

VULTURE



KULTURE

VULTURE KULTURE

The Official Organ of No. 2 Flying Instructors School

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OUR MOTTO : " A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN...."

WOLF ! WOLF !

If he parks his little flivver,
Down beside the moonlight river,
And you feel him all a-quiver,
Baby - he's a wolf.

If he says you're gorgeous looking
And your dark eyes get him cooking,
But your eyes aren't where he's looking,
Baby - he's a wolf.

If perhaps when you are kissing
And you feel his heart a-missing,
And you talk, but he won't listen,
Baby, he's a wolf.

If his hands begin to trifle
And his heart sounds like a rifle
And he says you are an eyeful,
Baby - he's a wolf.

If his arms feel just like sineu,
And he stirs the gypsy in you
And you want him close agin you,
Baby - you're the wolf !

MY DAY by "A Penqueen"

EEee--saEE--EEeeee!! 06:00 hours and the piercing shriek of the Station siren cuts through the blissful fog of sleep...ye olde buckle has been streamlined out thisa way..an extra forty winks, and then a wild leap out of one's lofty bunk (and I do mean lofty!), a terrific scramble for clothes, topped off by a mad dash to throw the above mentioned bunk together and gulp down some breakfast before arriving breathless and worn for Morning Parade at 07:55 hours. What a life! Half an hour later 144 dainty (?) "airy-fairies" ("penqueens" to you) stroll (?) into their respective section,..ready, willing and able to tackle the day's work.

Letters, telegrams, returns, reports...more letters....returns....reports... telegrams! Methinks I shall venture upon a marriage with some English lord after all this is over....ever try taking dictation from an R.A.F. Squadron Leader, 6'4" of brawny manhood, with a pipe drooping continuously from one corner of his mouth?? You should hear my English accent!! Really!...My "Little Nest of Glory" (cute, eh wot?) is comprised of what is known as the sacred and hallowed precincts of the Control Tower, and believe you me, I wouldn't trade my place here for a Commission (oh yeah??)...I guess the next best thing to flying planes is to work around them... often when I have an extra minute or so one of the "old-timers" will take me up to the very nerve centre of every flying Station - the Control Tower proper. Watching the planes take off and gliding in for a landing is a thrill equalled only by an actual flight.. keeds, just wait till you have your first "flip"!! For thrills and chills take your chances with a Harvard or Cornell...for the pure joy of sailing through space, so near to and yet so far from both earth and clouds choose a Crane or similar "beauty-bird" (original n'est ce pas?).

"After Hours"...ah, blessed period of hectic relaxation! No sooner has one dashed over to yon Mess Hall and manured, though weary and ink-spattered, to toss down some much needed "vittles" (elegant language...so befitting a delicate "pigeon"!! - I wonder what they'll be calling us next??) than it is 06:30 hours and the evening has begun! Ah me, those evenings! Methinks when I am old and decrepit I shall regale my prolific (?) offspring with mad tales of "Station Shennanigans"...the saying goes that once on a station it is up to oneself to make one's own fun -- we do it!!! Whether it's spending an evening playing "pool" (one of my more recently acquired vices!) enjoying a few hours of melodious rhapsodies (could rhapsodies be anything but melodious??), tripping the light fantastic within the chilly shelter of "la hall de Drill" (umm! some French...), reading a chapter or two from "The Adventures of Winnie the Pooh" to an enthralled (oh yeah??) audience, or tearing frantically into the humming (?) metropolis of Vulcan for an evening of gala merrymaking... far be it from me to underestimate the compelling attractions of that den of iniquity - ye olde Community Centre!!! Yes, man, what a life!

And so passeth the night and again cometh the dawn - horrible thought!- and now I must pound the last wach of carbon from this ancient ribbon and call it a day - hold that sigh!! - so till next I delve into the musty recesses of my "inner sanctum", Here's to you, my friends, may this ghastly massacre of "la langue Cannadienne" haunt n t your fe remaining years.

"SNOOZE AND NONSENSE"
from the S.W.O.'s "Court of Human Relations"

Have you anything that needs attention? That's what we are here for. Perhaps you need a G.D. for the afternoon or part time during the A.M. We also run a date bureau for lonely W.D.'s, issue dog licences, have a typewriter whose wanderlust has obtained a repertoire of all, save the paperhanger, we hang paper or people, (to be polite we won't hint). Don't bother to call a cab to pick up supplies at the equipment section, we are only too glad to issue anything from a refill for your Bostitch to a new steel rib for your corset. Don't run the risk of sassing your N.C.O. and be slapped on charge, let us do it, we have an expert. Did I hear someone say "and you ain't kiddin'."

