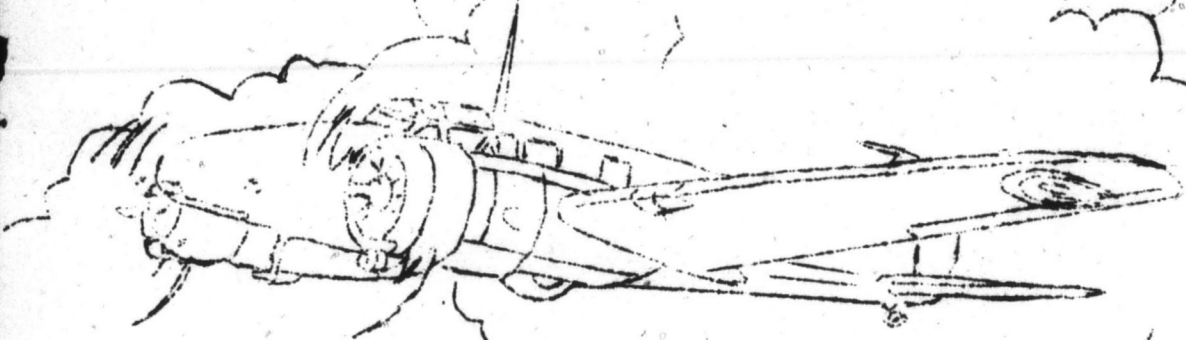




WINGS



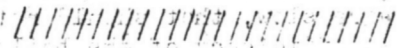
OVER

VULCAN

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF NO. 19 S.P.T.S., VULCAN, ALBERTA.

10/25

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: AWI STEPHENSON  
           AWI GALE  
           AWI HOULE  
 MIMEOGRAPHER: PAUL MASSE



EDITORIAL

After a lapse of one week, your station newspaper is back on the job, trying its best to bring you the news of good old #19. The Editor regrets the missing of one week's issue, but when three of your reporters go on leave at the same time, what is one supposed to do? However, this week, the Editor was able to locate several new sources of news, to whom he is very grateful. Also the CONTRIBUTION BOX in the POST OFFICE seems to be well patronized, and those news items will appear in future on their own page. So keep the news coming and we'll keep publishing.

However, due to a decrease in staff and the fact that at this time of year many are away on leave, the paper will only be PUBLISHED EVERY TWO WEEKS FROM NOW ON. It seems odd that out of all the people on this station, there are only the above staff plus a few others who are willing to aid in their station paper. The Editor sincerely hopes that any others who wish to do anything for the paper—edit material, type stencils, write news and games up, would come out to the Staff Meetings held every THURSDAY in the CONTROL TOWER ORDERLY ROOM.

Perhaps when the fall comes at least more staff will be available to get back to a weekly edition. But remember, it's your paper.

We regret that the standard of paper has dropped and that it does not stencil as well as previous copies. The Editor is endeavouring to obtain a better class paper for the newspaper.

So once again thanks to those who contributed news when asked, and to those who are contributing regularly through the box, especially G.I.S. and W & B Heating Section. Keep them coming!

It's really tough when you make a promise to write something for the weekly paper and then find that you have just a quarter of an hour before the Editor is to call for something you promised to write for him four days ago.

Apparently the Admin. kiddies have been behaving themselves for a change. At least this is all the news I could collect in the time I had.....

Kon Charlton's style has been slightly (only slightly) cramped with his "car" (Mary Anne) temporarily in drydock for repairs, but Kon says the back seat of the bus is still pretty good. Naturally the married men are still behaving themselves as all married men do, with the exception of F/S Watson and Barnes who apparently find it very difficult to keep on the straight and narrow. So much for the airmen. Now for the W.D.'s, which lends for much more scribbling. What W.D. didn't hear her name called on parade the other day for the very simple reason that she had just changed it four days ago. My, my, is that the way for a happy young bride to act? The same little gal was also asked how she liked married life. Her reply was "Ooo la la". This wouldn't be complete if we didn't dig up something about the Admin bldg Officers, so here goes. A certain S/L is brightening things up with a very, very red nose. At first glance you will shake your head and murmur "Sure must be hitting the bottle hard these days". If you should get up enough nerve to ask him about it he will give you a long-winded story about taking a power dive into a swimming pool and scraping his nose on a couple of rocks and stuff. You can believe this story if you want, but personally I don't! The next stage is the D.T.'s. TIMES UP.

