

ATTENTION EVERYONE!!! YOUR SPORTS COMMITTEE IS PUTTING ON A FREE DANCE FOR YOU ON THURSDAY NIGHT JUNE 3 AT 2100 hours IN THE DRILL HALL. MUSIC BY BRAD AND HIS BAND - THE POOR MAN'S ARTIE SHAW - TWELVE ARTISTS OF NOTE TO GIVE YOU THE DOWN BEAT AND LET YOU SWING AND SWAY TO YOUR HEARTS CONTENT. AND DON'T FORGET THAT THE COST IS NIL - NOTHING TO YOU!!!

EDITORIAL STAFF

SUPERVISING EDITOR	F/L GODKIN N.J.
EDITOR-IN/CHIEF	R.N. CHESTER
ASSISTANT EDITOR	AW 1 CAMPBELL F.C.
SECRETARY	LAW ANGUS N.
SPORTS EDITOR : WOMEN	LAW HARRISON M.
MEN	OPL WEST
COMING EVENTS REPORTER	ED SMEE
ROVING REPORTERS	LAC SOLOWAN F.D. AC1 MCGARGAR V.L.
PUBLISHING MANAGER	AW1 STEPHANSON
DRAWINGS BY	AC1 BEARE J.G.
TYPISTS	AW1 HOULE B. AW1 GALE J. AW1 JOHNSON B.

SPORTS OBSERVER

OK youse guys and gals
Take it easy on me,
I am green at the game its easy to see,
Thats no secret, you will agree,
Because it came from an S.P.

Well it finally stopped snowing in Vulcan long enough to open our station fast ball league, when double header was played between teams representing the W.D.'s and men's sections.

By game time quite a crowd had gathered accompanied by warm sunshine and dive bomber mosquitoes, to witness W.O. Fraser honor us by tossing in the first ball. But it wasn't until F/L Anderson in the control tower at the back stop position sent up a flare for the commander to get on the beam, after throwing three or four pitches over the screen that he managed to get the signal so that S/L Clarke connected with one of his pitches and sent the sphere on its flight, to officially open the season, amidst the cheers from the crowd.

When P/O Meyers in charge of the P.A. system announced the batteries the W.D.'s started the ball rolling. The Crawford's Hurricane's fought Sergeant Fraser's Bombers, with P/O McIver calling the balls and strikes, and smiling Ed Smeé of the "Y" in charge of the bases.

When Rabinovitch, the official scorer added up the count he found Crawford's Hurricane's had downed Sergeant Fraser Bomber's by the score of eight to one, and walked off with the two dozen Coca Cola that the Wing Commander had donated to the winner.

In the second game the Maintenance Vultures clawed their way to a victory over Deferred Aircrew, seven to four.

Although the score doesn't indicate very much as these were first games, of the season and the boys and gals haven't had much time to practise on account of the inclement weather. Everybody seemed to enjoy the game including the players where a lot of fun was had by all. Better games are expected by our fourteen team league.

THE TEAMS LINED UP AS FOLLOWS

W.D.'s TEAMS'S

Sergeant Fraser's Bomber's Buchan, Pollock, Swatman, Sgt. Fraser, Cpl. Levagood, Smith, Wyllie, Tkachuk, Fish, Stein,

Crawford's Hurricanes: - McNally, Doucette, Harrison, Major, Johnson, Crawford, Stephenson, Heggie, Marshal, Munro,

Maintenance Vultures: - Logan, Solowan, Sgt. Smith, Thacher, Brownesey, Blair, Korody, Basham, Smith, Sales,

Deferred Aircrow: - Shaw, Burrows, Tindall, Vernon, Fairhardt, Paulick, Germaine, Crough, Jensen, Leather,

FASTBALL: - THURSDAY, MAY, 27th

More games of our fast ball league were played on Thursday where the Gravel Crushers from G.I.S. hooked up with the M.T. Millionaires in the first affair while Maintenance Vultures and Office Cats completed the other half of the double header.

The first game ended up with M.T. on the long end of the score with fourteen runs off the deliveries of WOL Gibson with Pike as battery mate.

