

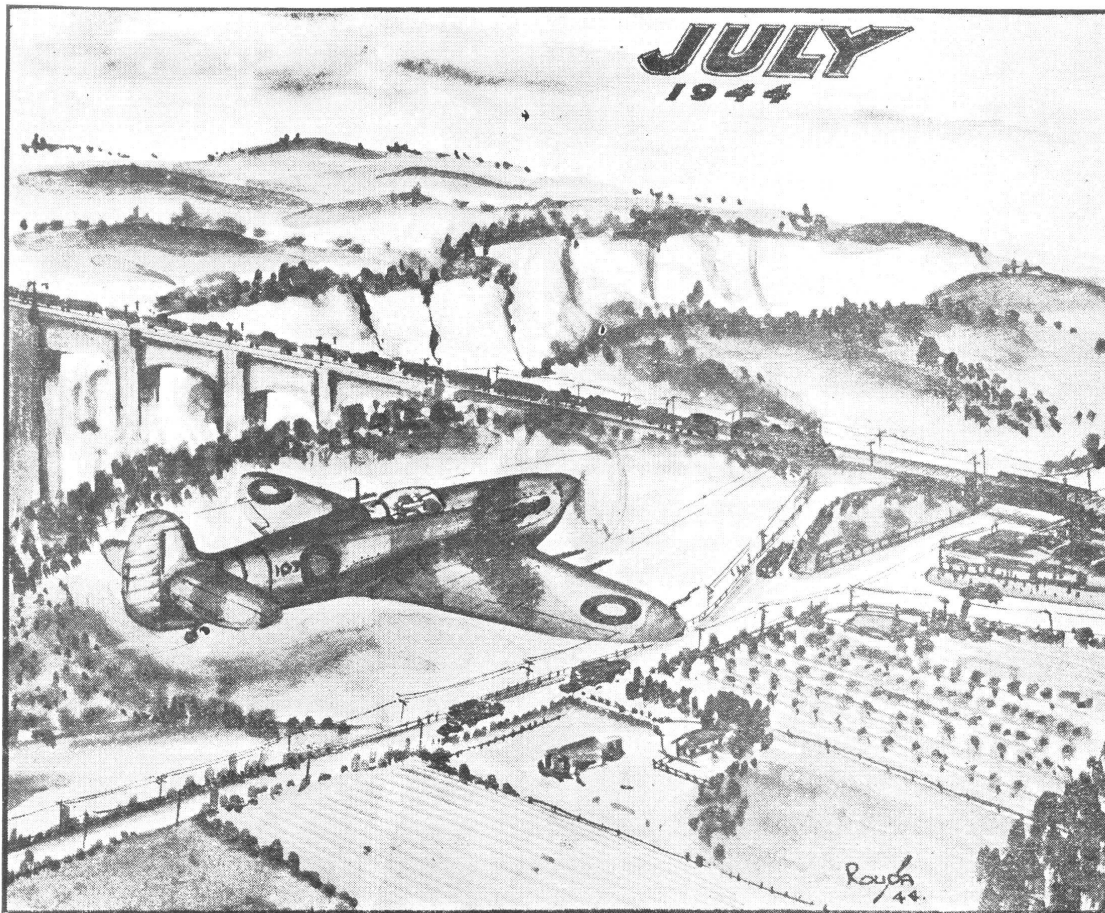


Vol. 4. No. 6.

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

July 1st., 1944

No. 959



“D” Day Dawns!

# HONOURED . . .

## ● AIRMEN WITH BRITISH EMPIRE MEDALS . . .

No. 15 is proud to congratulate three of its N.C.O.'s on being awarded the British Empire Medal. They are F/Sgt. MacDonald, Sgt. Scott and Corporal Stevens. F/Sgt. Foan, also awarded the British Empire Medal, has recently been posted from this station. We would like to take this opportunity to wish him luck with his new job.

The British Empire Medal was awarded to these airmen in the King's Birthday Honors List for devotion to duty and outstanding ability to perform duties. We are proud to have such fine men among the number on this station.

x x x x



SGT. E. L. SCOTT



CORPORAL E. STEVENS

Another winner of the British Empire Medal is Sgt. E. L. Scott, pictured smiling in the above photo. And who wouldn't smile? On June 14th. Sgt. Scott became the proud papa of a baby boy! Congratulations are in order, Sarge, for your new baby.

"Scotty" is a native of Alberta, born at Calgary on Sept. 7th., 1914.

He enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force on September 28th., 1940. At the completion of a year's service at No. 10 Repair Depot, Calgary, he came to Claresholm where he is now employed in Maintenance, No. 6 Hangar.

Previous to his enlistment in the R.C.A.F., Sgt. Scott was a carpenter for the Great Northern Railroad, Vancouver, B.C.

He was married on June 24th., 1936, and has two children—both boys.

His hobbies are sports of all kinds, mechanics and collecting Varga pin-up girls from Esquire Magazine.

Third on our list of British Empire Medal winners is Corporal E. Stevens, pictures above.

Cpl. Stevens is a Britisher, born in 1908 at Catford, Kent, England.

After three years service with the Army, he came to Canada in 1931, where he farmed in the district of Ministik, Alberta.

Cpl. Stevens enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force on the 17th. of February, 1941. He came to Claresholm in May, 1941, after completing a Chef's course at St. Thomas, Ontario. He is now chief cook and bottle-washer at the Woodhouse "Country Club Cafe".

His wife and two daughters reside at Tofield, Alberta.

x

### MODERN CALENDAR

- In 1942: What a man!
- In 1943: What, a man?
- In 1944: What's a man?



F/SGT. S. MACDONALD

F/Sgt. MacDonald, pictured above, is one of the proud winners of the British Empire Medal.

"Mac" is a "bluenose", born at Inverness, Nova Scotia, on Dec. 21st., 1904.

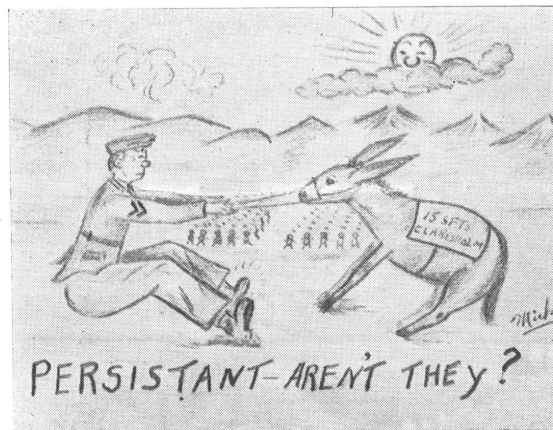
He enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force on January 2nd., 1940. After being stationed in Ottawa until May, 1941, he came to Claresholm where he is now senior N.C.O. in charge of Maintenance Workshops.

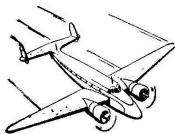
Previous to enlistment in the R.C.A.F., "Mac" was employed in a mining corporation in the Northwest Territories for four years. Following that, in a boat building company in Edmonton, Alberta.

He married in Edmonton on May 15th., 1929, and has three children—two boys and one girl.

"Mac" is of the opinion that his pre-war occupation is his "pigeon", for he plans to return to Edmonton and continue with his shipbuilding after the war.

x x x x





## "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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### EDITORIAL

Tuesday, June 6th., 1944, is a date that students of the future will be expected to remember. They will associate it with the beginning of a new era of freedom for the whole world. We are too close to that June 6th., or as we call it . . . "D" Day . . . to regard it in the rational manner of an historian; it still means much more to our emotions than to our minds.

A few minutes ago an airman sat in my office with a telegram in his hand, a loob of shocked bewilderment in his eyes, and there must have been grief in his heart. The telegram announced that his brother-in-law, a young Canadian soldier, was killed in action on June 6th. It is this grim way that the invasion of Europe by the Allies will be remembered by many of us.

Apart from the many personal effects and results of this "D" Day drama, there must be some great and even eternal purpose, or the tremendous carnage and shocking sacrifice is in vain. This purpose, we must believe, is not only the liberation of Europe from the slavery of regimented fascism, but the liberation of the spirit of mankind from every effort of coercion. If we believe that the dream of a "brave new world" saw even a mere

shadow of realization because of the events of June 6th., then complete realization depends upon whether or not we are willing to admit that greater freedom means greater responsibility.

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### THE NEXT ISSUE

Following the usual custom, the next issue of Windy Wings will be the Station Third Anniversary Celebration Number. Since it will feature the year's activities it will be approximately double the ordinary size. In order to make possible the printing in time for anniversary celebration, all Flight and Section News, etc., will have to be handed in not later than August 1st.

## Picture Show Passes for Lucky Readers of Windy Wings

Lucky numbers for the May 1st issue are as follows:

162 445 912 959 804 302

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.

The Lucky Numbers will appear in D.R.O.'s by the 3rd. of June and the Windy Wings management must insist that you show your winning number not later than June 7th.

# "D" DAY TO DATE

(By Sgt. L. O. Peterson)

On June 6th. the waiting world was awakened with the long expected, long awaited news that the Allies had landed in France. The day after Rome fell a mighty armada of some 4,000 ships, escorted by several thousand smaller craft, carried the largest amphibian force in history across the English Channel to land on a 75 mile strip of Normandy between Cherbourg and LaHarve. A supporting aerial force with some 11,000 planes to draw from, provided the necessary umbrella of protection despite the unsatisfactory weather conditions. 20,000 paratroopers were landed behind the enemy lines. Spokesmen from France, Holland, Belgium and Norway told their people and our allies that the great day of liberation had begun. They asked our supporters of the Underground to hold themselves in readiness, but to make no premature moves until authorized to do so by the Supreme Command.

By June 7th. the beachhead had widened to 100 miles. A ferry service of glider-towing planes and naval units continued to land reinforcements. The beachhead held. The Atlantic Wall had been breached. Fighting, begun by the airborne troops, had extended in earnest to Caen, where British and Canadian troops were spearheading the advance towards the interior. The Americans opened what later proved to be a flanking attack across the Cherbourg Peninsula through Bayeux towards St. Lo. The vaunted Luftwaffe, so badly mauled in previous encounters over the continent, made no appearance in the initial landings, but came out on the second day in some strength and lost 51 of their precious planes. On this second day, too, the Germans unmasked their "secret weapon", the touted achievement of Germanic science upon which they had been told to pin their faith in the hour of invasion. It was a robot plane. It needed none of Germany's dwindling aircrew. It flew by mechanical means alone. Each plane, launched from the Pas de Calais area, if it reaches its objective might do damage equal to that delivered by a one ton bomb.

On the night of June 9th., units of the British and Polish navy intercepted part of what remains of the German navy off the coast of Brittany and dispersed a pack of "U" boats lurking in the vicinity. Fighting in the Cherbourg area vacillated around the cities of Montebourg and Carantan, 14 miles to the southeast of Cherbourg. On June 12th. Tilly sur Seullles was obliterated by the Allies and Sully was taken. Reports from the front about this time indicated that the soldiers who had manned the Fortress Europe were not

all Germans. Russians, Poles, Frenchmen, Japs and Turks had been taken prisoner. Neither, apparently, were the defenders of that area all men. French women, of uncertain numbers and equally uncertain political leanings, have been caught sniping at our men, and were gathered up and taken back to England. By the 13th. the number of prisoners taken had risen to 10,000 and included everything from frightened youths to a monocled and greatly bewildered German General.

In the meantime, 300,000 French patriots rose in Southern France. Armed, allegedly with weapons dropped from Allied planes, they rioted and caused considerable damage in southern provinces. Fifty saboteurs in Copenhagen stormed into an aircraft factory and after a twenty minute battle, blew the place up.

On the 14th. British and Canadian troops scored a five mile gain in the Caen area in an apparent attempt to surround the town. Toram was taken. On the same day the Belgian King was taken into Germany as a hostage to and for his people, and 300,000 acres of farm land in the Netherlands was flooded by the Nazis.

The 15th. and 16th. saw an increase in the strength and determination of German resistance on all fronts. But despite more than five determined enemy attacks, our lines held firm. Small advances were made indeed in the Caumont and Villers Baucauge area. Again the advances across the Cherbourg Peninsula were halted and the Yanks temporarily lost Montebourg and were thrown back in other areas. For the first time the Hitler Youth Division—"German Boy Scouts" to our men—were thrown into the fight, the Black Shirted S.S. Men made their appearance and the really formidable Panzer Brigade entered the battle. This day, too, saw the heaviest aerial assault to date in the war, when planes flew 12,000 sorties against German positions and German industry and transportation all across Europe.

After a partial lull over the second week-end of the invasion in which no great advances were made, the Americans organized a determined drive across the peninsula and announced that the city of Cherbourg was entirely cut off from the rest of the German army. The fate of this important port was sealed by this blow. An estimated 30,000 of a garrison was trapped. Gains were scored also to the south from St. Lo to Coutances. On June 20th. this situation was exploited to the limit when the Americans drove up the peninsula to within 6 miles of the port, overran the town of Valognes and captured more prisoners.

At the date of writing the fall of Cher-

bourg seems imminent. The Allied forces are as close as three miles from the city and are hitting it with all they have on hand. The garrison there have been told to surrender or die. The situation around Caen is a bit confused. Latest reports indicates that the Germans may already have withdrawn to behind the town. No really serious attempts have been made to relieve Cherbourg, so the Germans may be prepared to relinquish a port to the Allies and concentrate their defence deeper into France, where, to date, the most violent opposition was maintained. Such boasts as they made of driving the Allies into the sea are now replaced by dire threats of yet grimmer defensive works yet to be stormed as they advance into what they claim to be the more heavily fortified area.

