

# EVERYTHING GOES INTO THE SLIPSTREAM

No. 1, Volume 3.

No. 7, S.F.T.S., R.C.A.F., MACLEOD, ALBERTA.

JANUARY EDITION, 1943

## No. 7 Bids Farewell to the Commanding Officer

OUT of the blue the Commanding Officer of No. 7, Wing Commander R. F. Davenport, was posted on temporary duty overseas. The posting came as a surprise to both the C.O. and the station personnel. Only nine months has W|Comdr. Davenport been at No. 7, insufficient time for him to do many things he has wanted to do: but in that he may be returning to the station later he may have a chance to pick up the threads again and carry out his plans.

Nevertheless the late Commanding Officer did much for the Macleod training school during his few brief months here: none of us is unaware of the contribution he made. One would go far to find a more conscientious leader, a leader who has served the interests of this or any other station with more singleness of purpose. He took no time off from work, ignored 48s almost entirely, and was absent from the station, for his own pleasure, only a matter of four or five days in the nine months. Some of us may have wished that he were absent more often in order that we might have relaxed a little ourselves. But no, he was at work all the time, and keenly concerned about

.. (Continued on Page Two)

### Wing Commander R. F. Davenport Posted



### Wing Commander, M. Brown Assumes Command



WITH the posting of W|Comdr. Davenport command of No. 7 S.F.T.S. was taken over by W|Comdr. M. Brown. This was a happy arrangement for more reasons than one. In the first place we know W|Comdr. Brown; he has been on this station for well over twelve months, long enough for him to feel at home with the personnel and set-up of No. 7. Things are more difficult, both for the Commanding Officer and for the personnel when he comes entirely a stranger. The present C.O. has acted as Commanding Officer from time to time during these past months and it will seem natural enough for him to assume control now.

The friendship and understanding between W|Comdr. Brown and W|Comdr. Davenport is well known. Perhaps there is no one W|Comdr. Davenport would sooner see take up and carry on command of No. 7 than the present C.O. who has the same aim in mind—the functioning of this station as an effective unit in the Commonwealth Training Plan.

As Chief instructor, W|Comdr. Brown gave efficient leadership and a programme of flying was carried out aggressively but carefully during his months in that capacity. We feel assured of the same sort of leadership in the newer and more responsible task he has taken up. We would like to assure him of our wholehearted co-operation.

Mrs. Brown has already shown both ability and charm in her association with the officers wives and at many social functions on the station itself. We feel that we are right in saying that the personnel are pleased with appointment of W|Comdr. Brown and that both he and Mrs. Brown are accepted gladly.



# THE SLIPSTREAM

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Macleod, Alberta.

(By Kind Permission of  
Wing Commander M. Brown)

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## Officers:

Ft. Lt. Norman J. Crees	Editor-in-chief.
F/O A. J. A. McLuckie	Sports Editor
Corporal Harry Welch	Business Manager
Corporal P. Rockett	Photographer

## "Overseas"

Single men, and enough married men too for that matter, think of overseas and are keen to get into the "Big scrap." It should not be forgotten, however, that the "Big scrap" could not be taken to the enemies' door were it not for the Commonwealth Training Scheme at home. Overseas may hold more excitement but it is not more essential than work in the homeland.

Men think it is. And that is natural enough. Certainly there is more risk and excitement and glamour to service overseas. To the men who fly it means long journeys into the heart of enemy territory searching out the "Target for Tonight": it means manning the most modern of bombing planes, in company with a skilled and ready crew; it means a chance to reach into the very vitals of the foe and strike. To others it means the fulfilment of dreams in a small, swift fighting craft: the chance to test flying skill against the youth of Germany or Italy: the chance to become the spearhead of invasion or the first line of defense against invasion. Overseas means thrilling days now and something to talk about after the war is over.

It is the same with ground crew. Overseas means getting into the front line and working on the aircraft that is actually doing the job of fighting the war, aircraft that is swift and strong and up-to-the-minute—"tops" in mechanical perfection. There is a thrill too in "keeping them flying" in the face of the enemies' efforts to destroy and cripple and ground them. There is the feeling of actually doing something toward the winning of the war.

But make no mistake: it often takes a bigger man to stay in the homeland month after month at a more prosaic job, doing it to the best of his ability, forgoing the excitement and glamour of service overseas. There isn't a bigger job today—anywhere—than the Commonwealth Training Plan which has been set up on our own Canadian soil. The victory in this war is going to depend so largely on air strength that it is imperative for us to turn out the trained men who will see this thing through to a successful finish.

The training of men, class after class, may become a wearisome task after many months. The repairing of Ansons, after a year or two, may prove a tedious business. But don't minimise the importance of the job. Air power would fall down like a pack of cards if it were not for the constant renewing of the human and aircraft material supplied by those who remain in the homeland. The Allies could never gather strength for invasion without this steady plodding work on the home front. There could be no war, there would be no victory, were it not for the constant flow of men and machines trained or made here at home.

Certainly most men want to go overseas. Assuredly there is more thrill and glamour to service in Alaska or Africa or Britain. But never make the mistake of thinking that that is more important. It isn't. We are counting on the men who go overseas. But just as surely they are counting on us.

## W|C| DAVENPORT POSTED

(Continued from front page)

the work other people were doing too: so we had to remain with our noses to the grindstone—which was all to the good from the point of view of the efficiency of the unit.

The personnel of the station found W|Comdr. Davenport very human, approachable and ready to go well out of his way to look after the interests of everyone serving under him. He was especially concerned in making the various buildings, where personnel liesure time is spent, as attractive and comfortable as possible. He made many forms of sports and recreation available and joined heartily in these himself. He was able to combine friendliness with the maintenance of discipline not always an easy achievement.

The best wishes of the personnel of No. 7 go with W|Comdr. Davenport and Mrs. Davenport (not forgetting "Joanie"). Mrs. Davenport ably took her place among the officer's wives in their various undertakings and proved a very gracious hostess at numerous functions at the station itself. They will be missed. They will always be welcome at No. 7. "Happy Landings!"

## "WHAT IS LIFE TO YOU?"

(Anonymous)

To the preacher life's a sermon,  
To the joker it's a jest;  
To the miser life is money,  
To the loafer life is rest.  
To the lawyer life's a trial,  
To the poet life's a song,  
To the doctor life's a patient  
That needs treatment right  
along.  
To the soldier life's a battle,  
To the teacher life's a school;  
Life's a good thing to the grafter,  
It's a failure to the fool.  
To the man upon the engine  
Life's a long heavy grade;  
It's a gamble to the gambler,  
To the merchant life is a trade.  
Life's a picture to the artist,  
To the rascal life's a fraud;  
Life perhaps is but a burden  
To the man beneath the hod.  
Life is lovely to the lover,  
To the player life's a play;  
Life may be a load of trouble  
To the man upon the dray.  
Life is but a long vacation  
To the man who loves his work;  
Life's an everlasting effort  
To shun duty, to the shirk.  
To the earnest Christian worker  
Life's a story ever new;  
Life is what you try to make it—  
Brother what is life to you?  
—Selected.

## Our Commando Raids

Commando Raids bring to your mind the name of Lord Mountbatten and his hard-hitting warriors who in the dark of night ravage the coast defence of the enemy. Disguise, surprise, ruthlessness of assault, heavy damage done, and a quick get away, are the requisites for a successful sweep. Such performances necessitate careful, well-planned sorties and reckless and even dangerous leadership. In "Moon" Mullin, our Commandos had just such a leader that would inspire his cohorts to the greatest heights.

In the early hours of the morning following many rounds of drinks, Moon and his trusty seconds, Long John and Buddy Bill would assemble his henchmen attired in their battle dress of striped pajamas of violet hues. Stealth was their watchword and after ten minutes of careful consideration, a decision would be reached whether the party would work from the centre out, or from end to end. If the attacking party was large enough it was generally decided to split and work both ends against the middle. Having carefully formulated a method of attack, the raid was then on.

Every room of the quarters would be rushed, entrance forced and occupants gently but firmly deposited on the floor amid a tangle of their own blankets. In a few cases where willing cooperation was not immediately forthcoming, the commandos feeling that the beds and blankets should really be together, would often try to place the bed near the blankets. If any feelings were slightly ruffled, an acey-deucey would immediately render first-aid. This consisted of offering to the deposited, as well as depositor, a concoction of colored water, with the cheerful remark of "First to-day."

To Louis Mountbatten's Commandos we wish them well, but to Moon Mullin, Long John and other ranks to Acey-Deucey's, fun is fun, but life is short and an undisturbed repose is more than a thing to be dreamed of. Your tactics are perfect, boys, but the enemy has at least become vigilant and is lying in wait for you. You should know better than to make a second attack on Dieppe.

