that kept their score down to 9. Hoop wisdom and co-ordination were the points most noted in Claresholm's line up and team work and team spirit prevailed throughout.

SCORE

Claresholm 31 Vulcan 9

x x x x

BADMINTON

The floor in the Drill Hall has been lined and and a quantity of birds are available to those who are interested in Badminton.

Tournaments will begin on the first of the year and, with the number turning out now, a good season is anticipated.

The rivallry between Equipment and Maintenance is much to the fore. In the games so far Maintenance has the edge, but the season is just beginning so be prepared for action in the Equipment's bull pen.

x x x x

BOXING AND WRESTLING

Judging from the performance put up by the entrants of No. 15 at the Boxing Tournament under the auspices of No. 8 B. & G., the future world of fistcuffs at No. 15 should prove interesting in the extreme. We have a few lads that are really good material in their weight class and with the program of progressive training that it is hoped to put into practice we should have a really representative group of fighters for the Station meet in mid January.

F/O Eve and F/S Bibby are in charge of this meet and will welcome the opportunity to discuss entries for the Station bouts with aspiring boxers. They may be contacted at the Link Building or on practice nights in the Gymnasium Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

It is hoped the whole Station will get behind this meet and put it over in the way that No. 15 habitually does. In the writers opinion this type of recreation and entertainment is of tthe utmost value to any arm of the service. Creating as it does the spirit of aggressiveness and fair play and disciplinary health rules the essence of those things for which we are fighting, the right to give and take fairly and squarely without malice or evil intent and still be friends. These are personal encounters and call for all that is game in a man.

Remember the rest of the team are on the sidelines—you are doing your stint solo. O.K. boys, let's have your name and weight.

x x x x

S.A.F.L. BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

(First Named Team is Home Team)

December 7th.—
Pearce vs. Lethbridge.
Macleod vs. Vulcan.
Claresholm, By.

December 14th.—
Claresholm vs. Vulcan.
Pearce vs. Macleod.
Lethbridge, By.

January 11th.—
Lethbridge vs. Macleod.
Claresholm vs. Pearce.
Vulcan, By.

January 18th.—
Vulcan vs. Pearce.
Lethbridge vs. Claresholm.
Macleod, By.

January 25th. —
Macleod vs. Claresholm.
Vulcan vs. Lethbridge.
Pearce, By.

February 1st.—
Lethbridge vs. Pearce.
Vulcan vs. Macleod.
Claresholm, By.

February 8th.—
Vulcan vs. Claresholm.
Macleod vs. Pearce.
Lethbridge, By.

February 15th.—
Macleod vs. Lethbridge.
Pearce vs. Claresholm.
Vulcan, By.

February 22nd.—
Pearce vs. Vulcan.
Claresholm vs. Lethbridge.
Macleod, By.

February 29th.—
Claresholm vs. Macleod.
Lethbridge vs. Vulcan.
Pearce, By.

Semi-Finals

March 7th.—
2nd. Team vs. 3rd. Team.
4th. Team vs. 5th. Team.

March 9th.—
Winner of 2nd. and 3rd. vs. Winner of 4th and 5th.

Finals

March 14th.—
1st. Team vs. Winner of 2nd., 3rd., 4th. and 5th.

March 16th.—
Winner of 2nd., 3rd., 4th. and 5th. vs. 1st. Team.

March 21st.—
(If Necessary)
1st. Team vs. Winner of 2n d.,3rd., 4th. and 5th.

x

DISCUSSION GROUP

A Disscussion Group meets each week on Thursday evening, unless billed otherwise, in the classroom, No. 1 Hangar, where topics of timely interest concerning post-war planning are discussed. These groups are informal and are planned to give service men and women an opportunity to listen to and to discuss problems of vital concern. Three successful meetings have already been held but there is always room for improvement, so come and share in the discussion. Watch D.R.O.'s and posters giving dates, topics, and speakers.

A most successful discussion was held on Thursday, Dec. 2nd. under the leadership of Mr. W. Harper, a well-known farmer of Claresholm, and one who is keenly interested in farmer's problems. He discussed the topic "The Farmer on the Land" in which he emphasized the need of organization and co-operation among the farmers. Following is a summary of the highlights of the discussion.

In his opening remarks Mr. Harper briefly outlined the topic from three viewpoints, i.e. International, National, and Individual. It was pointed out that in the International field it was advisable that countries proving efficient and specially adapted to the growing of a product (e.g. wheat) should specialize in that particular product and not endeavour to produce a product for which it was not suited. Production of wheat by Italy was mentioned as an example of wasted effort and subsequent upsetting of the nation's economy. The point made was this; grow wheat or any agricultural product wherever it can be grown cheaply and let the other countries follow the same system.

From the National viewpoint the speaker stressed the value of zoning the land so as to grow wheat in areas where the highest protein content is obtained and let sub-marginal land be allocatd for ranching. Since Northern Alberta raises wheat of a low protein content, it would be better for the farmers there to produce more coarse grain and emphasize mixed farming.