Through all these two weeks of invasion the aerial war goes on. Stronger and stronger forces of bombers and fighters hammer Europe daily. Bad weather has hampered such operations often. So too has the continued presence of robot planes over southeastern England. Certainly British Spitfires cannot strafe German positions and shoot down these rocket bombs at the same time. Bomber weight, which might have been used to good advantage otherwise, is in demand to blast their launching platforms in Calais. Damage by these devilish contrivances is undoubtedly serious, but certainly their worth as invasion stoppers has been overrated. In the meantime Allied "Secret Weapons" have made their appearance. Rocket guns, self propelled or tank mounted, have allegedly been used. A newer and better weapon than the "bazooka" cleans out enemy pillboxes in a hurry. And the Hamilcar glider, long a secret in the Old Land, carried armour and the men to man it right to the scene of action.

Losses in the initial stages of landing were surprisingly light. On June 18th. the Americans disclosed that their losses included 3,283 killed and 12,600 wounded. To date, no statement of Canadian or British losses have been released, but we are told that they are only a fraction of what we had been led to expect. Canadian Naval casualties have been negligible, though more than 100 R.C.N. ships and over 10,000 naval men have been in action. Of the whole Allied naval strength in the fight, only one ship of large tonnage has been lost.

To date, what have we won in France? Certainly now, barring an almost miraculous recovery by the defending forces, a foothold in France, right on the way to Berlin, has been established. And that foothold will be held. In a short time we should have at least one first class oceanic port in our hands. We have provided a rallying point around which our Underground can organize and for which it can act. We have relieved pressure on Russia

to allow her to sweep aside smaller centres of opposition and organize for the great advance. Our action has given point to another invasion in Italy. But we have done more than conquer a strip of France so many miles long and so many miles wide . . . we have demonstrated to a waiting world that not only can we control the spread of Nazi dominance, but we can break down his stoutest defences and aim our blows directly into his now quaking heart.

Editor's Note.—since of necessity this copy had to be prepared several days in advance of publication, we add the welcome news that Cherbourg has fallen and by this time is doubtless handling heavy Allied traffic of supply.

## THE SOCIAL WHIRL . . . .

### ● CONCERT PARTY

We would like to extend our thanks and appreciation to the personnel of No. 7 S.F.T.S., Macleod, for the splendid concert put on by them in our Station Recreation Hall on May 31st.

One of the highlights of the show was a trumpet solo, "Stormy Weather", which won deafening applause from the audience. Also worthy of special mention was the orchestra, under the able direction of F/S Hepper of No. 7 S.F.T.S.

Dancing stopped at 1:30 a.m. with the playing of the National Anthem.

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In line for marital congratulations are Corporal "Scotty" Craig and Corporal Rita Clark. Our best wishes for loads of happiness in the future, girls.

x x x x

A surprise shower was held in the W.D. Canteen for LAW. Isabelle Rae on June 19th. at 7:30 p.m. The canteen was decorated with pink and white crepe paper. Gifts were piled on a table in the centre of the room. The table was covered with a white cloth and decorated with pink and white streamers. A good time was had by all in attendance.

x x x x

Recently nine of our girls got the fulfillment of a W.D.'s dream, an overseas posting! They were: Cpl. Kennedy, Cpl. Agar, LAW's Tredgitt, Terry, Hale, Lee, Heath, Deby and Allan. We wish them all the success in the world in their new venture.

x x x x

### ● SERGEANT'S MESS

The Sergeants' Mess would like to welcome Sergeants Parry and McLeod, two feminine additions, to their midst.

A quiz programme and dance was held on June 10th. in the Sergeants' Mess. A very enjoyable evening was had by all.

Friday, June 16th, was a red letter day in F/S Sharpe's life. It isn't every day one is met at the station by a delegation of friends complete with a stretcher and signs reading: "Just Back From Leave". "Sharpy" was immediately placed on the stretcher and borne to the hotel, while friends waved the signs in the air above the stretcher. Another sign, which read "Chief Mourner", was intended for his wife, but she could run faster than the would-be sign-putter-onner. He was not to be so easily discouraged and ran after her, waving the sign and pointing in her general direction. The townspeople, hardly prepared for this invasion, were highly amused at the proceedings.

x x x x

### ● OFFICERS' MESS

The Officers' Mess has been temporarily closed for re-decorating purposes and thus it became necessary for the Officers to eat at the Airmen's Mess.

Sight of the Commanding Officer carrying out his dishes and dumping the remains of his food in the garbage receptacle was enjoyed by all and sundry.

Casual inquiry has led me to believe that there has been no soup poured down anyone's neck so far, and I am happy to report that there have been no casualties.

The re-decorating of the Officers' Mess is shrouded in mystery. It is all very hush! hush!, so I hear. Something very mysterious is in the wind and nobody is supposed to know anything about anything! But this much I do know, if things go according to schedule, the Officers' Mess will re-open on Wednesday, June 21st.

"The Doors Swing Out and the Doors Swing In" seems to be Number One on the Hit Parade for the Officers on the juke box in the Airmen's Canteen. Could it be that there is a special significance, of which we know nothing, attached to this song?

The population of horses is increasing by leaps and bounds. Latest additions to the "Corral" are mounts owned by F/O Macdonald, Nursing Sister Polly, Nursing Sister Macleod and F/O Fulcher.

It is no longer an oddity to see people galloping madly around the station on horseback to the tune of "HI! YO! SILVER!" Ah, me! The sport of kings!

First on the Nominal Roll of "Proud Pappas" for this month is F/L Simpson, heading the list with a new daughter. Congratulations, sir.

In line for congratulations also is F/O Harris, with the birth of a son.

x x x x

### ● FAREWELL PARTY

A farewell party was held on June 12th. in the K. of C. Hut in honor of S/L Pilling and S/L Livermore, who have recently been posted to the Staff College, Toronto. The R.C.L. Daily expresses so exactly our sentiments that words fail me. I quote:—

"It becomes the sad duty of this news

chronicle to record a few words of farewell to S/L Pilling and S/L Livermore. For a station to lose two such senior officers who have unquestionably provided an admirable balance between the Flying and G.I.S. training phases (the former being somewhat handicapped by lack of tonsorial coverage, but compensated for by heavier craium matter), is a sorry blow.

"However, with the assumption that Staff Courses constitute a grooming for higher things, we should perhaps add our congratulations to this mess of verbiage, along with a sincere word of thanks, good wishes and . . . Adios!"

Also on the Posting List this month is F/O Markle, one of the station's old-timers. We feel that our loss of a fine officer is Deseronto's gain.

x x x x

### ● OFFICERS' PICNIC

An Officers' Picnic was held recently at the creek, the station's favorite picnic spot. Part of their quota was taken along for drinking purposes (of course!), as I understand that the Officers have sorely missed their liquid refreshment.

S/L Laubach led the swimmers. It was vaguely hinted to me that there is a story behind this, but I'll have to leave it to your imagination. All this mystery!!!

The picnic was greatly enjoyed by all . . . if one is to judge by all the sore heads the next morning.

x x x x

### ● OFFICERS VS. SERGEANT

#### "SCREWBALLS" . . . .

Well, dear diary, it's over! The baseball (?) game between the Officers and the Sergeant "Screwballs". And what a game!

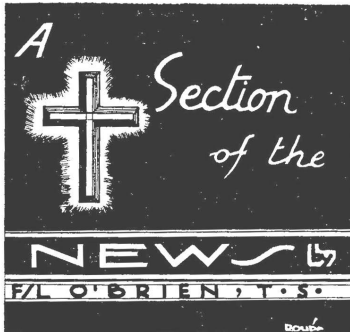
The "Screwballs" arrived on the scene, carrying on and singing lustily, dressed as clowns, complete with grease paint, wigs and baggy pants.

The shooting of a red flare got the game off to a bang-up start, with the officers, clad in long white underwear, out in the field for the first innings.

A sudden skirmish out in the field ended in a free-for-all between the two teams. Peace was finally maintained by F/O Ellison, disguised as a "limb of the law". The official communique states that a "Screwball" was trying his hand at sabotaging the opposing team.

However, the game got under way again, the "Screwballs" still up to bat. The batter swung viciously as the pitcher released a beautiful ball right over the plate. Much to his (and OUR) surprise, the ball burst into fragments when it connected with the bat.

At this stage of the "Screwballs" retaliated with a fire extinguisher. F/S Freebairn was a little punch drunk by this time and confused the onlookers with the rival team. Result? He turned the fire hose on the Commanding Officer!



### ● YOU DON'T HAVE TO HATE . . .

A small detail of twelve men was picking its way through the devastation and ruin of the captured town. They moved cautiously, examining almost every square inch of the territory which they were assigned to cover. One thought was in the mind of each and every man, "booby traps".

There were other things on their minds too as they saw the desolation around them. They saw stripped homes and churches. They saw half-starved people walking about in a daze. They saw children marked and maimed for life. They

By this time I had completely lost track of the game. I was much too interested in the outcome of this brawl.

Suddenly the ambulance appeared on the field covered with placards reading "For Officers Only!" and "They'll Need It!" The back doors of the car opened and out pranced a donkey. "This", said our underwear-clad friends, "is TOO much!" A battle royal ensued and when the dust had cleared we discovered a dazed and bewildered Sgt. Innes and Sgt. Real sitting on the ground. You've guessed it. They were what was left of the "donkey"!

But the "Screwballs" were not quite willing to call it quits and once again their trusty fire extinguisher was brought into play. Once again a truce was called and the game continued, but the ambulance stayed within close call.

The game was umpired by WO1 Collins, who seemed to be having trouble with his eyes. May we suggest, Major, that perhaps a pair of glasses would be in order?

Due to a rising wind storm the baseball (?) game had to end. The final score (oh yes, they DID play baseball!) was: Officers 7; "Screwballs" 5.

x x x x

This ends the News and Views of your Society Reporter for this month, folks. So, until the next edition . . . Cheerio!

Your Social Butterfly,

—LITTLE ALICE.

saw the aftermath of a ruthless enemy. Yes they saw everything which would make them hate and hate the more the ones who had perpetrated these crimes and this devastation. Suddenly the leader of the detail spied what he was certain was a booby trap. Stopping and taking deliberate aim with his rifle, he fired at an object about fifty yards away. The object exploded with terrific force, blowing away the front porch of a small home. A little dog ran out frightened, but uninjured. As the detail of soldiers approached closer, one of them stooped over and patted the dog, then thinking better of the matter, picked the little dog up and the rest of the day carried him under his arm. Within a week the dog was a much sought after mascot with the regiment. Someone had stooped to conquer.

x x x x

As the war goes on the gospel of hate will be thrown at you from every angle. You will be told that unless you hate and hate with a vengeance, you will not be able to match the efforts of the enemy. You are being taught quick, victorious methods of killing. Atrocity stories and tales of cruelty are placed constantly before you. Yet in spite of all this, you must not forget to love.

The soldier who stooped to pat the little dog still had love and kindness left within his heart. Had he possessed nothing but hate in his heart he would have kicked the dog out of the way, perhaps cursed it, and would have continued on. There would have been no love in his heart. Remember that you must save a corner of your heart for love and that if you must hate, you must hate primarily the low and base ideals which spur on your enemies. Your enemy, too, has been trained to hate but he has been trained to hate YOU and that, of course, is his weakness. He may kill you but your ideas will live on. Likewise, we must be interested not so much in killing thousands and thousands of the enemy, but rather our interests should lie in the killing of the base things for which he is fighting. We should hate ideas, not men. Should you destroy every Nazi soldier, still Nazism might live and you would have gained nothing.

x x x x

To hate our enemy as a man does nothing but shrivel up our own souls and make us small and low in the eyes of God. But to hate his ideals means to increase our love for the things that are good and to make our souls large and beautiful and generous in the eyes of God. We will find then that we shall always be able to stoop and conquer. We will always be able to see the beautiful, the helpless, the blind, and we will go about our duties filled with love and pity rather than with hate and revenge in our hearts.

Yes, it is important how we hate and it makes all the difference in the world

whether we hate our enemies as men or whether we hate the things for which they are fighting. Think it over. Love and love bravely, and you will always be able to stoop to conquer.

—THOS. S. O'BRIEN, F/L,  
Station Chaplain (R.C.)

x

### ● HOW IT'S DONE . . .

Night flying in an anson  
I guess is nothing new;  
But in case you have misgivings,  
Well, here's a tip or two.

You taxi from the tarmac  
With throttles open wide,  
And remember what you're taught and  
told—

Your brakes are there to ride.

You turn into the taxi strip,  
Keep straight—don't ask me how—  
But when you've blown out all the flares,  
Well, use the D.I. now.

At last you reach the Xmas tree,  
And skip your take-off checks.  
You turn onto the runway  
And wonder what comes next.

Your D.I.'s set to zero,  
But it's best to leave it caged,  
For then it will not wander  
When you're otherwise engaged.

The details of the take-off  
Will differ every night;  
But if you find you're off the ground  
You'll know you've done it right.

So you climb at open throttle,  
And airspeed pretty low,  
Then do a rate 4 climbing turn  
Five hundred feet or so.