Did you hear about the newly married member of the Accounts staff who wrote a letter to his wife and through force of habit passed it in to the Accountant Officer for signature.

# Donators to The Slipstream

"Slipstream" Desires to Thank the Following Who, Through Their Donations, Have Kindly Helped to Make Possible the Publication of this Station Paper.

## MACLEOD

Al's Billiard Parlor  
 R. T. Barker Store  
 Bill's Barber Shop  
 J. E. Bogan  
 Canadian Legion (B.E.S.L.)  
 Club Cafe  
 Canteen Barbers  
 J. W. Colwell, Imperial Oil Agent  
 Crystal Dairy  
 Dixon's Meat Market  
 The Macleod B.P.O.E.  
 Empress Theatre  
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## (MACLEOD — Continued)

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 Scott Fruit Co.  
 Shasta Cafe  
 Smart Hat Shop  
 Steve's Taxi  
 Stan's Men's Wear  
 Stokes' Drug Store  
 Trianon Dance Hall  
 Turkish Baths  
 White Lunch Cafe

"SLIPSTREAM" is published monthly and sold at 5c a copy. Annual subscriptions at \$1.00—Postage is included.

**SPORTS**

(Continued from page nine)

B. & G.

Pte. Jensen and LAC LaPointe battled a draw for three torrid rounds without Jensen getting a chance to connect with some of the dynamite that he carries in his two large hands.

Cpl. "Johnnie" Knipleberg surprised many of the local critics with his ability to "daze" LAC Daze with some fancy footwork and hard punching.

All in all the boys did themselves proud and were in there fighting all the way.

From the way the spectators greeted our first show, we have decided to run another in the near future, so we'll keep you posted on the developments.

—The Ringsider



—by P/O T. Higgins

**PRIZES OF 50c**

will be given to all who guess the identity of the caricature. (Entries in competition to be charged \$1.00 each).

**Navigation Eye Opener**

May we start the new year giving the "Slipstream" our full cooperation. We have a fine paper, let's keep it up.

1. Three cheers go to LAC Trussler who was presented with a bouncing baby girl. Says "Tuss", "The best yet!"

2. Yo ho! our man Jeffs, that man who just couldn't see the idea of getting married is going down for the third count, I hear. Just can't beat the Blairmore gals can you Jeff?

3. We're wondering why Sergeant Jackson doesn't come down out of the clouds and tell us of his leave in Vancouver. From what I hear he left quite a few of those coast girls in a fog.

4. F/Sgt. Hamilton has quite a time convincing the control tow-

**The New Order**

We have sad news for you. It was little short of tragic for us of the "Slipstream" staff. The Air Council has seen fit to decide that from now on no station paper in Canada shall solicit any advertising in support of itself. As our sole means of support has been advertising this order leaves us completely "deflated". What are we going to do? How shall we continue publishing "Slipstream"? Your guess, dear readers, is just about as good as ours.

Other and more pretentious magazines than ours have already been reduced to insignificant mimeographed copies. We hope we shall be spared a similar fate: but at the present time "Slipstream" is threatened with extinction, its life hangs in the balance. odds against it: tread softly and shed a silent tear for it appears to be, like the Gallant Troubadour—"expiring".

But somehow we feel that the station will not allow "Slipstream" to die without some attempt to save it.

What to do? In the first place if our paper carries no advertising it can be reduced to half the number of pages and still carry the present amount of copy: that will reduce the cost of printing. In the second place it will have to be understood that the day of free "Slipstream" is over: the least we can expect is a charge of 5c per copy. In the third place certain of the merchants who have been advertising

er that he does take the odd cross-country, I'm sure our phone is in good order "Hammy". P/O Irwin's favorite call—Timber.

5. The joys of duty flight are bountiful. By the end of two weeks your hair is thinner, your arm is suffering from cramps, you've lost weight and your voice sounds like a fog horn doing its daily chores.

7. The LAW who looks after our linen in the Stores section must find it boring having all those airmen looking through her window just to see if shes still there. One consolation we know where our men can be found. Here's hoping you don't get posted.

8. Sgt. James and Cpl. Karen after experimenting with various types of vouchers such as E42s and E52s decided that the only one that brings sudden results is an E.26. You guessed it!

**A Recent Marriage**



Ronald Vance Harris married to Laurie Lenore Holmes. We presume that the phrase "and obey" was left in this marriage ceremony. Fancy being able to give orders to your wife; it must be a unique experience. We've never dared try it.

in our paper have signified their intention of helping support the paper whether they can advertise or not. In the fourth place we may have to draw on some station fund or source of revenue in order to make the grade. In the fifth place we may have to give up our present form of printing and resort to some less acceptable form—mimeograph, multigraph or such. In the sixth place we may cease to exist altogether, which would mean a lot less work and worry for certain people—but would also mean, we hope, a real loss to the station.

We shall do our best to carry on but we shall need the interest and support of the personnel of No. 7.

It is not our place to resent the action of the Air Council. There had evidently been certain abuses which made this rather drastic action necessary: we hope the reasons justify the new order. We have simply got to accept the fact that we cannot solicit advertising and do as best we can to carry on.

**I WANNA BE A LINK INSTRUCTOR**

By A. Trainee

When talk is inclined to be serious  
Of contraptions that soar in the sky  
And pedants persistent will weary us  
With technics of how the things fly:  
If our craniums buldge with the wonder  
Of obtusely aerial kinks—  
Do you marvel we wistfully ponder

The advantage of teaching on Links.

If by formula, rote and precision  
We must navigate astrally on  
And multiply twice each division—  
As trustful the heavens we con—  
Into meteorological jumbles  
That would make an astronomer blink:

We'll avoid such metrical fumb'  
By getting transferred to the Link.

So hey, for a rest and breather  
From geometry, trig and the math;  
Why seek to unriddle the ether  
Or untangle the element's wrath?  
From aerodynamical worry  
We'll save ourselves plenty, I think,

And never need be in a hurry  
If we get us a job on the Link!

**ABLUTION BLUES**

I'm dreaming of a 'White Bathroom.'  
Just like the one's I used to know,  
Where Mother brought us the towels and 'what-ahs'  
And rubbed our backs both to and fro.

I seem to smell the bacon frying,  
Back home on our old kitchen stove,  
Where Mother cooked it and father hooked it,  
While to the table we all dove.

I'm dreaming of a "White Bedspread"  
Yes, and a Restmore mattress too,  
Where I lay sleeping so tight,  
Dear Lord, may my dreams come true tonight.

# Dished Up At The Canteen

This is the first time we have sent in a contribution to the "Slipstream" but as we are the most popular section on the station—we wonder why?—we thought it was time you heard from us.

Of course all of you should be well acquainted with the staff, you're in here often enough, but as a sort of introduction to the newcomers we'll give you the low-down.

There is our blond sergeant, incidentally if you want to know anything about figure control, just ask him.

We want to know why our corporal never brings his wife out to the station entertainments. Could it be he's afraid of competition?

We wish to congratulate our cigarette vendor on his forthcoming matrimonial venture, also on his promotion to batman.

Which east and west coasters have a lot in common, discussing their offspring?—anyway they are the stable members of the staff.

And we mustn't forget our two boxers—we wish them luck, but not in cafe brawls.

Who is the seldom seen lad from Cardston?—he averages two weeks leave per month.

Why doesn't a certain little blond hear from Edmonton anymore? "Hey Blondie, have you got the time?"

How did one of the girls come to be called "Janie?" Could it be anything to do with "Tarzan?"

What W.D. always has a b.f. in the hospital? Convenient, eh?

Why does the tall blond prefer the army to the airforce? But we don't mean to be discouraging (Aussie).

Last but not least there is our capable officer in charge: all requests for floor polishers are to be referred to him. Sorry we are not as well acquainted with his personal life as we are with our Sergeant's.

That's all for now but we'll be back again next month with more gossip.

### Stopped

I tried to kiss her by the mill  
One starry summer night,  
She shook her head and sweetly  
said,  
No, not by a damn site.

## Men's Canteen: Service With a Smile



Front Row, left to right—Miss Rosalie Sharland, Mrs. Lola Sharland, LAW Stagg, L. M.; LAW Harvey, E. J.  
Back Row — LAC McLaren, R. W.; LAC Nish, R. L., LAC Murray, L. J.; Sgt. Dalseg, M. P.; LAC Sjolie, C. H.; LAC Sjolie, L. A.; LAC Waller, E. F.

### POSTED

I see a kindly face  
As I gaze upon the wall  
Of good old No. 7,  
Where we all used to brawl:  
When the toil of the day was over,  
We would go and have a drink;  
To forget all our studies  
That were buried in the ink.