A Ruddy lerk

F/O Howard would like to know what caused the chattering sound on his trip with W/O Sleet (now P/O) to Lethbridge. It appears it was due to a certain Welsh student leaving his dentures lying about. Maintenance personnel wondered if the teeth were left in the plane for a "D.I."

First Draftee: "You know, I feel like I'd like to munch that hard-boiled Sergeant in the nose again".  
Second Draftee: "Again?"  
First Draftee: "Yes, I felt like it yesterday."

Cavalry Recruit: "Sergeant, pick me out a nice gently horse."  
Sergeant: "Have you ever ridden a horse before?"  
Recruit: "No."  
Sergeant: "Ah, here's just the animal for you. Never been ridden before. You can both start together."

Customer: "Your dog seems very fond of watching you cut hair."  
Barber: "It isn't that, Sir, sometimes I clip a bit off a customer's ear."

#### OFFICERS MESS DINNER

The officers of #19 S.F.T.S. held their first Mess Dinner at 1900 hours on July 22nd in their newly finished dining room of brown-stained walls, pale pink wall lamps, and light fawn curtains. With approximately fifty officers and honoured guests present, W/C Fraser said grace in the absence of the Padre, and everyone promptly started in on a very attractively served and enjoyable dinner. (Note: after waiting until 1900 hours, many persons couldn't wait any longer without fainting from hunger!!)

At the conclusion of the dinner, W/C Fraser said a few words on the dinner and then asked W/C Davenport to introduce our guests of the evening. Our C.O. commenting on the value of Mess Dinners in getting everyone acquainted with one another, which is not present in everyday duties, and mentioned that such dinners will become monthly events in the fall and winter months. He then introduced our guests—Mayor Smith of Nanton, Mr. Kyle, manager of the Bank of Commerce in Vulcan, and Dr. Carson, well-known resident and friend of the station in that fair city of Vulcan. At the conclusion of the introductions, the dinner party retired to the anteroom for further relaxation and some entertainment arranged by S/L Jacob. All in all, a very satisfactory beginning for the Officers of No. 19 S.F.T.S.

#### W. & B. HEATING SECTION

Here we are again, still keeping a vial of secrecy regarding the identity of the reporter(?!?!?!). Thanks Barrack Block 10 for your comment last week on the cold water, but try and hit at the source of the trouble. If you had looked into this matter you would have found the Electricians were at fault just ask L.A.C. Dalley. When an electric motor fails to work, we call an electrician. We called them and if you think they were slow, that should not be a reflection on efficiency of the boiler room staff.

There seems to be a great misunderstanding regarding the work of our section. Very few on this station appreciate the work of this section, and think all these men do is fill coal hoppers. The majority of the men hold steam certificates issued by one of the provinces. They have served their time to the trade and have written examinations from time to time.

For a novice to drop into a plant when it is working efficiently, makes him think there is nothing to it. Discuss the subject with one of the engineers and see what they are up against. I think that the majority would have more respect for this section if they were to do this. At the present, these men are working daily preparing everything for your comfort in regards to heat this winter.

Now to introduce another Corporal in this section, Corporal Jinx. He is an "A" group engineer. I wonder if the Corporal had his picture taken with his daughter who is in the service. He intended to do this on his furlough. Corporal Jinx is a very efficient little man and is always doing something.

Another Corporal that has been on this station for sometime is Corporal Wood. He is one of the men in this section who lives in Vulcan. Corporal Wood is known in this section as the brute force man. If it is tough lifting or hitting you want, see Corporal Wood.

Well I am getting tired and so must you so will bid you good-bye.

"THE BLACK GANG"

#### EMBARRASSING

A Millionaire was explaining his new bathroom to a friend.

