



Vol. 4 No. 4

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

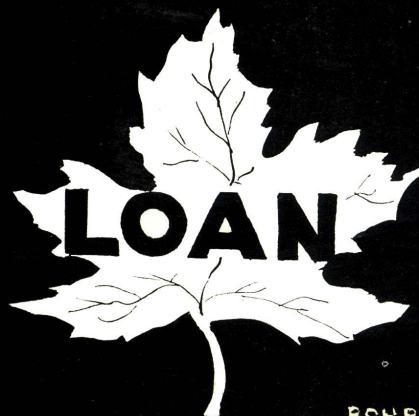
May 1st., 1944



No. 874

PUT VICTORY FIRST

VICTORY
VICTORY



• MAY
1944 •

ROUDA



The Ceremony



The Ride

● **WEDDING BELLS
RING FOR "DOLLY" FRENCH
AND "JIMMY" EVANS OF
NAVIGATION FLIGHT**

On March 30, a most appropriate christening for the new chapel at No. 15 was the lovely wedding of AW. "Dolly" French, of Mortlach, Sask., and F/S "Jimmy" Evans, of Welland, Ont. They were united in Holy Matrimony by F/L Light and Rev. Smith of Claresholm. The chapel, adorned with spring flowers, was filled with friends of the bridal couple.

Strains of the Wedding March filled the chapel as the bride came down the aisle on the arm of Group Captain Kennedy, Commanding Officer, who gave the bride in marriage. Miss French looked lovely in the turquoise blue sheer dress with brown and beige accessories, on which she wore a corsage of pink and white roses. The bridesmaid, Mrs. Naismith, wore pink sheer and a corsage of pink carnations. Best man to the groom was F/S Naismith, of Navigation Flight.

The soloist, Sgt. Ccates, sang the very lovely "Through the Years," accompanied by Cpl. Parry, organist.

As the bridal couple left the chapel, a guard of honor of twelve W.D.'s and twelve airmen formed an archway. Amid showers of rice and confetti and lively music from the Station Band, they climbed aboard a gaily decorated trailer towed by a tractor.

After a whirlwind ride around the station, the bride and groom were taken to the Sergeants' Mess where a reception was held for about thirty guests. The

table was decorated with a two-tier pink and white wedding cake, decorated with wedding bells. A toast to F/S and Mrs. Evans was given by F/L Light, answered by the bridegroom.

The bridal couple left for a short honeymoon, and for going away the bride looked chic in a beige dressmaker suit with brown accessories.

Best wishes go to F/S and Mrs. Evans from all of No. 15. May they have years and years of happiness, and as the saying goes, "Let all their troubles be little ones."



The Cake

What the Flights are Doing

"A" . . .

● "A" FOR ANYTHING AT ALL

Once more the morale of "A" For Anything has been boosted, owing to the introduction of Newzies to the Flight. We have the pleasure of announcing ourselves as Course 104 and we intend to stay until we have passed out, either one way or the other.

Everything so far has been going according to "Hoyle" but though not pessimistic, we wonder how long this state of affairs will continue. "According to Hoyle" in this case indicates that so far nothing untoward of a disastrous nature has occurred to mar the name of "A" For Anything At All.

Notwithstanding our unblemished title we have to date awarded the "Ancient Order of the Triangular Circuit" to one enterprising member, "Gil." More care will have to be exercised in the future. It upsets the Jeep! Numerous undercarriages have come in with eyes bulging and looking very fat in the face, bemoaning the fact that first solo pupils always forget that they are built to be landed on and not bounced and will only stand so much before giving way to sheer weight of numbers (of bad landings).

Congratulations, Maurie, on your good fortune.

The Newzies of 104 would like to sincerely thank F/O J. T. Robertson for his most generous assistance when they first arrived on the station and also for his help in making the first leave possible.

"C" . . .

● "C" FLIGHT

This month we are able to greet the station with a smile. Everyone has completed the series of wings tests and ground school examinations which are devised to make the young pilot's life such an unenviable one, and we are now looking forward to the graduation parade. At the moment we are recuperating at Woodhouse, which is everything one might wish and a little more besides. If we were a little more enlightend on the mysteries of beam approaches then our existence would be perfect.

x x x x



W/O Cornwall has been posted to operations and he will be leaving shortly. As our disciplinarian he has been a great success—ask o/c pupils—and he will be missed. We join with his own particular students in wishing him all the success and hope to see him in England. And that's a date, Corny!

x x x x

F/O Fry is proving an ideal drill instructor. His commands are a little inspired at times, but generally he gets the required results. All the same, we are wondering how much Wardrop means to him when he has half the flight going in different directions.

x x x x

During the past month Woodhouse has been the scene of several gigantic struggles. The soft-ball competition is under way and to date the ground crew team winning. The instructors have a team too, but its record is bare worth discussing—appeared twice, played twice and defeated twice.

x x x x

Since arriving here we have missed our timekeeper. Denny was our constant joy and we are sorry that she could not come with us. We know that she will be just as popular with Course 106.

x x x x

Tales are spreading of the hectic weekend spent in Cranbrook, B.C. While this is no scandal column, we would all like to know the experiences of Stewart and McIntyre and what went wrong with the pleading influence of the old man Henderson. Ample liquor, big cars, beautiful women . . . the game smells.

x x x x

This month it has been our pleasure to

welcome another Australian instructor to our midst. Unfortunately P/O Williams has arrived too late to take an active interest in our training, but we all wish him the best with the next course, which may also be an Aussie one.

x x x x

Our course has produced another gay Cassanova to play havoc with the local talent. We are wondering who the red-head seen pedalling a bike with Slim Sommerville could be. A car has better prospects, Slim.

x x x x

F/O Bonor paid a flying visit a little while ago and he seems to thrive on his new station. He is out East and should be an asset anywhere.

x x x x

This is our last appearance in Windy Wings and we would like to express our appreciation of all the excellent instruction and assistance that we have received on this station. The majority of us have found the course long and arduous and on many occasions very tiring. We shall always remember this station, with kind thoughts, not only because it was here that we won our wings, but because of the kind consideration of everyone. It is with genuine sincerity that on our farewell we say "thank you!"

x

SMILE HERE

Cpl (to Taxi Driver): "What are you stopping for?"

Taxi Driver: "I thought I heard the young lady say 'stop'."

Cpl.: "Maybe you did, but she wasn't talking to you!"

"D" . . .

● "D" FOR DIGGIN' IN Mit The Gophers

Well, folks, Course 96 has gone bush, . . . which means that we are at Woodhouse. The first job on arriving here was cleaning up the aftermath of Course 94 (obviously not an Australian Course), and the second was the repelling of two frontal attacks by the gophers. Our success in the latter being due mainly to the Wizardry of Oz. However, now we are settled in to some serious flying and are in the grip of the Wings Test Plague, which so far all have survived.

x x x x

So far there is only one thing lacking to make this a home away from home and that our ever popular O.C., F/L Edmonds, and we miss his paternal influence quite a lot. However, the job is being handled more than capably in his absence by our newly appointed Deputy O.C., F/O Pearce. Congratulations Mr. Pearce on your recent promotion.

x x x x

Speaking of congratulatorys, they may be soon in order for our one and only Spehr, who, it is rumoured, contemplates the final plunge. What about loosening up the tongue a bit?

x x x x

Who took off and flew formation to High River with a Cornell, mistaking it for his leader with his wheels still down? The week's best is . . . Anderson.

x x x x

Contrary to the forecast published in the last issue by "C" Flight, we scored over them easily in Ground School, but they certainly take first prize when it comes to collecting blood for the Red Cross. Nice work, Herbie.

x x x x

Gentlemen White and Hyem returned from Easter leave looking much the worse for wear, this condition no doubt due to association with the "C" Flight stocking stranglers.

x x x x

It has not yet been explained why Dunc's face became so red in Claresholm cafe recently. Wack-O!

x x x x

F/Sgt. Malcolm always seems to be peering into gopher holes since arriving here at Woodhouse. Could it be that he is looking for the elusive King?

x x x x

F/O Sainsbury's delight one evening recently when his star pupil executed a perfect three-pointer for two visiting U.S.A. Cobra pilots, was turned to chagrin when the said pupil attempted dig-

ging for gophers with the tailplane.

x x x x

Before closing off for the last time, it is the wish of every member of the flight that Windy Wings convey to all personnel of 15 S.F.T.S. associated with the training of the course, their sincere thanks for their help and whole-hearted co-operation throughout our time here.

x x x x

Thank you. Goodbye and good luck.

x

"E" . . .