The speaker stated that farming was a highly specialized profession and that the individual farmer needed agricultural education if he was to be successful. Qestions such as these must be considered:

1. Is the individual suited to farming?
2. Is the farmer willing to co-operate with the community of farmers in order to promote the interests of all?

The importance of Chemurgy, a new field of agriculture still in the laboratory stage, was emphasized. The possibilities of the soy bean and sunflower as potential sources of oil and soy bean meal for the manufacture of plastics were cited as new developments in the field of agriculture.

Later discussion evolved around the pros and cons of co-operation. Mr. Harper ably defended such criticism of co-operatives as lack of support, bucking of financial interests and loss of population in towns. To get results the farmers must have an organization strong enough to ably present the case of agriculture to the government.

The question was asked, "Would farming be a good occupation after tthe war?" In answer to this question the speaker intimated that those in the service who were planning to go farming after the war would do well to investigate the possibilities offered by a proposed plan of leasing government land. In this scheme the government would be interested only in the taxes and the fact that the farm was kept up to arbility. The government would exercise supervisory powers over intelligent methods of farming. Some of the advantages of this plan are:

1. No mortgages can be obtained on the leased land—we all know what a curse mortgages have been to western farmers.
2. Comparatively little capital is needed.
3. Better opportunities for personal choice of location which, incidentally, is very important. The would-be farmer must watch the type of land which he leases.
4. The government may open up new

areas of irrigated land which will offset the suffering and distress caused by crop failures in the dry years.

—Educational Officer.

The Kat Kolumn

The Christmas season is with us again with all the fuss and bustle of shopping crowds, the wrapping and getting on their way of mysterious looking packages, in their gay seals and ribbons. For many it will be their first Christmas away from home but the fun in store is ours for the asking. Let's make it the jolliest Christmas ever, and remember, not a word of wishful thinking—Try and make everyone elses Christmas something never-to-be forgotten, and you'll find that you have had yourself just about the merriest Xmas ever.

In contrast to the fun and noise of Christmas there is that more sober side. It may hit you in the middle of a great crowd blending their voice in the ageless strains of "Silent Night", or when you gaze upon the blue snowiness of a Christmas card from an old buddy across the sea, or back home. Or it may sneak over you as you sit and watch the ever-changing flame pictures in the open fire as the snow blusters round the chimney.

So while you sit and reminisce, here's tinder for the fire:—

REMEMBER one night at P.T. when Doris Mead tried her first somersault off the springboard? She took a long run, jumped off the springboard, straightened out and dived, face first, into the mat. She had a black eye and a swollen face and despite our sincere sympathy, evoked laughs whenever we thought of it again.

x x x x

REMEMBER the joke one of the gals tells on herself: She and HE were waiting with the midnight crowd for some means of transport back to camp. A taxi pulled up in front of the bus depot and W.D.'s and escorts started fighting their way in. In the scuffle he called her name and heard her answer so pushed into the cab and sat on someone's lap in the third layer. Imagine her mixed feelings as she saw the cab pulling away with HIM in it and her still standing on the sidewalk. It wasn't until he was nearly to camp that he found she wasn't present. Then imagine the explaining HE had to do.

When Mac finished telling me this little episode I asked her if she could find out to whom it had happened. She giggled and said, "Sure. It happened to ME."

x x x x

REMEMBER Pat Barnes getting a lovely sparkler from Doug. Robertson, both of the M.T. Section. Congratulations, kids, and may it be the real thing.

x x x x

REMEMBER Dolly French doing loops and turning somersaults on her bed at nights for lack of something to do while her Sergeant was on leave.

x x x x

REMEMBER Sheldrake pretending to go back to work on Saturday nights.

x x x x

REMEMBER MacWhinney gathering together her soap, towel, shower cap and last of all, putting her greatcoat on over her pyjamas.

Girls: "Where do you thing you're going?"

Mac: "To take a shower, of course."

Girls: "But why the greatcoat?"

Mac: "Oh, because the water's COLD."

(Explanation: The water was cold in B.B. 20 so she was going to dash across, under cover of darkness, to use the nice hot water in B.B. 9.)

x x x x

REMEMBER the 48 Becky MacDonald came back minus her sparkler. That, my dears, is news. There's something about 48's. Some come back with two rings; some come back with one. But our Becky pulled a new one and came back to camp with none. (Listen to the wolves!)

x x x x

REMEMBER Andy's famous words after the Trade Test: (And I quote AW.1 Anderson): "When I joined up I told them I wanted to be a Group Captain or nothing at all—So I'm nothing at all!"

Another quotation from this same source is: "Trade Tests come and Trade Tests go - - - - But I—go on forever."