"You don't have your bath in the bathroom," he said. "You just touch a button and the bath, already filled, runs into the bedroom on those small lines. It is much warmer and more comfortable. Let me show you it's as simple as anything!!" He pressed the button, whereupon the bath glided in full of water and, to his dismay, his wife.

# CONTRIBUTED

## THE POST OFFICE

What is new in the Post Office these days? Well! folks, nearly everything. If you don't believe us just come and see for yourself. What with wickets clattering up the front, building materials clattering up the back, and carpenters clattering up everything in general, it has been rather hectic week for the poor postal clerks. If you did have to wait a little for your mail, don't blame them too much "XXXXX, KXXX" and what if a paper was lost? stop worrying it was found again. We do try to keep up in efficiency but the working conditions last week were not of the best, you know?

We have Vicky Powell back with us again, feeling much better after her rest, and "mighty" glad we are to have you back, "Shorty",. We miss "Red" Turner, but know she will help to brighten old England a bit. Three cheers for our one and only Sergeant

N.C.O. in charge, we couldn't get a long without you, Sarge. But we would really like to know why he wouldn't sing for the C.O. at the Sgt's Banquet.

This is all for now, folks, not much but if you like us, we will come back again. Hoping that the future holds good things in store for #19 S.F.T.S.

We remain

"The Postal Staff"

One has heard of people walking in their sleep: but will someone please tell me, who the W.D. is who dances while asleep; what grace, what pulchritude, what charm won't someone please introduce me.

The Jester

It is interesting to note that Cpl. Bell of the Service Police, who is also a veteran of the last war, has at present five sons in the armed services. One of them is the proud possessor of the P.R.M. medal!

Hats off to you Corporal!

## AU REVOIR

One of the most popular airman on the station is going to leave. What will the W.D.'s and local girls from miles around do? He was always in demand as a dancing partner. LAC Bruce "I know" McFarlane is reporting back to #10 Repair Depot along with the rest of the detachment.

Cpl. "You can't do that to me" Smith is going to miss that nice bunk, it really fits him now. Maybe he will take it back with him!

Sgt. "When I was in St. Thomas" Hughes will miss the willing (?) audiences of Barrack Block 9 Bl. Never mind boys, if you see him again he will be still talking.

Servicing Squadron will be glad to see the last of Cpl? "Do you want this aircraft". Stuart?

With him goes the last of the Ansons.

The gang wishes to thank the personnel of #19 S.F.T.S. for their cooperation and spirit of friendliness during their stay.

#10 R.D. Detachment.

A pleasant surprise was in store for those who danced at the Rec. Hall on sat. night. When the P.A. system was on its last wheeze, Gill Preston on the piano and Bernie Goldberg on the drums gave us some real danceable music for an hour. We hope we'll soon see and hear the embryo orchestra. Anyway, thanks a lot, Gill and Bernie.

Dear Editor

While at the Station dance, last Saturday nite, (the 17th), I was escorted by a female, who threw her arm around me, breathing fumes of beer down my neck. Could something be done to protect us poor males, all because I asked her for a dance. Where are our S.P.'s or were they congregated in a boiler room?

To the Editor:--

My admiration for the work of several sections, during the past would not be complete, without some form of expression.

Our C.O. has certainly put forward a marvelous effort to bring about the changes necessary on our station. Works and Buildings have come in for a good deal of the work, and F/O Crossing plus his staff have really been on the hop. Our M.T. certainly did well in trying to meet the needs of 250 women, on Thursday which incidentally is a large order. Try it some time.

By dint of persistence, F/O Schon, is ~~aping~~ <sup>aping</sup> up our orchestra and once again the earnest help of our C.O. has certainly been evidenced. Practise will soon produce what we want Bill, so keep fiddling away. We appreciate your efforts.

F/S Ray Charlton and Corporal Ward, are again cooking up entertainment, and this time we are expecting big things. Pinky Pendleburg, from Claresholm, is a real find so get in there pitching Pinky. Humour is good medicine, and we like your brand.

Sincerely  
Ed. Smee.