You cut in on the bloke in front,  
(He does cross country circuits);  
You thump upon the signal key—  
If you know how to work it.

Perhaps you'll get a green sent back,  
If not you needn't worry;  
Your main concern is landing,  
And you know you've got to hurry.

You do a stall turn into wind,  
And lose height down to twenty.  
If you've time to watch your A.S.,  
Well, 60 odd is plenty.

So you land behind the boundary lights,  
And again at second flare;  
And if there's any more ahead  
You'll know to turn off there.

And when the circuit's finished,  
You sit back with a sigh;  
Your instructor looks disgusted—  
Well now, I wonder why?

—LAC. WRIGHT.

x

Preacher: Wilt thou take this woman  
to be your lawful wedded wife?  
Bridgeroom: I will.



Once upon a time there was a man who was very much like an Horatio Alger hero. He was born in poverty, worked while the other boys played ball, and finally was a "great success", with a country home, a big business and plenty of influence. He never went to church because he said he didn't need God. He was a kind person in many ways and he wrote annual cheques for charity. He didn't know whether there was a God or not, and he probably didn't care. He reasoned that he could deal with any situation that life had to offer. In time he married, and he humored his wife by condescending to a church wedding. The service disturbed him a bit, it was marked by a quality of solemnity that he couldn't fathom. Afterwards however he made the boast that the next time he would attend church would be for his funeral, and only because he couldn't protest. His wife was very sick when their first baby was born, but a specialist flown in at the time managed to pull her through. This was a great boost to our hero's philosophy. God, he argued, was never necessary. Man, through his intelligence, could achieve any objective, and he began to pity and even despise the poor bewildered church people. The years flew by and his sons grew up and went to big name colleges, and then September 1939 came to the world, and the sons went off to war. All went well for some time; the man was very patriotic and bought war bonds. He didn't pray for victory, he argued victory was a matter of men and equipment. Then in quick succession the telegrams came . . . "Your son killed in action in the battle for Rome"; . . . "Regret to report your son missing after air operations over Europe"; and the last one was dated June 8th., 1944: "Son killed in action!" The man was stunned, for the first time he was left helpless before the array of buzzers and telephones on his desk. This was something he couldn't "fix" with a phone call. He forgot his work, and it was important. He left the office and wandered hatless down the street. He walked he knew not where. He passed a church, the door was open, and quiet organ music could be heard. He stopped, and not knowing why, he entered. He slipped into a back

pew and suddenly he was on his knees, sobbing; and then he prayed. Later, much later, he raised his eyes and saw on the altar the cross silhouetted against the stained glass windows, and he felt a hand on his shoulder, but no one was visible. He left the church reluctantly, with a deep peace never before experienced. His heart was heavy still with grief and the great loss showed plainly in the deepening lines of his face, but there was still that great comfort of a hand on his shoulder.  
—E. S. LIGHT, F/L.

● IT'S AMAZING . . . .

HOW MUCH the last few rainfalls have contributed to the beauty of the gardens and laws at No. 15 S.F.T.S. . . . . the trouble a person can get into by using slang expressions when talking to the Aussies or NZers. Innocent enough as the words are to a Canadian, they prove to be dynamite to our friends from "down under"!

x x x x

WHAT A FAT LETTER enclosing a handsome cheque, or a few well-chosen snapshots can do for an airman's morale—or just a letter, period . . . what amusing AND VERY ENLIGHTENING procedure comes in over R/T at the most unexpected moments . . . how much a Canadian can learn about New Zealand, Australia and Great Britain by having a chat with the trainees from those countries.

x x x x

BUT SO TRUE, that the line of Robert Burns' about the best laid plans of mice and men going astray—especially when a chap is in the Air Force. . . . TO THINK that we in the Western Hemisphere have this far been spared the ghastly nightmare that is being experienced by the Eastern Hemisphere.

x x x x

HOW MANY AIRMEN SALUTE the ensign after it has been taken down at night. Too deeply in thought, or just plain absentmindedness, fellows? . . . . WHAT "PATIENCE" P/O Prunes has on C.O.'s parade. Speaking of C.O.'s parade, isn't it amazing what a terrific sunburn you can get on your face during the

ceremony?

THE CHARM THAT EDMONTON HOLDS for so many week-enders. . . . To find that this Station "grows" on you after you've been here for a few months. . . . What a lot of fun a person can have at the weekly dances in the Rec. Hall. . . . What could be done, but isn't—such as having an amiable M.C. run the dances so that everyone could join in the fun.

WHAT A TIMELY COMPLIMENT can do to brighten the day. Try it when you want an extra 48 tagged to the end of your annual leave. It's amazing what may happen!

—K. A. W.

Sports

(By SULLY)

● FASTBALL . . . .

GIRLS' FASTBALL

LETHBRIDGE 8-8.  
MACLEOD 5-0.

The Claresholm Fastball Teams did it again Tuesday, the 27th., setting Macleod back once more to a 5-1 loss to the men and a 4-3 loss to the girls. The girls' team spirit and play that night would make you wonder if it was the same team that has been playing to gether all season. They couldn't miss, everyone was on their toes, Chester pitched a 7-strike-out game, walking only 2, and the team behind her did the rest. Macleod's runs came in the 2nd. and 6th. innings, and our runs came in the 2nd., 3rd. and 5th. innings. Claresholm had the lead all the way.

What Cliff Edey told them I don't know, but whatever it was, he certainly set off the spark to flame the team into being a first class organization. Let's play all the rest like this one, girls, and we've got the pennant.

Score by innings:—

Macleod ..... 020,001,0—3  
Claresholm ..... 201,010,0—4

MEN'S FASTBALL

The men game through again and almost repeated the last Macleod-Claresholm, which was 5-0. But in the 8th. innings Macleod's Rover banged out a three-bagger into deep left field and came in on a sacrifice hit by Cowan.

Konick had five strike-outs to one, and allowed one walk to two for Macleod. If there is one service team in Alberta that can compare to No. 15's we'd like to see an exhibition game; and it is rumoured that Calgary's star team is looking further afield for competition, so it might not be long now.

The team is standing on top of the League, with 4 wins and 1 tie, with Leth-

bridge.

Score by innings:—

Macleod ..... 000,000,010—1  
Claresholm ..... 032,000,000—5

We are going to lose our coach, WO.1 (Spike) Collins, to Calgary and we are certainly sorry to see him leave. As a coach we'll miss him, and as an umpire, well, there'll never be another one like him. So the best of luck, sir, on your new station, and we'll see you up there in the finals, and we are all sure that you will be right in there in their sports league.

x x x x

### ● RUGBY FOOTBALL . . . .

On Monday, June 19th., Rugby enthusiasts at Claresholm were treated to one of the most thrilling games ever seen on the station, the occasion being the return match with Lethbridge.

As the last game with this team ended in a draw, with neither side scoring, the boys from Claresholm were anxious to add to their laurels and so write "finis" to a very successful season.

The play was preceded by a Maori Haka from the Claresholm team, and the game went off to a brisk start.

In the first thirty minutes of play much ground was lost and gained by both sides before Shanks went over the line to score for the local team. The try was converted by Wickham, making the score 5-0.

The tempo quickened somewhat in the second half and before four minutes were up Wickham had scored, but failed to convert, the board now reading 8-0.

Lethbridge did not take this sitting down, however, and rallied in an endeavor to even up the score, gaining an unconverted try, 8-3.

The Claresholm answer to this was a good movement by the backs, resulting in another try by Shanks, which Kidd unfortunately failed to convert.

A few minutes later Bryers attempted a field goal but without success and though the play was just as brisk for the remainder of the game, the final score still stood at 11-3.

A closely contested game throughout, play was somewhat marred by faulty handling and inaccurate passing, though Claresholm had the extra finish which enabled them to win out.

It was, however, quite a game to end a season of undefeated play, and it is to be hoped that our boys are right on form when they go north to pit their strength against Calgary.

Scores of previous games read as follows (Claresholm vs.):—

Vulcan, 43-0.  
Lethbridge, 0-0.  
Vulcan, win by default.  
Macleod 31-6.

x x x x

### ● INTER-STATION GOLF

In the golf tournament played in Lethbridge on Tuesday, June 20th., W/C Atkinson was the only honour man on the Claresholm golf team, taking second place, shooting a 74, on the tricky Lethbridge course. In the tournament the team from Claresholm, made up of W/C Atkinson, F/L Wickins, S/L Lawson, F/O Hebert, Mr. Benedictson, F/O Bray, LAC. Vickers and F/O Rault, came out in fourth place. The team's leading scorers were W/C Atkinson, LAC. Vickers and F/O Bray, in the first, second and third places respectively.

x x x x

### ● FIELD AND TRACK . . . .

A very successful Field and Track Trial Meet was held on Wednesday, the 21st. of June. A turn-out of about 150 participants put on an excellent show and the cry now: "when is the next meet?"

The following is the list of track events and results:—

#### TRACK EVENTS

##### 100 Yard Dash

The 100 yards dash was run off in seven heats with five men per heat, the firsts and seconds qualifying for the final. LAC. Bennett of "D" Flight took first with the time of 10 2/5 seconds. LAC. Shanks of "H" Flight took second place, and Davidson of "C" Flight tied with Clarke of "A" Flight for third place.

##### The 220

P/O Casey of "A" Flight in 26 2/5 seconds was the first man to break the tape in the 220 yd. run. LAC. Clarke and LAC. Ford, both of "A" Flight, took 2nd. and 3rd. respectively.

##### The 440

LAC's Stevens, Campbell and Baker took the honors in the 440 yd. Stevens of "H" Flight ran the track in 57 7/10 seconds, followed by LAC. Campbell one breath behind, with the time of 58 seconds. LAC. Boker of "C" Flight took third place.

##### The Half Mile

In the half mile (880 yds.), LAC. Neary, P/O McIntosh and LAC. Murray placed first, second and third. LAC. Neary's time was 2.24 2/5.

##### The Mile

The mile honors were captured by LAC. Morrow, who paced around in 5.24, followed by LAC. Neary six seconds later, then by P/O MasIntosh five seconds after him.

##### The Two Mile

In the two mile run Morrow and Neary again starred. Morrow's time was 12.35 3/5. LAC. Shanks pulled into third place, and this race concluded the track events of the day.

#### FIELD EVENTS

##### Javelin Throw

F/O Bob Pearce of "D" Flight started

the field events with his javelin throw of 135' 2". The second longest throw was by LAC. Prescott of "B" Flight, 121' 5"; and LAC. Boker, also of "B" Flight, came third with a throw of 116' 10".

##### Shot Put

The first two shot put throwers were within the nine inch mark, F/O Bryers making the longest throw of 33' 10", and F/O Pearce a throw of 33' 1". LAC. Boker took the third spot with a throw of 30' 7".

##### Discus Throw

F/O Pearce registered again in the discus throw, leading the way with a 102' 9" throw, followed by F/L Teskey of Link Trainer with a 99' throw. Sgt. Wood of P. T. & D. placed a 97' 10" throw to secure third place. The next closest throw was 82' " by LAC. Ferguson.

##### Pole Vault

LAC. Currie of No. 4 Hangar Maintenance qualified for first place when he soared over the bar at the 10 foot mark. LAC. Mort of "D" Flight, after three tries at the 10 ft. mark, came second with his 9' 6" vault. LAC. Edwards of No. 1 Hangar took third place, doing 9 feet even.

##### High Jump

Sgt. Woods of P. T. & D. took first place, clearing the bar at the 5' 1" mark. LAC. Rowley of No. 7 Hangar Maintenance was 2 inches behind him with a jump of 4' 11", and LAC. Ferguson of "G" Flight lost 3 inches to Rowley, with a jump of 4' 8".

##### Hop Skip and Jump

In the Hop Skip and Jump LAC. Clarke of "A" Flight copped the honours with a jump of 41' 6 1/2", a real jump. Sgt. Wood of P. T. & D. hop-skipped to a 38' 6" jump, and LAC. Anderson of "C" Flight took a clean jump of 38 feet even.

##### Broad Jump

The broad jumpers all stayed in the 19 foot bracket. LAC. Russell of "F" Flight just about got out of it, but was short 1 inch, with a jump of 19' 11". LAC. Clarke of "A" Flight did 19' 4", and LAC. Anderson of "C" Flight jumped 19".

x x x x

#### W. D. EVENTS

The turn-out of W. D.'s for the day was not so good, but they promise a real turn-out for the next meet.

Buccini, Chaster, Ross and Gobelki figured in the money the W. D. events.

The 60 yard dash, first place was taken by Cpl. Chaster in 9 seconds flat, with Cpl. Buccini one split second behind to some second.

Cpl. Chaster took the hop-skip-and-jump first place with a jump of 25' 9". Cpl. Buccini followed with a jump of 24' 11", and LAW. Ross placed third, doing 24' 1".