Don't rush, take your time making out your parade state in the morning, we are open all afternoon and we know you wouldn't miss our morning parade and we always order food enough for you anyway. We repair watches, cut toe nails, sharpen skates and teeth, remove dandruff, mend runs in stockings and cause them to run, then we run, we make out passes, we make passes, and passes are made at us.

We have been approached by "Variety", requesting a full page advertisement but couldn't get it all in twelve, as a compromise we intend opening a #2 F.I.S. Coney Island after the war.



"C" Flight Chatter

As usual "C" for Charlie is in a state of autorotation. I know that the boys of "A" Flight will be asking what "autorotation" is; if they care to drop around we will have our timekeeper explain it to them. This state has been brought about by a yawing moment (caused we fear from too much party) introduced at the point of stall (at least we have that sinking feeling -- perhaps caused by the arrival of the Visiting Flight). In the next instalment we will let you know whether or not opposite rudder was introduced soon enough to avert the impending crash. If not perhaps the W/C will make an announcement to the press, in our absence!

All of which reminds us that F/O Stan Campbell can still be seen from time to time wearing that glossy, gloomy, what-have-I-done stare that reminds us of his impending marriage! What fools we mortals be! Oh well, the Control Tower at Calgary will have his work cut in half.

It was great to get out of here for the Holiday Season, even if it was just for five days. Every time one comes back here from leave one wonders how the people who created this place could have thought that they owed so little to so many! (Excuse us Winnie). Even the U.S. Marine Corps would feel the strain if left here for long enough.

Senior mens basketball finally got underway on January 13th with the game between Vulcan and Macleod with the latter taking the verdict by a score of 23-16. The game was fast from beginning to end with an excellent brand of basketball for an opening game. The crowd was most promising and to you who stayed away, we say, you are missing some flashy ball handling. The league is sprinkled with former American and Canadian championship players which makes the calibre of basketball A1. RAYMOND UNION JACKS, only civilian team in the league and perennial Alberta champions, will be hard pressed to carry off the laurels again this year.

The following lads have been working hard under coach SCHMIDT and are ready to carry the Vulcan torch to hooping glory:

F/O Roenele	LAC Buckingham
F/O Connor	LAC Porter
F/L Watt	LAC Belanger
F/O Bannerman	LAC LaPoint
S/P Graves	AC1 Rosenberg
P/O Anderson	AC2 Thompson
Pte Crockett	

League games will be played each Wednesday night with Vulcan "at home" every other Wednesday. Games to be played in the near future are as follows:

January 27th	Lethbridge at Vulcan
February 1st	Vulcan at Raymond
" 3rd	Vulcan at Claresholm
" 10th	" at Macleod

The girls basketball practises have been going full swing with some fine material being unearthed under the critical eye of coach CURRIE. Many girls who have never played before are turning out to become fine players as they quickly learn the game from scratch. The station is most fortunate in having a number of girls who have played class A basketball before. Cpl. FRASER, as team captain, Cpl. DOUCETTE, and WILSON-SMITH make a very smooth trio which will form the backbone of the girls station team. Besides this team, it is the intention to operate two unit teams. So, PLEASE GIRLS, let's see you all out. F/O Connor promises to have you carried home if you can't walk afterwards.

The following girls have been turning out regularly:

Cpl. Fraser	Potter	Jones
Cpl. Doucette	Cowan	Lockhart
Wilson-Smith	Bartram	Howard
Chester	Bowering	Johnson
MacManus	Cpl. Henry	McKay
Nelson	Prince	Thomas

The plans for the station hockey rink have been handled very efficiently by P/O BUTLER but due to the deficiency of some real cold weather (during the last few unbearable days) "RED" has had one large headache trying to conjure some ice. A game was tentatively scheduled with Clareham for January 14th but due to severe weather it was necessary to cancel it.

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Our six badminton courts have been taking a constant pounding from the feet of young and old. The severe shortage of "birds" has been our gravest problem but everyone has co-operated without grumbling too much and we seem to be getting by quite nicely. With some of the shapely forms that are seen cavorting around, it is the writers opinion that we would have a good turnout from our "sport-conscious" males even if we were using birds from the arc (A certain flying officer never misses his evening work-out; eh K.C.M.?)

#####

An all-star boxing tournament was to have been held here on January 11th but was cancelled (weather again -- the censor will be banning this publication). The proposed date now is February 11th; so if you have any red blood in your veins, be sure to be there. The card will be head-lined with the AL-LUST-F/S EVANS bout. And the boxer needs an introduction to you western sport fans.