While only three runs were supplied from the Bats of G.I.S. against the pitching of Sharpe with Bullon doing the catching.

The first game was fairly even up to the fourth inning when M.T. found their batting eye and went on a rampage to walk off with the Biscuits.

The final half of the double header was a more tightly contested affair as the score would indicate when the Cats squeezed over a three to two Victory, with Karkarian doing the pitching chore and Stefgchon doing the receiving.

At the end of the fourth frame the score stood three to two and remained that way through out the contest, with both teams fighting for Victory. Drop around some time and see these games if you aren't already in them.

P/O McIver handled the balls and strikers in the first game, and WOL Gibson the second.

WAITRESS IN OFFICERS MESS

Will you have a hot or cold plate?

Officer: - What is the hot plate?

Waitress: - Beans and Beef.

Officer: - What is the cold plate?

Waitress: - There isn't any!

Officer: - Well! ! !

I once saw a sheet of letter head paper and across the bottom of the sheet were these words, "The English language was invented that we might talk courteously one with another. Good poetry is the purest form of expression and good forms of expression be acquired through practice. The first law of learning is, 'one must be willing to learn', possibly there are some on this station who would like to associate together in some form of literary club for that purpose.

Poetry is one form of capturing experiences and cultivating a rosary of memoirs. These are treasures that give a richness to the pass, lend zest to the future and develop a deeper appreciation of life around us.

While riding to and from the station the following lines came to my mind, placing more clearly before me a service we should all appreciate.

THEY WHO SERVE:

I saw the planes come winging home,
Like birds unto their nest,
I saw you weary airmen
Trudging back for well earned rest,
I've heard your rippling laughter,
And your belly-aching too,
At Vulcan where our Pilots train,
For the job they have to do.

While on the ground in servicing,
For every soaring plane,
There's a working crew of men and Waafs,
Who labour without fame,
While in the mess o'er pots and stoves,
They prepare our daily bread,
Where the Pilots of the nation train
For the work that lies ahead.

Let us not forget the part,
Of the work and drudgery,
Or the many hundred willing hands
In the fight to keep us free,
For they work without the glory
Or the fanfare of the band,
Where the Pilots of the Nation train.
In the service of the land.

Ed. Smee.

For gosh's sake, will someone who was standing nearer to the Earl of Athlone than 'Yers Trooly' when he was inspecting the Guard of Honor the other day, please convince AC Fred 'Gene Kroppa' Holmes, Accounts Section, that the Earl was admiring some decoration on the tunic of one of the members of the Guard not feeling his shirt and querying whether it was an "ISSUE"....
.....THANKS! ! !

What is the little blonde (from the parachute section) going to do when the R.A.F pilot goes overseas?

What are you going to do, Joannie, now that there aren't any more flips to Medicine Hat?

STATION CONCERT PARTY

On Sunday evening May 23 came a grand and fitting climax to the week's activities with Alice Murdoch's Revue. Overcoming the perils of the prairie weather and the long trip from Calgary, they finally arrived with bells and taps on. The audience was thrilled by a bright and colorful program including songs, violin and piano solos, acrobatics, comedy and dance numbers. Outstanding among the performers was pretty little nine year old Shirley Folke. Her every appearance from a clever song and dance number with her two older brothers to her rendition of "AVE MARIA" was sensational. Very much appreciated by the station personnel were the piano and violin solos, while the representation of our clothless 1944 season swells was a sight to see to believe!

The troupe of over thirty members was officially welcomed by Nursing Sister MacPherson, and the Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Folke, was introduced by P/O Meyers. At the end of the two hour's entertainment S/L Jones expressed very well the admiration and thanks of everyone present. The troupe was served refreshments before and after the performance by the kitchen staff of the student's Officer's Mess. Serving the guests were Cpl. Doucette, AW1 Chester, AC1 Campbell, AW2 Smith, AW1 Morrison, LAC Tindell, AC2 Simms and AC2 Thompson. For aiding in the presentation of the concert thanks must be extended to P/O Meyers, AW1 Arndell, AW2 Evans, AC2 Gibbon, Don Simmons, LAC Francis, Mr. Morgan, Jenkins.