Cpl. Chaster led the pack again in the running broad jump with a jump of 12' 2". LAW. Ross came second with a jump of 11' 8", and LAW. Gobelki did 10' 7" to

# Flight and Section News

## ● "A" FOR ANYTHING . . . .

We wish to welcome to our unhappy throng of Instructors F/O Olson, F/O Ritchie and F/Sgt. Malcolm. Hope we are able to make your stay more bearable. It is quite easy to see that most Instructors know a good flight when they see one, so your happiness is assured!

x x x x

Quite a number of lads have been to Banff and all seemed to have enjoyed their stay, short as it was. One of our friends has a very fine (movie) photographic record of his trip. We are all looking forward to the time when we can gaze upon the photographic masterpiece of Canadian countryside.

x x x x

We have lost some of the pupils with whom we started, but we all wish them the very best wherever they may be.

x x x x

The local dance in our neighboring city of Claresholm attracts quite a lot of attention from "A" for Anything! Let one and all in on it, chaps. Surely there are enough "Blue Eyes" and "Blondies" for all.

x x x x

To enjoy "A" for Anything, one should view it on a Monday morning after a very, very enjoyable 48. The most dormant and far-away looks are seen in all directions. Yes, that means you . . . "A" for Anything!

—KIA ORA.

x

## ● THE LINE BOOK, or . . . . "A" FOR ANYTHING CARRIES ON . . . .

We were very fortunate last month to secure the services of an eminent columnist who hails from a group of flower-decked isles, not 8,000 miles from Claresholm. This wizard of the pen gave us a

carry off third place.

x x x x

The meet was run off smoothly, the whole afternoon's events lasting only 2½ hours. We would like to thank the Judges, Timekeepers and the Committee in charge for their splendid efforts.

x x x x

### ON TO VULCAN JULY 5TH.

The Vulcan Field and Track Day is on Wednesday, July 5th., and with times and distances run on our Field Day, a good representation should be heard from. by our gang when in Vulcan.

x

very trite and true account of the visit to "A" for Anything" Flight by P/O Prunes of Rinkle-on-Platter, and of the inauguration of the Line Book and Prunery Club. This month it falls to me to make the first report on the above organizations. I can't claim the literary skill of my predecessor so I'll be obliged if you will bear with me and make allowances for any of my shortcomings.

x x x x

The Line Book, to say the least, is flourishing. To date we have the amazing number of twenty-five entries. The last edition, we all consider, is the best effort so far. It reads: "I simply can't tell lies, when I do I get the funniest expression". Isn't that sweet? It goes to show that in this horrid hard world there are still some who possess a rare frankness and charming simplicity.

x x x x

Though the bulk of the lines bear the names of students, our revered Instructors have held their ends up well. On 15th. of May this surprising statement made its appearance, "I'll make out a Link and Bombing Teacher schedule for next week that you won't have to change". Crackin' show, what?

x x x x

The Prunery Club hasn't the success that was at first expected. This is not surprising in a Super-Efficient Flight like "A" for Anything! That's what we intend to tell P/O Prunes when he next visits us, in case he decides to get niggly.

x x x x

The idea of the Prunery Club, you remember, was to award the badge of the Highly Derogatory Order of the Irremovable Finger (Motto: "Dieu et mon Doigt") to any member of the Flight who committed a breach of flying discipline. Lately no one has qualified for membership . . . still, we have hopes.

x x x x

That's all for this month, blokes. Keep reading your favourite magazine and the scintillating gems from "A" for Anything Line Book will continue to fascinate you.

x x x x

Oh! By the way, did you meet the bright student who said: "We flew so low that when we came to a fence we had to alter course three degrees starboard to go through the gate"?

x

## ● "B" FLIGHT . . . .

Since last we added our contribution to Windy Wings little has happened in "B" Flight to cause excitement, though in the past two weeks we have opened another

chapter headed "Nite Flying" with apologies to Canadian spelling).

Now we know what it is like to step forth into the starry night at the bewitching (?) hour of midnight, and return to our lonely pillows just as the first streaks of dawn bedeck the sky.

Oh yes, it's the "Gen", this night flying, though it appeals to many in different ways. The more romantic may be seen leaning out of flight room windows, sighing in a manner that would put Shakespeare's furnace to shame, and wondering just what the moon above would look like on the other side of the Rockies, while the more practical types wish aloud that the (——) moon would go to rest so that the flares will be more effective for landing.

And, talking of flares, I am reminded of the story of one bright type who, flying in circuits in the small hours, was startled from his trancelike state when coming in to land by a red light. With muttered curses he "upped" his wheels and went around again. On completion of another circuit he was again greeted by another "Red", but just why, he couldn't figure . . . there seemed to be no reason for it at all . . . no aircraft in front of him, no aircraft on the runway . . . oh well, what the heck! Round again!

By this time those first grey streaks which herald the day were breaking over the 'drome, and with them dawned the reason for it all . . . there below him lay the taxi strip, with the runway some yards to the right.

Of course such a thing could not happen to "B" Flight types, and it is only a story, but, as Rochester would say, "That's what the man said, boss. That's what he said!"

x x x x

When next we go to press we hope to have some Night Cross-Country experience behind us, and that should make interesting reading; but, as Kipling would say, "That is another story".

x x x x

One of the brighter lads in the flight has suggested a defence measure which may assist the Allies in saving Britain from the Robot bombs used by the Nazis . . . huge vacuum cleaners situated at intervals around the coast to suck them off course.

x x x x

We feel a word of praise is due to our Instructors for bearing up so well under the strain of the (in) famous Harvard Step Test. So well, in fact, that one victim had to be asked if and when he had to go through it.

x x x x

We are sorry to hear that one of our

instructional staff has had mosquito trouble. Was Citronella no good, Johannie, or is it spelt Fifinella?

x x x x

#### FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"A perfect landing! Let's get out before the fire starts!"

x

#### ● "C" FOR CHARLIE . . . .

Once again your reporter is on the job bringing to you the Highlights and High Flying of "C" for Charlie Flight.

x x x x

There has been a report that a Gen room is to be opened for the use of Aussies on the station in general and for Course 106 in particular.

It is to be hoped that the Gen will include information that will be of value to us on our 48s as well as the natural G.A. for flying. Perhaps a local Lonely Airmen's Club could be worked in conjunction with on "Advice to Bewildered Birdmen Club". We can raise plenty of starters for the latter club.

x x x x

The Sports Meeting on Friday was a great success and our game with the New Zealanders ended up with a tie. While the game of baseball against the Pukkah Sahibs was completely successful, we finished leading with a score of 8 to their 6. Good show. It is hoped that a challenge match will take place and we might show our heels again. Ron Kennedy threw rather a smart ball in an attempt to bewilder the opposition and hit the catcher in he eye.

x x x x

Some of the lads visited Banff last leave and everyone had a great time. Particularly Partridge and Duff—two of our most ardent bear-hunters, and famed far and wide for their blood-curdling exploits in the field of wild and fair game.

It is feared that one of the members of the expedition . . . we are unable to discover which one . . . lost his soul inspiring courage at the last minute and was forced to place his life before fame and take to his heels, leaving his less agile companion to ward of the vicious attack of the King of Beasts by himself.

Too bad some of the other lads spoil their evening by an occasional spot, because the Blight of Bacchus prevented them from seeing the Bear Hunt.

Messrs. Odgers and O'Brien returned with fairer game.

x x x x

One of our most enthusiastic N.C.O.'s, needless to say from our contemporary flight, has taken great pride in whipping the boys into a frenzy of floor polishing. This sort of thing is OK in Government House, but we are not in Government House. Nevertheless, the re-habilitation officer should take note of the best workers and their future security in the

post war turmoil would be firmly established.

x x x x

An amusing incident occurred to one of the "D" for Dirty Flight members. This H.P. was seen making vain attempts to open his combination type padlock, but was forced at frequent intervals between hiccoughs and distorted visions of a maze of members, to give up and cease his inane laughter at his own stupidity.

"Pro-Bono Publichouse".

No mention will be made here of the recent activities of certain members of our own glorious brotherhood.

x x x x

We were all sorry to see Mac leave us this week. He is starting a course as a Bombardier and should be able to come to see us at Calgary some time.

x x x x

Another bright event is the return of our old blue-feathered blackbird, Bluey Nixon, after quite a spell in hospital, and a subsequent refreshing fortnight at Edmonton. Blue is back on course with us and he promises to give us the benefit of his knowledge on how to "bludge".

P.S.—He is still taking vitamin pills.

x x x x

Racing reports concerning Emer Plains Handicap and Sand Groper Maiden Run are at a minimum at present.

No doubt further reports from the land of Sun and Sand will start the ball rolling again. With the addition of Bluey Nixon to the team, his gen on punting and S.P. work should give us some good description as far back as 1906 or so.

We all get very tired around 2250 hours and these little talks help to wake us up.

x x x x

Should any person require knowledge of the operation of Dude Ranches or the riding of horses, see Chinchilla, alias Pinto, or Rog Ponsford, alias Gary Cooper, for information in this direction.

x x x x

Trust the Kangaroo Blood to scent out a good grazing ground. Several more Roos have spent a few days in pleasant retirement at the Station Sick Quarters.

x x x x

Now that solo cross countries are coming up on the line, let all those who think of being lost near Edmonton remember we are Course, 106 and we are not the first course to try that gag. Besides, I don't want too many lads stealing my pitch.

x x x x

It is amazing how various crazes come into being. The latest here is writing to film stars, black or white, no holds barred. Lena Horne and Betty Grable were both lucky enough to get notes. So far neither of these ladies have realized the honour bestowed on them and replies are nil.

x x x x

They say the nearest approach to complete satisfaction is to have a photo of the girl. Smith with an "H" should be pretty near saturation point by now.

x x x x

"C" Flight bids you farewell till next month when we will again bring you "News and Views from All who Choose."

x

#### "D" FOR DAWN FLIGHT . . . .

Time seems to have flown since we last had our little say in Windy Wings, and if this weather keeps up, that's about all that will fly. You never heard a member of Dawn Flight growling. Neither have I . . . much!

x x x x

The second month of the course is now but a memory, there being no great duds to report and very few displays of fireworks from our friends in the Jeep.

x x x x

The Flights have been behaving quite a birthday this past week, "D" Flight in particular. Flight Sergeant McKittrick and his happy little gang have performed wonders in converting our Pupils' Room to a bright and cheerful place of confinement. All we need now are the lounge chairs . . . and who will want to fly anyway? Alas! I noticed our N.C.O. in charge of pupils eyeing off several dots of paint where they shouldn't be. So maybe said birthday is not all over yet.

x x x x

Since going to press last month we have quite a few changes to report, notably that of our Flight Commander, F/L Edmonds. Jolly good luck to the pupils in No. 2 Squadron. Your gain our loss, fellows! To the O.C. of Dawn Flight we wish the very best. No doubt we will be able to tell you more about him next issue, as the 35 hourly's are knocking at the proverbial door. There has also been a change of instructors, Flight Malcolm having packed the old swag and departed for "A" Flight. P/O Harris, another Aussie, has taken his place. So we wish this officer a happy stay. A word of warning, sir. Keep out of the way of Flight McKittrick or you are almost certain to end up painting, or some such thing, to improve our happy home. By the way, maybe you are wondering about the new "handle" our boss has? Yes, he has now risen to the dizzy heights of a Flight Sergeant. Congrats from all the boys of 13 E.

x x x x

The news of the month comes in the form of a very late edition to our Course 106. Yes, fellows and chaps, Blue is once again in the thick of it (unless his recent long spell in hospital, plus a week touring the country, which included Edmonton and Banff) has quietened his spirit down. I advocate that we have another serious contender in the 10:30 news sess-

ion. Funny how this session gets under way every night, and so punctual, too.

x x x x

What's the attraction at Banff? Is that a new name, "Bears"? We have all heard the fairer sex called by hosts of cute names, but that's a new one on us. However, good hunting to those who venture.

x x x x

Young "Ant", as he was aptly named in last issue, and Arthur McKivett both decided it was high time they had a few days off. Yes, in our local hospital. They tell me Young "Ant" went along to keep Arthur company. But he had to take a back seat, as the fairer sex got to hear that Arthur was in hospital and from then on he couldn't get a word in edgeways. Some people have all the luck. There is also news of Arthur going to Banff soon. Odds on his china plate being with him, however, they do say. It won't be entirely a "bucks" party as a certain party from Edmonton is making a threesome of an otherwise mischievous two some.

x x x x

Ocha caused a riot of laughter in the hut 't'other night, what with combination locks and trying to borrow Don's teeth (what a mate). Then a demonstration on how to fold his clothes. We have all come to the conclusion that the must have taken the wrong door into the canteen and paraken of one, maybe two, over the eight.

x x x x

Look out, girls, Curtin's Cowboys are preparing for the big round-up. Don't tell me you haven't noticed the Hats (fur felt) lately. Bit beaut, aren't they? Souvenir hunters, beware! They are scarce. So watch them, fellows. I know of one for sale.

x x x x

What's all this we have been hearing about a bear hunt? Maybe the happy members of the Course who have had birthdays lately could enlighten us on the subject. Three of them all told. Here's to many, many more of them . . . birthdays, we mean.

x x x x

Well, till next month, "D" for Dawn Flight bids you all cheerio! Our regards to "C" for Cinch Flight. It's a cinch they are not in the race with "D" Flight.

x

### ● "G" FLIGHT . . .

This programme is brought to you by the manufacturers of "Anson Unserviceabilities", operating from No. 4 Hangar in that prosperous district of Claresholm. This is station "G" for "Grim" beginning its monthly transmission.

x x x x

If you want to learn to fly a fast (?) streamlined (?) Yellow Monster, consult the finest bunch of Instructors at No. 15. Membership fees are payable as you go and are very cheap. Eleanor, the accountant, is very sympathetic and should

you err with your log book, your rumble fee will only be 10c. And, who can't afford that on 1c deposit and 1c weekly. Talking of Instructors, the Sponsors would like to take this opportunity to welcome F/O Browne to this Grata Flight. Happy landings, Sir!

x x x x

Bong! The time is 12 minutes past 11. Drink Roma, the dust freed soap!

x x x x

Did you order your case of Coke? If not, do so today. Ring P/O Berrington who will be only too glad to land on a stratus layer and walk into a stratocu and get it for you. Well, he claimed he did it once.

x x x x

If you want a cool aromatic (?) smoke, smoke Havana choice cigars, specially recommended by F/O Harris for all occasions, especially those Happy Days when you become the proud father. Yes sir, and the Sponsors take this opportunity to wish Mr. and Mrs. Harris and the little "Joker" all the very best!

x x x x

Capture that schoolgirl complexion with Palmolive, the refreshing ready-lathering tea (sombody's moked up here)!

x x x x

The Sponsors now take great pleasure in bringing to you Eleanor with her "Social Whirl":—

This is it! The Sponsors don't know what they are getting into when they let me take over. Did they say Social Whirl? "Mum's the Word" around here. However, I'll see if I can dig up some dirt on "The Boys".

