



Almost invariably the first question a new acquaintance asks of a W.D. is, "Why did you join the Women's Division of the R.C.A.F.?" Momentarily halted from what ever diversion she was indulging in, the W.D. makes a light deflecting remark to steer the conversation once more into ordinary, everyday channels. Immediately the conclusion is drawn that she lacked any definite purpose, she knew no goal or ideal for which she had so revolutionized and changed her way of life. In the majority of cases such a surmise is incorrect, but for years as children, adolescents and adult, we have been taught to hide deep emotions even from our closest friends. Too often an heroic deed, a kind act, an inner spiritual feeling has been callously scanned without proper feeling and emotions evolving from individuals. Therefore we are not verbal fanatics, fighting missionaries of speech for our free way of life our democratic ideals and hopes. This, however, is not to be condoned, but must be corrected by systematic, constant education of our youth to become loud vocal disciples of a new democratic way of life for the youth of the world.

To get back to our immediate subject, let us look behind the mask or front with which the majority of W.D.'s have covered themselves. The greater number of these girls have come from excellent middle class homes with rich family backgrounds and have a superior education. They are not blind to the fact that the women of the world stood to lose every bit as much as their menfolk if the Nazi boot trampled over their lands. Neither were they prepared to "pass the buck" to their fathers, brothers, husbands and sweethearts to carry the full load of achieving victory over a highly dangerous foe. Therefore they decided to give up the easy, complacent, happy well-known life at home for a new, more rigid, self-discipline life of an R.C.A.F. Station. Not one of them believed that it was a natural, normal, enduring life for women, but the war has taught us all the expediency of subjecting ourselves momentarily to an existence alien to our recognized way of life. With a real desire to serve in the best way possible, these girls entered the R.C.A.F. The majority of them have attempted to carry out the work assigned to them to the best of their ability. Nor are these girls trying to replace the men in certain trades, but merely attempting to fill their jobs as best they can with their much less length of experience so that able-bodied men may be released for more urgent, men-sized tasks.

Next, we have the smaller number of W.D.'s to whom life has not offered many opportunities; she saw a chance to renovate herself, her ideas and her knowledge of some particular trade. She is certainly not to be condemned for trying to familiarize herself with some skill that will make her a happier, more satisfied person in

civilian life, while at the same time giving to her country much-needed labor.

Some of the girls did join the service to look for the reality contained in that elusive word "adventure". Some of them, such as those who are fortunate enough to go overseas and those at work at operational bases, will find exciting, stirring, dangerous adventure, but the rest of the girls will find it in the everyday activities, the uncertainty of life in the armed forces, the contacts with people from all parts of their own land. These girls in the end find that there is excitement, adventure in everyday activities, in being even a small cog in the vast huge machine of state. Therefore their first rather romantic idea is as a rule tuned into more conservative aims and ideals.

Let us look at some theories that are voiced around the Station concerning why women join the W.D.'s. The most annoying, superficial one, of course, is that these girls joined up to get themselves a "Man". To refute this point, let us look at the costumes these girls have consented to don. Does it make them more glamorous, more romantic? Does it add to their sex appeal, their desirability? We know what the answer is, "No!", with a very great emphasis. The smart way to "catch" a man during wartime would be to stay a civilian where you can remain essentially fragile, feminine and attractive.

In conclusion let us consider the moral aspects upon which the majority of W.D.'s are condemned! To begin with, acts are not moral or immoral. Circumstances are the things upon which people must judge, but remember, "Let he that is without sin among you cast the first stone". Remember, that moral standards that are never tested or tried...that are never stormed from outside forces of evil...have never withstood the test. This is not the way to establish a strong, sure code of ethics that is impregnable against all attacks. The thing we ask for on moral issues is tolerance and understanding...a realization that life is moving swiftly, emotional contacts are sharp, vivid and no more casual in the service than out of it.

Remember, it is seldom that a male member of the Air Force drags out a round table, mounts it and in a flow of oratory spouts forth his patriotic reasons for joining the Air Force, therefore, W.D.'s show themselves no different in their often-unelaborated silence at patriotic challenges.