CPL KOSHUTA, who is in command of our boxing team, claims it is shaping up very nicely but would like to see you lads out a little more regularly. Incidentally, he is an excellent instructor and can help you lads to take the williness out of your right cross (how about turning etc, etc.)

#####

Floor hockey and Borden ball have been introduced by P/O O'MARA and are proving very popular; but as yet we have had no organised teams from any of the sections. So let's see a few teams from the sections and we'll arrange some challenge matches. The equipment is all provided and ready to play. After that you are your own butcher. (we'll even supply an A.C.)

#####

During the xmas season we experienced a change of sports officers with P/O SCHARF being replaced by P/O O'MARA. The latter officer has become exceedingly popular with the sporting fraternity with his efficient manner and winning smile (Irish, of course -- but he's married, girls). So we welcome you, PAT, and hope your stay here will be a merry one.

#####

That's your sporting hash for this trip, mates. So until next press time rolls around, adios, and let's see more of you in the grunt and green stadium.

"A" Flight News

Flying Officer Marshall says: It's not true that boloney baffles brains! What will the boys of the flight do when the electric razor wears out.

"Jive" Morton is lost these days due to posting of his handsomen but assures us he'll be back again stronger than ever.

P/O's Enefer and Gray say it's not true that they were looking for a road map in the Palliser on Saturday nite but the writer thinks they needed a capable guide.

Our money making mechanic, D'Ambrosio, has been flashing a sparkler the last few days. Who's the lucky girl, Toni. (It is rumored he has been flashing something around the hospital too.)

'Tis rumoured our genial boss, F/L Watt, has ordered a gross of cigars. When can we expect to have them passed around Bert?

D.W.C.

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GLOSSARY OF R.A.F. TERMS

Kite.....	Any Aeroplane (ship)
Hurribird.....	Hurricane Fighter
Wimpy.....	Wellington Bomber
Whirling Jackson.....	Autogyro
The Queen Bee.....	Senior W.D. Officer
Type.....	Good - Bad - or Roney
Prang.....	To Damage an Aeroplane
Cheese Cutter.....	Tail Trim
Went for a Burton.....	Someone killed himself

M.C.L.

"C" Flt.

(Continued from page 4)

E.B.O.

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Doug Laird has just arrived back from la belle Montreal, and seems quite drunk with power. He is the only bachelor (except Campbell, who is only semi) left in the Flight, and he has offered to give us all a lecture on the facts of life, as he saw them in the big city. It can be guaranteed that there will be no careless talk, so we are planning to ask all (including the padre). Admission tickets will be 50% and if enough lucre is raised we hope to give away a lovely reinforced chesterfield to the man who writes the best precis on F/O Laird's lecture. Come and try your skill. By the way, girls, ACl Jopp is still the owner of that lovely red hair, and can still use his influence to get you rides in our aircraft. (Ed. The last paragraph is a paid ad, and the paper does not assume any responsibility for the endorsement of the product.

SAGA

Born of the snows and sons of many lands,
 Loving the fields and hills and quiet sky;
 An army, with brave banners in their hands,
 The Legions of the valiant dare, and die.

Let it be said of all whose lives are spent
 Fighting for Life and Freedom; in their rage
 Noble and human, they are magnificent....
 Can we be worthy of their Heritage ?

Their names are thundered by the roar of guns,
 Whispered by winds, and spoken in a prayer;
 Born of the Sun, they climb to other Suns
 And write their honour in the vivid air...

- L.W.H.C.

HANGAR CHATTERINGS

Wander what happened to Bill Perry on Christmas Eve to make him think
 the closest thing to heaven is a Delivery Table ?...Considerable excitement was
 abroad on January 16th at 0230 hours when three beautiful women, (civilians) pro-
 wled through the barracks looking for a certain young man....We are wondering if
 we should tell one or two people around here (in skirts) that Glamour is not spelt
 with a Capital "G".....Three rousing cheers for the young man who left a certain
 person stranded down town; Can you lend me two bits, Cargo?... "Thou shalt not gamble"
 - so says Station Standing Orders. We would like to know just what that was in the
 Recreation Hall the other night ! / - Mac.

THE BIRTH OF VULCAN

These lands were surveyed and levelled,
 The bulldogs uprooted the grass,
 Then along came the contractors for building
 The hangars that came to pass,
 Next in came the technical experts,
 With mud up to their knees,
 They started to light the barracks
 And of course charged fabulous fees.
 In flew our marvellous Jeeps
 With dozens of pilots to fly;
 A squadron for maintenance followed,
 But all eyes were glued to the sky
 For the C.O. arrived shortly after
 With his goods, his chattels and porter.
 Alas, when they had finished their dinner
 They discovered the camp had no water!

- T.G.S.