It was a trying day for me  
When I made my last calls around;  
I would have liked to have spotted  
The drinks all the way around.  
But with Christmas drawing near  
And my posting out of gear,  
I felt right down depressed  
For I couldn't put up a cheer.

But I will wish you this men  
At good old No. 7,  
That someday we will meet  
again  
And have that glass of cheer.

—From Corporal Thorburn, G. S., at No. 23 E.F.T.S., Davidson, Sask.

### ONE OF THE MOB

I am a Canadian Airman,  
Just one of the mob,  
But with a little luck and trying  
hard,  
I'll help to do the job.

They put me in a Bombing School  
So very far from Home;  
Tho' it's many hundreds of miles  
away,  
It's not across the foam.

They make of me an Armourer  
To nurse and fit the guns  
So others can get the Glory and  
Fame  
By Killing Japs and Huns.

R.C.A.F. does its best for us  
With dances, shows and games,  
And lots of pretty girls at times—  
But we never get their names.

So come on all you hearty lads  
Get in and join the fray,  
Don't leave it till tomorrow  
But join right up To-day.

— F. Bauman

## TRANSPORT

A year in the service—a year  
in blue  
We remember the day we came  
here to you  
Led by the band of No. Seven,  
Travel-worn and weary, Macleod  
looked like heaven.  
How much have we learned since  
that far off-day  
When our journeys began o'er the  
long highway.  
With blue flag flapping with pride  
and care,  
Our C.O. we have conveyed here  
and there.  
We think of the night, and it  
makes us turn pale,  
When a nice yellow gas truck  
went, out for the mail.  
The Paymasters money, the Hos-  
pital's blood  
Baggage and rations, so varied  
our load.  
Changing the guards at Granum  
each morn  
Thrilling to all the new beauties  
of dawn;  
Marvelling how June could bring  
us hail,  
Changing a tire that ran over a  
mail.  
Sitting for hours in a nice little  
truck  
Out on the flare-path hoping our  
luck  
Would be with us far into the  
night,  
While out in the hills we hung up  
a light  
That guided a plane; we said  
special prayers  
For Airmen whose safety depend-  
ed on flares.  
We have learned to "take it" and  
not expect praise  
For journeys we've taken, for long  
tiring days.  
Sometimes we almost gave up in  
despair,  
Reprimanded—too slow or too fast  
getting there.  
But when we remember the help  
that we've had  
The co-operation of each M.T.  
lad,  
The friends we have made, the  
beauty we've seen,  
Prairie land changing, the gold  
and the green,  
Pride in keeping our planes flying  
high,  
The song of the wheels, the  
glorious sky  
Knowing laughter and troubles  
each day that we live,  
Having so much to do and so much  
we can give—  
If only we are a small cog in the  
wheel  
Let us do what we can to make  
VICTORY real.  
—H. A. Kitchener, LAW.

## Australia to Canada

I am in hospital. This is Canada. To begin, I must turn back the calendar three months to that exciting day when we first sighted the sunny shores of California. I remember well the relaxation of tenseness which swept the ship on that early morning of Sept. 4 1942. For 15 days we ploughed our way across the blue Pacific, never knowing one minute to another when a sleek, deadly torpedo might be gorged forth by some "Jap" undersea monster to finish us and our proud transport. Sunny California's shores settled that. It seemed the whole ship breathed a deep, thankful sigh. We gazed on the Golden Gate bridge, the Island Prison Fortress of Alcatraz, the city of San Francisco. Frisco city with romantic past, City of Gold, wealthy capital of America's California. To us Royal Australian Air Force Cadet Pilots en route to complete our training in Canada, Frisco was our oyster to be prized open, her treasures to be fully enjoyed.

There was not time. We managed to see Chinatown; to enjoy the friendly American atmosphere of Mark Hopkin's Blue Bar (at the famous Top O' the Mark Hotel) for but a few hectic hours. Once more we were on the move—northward bound. We said, "Canada, here we come" and wondered what new sights, new adventures, lay ahead. Through the Sacramento Valley we sped. California, Oregon, Washington, the big war time production cities of Portland, Seattle flashed by—sleepy little wayside towns, reminiscent of the old time Western days, we passed. Finally the United States—Canadian border. The countryside was very picturesque, extremely rugged. Now we were flashing around the shores of some silvery lake. Now chug-chugging up some steep mountain track, often with the assistance of another locomotive. We could not fail to notice marked changes, both in the people and the towns. The people, less spontaneous in their welcome, friendly nevertheless, the houses more English and drowsy looking, peaceful. Where was the snow we had been looking forward to? This was Canada. Since school days we had imagined it the land of blizzards, eternal snow. Lots of it.

We spent a few hours in Vancouver. Not long enough to appreciate the city fully. It was here that we left the Northern Pacific, our home for the past two days and transferred our belonging to the Canadian National train which was to take us across the Rockies, to some undisclosed destination on

the prairies. Our remaining Australian and American money was converted into Canadian currency and it was with some feeling that we said good-bye to the Australian officers, nurses and N.C.O.'s who had escorted us 7000 miles. Their job was complete—they were returning home immediately.

We looked forward to the trip through the Rockies. We were not disappointed. In the morning we awoke, the sun streamed through the carriage windows. The track ran down a steep grade. On one side a huge mountain, snow capped, towering heavenwards. On the other, the floor of the valley, seemingly miles below us, a turbulent silver stream tumbling down its centre. Snow capped, rocky mountains piled on all sides, rough, majestic, breath-taking. We sat open mouthed for hours. An occasional exclamation of delight at some new scenic beauty, the clicking of cameras only broke the silence. At Jasper we stopped to stretch our legs. Rumor was that Edmonton, capital of Alberta, was our destination. Night on the "Qui Vive" for Edmonton. A glare of light in the distance, red, and green neon signs. The first we had seen for almost a year. Wild yells from the boys! All these meant but one thing. Our destination was at hand.

We liked Edmonton, the camp, the weather the people. Edmonton liked us and proved it with generosity and kindness. We played hard, drank with discretion. Getting to know Canada better, getting to know the Canadians better. They liked Australians and Australia—wanted to know all about it. They had read of the exploits of our fighting men. Admired them, and us too. We were the Sons of the Anzacs. We also were proud of our men and our country. We boasted a little, we couldn't help it.

At No. 3, R.C.A.F., Manning Depot, postings came through. Shipboard and longer friendships were broken, as batches of trainees left for different training centres. The holiday was finished. We knew that postings meant plenty flying, hard study, little relaxation. We looked forward to action. It meant another train trip but we were seasoned travellers. Three hundred miles to Macleod was nothing for 60 of us, after seven thousand.

At No. 7 S.F.T.S. we were wel-



Back Row, left to right—AC1 Perras, J. B. E.; LAC Hawkins, C.; LAC McKay, W. J.; LAC Johnston, M. H.; Cpl. Milligan T. C.; LAC Driver, E. W.

Centre Row, left to right—AC2 Hayward, L. V.; LAC Hassard, W. A.; Cpl. Kolesar, J.; AC1 Shyba, A.; LAC Barton, A. J.; LAC Guichon, D. E.; LAC Dougan, R. G.; LAC West, G. A.; LAC Whipple, E. A.; Cpl. George, C. H.

Front Row, left to right—Sgt. Field, J. R.; Sgt.-Major Ramsbottom, V.; Flt. Lt. White, J. I.; Flt. Sgt. McNeill, B.; Sgt. Rash, H. A.

comed gladly. Our Course 65 was the first Australian for some time. Our boys had earned a reputation here too. Could we keep it up? We were wild, far from home. We had had months of inactivity "Down Under". We decided to try. Various things we different. Discipline was strict—we managed to keep our noses fairly clean. The final exams are over. We celebrated. Most of us got through. The others will get through the second time.

And I am in the hospital. Influenza. Which in other words means a few days well earned rest. Soon we complete our training. The coveted wings will be pinned on our breasts.

The town of Macleod is small. Its weather unique. It is here we had our first taste of snow, we liked it. Since, we have cursed it. We have felt 70 m.p.h. winds. Have learned to fly in different weather. It is exasperating. Sometimes dangerous. Later we should be good pilots.

I hear a plane roar directly overhead. Its sound is ominous—for Hitler's Nazi Germany. There are thousands of us all over Canada. Each pair of silver wings is a dagger directed at Berlin—the heart of Germany. We are confident. We see victory ahead.

R. J. Pomfrett, Aus. 421077

### NOT UNDERSTOOD

Not understood—we move along asunder,

Our paths grow wider as the

seasons creep along the years  
We murmur and we wonder why  
life is life,  
And then we fall asleep—not  
understood.