(Unquote).

x x x x

REMEMBER those two W.D.'s whispering about their trip out to Woodhouse. And they weren't Dental Assistants either. Just to watch the planes, no doubt.

x x x x

REMEMBER how Fran Doyle used to go around in a dream after her 48's and how she sits at home with that far-away look in her eye since Course 88 graduated.

x x x x

REMEMBER when we first heard that one of the Sections was scalping their W.D.'s. It all started when Peanut got her hair caught in the sparkplug cleaner and she has been very sensitive about her bald spot ever since.

x x x x

REMEMBER the W.D. who went to the Course 88 Wings Dance with one of the graduates, who, incidently, got his commission. And who should turn up but another P/O who had taken her to his Wings Dance when he graduated with a previous course. What a predicament to be in! When questioned as to her line of action, she said, "What could I do? I spent half the evening with one and half the evening with the other." Then followed delicate questioning about how she got walked home. This took some digging, but it seems that Course 88 won this round, but only technically, for just as he was bidding a fond "Goodnight", who should stroll past at that moment but ex-Course 82. These things WILL happen, you know. But time maketh all things right, so we expect to see 82 back in there pitching (Woo).

x x x x

REMEMBER when Best was in the hospital how Marj. Blower carried on like a real trooper. How do you keep your patience and good temper with us all? You're doing a great job and don't think we don't appreciate it!

x x x x

REMEMBER Sheldrake talking in her sleep after a night out, saying, "Honey, Honey, Honey!" (The information comes first hand from a reliable source).

x x x x

REMEMBER the new girls asking how long Joy Beilby had been in the Service after hearing that she was in the hospital with arthritis. Too long, eh Joy?

x x x x

REMEMBER when the C.O. remarked after the "March Past" one parade that the W.D.'s in No. 2 Flight had the biggest curves of all the flights on parade.—Tsk, Tsk, Tsk, Sir!

x x x x

REMEMBER "The Case of the Missing Coffee Pot",, when the naughty, naughty W.D. who always brought Headquarters coffee over every morning . . . just upped and didn't bring it. Great buzz and pandemonium broke loose and people were shaken by the significance of this awful situation. But when it was learned that she was simply tired of drying cups for the offcers on that issue paper that comes in long rolls . . . well, dish towels were expedited and things slipped back to normal. But it was a spicy topic while it lasted!

x x x x

REMEMBER Scotty killing herself over that radio gag a while back. The last bit of the story went something like this:

First Hillbilly: "But ain't yoau skairt of bars?"

Second Ditto: "Naou. I've got a bicycle and I can handle bars."

x x x x

REMEMBER when we found out the price of love was seven dollars and twenty cents. We got it first-hand from Cpl. Lee that $7.20 is the cost of a telephone call to HER in Vancouver for thirteen minutes. What price love! (Cpl. Lee has since left us for Bella Bella. Hope someone sends you a copy).

x x x x

REMEMBER Major Matheson our S. W.O. We wish that someone would feel safe enough to tell us the story

about him falling down in town one night. And what was behind that crack about him working overtime at the office regularly (from 2300 to 0500 hrs.)?

x x x x

REMEMBER back in the fall when Betty came back with a far-away look in her eyes, claiming that she had had THE perfect 48 . . . hunting in the mountians. But she didn't mention WHAT or WHO she was hunting. Bag any wolves, Betty?

x x x x

REMEMBER when the S.M.O. and Nursing Sisters went in one at a time and solemnly shook hands with Cpl. Mullinger and wished her Good Luck. They knew she was posted but none of them could remember WHERE. She nearly went frantic listening to all tthe rumors, but no one knew for certain. At long last she finally found out she was destined for No. 2 K.T.S., Toronto. Alack and alas! What a fate! NO MEN!

x x x x

REMEMBER when the Navigators were here on tarmac duty. You've heard of the man once who handed back his pay on Pay Parade. Well, among these Navigators was a man who refused a 48 . . . none other than "Whistle", that happy-go-lucky soul who got joed for runner for H.Q. It seems that he was getting a week's leave to spend in Great Falls, but refused a 48 with it, because, as he explained, he'd probably have run out of money by that time. Heroes are made, not born.

Cpl. Lamb, the strong, silent type, never talked out of school, and we never could get a thing on him, except maybe a hint about "a blond in Brighton".