ON ANSWERING TELEPHONES

(The following memo prepared for circulation in the Station Hospital is reproduced herewith by kind permission of the S.M.O. - Eds.)

1. The telephone service in this hospital is rapidly going from bad to worse. The attention of all hospital personnel is directed to the fact that there are two telephones in the hospital, and that at times when the Orderly Room staff is off duty any of the staff within the sound of the bell are at liberty to take phone calls.
2. The accepted method of answering phones is to lift the receiver in the left hand, place the end with no cord attached against the left ear, lean close to the mouthpiece, take a deep breath and say clearly and distinctly, "Station Hospital, IAC So-and-so here, Sir". Admittedly this is a bit frightening at first, but a bit of practice will enable almost anyone to overcome the reluctance with which the phone is now approached. And you meet some of the nicest people that way too. By saying Sir for instance you make the individual on the other end feel quite important, and it may be the beginning of a beautiful friendship that might lead to marriage, promotion, an invitation to a party or almost anything.
3. It has been noted on occasion that the phone may ring for five or ten times before anyone answers it. This always sets an M.O.'s thoughts revolving around the nasty idea such as: "So and so is supposed to be on duty, but doesn't seem to be paying much attention to work, so why should he(or she) have tomorrow off?" Sometime the phone isn't answered at all; this is really bad business, and once upon a time an unfeeling brute of an M.O. became so mad about it that he cancelled some forty-eights. Wasn't that awful?
4. It should be realized that phones have no regular duty hours, and may ring at any hour of the day or night. You may disagree with the caller as to the importance of the message, but that is no reason for waiting until the operator is ready to throw a haemorrhage before lifting the receiver. This is war, and we all must make sacrifices, and even though you have to break off some interesting episode involving a visitor to the hospital or a patient of the opposite sex the phone must be answered promptly. After all it might even be a personal call.
5. It is not necessary to undermine character or give a detailed psychoanalysis of the person called. If a certain doctor is wanted and does not happen to be available, refrain from such course expressions as: "He's probably over at the bar." "Oh, he hasn't been around all day". "He's asleep somewhere." "He went on a forty eight three days ago". These and others like them imply that the M.O. is never around any way and why should anyone expect to find him at the hospital - this very confusing to the people who follow the radio soap programmes. For their sakes then say something more along the lines of the following: "Flight Lieutenant Schmidt is out at the moment". This implies that the M.O. has been around at the odd moments during the past few weeks and is a fairly dependable type. From then on one can in an impersonal manner with such sparkling gems of telephone conversation as: "Could I locate him for you and have him call you back?" or "Would you care to speak to the Duty Medical Officer?" or any such brilliant remark.
6. No matter what your personal opinion of the person at the other end of the line may be, it is usually a good policy when you make a request of him to let

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A VISIT TO "D" FLIGHT

(From our special Vulcan correspondent to the "Calgary Jackson")

Yesterday I had the privilege of spending a few hours with the hard working members of "Don" flight at the Gulch. I arrived at 0825 and was greeted by a busy hum which pervaded all the spotlessly clean flight offices. This noise or should I say music was caused by F/L Knight who was answering the blower and laying the law down to the instructors at the same time. It was punctuated by the angry roar of engines as our noble ground crews started up the mighty Cessna Bombers lined up on the tarmac in the gloaming.....Time moved slowly on in silent and inexorable progression. Suddenly the crowd in the flight commander's office faded away and I was alone amid an ethereal silence. I felt so bewildered by this sudden turn of events that I wandered into the airmen's flight lounge. Cpl. Jansen, a fine upstanding man is the big white chief and I asked him for the cause of the cessation of all activity. He pointed gravely to his watch..the time was 0835 hours. "Well, Sir, it's like this," he told me slowly, flying begins at 0830 so all the instructors are in the air."

I cooled my heels for a while until F/O Williams arrived on the scene. I asked him if he would take me up on his next flight but he complained of a headache and refused to fly any more that day.....I started a game of solitaire, with my own cards of course, when all the pervading silence was broken by girlish giggles. F/O Williams picked up his ears and one could almost hear his headache evaporate. Two smashing bits of female beauty swept into the room and Williams ears shot up into the vertical.....Since there was no room for me in the aircraft I walked for my car and returned to base carrying with me grand impressions of a hard working flight.

-R.G.L.

ON ANSWERING TELEPHONES (continued)

him know you appreciate it. Avoid picking up the phone and speaking in a bullying manner; nine times out of ten the reaction at the other end will be, "Well just whointhe-hell do you think you are?" Sprinkle your conversation with "Why we? Would you? Could you do so and so for us? Please. Thank you." and such expressions of courtesy. Naturally a little of this goes a long way; be polite but not gooey. Of course sometime you may encounter some uncouth type who does not respond to kindness but try it first anyway.