Not understood — how many  
breasts are aching  
For lack of sympathy? how many  
restless, tired spirits pass  
away—  
Not understood.

Oh God—that men would see a  
little clearer  
Or judge less harshly where they  
cannot see;  
Oh—God—that men would draw a  
little nearer  
To one another, then they'd be  
nearer. Thee and understood.

—Written by an Aussie pilot  
just 20 minutes before he was  
killed in a plane crash around  
Dunnville, Ontario.

### GUEST

You are welcome here  
Be at your ease,  
Get up when you're ready,  
Go to bed when you please.

Happy to share with you,  
Such as we've got,  
The leaks in the roof,  
The soup in the pot

You don't have to thank us  
Or laugh at our jokes,  
Sit deep, and come often,  
You're one of the folks.

—Sent to me, was found in a  
book, but isn't it nice.

# SPORTS

## HOCKEY

The station was split into four groups for the formation of a station league, i.e. Maintenance, servicing Squadron, Headquarters and Tarmac, under the leadership of LAC's Cormier, Bauman, and Alston and AC2 Finn respectively.

One hours time on Tuesday and Thursday evenings was secured from the Macleod Arena. Three general practices were held being well attended by thirty or more players.

15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm played here S.F.T.S., Claresholm played here on rather soft ice against our station team. Our team displayed a nice brand of hockey to win 6 to 3, the two forward lines of Alston, Bauman, Kleppe, and P/O Johnson, P/O Dougall and F/S Pearce showing smart combination. Cpl. Angers and Devlin fitted in well as sub-forwards. The defence consisting of Galloway, George, Leal, Finn, Philley, showed good combination, and the goalkeeper, Dreger, after a hot first period settled down to light hockey.

On Sunday, January 17, our team played against the Lethbridge intermediates, a civilian team. We lost 4-2 mainly owing to lack of practice.

The matter of an inter-station league is still unsettled, because of doubtful ice and transportation. The station league will operate, however, as long as there is ice.

## BASKETBALL

### Southern Alberta Basketball League

#### Macleod Flyers Beat No. 3 A.O.S.

On Wednesday night, Jan. 20th, a crack basketball team from No. 7 S.F.T.S., Macleod, journeyed east and battled the team from Pearce, and defeated them by the score of 42 to 20.

A large crowd attended the contest and they had to keep the "weather-eye" open to keep the ball in sight because of the sharp passing attacks by both teams.

Although the score suggests a one-sided game, it was just the opposite. The passing was fast, and the checking was stiff; and because of the well-timed passes Macleod's total mounted mainly to Sgt. Mudoch and P/O Alexander who very seldom missed an opportunity to score a basket for the Macleod five.

At the half time mark, the Macleod Flyers were leading by

the score of 20 to 7. No. 3 A.O.S. just couldn't penetrate the hard-checking defence set-up by Sgt. Armstrong and P/O Titus, who broke up many attacks and fed the forward line some smart passes that paved the way for many baskets.

However, in the last half, No. 3 A.O.S. led by their coach and captain Bob Straughn, the tide turned and Burrington and Calhaun accounted for five baskets in less than three minutes, but Macleod settled down in the remaining minutes of the contest and intercepted the ball many times.

It was a swell game, and the teams will improve as the league progresses.

Refereeing the game was Sgt. "Wally" Stipe, former professional basketball referee who hails from Vancouver, B.C. The league is quite fortunate in having Sgt. Stipe to referee these games as he is not only a competent referee but also a showman.

Officiating at the game were: Referee, Sergeant "Wally" Stipe; Scorer, Sergeant Walker, F/O 'Al' McLuckie; Timer, Sergeant Mahan; Umpire, Sergeant Smee.

#### No. 7 S.F.T.S.

Sgt. Murdoch, 13; Sgt. Armstrong, 2; P/O Alexander, 11; LAC Baker, 4; AC2 Nixon, 2; P/O Titus, 3; AC2 Allen, 0; LAC MacLeod, 1; AC2 Rand, 6.

#### No. 3 A.O.S., Pearce

Burrington, 6; Calhaun, 6; Walsh 0; Haddon, 2; Fiorello, 2; Edick, 0; Straughn, 2; Mitchell, 0; Libert, 0; Oakesfold, 0; Edwards, 2; Robins, 0; Stewart, 0; Wilson, 0.

## WOMEN'S INTER-SERVICE

### BASKETBALL

#### No. 7 vs. No. 3. A.O.S.

As a preliminary to the men's basketball, two women's teams took the floor: one team representing No. 7 S.F.T.S., and the other No. 3 A.O.S.

It was a close game and created quite a bit of excitement not only to the spectators, but also to the players. The contest sparkled with close checking and deceptive passes. No. 3 A.O.S. is as yet a newly organized club with many good players, but have not yet been able to click in their plays. The girls from No. 7 took advantage of the many openings and worked in close to the basket. This made it possible for their own team to score repeatedly. The team of ten from Macleod starred individually at different times in the

game, although at first they found the small floor a little difficult to work on. Featuring No. 7's initial game were LAW Saugmyhr, Cpl. Howden, and LAW Smeaton.

At the final whistle, the score was, No. 7 S.F.T.S. 20, No. 3 A.O.S. 17.

The line-up and scorers were as follows.

Cpl. Howden, 4; AW1 Periard, 0; LAW Adams, 4; LAW Smeaton, 4; AWI Bell, 0; LAW Morley, 4; AWI Crichton, 0; LAW Woodward, 2; LAW Pawson, 0.

No. 3 A.O.S.— Ross, 2; Rogan, 10; George, 4; Fisher, 0; Stoote, 1; Moore, 0; Melnick, 0; Flock, 0; Baker, 0; Embree, 0.

## INTER-STATION BASKETBALL ORGANIZATION

A men's team has been organized to represent this station in the Southern Alberta Basketball League. The following stations have entered the league:

No. 8 B. & G., No. 2 F.I.S., No. 3 A.O.S., The Union Jacks, No. 15 S.F.T.S., and No. 7 S.F.T.S.

Representing our station to date are the following personnel: P/O Alexander (coach and captain), Sgt. Murdoch, Sgt. Armstrong, LAC Baker, LAC MacLeod, AC2 Leavitt, AC2 Rand, P/O Titus, LAC Nixon and AC2 Allen.

Our team has already played one league game with No. 2 F.I.S. Vulcan, defeating them by the score of 43 to 26. The details of this game are in another section of this issue.

We are fortunate in having Sgt. Stipe, who has refereed several Canadian Championship play-offs, on the station. He will be handling most of the league games this season.

The women's team has been practicing steadily and are showing much improvement. They will be playing games with Lethbridge, Claresholm, and Pearce in the near future.

Both teams are expecting to get new uniforms shortly and will be well equipped.

## BOXING SHOW DECEMBER 21

No. 7 witnessed its initial boxing show on this date; and it was a show that will long be remembered for its close, action packed bouts and also the fine boxing exhibition featuring Al Lust and F/S Billy Evans.

Approximately 800 fans attended this gala evenings' entertainment and made the rafters in the Sports Hall ring with their enthusiastic cheering as the boys in the squared circle displayed their skill in the many art of self-defence and kept the referees, Eppie Lust and F/S Maxie Scott on their toes dodging the flying

## Al Lust Closes In



Al Lust, No 1 contender for the welterweight championship of the Dominion, fights with F/S Billy Evans, a one-time contender in the same class.

leather.

Credit is due to the Officers' Mess which sponsored the show and looked after most of the business details, and especially the work done by Mr. Gordon Simmons, the Legion Officer, and Sergeant Bus Murdoch.

The fighters representing our station were: Pte. O'Sullivan, LAC Seip, LAC Primeau, P/O Coderre, AC2 Dowdell, Pte. Jensen, Corporal Knipleberg. Everyone gave a good account of himself, and the boys are looking a little better each time out. With a bit more conditioning and a few more bouts under their belts, they should do alright in the fistic circles around Alberta.

Pte. O'Sullivan, an old timer in the fight game, showed a lot of courage in staying the limit with his younger, and well conditioned opponent, Sergeant Harradence of No. 8 B. & G.

LAC Seip, didn't look too bad against rugged LAC Amos. A few more bouts should see this lad's boxing ability improve greatly and with his long reach he'll be giving a lot of trouble to boys he'll meet in the future.

LAC "Cy" Primeau helped in the supply of the best bouts of the night in his tussle with an experienced lad from Vulcan, Corporal "Kid" Kornuta by name, who throws leather from all angles!

P/O "Cody" Coderre was giving P/O Fynn a boxing lesson till the middle of the second round when he ran into a little stormy weather and unfortunately hit his head on the ring floor which spelled "lights out" for "Cody", who, game to the last, tried to get up again, but just couldn't make it.