● "E" FOR EAGER, ENDEAVORING ENGLISHMEN EVENTUALLY EXITING EXPERTS TO ERRADICATE THE ENEMY

Down here in No. 5 Hangar, away from the bustle and bustle of the main station (in the lower rent district) nestles the Efficiency Flight.

x x x x

Quite a few changes have taken place, for we now have a new Flight Commander in F/O Heath. Other new members are F/O Webb, P/O Ayton and P/O McChesney. We miss the old familiar faces of F/O Baillie (Bullfrog Baillie) and F/O O'Flynn (the flying Irishman). However we hope they are happy in that they got what they wanted most: postings overseas. Last but not least, we are sorry to see LAW. McLay go to Equip. We now have AW.2 Christianson supposedly keeping time. (She'll learn!)

x x x x

F/O Edey has been seen lately out around the hangar showing the boys how to swing a pick. (Apparently these English lads never did dig a clay cellar). The idea of the digging is to put in gravel walks, should we at some future date get the gravel.

x x x x

These students are no different from others we have had. Such incidents as caging the horizon to level one's wings, turning towards the dead engine right on the deck, and forced landings with undercarriage still up.

x x x x

Congratulations go to the Fire Hall . . . or should it be the order of the boot. One of our aircraft caught fire, and it looked quite serious. Flames were coming from everywhere, especially around the starboard engine. An alarm was put in, while ground crew dashed frantically out with extinguishers. Twenty minutes later (with the hangar buzzer still going) we had as yet to see any sign of a fire truck. The fire had been put out and the damage done; but just to see what was

keeping them, we phoned the fire hall, to find that they had not received any signal, due to the fact that the signal box was torn out of the wall for repairs. Besides, the fire truck was in No. 3 hangar, anyway, as the crash truck was u/s. Oh, well, they'll probably be closing the station soon, so what's a hangar or two?

x x x x

See as how we are night flying (?), we sympathize with those of our comrades, in instructing, who, every morning at 8 a.m., trudge their weary way through fog, rain or snow to be greeted by smiling Met. members, issuing forth such wisdom as: "There is a cold front 300 miles north of here which should reach us some time in the second half, only it may stop between here and Vulcan. If the former happens, then we will have C.A.V.U. weather. If the latter happens we will probably get the same C.A.V.U. weather, because that's all we get here anyway." So we fly, oblivious to the cloud at 800 feet, the ice and the sleet.

x x x x

Speaking of night flying, we are slowly going gray, but our worry is not for ourselves, but rather for the crews which must inevitably meet with such rough landings. No doubt the expressions used by the crews will sound an awful lot like our instructors'. If such is the case, we will take to dying our hair, and pulling on our slippers, and filling our pipes. We will lean back in our easy chair with the evening paper, and nod knowingly. Well, this easy chair talk has got me, so here I go. If it's exercise you're looking for, our mat always reads "welcome!" Come and see us, eh? It's free!

x

"F" . . .

● "F" FLIGHT

One of "F" Flight's most noted characters is Paul Sultan. "Lambie-pie", as he is called by the "Butter Queen", is always found engaged in numerous activities . . . good and bad. Why is it, "Lambie-pie", that the water in the fire extinguisher seems to evaporate so quickly, and is the glare from your navigation lights so blinding that you have to leave them off while night flying? Is it proper for an LAC. like you to bribe an Officer like P/O Prunes by giving him candy to coax him into the barracks? Oh well, Prunes was not so dumb, as he knew what would happen if you got him in! Regarding Paul's good activities . . . well anyhow, he is an excellent clothes washer and ironer, and in spite of an odd shortcoming, he should make some lucky girl a good "wife".

"G" . . .

● "G" FOR GEORGE

"G" for George or something! Something appears once more in print, thanks to the good graces of the powers that be.

Having, after much tribulation, succeeded in getting all the students solo, or at least most of them, "G" Flight instructors are still conspicuous by twitching hands and eyebrows. Should any of them be observed grasping convulsively at thin air whilst en route to the mess or other directions, have compassion on them, for this is entirely due to snatching wildly at the controls and arresting aircraft from unusual positions, conveniently so placed by erring students.

We have had two new additions in the serried ranks of the Instructors since Windy Wings last went to press, in the forms of P/O's Rous-Marten and Heese-man, one a Newswy and the other a Canadian. The one with the twin handlebars may be referred to as Rous-Marten or "Rasputin" according to conscience and the condition of the weather. P/O Heese-man has just received his parchment but points out that he is most disappointed that his liquor permit was not forwarded therewith.

F/O McNaughton still fulfills his roll as peacemaker, as was recently evidenced when the instructors very nearly cut one another's throats in deciding leave periods. Incidentally, the practice of swiping fellow-instructors' students for instrument look-outs has begun. Dear Mr. McNaughton, what about it?

Apart from these tribulations, we still have our heads above alcohol—pardon us—above water, and we hope to get all our students through, including Ace Maddox and Beau Brummel Goldfinch. Cheerio, back to the Nut House.

● STUDENT'S ANGLE OF ATTACK

Once again "G" Flight joins the happy pages of "Windy Wings". Still, those bright-eyed Newzies, plus one Englishman, all looking anxiously towards that 35 hr. check, that night flying and those solo cross-countries. But as some great thingamabob once said: "We ain't heard nothin' yet!"

We'd like to take this opportunity to welcome P/O Heese-man to the flight. Happy landings, Sir! Hope you don't find us

too dense.

They tell us that a change is as good as a rest, but after seeing the lads on Monday morning after our 72 I'm inclined to disagree with that theory. Talk of the Wreck of the Hesperus . . . it had nothing on some of them. Just take a look at Snap if you don't believe me. He appears to have something missing. But it must have been great fun.

Then again, there is our Terrence who sojourned in Edmonton. We think it's a bit thick trying to tell us he had a quiet week-end . . . and then going to hospital Monday morning to rest up. Such things are not encouraged, laddie!

But enough for the 72. Though we are trying hard, we are not having much success in teaching Eleanor to speak English a la New Zealand. But by "wings" we trust she will be quite an apt pupil. Her two main teachers are, or so a little bird told me, Fergy and Goodie.

Harry and Dave have formed the Undercart's Selectors' Club and are to be seen anxiously gazing out the windows at all hours in search of new members. It's cheap, chaps . . . membership is only one dollar, plus the dirty deed. But as a casual observer I'd say maybe it's not so hot!

"Nav."

● "NAV." FLIGHT

Quite a change in the Nav. line-up this month. F/Sgt. Fairbairn and F/Sgt. Arthur left us, going to No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary. We wish them the best of luck.

We had three new arrivals, F/O "Bob" Bray came to us from No. 3 S.F.T.S. F/O Bray is by no means a novice, having been O/c Navigation at High River for some time before his stay in Calgary.

P/O Payton and P/O McPherson, two more Albertans, came here from Central Navigation School and should be able to give us the very latest in navigation developments.

Welcome one and all, and may your stay in Claresholm be a happy one.

Spring does seem to kindle ambition (or is that the right word for it?) in the heart of man. Witness the instructors who were seen attending school even on Saturday night. Of course there are the cynical ones who ascribe these energetic outbursts around town last month to more earthy emotions than wishes to develop

the mind. They also point out that the cancellation of the bus runs to Calgary contributed in no small way to the increased local activity.

For a really enlightening view on "Japan, the Empire", the current issue of Fortune has devoted a whole volume to the subject, and it's good.

Best story of the month concerns the Army Officer, newly arriver at headquarters. During his first few weeks there he had his desk moved from place to place till he finally had it moved into the men's lavatory. They were on the point of calling a psychiatrist when he volunteered the explanation: "This is the first place I've been since I came here where people seem to know what they are here for and what they are going to do."

Who will be first? Our own Research and Investigation Department for the Improvement of that Morning-After Feeling have discovered that the ancient Greeks universally believed in a big dish of boiled cabbage first thing in the A.M.

Figure it out for yourself. If you purchased one \$100.00 War Bond in each of the Victory Loans, how many years of college would it pay for, for a son born to you this year?

● CORN

From a private in Italy we get the latest report on how they get rid of cooties over there. First they bathe in gravel, then take an alcohol rub-down. The cooties get drunk and kill each other throwing rocks.

Daughter: "I can't marry him, mother. He's an atheist and doesn't believe in hell."

Mother: "Mabel, get off that Airman's tureen us we will convince him that he is wrong."

Agent: "Sir, I have something here which will make you popular, make your life happier and bring you a host of new friends."

AC.2: "I'll take a quart."

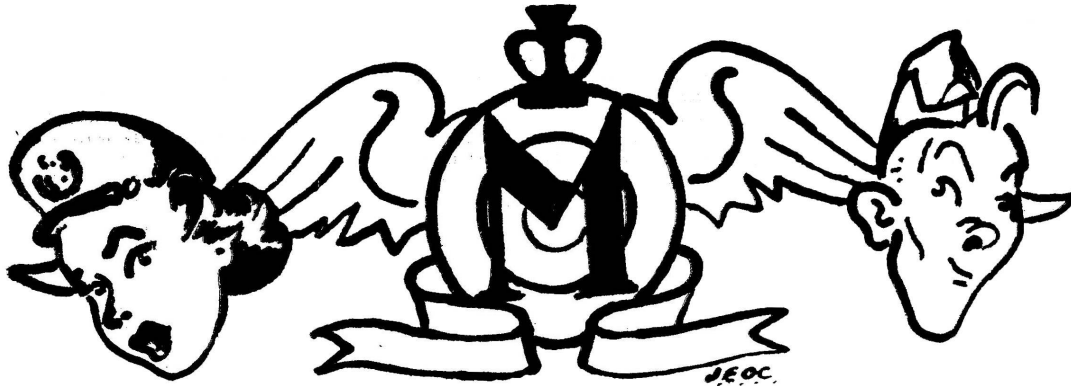
She: "You remind me of the ocean."

He: "You mean wild, romantic and restless?"

She: "No, you make me sick."

TRY THIS FOR DINNER

- Odor of chicken soup.
- Memory of pineapple salad.
- Shadow of beef sandwich.
- Lemon mirage pie.



Maintenance

● MAINTENANCE ORDERLY ROOM

Now that the new fiscal year is here, the office confab centres around Annual, Spring and Miners' leaves. Seems as if everyone wants to go somewhere and at that same time.

x x x x

Billie had a W.D. visitor from Pearce and Bob, alias Johnny, was definitely smitten by Miss Dowson's charms, which goes to show that even a discip's heart can go soft when spring blossoms forth.

x x x x

A few changes have been made in the M.O.R. lately, replacing F/S Jackson we now have F/S Prystai from Macleod. Leaving us is Mary Gebelhei—posted to the K.C. Hut as librarian. One good thing about being posted to a section is that you don't have to cart those A.15's around.

Following is a letter from Major Bateman, recently posted to Dunnville, Ontario:—

"Greetings to all my associates in Maintenance Wing. Here I be at No. 6 S.F.T.S. remembering much and wishing I were back with such a good bunch of people. I would like to thank you all again for such a lovely present, (my wife says 'and how'). Perhaps my best present from you was the pleasure of working with you and your easy co-operation. Thanks a million."

(We might add that we miss the Major, too.)