What's this I hear about Robbie, Fared, Radio and Kit? The guilty party will of course get the connection. Either he's slipping or yours truly is.

Have you noticed Frosty at all the dances and pictures lately, right in there pitching? It's a tough battle though, isn't it son? Poor show when the "lads from down under" can't agree on the same point . . . or is that they agree only too well?

Do you boys think by the end of your seven-month course you'll have your timekeeper speaking English a la New Zealand? I think I'm doing a marvellous job of it. My Instructors can take a bow for that one. KAIPAI!

Why does the "H" Flight "Blonde Bomber" wander around the "G" Flight room? It couldn't be because a certain dark-eyed Newzie is attached to that honorable flight?

Which one of the Hall Brothers has been seen lingering in the Attention Area about the post office? Lovely postal clerks . . . does it help the mail situation any?

And Goldy with the dark brown eyes, with a beautiful line and an eye for lines, maybe you can tell me which is the best

country to live in, Aussie Land or New Zealand?

Who is the handsome New Zealand F/S who wanders down to the Hostess House with his wolfing jacket on? Yes, we can never get anything on you . . . but too many witnesses were present that night, Flight!

I'd like to take this opportunity to extend the sympathy of the Flight to "Harry the Red". Ah me! No longer does he make 10 trips a day to collect his mail. Too bad she was posted, kid!

x x x x

Well, cherrio, kids. More next broadcast. Bong! And the time: 25 minutes past 11 . . .

Drink Waitemata, the Better Beer!

We will now call on Pig Farmer Dave, who has agreed to tell us what he thinks of Pig Farming a la Canadian!

Boo! Hiss! Throw him off! Chuck him out!

We regret to announce our Pig Farmer is indisposed.

CHEERS!!!

Bong! The time is 12 midnight, and this is "G" for "Grim" closing down.

Goodnight Everybody!

x

### ● "H" FOR HAPPY HOPEFULS . . .

Back again this month with a bit of "dinkum duff" about the inner mysteries of Course 102's top flight . . . and we don't mean maybe.

x x x x

A few things we would like to know. If you can be of any help please "Contact" us:—

(a). Is it right that "Weeds" Apperley thinks that a bellybutton is to put salt in when eating in bed?

(b). Does "Lone Ranger" Fulcher's horse eat oats, and is it cheaper than feeding fillies ice cream in Harry's?

(c). Does "Balso" Seibold miss the "fog-balls" they used to throw as kids?

(d). How is "Pop" Glanville going to enter the time put up on fire engines, and did some people get the wrong impression? Maybe "Weeds" has an attraction for fire sirens when "high".

(e). Does "Hebe" think he is going to find a Dianna in the foothills, and is a camera-run a good excuse to stooge over there.

(f). Where does "Straw" Berry sow his wild oats now that the mess is closed for repairs?

(g). What is it that "Ole" says to the timekeeper that gives her that peaches and cream complexion?

x x x x

We would like to welcome to this clan F/O Featherston, our new Assistant Flight Commander. Hope your stay is a long and a cheery one, Sis.

x x x x

Fortune has smiled on us again. We have a new timekeeper. It's a blonde, too, boys, but we regret to announce that a chisseler from "G" for Gophers Flight is stealing our thunder. How about sparing us a word or two, Ellen?

x x x x

Johnny Hornby has gravitated from scotch to lemonade, but from the amount of folding money he packs, there are two things indicated: either matrimony or a big bash. Why not combine the two, Johnnie, and invite us along?

x x x x

C. Green, our Blonde Bomshell, has elected himself N. Z. Goodwill Ambassador. Good old entente cordiale stuff! How are the friendly relations progressing with Poland's representative? But steep turns over Nanton don't go so well with Doug, do they, Coll?

x x x x

Greig, D. W., big silent type, but a fast worker. Better bring your chemistry knowledge to bear on the stains on the right shoulder, Doug. Don't try and kid us that it is orange juice. Fruity number, what? (Corn).

x x x x

The Three Hearty Beers: Genge, McLeod and Reeves, are keeping up the morale quite well. In fact it's a bit damp. But we notice that Lou leaves all the "line" work to Don, and merely walks off with the bridesmaids. Who said wolf?

x x x x

"Tales from Edmonton Woods" indicate that Alec of Henderson clan will be up there again to spend another 48. If you meet the Parson in the parlour, Alec, call on us. We'll tell them you were only jcking.

x x x x

Dave Leary, our wrestling champ, may be seen taking the kinks out of his "line" with the help of a photo propped on pillows; but if it works as well over here as it did in Dunedin, we don't want to see any more wrestling bouts with fair young damsels in Claresholm.

x x x x

Down by the creek (stream) Lyle Shanks was to be seen in earnest conversation; but we consider that "chicken hunting" went out with the horse and carriage. However, if it brings results, why not? But do persuade her to leave her school books at home next time you go gopher shooting. It doesn't look right.

Younger of the Brothers Hall has declared total war on the local mice, and judging from the imprecations and words of meaning delivered unto him from owners of bruised toes and other portions of anatomy, through finding mouse traps in bed, his campaign isn't meeting with as much success as that of "Rollo", the elder brother, who has disturbed our morals by nipping into town every so often for a "spot". What's come over you, lad? Is it the effects of the bash at Banff? If you and Currie would show us those two

snaps you carefully hide, we'd know. No connections with mail, we hope.

Well folks, I'm off to watch that regal sport of "Rugger", so cheerio until next month, your reporter resigning to take up residence way back in them thar hills.

x

### ● COURSE 100 . . . Ground School Studies Intensified . . .

In spite of the course extension and the extension on the extension (ad infinitum) intensified work and concentrated effort continues by all the airmen in Course 100. In signals period, our new tall and buxom W.D. instructress inquired if the signal was coming over loud enough. Grant Macpherson explained that it would be swell if it could be just tuned down a shade. With this done . . . and everyone happy . . . our instructress sent P.L. for 15 minutes solid. Then Al Richards confided: "You'd better turn your transmitting set on!"

x x x x

### ● BATTLE RAGES . . . AND MURRAY LOSES HIS PANTS!

In the middle of a free-for-all following the celebration of Murray Sim's birthday (celebrated by the gang eating HIS food parcel from home), someone noticed the worn-through portion on Murray's battle dress posterior. The temptation proved too much. By the time the battle was brought to its successful conclusion, Murray stood alone with his boney legs somewhat exposed by his shredded pair of pants. (He's still trying to get up enough courage to go to stores).

x x x x

### ● COURSE 100 PROVIDES STATION SOCCER TEAM . . .

The R.A.F. in Course 100 represent this station in the Southern Alberta inter-station soccer fidel. Making up a solid defense is Murray, Kiss, MacVey, Mennell and Moore, while the flashing forwards are Mainey, Luman, Martin G., Sampson, Nuttall and Cpl. Neeves.

The team has only lost one game, to Lethbridge, with a score of 1-0; has won two games: Pearce 2-0, and Vulcan 1-0. By the time this paper rolls off the press it is very probable that our troops will have beaten Macleod.

x x x x

### ● JACK LYONS GOES RAMPANT . . .

Anything can be expected these days . . . and this story proves the point. The quiet, modest, unassuming Jack Lyons took a sudden swing at an innocent bystander. There followed a shattering crash. It wasn't the bystander falling earthward. He had ducked . . . and Jack's fist went sailing through a window pane.

My, wotta man!

Speaking of broken glass, Bill Short decided to follow Grant Riddle out the barrack block window, only instead of going

through the open top half, he tried to get through the closed bottom half. Short explains this peculiar behaviour with: "I ate too many potato chips!" Meanwhile we have a lot of fresh air.

x x x x

### ● WHERE WERE "YOU" WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT . . .

This is the question everyone is asking . . . following the complete darkness of the station Tuesday night. At the Rec. Hall, where a dance was in full session, Slinn and Whelan were kidding each other (trying to scare their respective partners) by saying they would pull the main switch to the Rec. Hall. Both considered that the other "Had gone too far!" after one hour of darkness. Gordon Wayne's only comment: "Things were so crowded outside the W.D.'s barracks that I left!"

x x x x

### ● DOWN AT THE FLIGHTS . . .

As we say goodbye to our Flight Commander, F/O Henning, now posted with S.B.A., we greet F/L "Doc" Simpson as our new Flight Commander. He regards the gang with that paternal air . . . possibly since he recently became the father of a baby girl.

We also extend welcome to P/O Russell, recently from Pearce, who has already made himself popular with his students.

x x x x

### ● FAMILY MAN AT HEART . . .

F/L Lewis seems to be an old hand with domestic duties. Picture if you can: six Joe boys standing around while F/L Lewis demonstrates the art of mopping a floor. F/L Lewis is sporting a picture of his 2-months-old baby son, Peter. Really cute!

x x x x

### ● GEN SESSION . . .

Our good "T.B." (Tubby Barbara) was recently seen genning up in one of Barnard McFadden's gild-edged volumes . . . and one instructor was on hand to explain the big words! Cyril Sayer and "Pongo-Pongo" Champ Paddy Hood walked all the way in from town with two "popsies". Cyril blushing refuses comment . . . but the comment the rest of the boys make has been viciously censored. Lyons, Williams and Cummings spent their last 48 in Banff and from all reports had a swell time, although Lyons and Cummings both had a lot of explaining to do for by-passing Calgary. Jujitsu Champ, Keith Elliott, has been showing his "gentler" side these days.

x x x x

### ● FLIGHT ROOM HAS ITS FACE LIFTED . . .

The whole interior (floor included), has been given a couple of coats of green paint . . . and the boys were called on to do the "trim". Under the supervision of Barbara, the whole job was completed in one afternoon. Question now? . . . who's going to paint the instructors' room

trim? (As if we didn't know!)

x x x x

● **DICTIONARY TO SOME R. A. F.**

**COCKNEY SLANG . . . .**

duff gen: false information.  
 take a 'dim': take a poor impression.  
 pukka gen: true information.  
 piece of cake: a give-away.  
 vis-vos-vay: triple header.  
 two-eyes-a-blue: too true.  
 apples and pears: stairs.  
 tit-for: hat.  
 skin and blister: your sister.  
 pot and pan: the old man.  
 rosey lee: cup of tea.  
 prang: crack-up.  
 prang stick: long stick with boxing glove attached to end, used by instructors at elementary to eliminate pupils frozen to stick.  
 cheesed: disgusted.  
 shot down in flames by a blond job: brushed off by a blond.  
 pops: girl friends.

x

● **YE OLD GROG SHOPPE**

Another month has rolled around again and here I am back with more nonsensical ramblings from the Greasy Spoon. Since last our column appeared you have no doubt noticed we have lost our gal May to the Canteen at Yorkton. The old place just ain't the same any more.

x x x x

Say, I sometimes wonder what Course 100 has that makes Connie go all softy and mushy (like mashed potatoes?). Could it be that a certain Mr. Martin has set her heart on fire?

x x x x

This romance business sure thives 'round here . . . or ain'tcha noticed? The Duchess and Ol' B.G., 'tis rumoured, are "thatta way" about a coupla guys in Calgary and 'twas also whispered in my ear that they will both take that fatal step sometime this summer. Hmm! What's Calgary got that you can't find here, kids?

x x x x

Who was caught where with who on what night by his better half? Soused, too!

x x x x

Unknown to most of you folks, we have in our midst a menace to all pedestrians and even . . . on Saturday nights . . . to night fliers. Les claims his car can do ninety, and by the way he takes off I wouldn't doubt it. 'Tis said he got pinched for low flying t'other day..

x x x x

Say, have you noticed the boy with the fine head of skin in the Dry Canteen selling hair tonic?

x x x x

Have you tried our daily specials lately? "Meatless Wonders" and "Ice Creamless Cones" are the talk of the camp these

days. A certain fellow swears he had eighteen and was still hungry. No wonder!

x x x x

Added to our happy little home now is F/O Pearce, our new Canteen Secretary, and by the looks of things he's making out okay . . . all ways.

x x x x

Why is it that P/Os and F/Os and such go over so well with one of our gals and an AC.1, AC.2 or an LAC. doesn't even rate? Tsk, tsk, Duchess!

x x x x

Now that I've pulled everyone in here over the coals, I'd like to ask a few pertinent questions of the boys on the "outside lookin' in". Okay, Bub?

x x x x

Just where in Banff do they grow those red-headed "trees" Slim claims he walked into one forty-eight? Hmm! Sounds kinda fishy to me!

x x x x

Light of our life—but he goes out too often—is Lambie Pie. He's sweet, so cute, so utterly adorable—and can cause us more darned trouble than the rest of the boys on the station.

x x x x

There's a certain Course (you know which one) that will celebrate anything anytime anywhere anyplace (usually here) at the pop of a beer cap. Most recent excuse was the extension of the extension of extension of the extension of the course.

x x x x

One of our best "coke" customers, "The Great Lover", is still trying to figure out why he rated the handle. In fact, he's so het up about it he insists we call him "Snooks" instead. Never mind, Stan, if "The Great Lover" was a medal you'd probably have a bar or two hanging from it.

x x x x

Heard a rumour that Command is out touring the zoos in search of something with two heads and four hands that would make a natural for a Canteen Steward.