#### GROANS FROM AN EDITOR

##### LIFE - ONE BIG HEADACHE

If we print jokes people say we are silly. If we don't print them we're too serious. If we clip from other newspapers we're lazy. If not, we're conceited. If we stick to the job, we should be hunting news. If we get out and try to hustle some items, we should be at work. If we don't print contributions we don't appreciate genius. If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk. If we make changes in the other fellow's write-ups, we're critical. If we don't we're asleep at the switch and a poor newspaperman. Now like as not, some fellow will say we swiped this from some magazine!! We did. (And the Edison News "lifted" it out of the Rockfield News - Thanks rals!!!)

Daddy: "Willie, the stork has brought you a baby sister"  
Willie: "Aw, G'wan.. Stork nothin'. It was the Ice Man brought it. Doesn't it say on his wagon "Families supplied daily?"

#### WAR VICTIM

A mass of bandages was he  
From fevered brow to upraised foot  
A St. John sling restrained one arm,  
'Neath which a tennis ball was put.

His left bore a tourniquet,  
One leg of fracture seemed to hint:  
Extended by a ruthless hand,  
"Twas firmly bandaged to a splint.

I lightly touched a knot and cried:  
"A broken collarbone, I ween!"  
He stopped his groans awhile to sneer:  
"A fractured clavicle, you mean!"

"Have you been wrestling with a tank,  
Or did the city have a raid?"  
His answer came with look resigned:  
"My wife is taking up First Aid!"

Have you heard that one about the about the W.A.A.F.'s on their first appearance on a new station.

They were being shown around by an officer and the question came up, "Where do we eat"; He said "Oh I guess you'll mess with the officers"; They said "Yes we know that but where do we eat".

Or the one about the young Army Sentry, who when the Brigadier passed did not salute; The Brig. said "why didn't you salute me Don't you know who I am, I'm the Brigadier" The poor wentry said "Oh I thought you were the Salvation Army" (Red Band round Cap)

And there is one about the Security Guard, when the Air Marshall came to him and said "Do you know your duties" and being told yes said "Well look out for the Air Marshall when He comes he's about my size, and the S.G. said "all right I'll be looking for the S. of a B.

"How was your blind date last night?"  
"She was just like a fruit salad"  
"Pretty good eh? asked his chum: "Cherry lips, skin like a peach, and a berry?"  
"Hell, no, she was as sour as a lemon, slippery as a banana, and when I squeezed her, she hit me in the eye like a grape-fruit!!!"





B.B.10 Continued  
The big news of the week is the annex to B.B.10. Joey is very comfortable thank you. Nan is delighted with her pet's new home. How speaks of interior decorating in pastels. Works and Buildings deserve a gold bone for being so generous.

Camie is away on leave, much missed by the girls, especially her barrack room babes. Happy holiday!!

The ingenuity of our Helen knows no bounds. It was Helen who announced choir practice last week in soap writing across the horrors in the abductions. With results too!!!! Our Beth has been posted to Dago and her friends are wondering just how they'll get along without her sunny presence. The best of luck to you Beth. Heggie on your new adventure.

This weeks highlights have been written by girls from different barrack rooms. Was YOUR room represented????

Would some good samaritan recommend that W.O.2 O'Brien and Sgt. Kelly see an optician. When these two gentlemen were hurrying to C.O.'s Parade on Thursday morning they both whipped up a very smart salute when passing the endign but "Low and Behold", it wasn't there.

(NOTE: G.I.S. ...)

After the bouquet handout, which the Editor kindly presented to us in recent issue, we from G.I.S. feel encouraged to continue our newsy column.

Under the guidance of Flight Sgt. Hoffat the wireless section is installing a radio "talk-back" system between S/L Riddell and the various lecture rooms. Well fellows I guess we will have to mend our "P's" and "Q's" and above all keep our tongue in our cheeks from now on.

We beg his pardon if we have the wrong party in mind, but who was the gentleman seen flying a home-made kite about two Sundays ago??? were you studying navigation SIR, or just amusing those two little kids??? Our Sgt. Pike is not only a hard working disciplinarian but also throws a mean leg on the dance floor. With that gleam in his eyes and a big smile he really issues forth an all out and out war effort in having a good time.

You should see the photograph section (these days) running around happy as larks with their new speedgraphic camera. Like a kid with a new toy, eh, Wallace????