7. If you should accept a message for the M.O. do not keep it a secret from him. It is nice that you should not want him to worry, but he appreciates being in your confidence and likes to know what is going on.

8. In resume, answer the phone courteously, try to show some interest in what the person on the line wants. Above all, when the phone rings - ANSWER IT!

- S.M.O.

PATTER WITHOUT TEARS - or Flying Instruction Made Easy.

YOU, TOO, can be a successful Flying Instructor in a few short weeks, (if you live that long) by careful study and application of this new, simplified(?) patter. It is guaranteed that no pupil whom you may teach in this way will complain, (though their relatives may ask awkward questions)....Below is a re-print of the first few lessons: To secure the complete course send only \$10. and a will-form signed inblank to :/ The Principal, Prang Institute, Prano Parva.

1. The ART of Flying: as applied to simple basic aeroplanes, consists in using the controls aided by the hands, eyes, tooth, feet, nose, and seat-of-the-pants of the pilot, in such a way as to cause the greatest possible thrill to the assembled populace before actually crashing and the greatest possible damage after.

The pilot flies almost entirely by vision and by "feel", (the latter more particularly after a thick night in the mess) assisted, or more often hampered by the instruments, the most useful of which is the clock, which tells him that he has been up too long.

N.B. Each pupil should, of course, be provided with a broken set of ear phones, carefully plugged with well-chewed gum, thus making it impossible for him to hear what the Instructor, in moments of stress, may say about his parentage, antecedents, and personal peculiarities. A parachute is not essential - most of them are stuffed with old football jerseys anyway.

2. Familiarisation, or Air Experience : Having been shown the cockpit of the aeroplane (all types) and the exact location of such things as ash-trays, cockpit heat controls and the extra cushions, (ignoring all such frivolous things as air-speed indicators and safety harness which might distract his attention from flying, the pupil (all types) should now be taken for his first flight, during which he should be shown the operation of the controls and introduced to some of the basic principles of flying, e.g. -

- (a) Grip everything tightly and never let go
- (b) Never look around lest something behind you should frighten you
- (c) Full throttle gets you there quicker
- (d) The nearer the ground, the sweeter the meat... .. and so on

3. Starting and Warming Engine(s). Drill of Vital Actions. : All this is best ignored entirely. It is a tiresome sort of quiz, (like animal, vegetable, mineral) in which the Instructors delight, but a terrible waste of time. If the engines do start, you are lucky -- My tempt providence further?

4. Taxying and Handling of the Engine(s): this is the system of moving very rapidly over the ground in violent spurts and dashes. Always travel as fast as possible in order to get over the dangerous bits quickly. By keeping the greatest possible pressure on the brakes at all times it is possible to maintain almost full throttle thereby blinding anyone behind you and blowing clouds of dust and other stuff in the C.I.'s office window, and making the whole thing more interesting. Taxying in a zig-zag path serves to fool everyone and makes them guess quite wrongly what you will hit next. Always be careful to keep your head well down in the cockpit out of the way of splintered glass or flying stones. If unable to stop run into the Control Van or any aeroplane close at hand. Control yourself by coarse throttle and even coarser language.

(continued on next page)

W.D. DOINGS

We are wondering who felt most foolish t'other day down in the PostOffice - a certain P.O. High breezed into said establishment, stood before wicket and said, "Hiigh" to the postal clerk. "Hello" she said, and casually walked off leaving our somewhat bewildered P.O. standing there. A bit of explanation, and all was remedied but not we imagin before our little W.D. did a fair share of blushing....And with on the subject of emarrsing moments, it was really delightful to see one pretty blond number whip up a smart salute when passing a couple of Officers on the road and then just as smartly, fall flat in the mud 'n stuff. The recipients of the salutes stood rooted to the spot in amazement, - then of course 'came to', and helped the lady to her feet. Sir Galahads, all three ! !..... We sincerely hope the rest of the Station has appreciated the many and varied headgear modelled by the gals d during the cold snap. Most original we think, if not very glamorous. But then glam-our is supposed to be a forgotten thing in the Woman's Division. (We wonder) We find we are not nearly so clothes - conscious as we were in civilian days. Now one concentrates on the face alone - and no cracks, please!

Dedicated to Orderly Officers

SIR:

We like your nightly visit,
About the hour of ten.
It really is exquisite,
To see you handsome men!

But one thing we do beg of you,
It really isn't much -
Do check the door you enter through
Or you'll have us all in dutch.