Headquarters gals in O.R. and Records have never been quite so thoroughly adieued as when Whistle and Andy went down the whole line-up the morning the Nav.'s left for Edmonton. Good luck, fellas. It was fun having you and we won't forget you.

x x x x

REMEMBER when Rene's Bill got his discharge. Speaking of height, and who was, did you know that he was quite astounded to find that his discharge certificate had his height as six feet seven and one-half inches. When asked for a statement for the paper, he remarked, wonderingly, "Tall, aren't I " !

x x x x

REMEMBER the girls watching after Bill had his discharge to see how Rene was going to take it. The question of the hour was, "Is she resigned? Will she wax bitter and start making cracks again about the West?" (She's from Toronto). Will she refuse to get Wilf Carter in the morning on the radio? Will she resume her former custom of lying on her back on the table with her feet above her head, sitting against the wall hour after hour in her breath-taking defiance of all the proven laws of gravity, to prove to one and all that life is what you make it?

x x x x

REMEMBER after several hours of meditation one day in this position, she was heard to mutter this philosophic gem: "It must be nice to have been on TWO stations . . . so you can have another station to look back to". At a later date she made this deduction: "Sure I like the Air Force. But I've got other ideas".

x x x x

REMEMBER LAW. Weiduwilt who was on this station long ago. Cpl. Saucke, who came to us from Newfoundland, tells us that Weiduwilt, who was posted to Gander, remustered to Clerk General and went to work in H.Q.C.R. (lucky girl), but Cupid dooed it and she is now Mrs. (Sgt.) Bob Mahoney. Congrats and best wishes.

x x x x

REMEMBER that both Rene's and Scotty's wolves have long since departed. When asked for a statement for the press they said they are agreeable to being quoted on the following: that they want Santa Claus to bring them bigger and better wolves with more money, more gas coupons and at least three permits apiece.

x x x x

REMEMBER Tommy, the little dark-haired girl in the parachute section? Rumor hath it that Christmas chimes are going to be wedding bells, as she plans to forfeit this life of single blessedness and independence for a couple of rings on her third finger. More power to you, and that means we all wish you the best.

x x x x

REMEMBER the night in the Queen's when D.R. was pulling hairs out of an Aussie's moustache. We couldn't quite hear what she was muttering, but it sounded like "He loves me. He loves me not".

x x x x

REMEMBER how D.R. used to do paint jobs with her lipstick? She tells us she's been leaving her lipstick at home lately. We thought it was a sign that she had reformed, but on second thought it's probably just a sign that she's becoming more subtle.

x x x x

REMEMBER when we heard that Dep. was going on a "shopping tour" in Calgary, and, incidently meeting her old boy friend. Imagine our surprise when she came back with still no second ring to match the other. How is he anyway, Dep.? Long time no see!

x x x x

REMEMBER when the girls make Bernice's bed up apple pie thinking that she might try to get in before "Lights Out". But it was no go. She's out with that Aussie every night now instead of just every other night. But she does cut a trimmer figure lately (even if you did misjudge the size).

x x x x

REMEMBER how Girling used to mope around the barracks carring the torch for someone who went to Vulcan. We're glad to see you spending your spare time showing the Aussies about. After all, they may be far from home and lonely and that sort of thing, so it is really your patriotic duty, and such-like. And besides, it's fun.

x x x x

REMEMBER a certain evening when the S.P.'s had to tell a certain couple twice to break it up (more lipstick). The big laugh came next day when, in a daze she picked up her laundry and Rinso and started down the barracks with the box upside down, leaving a long white trail of Rinso behind her all the way . . . much to everyone's glee. She was heckled all day about laying a CLEAN path for the future. No offense meant, of course. Just teasing.

x x x x

REMEMBER that long W.D. sergeant we had by the name of Betty Galashan? She was posted from Rockcliffe to Toronto as a cadet officer and at the end of her course was posted to No. 4 Training Command. So maybe we'll be seeing something of her again.

x x x x

REMEMBER hearing a P/O on this station remarking on the bus after a week-end of Christmas shopping that he had searched all over Calgary all week-end but couldn't buy a single pair of ladies' black lace (.....). So if anyone has some extras on hand, well . . . .

x x x x

REMEMBER Hope Denbigh, the tall dark handsome corporal who did so much towards decorating the walls of our Intelligence Library in G.I.S.? She took the same course as Betty G. and is now a Ma'am also. She was posted to Western Air Command, right back near her home. Congratulations from us all to you-all, both Hope and Betty. Don't forget to drop in anytime.

x x x x

REMEMBER Beth Sheffield, the Equipment Assistant, who put in a good deal of labor as President of the House Committee (W.D.) and barrack corporal? She was posted off to Gander a while back and have we ever missed her songs. They were in a class of their own; songs we'd never heard before, and most of them very good for smokers. But what we miss most is Sheff.'s rendition of "I wanna go back . . . to where I come frum!"

x x x x

REMEMBER the Ten R.D. Concert and those bold, brave Senior N.C.O.'s who left a row of empty beer bottles under their chairs when they walked out at intermission. And only three or four rows behind the C.O. too. Tsk, Tsk! Don't you know that Santa is spying on bad little boys like you and if he catches you, you won't

Christmas Services

ROMAN CATHOLIC

Station Services—

Midnight Mass and Holy Communion in K. of C. Hut, Christmas 'Eve.

Confessions — Chaplain's Office, 1900 - 2100 hours.

Claresholm Services—

Masses on Christmas Day, St. Vincent's Church, 0930 & 1100 hours.