These enjoyable concerts are brought here every two weeks through your very capable "Y" man, Ed. Smeo, and thanks must be extended to him for arranging this concert party, and the ones that will come every other Sunday night in future. So keep the date of the next one open June 6.

COMING EVENTS THIS WEEK

Monday- Movies -Roc Hall
Tuesday- Claresholm concert party featuring Brad & His Band.
Wednesday- Movies
Thursday- Sports day & gala dance,
Friday- Movies,
Saturday- Free movies: "My Sister Eileen" Starring Rosalind Russel, Brian Aherne, Janet Blair, Comedy "Playing Piper" Dancing after the show until 2359 hours.
Sunday:- Chapel service 1100 hrs.
Music memoirs 1900 hrs.
Evening service 1900 hrs.
Command concert party on our stage at 2000 hrs.

AC2 Paulick- Miss Johnson are you free this evening?

AW1 Johnson- No! But rather inexpensive!

PLAYER'S CLUB SPOTLIGHTS

Off to a flying start and all set for the first bang-up variety show is your Station Players Club. With latent talent on all sides we're raring to go, and already see promises of real fun in the future.

Even if you are a little tired about facing Major Bowes with that singing voice or banjo playing or dance routine, just turn out to the Player's Club and we'll think you're swell! With an able committee and a willing membership-but requiring more of you in our ranks- we're all set for your contributions and suggestions. If you wish to take part in the fun, or help behind the scenes, get in touch with any of the following:

Supervisory Director:-AC1 Holmes, Accounts.
General Manager:-Cpl. Ward of the Service Police.

Script Author:-F/S Charlton, Equipment.
Secretary:-AW1 Campbell, Equipment.
Talent Scouts:- LAW Harrison and LAW Wylie of equipment, F/L Godkin, Padre.

Heard in passing the steam table:-
Not too much French Fried on my plate please!!!

Simple Simon would like to know the name of the cook who took his drill test in his dream the other morning. We'll admit that this is a much more simplified and pleasanter way than showing up on the Parade Square, nevertheless the burning question of the moment is DID he or DID HE NOT make the grade, or whether those hooks he is carrying around in his pocket were purchased at Woolworths-Edmonton Branch, in case you are interested. Of course he is the original justification for that well known, often told, story about the airman who was going to sue the Government for building sidewalks, roadways, parade squares, in fact anywhere he mayhap to tread too close to something or other-anyway Folks, whatever it was, you've heard it and he might not have been noticed if he did show up. That is, of course, providing he didn't find a certain type of carcass in his bed again. Yes sir, Flannagan's bull hasn't got a louder bellow-and the language, OH!!!

ATTENTION NEWSPAPER COPIES

It is the intention of this staff to publish your paper weekly in order to provide you with the coming events and give you the news. However, the task of publishing each week enough copies for everyone is rather a large order and would consume a great deal of paper in this time of rationed goods. Therefore it is the intention to publish a limited number of copies and distribute them strategic points each Monday evening. As there are not enough copies therefore for everyone. BE SURE THAT YOU DO NOT DESTROY OR MUTILATE THIS COPY IN ANY WAY BUT PASS IT ON TO YOUR NEIGHBOUR TO READ. LETS HAVE EVERYONE READING IT AND THAT IS ONLY POSSIBLE BY YOUR COOPERATION IN PASSING THIS COPY ON.

"Vulcan Gulps"
by
"Venerable Vulcanized Vigilant Virgil"

With a howling Nor'wester substituting for fanfare of trumpets; the elements - all of them in their glory, rain, snow, sleet - being the only visible formation of a parade to pass in review (Splendour being provided by the multi-colored paper and cardboard dangling merrily on the surrounding fence); thus was heralded the momentous and historical occasion of the official opening of its portals to hereafter what was to be known as No. 19 Service Flying Training School for all sundry who possessed the good fortune, or someone's ire, or what have you, to be posted in such a delightful spot on this 'terra-firma' STILL known as Canada.