Anyone wishing to learn the art (?) of hog calling please see Jean at the next counter.

x x x x

Congrats to our Paul who was recently made a Sgt! Paul's our musical wonder—we wonder what he's going to play next.

x x x x

A hearty welcome is extended to our three new gals, Jean, June and Helen, and we hope they'll like the ol' joint as well as we do.

x x x x

Jiggers, kids! Wash the shelves, dust the cash register, sweep the floor, wash those soandso dishes, and for gosh sakes throw those blinkin' Aussies out the back door—here comes the boss! Puff, Puff!! S'long, muggs!

● **ADMINISTRATORS INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE OFFICERS' MESS . . . .**

Since the last issue of Windy Wings the Officers' Mess has been rather scattered. Due to the fact that the dining room and lounge are being remodelled, the Officers are eating in the Airmen's Mess, much to the obvious glee of the station personnel. By the time this issue of Windy Wings is on sale you'll probably see a lot of happy faces, due to the fact that the Mess is once more open and our happy little family is together again. Right now the staff is widely scattered. The cooks, general duty boys and civilian women, along with Rene and Joan, are in the Airmen's Mess. The Officers need at least a few of the staff to look after them! Blackie is lending a hand in the Sergeants' Mess and Jeanne is up in the Airmen's Canteen. Mary is on leave and Sally is in the hospital. You'd better hurry up, Sally, so as to be back for the opening. The only one that won't be coming back is Hedy, who is now working in Headquarters! Our loss is Headquarters' gain, Hedy, and the best of luck. We will miss you.

x x x x

We're glad to welcome back Miss Williamson, who has been away on course. Miss McDonald did a grand job, but we'd rather have them both here.

x x x x

While the Mess has been closed down we have lost a few of our officers. We're going to miss S/L Pilling, S/L Livermore and F/O Markle. One of S/L Pilling's last remarks requests was of two girls in the Airmen's Canteen. He wanted them to curl his hair (?) with the electric tongs they were using. We love to oblige, sir, but our imaginations aren't that vivid.

It is believed that in honor of the opening of the Mess there is to be a weiner roast or party on the 21st. It sounds as tho' it will be a gala affair. We hope S/L Chandler is there and that he brings his "fatherly interest".

That new fad, "Feather haircuts", is is really in effect amongst our "girls in green". You'll see Blackie, Rene, Mary and Jeanne sporting them. New styles for your new Mess, eh, girls?

So, until we get back together again and get in touch with our friends, those two rumor-mongers "I Heard" and "They Say", we'll have to call this a day. Bye now!

x

● **SIGNALS SECTION . . . .**

Our section has suffered the loss of many of its lot these last few weeks. Overseas went A.W.'s Lee, Heath Deby, Hindmarsh, Cameron, Gamon and A.C.'s McKay and Kasdorf. To Souris went our

good Sgt. Nutt and to Brandon went old Jimmy Edmunson. "Little Joe" Buitenhuis went to Suffield and McCaw got his "frosty Friday" on which his long-awaited aircrew remuster materialized. Kell has gone to Clinton for a 15 week course, T.D. too. We will miss all of them and with them they take the best wishes of the also-rans.

x x x x

We now have news of our other W.M.'s who went overseas some two months ago. Conly is now with 419 Moose Squadron, Wulff is attached to another fighter squadron in England, and Bailley is with the Coastal Command in Ireland.

x x x x

We would welcome to our midst Sgt. Les Price who is to take Sgt. Nutt's place. Have at it Les, you've a good crew. Another new member is AC.1 Gourlay who comes to us from No. 1 Wireless. A hearty welcome lad.

x x x x

First words of everyone in our section nowadays are, "Who's posted today?"

x x x x

Our popular signals officer, "Barney", prefers to have his picture taken with pigeons rather than bathing beauties. In reference to his pigeons he states, quote, "They weren't house broken!" (unquote).

x x x x

Bill Cardy was right in there pitching at a recent weiner roast. He could scarcely be seen for the flock of girls surrounding him. No wonder he was so enthusiastic about a second one.

x x x x

Bette Raine is our R.T.O. from unoccupied France. It is rumoured that she is being liberated this week. Her last words on departing are, "Allons, Allons, Mes Compagnons".

x x x x

Boys, don't be sore if little Eva won't sit out a dance with you! She got quite a sunburn one day last week!

x x x x

Special note: There's a certain W.D., instructor in our section who just loves week-end treks across the vast prairies.

x x x x

"Su-Su", the ray of sunshine, is over in the W.M. section now. We miss her friendly smiles but we are glad to know she's doing a good job keeping up the morale of the W.M.'s.

x x x x

We hear a certain Sgt. had a bit of trouble getting around after the recent weiner roast the section had. This was due to a blanket toss received for not telling the truth in a "Truth or Consequences".

x x x x

Perhaps you are wondering who owns the voice you hear from Camera Obs. It's none other than our new and charming W.O.G., Sandy Harrison.

x x x x

There's an attractive R.T.O. called "Kit" over in Control who loves conversing with the boys via telephony, especially when listening in on a conversation between two aircraft. We suggest that student pilots try to spare her maidenly blushes.

x x x x

We welcome our two new R.T.O.'s, Dot Proctor and Keen Skelton, to the section, and we now sport a challenger to Jackie Rice from G.I.S. Orderly Room for any form of physical endurance. Her name: Nell Ashworth.

x

### ● CHATTER AND PATTERN FROM C. R. AND RECORDS . . . .

In the midst of the ripping of boards and pounding of nails, we attempt to dig ourselves out, shake the sawdust from our hair, along with a few nails, and again come up with the lowdown on this section.

x x x x

We wonder if June, being the month of brides, and besides, this is Leap Year, has anything to do with Cpl. Mead's frequent visits to Claresholm. What do you have in mind, Doris?

x x x x

Congratulations to Joan Parry! She has recently sprouted her third hook. There is also a rumor that Course 100 is getting another break. What about it, Joan?

x x x x

Vicky was away to Edmonton on her last 48. She certainly went away with stars in her eyes, probably the thought of seeing a certain someone there! She came back with her eyes closed, mumbling something about not sleeping. We gather she means that she had a good time!

x x x x

Fran has been spending her 48s at Lethbridge. I wonder what the attraction could be? Need we say any more, or do we let you dream the rest?

x x x x

Then there is the story of a certain girl in Records who decided that the Hospital was the place for her when her turn for making the C.O.'s coffee came around. Very considerate, I must say! Did you think it better for you that the whole staff?

x x x x

Edna was seen preparing a beautiful "Pin-up Girl" for that certain R.A.F. lad of Course 100. He certainly should win that contest with a signature like that.

x x x x

Our reporter was unable to dig up any dirt on Doris Garner. We offer her our deepest apologies for leaving her so untouched in this issue.

x x x x

Bobby is still bemoaning the loss of her one and only pet—a nice long fingernail.

Apparently she cut it off, instead of some string. We offer her our deepest sympathy.

x x x x

I must run now, as the carpenters are threatening to nail me to the wall! I'll probably be nailed anyhow, just as soon as this issue comes out! Oh, yes! When you next want to see "Records" don't be too surprised if they aren't where you think they should be. We believe in confusing the enemy!

x

### ● THE POST OFFICE . . . .

By the Mail Bag.

Oh yes, to-day's the 19th. and the deadline for Windy Wings is the 20th. Here's the C.P.C. gang to wish you hello again.

x x x x

Being June, the month of romances and weddings, our Corporal, Gordon Barnes, decided that after eight years it was time to get married. So . . . on Saturday, as it was a nice day (and Sunday being the next), he waited patiently for his bride's arrival at the church. The trouble is, we still don't know whether the knot was tied or not yet. Listen in next time for the concluding chapter. Anyway, our best wishes to the new Mr. and Mrs.

x x x x

We've lost little Doris to No. 2 W/S, Calgary, and we sincerely say that our loss is their gain. We all hope that Doris will enjoy her stay there as we hope she did here. In her place at the "F" to "Mc" wicket we want to introduce LAW. MacQuarrie . . . Mac to all. If she doesn't give you as much mail as Doris did it's because she hasn't been here long enough. But we guarantee that she will do her darnedest.

x x x x

Has anyone noticed the rather tall Private wandering around the office telling girls this and that about Post Office routine? Well, if you do . . . say hello! He's a nice sort of person to have around. You can learn a lot from Jim Axtell.

x x x x

A refresher course called Cpl. Harburn away. She's gone to Trenton for a month's course in P.T. & D. and we hope she enjoys it.

x x x x

Have you noticed Andy wandering around with a dazed look? Who wouldn't with a beautiful picture like she's got of that lad from east of Australia? But they really are wonderful dancers, etc., etc., etc.! Look as Course 102 some time. Even with that "cheesed off" look on their faces they have something that catches Andy's eye. And it's not fog! Andy always insists that her favourite wolves are Newzies.

x x x x

Sheila is also looking rather dazed lately. After months of henpecking she fin-

ally got her husband to send a photo of himself to her . . . and you should see her look at the Crown above his Sergeant's Hooks. You'd think they meant something!

x x x x

Shirley . . . well, we don't know whether it's that walk to the creek on Sunday or the spring weather, but, but she is certainly walking on air these days. Maybe it's the change in sections. We know she saw a lot of people in the Canteen, but oh . . . the Post Office and people!

x x x x

Marg goes to Vulcan on her 48's. Why? We don't know, but our guess is as good as yours.

x x x x

Sarg is going to have to get used to being called "Daddy" pretty soon, when his baby learns how. So, if there is anyone willing to oblige, give the man a chance and get him in the habit . . . will you?

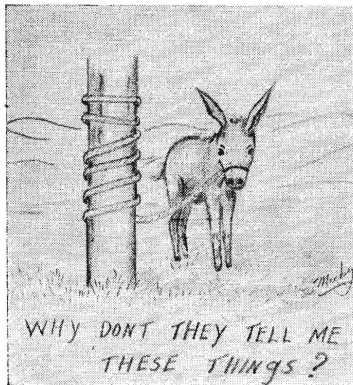
x x x x

Well, another day another dollar, and this is finished and so am I. Until next time, don't take any wooden nickels, will you?

x

**NOT BAD!**

Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never once has turned his head  
And said: "Not bad!"



# KAT KOLUMN

It's the 20th. of June, deadline for July issue, so I guess I had better hurry and get my "good" word in (who am I trying to kid?). There isn't much that has slipped by the Kat's watchful eye and our Spot-light falls on:—

x x x x

The incinerator near the hospital, where a certain Nursing Sister was seen, just after the moon came up. Wonder what she was looking for?

x x x x

Dot Robinson who wanted compassionate leave because her cat had kittens.

x x x x

Joan Parry, who has still to wet her third hook, having a very dim recollection of the first "wetting". (HmMMM!)

x x x x

Eileen Newby at the Equipment weiner roast, sobbing out the blues on her Aussie's shoulder. "Oh, what will Joe think of me now?" Now I wonder what could have brought that on? She insists she sticks strictly to cokes. Then there was her best pal, Lil, who stuck by her in her hour of need, and repeating meekly at her side, "Never mind, Eileen, I still love you," and after which poor Eileen would sob louder than ever!

x x x x

Jimmie Ogilvie and Sally, our new photographer. Remember the advertisement, "Ogilvie's Morning, Noon and Night, Gives You Real SPARKLE and ZIP!" Wonder if that is where Sal get shers?

x x x x

Marge Day, who believes in keeping the morale of ALL boys up, not just ONE. Women are so fickle. (meow!)

x x x x

Jean Kitching being accosted by the R. C.M.P., who found her and a certain M.T. driver parked on the side of the highway with car trouble as the "excuse" . . . but then a poor excuse is better than none. Better watch out, Jean, or a Corporal from the Met. Section will be your next trouble!

x x x x

Cpl. Simmonds, our red-headed S.P., with the most BE-AU-TI-FUL shiner this camp has seen in many a day. Why yes, of course! He must have bumped into the door (or did he?)