● NO. 7 HANGAR

Yours truly hereby takes the opportunity of thanking the gentlemen of No. 7 for their wonderful co-operation in regards to the Sixth Victory Loan Drive—only next time I call for one airman, for good-

ness sake, please don't all answer at the same time. It does get a bit confusing.

x x x x

Personell of No. 7 Hangar extend a vote of thanks to No. 6 for the invitations to the Minor Maintenance dance of the 19th. We all had a good time, and are looking forward to the next get-together.

x x x x

Did you know that No. 7 Hangar is fast becoming one of the very modern and classy sections of No. 15 S.F.T.S.? If there be any doubt, come and inspect for yourself the artistic structure in the centre of the hangar and the beginnings of a really fine lawn around the hangar.

● INSTRUMENT SECTION

Life has been going on much the same for this industrious section. Postings come in and people go, and among those going were AC1 Hache and AC1 Rogers, overseas too. Oh well, some people get all the luck.

x x x x

So it's hello and goodbye from this section until next month.

● FABRIC SECTION

Is now where AW1 Sinclair carries on with slinging the dope.

● OFFICERS

"Curly" seems to have had his share of troubles regarding blueprints. Take for example the day that Sgt. Fedorki brought in an Italian blueprint sent to him by his brother, now fighting in Italy. After much speculation F/O Ellison came to the decision that the blueprint must have been photographed backwards. You should

have heard the hills ring when the Tech. Adj. found out that his leg had been pulled.

● NOTES FROM ELECTRICAL SECTION

Now that the grass is getting green and the barracks are empty at night we gather that spring is here, and when spring comes the boys do things that we can write about, such as our Marathon walkers, Cpl. Herr, Cpl. Chorley and LAC. Delory, who decided to walk from Macleod about one-thirty in the morning, or one Saturday night. Anyway they got to work on time. Lucky it was a half-day, eh, boys,

x x x x

Our friend AC Burnett went on a 48 and wired for seven days leave. Maybe his girl friend surprised him (and us) and accepted.

x x x x

Spike Vejar is back from the interior of B.C. looking quite satisfied with latest (or should we say first) addition to the family. That should give you confidence shouldn't it, Spike?

x x x x

Norm Yeager is back again after spending his vacation at Woodhouse.

x x x x

Bill Curtis has left us for a month to go home and help with the seeding.

x x x x

LAC's Kowalewicz and Weigand took a tour through the States last 72. Kowalewicz looks fine but Weigand must have gotten in with the wrong crowd, or maybe it was a tough trip. Watt you don't know volt hurt you.

x x x x

LAC. McDell left for a couple of weeks leave after an absence of 18 months.

x x x x

F/S McLean and Sgt. Scott are looking quite contented these days. They both have their wives and families here.

x x x x

F/S McLean: "Burnett, did you clean

the commutator on that motor?"

Burnett: "No, I didn't think it needed any cleaning with all those brushes rubbing on it." (corny)

x x x x

"Wolf" McLarty has resumed his pilgrimages to Nanton, initiating Bob Jestin as to the possibilities and lay of the land.

x x x x

LAC Eccles and McCowan visited Great Falls last 72 and enjoyed themselves immensely, bringing back a few cigs for the boys.

x x x x

The boys are all buying bonds this week as their investment for the future. Are you?

LOG BOOK ROOM CHATTER

Here we are again, after shoving F17's out of the way and piling log books in one corner we finally have enough room to contribute to the war effort with our own special corn.

x x x x

What is the matter with the youngest member of our staff? She goes around singing and munching in the mess hall, and what's more she leaves with a box of Kleenex under her arm and her hat, which should have been on her head, was left on the table. To top things off she went cheerfully down the road saluting every officer she met. Probably she's worrying about the sheep farm she's going to have after the war.

x x x x

Carpenter went to Calgary on a 48—presumably to spend it with her aunt, but came back talking about a posting to Alaska. We wondered why Alaska was so popular all of a sudden now that summer is coming, but we finally came to the conclusion that a Yankee "Wolf" has beat a path to her heart. I guess the situation can't be too grim.

x x x x

Now we know how Duncan becomes acquainted with all the boys on Course 100. Each student who makes a mistake must come for his own log book. P.S. Nine times out of ten they all have mistakes. There must be a method in their madness.

x x x x

Cpl. Einarson, my friends, is difficult to describe. Her mind works in different channels. Here's what we caught her doing one day when we all thought she was working. Quote: Stuff and nonsense and things like that there. When I finish this I will start on something else much more sensible and more important, like John—for instance. Oh, how I wish things were much different than they are now. I'd so much like to have things the way I want them. If only I could get that course graduated, etc., etc., etc. Where

the hell is my soft drink. What does she think she is trying to pull off. Unquote.

x x x x

Poor Corp. must be in quite a predicament to sit down and write common sense like this. What do you think?

x x x x

We friends, we have a little matter to attend to now, namely our daily work. So thumbs up 'till next time.

MAINTENANCE LOG BOOK CONTROL ROOM

Here we are again, the knights and ladies of the round table.

x x x x

What certain W.D. from this office was seen with a certain officer at the Minor Maintenance Hop? Say, "Blondie," do they usually rest their chin on your shoulder?

x x x x

We are all waiting to see the day when our Sgt. will use more than one finger on the typewriter. Don't take us wrong, Sgt., keep up the good speed and you'll soon be doing a whole word a minute.

x x x x

What is this we hear about our little W.D. asking a certain Flight Sergeant to take her out for a steak supper and at the very last minute was cruelly jilted? Better luck next time, Kathie. Leap year isn't over yet.

x x x x

Georgie and Margaret, the two quieter members of our staff, are really stepping out, what with 48's in Calgary and 72's in Banff. Is there an attraction there, girls? We wonder!

x x x x

Cpl. Tupper, better known as "Canada Chas," our musical member, has been

complaining of a sore lip lately. Could it be his trumpet he plays, or maybe...

x x x x

Better sign off here before I'm caught doing this in working hours.

No. 6 HANGAR

There have been many postings from No. 6 in the past few months. We miss you fellows who have left us but wish you all the luck in the world. We hope the boys that replace you will like us and have a good time here.

x x x x

I hear that a certain Flight Sergeant slept through C.O.'s parade last week. Never mind, Flight, 'tis said that "blessed events" are rather nerve-wracking especially for the father. However, we extend our best wishes and hope mother and son are doing well.

x x x x

It's hard to get used to our Sgt.'s running around in coveralls after seeing them in "blues." One little W.D. from the Orderly Room is a bit lonesome now that they have her "bosses" working(?) out in the hangar.

x x x x

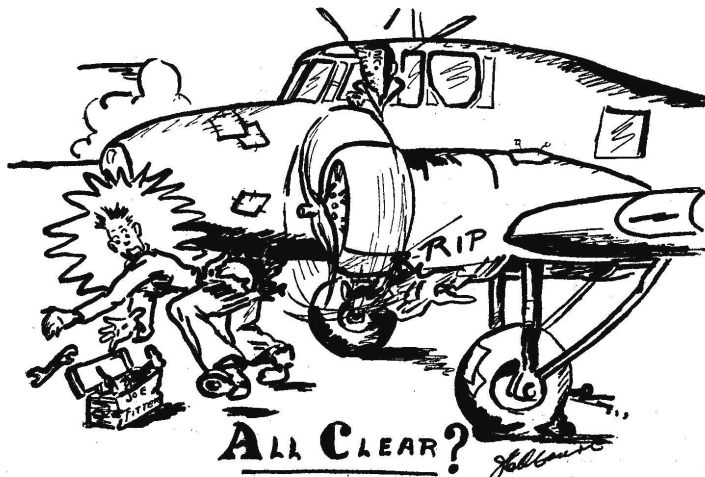
AC.1 Tolman and LAW. Nickerson, commonly known as "Romeo and Juliet," are taking quite a beating. Ain't love grand, kids? And this isn't spring fever, folks. It's been going on for some time now.

x x x x

Warning to all W.D.'s with "luxurious locks." Papa Kemp has a mania for scalp-locks, it seems. By the way, he uses pinking shears. Gives that tailored look.

x x x x

Our Vera seems to have taken a liking to a red-headed Irishman. We hear that



he is a "Mac" too. Wonder, also, when Cpl. Ripley is going to mend "The Hole in the Old Oaken Basket."

x x x x

We welcomed back our little ray of sun shine, Nan, only to say goodbye to her again, as she has gone to Macleod to have her tonsils removed. Latest word received informed us that she had them out and we hope to see her soon again. Besides, we'd like to see the boys smile again.

x x x x

Was asked the other day who the girl in stores was who lisps. It's kinda cute, Jo. By the way, do you have to take Ken to dinner and supper every day? Jo, who were your friends outside of B.B. 20 one Saturday nite and what sort of a game were you playing?

x x x x

Who is the young man who has so much fun at supper on Sunday nights? It could be Pop Crowe. Is it the fatherly advice, Pop? Give us the lowdown. We'd like to eat supper with you too.

Attention Cpl. Louch. Have you had any big steaks in town lately? Or do you prefer chicken, Ker?

x x x x

Sgt. Archibald ("Lucky" to all you folks out there) talks of nothing but his now famous jeep. Gee, "Lucky," we were hoping you'd paint it a bright red, instead of black. Hope you have many pleasant trips out to the hills this summer, though, Arch.

x x x x

I wonder if a certain Sgt. who spent his Easter 72 (??) down Seattle way saw his Aunt Lena? Oh, ah, Lee! Haven't heard if he's found his beloved contented cow or not, but when he does we can be sure that he'll call it "Elsie." Confidentially folks, Lee is very fond of cows. I wonder why? Also got word that Lee was rather side-tracked and landed up in Trail, B.C. (Billie's home town). What do you think of B.C. now? Pretty nice, eh?