P. J. Cameron.

We are wondering if the corporal from the Accounts Section and the little W.D. Equipment Assistant, really worked as hard as they claim they did on Monday Night. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy", you know.

July 11th, 1943

Editorial Staff

Supervising Editor F/L Godkin  
 Editor in Chief R.N. Chester  
 Assistant Editor LAW Campbell  
 Sports Editor Cpl. West  
 Society Editor Cpl. Cameron  
 Coming Events Editor Ed. Smee  
 Typists AWL Gale  
 AWL Stephenson  
 Mimeographer Jed Wagner

Published with the kind permission of Commanding Officer R.F. Davenport, Wing Commander.

Editorial Note

In the absence of both Editor and assistant editor this week-end, we have Cpl. Cameron, LAW Chandler, AWL Gale, AWL Stephenson and LAC Wagner to thank for this week's edition of your paper. Which just goes to prove that the Editors can't over fool themselves into thinking they're indispensable to the paper's success!!!!

Assistant Editor

THE WOLF

"And How to Recognize him"

A wolf's whole object from the moment he starts weaving his web (did you know there is actually a wolf tarantula in South America?) is to make his words more attractive than either his face or the principles in which his intended victim believes. There are many, many types of wolves and the question arises as to whether it would be easier to illustrate those who aren't than those who are. But here again a difficulty would be experienced for the precise reason that wolves make a point of looking like men who aren't.

Wolves have existed since time immemorial. There are certainly records of their existence in Roman days (Lupus Humana) and it is almost certain that when he first met Cleopatra, Marc Antony intended to be a wolf - but since Cleopatra also was a wolf, the example is not a good one. A better example is that of Thais and Paphnutius, except that there again, as Anatole France showed so brilliantly Thais was probably the wolf. Incidentally, never tell a naval man that he is a wolf in ship's clothing; this is not considered a good pun, nor will an R.C.A.F. man like to be told he is a plane wolf.

Wolves use a myriad different approaches, but the more common ones can be recorded. The most usual (strange as it may seem) is the "Approach Oblique", others are the "Lure Financial", the "Plea Heroic",

the "Jump Royal" (or brutal), the "Caress Paternal", the "Chat Fraternal", the "Shrug Bohemian", and the "Cry Passionate". Above all be on your guard against the man who says something like this, "Time is fleeting, above all for those of us who are young, things we thought enduring have become transiently swift, sudden - tonight laughter and joy - tomorrow tears and death - these days of youth should be precious for us; we may not have them long.....please, please give me something to remember you by?"

A type whom it is not easy to categorise is the one who starts with disarming frankness by saying, "Quite frankly I am a wolf", and then goes on to show you that he is really quite a nice chap. This type can only be described as dreadful and deadly and if you ever meet it run - run as fast as you can, run like Jehu.

HIGHLIGHTS OF BARRACK BLOCK 10

Maybe we did make a lot of fuss about the heat, but Golly, an ice cold shower is a shock. And if you think our clothes and hair looked unwashed for a few days, just try washing in cold water, chum.

We have seen the last of our Jessie Maneer now. Here's hoping it doesn't take too long to fill up that empty gap.

More girls all the time. Soon the boys will have a 4 to 1 instead of 5 to 1 chance at the dances. Did we tell you that slender vision in the rose evening dress???????? was none other than our wonder girl Judy Swartman?

"There's something about a Sgt. just ask Bonny.

If you must go to the hospital Buck, why choose the day of the big dance?

We're happy again - Jeannie Gale came back again.

An abrupt and shaken landing after such a high flight, eh pal? We wonder how Warren is - we miss her cherry personality. Congratulations to the newlyweds. Not McGavin now, its Mrs. Roemmell, but your still the same ol' Mac to us

Rastus: "Well, two years ago Ah was called a lazy loafer, and now Ah's listed as an unfortunate victim ob de unemployment situation."

What Farming Won't do For You

Could we have imagined things, or did you notice it too????? A certain W.D. Cpl. back after a 48' last week end seemed to be walking bow-legged. Tut!! Tut!! Better watch that Horse-back riding Cam!!!