Many were the comments and expressions, some with faces so long they could eat out of a barrel, as they trudged wearily into the Station Warrant Officer to meekly report "Here teacher." (Due to our earnest endeavor to keep this paper clean, we regret we are unable to quote some opinions verbatim, but take it from your humble scribe they were really descriptive.

With Wing Commander M.P. Fraser holding the reins, and WO2 F.S. Kent wielding the whip, our buckboard was all set for the many ruts and washboard roads ahead.

To a great many our brief association with that naughty No. 2F.I.S. Gas-house Gang had its demoralizing affect on the splendid morale and discipline maintained on other stations. To our dismay the powers-that-be proclaimed that conduct becoming an airman and airwoman would be rigidly enforced- just when we could hop out of bed on a Sunday morning and breakfast in our pyjamas too, like those \$1.00 a year men do. !!!..Oh well, we can write the folks back home how ritzy this Air Force is getting now, what with "dressing" for "dinner" being a requisite, and all!

Eventually though, things began to take shape what with the W&B section manufacturing essential equipment for messes, offices and flight rooms, the removal of piles of ashes (thanks to Cpl. Michie, Accounts Section, and his blister) and other unfortunates elected for Duty Watch No. 3. Painting too, has been very much in evidence in, around, and about the flight rooms. The M.T. Section put that extra touch in the way of cleaning, so much so in fact that they were rewarded by discovering grease pits - and right on their own section too!!!

Quite a surprise was in store for all the Lux Daily Dippers arriving on the station to discover the softest hot and cold running water they had ever 'dipped' in daily. For a while ther we thought there should be no excuse for those who might fall in a rut by 'picking' em up just where they had dropped 'em but according to entry in D.R.O's of recent date requesting no showers until further notice due to curtailment of water, it would almost appear as if the efforts of the sponsors of the many and varied soap operas were all in vain - oh well, it will always rain, or will it?????????

Come payday, yep eventually!! What a joyous occasion - for some, that is! To others whose documents did not arrive in time for this day of all days- 'nuff said, as previously mentioned we intend to keep this paper CLEAN!!!

Oh yes, the C.O.'s first inspection. Good show, taking everything in consideration, but oh, those shoe shines, washboardy uniforms, and last but not least, THOSE haircuts, tsK tsK!!! The gals showed usw THAT day fellas - we'll show 'em next time though, eh??

Quite a "summery" atmosphere has taken place in the last few days what with the appearance of the "Palm Beach" suits - Air Force style around the station. Some of them look like it must have been quite a struggle to take them away from the moths. Maybe now that there is such a thing as a Rent Control Board, the moths think they can enforce the year's required notice to vacate in instances where the proprietor wished to move in.

The grounds took on quite a "summery" appearance - (if you haven't already observed, then you must be one of those thousands who have yet to do your stuff on Duty Watch) -- the removal of those cute little piles of rakings that adorned the edge of the roadways being the most popular outdoor sport sponsored by the Works & Bricks Section for the sole benefit of those unfortunates who had "chores" to do come 1830 hours of an evening who were unable to produce those coveted "chits" still not forgetting those piles of ashes, thanks again to Cpl. Michie's blister.

The creative effect of those rocks with their little heavenward, upturned, white-washed faces waiting and praying for a deluge, has added a definite improvement to the appearance of our "estate." Things shore beginnin' to look purty, alright.

All innall folks, we think we are going to have a pretty nice little layout once everything gets into its stride. We have a swell bunch of Staff Officers and N.C.O.'s whose foremost wish is to be "reg'lar fellers" without impairing the high standard set down for them by the R.C.A.F. We are confident they can be relied on to do THEIR part in making each one's sojourn at No. 19 S.F.T.S. as interesting and pleasant as possible---will you do YOURS???

(V.L. McCargar)
(Admin. Office)

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S VISIT

WE PRACTISED NEARLY EVERY DAY.
WE LEARNED TO MARCH THE PROPER WAY.
WE STOOD AT EASE,
ON ACHING KNEES,
AND FELT OUR FACES TURNING GREY.