Confessions, Dec. 24th., 1500 - 1700 hours.

Mass, Sunday, Dec. 26th., 1100 hours.

get something nice for Christmas.

x x x x

REMEMBER those officers on the bus one Sunday night talking about the good time they had at the Paralizer.

First sprogue: "What kind of a time did you have over the week-end?"

Second Ditto: "Oh, high, wide and transom."

P/O M. in bare feet
Standing on a bench
Looking through the transom
At a pretty wench.
(Chambermaid won't rhyme).

x x x x

REMEMBER the Christmas party they had last year. Well, we are going to have a bigger and better one this year. On the station, the evening will start off with everyone whooping up carols in the Rec. Hall, lunch after. Then the W.D.'s are having a pyjama party in the Canteen. After everyone congregates around the tree when midnight communion is over, we'll have carols, fun and games, a program of playing, singing and tap-dancing, paper hats and favors, and a present on the tree for everyone. Lunch again, this time mince pie and ice cream and coffee, and when the excitement dies down . . . off to bed to rest up for a three-hour dinner served by the Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s. (Notice to wolves: The pyjama party is strictly for Out-of-Bounds and all the blinds will be drawn. So . . . ha, ha!) And so until next year, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. And remember the Kat Kolumn when you make your New Year's resolutions!

Remembrancetide

11th. November, 1943.

A Remembrancetide was observed worthily with the customary honours, on the Station as in the town of Claresholm. Sunday, Nov. 7th., was chosen for a Community Service and the Protestant ministers, with their congregations, brought a capacity crowd of 600 into the Rex Theatre. A choir from the town churches eld the memorial hymns, accompanied by the Station Band from No. 15 S.F.T.S., and the ministers joined in conducting the worship.

Claresholm Branch of the Canadian Legion had planned the observance and a section of the Veterans led the Church parade, under command of Mr. N. L. Robinson, M.C.

A contingent of 100 Officers and Airmen in three flights, with the Station Band, was followed by the Claresholm Air Cadets, under their officers. The service was reverently followed by the large congregation and was climaxed by the dedication of wreaths, the observance of the Silence and the sounding of Last Post and Reveille.

Concluding with Commemoration Prayers "for all who were called out of two generations to serve and suffer and die". After service the march past was led by the Veterans section, with S/L Livermore taking the salute. As the Vetreans passed the saluting base, and halted, turned left and faced front, the Air Force contingent paid traditional service compliments to "the Boys of the Old Brigade". Later the Veterans proceeded to the cemetery to deposit their poppy wreaths at the graves of their old comrades.

x x x x

On Armistice Day, ceremonial observances were carried out on the parade square at the Station. The sirens sounded "cease work" at 10:30 hrs. and personnel fell in and paraded in their flights to take up squadron positions in wing mass, with a section of Veterans in position of honour with No. 1 Squadron.

At 10:55 the (acting) Commanding Officer, S/L Atkinson, took over the parade, the trumpeter sounded Last Post, ensign was dipped and the two minutes silence reverently observed. Trumpeter then sounded Reveille and the Station Chaplains offered commemoration prayer. At the flagstaff, on a table covered with the Union Jack, four Poppy Wreaths were laid

After parade ceremonies, the Commanding Officer, with the Station Adjutant, Station Chaplains, Station Warrant Officer and two Officers bearing wreaths, with a civilian veteran, Mr. Harold Gourley, proceeded to the Claresholm Cemetery to deposit the memorial wreaths. The four graves are marked with headstones for P/O Holt (England), LAC Lockhart (Scotland), Mr. Dan Williams (Wales), LAC.

Christmas Services

PROTESTANT

Carol Service—

Christmas 'Eve in the Rec. Hall, 2200 hours (followed by refreshments at 2230 hours).

Communion Service —

In the Station Chapel, Midnight (commencing 2345 hours).

Christmas Day—

1000 hours, Choral Service and Communion.

In Claresholm Christmas Day—

UNITED CHURCH—
1100 hours, Choral Service.

ANGLICAN CHURCH, St. John's—
1100 hours, Choral Service and Holy Communion.

J. M. ROE,
Station Chaplain (P).

Brighton (Australia). Last Post and Reveille were sounded at the graveside.

At the evening of the day in keeping with the quarter century tradition, the veterans on the Station gathered at the Canteen for a Smoker and Concert with the Commanding Officer, the C.I., Administrative Officer, Station Adjutant, Chaplains and other Senior Officers as honored guests. Under the chairmanship of "Pop" Dawson the company paid customary compliments in a program of toasts and songs.

Concluding the day fittingly, the veterans received a visit from the graduating class of Australians wearing the "Wings" conferred that day and old sweats and young sweats exchanged compliments and congratulations with a chorus of "Bless 'Em All".