The girl who came home from the dance with her Aussie friend, giving him the quick brush-off with "Gee, it's cold, I simply must go in!" Then a few minutes later was seen rushing out the front door to say goodnight to Jimmy (patiently waiting). "Sooooooo sorry to keep you waiting, dear, but I was unavoidably detained." (HmMMM, women!).

x x x x

Kat Fertile, who actually enjoyed her seven days C.B. and extra duties. Just what is the secret of your SUCCESS, Sunshine?

x x x x

The airman, who having had "quite a few", decided to pay P/O Prunes a visit in his stable, and ended up sleeping with him. Should feel honored sleeping with a P/O, even if he was an ASS!

x x x x

Our vivacious and light-hearted Nicky. We knew people sometimes overstayed visits, but sixty days is going a bit far. So how about it, Nick, are you coming back soon?

x x x x

Freddy and Larry, our Equipment Twins, who found out that weiner roasts are a lot of fun, but that hangovers were no fun at all!

x x x x

If the spot-light goes out we can always find:—

Dorris carrying the "torch" for Perc . . . or Ken Whitten with "a gleam in his eye", taking care of "someone else's girl!" (could add more here but daren't) . . . Note: Stand up and cheer, gang. Ken got his "B" Group—at long last, eh, Fat Boy?

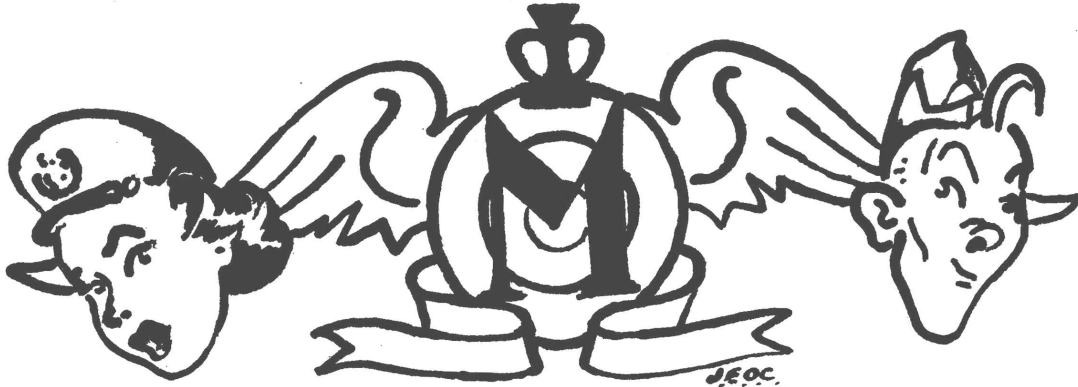
x x x x

The lights are dimming, the curtain is falling, and I'll be six feet under if I don't crawl behind it . . . so 'till next month don't let your conscience keep you awake. I never do!

Yours faithfully (I hope),  
—THE KAT.

x x x x

P.S.—Please note that I didn't mention P/O Patton or any of his Wolf Club. You wouldn't either if you got the dirty looks and threats I did.



● MAINTENANCE ORDERLY ROOM . . . .

Greetings again, folks! Here we are with the latest news for the month of June.

x x x x

WEDDING BELLS

The forces of "Chemical Affinity" have captivated another couple. Sgt. Matthews (Maintenance Orderly Room) and LAW. Bonney (formerly of No. 15 S.F.T.S. switchboard) have taken the fatal plunge. Of course, "Matt", you must realize that this is the age of obedient husbands, so we sincerely trust that you will be able to live up to the demands placed upon you. As yet, many of the details have not been made known regarding the happy event, but we trust that "Mat" will confide in us and let us "in the know". However, all joking aside, we trust that in your case the story will run true: "They were married and lived happily ever after". Congrats to you both!

x x x x

"Billie" was detected walking in the ditch on second avenue one noon, with the aid of a certain Flight Sergeant. If you're trying to follow the straight and narrow path, Billie, we know easier means. Also, she claims it's a perfect place to sit in the evenings . . . alone, of course!

x x x x

Why has Cpl. Miller (June, to us) changed her mind about men? We wonder if the mail from overseas has made the difference? She claimed men were a thing of the past, but perhaps this was only camouflage.

x x x x

And did you know that F/Sgt. "Pete" Prystal indulged in wine and women at Waterton Lakes one week-end, and not only that, but he now puffs away at those cigs like a veteran? Could the atmosphere of No. 15 be the influence, Flight? The question now raised, "What (or who) was so interesting the night of the 31st. May that Flight just couldn't make his appearance back on camp until the WEE

hours of the morning?" So involved were some of his fellow workers they studied it in poetical manner, such:—

Where does Prystal go when he goes out?  
Like one big mouse,  
He goes with Hoffert and some one else (?)

To see the town around about.  
When does Prystal decide to come back?  
At early morn (7:45 a.m.) with bowed back;

And not a word did he say all day,  
For back at barracks he vowed to stay.  
x x x x  
Why is business between the Tower and Maintenance O.R. flourishing so of late? Once that little brunette called around once a day, but now . . . well, four times is no casualty. Could you be the attraction, Bob? I'd say that weiner roast started things, didn't it?

x x x x

Have you seen F/O Wilson around lately? No, nor have we, but we are told the Golf Course is open to all those interested. Also, he informs us there's good fishing up in them thar hills.

x x x x

A whole year's service and Billie still doesn't know the difference between Airmen's and W.D.'s barracks. The tale is: "She went to Pearce on a 48 to see some "friends", but came back telling us she got in the wrong barracks and all she saw was a pair of pyjamas with a man in them." Grim, isn't it?

x x x x

Congratulations are in order for F/Sgt. MacDonald, commonly known as Si, on receiving the B.E.M. The best of everything, Flight, and keep up the good work in Workshops.

x x x x

We lost a member of our happy abode, F/Sgt. Burch, whose height of ambition was "a posting back to No. 4 T.C." Well, you got it, Flight, and with it we wish you the very best of success.

x x x x

● NO.6 HANGAR . . . .

F/Sgt. Brown has moved his quarters over to No. 6 Hangar, taking the place of F/Sgt. Burch. Now tell us "Brownie", do you really want to be one of those Rabbits that haunt No. 6? Taking over his position as N.C.O. i/c No. 7 Hangar is Flight McLeod, who appears to be right in there pitching.

x x x x

A FAREWELL

Once more the time has come for me to say farewell to No. 15 S.F.T.S. I wish to take this opportunity of thanking one and all for the good will shown me during the four months stay in No. 6 Hangar. I will not soon forget the way in which all concerned "pitched in" when there was work to be done, and realize that this is one of the secrets of success and brings victory nearer our door. May this determination to do our part continue until the day of complete victory is here.

Sincerely,  
C. H. BURCH, F/Sgt.

x

● MAINTENANCE CONTROL ROOM . . . .

Here are the Knights and Ladies of the Round Table once again.

x x x x

Freddie, just back from a 48 and having seen her one and only, Carter, is in a decidedly dazed condition, even if there is no ring on that finger.

x x x x

Marg. Gourlay is now on a well deserved rest—annual leave—much to the envy of Blonde Eurice, who struggles with the Log Books, L14's, etc., assisted by Freddie, ex. No. 6 Orderly Room Clerk.

x x x x

Cpl. Tupper is with us again after spending 14 days leave at the West Coast. Nice to have you back, "Tup".

x x x x

Don't be surprised if you see an armoured clad figure staggering around the



**● G. I. S. ORDERLY ROOM**

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new!" Ain't it the truth! Early this month our popular C. G. I., S/L Pilling, was posted to the R.C.A.F. Staff College, Toronto, on a staff course. We were all very sorry to see him go. We wish him the best of luck on his course.

x x x x  
Our new C. G. I., F/L Godfrey, was

posted here from No. 2 F. I. S., Pearce. Welcome, Sir!

x x x x  
F/O Lindstedt, our Quizzmaster, is on a 3 months course at Rivers, Manitoba, and F/L Archer is on Armament Refresher Course at Pearce, so G. I. S. is practically replete with courses.

x x x x  
AW.1 Lonsdale is doggedly wading through amendments in Publications.

AW.1 Doris McConnell is busy trying to keep track of the officers assigned to the Intelligence Library to keep the maps up to date. AW.1 Gabelhei is nursing a sprained ankle, and Cpl. Rice is keeping her fingers crossed waiting for the next overseas postings to come in.

x x x x  
G. I. S. carries on! however, despite the uncertainty of the students as to when Course 100 actually will graduate.

Maintenance Control Room . . . it will likely be Sgt. Willows in a last desperate attempt himself from wolverines.

**● NO.7 HANGAR "FLOOR BOYS" . . . .**

When two Westerners get together, something is bound to happen, so we now have a budding romance between the "Blond blue-eyed wolf", S. C. Bishop, and the "Blonde blue-eyed wolverine", D. Irving, of Langely Prairie and New Westminster, respectively.

x x x x  
Norm Adam seems to have little trouble distinguishing Jean from Dot, the Muir twins. If he could, he might have double trouble.

x x x x  
LAC. Bradley was seen escorting Mary, ex M.O.R. girl, to the movies. Why Mary, we had no ideal!

x x x x  
And why is LAC. Dennis so interested in D.R.O.'s?

x x x x  
Seems that the Wireless girls and Maintenance boys get along okay, per example: AC.2 C. W. Odell, who has just been with us a week, and also R. A. D. Aalten, alias "Gooch", who thinks the R.T.O.'s are a bit of all right, too.

x x x x  
Miracle of the week: LAC. Barton J. R., of the Instr. Section, turned down a free beer! Who said the age of mystery was over?

x x x x  
Vi Sinclair, of the Fabric Shop, has just been posted to No. 13 S.F.T.S. Best of luck, Vi, on your new station.

x x x x  
Kit Carson certainly believes in "Safety in numbers, so he, being a gentleman, no doubt, escorted not two but five W.D.'s

home from the last Maintenance Sports Day Swim at Willow Creek.

**● ELECTRICAL CURRENTS**

The Section: F/Sgt. McLean No. 1 i/c. Sgt. Scott No. 22 i/c. And the Boys.

x x x x  
If all the events would happen that "daily routine rumours" would prognosticate, we could write pages of interesting material. The Editor, insisting that we confine the column to fact, more or less crimps our style. And so for the fact column!

x x x x  
LAC. Yeager N. W. returned from his annual leave with a certain Mrs. Yeager, address: Claresholm. It is suspected that she is his wife, but he being a retiring individual, has not definitely committed himself. How about some info., Norm, on the ceremony, send-off, n'stuff?

x x x x  
LAC. McLarty returned from his "Spud Leave" with a couple of bags, and not potatoes either. Had one under each eye. His health was a concern, too. It's hard to understand how a man of McLarty's build could lose so much weight "farming".

x x x x  
LAC. Delorey braved wash-outs and inclement weather to pick up his posing to Dorval, P. Q., where he expects to learn about those big four-motor jobs. Best of luck to you.

x x x x  
Cpl. Harris M. L. is on leave, presumably in the vicinity of Vancouver. We had assurances that he would stay on the wagon, or train, at least, until the good old Pacific hove into view.

x x x x  
LAC.s Jestin and Connauton have re-

cently returned from annual leave. Nice having you back, boys.

x x x x  
LAC. Gaffney has spent one week of his annual leave at Waterton Lakes. The other week is still on the credit side of the books at headquarters.

x x x x  
LAS.s Yeager and Vear's services are in demand as baseball proteges. Maybe by now they're under contract for the station team. Luck and horseshoes to youse guys.

x x x x  
In the rumour department we learn that Cpl. Creasey is riding hard under the direction of Cpl. Herr wo, being a generally capable mathematician, erred in his "figures", in the "external quadrangle". Creasey to the rescue, making a jolly foursome with one over.

x x x x  
Sgt. Scott's catalogue garden is to be weeded as soon as Sgt. Scott himself can differentiate a weed from an edible. It's too bad, Sgt., the weeds don't show in the pictures.

On Friday, June 16th., 1944, Cpl. Charley awakened quite refreshed after a really good night's rest. After attempting to get breakfast, and reading the morning news, he reported to the Section. . . oh, about ten bells (A.M.) Since then he's been sheepishly condescending to arrive with the rest of us at 0745 hours. In fact, rumour has it he's staying awake half the night to avoid a recurrence.

x x x x  
The END! FINIS!! . . . and that's all till next issue.

**SHOULDN'T WAIT TOO LONG BEFORE DOING EITHER**

I kissed my first girl and smoked my first cigarette on the same day. I have never had time for tobacco since.



# Flying Control

(AW.1 "Kit" Wigham)

Have you sometimes wondered what goes on up in the little room atop the Control Tower? In case you have, here is a bit of "gen" on the Flying Control staff, and a little about their work.

Climbing up the narrow winding stairs to that sanctum of sanctums, I found F/O W. T. Turner engaged in speaking over the microphone, and F/O S. A. Puffer busily salvaging worn-out flashlights. Hmm! Where do we go from here? Just then, F/O Turner said with a smile, "Yes?", and I was put at my ease immediately when

he started to explain the maze composed of smoke puffs, signal flags, traffic guns, mortars, a radio, signal lamp, anemometer, binoculars, etc. Clearly enough though he illustrated the above equipment, I'm afraid I'm still as green as a starboard light where handling the stuff is concerned!

The "Windy Top" personnel control the traffic in and out of the vicinity of the airport, and also watch out for breaches of flying regulations, so they have to be on their toes constantly. They designate the runways to be used, and during the day keep an eye on the movements of the planes around the aerodrome.