The traditional "Orchid Order

of Merit", is certainly due to our new C.O. for his untiring efforts in making life just a little more bearable in the gulch. Outstanding perhaps is the ever increasing appearance of sport clothes during leisure hours; especially at the Saturday night "Jam" (or is it ham?) session and then you've all seen or heard of the added attraction in the airmen's canteen on Saturday P.M.'s from 8 to 9. It has won the approval of Guys and Gals alike. We thank you sir.

Congrats, are also in order for Ed. Smee. He has certainly gone a long way in fulfilling his promises to step up quality and quantity of sports and entertainment around camp. Keep it up Ed. you are a gentleman and a friend. Give him a little more co-operation fellas and he can continue to deliver the goods. He has a bagful of ideas up his sleeve and believe me kids they're all good but even he is no superman (or is he, Sister)

Can't help but notice the continual "beefing" on the part of a certain few persons around the camp about the lack of sports activities (fast ball in particular). Couldn't help but notice too, that at the last few practices there was a very poor turn out. Yes, it was in D.R.O.'s. We know you were all busy fellas but try and make it next time. The young lad will understand, and fella if she doesn't, she's no lady.

I note that at long last there is an L.A.C. on the sports committee. Now maybe a few more people will know whats going on. It was indeed a wise move Step on their toes Sully. While on the subject of sports committee, who is in favor of investing some of the funds in new records for the popular "after the show" dances?

After seeing that picture extraordinaire, "Training Tables", dealing with R.C.A.F. diets one can't help but wonder where all our rations are going. I for one prefer to believe, it to be just another one of "those", pictures. Well M'am????????????????????????????

Happend by the airmen's canteen last Saturday evening and witnessed one of No. 19's most disorganized sections operating at its worst (perhaps it was its best). In the first place the layout behind the bar is highly unsatisfactory and makes for gross inefficiency; but even so why not a guard rail along the front of the bar and part way down the S.E. wall. This would necessitate a line up with but one entrance and one exit. A separate window for returning empty glasses should also be considered. This would help to eliminate considerable congestion and consequent accidents, and Brother, who can afford to spill that precious brown beverage in times like these.

While F/S Johson's crew is making repairs and alterations at the

CANTEen, would it not be sensible to put a booth around the public phone in the lobby. It would afford a man a chance to hear what the little woman is saying at the other end and also enjoy a little privacy. Don't tell me W. & B. haven't got the men or time or I'll scream. What do you folks do while the rest of us pound the parade square each Thursday afternoon?

#### PARACHUTE SECTION

This section, although comparatively small, is very industrious and important, particularly to the flying personnel. We all take a great pride in knowing that our work and constant care may at any time be the life saver of a pilot. The members of our little family are all very efficient in all their undertakings and since you will probably be in to see us occasionally, let me introduce them to you.

Cpl. Cliff McLarty from Vancouver B.C. - the latest addition to the family, is now well established and assuming responsibilities of the section's efficiency.

Cpl. Jim Freeman - Moose Jaw Sask. a competent parachute rigger, with an ingenious ability for organizing an efficient section. He has been and is doing a splendid job.

AWI Mary Northrup, from Bellisle N.B., is a very quiet young lady, sincere and efficient in her work. Mary is often escorted by the C.D.C., and they are no fellows to argue with.

AWI Marj. Boyis from Windsor, Ont. is a pleasant blonde, and knows her work too. Marj. goes for sergeant pilots, at least that is what I am told.

That is our family and a grand lot too. I hope you feel that you know us better and have gained a confidence in us and our work.

C.C. McLarty

It happened in an Air Raid Shelter. The W.D. said "Herbert, you shouldn't have kissed me like that, with all those people so close around us, even if it was in the dark.

I didn't kiss you said the AC2. looking angrily at the crowd. I only wish I knew who it was - I'd teach him" "Herbert", sighed the girl, "you couldn't teach him a thing."

"The Lord gave us two ends to use. One to think with, one to sit with. The war depends on which we choose; Heads we win, tails we lose.

GUESS WHO ???? ?

Our subject is a lady. She is the Officer Commanding the Women's Division of the R.C.A.F. here at #19 S.F.T.S.

She is slight and trim, and you have noticed her ready smile as she accepts your snappy salute.

Ah, you've already guessed!