—x—

The Cross Section of the News

CHRISTMAS

On another page will be found the schedule of services to be held Christmas Day. Amidst the garlands of holly and the giving of gifts, let us not forget the true significance of this great Feast. Let us make sure that "there is room in the inn". May the Blessings of the Christ-Child be yours at Christmas and throughout the New Year.

x x x x

GREMLINS

An unofficial report tells of the discovery of a large number of gremlins in a "distant" chapel, previously undetected because they are called **Chapelins**, a name so much like **chaplain** that nobody questioned their presence at Mass.

They were discovered by a chaplain. He noticed that a detail of chapelins armed with five-gallon cans were sabotaging genuflections. By pushing the five-gallon cans directly to the point where a "big fellow's" knee would touch the floor, they were able to prevent a dignified genuflection. This accomplished, two little chapelins got astride each man's shoulders and began turning his head one way and then the other.

A baby chapelin really stopped the show. The little fellow kept pushing back the chief's cuff in order to play with his wrist watch. Another squad of chapelins with advanced cases of agoraphobia descended upon some men coming in. They never let the men move past the rear seats for fear of fire or crowds. The chaplain knew why, but not how, they accomplished this feat.

x x x x

SPIRITUAL BOUQUET FOR LOVED ONES

It is an old and gracious custom of the Christmas time to give gifts. Don't forget the folks at home during this Holy Season. Nothing pleases them more than to know that you are faithful in your religious duties.

Dear .....,

I offer this gift as a proof of my love for you. It is made possible by my own efforts. It will bless you who receive it, and I am better for having prepared it.

Masses ( ) Communions ( )

Rosaries ( ) Prayers ( )

Signed .....

x x x x

OUR SYMPATHY

We wish to extend our deepest sympathy to the relatives of LAC. William L. Brighton, South Perth, Western Australia, who was accidentally killed October 30th., and who was buried from St. Vincent's Church, Claresholm, Tuesday, November 2nd. We feel that our sentiments could not be better expressed than by the following poem written by a mother to her eighteen year old Cadet son:

A Mother's Prayer

Dear God, it seems but yesterday
You gave this boy to me.
The one who's many miles from home,
Whose face I cannot see.

The years have swiftly come and gone,
So eager in their stride
To brush me lightly by the way,
And take him from my side.

It seems to me he's still a child,
So full of boyish glee,
But pleadings of a war-torn world
Have forced the man-to-be.

And now, dear God, he's joined the ranks
Of men with silver wings,
And soon will search the heavens wide
For peace and finer things.

But Oh, dear Lord, if in his flight
He fails to come to me,
Please, God, take over the controls
And chart his course to Thee.

—Joan Helen Mangan.

—PAUL L. MONAHAN, F/L,
Station Chaplain, (R.C.).

—x—

THE CORN COB

AN OBITUARY

I feel, as I write this, my last article for Windy Wings, as though I were a convict sentenced to be hanged, writing his own obituary! I have been on this Station for the past two and a half years, and it is with very deep emotions that I leave behind me all that No. 15 represents. The one important lesson that I have learned while on this Station is that it doesn't matter a Tinker's Dam whree one is stationed in this Air Force, providing one meets the right type of people, and I can truthfully say that I have never met a finer, or a more understanding personnel than that located here at Claresholm.

Therefore may I take this opportunity to thank all the friends I was fortunate to make while here, for everything, and I sincerely hope that No. 15 S.F.T.S. will go right on turning out some of the best Pilots, not only in this Command, but in Canada!

"GRUESOME",
Cpl. Tuson, G. L.

STRUCK OFF STRENGTH

"THE CORNCRIB" — originated and gleaned by Cpl. G. L. Tuson. "Gruesome" is now spreading sunshine to the personnel of No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary.

x x x x

TAKEN ON STRENGTH

"THE CORN COB" — harvested from the Corn-Crib, and garnered in by—????

x x x x

Here follows our humble effort (Just one more Joe!). Next month we'll have the corniest guy on the Station "Chawin' at the Corn Cob!" Watch for it! Wait for it! It should be good! (Ed. Note: It'd better be!)

x x x x

"THE CORN COB "

F/S Sharp: "What caused the explosion at your house last night?"

W.O.1 Matheson: "Powder—on my coat sleeve."

x x x x

Smart Airman: "How much are your four dollar shoes?"

Just-as-Smart Salesman: "Two dollars per foot."

x x x x

The Adjutant had dictated a letter to

one of the twins, in which the words "intelligence officer" were used twice. His stenographer, not quite used to Air Force terms, typed "intelligent officer".

The Adjutant took one look at the letter and roared at poor Jean: "Look at this! Who ever heard of an intelligent officer?"

x x x x

An old mountaineer, prowling about the site of an abandoned tourist camp, salvaged a mirror from the debris.

"I swigger," he exclaimed. "Here is a picture of Paw. Never knowed he had one took."