When you enter by the East wing,
You cause a great commotion.
"A man ! Watch out !", we loudly sing
In accents of emotion.

We know we look disarming,
In our brevities of lace;
But it really is alarming
To meet the O.O. face to face.

We think your error's unintentional
(You get the benefit of the doubt)
But it's far from being conventional
To catch a lady - well -- without !

So, for your information, Sir,
Our canteen's on the West,
And your co-operation
Will make you a welcome guest!

PATTER WITHOUT TEARS (continued)

5. Taking Off and Landing Into Wind: This is one of the most exciting parts of flying training, and exceptionally good fun. First manoeuvre the aircraft (see taxiing) to a position on the field that makes it impossible to see any one coming into land, and here you can block the most traffic. Ignore any red lights that may be flashed at you in an attempt to distract your attention. Aim the aircraft at something by which to keep straight, such as the control tower, a hangar, or any large object, easy to see (perhaps an aeroplane) and then open up the throttles and other loose levers and shove absolutely everything full forward. (Keeping on the runways is not important, all the others do that anyway). When you hear a grinding noise caused by the aircrews hitting the ground, heave everything smartly back. The aircraft may now come unstuck, and leave the ground - or on the other hand it may not. If not having filled out an accident report form with your uninjured hand, if any, try again in another aeroplane - there are always lots more.

On the circuit (of which more later) you can practise formation flying which is most fun when the other fellow doesn't know where you are. You will confuse other pilots much more and cause great amusement by going around the opposite way from everybody else, and by approaching other aircraft at high speed, head on, and slightly below.

To land, aim your aircraft at others on the ground, or at the control tower again, closing all throttles and varying your descent in an interesting way by alternately diving steeply and then pulling up to the stalled position. In the sort of landing you are going to do, it won't matter whether wheels are down or not. When you can see the whites of the Duty Pilot's eyes, heave the control column back - and wait for it. After a pause, there will most certainly be a crunching noise, accompanied by a sharp pain at the base of the spine, showing that you have arrived.

L.H.G.

(To be continued in the next issue)

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"G" Flight Gossip

F/L LUCKHAM WISHES TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF ANNOUNCING THE FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE OF HIS PRIZE INSTRUCTOR, P/O DOUGLAS LEONARD PRICE TO A WIFE LASS FROM "MOOSIMIN". EVERYONE IS WAITING PATIENTLY TO MEET THE WINNER OF SUCH A WIDESPREAD CONTEST. SHE EVIDENTLY TRIUMPHED OVER THE CREAM(?) OF VICTORIA, VANCOUVER, YORKTON ETC, but whether the PRICE of victory was worth it she has yet to discover. Best of luck from us all!

Who were the four little boys who started off for Calgary to see the show, "Salute to Arms" as official representatives of the Station, and didn't return for several days - and then minus two complete flying suits, one Cessna A/C, one wife, one girlfriend, and without any knowledge, besides being much the worse for wear?

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW: Why F/L Luckham is taking so long with his committee of adjustment. It couldn't be his red-headed, blue-eyed steno - or could it? Why P/O (Patter-Test) MacPherson has such a worried look these days. It couldn't be that he is thinking about those twins that are on the way - or could it? ... Why Cpl Bland always sounds so sweet when talking on the phone. It couldn't be the sweet-voiced operator on the switch-board - or could it? Why P/O (ThreebyNine) Scutt is always talking about that place called England - Couldn't be that the little fellow is home sick, or could it? ... Why there's nothing here about P/O Roemmle - It couldn't be that he wrote this news, or could it?

B for Beer. The sensational activities of B flight in the last three weeks can now be revealed for the first time. With two instructors on leave, two sick and only about four pupils interested, the remainder of the small complement which in the whole flight, took some time to make up their minds if it was worth it. The result--it was left to the ground crew to keep the old flag flying by putting in an occasional appearance to drink cokes and discuss the new W.D. draft for a few hours a day, while the timekeeper took time out every few hours to put one or two entries in the F17's and LL4's in order to deceive the control tower into believing that there was flying being done--aircraft of course being kept locked up in the hangar so that, should an over energetic senior officer chance to look out of his window, there were no aircraft on the line, so there was no reason to suppose that 'B' flight wasn't working at full strength. In the last few days, however, the flight commander admitted, the situation had become appreciably worse, and it had actually become necessary to attempt to fly for an occasional hour or so.