WITH BURNING FEET AND ACHING BACKS,
WE WANTED TIME OUT TO RELAX.
WE RUBBED OUR EYES,
AND SLAPPED THE FLITS,
SMILED WEAK SMILES AT EACH OTHER'S CRACKS.
BY WEDNESDAY THE STAGE WAS SET,
THE DRILL SQUARE WAS THE PLACE WE MET.

WITH SMILES ALIGHT,
AND BOUND BUTTONS BRIGHT,
WE MARCHED OUT, EVERYONE IN STEP.
WHEN WE HAD STOOD AN HOUR OR MORE,
WE HEARD A FAR-OFF DISTANT ROAR.
WE STOOD AT "SHUN",
THE PLANE CAME DOWN,
AND OUT STEPPED THE PHOTOGRAPHER!

THE WIND BLEW DOWN THE MIKE AND FLAGS
THEN STREWED THE PLACE WITH PAPER BAGS.
WITH PLAYFUL TWIRLS,
IT CAUGHT THE GIRLS,
AND TURNED THEM INTO WIND-BLOWN HAGS.

AT LAST THE VISITORS ARRIVED,
WELL WORTH THE HOURS WE HAD SURVIVED.
THE A.O.C.,
HIS EXCELLENCY,
AND MANY WHOM WE CAN'T DESCRIBE.
THEY QUICKLY REVIEWED THE GUARD, RETURNED
ADDRESSED A SPEECH TO ALL CONCERNED,
CERTIFICATES TO GRADUATES,
AND THANKFULLY WE ALL RIGHT-TURNED.

THE C/O GAVE US THE COMMAND,
WE STARTED MARCHING WITH THE BAND,
A SMART EYES RIGHT,
THEN OUT OF SIGHT,
SO TIRED THAT WE COULD HARDLY STAND.

Little airwoman boosts morale of No. 19 by remarking "I thought I hated this place, but the people are swell." Sure, the people set the pace, so Vulcan can be tops.

May 26 - Burst of activity to have everything polished for the big day. Well worth the effort and a day for our W.D.'s to remember.

Line-ups for meals becoming station social club. Lots of time to get acquainted with one's neighbor and all that sort of thing.

The popularity of sun baths is growing, but girls there just isn't enough room on one fire escape for half the W.D.'s in camp.

Summer dresses have been reluctantly "fished" out of kit bags, to be remodelled and pressed ready for the summer ahead. All we need now is summer!

Dancing at the Rec. Hall with partners from across our far-flung Empire is the favorite station entertainment for W.D.'s.

Precis appearing on the scene. A trade test coming up and the girls intend to be prepared.

And now things have come to this - white slips must be shown on entry to the Mess Hall. The Guard House doing a rushing business of same one hungry noon hour.

Speaking of slips - Sergeant Major Gibbons is an authority on the subject -- example preview of guards for Governor-General's inspection.

The early bird gets the laugh. W.D. Sgt. over-ambitiously calls her "chickens" at 6 A.M. because the radio program she heard said 7!

HELP WANTED FEMALE!!!!

There is an urgent need by your editorial staff of a Society Editor. We do not insist on previous experience at all, so if you would like to report on the social activities and doings of our personnel, be sure to contact any member of the editorial staff right away. Remember it's going to be your newspaper, so why don't you do your part? Who knows what hidden talent you have for getting the "news" for your paper and I know the ladies like the Society column in any paper!! Even the men read it!!! Who's going to get the position? Apply now for it!

A station dance band is being organized by F/O Schon in order to give you hep cats a chance to knock yourselves out while you jive. But the orchestra is still in its infancy and requires two tenor sax men in a hurry. There is also a lack of instruments which is being remedied by some frantic letters home. So be patient and we'll soon have a band second to none to play for your dances. But if you play an instrument, get out there and give!!!