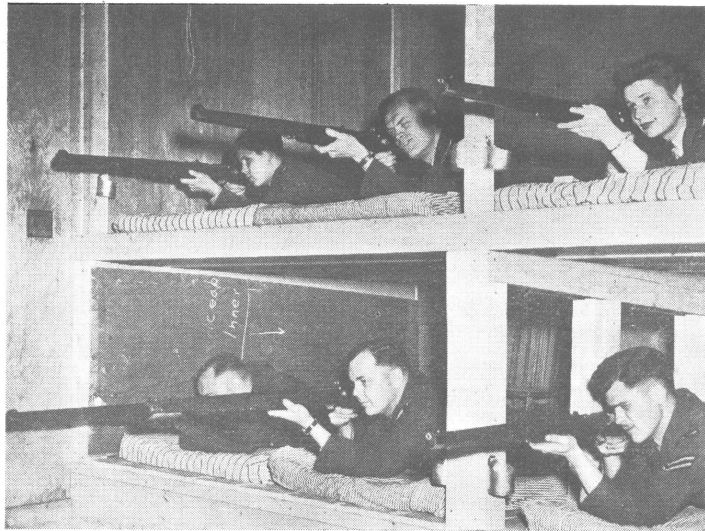
x x x x

Well, that's our contribution for this month. You'll be hearing from us soon.

x

● MINIATURE RIFLE CLUB

Here is a club which offers a wonderful sport and entertainment for every man and woman on the station. Eight people may fire at one time so that a large number can shoot without having to wait their turn for more than a few minutes. A waiting room is provided where members may smoke, keep their targets and arrange for their turn to fire. Members may enter in any or all of three competitions: Dominion of Canada Rifle Association, which provides badges for various qualifications; Inter-section competition for the station shooting trophy; and trying for the individual weekly high score



Six Sharpshooters

prize. Private teams of four members are also invited to shoot it out against section teams or amongst themselves. Believe me, folks, much money and cokes can be won (or lost) by a friendly match at the Rifle Club.

Beginners in the sport are invited to turn out Monday evenings for coaching, while competitions may be fired Tuesday to Friday. The range is open from 1830 hours to 2130 hours, and it costs only five cents per target.

Full particulars as to Club activities may be found by paying a visit to the Rifle Club any week day evening.

Location: Lean-to of No. 4 Hangar.

x

● PARACHUTE PATTERN

7:45 on any week-day you will see three sleepy girls and another sleepy individual (a Sgt.) stumble and grope their way to the first door on the west side of No. 2 Hangar. Unwillingly, but of necessity, they are ready to start the day's work, only to find the keys are still in barracks. So someone is jo-ed to go and collect them. When "Joe" gets back with said keys he opens the door and the other three fall in (they were asleep against the door).

Thus begins the day in the parachute section. About 9 o'clock our "all-round helper", Jack, arrives and proceeds to wake the place up. Down comes a 'chute from the well. When he gets it arranged on the table and someone sufficiently roused to commence packing it, he sits down and watches the performance. When it is ready to be closed he helps the girls

fasten it up. Then someone asks him to take a duplicate voucher down to accounts and Jack proceeds cheerfully to fulfil their request.

By then everyone is wide awake and have been known to pack 12 'chutes in one morning. This is considered good, as it takes some time to pack a 'chute. A day's work consists of 20 'chutes.

At 11:45 everyone deserts the section: to go to dinner. Then back to work at 1 o'clock with everyone merry and lively (not quite so merry since our Tommy left). But when we know No. 11 E.D. in Calgary couldn't get along without her cheery laugh so we don't mind too much. Along about 4 o'clock the radio is tuned to the C.B.C. for the program "Don Meser and his Islanders." From then on it's a mixture of Highland flings and jumping jive. (Anyone wanting lessons look up LAW. Fertile.)

Oh, yes, we mustn't forget our little Yvette who comes to work with us every afternoon. She also brings her troubles to the versatile Fertile, who is ready to solve all troubles of love or war. This causes much merriment. Into the midst of our laughter marches the master(?) of the section. Far from quieting the section, this produces more laughter and some "risque" jokes. However, our corporal manages to bring us to order. Thus ends our day on a cheerful note and we all go home to bed(?), happy, knowing we've done our duty for the day.

Bye now, see you in May.

x

SMILE HERE

Sign on newlyweds car: "Result of careless talk."

Equipment

» The Place That Has Everything «

● NOTES ON EQUIPMENT PROCEDURE

Part 1

DEMANDING EQUIPMENT URGENTLY REQUIRED

Let us assume that Sec. 28, Ref. 379, Part No. A123456, Screws, H.T. Hex/head, 2BA x 3/16, quantity one, is urgently required by Maintenance Squadron:-

(1) Action by Unit

(1) Internal Demand and Issue Voucher, RCAF form E42, is prepared in triplicate. After signing on the wrong line the Officer i/c Maintenance Squadron dispatches the first two copies to the Equipment Section and retains the third copy, which you can't read (steno's good deed for the day to support the theory that hope springs eternal in the human heart.)

(2) Meantime, the Equipment Section acknowledges receipt by stating that they haven't got any, but by way of consolation give you something that won't do, or state that immediate provisioning action is being taken. That doesn't mean anything, but it sounds good.

(3) After a while, say two months, (or two years) the Officer i/c Maintenance Squadron petulantly inquires where the C***:\$? screws are, and is informed by the Equipment Section that they have no record of the demand.



LAW. KITCHING, J. (Kitchie)

Born: Manchester, England.
Resides No: Victoria, B.C.
Years Service: Two years.
Hobbies: A yen for Passionate Purple.

(4) Therefore a Certified True Copy is prepared from the third (flyspecked by this time) copy retained by the Maintenance Squadron. However, since this copy can't be read, as mentioned in paragraph (1) above, the person delegated to prepare the Certified True Copy takes a wild guess and demands something else instead.

The Certified True Copy is then presented to the Equipment Section who prepare Demand Issue and Receipt Voucher, form E56, only one copy of which is required under the Supply Control (now, unfortunately) adopted at all Equipment Depots. The Unit Equipment Section doesn't know this, of course, so they make four copies. Dues In and Out are then supposed to be posted on Tally cards form E49A, but I'd like to bet anybody two dollars and a half (if I had it) that they aren't.

(to be continued)

x x x x

SCANDAL

The time is drawing near for some Joe to start to write a little dirt about the Equipment Section, so here goes. First we would like to welcome our new Sergeant Major, WO.2 Waitt, who comes to us from Gimli. We feel sure that he will be just as dear to us as WO.1 Bowman our previous Major, was. By the way, girls, I understand that he is not married, so here's your chance

x x x x

Well, April first was quite an eventful day around the section. To begin with, one of the girls was rudely awakened and told to report to Headquarters and being one of those very obedient girls she did as she was told, but when she arrived at Headquarters she was told that someone had been pulling her leg. That wasn't a very nice thing for them to do on a 48, was it, Bunny?

x x x x

Then we must not forget LAC Rowatt, who was posted to Vulcan, and even went around half the station getting his clearance papers signed before he found out that some of his friends(?) were just having fun. Bob has saved the clearance papers and just dreams about postings now.

x x x x

One of the girls in the Clothing Stores had quite an embarrassing thing happen with our new Major. You see Gwen is a little hard of hearing without her glasses



SGT. HOLTER, E. D. (Woucher)

Born: Norway
Resides Now: Saskatoon, Sask.
Years Service: Three and one-half years.
Time on Station: Thirty-two months.
Hobbies: Wine women and song.

and when the Major walked in the other day she rushed up to him, thinking that it was one of the beloved Mitchell twins, and shouted, quote, Why hello you cute kid! unquote. Boy, did she feel embarrassed when she saw who the cute kid was.

x x x x

You know this Baniff must be some place. When a certain LAW came back from her 72 last week she had glowing tales to tell. Now five more of the section have gone there this week-end to find out just what the attraction really is.

x x x x

We must not forget to welcome our new W.D. who comes to us from "E" Flight. We feel quite sure you will like it here, Doris, even though you will miss all those flat hats.

x x x x

We would like to know what goes on in that little office in the corner of No. 5 hangar, better known as Publications. The door is always shut and we hardly ever see Lil around the Equipment office. Come now, Lil, what gives?

x x x x

Our beloved Corporal Cox is always telling everyone that she never goes anyplace and that she just acts as chaperon, but we would like to know what the attraction was down at Seattle. She certainly didn't chaperon anyone on her trip there.

x x x x

Well enough of this for now.

SMILE HERE

Running into her former suitor at a party, a girl decided to snub him. "So sorry," she murmured when the hostess introduced him, "but I didn't get your name."

"I know you didn't," said the unabashed ex-suitor, "but you certainly tried hard enough."



"When Better Brains Are Made, G.I.S. Will Make Them"

● **G.I.S. ORDERLY ROOM**

'Tis Spring, ah me! And S/L Pilling in his eye, envisioning beautiful flowers is going around with an aesthetic gleam and green grass, and his new sailplane soaring into the blue sky. The Commando insists on obeying the law of gravity and coming down to earth in a hurry (approximately 7 crashes so far).

x x x x

AW1 McConnell is not looking so worried these days. She still has the Intelligence Library to look after, but not Link or Bombing Teacher. The students are happy about it too.

x x x x

Congratulations to F/L Croteau F. L. on his second ring. Now he has the same letters fore and aft of his name.

x x x x

A contingent of U.A.T.C. is descending on our heads the end of April, coming from the westest West, the Pacific Coast (God's Country! Hurrah!). Most of G.I.S. instructors are contemplating suicide or taking leave.

x x x x

We have nearly a dozen potential Air Gunners in G.I.S. on useful employment. The place never looked so clean before. They spend most of their time hanging over the Orderly Room door asking when they're going to get posted. Wonder why?

x x x x

Cpl. Agar took a spot of leave up North Battleford way, and came back with stars in her eyes. We're willing to bet that one day she'll come back from one of these excursions with a ring on her finger, but she isn't saying just when.

x x x x

So far, G.I.S. has bought \$4,450 worth of Victory Bonds. Apparently the Brain Trust has money as well as gray matter.

x x x x

Tup is collecting a gallery of bull's-eyes in G.I.S. Pubs, garnered from G.I.S. marksmen. She has a pretty good eye herself. Anyone want to shoot it out with her? (Gophers are her specialty).

x x x x

Jacky Rice finally reached the age of 21. Now maybe she'll grow up and stop calling herself "Junior".