AC2 "Bud" Dowdell, former featherweight champion of Alberta, gave No. 7 S.F.T.S. its only clean cut win by whipping the willing Cpl. Ireland from No. 8

(Continued on page 12)

## Straight From The Scapula

(December Write-up)

The news from the hospital I am afraid will be rather short this time, but nevertheless we must endeavour to work up a few items of interest.

Our happy family (that is our staff) are gradually all being posted.

LAC Johnson was next posted to Calgary, leaving LAC Duggan to hold the fort at Granum. However this was not for too long as in came two new orderlies, LAC Dubois and LAC Perdue. Did Duggan ever heave a sigh of relief? A change is as good as a rest.

A few weeks elapsed without any postings and then Sergeant Jolly (our dispensar) and now Corporal Barker (our X-ray Technician). Sergeant Jolly has gone to Edmonton, Alberta and Corporal Barker back to Mossbank, Saskatchewan. We are indeed sorry to see them go.

Oh yes, I nearly forgot to mention the change in staff in the Orderly room. AW1 Porter a new Clerk Steno. (Med.) who more or less takes Martha's place who has deserted us and gone to work at G.I.S. However, she does pop in occasionally to say Hello!

F|L and Mrs. McInnis are now very proud parents. A baby daughter was born to them at the beginning of last month. Congratulations to you both! We are all very anxious to see little Della Anne.

Just recently we have started a "Rumble Fund". This is causing a great deal of amusement amongst the staff patients especially, trying to rumble the Medical Officers. So far they all have been rumbled except Flt. Lt. McInnis and Nursing Sister Chisholm who are being on their best behaviour but we shall get them yet! This fund by the way is going towards our Christmas Party.

We are going to close the hospital news with an original poem by our good friend Corporal Buick who is now stationed at Boundary Bay, B. C.

So I took the fifty thousand  
And to Vancouver I did go.  
Where I bought myself a posting  
Away out at Jericho.

The weather it was rainy  
In a tent I had to sleep  
The foghorns they were noisy  
And the water it was deep.

It made me think of my little bunk

## The Hospital Staff



Front Row, left to right—F|L N. S. Park, Capt. Geering, F|L F. P. McInnis, N|S E. V. Crosson, S|L F. R. McManus, N|S L. J. Chisholm, F|O J. W. Hunt, N|S I. E. Hardwick, F|L W. D. Smith.

Second Row, left to right—Lt. R. O. Brett, AW1 D. J. Porter, AW1 P. M. Robertson, Cpl. J. Horswell, Sgt. G. J. Thibedeau, Cpl. E. A. Fisher, Cpl. R. N. G. Heacock, AW1 M. E. Dufault.

Third Row, left to right—LAW N. A. Gardiner, LAW J. M. Boddy, LAW E. W. White, LAW S. H. Blake, Cpl. F. H. Macdonald, LAW L. Hoylind, LAW J. M. Ivimey.

Fourth Row left to right—Flt. Sgt. W. C. Pritchard, Irene Chervinski, AC1 J. Dubois, LAC J. H. Perdue, Sgt. G. Gould, Sgt. C. G. Davis, Pte. W. Hilderman, LAC E. W. White.

Back Row, left to right—AW1 M. N. Edwards, Sgt. F. C. Jolly, Cpl. R. W. Barker, LAC A. J. Collett, A. Beninie, W. Patterson, R. Letz.

Away back at No. 7  
Where sometimes I thought it was  
Hell  
But now it seemed like heaven.

From there they made me move  
again

Away out to Boundary Bay  
Where a fighting Squadron oper-  
ates

To keep the Japs away.

Our Camp is under water level  
At least that's what they say  
So they built dykes all round us  
To keep the sea away.

The sun must still be at Macleod  
At least it's never here  
I look for it each morning  
But the sky stays dark and drear.

So to all you kickers in Macleod  
Who want a posting bad.  
You can have this blinking posting  
Which I wish I'd never had.

\* \* \*

(January Write-up)

F|L Parke certainly got a good  
New Years wish—a posting over-  
seas. We are all sorry to lose him  
and he will be greatly missed by  
our staff. We all wish him the  
very best of luck and hope to meet  
up with him over there some day  
soon.

We welcome F|L Anderson who  
has come to us from Claresholm  
to take Dr. Parke's place. Come  
now Dr. Anderson, why are you  
so quiet all the time?

F|O Hunt has been posted to

Calgary. His jolly disposition is  
greatly missed. We often wonder  
what goes on in the M2 Room  
when Dr. Hunt and Dr. Smith  
get together. That laugh of Dr.  
Smiths is equal to that of the  
great Gildersleeve.

N|S Hardwick has returned to  
us from Medicine Hat. I believe  
she finds it rather good to be  
back.

LAW Dufault and LAW Boddy  
have been posted to Rivers, Man-  
itoba. We are all sorry to see them  
go and wish them all the best in  
the New Year.

AW1 Crichton has been posted  
from Claresholm to take over  
Sgt. Jolly's place in the dispen-  
sary.

N|S Chisholm has been posted  
to Toronto on temporary duty.  
Now she will see what the good  
part of Canada looks like.

AC1 Surgeon has arrived to  
start the New Year at No. 7 Sta-  
tion Hospital.

LAW Ivimey finds our friend  
the dentist very hard on ones  
beauty but she takes all the teas-  
ing good naturedly and grins  
through it all.

If you were to take a squint  
over behind the fire hall you'd find  
the hospital assistants doing a  
bit of amateur skating. You'd wonder  
when you see them all in a  
cluster just what the score is.  
You have to help a comrade in  
distress, especially if he's down,

## ODE TO AN AIRMAN

On Christmas day of '42  
I was only an AC2,  
But March of 1943  
Saw me receive L. A. C.

It wasn't 'till the following spring  
That I received my gunner's  
wings.

In 1944, I said,  
That I would probably be dead;  
But, instead, my high position  
Finally led to a commission.

To my surprise in '45  
I was very much alive.

'46 was a fateful year,  
I felt my time was drawing near,  
And when at last came '47  
I was dead and gone to heaven.  
Amen!

Edited, composed and censored  
by: AC2 Smalley, E. B., AC2  
Rennie, R.G. after eleven weeks  
at No. 3 "M" Depot in Edmonton;  
now stationed at No. 7 S.F.T.S.,  
Macleod, Alberta.

P.S.—We hope to get posted to  
I.T.S. in Vancouver.

says LAW Gardner. If the ice  
holds out LAW Blake, LAW Ed-  
wards and LAW Ivimey will be all  
set for the spring races.

AW1 Hornby has a new theme  
song. "He wears a pair of silver  
wings."

I thought that you'd all be in-  
terested in a letter that Woody  
received from her sister. It had  
Woody all excited for a few min-  
utes until she came to the end of  
the letter.

Dear Woody:

I hate to write you this for  
fear of annoying you, but the  
time has come when I must ask  
your judgment upon a serious  
question. I haven't been able to  
sleep at night and wander about  
all day in a daze. You'll under-  
stand me writing to you because  
we always did share each others  
little troubles. So many homes and  
lives have been broken up by it.  
I think you should know about it  
for it may even be a matter of life  
or death.

I don't even dare tell Muriel  
about it although she must notice  
my changed attitude towards  
everything.

I know I'm asking a great deal  
of you Audrey. Maybe our friend-  
ship will be broken up, but we're  
really such pals that I'm willing  
to try and see if you can help me  
by answering my question.

"Do you think that Mutt will  
ever be as tall as as Jeff "

Gag,

Love,

Esther.

## A Rocky Mountain Lion Hunt

Flying Officer G. C. Stockand

We know him as the cougar or mountain lion. To the old timers, the trappers and the mountain men, he was Catamount, Panther or Painter. In the southwestern United States he is called the puma, and in old Mexico and Central America he is "El Tigre", although this name is usually (and equally improperly) applied to the Jaguar. But call him what you will, this smaller edition of the African lion (which he resembles superficially) is one of the west's most destructive predators. And of all predators he is perhaps the most difficult to control, due to one distinctive characteristic in his make-up. The cougar will not revisit a kill after once satisfying his hunger, nor will he eat anything he has not killed himself. Consequently traps or poison are ineffectual against the species. Due to his stealth and nocturnal habits, it is useless to hunt him by ordinary methods, but he can be successfully run down by a pack of hounds and then shot when at bay or treed.