Well, she was born in Vancouver, and attended Sacred Heart Convent there, -later going abroad to study in English and Italian Ecoles.

She is a sports enthusiast but prefers to cheer the team on to victory rather than participate; and in leisure moments enjoys playing the piano, at which she is very accomplished.

In October 1941 she gave up active work in the Junior League in Vancouver to join the ranks of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) then known as the C.W.A.A.F. Taking the original Administrative Course Corporal hooks were attained on its conclusion and also a posting to Dauphin, Manitoba. While there in Feb. of 1942, her third hoo blossomed forth and the following month she received her commission. Once more to Toronto and Rockliffe in April, on the conclusion of the O.T.C. As a Recruiting Officer who was posted to Regina and in July 1942 left for #3 S.F.T.S. Calgary. #10 Repair Depot was in dire need of a capable W.D. officer so in March 1943 she became O.C. of the W.D. at #10. Ah, but in May D.A.P.S. made her sojourn there very short and she was posted to Vulcher's Gulch. #10's loss was our great gain!

Well, you are absolutely correct. Our "GUESS WHO" is none other than OUR own W.D. ADMIN. Section Officer H.M. O. Coyle, who is also the Assistant Adjutant in addition to her many duties as our W.D. Representative.

#### NOTHING TO DO---ALMOST

The Sergeant Major is one who has practically nothing to do--that is, nothing to do except: to decide what is to be done; tell somebody to do it; listen to reasons why it should not be done, or why it should be done by somebody else, or why it should be done in a different way; follow up to see if the thing has been done; inquire why it has not been done; follow up a second time to find that it has been done, but done incorrectly; consider how much simpler and better it would have been if he had done it himself in the first place, but to realize that such an idea would strike at the very foundation of the belief of all employees that the boss has nothing to do.

-From "The Trenton Contact."

"Please send me one loaf of bread-and enclose a sawand file."

(from an airman in the digger)

Doctor: The best thing you can do is to give up smoking, drinking, and women.

Airman: What's the next best thing?

Dear Mr. Editor:

We have heard all about the fire department, the Service Police, Works and Bricks, but are of the opinion that your paper has overlooked one of the most interesting subjects on the station. You may well ask what this might be, and in answer we say: FLAJARIA.

Flajaria is a country (believe it or not) far beyond the realms of our wildest imagination, ruled over the most HIGH TOTENTOT CHARLIE BROWN (in Air Force language, LAC Brown, of equipment) From all reports Charlie is MOST WORTHY--NIGHTTOTENTOT of Flajaria and possesses a wealth of knowledge respecting this little known of country. In conversation with His Majesty and The Honourable Flunky, he had nothing to do but praise his small monarchy, and it is pleasant to note that all his remarks are vouched for by his right hand man and state administrator, The Honourable Moosegas Marking. Both of these men hail from Flajaria and their enormous knowledge of the country, coupled with inexhaustible descriptions which go on for hour and hour, are a source of constant amusement to barrack block 8 D3. Night after night, after lights out, we recline in our bunks and listen to the fabulous tales. Tales of the wonderful Yuffolite trees which tower up thousands of feet into the sky; of the fabulous criss-cross birds which fly in two directions at the same time. From all remarks the people are the most happy and contented of all races; they live solely on the fruit of the Hapagootuz plant, and this same plant is sold in commercial quantities to world markets for elastic bands. The people all sleep on goofy feathers, which in every day terms is the fuzz of a peach. All in all, Flajaria is a country of contentment and we have it on good authority that as soon as Peace is declared that the MOST WORTHY, THE TOT BROWN, and then THE HONORABLE MOOSEGAS MARKING intend to return. So stop right up and get your tickets folks; anyone interested may inquire for full particulars, from either of the above.

#### SOCIETY NOTES

Clareholm challenges Vulcan to a few rousing games of softball! #19 was simply dive-bombing the boys and gals from #15 when a sand storm swept the prairie taking no heed of the important occasion. The game was cancelled needless to say, and looking from a barrack window, the crowd did not look unlike a herd of something or other in the veil of dust, hurrying and scurrying for shelter. Though the ball game was curtailed, a "Hard Times" dance was enjoyed by one and all later in the evening. The Drill Hall was decorated with red, white and blue bunting and attracted all our gals and boys clad in cool sports clothing.