If you don't know your A/C Rec after F/S. Edwards gets through with you then there is something definitely wrong with oneself.

With four of the lecture rooms papered with pictures and the ceiling "cluttered" up with suspending models and a projector besides one would almost think you were entering the draft room of a Lockheed Aircraft Plant.

This last paragraph we dedicate to the passing of Fearless Fossdick, our Lt. 1188 abner's hero and we of G.I.S. are debating as to whether we should all wear mourning bands to commemorate the sad event.

Yours truly,

THE G.I.S. GANG

### BEAN FEED

STEP UP, folks - Right this way and so we did, for our beans, buns, doughnuts, and cokes. Beans or no beans, we were hungry enough to eat anything after hopping around on the dance floor for a couple of hours before that. Highlight was Sergeant Kelly's noble display in the bean-eating contest staged between Franky Moran, F/L Godkin, and P.J. himself, the savoury victuals being administered from hands of their fair partners - Micky MacMillan, Sister MacPherson and Laura. We trust the winners took full advantage of their prize: A free plate of beans. We could understand the strained and bewildered looks on the mens' faces, after that, when they were obliged to hoist their partners from one end of the hall to the other.

P.S. Why was little Skippy so sick the next day? ??? When you know the results of eating beans, chum, must you feed them to a poor unsuspecting pup??? Our sympathies, Skippy - may you never be exposed to such miseries again. And why was F/O Shaw away from the office so frequently next day??? And why didn't P/O Meyers get up and eat his beans when his name was called out???? Poor Show, Sir.... We thought you were on the "Sports Committee"..

An airman walked into a Calgary Cafe and asked the waitress what she had to eat. "We have rrrrroast beef, rrrroast lamb, rrrrroast pork." He "My goodness you roll your rrrrrrs". She! "I know I do, High heels causes that".

//////S////P////O////R////T////S////

OFFICERS VS N.C.O.'s.

In the heat and the dust of Monday night we saw the return engagement of those superson of the diamond, the Demon Debonaires of Officers to you and the Solid Sonders Supreme, or N.C.O.'s to you. If one remembers past history, in the first encounter the N.C.O.'s came from behind in a very close game to win by one run in the final inning. 'Tis sad to relate but true that this encounter on Monday was not of the smashing climatic type of the former. For a disastrous third inning for the Officers, the Solid Sonders really started to connect with P/O Sloat's deliveries, and they ran in six runs to lead 7 to 0. The Officers however, debonaire as they may be, really tried hard and with P/O McIvor holding the opponents down to the odd hit, the Officers went to town for three runs. But they couldn't do more without Lady Luck, who was very absent. The N.C.O.'s

managed in the sixth to add three more runs to end the game at 10 to 3.

Highlights of the game was Sgt Pika as catcher and chief heckler of the Officers and Umpire; P/O McIvor's colossal catch right off the bat for a beautiful double play, and of course the numerous errors by all concerned! But it was fun, and there will be a repetition no doubt soon - but the score could be reversed, eh Debonaire Demons?

THE LAST WILL OF ADOLF HITLER

I, Adolf Hitler, being of unbound mind and misery, and considering the possibility of a fatal accident known as assassination, declare this to be my last (you hope) will and testament.

To FRANCE, I leave all the beautiful Mademoiselles in occupied Paris. I was NEVER the one for girls. WHOOPS!

To ENGLAND, I leave the original manuscript of MEIN KAMPF, which their R.A.F. spoiled. I had written a different finish but their fliers got me in the end.

To NORWAY'S QUISLING I leave my DOUBLE CROSS. He was a piker compared to me, when it came to double crossing.

To POLAND, I leave 16 x 10 gold-framed photographs of myself to hang in their public schools to scare hell out of the kid who might think along NAZI lines.

To the JEWS, I leave a new holiday, which they will celebrate annually. The whole world KNOWS I was KIND to them but somehow they did not seem to appreciate it.

To AMERICA, I leave WALTER WINCHELL, who always said "To Heil with Hitler" I know he'll be very busy on my funeral day so he'd better not come business before pleasure.