During night flying instructors from the flights take over the control duties if they have had a minimum of fifty night-flying hours. They direct the air traffic by means of signals and flares. The airmen you see driving the yellow tenders madly over the field control the traffic at the end of the runways during the day. Doing despatch work in the tower is another of their duties.

Flying Control is an interesting subject that could be expounded for hours, but let's get on to the men who keep everything under control, shall we?

The popular and genial O.C., F/O "Bill" Turner, came to this station directly from Manning Depot in Toronto two and a half years ago. He lives in Calgary at present, and hopes to return to his former occupation as train despatcher after the war. One of his sons, Bob, has been serving in Algeria as a WAG for the past eighteen months. His other son, Allen, is still at high school, but anxious to get into the fight . . . as a soldier! As his dad was in the 8th. Brigade Signals during the last war. Allen's wish is not as contrary to the Turner tradition as it would seem.

F/O S. A. Puffer has been on numerous stations across Canada before being posted to No. 15 S.F.T.S., and finds that being

on the Northwest Staging Route was his most interesting duty. He served in both the Army and the Royal Flying Corps during the last war, and hopes to go back to dealing in stocks after this war.

F/O R. Crosby calls Vancouver his home, and is here on temporary duty from Vulcan. He hopes to return to his former duties as flying instructor when his injured hand, suffered as a result of a flying accident, is healed.

F/S Fulmore is married and lives in Claresholm. He also came directly to this station from Manning Depot, and was one of the first men in control at the end of the runways.

The O.C. of the Beam Tower at Champion is F/O R. W. Holmes, who was stationed at Ancienne Loretta, St. Hubert, and Charlottetown before he was posted here. A former druggist at Consort, he resides in Calgary now.

Then there is F/S D. N. McFadyen, also from Calgary, who went overseas as an airgunner. He was shot down into the North Sea during action, and picked up out of a dinghy after being adrift for nine hours in a badly wounded condition. Returning to Canada for medical treatment after being in hospital for several months, he was posted to Control Tower duties . . . but he is anxious to go back overseas for more flying!

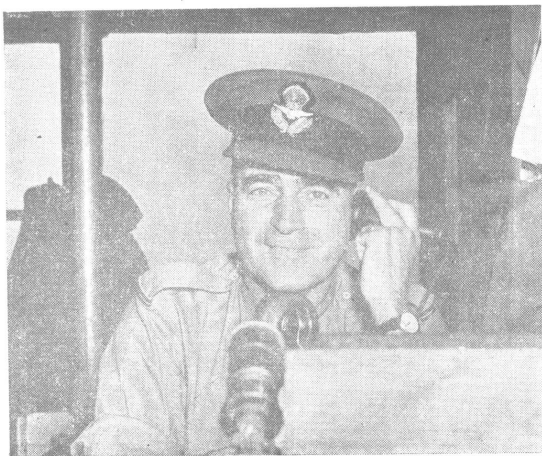
x x x x

"GEN"

Corporal Earl Adsit, now on furlough, is next on the list. He is an American by birth, and lives in Claresholm with his wife and daughter.

Also on leave, after spending six weeks in the Macleod hospital, is Corporal Fitzpatrick known to everyone as "Fitz". Fitz is from Cornwall, Ontario. Come on back, and make that certain little blonde in the Log Book Room happy again!

Then there is LAC. Petit who hauls



TO THE LEFT.—F/O Turner at the Control Tower Desk.  
BELOW.—F/O Puffer, F/Sgt. Fulmore and F/O Turner on Duty.



from Hull, Quebec. What is it . . . or should we say, WHO is it that you find so interesting in the Log Book Room, Gaston?

Every section has a "Casanova", and in the case of Flying Control he is Bruce Dunlop, from Mortlach, Sask. Recently Bruce returned from six weeks' seeding leave, and he hasn't been quite the same since. Something interesting happen, Bruce?

It is rumored that wedding bells will ring in the near future for Mike Zapotichny, who is now on furlough. We couldn't confirm the rumor, and rather wondered about the little Blonde Bombshell in "B" Flight . . . !

LAC. Curtis of Poncka, Alberta and LAC. Huisman are two more boys from the Windy Top. Their favorite pastime? Reading Esquire!

LAC. Collins, now remustering to Flying Control, is from Calgary. He is married and has a cute two-year-old daughter.

LAC. Bagshaw, R.A.F., and LAC. Brockhurst of Toronto have recently remustered to Flying Control, so we can't tell you much about them . . . lucky fellows!

On leave at the moment is LAC. MacArthur, from the Olds district of Alberta. He is married, and has two children.

Sgt. Simms is another newcomer to Flying Control. Seems that he is quite a lady-killer. Look out, girls!

And we can't forget good old "Gil". LAC. Gillespie is from Edmonton, and has a son in Italy with the Canadian Army.

Last, but not least, is LAC. Leo Dufresne of Quebec City. Leo was of the candid opinion that nowhere in the world were there girls to be found to equal those in Quebec . . . but lately he has been singing a different tune. Must lock into this one!

x x x x

Just been wondering if Corporal Adsit had the same idea that we did when we were told about the new mortars that are replacing the brown smoke puffs . . . wouldn't they make marvelous Fourth of July firecrackers!

x

#### AND MAYBE SHE COULD

An English woman stopped in at an auction sale where she purchased a most magnificent vessel. It was the largest she or anyone else had ever seen. They didn't wrap the vase, but she didn't mind, besides it would be useful for carrying home some fish she wanted to buy. Marching into the fishmongers, she sat the vase down on the counter. She pointed a commanding finger and said, "Ah pund o' fillei." The fishmonger stared with bulging eyes and replied, "Ah pund ye don't, ma'am."

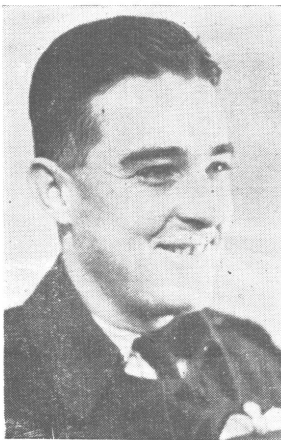
## GONE . . . but Not Forgotten!

### ● POSTED TO R. C. A. F. STAFF COURSES . . .



S/L L. H. PILLING

S/L Pilling came to Claresholm in January 1943 as a Flight Lieutenant. His first months were spent as Station Adjutant. He then became the Chief Ground Instructor, which position he maintained until the time of his posting. S/L Pilling was an exceedingly active individual, and participated in every station undertaking. He was, so we understand, the Founder of the "Brain Trust", and will always be remembered for his attempts at building airplanes. The best of everything to you, sir!



S/L R. R. LIVERMORE

S/L Livermore came to Claresholm on the 12th. of May, 1942, as a Flight Lieu-

tenant. He became the Officer Commanding No. 1 Squadron and continued as such until the time of his posting. He also has acted as Chief Flying Instructor. During his stay at No. 15 S.F.T.S. he was very active in all fields, and was really tops on the Parade Square. He's really a grand guy, and we're sorry to lose him. With him go our very best wishes for loads of luck in all his future endeavours!

x

### ● PERSONNEL COUNSELLING SERVICE

This counselling is a new service provided by the Air Force for Airmen, Airwomen, N.C.O.'s and Officers. It is distinct from the other departments connected with the welfare of the personnel for whereas the Padres deal with the spiritual, domestic and financial problems, and the Educational Officer with the building up of better educational standards, remusters, etc., the personnel counselling is intended to aid personnel with their planning for civilian employment after the war. Since this post-war planning requires information about occupations in Canada and the requirements, and about the rehabilitation regulations of the government, etc., it is hoped to be able to give this service in two or three ways: by discussion groups, by a library of vocational information and by private interview. Advising people regarding future employment will not mean influencing their choice, but more in the way of showing each person how best to achieve his or her goal, and what factors are in favor and what factors are against such a choice. The latest scientific methods of finding each individual's particular talents will also be available. In civilian life this work has been used and been very successful in large industrial plants such as the Hawthorne Plant of the Western Electric at Chicago and in the Lockheed aircraft factory. Due to the expense involved in giving such a service not so many plants in Canada have been able to undertake the individual counselling, but its value to both the industry and the person is acknowledged. At the moment, the Counsellor, F/O W. O. Gidman, is located in the K. C. Hut and if you would be interested in this service in any way, would you hand in your name to your flight or section commander who will arrange an appointment for you. This counselling has no bearing on service documents but is entirely for your own assistance and we hope to make it an informal friendly service conducted in a scientific and accurate manner.

# Elmer's Letter Home . . .

Dear Maw and Paw:—

I shur dont seem long since i last writ you folks back home but lots has bin shappenin aroun camp and i decided i had better let you know. I shur do wish tho that you new how to writ too maw as i would feel lots better if i new everythin at home was gettin on fine without me.

Well folks last night i was asittin down kinda quiet like to writ you a letter wen i herd an awful ruckus outside so i took a look out the winder to see what was goin on. I seen a bunh of people acomin down the road wavin flags and such like and asingin to beat the band. They were all dressed up crazy like in clothes like the clowns wear at the country fair every summer and i asked one of the fellers was it a country fair and he said no ye dope the sargents is playin the officers at baseball tonight. You know how i like baseball maw so i pulled on my britches and went down to the ball park. And it war the crazyest thing i ever did see i couldnt see no officers around that was aimin to play ball so i asked one of the sargents weres the officers and he pointed to a bunch of fellows standin aroun in there underwear. Wall it were turrible maw thats what it war them grown ups arunnin aroun in their winder underwear. Im shur glad that Clarabelle warent here. Wall, they acted like a bunch of locoad cows for a spell and then started playin ball. The sargents team was called the scrooballs. Scrooball is an airforce word for somebody thats teched in the haid and i think they were all teched the way they was acarryin on. They shur did git me mad tho maw when they shot off a big pistod which made a red lite. Everybody tho it were awful funny but me and i was scared. It made such a big noise that i jumped right up and hit my haid its powerful sor today maw and i shur do wish i waz home so that i could rub some of that liniment on thet paw uses for the horses when they git stiff legs. Right afteh thet Percy and me got disgusted and went home cause they was all arollin aroun and kickin up their heels like a bunch of crazy heifers.

My feet are shure sore folks all because we decided to follo our C. O. around at one of those thing-a-me-jig parades i told ye about. We was all lined up and he walked up and down and looked us over and i guess he warnt at all pleased at what he saw cause all of a sudden he

walked off the field right mad like. But we warnt agoin to set around and watch him up and leave us like thet so we all up and follered him and believe me he sure led us on a wild goose chase. We walked up and down and round and round until my feet were all ablisterin and they felt like two skinned chickens. He finally got over it tho maw cause he turned and smiled and then led us right back where we come from but i am afraid my feet will never be the same agin and i shure do hope he doesnt get mad like thet agin at least not until i can get rid of them there blisters i got.

Percy and me are shur gettin to be good pals maw at least thet is what he told me caus i always sweep our floor and make our beds and he even said thet if he tho the C O wouldnt object he would even let me give him his meals to him in bed. Course i nearly xilt myself laughin at thet cause he chur would look awful funny asittin up 'dar in thet mess eatin in a bed now wouldnt he. But even if Percy does git some awful funny ideas he still can show ye how to have a durn good time. Saturday nit we all decided to go out and Percy said for us to paint the durn town red but of course i told him thet would be too much wurk and couldnt we just whit-wash it like we do to the barns at home it would be a lot quicker. Wall he just looked at me kinda sick like and said that we would go to the queens milk bar instead and i was awfully perturbed because i had never been in no such ritzy place like thet and i was afraid of show i might not jest act rite. But Percy said never mind worryin just to do what the other fellers did and i shur did have the time of my life. They were drinkin stuff out of glasses thet looke like coffee only it didnt have no cream in it just some fuz on top and every time the fellers drank one i dranked one and purty soon everything was goin round and round just like when yer riding a new colt for the first time. One of the fellers said thet he would drink me under the table first but i shur fooled him i jumped right down under thet there table

faster then ye could hev said dad-durn-it and then before i could get adrinkin a little fat man came in and said thet its off and i jest dont understand what he could have ment cuz then the fellers picked me up and carried me out.

I aint never heard from Clarabelle for a cupple of weeks maw and I shur am plenty sore on account of i asked her in my last letter if she would like to git hitched up lik you and paw are and to hurry up and let me know on account of Percy said thet after this year there werent goin to be any more marriage-bugs. I guessed he meant pritchers so i was a-aimin to git hitched up befor it war too late and since minerva done turned me down for that there ozzie Clarabelle is my only hope so if ye see her maw tell her i still loves her as much as thet thar beffer of mine what wen furst priz at the country fair and maybe she will writ me then.

One of the fellers jest came in and said it war time to shut out these here peculiar lamps they got maw so this is the end of my letter i shur hope you and paw and all the folks aroun my jirkwater town (thas what Percy calls it) miss me like i am a-missin you.

Your loving son:

ELMER.

## MAYBE YOU'LL LAUGH

Girl: My dad takes things apart to see what makes them go.

Boy: So what?

Girl: You'd better go.

Mark Anthony: I want to see Cleopatra.

Servant: She's in bed with laryngitis.

Mark A.: Damn these Greeks!

He: Dou you know what three old maids in an airplane are?

She: No.

He: Passengers!

He: He's just bashful. Why don't you give him a little encouragement?

She: Encouragement? He needs a whole cheer section!



"To See the Sergeants on Parade"