He took the mirror home and hid it in the atttic. His wife, suspicious, searched about the attic after he'd departed from the house, and, finding the mirror, exclaimed:

"Ha, here's that woman he's been a-runnin' around with." Looking more closely, she then added. "But I ain't afraid of her. She's an ugly old devil."

x x x x

Nursing Sister Rainsforth: "I think that the Major down there in the far corner is regaining consciousness, doctor. He just tried to blow the foam off his medicine."

x x x x

AW.1 Gleadle (at last Trade Improvement Class): "Good Bye. I am indebted to you for all that I know."

Sgt. Horton: "Don't mention such a trifle."

x x x x

Batman: "Some of your wash was jumping around last night, Sir."

F/O Finn: "That was probably my athletic underwear!"

— ? ? ? ? ?

—x—

Physical Training

In order to fulfill our duties accurately and diligently, we must be physically fit as well as mentally alert. A person, even though his I.Q. be of the highest, cannot do his best work if he feels dull and under the weather.

Every human being needs some exercise. We, W.D.'s, who work in offices all day long, need this exercise more than others! During our working hours we have little opportunity for exerting our muscles. Therefore everyone of us should takke some time off for P.T. Try taking an hour of P.T. every day and see how much healthier you feel! That dull, drowsy feeling will be gone, and you will be ready and fit to "do your bit".

Now, some girls are apprehensive of P.T., because they think it developes large, bulging muscles. This is not the fact. The P.T. given to W.D.'s is not muscle developing, but it will distribute those curves!

So, girls! If you want to do your work well; if you want to help, not hinder, as well as keep your figures trim, take an hour of P.T. every day! It's good for you!

Elmer's Letter

Dear Ma and Pa—

Well, a lot of water has gone down the drain, as I always say, since I last rote you. But it shore has ben busy since last month. We had quite a time getting these last two courses off our hands and all. Also we have had visiting days so that the tax-payers could some out to see all the ways we can think of to spend money on something.

We made a broadcast from here too. But I sent you a card so you could go over to Appleby's and listen in. I bet you were kinda mad when it wasn't Monday night at all. I bet dad got the milkin' done early and the stock all bedded down for the night and got the team hitched and drove over to the nabors before you could say "A rolling stone saves nine." I hope you went over again the next night to hear the broadcast becus if you listened to it you'd hear me. How did my voice sound? Be honest, don't just flatter me.

You remember when the old-time fiddlin' started; well the second "yee-hoo-o-o" after they got goin' was me. Cripes, I was nervous as a cat when I was listening to the broadcast the other night, just waiting to see if you could hear me or not cause I had to yell pretty loud as I was at the back of the hall. It shore gives you a thrill to hear yerself on the radio, though. Did you let all the nabors on the party line no? I sent Clarabelle a 1c speshul card so she would be listenen' too. I was going to yell her name if I had got nearer the front but I was so far back that I didn't think she could hear me.

Next time I'll go an hour earlyler and sit in the front row and yell a message to you. I'll yell something to Clarabelle first on accounta she's a lady and "Women and children first", as I always say. Not that you're not a lady, Ma. But you're married.

I shore was tired after getting the last course out, with the fuss over the broadcast, the concert party, flooding the rink, rounding up chairs every time there is something special on. On top of that my bike went on the hummer and I had to do all the running on foot. When they git ecksited oversomething they shore do send out a lot of silly little bits of paper here and there.

Besides my radio debutt, which was really just an experiment on my part and which I entend to do more of in the future, and running on foot in these issue boots, (Cripes—my feet never did get used to wearing boots) I nearly ended up by getting posted across the brink (that means Overseas in Air Force slang).

I got sent up to the dentist so he could look at my teeth. He said that he hadn't seen a better set on the station so I told him that I owed it all to our old cow Molly, and her calf Bessy when she started milking, and you, Ma. So he said he shore passed me for Overseas. But when I went to the M.O. he found a lot of faults. I shore must have gone down hill a lot since I got into the air force becus they told me at the recrooting senter that I was just the tipe they could make the most of; or rather, make the most use of. I went up to the M.O. (that's slang for Medikay Offiser) and he looked at me in a queer sort of way and said, "I'm Akin." So I leaned over and whispered, "Confidenshully, I don't feel so hot myself." He must be pretty simpathetic becus he looked as if he was going to take a turn for the worst.

Naturally I can't tell you about being examined but they finally desided that I had flat feet. So I just told him they probably flattened out from running after cokes all day after a mess dinner. This remark didn't please him I guess as he threw my long underwear at me and says, "Your through." and sounded like he meant it, with a very serious look on his face. That's the way with these fellas though, always clowning.

By the way, I guess I won't be able to cum home for Christmas this year. Now don't take it too hard, Ma. It will be my first Xmas away from home but you know you have to grow up and face the hardships of life some day and you can be proud that I am facing it like a man. It is desisions like this that test a man's kalaber. Anyway I can't get a pass signed for Xmas as I am on the wrong duty watch.