STATION SPORTS

AN EDITORIAL

This station has a very able sports committee headed by P/O Meyers and it is endeavoring to get a full sports program functioning on this station. However, as this is a new station, it is handicapped in its work by three factors: first, lack of funds which is being overcome by the donation from your pay each month; secondly lack of playing fields for all types of sport, especially tennis courts and rugby and soccer fields. Thirdly, lack of sufficient men on the station to build and put the fields into condition. Therefore if you are dissatisfied with the present lack of sports on the station, do not criticize your committee, but attend the Sports meetings at which everyone of you is entitled to be present and to cast a vote on its doings. The Committee's aim is to provide as soon as possible a sport for everyone to take part in, or if you are not athletically inclined, to give you a free dance such as the one scheduled for June 3. But any sport requires people to take part in it, so it is up to each of you to support your game by getting out there and playing or cheering them on as a spectator. But if everyone gets busy now, we can have a full sports program going real soon-- tennis, rugby, track, soccer, and softball. And there will be lots of fine evenings this summer to play too!

So when you see a notice of coming sports events in your news paper, get out there and take part somehow. You'll enjoy it!

You may think that it is fine as time goes by,
To take yourself out and get yourself high,
But don't forget if you want lots of sport,
Throw in your quarter and forget that quart!

Should you manage to escape through the Guard House, if you look and listen carefully, from the first building on your left you will probably see a cloud of dust or sawdust and hear the everlasting whine of the saw or the roar and clatter of the tractors. That is the Works and Buildings Section - a beehive of industry. The busiest and the noisiest section on the station.

Since No. 19 took over, this section has been working on the double replacing and manufacturing all such articles that were movable - if you know what I mean.

Work orders from every section on the station come pouring in each day. To all the inquiries that come in asking if the work is completed, we still say, "First come, first served. Be patient fellows, we'll get around to you soon."

Into this chaos walked Flying Officer Crossing to take charge. With the help of the Senior N.C.O's in each department, he has straightened things out to a smoothly running section.

The carpenters, with Sgt. Johnson acting as foreman of works, turns out many a file box, cupboard, and articles too numerous to mention.

Opl. Weiner is in charge of painting, is responsible for all those "DEAD END" signs that decorate every road and alley. Our interior and exterior decorating is in his capable hands as well.

Sgt. Young is the busy man who sends the plumbers from Barrack block to hangars and back again. Not a nice job but very essential. He always manages to turn the water on in time for a shower after the prairie has been moving for a couple of days.

Sgt. Woolfindin, head electrician with more light bulbs to his credit than you could imagine, takes the responsibility of looking after the odd hundred of electric motors and fixtures that No. 19 has to operate on.

If you see a little man going through the various buildings with a dejected look about him, that is probably a fireman or engineer. This department is on the go 24 hours a day, with the Boys working night shifts and Sgt. Hawkins running herd on them during his waking hours.

Then comes Opl. Campbell. He's the haunted man. He knows there's a war on. Even though he can't keep track of all the shovels, hammers, and tools of every description, his main object in life is to get it over as quickly as possible and if looking after the stock room helps any, he's sure doing his part.

Last but not least are the Tractor Operators. You can usually see them in every corner of the station, pushing dirt and gravel, with a cloud of dust around them. With Sgt. Wheatley in charge, these boys maintain and keep up all roads and runways. It's a hard job and a dirty one but well done.

Well, that's W & B, there's a lot more to be said on the rest of the personnel but that will come at a later date. For now, if there's anything you need repaired, made or put into working order, just call on us, and you'll get the same answer as above "Just be patient".

Understand it was a "Bunny" who was in a "stew" in one of the Messes this time. MUST have been quite a deviation from the regular culinary routine. Yep, that panel truck certainly does knock hell out of one, doesn't it!!!! Certainly is no radio sponsor's answer to that. 'tired and run down feeling! Oh well, I suppose one must go to town occasionally, and I do mean "go"!!

We wonder if C.A.P. 9, which volume constitutes all there is to know about drill instruction, etc., cannot be revised, reprinted, amended, or somepin', to have commands dealing with orders pertaining to "LEFT" stipulate whether it is "AIR FORCE LEFT". This would alleviate a considerable lot of embarrassing moments and confusion when taking drill tests. After all there is some difference between a CIVILIAN LEFT and an AIR FORCE LEFT - the latter apparently takes in any point on the compass.