● **WIRELESS SECTION**

I've been doing my usual snooping and this is the answer I get from all sides: "I've been good, . . . but . . ."

x x x x

Doris has a small library. That is very nice but why this title in an otherwise handpicked collection, "For Men Only." There has been much speculation.

x x x x

Sgt. Reid is still holding down his desk chair between 48's. He is usually very busy, too . . . trying to find shortcuts to the next one.

x x x x

Sgt. Cam must have found something very intriguing in Macleod or to take to Macleod. He won't talk, but we know that the objective was Macleod.

x x x x

We'll take time off here to welcome Deby and Cameron to our section. They are also Kay and Evelyn which adds to the confusion.

x x x x

There is some competition between Doris and Kay R. They both like the same parking place but Kay got there first at the Wings dance.

x x x x

Rose is away on leave. Rumour hath it that it came at a very opportune time Her brother wasn't the only one that finished his course. More blonde Aussies.

x x x x

Evelyn H. is in Calgary on T.D. We know a sergeant who is now spending his 48's there. It is a change from Lethbridge. Have you been meeting any more buses lately, Ev?"

x x x x

Barney likes to write letters. He is very good at it. But he likes much better to get them. He gets quite upset when he has to answer the same one seven times.

x x x x

We are wondering how long the new Kay and Evelyn will hold out. Will their acquisitions be from down under or will they speak English, too? They say we won't get anything on them. Well . . .

x x x x

The original Kay and Evelyn found Vancouver very much to their expectations. Evelyn was introduced to tamales and chili sauce sauce and an old flame of

Kay's. She approved both, but Kay came back without that little circle around her finger despite current humors.

x x x x

With all the new staff posted in, we are wondering if the aircrew will take a keener interest in their signals. There has been a slight improvement recently but there is room for a lot more. Letters from boys who have gone over frequently state that they wish they had taken R/T more seriously.

x x x x

There has been no news from the WEM's except the return of our Sgt. Nutt. Welcome back. I guess that the rest of the boys have gone into hiding. We'll dig them out before next month's issue. See you then.

x

● **ARMAMENT SECTION**

We have lost a good man lately. F/S Noviskj has been posted to O.T.U. Boundary Bay. Best of luck on your new job, Joe.

x x x x

Sgt. Hare is the new president of the Miniature Rifle Club. He has re-organized the club to some degree. All personnel are invited to take an active part in the shooting competitions. For information as to the hours of the club, get in touch with S/L Pilling or Sgt. Hare or any member of the club.

x x x x

We have a new member in the Armament Section since we last appeared, LAC. Mitchell. You are doing a good job. Keep up the good work.

x x x x

Curly Mewna is still trying to win a few cokes. If you want a free coke, get in touch with Curly. He always loses the toss.

x x x x

Cpl. Douglas is looking for a nice blonde equipment assistant to keep the books straight since the new system of handling explosives has taken effect. Applicants please apply to the armament section for the once-over.

x

AC.2: "Your dog likes to watch you cut hair, doesn't he?"

Barber: "It ain't that. Sometimes I snip off a bit of ear!"

● THE PROBLEM

On April 10, 1944, three Officers from No. 15 S.F.T.S. reserved a room in a well-known Calgary hotel. The manager of this hotel charged the Officers \$10.00 each for the room. The three Officers begrudgingly paid the \$30.00 and went to their room.

On thinking it over, the manager decided he had overcharged the guests, so he called Johnny, the bell-boy, gave him five dollars and told him to refund this amount to the three Officers. On the way to the room, little Johnny thought the situation over and decided to refund only \$3.00 to the Officers, and to keep the other \$2.00 for himself. And that is exactly what he did. Therefore the three Officers paid a total of \$27.00 for the room. Johnny, the bell-boy, had \$2.00 in his pocket. 27 and 2 make 29. The question is: "WHERE DID THE OTHER DOLLAR GO?"

x x x x

● THE SOLUTION

(From G. I. S.)

By strange co-incidence, on April 10, 1944, three young and pretty ladies reserved a room in the same hotel. The manager charged them \$10.00 apiece, which they paid willingly. Later the manager had a change of heart and decided to refund \$5.00. So he called Johnny over, gave him the five dollars and told him to refund this amount to the young and pretty ladies. By this time Johnny was a hardened criminal and so he reasoned as follows: "I'll only give the ladies \$2.00 and I'll keep \$3.00 for myself." And that is exactly what he did. Bad little boy!

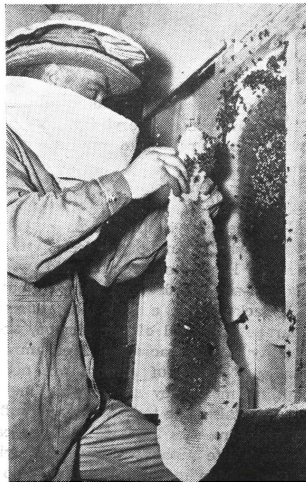
Therefore the three young and pretty ladies paid a total of \$28.00 for their room. Johnny had \$3.00 in his pocket. 28 and three make 31 . . . "AND THAT'S WHERE THE EXTRA DOLLAR WENT!" Any more questions?

x

WAR IS HELL

"Well, mer, there's our objective," Our valiant Sergeant said, "The zero hour approaches; Our course is straight ahead." Our men stood grimly waiting To meet their supreme test; They knew that in this battle Each one must give his best. At last the Sergeant signalled; We charged and charged again. The dust of combat cloaked a mass Of bloody, milling men. A few stormed the objective, The rest lay where they fell; That's how we catch the bus to town— Yes, brother, war is hell.

BEE - LEAVE IT OR NOT



Sgt. Carter and His Honey

● PHOTO PHLASHES

BEE-LEAVE IT OR NOT

(By LAW. Betty McCowan)

While you were ah-ing and ah-ing at Sinatra the other night, these busy little bees were relaxing and getting some lessons on glamour.

Yes, right above your heads as you walked through the door was a swarm of bees and gobs of honey; honest-lovely clover honey—I know, I had some. If it had been broadcast that the bees were to be moved the other morning, I'm sure many would have been in line with a pail to get some of the golden stuff. Would be a change from bread and jam, wouldn't it?

Did you ever try to photograph some angry bees? Well, that's the job I got for my first assignment on the station. Guess maybe the Flight wanted to see if I could take it (pardon the pun). However without net or any secret weapon I managed to get pictures without "being bitten by a bee." Strange to say, Sgt. Carter you see in the picture behind all that "camouflage" got one bite. Shucks, guess I'm not sweet as honey after all.

x x x x

The photo section does wonder what's what's coming next though. P/O Prures and his screen test and pages of publicity and now S/O Queenie and her squad.

x x x x

Sgt. Carter, our station apiarist, has now housed our newly adopted squadron in barrack block 134, but he puzzled about the officers' quarters for S/O Queenie.

x x x x

Note—If you have any livestock to be photographed, such as pet dogs or tiger moths, etc., please phone the photo section after hours.

x x x x

LAW. Pearce and F/S Patrige managed to struggle through the work at the phot section all by themselves, since the would-be photographers left for a course a Rockcliffe. They are now finding it much easier(?) since the arrival of two more nit-wit photographers on temporary duty.

x

● CORN . . .

Here's a tall tale from Texas. One hot day a farmer decided to take a swim in a creek. He discarded his clothes as he walked along and dived off the canyon wall without noticing that the recent drought had dried the creek. As he left the cliff he was horrified to see the rough, rocky, dry creekbed waiting to receive him. About that time, however, came up a sudden shower. The creek rose quickly and he landed safely in eight feet of water. He started to swim ashore, when it became a blizzard, and he was frozen fast in the ice. Before he had time to worry about missing his lunch, the sun shone brightly, melted the ice, and the only ill effects suffered by our hero was that his shoulders were blistered before he could swim ashore and pull his shirt on.

x x x x

Airman—How about a little kiss, honey? W. D.—No! I have scruples.

Airman—That's all right, I've been vaccinated.

x x x x

MOMENTARY LAPSE

Wife (to drunker husband): "Dear, let's go to bed."

Husband: "May as well, I'll catch hell when I get home, anyway."

x x x x

F/O Fry and his girl were riding out in the country on horseback. As they stopped for a rest, the two horses rubbed necks affectionately.

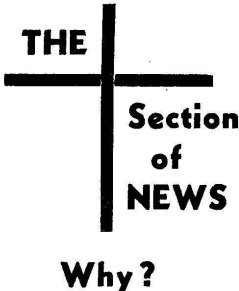
"Ah me," sighed F/O Fry, "that's what I'd like to do."

"Well, go ahead," answered the girl, "it's your horse."

x x x x

F/L Aiken: "I can't diagnose your case. I think it must be drink."

AC.2: "OK, Doc. I'll come back when you're sober."

THE

**Section
of
NEWS**
Why?

Why is it, that in time of trouble, it is always God that is put on trial, and not man? Why, in war, should the judge and the culprit change places, as man asks: "Why does not God stop the war?"

Every age has its intelligentia, and by the intelligentia we mean not the educated, but those who have been educated beyond their intelligence. A sponge can hold so much water; a person can hold so much education. When the point of saturation is reached in either, the sponge becomes a drip and the person a bore.

The intelligentia are like the Chief Priests, Scribes and Pharisees who clustered about the cross of Christ at Calvary and taunted the Redeemer by saying: "He saved others; Himself He cannot save. If he be the King of Israel, let Him now come down from the cross and we will believe Him. He trusted in God; let Him now deliver Him, if He will have Him, for He said: 'I am the Son of God.'" (Matthew 27:42, 43)

Intelligentia always know enough about religion to distort it. Hence they took of the three titles which Christ claimed for Himself, "Saviour," "Kin of Israel," and "Son of God," and turned them into ridicule. "Saviour," so He was called by the Samaritans. Now they would admit He had saved others, probably the daughter of Jairus, the son of the widow of Naim of Lazarus. They could afford to admit it now, for the Saviour Himself stood in need of salvation.