Nowadays the National Parks Department supplies its Game Wardens with lion dogs, and looks after mountain lion control itself to some extent, both in the western parks and the ranching country in the adjacent foothills. But a few years ago, the cougar-killing franchise in Banff National Park was held by a well known western guide and character, Ike Mills. Ike was (and is) a good friend of mine, and had recently imported a pack of four Kentucky coon hounds from a strain which had done good work on lions in the Kaibab National Forest in Arizona. They were medium sized dogs, black and tan, or all tan in color, very gentle to handle and absolutely deer and stock proof, but they could run cats of any variety (including the domestic) literally until they dropped.

Ike called me up one cold November morning and told me the game warden in the district had reported a cougar and two well grown cubs were working the country at the head of Fortymile Creek and Sawback Summit, and had killed several mule deer in the past few days.

Said Ike, "I'm taking the dogs in after them. Do you want to come along on the hunt?"

I hedged for a moment. Ike does a lot of cat hunting on foot and while I like roaming the high hills

on skis, it had been a light-snow-winter so far, and I wasn't fussy about just plain footslogging it for several days with a heavy pack. But Ike soon set my fears at rest.

"This is a de-luxe trip, Cam—there's no snow at all up north yet, so I'm taking a horse outfit. Let's try and get away by noon."

So at one o'clock we were on the trail. Our outfit was simple—two saddle and two pack-horses, sleeping bags, a small teepee canvas, some groceries and camp necessities, horseflesh for the hounds, part sack of oats for the ponies, a Winchester 30-30 carbine and a few cartridges.

Dusk came early, and it was pitch dark by the time we made camp just above where Mystic Creek joins the Fortymile. It was a bitterly cold night but we were quite comfortable in our eider-down robes—the dogs made good foot-warmers, the teepee fire burned brightly and the tinkle of horse bells in the Alpine meadow above us was a pleasant and reassuring sound—I wonder when I'll hear it again!

At sun-up while Ike cooked breakfast, I rounded up the two saddle horses. In their shaggy winter coats they looked crow-poor but they had been grain fed all fall and actually were in excellent shape. A good thing they were too!

As we tied the saddles on, Ike said, "Now here's where just plain luck comes in. Those cats are in this summit country somewhere, but it covers a lot of territory. One thing, these dogs are good and if there's a reasonably warm trail around they'll pick it up. To begin with we'll head for the last kill the warden found. They won't be there, but it might give us a line up."

Well we never did find that kill, but luck was with us, and less than a mile from camp we noticed a flock of magpies flying in and out of a little clump of second growth lodgepole pines on a burned over mountainside. We loped over, the hounds in front of us and found the carcass of a young mule-deer buck, a forked horn. His neck was broken, his throat and part of his foreparts were eaten, but the rest was intact. From all appearances he had been killed just a short time before.

Cougar sign was rank, and the hound pack went crazy. In a moment old Nig, a big black-and-tan

had the line and took off with the throttle right up to the gate. The rest joined in screaming pursuit, closely followed by Ike and myself, riding as hard as spurred horses could travel.

As we pounded along hell-for-leather over windfalls, through timber and scrub-willows, Ike yelled, "Stay right with 'em, Cam, sometimes these cats won't stay treed and I don't want the dogs cut up." But it was easier said than done. It was rough country and the hounds were setting a terrific pace.

Suddenly their baying took on a new note, a higher more excited pitch. "They've jumped something!" Ike called, they're sight trailing now." We were over the Sawback Summit by this time and below us, as in a panoramic picture, we could see the chase. About fifty yards ahead of the leading hounds a weary cougar was loping along (all of the cat tribe are notoriously short-winded) and even as we looked it gave a great leap for the sanctuary of a fire blackened spruce. She's treed!" Ike yipped exultantly, as from a height of about nine feet the big cat spat and growled vicious defiance at the yapping dogs.

We raced down to the scene and dismounted almost before the blown and lathered horses had skidded to a stop. Ike whipped out his Winchester from the saddle scabbard and selected a point of vantage from which to shoot. But he was still shaking from the excitement of the pursuit and his first shot, aimed for the head was about three inches too far back—just a neck wound. But it knocked the cougar out of the tree right among the frenzied pack.

For a moment there was a furious melee, an indescribable mix-up of lion and lion-hounds almost at our very feet. Ike was dancing around trying to get in a finishing shot, but couldn't shot without endangering the dogs. Then the cougar streaked away downhill with the pack savaging at its heels—all but one, that is. An all tan puppy lay still under the dead spruce. Ike snapped another shot at the lion, a beautiful running shot at about seventy-five yards, and the cat somersaulted like a roped calf. It was stone dead when it hit the ground.

Momentarily ignoring the lion which the three remaining hounds were mauling enthusiastically, we rushed to the injured pup. He tried feebly to wag his tail as we came up, but he had been literally eviscerated by the cat's scimitar like claws, and was obviously beyond any human aid. So Ike did

### "E" Flight

Since the regular subscriber from "E" Flight has seriously neglected her duties in respect to this month's contribution to Slipstream, the duty must needs fall on less experienced shoulders.

The chief topic of conversation is the exodus of the lads from "way down under", and it is with sorrow in our hearts that we say farewell. Macleod will miss them and their winning ways. Particularly anyone who had the misfortune to be inveigled into one of their games of chance.

By the time this appears in print the boys will be well on their way, in fact according to a report from the wet canteen, they have been "on the way" since their arrival. (Slipstream apologizes to two Australians, LAC But tand LAC Manning, who never touch the stuff).

Station routine should now get back to normal; the W.D.s can take up knitting; the service police can go on leave, and the Instructors may take a well earned rest and pull out their grey hairs.

In conclusion then, we wish Course 65 the best of luck and especially Good Hunting.

the only thing he could under the circumstances and sped a merciful bullet through the young dog's head. Ike's a hard old cuss in lots of ways, but there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes as we turned aside. He sure thought a lot of that all tan pup, and he had been shaping into a real cougar dog.

The cat was an old female, quite good sized (about nine feet from nose to tail tip, we estimated) and in beautifully sleek condition. She had evidently been living well on the abundant wild life of the National Park. Her hide was pretty well lacerated by the time we got the hounds away, but we peeled it off anyway, and Ike later turned her scalp over to the game department for the twenty dollar bounty paid that year on the cougar.

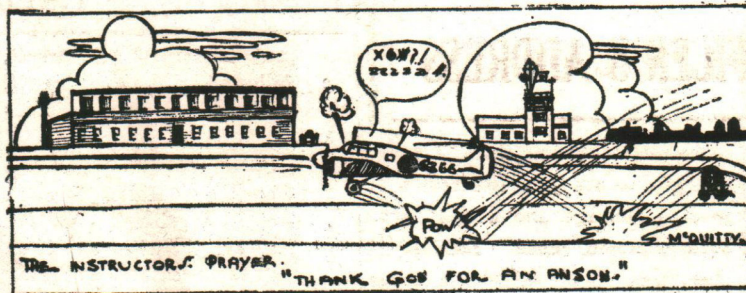
Strangely we never ran across the two cubs the warden had reported, although we combed the district for three more days. Ike figured the commotion of the first chase had alarmed them and they had pulled out without any delay into the foothill country farther east. At any rate, they weren't seen on the head of Fortymile Creek again, and Ike had proved that a pack of good lion hounds can rid an area of mountain lions.

## The Sergeant

When a new recruit in the Air Force was detailed by the Sergeant to paint the "last post", he replied, "My last job in civil life was painting strips on hum-bugs". Well, if Sergeants were affected by the blushing complex, I think this Sergeant would have rivalled even the Blushing Bride. Such a come-back by a recruit would no doubt prompt any self-respecting Sergeant to cast loving eyes towards the Airmen's kitchen.

But Sergeants are not as dumb as they look. They certainly have the courage of their convictions. One of them was telling me a few days ago, the first job he got in civil life was in a Grocery Store. He said he quit that job in a hurry (because the Grocer wanted him to lay eggs in the window.

The Sergeant-Major, of course has been immortalized ever since Armies came into existence, but one cannot overlook Sergeants. No, Sir. Although he has a long way to go before he aspires to the proportions of a Sergeant-Major, he nevertheless justified his existence by reason of his popularity among Airmen (we hope). He has the ability to make the Airman feel quite important—psychology, the Sergeant calls it. When the officer in charge walks through his section, one will invariably find the Sergeant trailing along. The officer stops at a bench where an Airman is exerting some of his energy on a job. "What is he making", asks the officer? Without the least hesitation the Sergeant turns to the Airman, "What are you making, Sonny"? "I'm making a brass component to be fabricated with 124 apertures which is to be secured to a mahogany base and fitted with pins and is to be used in conjunction with existing ground equipment". This information is immediately repeated by the Sergeant to the Officer and both walk away wondering what in H--- the Airman was making anyway. A peep into the Airmen's Canteen a few days later may have supplied the information in a more specific form, had they seen a brand new hand-some cribbage board being exhibited among the Airman's friends. Of course the Sergeant could have told the Officer in the first place that the Airman was fabricating something with a lot of holes in it, but he likes the Airman to feel that he is not averse to sharing some of his glory with



him.