A man who thinks he's the whole cheese generally smells like it.



On Thursday we all enjoyed a hard time dance in the Drill Hall with the Alberta Ranch Boys from Lethbridge giving out with jive.

Behind the booth were S/O Coyle, Nursing Sister McPherson, and a number of Officers' wives busily preparing hot dogs, scooping ice cream and serving cool drinks. To them we say "Thank you!" Noticed S/L Jackson 'jivin' about the floor. Mary Bowering in a striking red and white dirndl..... W/C Davenport munching oddles and oddles of hot dogs..... F/S Goddes was waltzing as beautifully as ever..... Nan Angus looking as if she'd lost her best friend. She did too, 'cause Chuck had to fly!....Our Adjutant dressed in a snappy tweed suit....CPL. Goodfellow looking very chic in a red and white creation. Genial ED Smeq telling tales... Judy S. clad in her housecoat...P/O MacIver flitting about; keeping everything under control with P/O Meyers and oddles of others too numerous to mention. It really is nifty to slip into civies now and then. We certainly owe our sports committee "Three Cheers" for their efforts. They certainly have worked hard and have given up hours of leisure so that we might have fun. To our C.O. who so kindly gave his permission for the dance, we extend our thanks, and we do hope to have more and more of them.

Until next week,  
"Lights Out."

THE TEN AEROS

Ten festive A eros shred a case of wine;  
One flew just afterwards- and then there were nine.  
Nine dauntless A eros, daring any fate;  
One tried an outside loop- and then there were eight.  
Eight gallant A eros flying high in heaven;  
One lurged without his 'chute -and then there were seven.  
Seven honest A eros- but one got in a fix;  
At his ticket cancelled- and then there were six.  
Six cheery A er s- very much alive;  
One made the dead man's turn- and then there were five.  
Five A eros arguing, one got rather sore;  
Claimed he could do the barrel roll- and then there were four.  
Four foolish A eros went out on a spree;  
One flew with shaky nerves- and then there were three.  
Three daring A eros o'er the ocean flew;  
One saw a mermaid- and then there were two.  
Two wise young A eros, talking late that nite;  
Said they'd quit all stunting-guess that they were right.  
Two white haired A eros, have flown five thousand days;  
And never cracked a landing wheel- who says stunting pays.

F/L Peobles  
T.T.S. St. Thomas, Ont.

COMING DAZE:

Monday.....July 12, 1943  
Movies..Presenting "Lily Mars" 830pm  
Fastball: Gravel-Crushers vs. Screwballs  
East Diamond.  
Harvards vs. Hurricanes  
West Diamond.  
Volley Ball.. Officers vs. Hdqts. 730 pm  
Tuesday.....13 July 1943  
Movies: YMCA Show "Mexican Spitfire's Baby" .....830 p.m.  
Fastball: Wolves vs. Havocs.  
Millionaires vs. Vultures.  
Volley-Ball: WCO's vs. Officers.  
Wednesday.....14 JULY 1943  
Movies: "Human Comedy" starring Micky Rooney and Frank Morgan.  
Fastball: Gravel-Crushers vs. Wolves  
Volley Ball: Hdqts. vs. Maintenance.  
Thursday.....15 July 1943  
Fastball: Jerks vs. Screwballs.  
Millionaires vs. Havocs.  
Are "YOU" interested in a Bean Feed tonight?  
Watch for announcements.

Friday.....16 July 1943  
Fastball diamonds open for practise.  
Volley-Ball: Pick up Games.  
Movies: "Mister Big".....8.30 pm.  
starring Gloria Jean, Donald O'Connor.  
Saturday.....17 July, 1943  
Movies "Breathing, Grain Harvesting Pageant, Heritage, Maple Sugar Time." 8.30pm  
Dancing.. 9.00 to 12.00pm.

SUNDAY.....18 July 1943  
"Sunday Musicale" In charge of Basil Sproule, in the Y.M.C.A. lounge.  
Evening Worship.....715 pm.  
Evening Movies: A YMCA show...8.00pm.  
"CINDERELLA SWINGS IT"

NOTE: Ping Pong balls are rationed, and the present lack of balls is because our ration ran out for the present. More will be on hand soon.