To all the good on earth who have been mocked because of their faith in God: you are not without example. The sneer you receive in the office because out of love for your Saviour's Passion on Good Friday, you abstain from meat on Friday, the turned up lips and the barbed laughter you suffer because of your loyalty to the Church; the ridicule of your fellow soldiers as you kneel at your cot in the barracks and pray—all these are but echoes of the taunts your Lord received on Calvary.

Through obedience, by making a total surrender to God, by acknowledging creaturehood, by pleading for restored fellowship, the intelligentia can find the foundation of religion and the way of salvation. The intelligentia are the most

difficult class in the world to bring to God, not because they are wise, for no one is wise unless he discovers the truth.

—Thos. S. O'Brien, F/L,
Station Chaplain (R.C.)

x

● CHAPEL CHATTERINGS

"Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer" . . . you remember the song? Only a few months ago everybody was singing it. Maybe it recalls to mind some special occasion, music has a way of doing that every now and then. Anyway, it was a recent favorite, enjoyed, amongst other things, because it phrased in melody and words what many of us feel. Often our aircraft limp back from a raid, wounded by anti-aircraft fire and flak . . . but they get back . . . a fact that reflects the courage and skill of our airmen, and the quality of our machines. Men amidst the dirt and smoke of combat are not only fighting men, they are praying men. So often it takes the test of fire and suffering to strip from us the idea that we can go through life without a faith and without a God. Men in need and men who have known great loneliness have witnessed to the comfort of prayer. We need to pray . . . to pray for our own guidance, our homes, our comrades, our futures.

x x x x

● TEXT OF THE MONTH

"Lord, teach us to pray."—(Luke 11:1).

x x x x

● THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

"You will never be able to suffer great things from enemies if you are not able to suffer small things from friends."

x x x x

● POEM OF THE MONTH

Give me a good digestion, Lord, and also something to digest;
Give me a healthy body, Lord, and sense to keep it at its best;
Give me a healthy mind, good Lord, to keep the good and pure in sight,
Which, seeing sin, is not appalled, but finds a way to set it right.
Give me a mind that is not bound, that does not whimper, whine or sigh;
Don't let me worry overmuch about the fussy thing called I;
Give me a sense of humor, Lord, give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life and pass it on to the other folk.

x x x x

● STORY OF THE MONTH

Johnny (very sleepy): "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep . . ."

Mother (prompting) "If . . ."

Johnny: "If he hollers let him go—eenie, meenie, minie, mo!"

x x x x

x

● PRAYER OF THE MONTH

"Oh God, teach us to pray, so that our lives will reflect Thy presence, and our faith will inspire and encourage our fellowmen on the road of life. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen".

x

● AIRMEN'S CANTEEN

Herewe are, you lucky fellows, the "Canteen Cuties", sponsored by the Airmen's Canteen of No. 15.

x x x x

Last week you heard of the whirlwind romance of the fair Gwen and an R.A.F. Flying Officer from the "Hat". This week you hear of the great heroic act performed by our one and only, (guess who?) when she and Jo from No. 6 Hangar discovered a fire in the Claresholm milk bar (the Queen's). Great stuff! (Brag, brag!)

x x x x

How lucky you boys are to be able to listen in to the lives, loves and arguments of these beautiful girls. Each and every one of you think our job is so soft. You have no idea how we sweat and slave, working our poor fingers to the bones, just to make you boys happy. Terrible, ain't it?

Enough bragging for awhile and let's get serious, if possible.

x x x x

How do you fellows like our broadcasting studio (the Canteen) now? We hope you will all appreciate the re-modeling that has been done on it as much as we do.

x x x x

By the way, boys, have you heard of the growing romance between our Doris and Scotty, and of the way they lean on the counters, gazing into each other's eyes, passing unspoken questions and answers back and forth? Could be they are in love, eh what?

x x x x

Who is the short, dark, good-looking one (brag, brag) who says, quote: "Well, boys, what'll you have besides me?"

x x x x

Jeeppers! Here comes the C.O. on inspection. Hope he doesn't find those dirty forks in the drawer.

x x x x

Will Gwen's romance last? Well (guess who?) put out the fire? Are Doris and Scotty in love? Will the C.O. find those dirty forks? Be sure to listen in next time to the thrilling episode of the "Canteen Cuties". Cheerio, pip-pip, and all that. This is Station N-U-T-S signing off, and just about time! Your announcer, Pat.

x

SMILE HERE

Sweet young thing, to her soldier date: "Let's wait until tomorrow, I don't believe in hasty marriages."

Education Office

● CORRESPONDENCE COURSES

Those who are enrolled in correspondence courses are asked to note that all examined exercises are returned through the Education Office. Lists of names will be published periodically in D.R.O.'s and personnel so advised are asked to call as soon as possible in order to pick up their lessons.

The above-mentioned plan keeps the Education Office in closer touch with those who are working on the courses and gives the Education Officer an opportunity to talk things over with them. By the way, don't let your courses slide. The effort is worth while, so keep them going until you have written the tests. We are always anxious to take on new applicants. Come in and talk things over.

x x x x

● LIBRARY REFERENCE BOOKS

The following books are recommended as technical references. They have recently been added to the Library in the Education Office. They are:

- Aircraft Production
- Aeroplane Fuel and Oil Systems
- Aeroplane Radio Equip.
- Aeroplane Magnetos
- Aeroplane Engines (P. 1-3)
- Airframes (P. 1-3)
- Aeroplane Auxiliary Equipment
- Aeroplane Instruments (Part 2)
- Aeroplane Hydraulic Equipment
- Landing Legs, Wheels and Brakes
- Aeroplane Starters and Generators
- Aeroplane Carburetors (Part 1-2)
- Airscrews (Part 1-2)

x x x x

● SELF-IMPROVEMENT CLASSES

For The Airwoman

The Handicraft Classes and typing are the only classes available at the present time. Plans are being made to organize a class in Household Science, with emphasis on the practical angle. This class will have the advantage of being able to work in the Laboratory of the Claresholm High School under the supervision of the Home Economics instructor. Here is an opportunity which should not be allowed to slip by.

For The Airmen

An additional welding class will be starting this week, and a class in lathe work is proving popular. Prospects look good for a class in practical electricity.

Such classes are worth while and it is planned to branch out as much as possible in order to give the airmen opportunities to improve their knowledge of trades which will prove valuable in the post-war

era. Have you any suggestions?

The class in French Conversation is progressing very favorably with Sgt. Blais as instructor. The class meets on Monday and Wednesday in the Link Sector, from 1830 to 2000 hours.

● PATTEN AND CHATTER FROM C. R. AND RECORDS

Here we are again fellas. What a place! Same old madhouse, everyone passing the buck and making seven copies of everything. The big headache now is Sgt. Pat and Cpl. Parry trying to "joe" someone to do all the P.A.ing, and believe me that is a "joe." Garner and Hale are running neck and neck, but you can bet your last nickle they'll have to do it.

x x x x

C.R. and Records really took a beating when the new W.O. come. But we like it much better this way. Of course the public still come to the door, look rather surprised, and then ask the same old question: which is C.R. and which is Records? I guess we will have to move one of the offices up to the other end of the camp before people can get them straight. However, we enjoy your coming in to see us and although we may be wrong at times, we will always try to do our best.

x x x x

Cpl. Parry is still going around with that far-away look in her eye. That's right, Number One is still that RAF navigator, who graduates soon, and according to rumors he'll be a big P/O after the big graduation parade—from then on, your guess is as good as mine.

x x x x

We have a real critic in the form of Sgt. Pat. He has suggested a few good ideas though. No hard feelings, Pat, you're not such a bad guy.

x x x x

Garner came back from a 72 happy as a lark. Right you are. She saw her big moment and she sat at her desk for the first hour or so singing "It's Love, Love, Love." And she is now counting the days until they can meet again. Ah, young love.

x x x x

Tredgett has really been behaving herself lately, the worst of it is she rounds up a chap from about every fourth course and the chap always seems to come out a P/O, then the big moment comes when he rushes into the office to say goodbye. It was really something when Trev. came in to say his farewell. There they were,

both leaning over the counter—oh, oh, correction, someone just told me they were both on the same side. Well, anyway, there they were in each others arms. Bobby stuck her head through one of the pigeon-holes to get a bird's-eye view (korrn), Andy forced a cough, Doris Mead looked out the window and Garner blushed becomingly, while the rest of us just stood with our mouths open.

x x x x

Our little Becy is still "joe" with a capital J, in Records Office, but we are really pulling for her and she has prospects of a steno job soon. Our new Major has turned out to be a "regular guy," and the saying that "if you don't work in Headquarters, you don't get anywhere" will finally be washed out, because not only is he interested in the H.Q. clerks but all the clerks under him and his motto is to see that everyone has a fair chance.

x x x x

It's really difficult to write anything about C.R., as they are all such good kids. However, I will see what gossip I can scare up. Hmmm.

x x x x

Andy and Kenney came into work Sunday afternoon still in a bit of a fog after a hilarious party on Saturday night. But we can truthfully say that they really de-I do mean SPILL. But they really deserved a party, the way they worked over the week-end. "The mail must go through" and although both had to go on parade, and there was more mail to go through than Clark Gable gets in two weeks, Kenney and Andy really worked their way up from under the piles. Everything is now under control in C.R.