And if you want to know the best looking girls around town, just ask the Sergeant—no, you are wrong, I have not tried this method—yet. They say the good-looking girls are usually the dumb kind—maybe there is some significance there.

But of course there are Sergeants and Sergeants. Some are not as dumb as others—I beg your pardon what did you say? The others are dumber. Your English is a little off, but I understand what you mean. You are no doubt referring to the Sergeant who thought a mail plane was the only type equipped with an undercarriage.

However, we cannot give the the Sergeant all the credit for boosting the war effort, the W.D.'s are certainly in there pitching. And speaking of pitch, our Sergeant was explaining to a W.D. the intricacies of airscrews (yes, the W.D. likes to get air-minded too). "You see", says the sergeant, "the propellor is composed of many parts, there are blades, reduction gears, domes, spinners, angles and pitch". "Yes", says the W.D., "I suppose when you talk about a propellor leaking, you mean the pitch is running out".

The Sergeant's ambition of course, is not all centered about his work, he likes to play too. A visit to the Sergeants' Mess after midnight will find him in a more relaxed mood. He will tell you the nicest stories (Air Force stories), and his vocal organs are not always tuned to render interpretation of Strauss' "Vienna Woods", he will amuse you with songs taken from his selection of Air Force ditties—lovely songs.

Oh well, the Sergeant's life is a hard one and in due time he will get his just reward.

Anonymous

Elderly Lady (in plane)—"Why so nervous and pale, my boy?"

Pilot (despairingly)—"We have lost both wings."

Elderly Lady (reassuringly)—"Well, don't worry about that. We'll get new ones as soon as we land."

## Air Vice Marshal Gobel Gives Wings

On Thursday, January 21st, a class of Australians graduated from this station. By happy coincidence Air Vice Marshal Gobel of Australia was within reach of No. 7 and was invited to speak to the graduates and present to them their wings.

The night was cold—bitter cold: it was as if Canada was trying to give the Australians, natives of the semi-tropics, something to remember it by as they said farewell, 40 below zero and a cutting wind, the prairie white with drifting snow, the moon hanging like a chunk of ice in chill blue sky, brittle stars, smoke from a hundred chimneys casting shifting shadows across the whitened earth and the crunching of feet over the frost-packed ground. These are familiar to the Prairie people of Canada but unique enough to Australians to be memorable.

The Wings parade was held in No. 5 Hangar. In spite of the cold a number of local civilian friends of the Australian men were present. Air Vice Marshal Gobel, introduced by W/Comdr. M. Brown spoke briefly to his young countrymen, giving them some idea of the task before them and the demands to be made upon them. Each Australian was photographed as he received his Wings from the Air Vice Marshal: parents and friends in Australia will no doubt be proud to see these in their newspapers in the near future.

After the ceremony a grand Wings party was held in the men's canteen and a supper fit for a king was served by the Airmen's Mess. The Australians especially asked that their thanks be extended through the pages of Slipstream to those who made such a supper possible.

We were sorry to see the Australians go but we believe they will do well and we shall be hearing of their exploits overseas.

"Happy Landings!"

## W.D. Gossip

Since the last issue we have lost our first W.D. Officer on this station—Miss Staples. She was posted to Mossbank. We now welcome Miss Gilroy, who came to us from Lethbridge.

Who was the young lady who got up ten minutes earlier so as to get an "excellent" on her bed space—and someone else left a smock on her bed.

The same girl gave us a very good demonstration of how blankets should be folded, and when asked to do it the wrong way, replied that it was impossible for her to do so. Such conceit!

Just imagine two airwomen from this station coming back from their leave, letting two airwomen from Claresholm really give them a beating at a game of rummy. The tables were turned on the last hand which was played for rather a high stake. Ask a certain hospital assistant how much she cleaned up.

These train rides must give Herbie an appetite. We heard she never stopped eating from here to Vancouver and back.

A posting overseas is requested by a lot of girls, but we would like to know why Pat King is so anxious to get there. Don't give us that brother story Pat.

Now others only want to go over the Fraser River. It wouldn't be to get to Vancouver would it girls?

Sergeant Harris went and did it on her Christmas leave, she married P/O Harris. Best of luck available Holmes!

That sax player in the orchestra can't say we didn't warn him about a blonde, if he looks back in the last issue. They are now engaged.

Two M.T. drivers were passing away the time at a friendly game of cards, and who should come and visit them—none other than F/O Peel. It's O.K. girls it was just a friendly call.

Our Ottawa friend came back from leave loaded with all her ski equipment. Since then, no snow. Too Bad Rusty!

One of our corporals was a day late coming back from leave—she says it was worth the days pay she had to forfeit. By the looks of the diamond she's flashing around we think it's worth more than a day A.W.O.L. Don't we girls.

Soldier (finding wasp in his stew): "Hi, what's this?"

Mess Orderly: "Vitamin Bee."

# COMMANDING OFFICER'S ADDRESS

## December Wings Parade

Little did we realize that before the time for another Wings Parade Wing Commander R. F. Davenport would be on his way overseas. His address, therefore, at the December graduation turned out to be his last for the time being at No. 7.

As has been customary during the winter months the parade was held in the spaciousness of the drill hall and a large proportion of the station was assembled in the form of a hollow square to enhance the impressiveness of the presentation. A goodly number of civilian relatives and friends were on hand to watch the proceedings.

Before pinning on the tunic of each graduate the proud emblem of Wings the Commanding Officer addressed the graduates in the following words.

Officers, non-commissioned officers, airmen and airwomen, ladies and gentlemen: Before speaking to the members of the graduating class I just want to say a word of welcome to their relatives and friends who have found it possible to be with us this evening to present pilots' flying badges and to say good-bye to Course 63. I know it means a great deal to the young men graduating to have their parents and friends here. But naturally this is only possible in the case of those whose homes are not too far distant.

Although wings parades are a monthly occurrence each one is a very special occasion for the graduating class. It is also, I feel, a big day for all the station personnel for they feel that after all they really have accomplished something in this war when they consider that these qualified pilots have been trained through their efforts and that although they are most certainly a considerable distance from the theatre of war they nevertheless are doing very necessary and important work.

I think you, the members of the graduating class, will agree that you have received a sufficiently concentrated training course and sufficient flying experience at this station to make you perfectly confident of your ability. It is true there are many things yet to learn before you can be considered a qualified operational pilot but this will be adequately covered at

operational training units. I would ask you to use your experience to good advantage and always with good common sense. You as a class have done well while under training here and I only ask that those of you who have done your best maintain that high standard throughout your service career and that those of you who could have applied yourselves to a greater degree do so in your next phase of training for I assure you a little more application during your training will never be regretted.

Isn't it strange that princes and kings,  
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings,  
And common folk like you and me

Are builders for eternity.  
To each is given a bag of tools,  
A shapeless mass and book of rules,  
And each must make, e'er life is flown,  
A stumbling-block or a stepping stone.

You have been given tools in your training at home, in your training at school and in your training since you entered the Air Force, it is up to you to use these to make either stumbling blocks or stepping stones to high achievement.

As always we here at No. 7 graduate a class with mixed feelings, regret that you are leaving and pleasure that our efforts have been the means of sending on highly trained personnel to take on more important duties. We all wish you the very best of luck and hope that we may hear from you from time to time.

A beautiful co-ed was wearing a blue sweater. It was that marvellous form fitting kind.

Said she, coyly. "Don't you think it brings out the blue in my eyes?"

He. "Gulp."

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Drunk at railway ticket office: "I wanna round trip ticket, pleesh".

Clerk: "Where to, my good man"

Drunk: "Back here of coursh."

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Hubby—When I came home last night a man tried to hold me up.

Wifey—Usually when you come home in that condition it takes two to hold you up.

## Trio of Patriots



Three of a kind, the attractive Culligan sisters of Kitchener, Ont., who were heard in a recent edition of "Comrades in Arms". Left to right are Airwoman Carol Culligan, Airwoman Pearl Culligan and Airwoman Olive Culligan. A fourth, Airwoman Ruby was unable to attend the broadcast. There is a fifth Culligan, a charming miss who plans to join her older sisters in the R.C.A.F. next July.

## If There Were No M.T.

Close the Motor Transport Section and what happens?

The commanding officer would have to walk or else buy himself a car.