To MUSSOLINI, I leave my CHAPLIN mustache which he is to make into a toupe for his ivory dome. He will need a disguise to hide from the Italians who know what a mess he got them into.

To RUSSIA, I leave all my FROZEN assets. I never could warm up to COMRADE STALIN or get near enough Moscow to even smell VODKA.

To FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, I leave my apology for interrupting his fishing, but he got even. His "unconditional surrender" agreement at Casablanca certainly cooked my geese.

To GOEBBELS AND RIBBENTROP, I leave 30 million marks (\$2) to buy a gift for my Mother and Father who are getting married the day I die.

To COUNT CIANO, son-in-law of Mussolini I leave the Victoria Cross for bringing down in ONE day, 41 bombers and 72 fighters - all ITALIAN.

To JAPAN'S (Landing of the RISING SCUM) HIROHITO, I leave all my medals, which will help him sink quicker when he goes down in the Pacific.

To the GERMAN PEOPLE, I leave all pictures of myself, especially those printed on soft paper, as I know what they will do with them.

To HIMMLER and GOERING, I leave the final execution of my will as they are experienced at executions.

TO THE ENTIRE WORLD, I JUST LEAVE, AND WILL THEY THANK GOD!!

MY FINAL WISH is that I be buried in an ASBESTOS SUIT, As I will need it where I am going.

ADOLF HITLER

ALIAS: ADOLF SCHICKELGRUBER.

DATED: Very soon.  
G E R M A N Y

(Taken from the Toronto Star Weekly)

.....26 July.  
35 MM show. "This Land Of Mine".....8.30 P.M.  
A gripping story of Nazi occupation in Norway. Good action  
photography, and plotted well.

Volley-Ball gets underway to-night at 6.30 P.M.  
Control Tower vs. Clothing Stores....."A" Court.  
Officers Mess vs. Y.M.C.A....."B" Court.

Tuesday.....27 July.

16 MM Movies. A Y.M.C.A. show.....8.30 P.M.  
"Once Upon A Honeymoon", A gripping drama, starring Cary  
Grant and Ginger Rogers. Dancing after the show.

Volley-Ball.....at 6.30 P.M..  
Sergeants Mess vs. Maintenance. "A" Team on "A" Court.  
Committee for weiner roast meet at 6.00 P.M. in "Y" Office.

N.B..All those interested in forming an "Art Class", are asked to meet  
in the "Y" Office at 6.30 P.M.

Wednesday.....28 July.

35 MM Movies.....8.30 P.M.  
Station fastball team plays at Blackie.  
Volley-Ball at 6.30 P.M.. Headquarters vs. Maintenance. on  
"A" Courts, "B" Team.

Thursday.....29 July.

Volley-Ball .....6.30 P.M.  
Equipment vs. Maintenance "C" Team on "A" Court.  
Outdoor station program.....8.30 P.M.

Lawn Dancing..... in charge of Sgt. Fraser.  
Weiners, Rolls, Ice-Cream, Soft-Drinks, in charge of Frank Moran,  
Cpl. Weiner and Sgt. Fraser.  
Amateur Program..... in charge of Helen Kingston  
Publicity in charge of Cpl. Chalk.  
Tickets may be had at the library or from Committee Members.

Friday.....30 July.

35 MM show.....8.30 P.M.  
Open night for volley-ball and fastball.

Saturday.....31 July.

Dancing from 9.00 to 11.55 P.M.

Sunday.....1 Aug..

Church service..11.00 A.M. ....and 7.15 P.M..  
Sunday Musicale, 6.00 P.M., in "Y" Lounge. All station personnel  
are welcome. Under the direction of Basil Sproule.  
Subject "Lives of Great Composers" in Music.  
Movies...Y.M.C.A. show.. "The Falcon Takes Over", starring George  
Sanders, Lynn Bari.

**SPECIAL NOTICE:** Any section may enter a volley-ball team in the league  
Each team should have five men and four girls. Borrowing players,  
is permissable. The object of the league is fun and proficiency,  
not proficiency alone.

Claresholm have invited our men and women for a return game in  
fastball for Monday 2 Aug..