The \$64 question is "Where was Andy the night Course 94 graduated?" Didn't anyone warn her about the Newzies? They really should have.

x x x x

Oh, yes, we mustn't forget to mention that Doris Mead had two (2) bottles of coke at the headquarters party and then went out gunning for her girl friend's boy friend. Sure those cokes weren't spiked, Doris?

x x x x

And last but not least we must mention Bobby's birthday party in the big city of Claresholm. Bobby who is now, no I guess it's not nice to tell a woman's age on her, is it? But Bobby threw all her philosophy to the wind on April 12th, and did what we called "a wee bit of celebrating."

x x x x

This is all for now, gang. The whistle is blowing, and you never see C.R. or Records around after it goes. Adios, and keep smiling, we always do, and, oh, yes, if you have any heart trouble, etc. we recommend you consult Hale in Records office. She's got a good imagination that "stretches" a long way. Bye, now.

A Review of Sport Activities

● VOLLEY BALL

Volley Ball is over. The play-offs took place in the Drill Hall Wednesday, April 19th. It was nip and tuck all the way, as all teams were quite evenly matched. Sgt. Fedorki, of Works and Buildings, captained the winning W. & B. team.

In the quarter-finals, Maintenance team, captained by Sgt. Ley, defeated Sgt./Major Boldusky of W. & B. with scores of 21-18 and 21-14.

Sgt. Scott E. M. of the Electrical Section led his team to victory over Sgt. Coates' section from Instrument Section.

In the semi-finals, Sgt. Ley again came to the fore by defeating Sgt. Greig's lads from Link Trainer. Three games had to be played in this round. Scores were: 21-3, 19-21, 21-12. Sgt. Fedorki's Workshops No. 2 team eliminated Sgt. Scott E. M. with scores of 21-12 and 21-2.

In the final session, which almost carried on through the night, Sgt. Fedorki finally came out on top with scores of 21-19 and 21-17.

Sgt. Ley is just waiting for the opportunity to meet Workshops, any time, anywhere. Workshops went through the entire season undefeated and certainly deserve their championship crown.

● BADMINTON

A very good list of entries was submitted for the ladies' and men's singles of the badminton tournament which was decided on Monday, April 3, on the drill hall courts.

LAW. Larson, in the ladies' singles, won from S/O Gershaw, in a hard-fought battle. LAW. Larson took two straight.

In the men's singles LAC. Frew and F/O Davies put on a three-game display of superior badminton that kept the gallery on their toes all the way. LAC. Frew came out victorious, with two games to F/O Davies' one game.

● FASTBALL

The fastball season has started and our station men's team is seen each week night practicing on No. 1 diamond.

Sgt. (Pop) Leach is managing the team

and at this point the coaching is being handled by and he will carry on for the entire season. Confidence coupled with good sound baseball sense is shown in each player and the station is going to be mighty proud of their team before this season is over. By the next issue a tentative line-up will be published which will give a picture of the power of this year's team.

The W.D.'s have been out practicing on No. 2 diamond, and though the turnout is still quite small, those that have been on deck look like real players. Come on out girls!

● BASKETBALL

'Twas thought that basketball was dead at No. 15 S.F.T.S. But no! **Something** was it the advent of spring?) aroused it to one last flurry.

Wednesday night, March 29, in the station drill hall, a fair crowd of spectators received full value in entertainment in the game between Claresholm and No. 10 Repair Depot men's teams.

Claresholm led during the initial stages of the game but, by the end of the first quarter, smoother floor play and more accurate shooting gave the Calgary team a lead which it never relinquished.

At the end of the third quarter Calgary had built up a commanding lead, the score reading 40-18 in its favor. However, with the start of the fourth quarter the No. 15 team came to life, and gradually reduced the No. 10's advantage until a mere four baskets separated the two teams. But, in the dying minutes of the game Calgary asserted its supremacy, and the final count read 46-35 for the visitors.

For the winners, Cote was high with 14 points, Webber was a close second with 12 points. Gigg played his usual outstanding game as guard. Dey, with 10 points, starred for Claresholm, and Howie was right there with four worthwhile field goals.

The officials were as follows: Referees, Lindstedt and Wallace; timekeeper, Wood, T. L.; scorer, Meinhardt. Our thanks to them for their capable handling of the game.

Here is the lineup of the teams: For No. 10 Repair Depot: Jenion, Rhey, Web-

ber, Cote, Gigg, Storey, Scrimshaw, McKay, Moldenhauer, Combeau; coach, Finn. For No. 15 S.F.T.S.: Rowley, Raine, Howie, Franch, Hills, Hargreaves, Hutchinson, Third, Dey.

x x x x
By "Scotty"

● ADMINISTRATORS INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE OFFICERS' MESS

Well, we are another month nearer our goal . . . Victory! We had better reach it soon, cause it looks as tho' the feet of our "girls in green" are about to give out. Mary spent a short period in the hospital with hers and now has an Attend "B" for a month. For a couple of days Sally was seen limping around with her ankle bandaged. Claims she fell down the steps of the Squadron Hall. (Don't tell her we said so, but he probably pushed her.)

x x x x

While Winnie and Cammie were in the hospital we had a new personality, in the form of Cpl. Dave Tyson, decorating the kitchen, and what a personality! He could dish out twice as many dinners in half the time of any "ordinary" person. How's the badminton, Cpl.?

x x x x

New officers are coming in thick and fast and we now have a full card-rack. Altho' we miss the old boys, we would like to extend a most hearty welcome to the new ones. We have some difficulty understanding the "Newzies", but just have patience, boys, and we'll catch on sooner or later. Anyway, newcomers best of luck on our station!

x x x x

Among the new arrivals we are glad to welcome the two station padres, F/L Light and F/L O'Brien, and hope they enjoy their stay here.

x x x x

DINING ROOM GOSSIP

Anybody believe in dreams? Mary wishes they would come true. That P/O is handsome, Mary.

Hedy is now back from two weeks leave, during which she got settled in her home in Claresholm.

Also back, we have Jeanne. Instead of Eskimo girls she now has to worry about grass-skirted beauties. Bill's going to Bermuda for three months and then wedding bells will ring.

Blackie is on leave in Vancouver. She's partial to sailors, so watch out, Navy boys!

In closing, we'd like to remind one certain F/O that "pride comes before a fall!" He can't seem to stay on the chair. Also, we'd like to thank a certain S/L for his "fatherly" interest in the girls. At least we hope it's "fatherly".

● MODEL AIRCRAFT COMPETITION

The Model Aircraft Show was held in the Drill Hall on Wednesday, the 12th. of April, and it was encouraging to the members of the Model Aircraft Club to see the large number of spectators who turned out to witness the keen competition.

Twenty entry tables were set up to display the various models to be judged. The models turned out were of the highest calibre, and showed evidence of master craftsmen in this line of work. I regret that we are unable in this issue to give the names of winners and runners up in some of the events, as they have not been judged. However, I will endeavor to give you a description of the events that took place:—

With fanfare, trumpets and loud-speaker, the show was opened by S/L Pilling, and the flight was on.

First came the junior R.O.G.'s, and it was noted that S/L Livermore must have spent many anxious hours over his "first-born", which was a thing of beauty, a "pip", and flew like a bird!

Next in line were the senior R.O.G.'s. F/Sgt. Bradley came forth with a large box, and from bales of cotton wool he brought forth as pretty a ship as one could wish to see. It flew daintily around in circle after circle and brought forth loud applause upon its perfect landing.

Following this was the Rubber-flying Models, 36 inches and under, and again F/Sgt. Bradley, but this time accompanied by his manager, trainer and various other satellites, brought forth two Green Hornets, both perfectly groomed, the gloss of which hurt the eye. These ships did so well in their flight that F/Sgt. Bradley and his staff bowed to the left and then to the right—but hardly had they straightened their torsos back to normal when up stepped P/O Ford with his pet and joy. It was battered and torn, and looked as if it were something that the rat dragged in—because the cat would have nothing to do with it . . . but, oh! when it left his hand, to the surprise of all, it flew as no ship had flown before, and was rewarded with rounds of applause from all.

The scale non-flying models pleased the eye of everyone and they were well worth coming to see.

The solid model aircraft drew the admiration of all, and although most of the models were built by the boys at No. 15, one would have sworn they came straight from the factory.

The larger rubber-flying models, together with the gas models, have yet to be flown. An entry will be promulgated in D.R.O.'s and it will be worth your effort to come and witness these ships in flight. Competition is keen and a good turn-out is expected.

Last, but certainly we won't say least, came the "Junk-Pile", and although the writer hates to admit it, he would have had a much better chance if the judges had stood fifty feet away, instead of going over them with a microscope!

—Cpl. Crowe, A. V. T.,
Model Aircraft Club. |

SMILE HERE

Ruth rode on my cycle car
Directly back of me.
I hit a bump at sixty-five
And rode on ruthlessly.

Some girls will neck in cars, it's true,
But there are lots that won't.
In fact compared with those who do
The woods are full of those who don't.

Mary had a little watch
She swallowed it. It's gone.
Now every time that Mary walks—
Time marches on.

AC2 Jones: "Your girl's spoiled, isn't she?"

Cadet Brown: "No, that's just the perfume she's using."

During a recent game of floor hockey an AC.2 fell to the floor.
"What's the trouble?" demanded F/O Knapp.

"I think I've broken my leg, sir!"
"Well, don't just lie there and waste time," shouted Knapp, "do some push-ups!"

● THE LAMENT OF THE "USEFULLY EMPLOYED"

We donned the blue to fly and fight
Against Herr Goering's lads—
For we had heard in solemn terms
That they were beastly cads.
At Manning Pool, with patient smirk,
We took the corporals' roasting,
Expecting word most every day
Of an I.T.S. posting.
But destiny in ugly form
Caused us no small resentment;
And we were sent to Claresholm
For six weeks "useful employment."
We scrub away at pots and pans
And dig out potatoes' eyes,
And sweeping floors, still to seek
"Adventures in the Skies."
We grub around the garden plots
And spread the fragrant potion,
Which, in some bewildering way,
Gives flowers the "come-on" notion.
Our minds are filled with wonderment
About the reason why
They keep us washing dishes
When we joined up to fly.
So we shoulder our shovels in salute
To the glamorous war-god, Mars;
For this, we guess, is the "Adversity"
Before we reach "the Stars."