A W.A.A.F. asked to define a bolt and nut recieved 100% for the following answer: A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal with a square buch at one end, and a lot of scratching wound around the other. A nut is similiar to the bolt, only just the opposite, being a hole in a little chunk of iron, sawed off short, with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."

ITS News

Working from 8am to 10 pm isn't much fun, is it Miss Douglas? At least not four nights in one week!

Why do they call the Yankees Doughboys?  
Because it took them three years to rise in the last war!

## W. & B. Heating Section

Listening in on conversations of the airmen in this section, the writer heard many comments both favorable and otherwise in regards to the column in last weeks issue of the station paper. As the identity of the writer was not revealed, the Sergeants had to resort to deduction. Three of the men were mentioned by Sergeant Hawkins as the probable writers. I wonder why he picked McCready, Wilson or Dugdale as the possible culprits. Perhaps he wants to know so he can see the original before it goes to the paper. Sergeant we wouldn't tell anyone what you were doing early Friday morning (????). Of course Sergeant dear, you had better be nice to the boys; we like lots of 43's you know.

This week I will try and give a little more on the personnel of this section. A Corporal who is seen daily on this station is Corporal Baird, who hails from Calgary. He is in charge of a group of G.D.'s who look after the grounds, (lawns & flowers??) Another Corporal who has deserted us temporarily is Corporal Campbell. He is in charge of W. & B. stores.

Another familiar figure on this station is Corporal Drury. He is to be seen making the rounds of the various space heaters in the cooler weather. At present he is busy giving them the once over getting in readiness for good old winter. Corporal McCready who remained here after #2 F.I.S. moved can usually be found around the 720 Mess boiler room, for more reasons than one, no things. He is one of the airmen on this station who always wears a smile and is gifted with the "blarney". Of the two Corporals who hail from B.C. I will mention Corporal Swanson. He also was here with #2 F.I.S. I have heard from a fairly reliable source that the Corporal once wrote for a B.C. paper, I wonder why he doesn't use this talent as a sideline for the station paper?

Possibly there is much talent that is lying dormant among the men in this section we have all heard E.A.C. Smith and his mandolin, with the Boys from Barrack Block eight, and I hear AC2 Dugdale can really blow hot music with his saxophone especially when Moonlight Cocktails got mixed with the music. Of course we can't expect too much from him for a while at least, he hasn't quite recovered from a harrowing experience with a wil Jack Rabbit. He says he thought it was a baby kangaroo, and while trying to capture it (for a pet for his favorite W.D. no doubt) the ferocious little beast turned and attacked with teeth bared, "according to his story". It is doubtful if anyone knew just who was being chased, but if it hadn't been for E.A.C. Wilson coming to the rescue armed with a couple of bricks, and for the timely appearance of the S.W.O. they would probably be running in circles yet.

Well, I guess its about time to return to my corner again, so I'll just say, guess again Sergeant.

The Black Gang

## Reminiscent of a Wartime England

### "ALERT"

The sirens wail, the whistles blow,  
The Wardens are out and on the go.  
Cycles whine along the road,  
Again here's Jerry with his load.

The lights are out, the blackout's fine,  
Where did I put that torch of mine?  
Now my stud; Oh damn that bed!  
Why must I always bang my head.

My trousers now; I'm nearly dressed,  
Oh hang it all, is this my vest?  
Cold without it tonite, I'll bet,  
Never mind, there are no bombs yet.

Now my shoes, Oh where've they gone?  
Ah! here they are, I'll put them on.  
Curse the laces, broken again!  
It's enough to send me quite insane.

Down the stairs, aren't put on the light,  
There isn't a coat or mac' in sight.  
Borrow the wife's - no that's too tight!  
Planes above now, what a night!

Anti-Aircraft opening fire  
Roaring Nazi's climbing higher,  
I really must put on a spurt,  
I'd look a fool out in my shirt.

A coat and hat! Well I'll be bound,  
I'll go out now, at last it's found.  
Always best to look around,  
---The "All Clear" now; well that would sound!

J.F. Caird.