In view of this A/S/O Gremlin has returned to an honoured position above the proper charts. In his present condition he may be classed as 'stagnant', surmounted by crossed red flags and set in a field of bolshy comments' while his left hand flourishes ye olde redde jacksome and his right hand signifying----- would it be V for victory?Feverish activity has been apparent lately amongst the instructors and the demand for CAP 1 and AP 129 has been far in excess of anything that has ever before been known. It is strongly denied that this bears any relation to the presence of the visiting flight in our midst. It is also denied that there is shortly to be a visiting flight to test the promptness of the ground crew in running out to aircraft. And---by the way---we strongly resent the attempts of certain parties to take our men away from us and replace them with others. We all get along very well indeed. We have a flight spirit---and not the xmas one either.

JPM

THE VULTURE'S SONG

Oh, if I had the wings of a Vulture,
'way from this Vulcatras I would hop,
And not until I got to my darling,
Would I be willing to stop.

Oh, if you lived as I do so stranded,
Miles from any nice girl I can date,
You wouldn't think this place was so funny,
For I don't want to be celibate.

Oh, a bachelor's life ain't what it should be,
Tho' its free from marital storm,
But I'd gladly swap my independence,
For someone to keep the bed warm.

--by the Bard of Vulcan

THE BATTLED RAFFLE

The lure of the glistening metal festered in the man's soul. Gold!Gold!Gold - his only thought. Plans and schemes flushed through the mind and crashed in sub-conscious cranies and out again on the other side. Decidedly the man was gripped with avarice. One day he was looking thoughtfully into his beard. A new plan had just backfired and did have to his inlay. A small worm of doubt was beginning to lay eggs in the great and fertile brain. Indeed a tear mingled with the nectar.

About now a lean and bedraggled citizen wearing the livery of E.M. RCAF came in, walking gingerly on fallen arches. After draping himself across the table and planting his elbows in the great man's beer, he unfolded a plan - a plan that would work. It had to do with a weather-beaten, time-worn, road-beaten and all but defunct called by courtesy an automobile. The matter was in one piece by virtue of army, many feet of stout bailing wire. There was not enough rubber on the tires to make an eraser for a pencil. Yes indeed it had the smell of a sound financial venture....The great man pondered and was finally convinced of the unethical soundness of the scheme. Indeed if the whole thing went haywire, he did not run any risk.

In an amazingly shattering burst of genius he then and there appointed the thin man' to handle the publicity. Also it was within his portfolio and office to trim as many pickers as possible....The build-up was tremendous; the propaganda handled with the directness of a Nazee News Report.

One day as the 'great man' and 'the thin man' were out practicing mutual disaster they spotted far below a Flying School. There, said the 'great man' is the home of the Gulchites - a prosperous port and joint. Take a good look, Hatchet, and see if your trained snout sniffs a sucker harvest....

So having made a left hand circuit, the 'great man' plummeted down a protesting Anson on the inside runway. He taxied to the farthest corner of the field. The 'thin man' was lead out, dragging a great bundle of raffle tickets. For two days he hid in a drain, and finally descended upon a haven of peace and security known as The Gulch indeed. During the next few days the business he did was thriving. The dollars flowed as a beautiful green tide. The future looked as bright as a drunkard's nose.

But then, alas! Disaster fell like a bomb - fast and with shattering disaster. The 'greatman' spent the early evening counting the pile of dollar bills - his take - his magnificent achievement. He was tired. He needed relaxation. He would drive into the country - specifically the foothills. He did. Seven miles west of 15 SPTS with a falling barometer and a rising blizzard the ancient gallop fell into 910 pieces. The 'great man' was sitting in a snow drift, the rim of a 1927 tire about his neck.

The raffle died. The 'great man' folded up. His dreams screamed and died. The 'Thin Man' is still screaming!

- T.P.C.

\$

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never hath turned his head and said:
"Huzzah, not bad!"

"F" Flight Flittings"F" Flight Instructors Face the Candid Camera.

"F" (for Freddie) Flight is, as all the Gulch knows, unique among its neighbours for its friendly atmosphere and the friendliness between one and all - That's our story, and we are sticking to it. At least there have been no actual bones broken!