● ODE TO THE W.D. CORRAL

The poles are slowly mounting,
The boards will soon appear,
The girls will do their sunning,
And the boys will try to peer.
Low flying is prohibited,
The area's "out of bounds."
Cameras may not be exhibited,
To snap the "ringside rounds."
The girls will post their sentries
Round this secluded spot,
To try to stop the entry
Of the Fearless Four Hangar lot.
—The 4 Hangar Mechs.

The Kat Kolumn

KATS. NOTE!

As stated in last issue we still pertain that any similarity to persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. However, we would like to add, "If the shoe fits, why not wear it."

x x x x

Another month has crept up on us rather quickly, but then so has the Kat. Although it is spring and many are going around with their heads in the air and a far-off look in their eye, the hospital has reported only "a few cases" of spring fever. But spring or not, things have been happening and it is only "my duty" as Kat editor to let you in on them too. (I suppose I will have to live up to my reputation, as I can't seem to live it down.)

x x x x

First I would like to warn all the gals on the station to beware as a recent visit down to Navigation Flight revealed that a "Wolf Club" under the direction of veteran P/O Patton (who states "I am a specialist myself") is now being organized. Meetings are held at night "only" in a little old school house. Reports on latest ventures of the club are kept secret but we managed to fish around enough to find out that Woodson and Patton have made good use of their tactics and have now found a couple of "sweet young things" with a Pontiac and a gas ration book. That ought to encourage new "active" members, so as I said before, this is a warning, if not a threat.

x x x x

Red, down at the fire hall, has been known to talk a lot in his sleep, but it never could be understood just what he was saying. However the boys managed to decipher a bit of Red's dream the other night, and he was heard to say: "Oh, you lucky girl, here I come." Now that you're wide-awake, Red, who was the Lucky Girl?

x x x x

Outside the Records Office window a group of Auzzies and Newzies were having a good old game of football. Grouped at the window were three wide-eyed W.D.'s, Garner, Hale and Tredgett. The following conversation took place:

Tredgett: "Gee, they've got horrible legs."

Garner: "I'll say! Just like an ape's, so awful hairy."

Hale: Oh, well, only ten men out of every hundred or this station have nice legs anyway."

I don't like to be nosey, but it's my

business, so "How do you know, Hale?"

x x x x

G.I.S., on their own exclusive page, say: "And through these portals pass the keenest brains in all the world. We notice they say "pass"—Yes, indeed, they keep on going right over to Headquarters.

x x x x

Equipment had a "Major" calamity the other day when Gwen, having left her glasses in barracks, strolled up to the new Major, thinking he was someone else, and said: "Hello, you cute kid." And it was a pretty blush she gave, too, when she found out who it was, after a closer observation. But all turned out well, as the Major said: "I don't think you meant me."

x x x x

Last month we mentioned how Alice had found her "dream man" and was now very happy. Sad to say he is now at Macleod in the hospital and she is very lonely again. When last seen, Alice was sitting in the canteen playing "No Love, No Nothin." Never mind, Tot, he'll be back, but will he be the same again.

x x x x

Who is the blonde from the airmen's canteen wearing a Girl Guide belt as a second line of defence. She needs it working there. Then there is the W.D. in the S.W.O.'s office wearing smiles lately. She has the field all to herself since Roby left.

x x x x

Tis said that speeches are like steer horns—a point here, a point there—and a lot of Bull in between. Well, we're inclined to believe this is so with our little Audrey, who used to sit in her "upper" and preach on how to be faithful. Even the best of us give in at times, and it seems that she has thrown all her philosophy to the winds, for lately we have seen her with Charlie, that little man from "down under." Wonder if the RAF or the RAAF will come out on top.

x x x x

Bang! The door flew shut. Click! It locked. And there we were, all sitting with our eyes sticking out a mile as Tredgett melted into his arms and the New Zealand Sergeant said his last farewell. Doris Garner parted her lips with a deep and husky "ah." M. Bodinski craned her neck a good twelve inches to look thru her "pigeon hole," and Doris Mead looked out the window to hide her girlish blush. Then it was over, her Sgt. dashed back out the door, Treg. returned to her desk, heaved a sigh—and all was normal again in Records Office.

x x x x

Imagine the mixed feelings of AC2 Walker, S. M., when he started receiving congratulations from friends on the birth of a son—which was promulgated in D.R.O.'s. It seems the Records clerk (whose name we need not mention) put in the number and initials of the WRONG Walker, and to top it off, Walker, S. M.

is UN-married.

P.S.—I guess the other Walker wouldn't be so happy either to see all the credit for his new son, David, going to someone else.

x x x x

The evening Course 94 graduated will be one never forgotten by one daring young graduate who decided to visit W.D. barrack block 9. The girls were rather annoyed and decided, without much success, to toss him in the showers. However, not to be outdone, they poured a bucket of water down the lad's neck, which, unfortunately, "he had stuck out too far." May we add "it was a rainy nite too," and it was a very sad boy that trudged back to his B.B. for a dry un-iform.

x x x x

Much concern is being taken over the "Wall" between the W.D. barracks. The girls say it is to "keep out the wolves" and the boys say it is to "keep the wolverines in." But the truth of the matter is, "We want to be ALONE."

x x x x

I really don't like to be too "Katty" about any one person, all in one issue, but please take notice, that since Hale's last 72 in the States she has started curling her hair and powdering her nose—for Hale this is sensational! Rumors are it is a certain "cute" bus driver, and we wouldn't be a bit surprised if Hale makes another trip "South" soon.

x x x x

If there is anything I have missed or if you want to hear your past, present and future discussed, ripped apart and maybe put together again—just slip down to B.B. 20W, beds 21A and 22A. They tell me there is a "Kat Klub" there, and recommend I should join. Tut, tut.

x x x x

Until June, the month of "Sunshine" and "Flowers"—or is it "Moonshine" and "Showers"—anyway I hope to back once more. Until then, remember what I told you about the "Wolf Club," gals, and boys don't forget the "W.D. Wall" All in good faith as ever, this is "Me" watching "You."

—"The Kat"

x

SMILE HERE

The Rhumba is a dance where the front of you goes along nice and smooth like a Cadillac and the back of you makes like a Jeep.

x x x x

I wonder where the army shipped my son? He writes: Faith and bejabbers, sure and I arrived safe and sound, but I can't tell you where I'm stationed, begorra!"

x x x x

Mother: "Mabel, get oc that Airman's lap."

Mebel: "No, mother. I got here first."

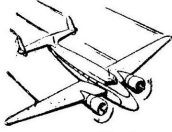
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"WINDY WINGS"

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

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X X X X X

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X X X X X

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X X X X X

PUT VICTORY FIRST!



Picture Show Passes for Lucky Readers of this Issue

Lucky numbers for the April 1st. issue are as follows:

705 285 501 851 91 519

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

The tickets were 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.

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

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

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



COURSE 94 ON WINGS PARADE, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5th, 1944

Front Row—

Sgt. Rodda, J. L.
Sgt. Scarer R. E.
Sgt. Rose, K.
Sgt. McPhee, A. A.
Sgt. Collins, L. N. A.
Sgt. Mauger, A. H.
F/O Groag
Sgt. Fifer, C. A.
Sgt. Adcock, R. W.
Sgt. Lawler, F. E.
Sgt. Ford, R. M.
Sgt. Rose, R. E.
Sgt. Stewart, M. D.

Second Row—

Sgt. Rae, K. A.
Sgt. Bebeau, L. E.
Sgt. Thelton, N.
Sgt. Jeffries R. W.
Sgt. Hewlett, D. C.
Sgt. Bond, K. G.
Sgt. Ingham, D. T.
Sgt. White, W. A. S.
Sgt. Cameskey, D. P.
Sgt. Libeau, C. D.
Sgt. Mander, D.
Sgt. Hansen, J. A.
Sgt. Wesley, C. W.
Sgt. Jessen, G. R.
Sgt. McMullen, F. C.
Sgt. Patterson, A. J.

Third Row—

Sgt. Lang, L. D.
Sgt. Hollingsworth, D. G.
Sgt. Sparling, L. G. C.
Sgt. Mehrrens, P.
Sgt. Wimms, A. S.
Sgt. Cliffe, M. W.
Sgt. Carleton, O. B.
Sgt. Harvey, G. W.
Sgt. Tait, G. A.
Sgt. Barton, W. H.
Sgt. Moulder, K. J.
Sgt. Calder, A. S.
Sgt. Morgan, K. J.

Back Row—

Sgt. Moffat, H. W.
Sgt. Norman, G. B.
Sgt. Gibbons, B.
Sgt. Russell, B. C.
Sgt. O'Brien, T.
Sgt. Rice, H. K. L.
Sgt. Shand, W. S.
Sgt. Hill, T. T.
Sgt. Haszard, D. M.
Sgt. Jonas, D. K.
Sgt. Alexander, J. H.
Sgt. Widdowson, E. G.
Sgt. Barnard, H. J.

● WINGS PARADE FOR COURSE 94.

The lads of Course 94 have won their wings and flown away.

This class, made up of Newzies, Auzzies and one lone Canadian, received their coveted wings from Croup Captain Kennedy on April 5th. K. G. Bond led the class and received the bracelet from the Officers' Mess. Others winning commissions included: Rice, Hill, Paterson, Collins, Rae, Rose R. E. and Rose K., Calder, Hanson, Hollingsworth, Bebeau, Russell, Moulder, O'Brien, Scorer, Barton and Harvey.

Eleven graduates went to G.R., the remainder were posted overseas.

Good luck, fellas, and many happy landings!

—x—

SMILE HERE

Conductor: "Hurry up, young lady. We can't wait all day."

Young lady: "Can't you wait till I get my clothes on?"

All the passengers turned to stare. She was carrying a basket of laundry.



Group Captain W. E. Kennedy awards the bracelet to the leading graduate of Course 94, Sgt. K. G. Bond of Auckland, New Zealand.