The paymaster who should always get the best of service, especially on two certain days a month wouldn't be able to get his daily transportation to the bank. Now what would all those other people do if there wasn't a bank run? No ride to town, no errands done by the drivers. My! that would never do!

Next comes the officer who often goes to town with a few dozen white slips, and draws "rations" for the Officers' Mess—now what would people think if they saw him taking the bus with a couple of dozen 40 oz. bottles?

The mail wouldn't be picked up, and we can't imagine the corporal at the P.O. carrying the bags.

Personnel on posting to or from the station would be out of luck, also anyone who wanted to take the 1620 train.

Garbage would be left aside—express and freight wouldn't be picked up.

The pay-off would be the Security Guards walking back and forth to Granum, and around the station to do patrol, the Service Police hoofing their beat, the R.C.A.S.C. boys carrying the ra-

tions to the different messes, or else pushing a wheel-barrow.

The canteen stewards would get their P.T. carrying their supplies.

Now regarding the workshop, if no repairs were to be made and ambulances, crash tenders, gas trucks and flight tractors were to be tied up where would the station be as far as flying is concerned. A crash on the field—hospital orderlies would be seen running with stretchers—M.O. behind with bag. Officers on the double to scene with a pail of water (and at that they'd make better time than that crash truck). Maintenance men trying to refuel aircraft with buckets, also pushing planes in and out of hangars.

We're the smallest section on the station and not considered as being part of this great flying scheme; but close it up and see what happens.

P.S. How would the W.D. officers get their laundry and uniforms picked up from town if the drivers weren't on the job.

A little worm was feeling lonely, so he popped out and looked about for someone to play with.

At last he noticed another little worm and said, "Will you come and play"

The other little worm replied, "Don't be daft. I'm your other end."

## Maintenance O. R. Flittings

And so came the day when huge trucks rolled out of the West down to No. 6 and 7 Hangars. Not a frosty Friday, as so many had prophesied, but a windy Tuesday saw Maintenance trekking East over the rocky wastes.

The move had been anticipated for some time, but it was not until the last day that most of us realized the time had finally arrived. Stenos, runners, clerks and even the Old Man himself, became quite agitated. Furniture was uprooted from the spots it has occupied for over two years and pushed and pulled and shoved out into the hangar, and everybody settled down to wait for the M.T. to oblige. (It was hinted that several of the Stenos occupied their time with writing their names and telephone numbers in very conspicuous places, just on an odd chance that Nav. Flight might take over No. 5). After waiting most of the day for a moving van, six arrived all at once (as usual). Furniture and personnel were pushed and pulled into several of the larger vans, and old No. 5 was left behind with her windows trembling and rafters bent with grief.

The trek was on.

Arriving at No. 6 we took one look at the O.R. and nearly turned and ran in the other direction. We had spent all morning sweeping and dusting our old abode so that the next tenants would find it clean and neat, and here it was mid-afternoon and we had to start the process all over again. The O. R. resembled nothing so much as a big barn with a couple of stalls off each end. However, after much sweeping and dusting, pushing and shoving of furniture, to say nothing of the muttered oaths, it began to take on a more lived-in air, and we struggled home for a much needed rest.

However, the end was not yet in sight. Next morning it started all over again. More furniture was shoved and pushed around, and pushed and pulled some more. Nobody was satisfied and nothing looked right. In fact the Sergeant's nerves were becoming so frayed from the tedious and unusual work, that he told one of the Stenos (guess who) to stop standing around with her hands on her hips making noises like a woman, and to get to H. . . out of the way. She was so astounded at the usually placid Sergeant losing his mild temper, that she couldn't even think of a comeback.

The place is beginning to look more like home by now, with signs in their proper places, furniture where it is most convenient for tripping over, and a grand new heating system. We have one blessing, Heaven sent—no telephone. We are going to have one, but for the present the O.R. is so quiet, with no telephone buzzing every half minute, that one can almost hear oneself think. The Sergeant and one of our LAC's fancy themselves as carpenters (they're even thinking of remustering) and we have begun to wonder if the ring of the telephone wouldn't be a welcome relief after the wham-bang of hammers.

We'll whip along now, before the Sergeant whips along and finds us doing other than routine work. Till the next Slipstream, a Happier New Year to everybody.

## Impressions of Canada

By An Australian  
W. Knight

The day I sailed through Sydney Heads, I was quite happy in the knowledge that I was bound for a country that had been my life's ambition to see. To me it was a rugged, beautiful place, that equalled anything in the world. All this was gained from books and pictures (well chosen ones too!) and although I have seen very little of Canada as yet, the little I have seen has lived up to all expectations—This does not include the western "boom-town" of Macleod! It is impossible to draw a comparison of Canadian and Australian scenery—it is entirely different—yet I would say that neither one has the draw on the other. The subject of scenery brings to light the most questioned point of climate. When I left I had vivid conceptions of a place so cold that one would freeze stiff within ten minutes, however, I have yet to feel very cold, (which reminds me of a funny characteristic of the Canucks, when it is fifteen below and cold enough to be no longer funny, the sadistic joy they get when you tell them, "Yes, I do feel cold," then comes their ace card, "Wait till it gets forty below, with a wind!" Well I don't want to wait that long, when it comes to that I say give it back to the Indians!

I would like to record my opinion of the Canucks. I believe they

are much like the Aussies, same ideas etc., if they would only speak English without that accent! It has been a real privilege to meet the Canadians at home, I have been happy with them, finding sincere friendliness and genuine hospitality unbounded. This feeling of being "at home" and amongst friends will last me all my life. For two years at least, Australians have been coming to Canada, and I am sure that the Canadian hospitality could not have diminished by any degree since the first Aussies arrived. This I think, is a good indication of the Western hospitality.

Since have been asked so often about our climate, I think a comparison would be appropriate. Australia is about the same size as U.S.A., the climate is relative to that of the U.S.A., that is you can find a large range of temperatures. In the far north the warm climate is almost continuous. Sydney compares with California, the yearly range of temperature is about 50 degrees, in winter it even gets as cold as 40 degrees (above)! The summer temperature runs between 70 and 90 degrees. In the south, Melbourne or in Tasmania the climate is mild the year around Melbourne in winter is like Vancouver, cold and plenty of rain, but no snow, whereas Tasmania has the snow and plenty of cold. The inland regions of Australia are warm and dry, yet the very center, Alice Springs, is very fertile and comparatively well watered.

To conclude—I am very pleased of the opportunity to meet Canadians—the associations have been really pleasant, something worth remembering. The little of the country I have seen is a vast environment of scenic beauty. Yet still, if it is my privilege to choose—I'll still live where snow and ice are unknown quantities.

### Let's Stir Things Up

Since our Sugar supply  
Is now on the wane,  
Let's you and I  
Start raising cane.

Honest but poor, he had just had his proposal turned down by the beautiful young heiress as follows:

You couldn't even dress me,  
Jimmie!"

"Well what of that? I'm not dumb! I could learn!"

### It's Marines' Job

U.S. Marines handle anti-aircraft and secondary batteries aboard all United States battleships and cruisers.

More than 300,000 soldiers from India are now serving overseas.

## Fashion Note From Accounts Section

Gentlemen—do you find yourself becoming tired from the monotony of wearing the same color combination and clothes selection day after day? Does your wife become weary from the drudgery of shining buttons? Do you appreciate the freedom of masquerading without badges or 'rings' of rank? Then why not step out in an Air Force blue smoking jacket! These jackets come with a variety of pockets so that you may carry ample quantities of smokers supplies for donations to those with whom you associate. Models also come with silk binding of maroon and grey, blending effectively with the general color harmony of the furniture (if you happen to be lucky enough to have an armchair: blue leather, upholstered). These jackets make a striking combination when worn with zoot pants, since they come in models with the rip pleat and in drape shapes.

Note: For use of Squadron Leaders only. (C.A.P. 6 Regulation Dress—Officers is being amended accordingly).

She: Who told you you could kiss me like that.

Airman: Oh, all the fellows.

"That's the spirit said the medium as the table began to rise.

—Gruesome

Some of the clerks around here are so dumb they think a Red Corpuscule is a Russian N.C.O.

The Group Captain of an R.A.F. Station was invited to dine with a farmer near the Aerodrome and the farmer was astonished when the G.C. consumed two whole fowls. Whilst walking in the farmyard a little later they passed a cock strutting about.

"That's a proud looking bird," the G.C. remarked.

"And so I should think," replied the farmer. "He's got two sons in the Air Force now!"

There was a young lady named Perkins,

Who was fearfully fond of gherkins,

She went out to a tea,

And ate twenty-three,

And pickled her internal workin's.

The explosives industry is the 14th safest industry in the United States, according to the National Safety Council.