Our Flight Commander, F/Lt. "Cherry" Cherrington, is a miracle of tact and knows when to turn the blind eye - in the figurative sense, we mean of course. Rumours that he has applied for a transfer to No. 4 T.C. are entirely unfounded, and should be treated with the contempt they deserve. F/Lt. "Sleepy" Cameron, having developed water on the knee, had to have his tonsils out. (What's that? No, we don't know either). The results are very disappointing and he was forced to make further sacrifices. We don't know what they took away this time but he still looks the same, anyway.....F/O "Kit" Ward still wears his Yukon hat, and calls his pupils the most blood-curdling names, but we suspect him to be a lamb in wolf's clothing.....F/O Smiler Watson appeared at the Flight the otherday bearing the scars of battle, but remarked;- "you should see what I did to the other fellow." If he could remember who it was he would buy him a drink.....F/O Payne, all rumours to the contrary is nottaking up the violin - he just likes his hair that way.....F/O "Crasher" Mason's requests that the coat pegs be lowered two feet is being ignored. Nails however, are to be knocked in the baseboards.....P/O "One-throttle" Goe, (not to be confused with P/O Prune, though of the same rare and almost exclusive rank) recently returned from a six weeks tour of the northern industrial area of the U.S.A. He appeared to have experienced no ill effects, and swears he feels better for the rest and the change - and doesn't everyone in the Flight.....W/O Ron Gould has broken the record of Wellington, who won the battle of Waterloo on the playing fields of Eton - Ron is reputed to have passed his Drill Test at the bar of the Sergeants Mess...He holds a virtual monopoly og giving "Air Experience" to hopeful W.Ds.

Overheard in the Pupil's Room: "I made a perfect landing, night-flying last night. It was so smooth and easy I didn't know I was down - and by heck, I wasn't !""

POEM (Very Funny).With apologies to no one:

Flutter, Flutter little crane,
Up into the air again --
One blessed day I pray that I
Again may fly an AEROPLANE !

GREMLIN TROUBLE.

This month's mystery - where did the Rubble Fund go so suddenly in the absence of the treasurer? There was somekind of a drunken brawl in honour of the ground-crew; could there be any connection?

DON'T MISS THIS PAGE NEXT MONTH FOR FEARLESS FACTS
AND SENSATIONAL DISCLOSURES. LIBEL SUITS WELCOMED.

-LWIC.

LET US PRAY

Let us pray for the men
 Who without restraint from sacrifice
 Without stint for contribution
 Are giving their lives for freedom and peace.

Let us pray for the men
 Of all colours, creeds, and races,
 Men who are thousands of miles apart,
 But united in one common cause, with one common idea - Victory

Let us pray for the men
 Who with courage in their hearts
 Hope and confidence in their leaders
 Sacrifice all to make this a better world to live in.

Let us pray for the men
 Who have given all, asked for nothing
 Men who have displayed gallantry, courage, daring and skill,
 To make this world once again safe for democracy.

Let us pray for the men
 Whose sacrifice will not be in vain,
 So that lonely hearts will be united in a lasting peace
 And the lights of love and joy will shine again o'er all the world
 For these men - LET US PRAY.

AIR FORCE BLUE

Say girl - I saw you sneer just now;
 I'd smile if I were you,
 Or was the sneer because
 I'm dressed in air force blue?

A bad reputation you say;
 Perhaps that is all too true,
 But need you judge them all
 By the indiscretions of a few?

Perhaps you have a brother
 Who to you is very dear,-
 If in uniform, think of him
 Being met with a sneer.

And so - young lady
 I'd smile if I were you,
 No finer men are made by God
 Than men in AIR FORCE BLUE.

THE ANCIENT VULCANITE

Late autumn, 1972, while passing in my flivver,
I spied a creature on a hill miles from any river.
He was old and hoary, gnarled and bent,
As though in this world many years he'd spent.

I heard strange noises issuing from his ancient lips;
Snatches of runways, turns and rough side slips.
I said, "Oh ancient one, what's that?"
He ignored me; just sat and spat.

But presently he stirred, and turned, asked, "Oh who are you?"
And fixed his hoary gaze on me with eagle eyes still blue.
"Why come you here young man,
When all the others up and ran?"

"I am the old man of the Gulch, I have control," he said
Then cleared his throat, spat, and sighed like someone dead.
Silence of the tomb began to fall -
I did not like his attitude at all.

What wondrous strange and gruesome things did this ancient brain reveal;
What ghastly tales would this senile Bird reveal?
With clammy hands adrip he cried:
"A boy, a boy here at my side!"

Thousands like you have come and gone while I remained behind,
And sequences, and sequences, I've taught them all", he whined.
"This was an instructors School," sighed he,
And now all that is left - is me.

**"Patter, Patter everywhere, and all the word did stink,
Patter, Patter, everywhere, it drove them all to drink.
The lads all left or died", said he
"And now this place belongs to me."**

It seems some great and wondrous school once stood where the old man sat
They came from near, they came from far, and even from the "Hat".
They came and learned, and went away,
None of them ever had to stay
Except the Old Man of the Gulch, and his cohorts of the staff.
Sequence, patter, liquor, drink.
They followed in cycle till no - one could think.
'Twas a tough grind, but not in vain the Old Man said to me
He turned out men; they turned out more, and won the war, you see.

I left the Old Man on the hill,
and travellers tell me he's there still.

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- E.B.O.