I'll tell you all about it next letter. Hope you get your Xmas presence O.K. I can't tell you what they are or you wouldn't be surprised.

Your loving son,
ELMER.

—x—

Course 86, Graduating November 11th., 1943

FRONT ROW—
(Left to Right)
Morris, B. A.
Hackney, J. A.
Farquharson, W. L.
Willis, C. J. N.
Clements, R. A.
Biegler, C. I.
F/O Finley.
Turner, J. B.
Heald, D. H.
Lawrence, A. E.
Carroll, F. D.
Holmes, A. C.
Cockrell, G. R.

SECOND ROW—
(Left to Right)
Marston, T.
Sharpe, D. N.
Goodlad, K. P.
Percival, E.
Lapp, H. M.
Singleton, A. F.
MacDonald, K. R.
Bently, K. A.
Davis, J. E.
Campbell, W. F.
Patterson, J. T.
Russell, L. E.
Greenway, G.
Steinman, I. D.

THIRD ROW—
(Left to Right)
Robertson, A.
Barr, W. A.
Cooper, C.
Jones, G. M.
MacDonald, R. A.
Bigwood, H.
Dodsworth, T. I.
Hays, S.
Midwinter, W. R.
Gilchrist, N. T.
McLatchie, R. L.
Bates, W. D.

FOURTH ROW—
(Left to Right)
Warburton, N. G. E.
Bonham, M. T.
Anderson, G. W.
Scott, W. L.
Culley, G. D.
Gropp, K. A.
Cmolik, G. W.
MacDonald, H. E.
Lauder, H. S.
Clark, E. B.
Stuart, D. A.
Davies, D.

WHO??

Who is this legendary man
With sleep in eyes and bright red band
Who tugs and strains in dawns grey light
To hoist our pennant up just right.

He wanders round with look so grim
With an Officer dressed just like him
Who scowls and mutters, then takes notes
'Bout beds unmade and unhung coats.

And should perchance you wish to find
This chap, whilst doing daily grind
I'll let you in, (I'm influential)
On something strictly confidential.

If, in vain, you've made your quest,
And every likely place you've guessed,
Do not give up—I'll bet my roll
You'll find him somewhere near "The Pole".

For there he takes his lonely stand
Forboding visage, book in hand
Alert and watchful, glint in eye
To pounce on people passing by.

"Oh march in step, salute the flag
Shoulders back, don't let them sag
Do up that button, don't even talk!"
We'll do our best that guy to balk!

Or if it's night with stars agleam,
You'll find him robbing the canteen,
And taking it in bags galore
To boost "Accounts" terrific store.

Or checking prisoners, counting heads,
Supplying brand new erks with beds,
This bloke's work is never done
He's continually on the run,
And sizing it all up, by and large,
It's a hell of a job being Orderly Sarge!

—"G" FLIGHT.

———x———

THE STATION GLEE CLUB

This is the newest of Station projects, and we are looking for new members, people interested in choral work, both of a sacred and lighter nature.

This is an activity open for all Station Personnel — Officers, Senior N.C.O.'s, Airmen and Airwomen. The two necessary qualifications are as follows: (1) Enthusiasm (of prime importance); (2) A willingness to learn and work, with others.

If you are interested in singing for singing's sake; if you like to sing, but are unable to read music, but are willing to learn, just turn your name in to Sgt. Coates, c/o Instrument Section, No. 7 Hangar, Mr. Sullivan, K. of C. Hut, or the Editor of your Station Paper.

Your interest and co-operation will be appreciated.

Course 88, Graduating December 9th., 1943

FRONT ROW—
(Left to Right)
Caines, E.
Brown, W. R.
Eather, J. R.
McCullock, K.
Wcotten, L. H.
P/O Shephard.
Zimmerle, K. J.
Harvey, R. O.
Walker, R. E.
Waddington, M. L.
Devlin, M. T.

SECOND ROW—
(Left to Right)
O'Callaghan, J.
Dalziel, C.
Taylor, P.
Jackson, N.
Price, A. W.
Stahl, J.
Carkeck, K.
Johnson, D. A.
Collinson, J. J.
Hill, W. B.
Wright, L.
Lyons, J. B.
Browning, D.

THIRD ROW—
(Left to Right)
Nairn, A. R.
Gibson, R.
Wren, D.
Rocke, H. L.
Swift, R.
Lewis, R. R.
Butterfield, E. W.
Ransom, R. D.
Smythe, K.
Smith, E. C.
Richardson, R. S.
Inglis, J. A.

FOURTH ROW—
(Left to Right)
Thompson, A.
Wallace, J.
Graham, B.
Gifford, R. S.
Playford, B. H.
Mills, J. S.
Wilson, W. F.
Brown, C. J.
Langdon, J. H.
Donnelly, T. M.
Finucane, J. P.
Frizzell, H. J.